

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

CARE AND FEEDING OF POULTRY.

It will not do to say "provide for poultry as nature provides for them," for their conditions and surroundings in domestication are different from what they are in their wild state. Notwithstanding this there is a right and a wrong way to treat poultry if we expect them to do their best and give a money return for their keep. First, they should not be exposed to all sorts of weather with no chance to escape from its bad effects. Shelter from storm and damp and shade from sun should be given. They should have clean quarters, be provided with pure water and wholesome food and be afforded opportunity to take care of themselves as nature dictates.

All these requirements may be met without great money outlay for extensive buildings or elaborate furnishings. The locality and the object for which fowls are kept must largely determine the style of buildings provided and food furnished. In a warm climate the houses need furnish no more than a shelter from rain and wind and a shade from the sun.

The food should be determined upon by the result wished and the cost, always seeking a ration that meets the requirements at the least expense. In making up rations the elements of "relish" by the fowl and the ability of assimilating must be taken into account as well as "value."

Provided with such shelter as the climate and locality demand, the next thing needed is to keep it clean. If the fowls are kept yarded the inclosure must also be kept clean and healthful by frequently stirring the soil or by a supply of fresh mold or an absorbent of some kind. Have the floor of the house dry some way, and if the yard is drained, it will be all the better; it at least must be free of standing, stagnant water. If the shelter is all right and the fowls have a wide range they will look out for themselves, with much less work on the part of their owner, who will have only to see that lime, grit, dust and pure water are where they can get them.

Of course, the nature of the range will determine whether green food or meat should be provided. If the range be a solid rock or a sand-hill, even though a quarter section in extent, the fowls would have to be given some green stuff.

Although fowls on a free range will "take care of themselves" at much less cost, in money and labor, to their owner, it does not prove that they will be more profitable to him if allowed free range only, for in these days of specialities the successful poultry-keeper must feed for a special purpose. The free range fowl will be a healthy one, but the poultryman who makes the most money these days must add to health some other quality, and his success depends on knowing how to feed and to care for his flock so as to keep health and gain his special point, too. His "point" may be eggs, and eggs alone; it may be early marketable chicks, or heavy weight and fat carcasses, or health and vigor of breeding stock and progeny. In each case the feeding and management differ; except in the latter case, there is a choice of breeds for the best results.

One advantage the poultry-keeper has over the keeper of animals for profit is, fowls are omnivorous—eat everything, including even swine in this. This fact should teach every one that a constant feeding of one grain or one vegetable or one animal substance will not produce the best results.

This omnivorous quality of fowls gives the poultry-keeper the opportunity of making up a ration of the foods at his command that will produce the result sought.

Whatever the ration, wholesomeness must be kept in mind. Moldy corn, rotten potatoes, and putrid flesh are not wholesome, although fowls will eat them. Perhaps the theory advanced by some that the gizzard removes the objectionable features of such feed is correct, but our experience teaches us the flavor, color and quality of eggs are affected by feed. This being the case it does not seem reasonable that all impurities be removed from food by being passed through a hen's gizzard.

Experience also teaches that fowls have sickened and died when no cause but improper food could be found. It is safer not to take any chances anyway, and it is much pleasanter, to say the least, to eat eggs and poultry not produced from offal, carrion or rotten grain.

COLORED SPOTS IN CHEESE.

The cause of cheese rust, as the disease is commonly called, is not generally known, and it is popularly attributed to numerous conditions, such as feed or water given to the cows, tainted milk, adulterated milk, rusty spots, in milk utensils and vats, too quick ripening, poor rennet, uneven coloring, when color is used, uneven cooking, the curd mill, unclean benches in the curing room; in fact almost everything which comes in contact with the milk or curd during manufacture, and almost every step in the process, has been suspected of being the cause of this disorder. It is sometimes confused with irregular coloring resulting

from the use of a poor grade of color or improper mixing.

In recent years cheese rust and other affections of similar nature have been carefully studied by bacteriologists, and they have found that these troubles are usually caused by different kinds of bacteria.

The remedy usually adopted is to cool the cheese so the spots will be less visible or completely covered, but this is not entirely satisfactory, as it does not correct the cause, and frequently the market being supplied demands an uncolored cheese; sometimes the spots are so bad that color enough to cover them would spoil the cheese.

Numerous other remedies, are suggested, based on the supposed causes given above, but they are generally theories, and in most cases would fail in practice. Hastening the ripening of the milk may have the favorable effect of retarding the growth of colored spots. The only perfect remedy is to do away with the cause, and thorough cleanliness in the factory, especially in its drains, and in every utensil used in and about the factory as well as in the home dairy will remove the cause. Dirt, filth is the rock that wrecks the reputation and finances of hosts of dairymen and factorymen.

FARMERS AND GOOD ROADS.

The individual farmer can afford to do road mending on the same principle that he repairs his fences and buildings. A land owner ought to feel as ashamed of a choked sluice or a mud hole that can be drained as neglected cattle or a display of filth. It is not necessary to wait for the roadwork season to come around. The most profitable common sense work can be done a little at a time, if at the right time.

Drainage is the beginning and end of the whole matter, if roads are to be roads, not sloughs. Watering troughs and hillside springs are the most common cause of standing water, yet it is a very simple thing to train the water in the way it should go. A stone, a loose board, a chunk of mud, washed down against the end of a sluice, may choke it up so that it is nothing but a public nuisance. Five minutes' work would send the water rushing through its proper channel.

It is not uncommon to see water following the wheel ruts for rods when a man with half an eye can also see that a mere cut through the ridge at the edge of the road, would lead the water into the ditch or down a bank. Even a half day spent in dropping into a very bad hole a few of the numerous stones that infest the highway, would work a double blessing to all who pass that way. Heaving out a few stubborn old boulders would work detriment to the blacksmith and wagon mender, but a big saving to the farmer. If all such patching were thus well kept up, the yearly toil of public service would count more and more toward the good roads of which all are talking and dreaming. This view of the subject is no more than one feature of practical farming, intelligent economy, a mere looking out for number one, no matter how many others are also benefited.

THE UMBRELLA IN CHINA.

No matter to what part of China one travels, umbrellas may be seen everywhere, says a writer in Pearson's Magazine. They are borne aloft by servants over the viceroys and mandarins, students and tradesmen carry them; and every temple has a dozen umbrellas made of bright yellow silk surrounding the altar of the Joss. Even the dead have their umbrellas. In and around the tombs of deceased ancestors they are to be found in large numbers. But here they are not of silk. Like all the other objects to be found at a Chinese grave, the umbrellas are made of paper.

An important place is always occupied in funeral processions by umbrellas; denoting the rank of deceased. Mandarins are accompanied to the grave by umbrellas of blue and white silk, embroidered with yellow dragons. The common people, however, may only use those made of stout paper. Cloth is reserved for minor officials.

That the natives of the Yellow Kingdom regard the umbrella with the utmost reverence is shown by a story which I heard from a missionary recently. The people, in fact, look upon the umbrella very much in the light that Europeans look upon the cross. A Chinese convert, the missionary told me, in reading his New Testament, came to the passage, "Whosoever will take up his cross and follow Me." But he was not clear as to the meaning of the phrase "take up his cross."

After pondering for a long time the Chinaman arrived at the conclusion that the passage must refer to that which he regarded as most valuable and most highly esteemed. He, therefore, read the text, thus, "Leave everything but your umbrella; take that and follow Me." The man accordingly set out from his own village to visit the nearest mission station for further instruction in Bible knowledge, and in token of his subjection to the God of the Christians, took with him simply—an umbrella!

In Burma the umbrella is regarded with even greater reverence than in China. The King of Burma has for centuries been known as "The Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas."

QUIBLING.

The Elder—You do not pay enough attention to your business. You know the proverb says a man must put his hand to the plow.

The Younger—But that might mean a hired man.



MAHOMED FADI, MUTILATED BY THE KHALIFA.

Mahomed Fadi is the name of a native of Dongola, who was employed five years ago by the Egyptian Intelligence Department to collect news and information in Khartoum, where he was unfortunately recognized and imprisoned by the Khalifa, who also ordered his right hand and left foot to be cut off. The poor man escaped about four years ago, was given a sum of money in compensation, and made guardian of the Karnak Temple at Lunor.

POLISH AND RUSSIAN KITCHENS.

Cooks Sleep in Kitchens—In Wealthier Families Servants' Quarters are Detached from the House.

Poland has a haze of romance encircling it, due to its misfortunes, and its history has been read by many, but of the details of such a domestic region as the kitchen few have any knowledge. Both Poland and Russia are still very barbaric in their household arrangements, and quite as interesting as the kitchens are the dishes that emanate from them.

We are going, therefore, to take literary license and give an insight as much into the cooking and life as the kitchens. Town and country differ largely, the refinements of modern life have not penetrated to the country at large, and so we still find houses whose domestic regions leave a great deal to be desired.

Cooks sleep in the kitchen, and the other servants are accommodated in a similar casual manner. In large country houses the kitchen is a separate building, sometimes joined, and sometimes entirely detached from the house. The system is followed in Russia, where, however, servants have a far worse time, it being no unusual thing, even at the present time, for servants to sleep in the passages with simply a cushion under their heads, and the women servants lay their weary bones to rest in the loft of the lodge or but-houses.

The great number of servants kept by even middle class people accounts for the (to say the least of it) rough and ready method of housing them. Each servant in Russia has his or her vocation, and will undertake no duty not pertaining thereto.

In farmhouses and lower middle class the family accommodate themselves in a similar manner. Their windows are all double, on account of the excessive change of temperature, and the kitchen stoves are huge in size, some whitewashed, and with a very broad shelf running from them the length of the kitchen. This serves as the bed for the family!

In wealthier houses, where greater comfort prevails, the servants' apartments are detached from the house, sometimes adjoining the kitchen. This is necessary, for both in Poland and Russia the lower classes are excessively dirty. They never wash except when they pay their weekly visit to the baths, on which occasion they steam their clothes clean as well!

The hours of work are much the same as ours, and the cook is an important personage, who buys all the edibles for daily consumption, occasionally accompanied by her mistress. These same edibles, by the way, are to be had in Poland at ridiculous prices. Best meat costs 21-2d per pound, and the poor purchase theirs at the rate of 1d. per pound. Poultry is also exceedingly cheap, but fish is dear.

Both in Russia and Poland the cooking is highly flavored, and a liking for things acid is noticeable, particularly in the soups. Oselle soup, for instance, itself a sour thing, is further

sharpened by the Poles, by the addition of sour cream as a flavoring.

In Poland we do not find much furniture; a large bureau and a freezer strike one as the most prominent features. Next comes the abundance of wooden utensils. All pails, tubs, etc., are of wood, and, indeed, in the country the kitchens themselves are built throughout of timber. The stoves in the country are much like the French ones, and a further resemblance is occasioned by the number of copper pans which hang on the walls.

The icon, or religious picture, which is such a fetish of the Russian race, is not absent from the kitchen, and their superstitions are too numerous to instance, even though they influence domestic life to a great extent.

Dinner is the great event of the day, after which masters and servants alike take a siesta. Cabbage is even more beloved by Russians and Poles than by the Germans, and one of the principal dishes is a soup concocted from cabbage, sour apples, a bit of lard and some meat. Yet vegetables otherwise are not much eaten; meat and potatoes form the staple food.

The enormous iron stock pot, the contents of which form the foundation for many a dish, is an utensil never absent from a Polish kitchen, and the stock itself is made of meat or smoked ham, flavored by beet roots which have been chopped fine, bottled with water to cover them and then allowed to stand for two weeks.

Wood fires are used entirely in Poland, though in some kitchens they employ it in its charred form—charcoal, like the French. The black bread of Russia, is noted, and the Polish bread is by no means suited to our taste. The Russian peasants make strange use of the oven in which they bake their bread, for they use it for their weekly vapor bath when there are no bathhouses near!

FELLOWSHIP IN FAMILIES.

It is curious that one rarely sees intimate friendship between persons of the same family. The members of most families are friendly together in a lukewarm-outside sort of way, but there is no enthusiasm or congenial fellowship in this matter-of-fact kind of intercourse. They bear the same name and have a general interest in one another's welfare, but in regard to their mental and spiritual life they are often utter strangers, perhaps hold creeds and opinions entirely at variance, their separateness being glossed over with a veneering of polite disregard.

We all desire friendship, sympathy and congenial companionship. We go through the world looking for these things, and sorrowing when we do get them. It seems a strange perverseness of fate that we find them so rarely where there are so many other pleasant things which would make them still more beautiful. The bond of a common kin, of common memories, and a common name would make a comradeship still more delightful. It may be that the fault is partly in ourselves, and that, grown weary by the enforced familiarity of years, we do not believe possible, or care to seek, any inner communion with people whose outside personality we have grown tired of. It takes an enormous amount of patience, as well as affection, not to get dreadfully tired of people, and members of one's own family are no exception to this rule.

FAILURES OF WOMEN.

Even in Her Native Element, the Kitchen She is a Maimed Failure.

One of the foreign magazines announces a series of articles upon the "Failures of Women." The subject is to be treated in nine papers, devoted respectively to failures in literature, music, medicine, science, politics, fashions, cookery, painting and sculpture; and, if the first onslaught, which has already appeared, is an indication of the severity that is to follow, poor woman will not be left with even a withered twig of laurel.

The prospectus is very depressing. One might be persuaded to admit that woman has not cut a tremendous swath in literature, music, medicine, science, politics, sculpture and painting; but when one learns that even in fashions and cookery she has been a flat failure, one is tempted to believe that she is a flaw in an otherwise clever scheme of creation, and is prepared to hear that even as a wife and mother she hasn't been a success.

It takes the writer only two columns to annihilate woman's claim to any lofty niche in literature. He bows indifferently to Sappho, in passing, and mentions casually that Jane Austen and George Eliot did some passable work, but declares firmly that so far as great creative literature is concerned woman is a flat failure.

The average woman may not resent being barred from the fine arts, but when it comes to scorning her prowess in fashions and cookery she rises in her wrath. One knows so well what arguments are to be used for her confusion. All of the world-famous chefs have been men; ergo, men have more genius for cookery than women. The logic is worse than the ordinary man's cooking. Of course all the most famous cooks have been men. A woman with intelligence and genius enough to win her such a place wouldn't be content with it—wouldn't stay in it. Women have a natural talent for cookery.

Some women—many, in fact—have heaven-sent genius for it, but they do not covet the place of a public chef; and then there is another barrier in the way of gastronomic fame for women. The poor creatures may have a taste, a genius for cooking, but they have a more pronounced taste, a more developed genius for marrying. There's the rub. How can a cook be expected to run the gauntlet of coachmen, waiters, butlers, all of whom worship at the shrine of her culinary genius? Her entrees are a pitfall to her feet; her pastry works her undoing. Her salads move her masculine associates to frenzied devotion. She doesn't realize that it is her mayonnaise and not herself that inspires impassioned wooing. When the butler, moved to tears by the thought of a life which would be one continuous round of game pate, implores her to be his, she thinks the ardent lover wants a queen, not a cook. If she resists, the butler, she goes down before the policeman who samples her cookery at the area door. If she lives in the country, safe from butlers and policemen, a neighboring farmer knows a good thing. Sooner or later she falls a victim to her own genius, marries, and is lost to fame, absorbed in general housework. All the famous cooks have been men, but there are scores of women catering to small families who could give the far-famed "Joseph" odds and beat him if the fates had been propitious and ambition or love had not crushed genius.

As for fashions, if women fall there, there is no salvation for them. Naturally, Worth and Felix will be cited triumphantly in proof of the superiority of men in matters pertaining to gowns, and the list of men milliners is long and impressive; but the fact remains that the success of those men is more a question of business ability than of taste. Many of the most commonplace gowns imaginable come from Worth; and, given carte blanche as to price which he received, any number of Parisian dressmakers could rival him. Another important point is that nine-tenths of the designing and almost all of the execution in the establishments bearing men's names are done by women, and the executive management is the man's share of the enterprise.

In business matters women are willing to acknowledge masculine superiority, but in matters of taste and fashion no. There woman will take her stand and claim supremacy while she has breath and being. The line must be drawn somewhere, even by the meek woman.

IT MAY BE SO.

Why is it that geniuses are nearly always eccentric? I guess it must be because that's about the only way in which genius can obtain recognition.

WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHY.

Weary Workins—After a guy has once been in jail, his name is mud from that time on. Hungry Higgins—Yes; time done can't be undone.

UNFORGIVEN.

He stole a kiss and ran away! Next time they met he humbly said: "Oh, grant to me, your pardon, pray; I swear to you I lost my head." A frown o'erspread the maiden's brow, As bitterly she made reply: "What need to tell me this thing now; What need to tell me how or why? Sir, stand aside, nor bid me pause! I n'er shall grant the boon Of pardon that you ask—because You ran away too soon!"