

pounds (\$10) a year for the privilege of allowing two or three hundred chickens to run over an adjoining field. The farmer, was rather loath to let the privilege at first, some two years ago, but now he has come to see that the chickens are of great benefit to the land, by scattering their droppings over it and destroying great quantities of injurious insects, worms, and grubs and he tells the gentleman he may let his chickens run there for nothing; to be exact, he says "he could better afford to pay for having the chickens run there than have them kept off the land." The gentleman however says he prefers to pay the ten dollars a year which secures the absolute right to his chickens ranging the field; and then there is no opportunity for any disputes arising. It is remarkable that farmers do not see the benefits which would accrue from this colonizing of the pullets about the fields after the grass is cut. The pullets would destroy immense numbers of injurious insects grub, and worms which now prey upon the crops; would enrich the ground by their droppings scattered far and wide, and last, but not least, would grow much faster, larger, and be more vigorous in health. To have pullets mature promptly, and then lay when eggs bring forty cents a dozen, they must have a chance to grow and they get that chance by being given free range in the grass fields, in an orchard protected from the worrying of the pesky cockerels.

Another mistake is: Not cleaning out the fowl house; X says he has visited, as I did, farms where the fowl house or pen had not been cleaned out for years. He called on a farmer who had made an attempt at poultry-house-building, putting up a two pen house with liberal yards adjoining. Fowls had been housed in it winter and summer for two or three years, never once had the earth-floor been cleaned off and removed, never a drop of whitewash had been used on the walls, nest boxes, etc., and the house was saturated with the odor of the accumulated filth.

Being aware of the rich manure that the fowls make, the farmer has cleaned that out once a year, in spring, when the manure was wanted and that is absolutely all the cleaning out that house has had for three years. Is it any wonder, he asks, that this farmer's hens do not lay and pullets do not grow? About seventy-five hens, pullets, and cockerels were confined in that two pen house and yards during June, July and August. Pullets could not possibly grow under such a handicap. "I asked, says this farmer, why he did not clean out half a dozen cartloads of the sand floor of the houses cart in fresh sand clean up and whitewash the walls, roosts nests etc. He said he had been intending to, but was too busy, could not find the time very well; the other farm work had given him all he could do. That answer is representative of the attitude of the average farmer towards his fowls.

The "other farm work" takes precedence, so long as there is anything else to do; the fowl-houses can be let go, and the fowls can be neglected. Is it any wonder that poultry keeping does not pay, no how? This farmer said his hens laid well the first winter they were housed in these pens, laid less well the second winter; and the last winter he hardly got an egg all the winter; he fed them well, too. Can we blame the fowls for not laying, compelled to live in such foul quarters as those.

Some readers may ask how that house could have been kept clean and sweet, kept free from fowl odors. By simply cleaning up the droppings two or three times a week and cleaning out the houses thoroughly once a year, that is all that we do on our farm, and our poultry houses are as free from "odors," are as fresh, clean and sweet as a new house. We have houses which have been in constant use for eight or ten years, and are as sweet and clear to-day as though newly built. We don't take extraordinary pains to keep them clean. We clean them out thoroughly once a year, carting off about three inches of the top of the sand-gravel floor and carting in as much fresh sand-gravel. We sweep down the walls and whitewash thoroughly, whitewash nest boxes, roosts, roost-platforms, etc. and then move in the pullets from the fields. Those pullets, moved into such fresh clean pen, are not poisoned by accumulated foulness of several generations of fowls. The pens are clean and sweet, and the pullets begin shelling out the eggs, which are now (last of October) selling at the store at thirty-five cents a dozen, and before Thanksgiving will be forty or forty-two cents a dozen. There is no magic, nothing obscure or difficult about this; it is simple common sense cleanliness.

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