

settled it will not be alone for the poultry yard, but will be equally as applicable to all conditions of animal life in the question of controlling the sexes.

In the physiological branch of an extended course of professional medical reading, I had occasion to devote some special study to this subject in its relation to animals and also to the human family. As the outgrowth of my investigations and the practical results of the application of the theory in the animal kingdom, instead of mating my stock or my birds and saying such mating will produce given results, I lay down the principle of my faith and then mate to the text: *In all matters of chance with regard to sex, other things being equal, the sex of the offspring will be that of the less ardent of the pair.*

I will not go further into details and examples of this rule; but reasoning on this line, an old cock mated with pullets in their vigor will produce cockerels, and the more pullets in the pen the more cockerels in the proportion of fertile eggs. A cockerel in his youth and spirit, mated with old hens will produce a larger per cent of pullets, the number of hens to be governed by the ardor and vigor of the cockerel, and the fewer the hens the larger the proportion of pullets. Cockerels with pullets few in number will produce cockerels in excess on account of the vigor of the pullets. This principle, of course, can only approximate the result, and arrives very nearly at the same matings given by the gentleman referred to above, and assigning a reason therefor.

As to the physiological discussion of why the principle I lay down should be as I claim, I have not now space to present, and besides it would soon lead us into delicate matters that do not pertain to a poultry journal. A fair trial of this method will be more convincing to any member of the fraternity than bushels of logic, and I only ask them to make the experiment fairly, conscientiously, and I am willing to risk my faith on the result.—C. R. Mitchal, in Ohio P. Journal.

FARMERS' HENS.

DID the reader ever see a flock of farmers' hens? If so, while looking at them, did not your mind revert to your own thoroughbred, uniformly-colored and shaped hen at home? and did not this mongrel stock look mean to you as you mentally compared them with yours?

You wonder how the farmer can be content to keep such hideous looking specimens, when a

little trouble and expense would procure for him fowls that would be an ornament to his place, a pleasure to take care of and, above all, a source of profit, where these mongrels are a bill of expense.

That there are many farmers that are replacing these mongrel flocks with thoroughbred fowls is true, yet the progress is slow, and the average flock of farmers' hens of to-day presents the most extraordinary variety of colors and dissimilarity of shapes and sizes that can be imagined. That any one of the fowls in these flocks could have descended from any of the others, seems preposterous, but a close examination of the male bird will reveal that which will make the the origin of the ill-assorted, motley fowls around him, no longer a mystery. This farmyard rooster is "fearfully and wonderfully" made. He is, as it were, a kind of a catalogue of fowls, through which an ornithologist might look without failing to find that which would remind him of every existing and non-existing breed of the domestic fowl. He invariably has a magnificent tail. Nature has seemingly compensated him for his other defects by giving him a tail that would excite the jealousy of many a prize-winning thoroughbred. To be sure it is all out of proportion to the rest of his body, but taking the tail alone, by itself, with all the elements of beauty which it derives from enormous Spanish sickle feathers, combined with the best points of the tails of American and Asiatic fowls, it is an unequalled success in an artistic point of view. Were his saddle feathers alone exposed to view, the beholder might say that he is a Partridge Cochon. But a glimpse of the feathers an inch or two farther up his back would make him swear it was a Mottled Java. His wings are a witchery of colors, in which there seems to be a struggle for supremacy going on between the spangled bar of the Hamburg, and the laced one of the Golden Wyandotte, with here and there a feather that might have been plucked from the Guinea Hen or Bird of Paradise. His fiery red hackle brings to mind the pugnacious Game, which thought, however, is quickly dispelled by the cowardly look in his eyes. His breast—but who shall describe his breast—a collision between two rainbows could not result in a greater number or greater confusion of colors. There are spangles, spots and bars of all hues and shades, mixed in an interminable jangle which defies description: His comb is a miscellaneous affair, a sort of a compromise between the three varieties, and looks as near like any one variety as it can and not ignore the characteristics of the others. He has enough Crested Polish in him to cause a few stray feathers to stand up on his head, and enough Bearded Polish to permit a few to hang down under his chin, which gives him the appearance of needing a "hair cut and shave." Short, scaly legs, ornamented by a pair of spurs resembling miniature elephant's tusks, and long, crooked toes, generally damaged to some extent by frost completes the description of the typical barnyard rooster, one who can produce anything from a Black Red Bantam to a White Plymouth Rock, unless his looks greatly belie him.

This rooster is the key to the situation. Look