

place she roosts or rests in is free from dampness, and that there is sufficient air to furnish the little chicks life? Do the other fowls run over the little chicks, even fighting them back or the mother hen away, so that they cannot have the food intended for them? Are they free from that great enemy, *lice*? Are our cats all trusty, or are they watching us so when our backs are turned they pounce upon and carry off the chicks, choice ones of the flock? Have we provided a nice lot of grit for those downy balls as their feathers begin to grow? Do we see to it ourselves (or trust another person) that their roosting place is thoroughly cleaned out, properly aired, and that they have sufficient room during the long sultry nights? Are the water vessels placed where they will have shade during the sultry days, and do they have plenty of pure fresh water? Are their runways roomy with plenty of sunshine? Have we ever thought this subject worthy a second thought? Sunshine will make more difference than the most of us think. We can furnish them food of all kinds, yet without the sunshine—pure, out of doors sunshine—your chicks cannot thrive as they should.

Can little balls of down  
Look nice when in the shade?  
The little things will mope around,  
Their bright eyes seem to fade.  
Yet, when the rain cloud has passed,  
And the sunshine warm and bright  
Is trying to erase the tracks  
The rain has made from sight,  
See! how their little wings are spread,  
And how they show delight!  
Oh, who could say, "I wish them dead  
And ever from my sight."

BIDDIES AS FRIENDS.

By Miss Nellie Hawks.

Learnedly my poultry fancier friends in this convention will discourse to you and for your benefit upon the relative value of grains of food, as though they would make the "biddies" veritable egg machines; or upon the best breed for the best breeder; or the best for village or city homes; the handsomest fowl, the sprightliest fowl; the most independent of hens and the best "all rounder," on the face of the earth. But they will forget to say anything, as they tell you all these things, about my side of the question, "biddie, a real home friend," be she black or white, exceptionally wise or otherwise, if just she is treated half fair. And O, but she's the "gooderest" friend, my sister, the staunchest and truest of all.

Never was she known to break one's heart with disappointment, envy and malice, returning evil for good, and

hatred for love. But daily she sings to you of the gladness and sunshine filling her life because of your kindness to her. And in turn she is promising to fill that oft emptying purse with silver and gold when out you go to those poultry yards to hear the story she is telling in notes both long and loud. More than that, she keeps her promises, too.

"Biddie haves such a funny sings," said three-year-old maiden Bess on her first visit to the farm. But sweetest music is "Biddie's sing" to the farm-wife, whose interpretation of the happy given notes with proud and independent toss of those pretty red-combed heads means in language unmistakable to her, "Soon will we be daily upon the nest again, madam, and you shall have money some more."

Talk of being lonely on the farm with a host of so true and ready companionable friends as are they, anxious and seeking your companionship and your love and praise, and happy in returning it all over and over again.

Safe it is, always, to go to them with your cares of the day and the fretty worries of your over-burdened mind, for they'll *never, never* tell, making from out of a mole hill a mountain and then passing the news around. But they will sing to you again of sunshine all around you, of love at your very door, of the lane that is long that has no turning, and they bid you put the frets aside and live as they do—in the beauties of the present—telling you, "You'll surely feel better when you get over the blues." And with your little worries and discouragements locked safe in their pretty breasts and your own heart, you can rest secure in their silence and sleep the sleep of the just. The moment your back is turned they are not discussing you pro and con, but go bravely and happily on, working for your interests and mine, appreciative of all that is done for them, and making the old farm ring with their "funny" blessed songs, and beautiful with their glossy, dainty plumaged coats, clear from the front yard road down to the very barn. Just the sight of them is restful, inspiring and encouraging.

Why, I'd sooner do without pretty gowns and home-belongings than do without thoroughbred "biddies." In truth, it's barely possible I might be obliged to, but for the kindly rendered services of these biddies themselves. For one pair of hands, unaided, they are—a man's hand cannot accomplish everything. But woman's pluck and determination, aided and encouraged a little by husband and sons and a goodly flock of biddies at her command, has accomplished wonders in the past, is doing so still every day, and the future holds in store for her possibilities all undreamed of as yet.

Does many a woman this day own a cozily, prettily