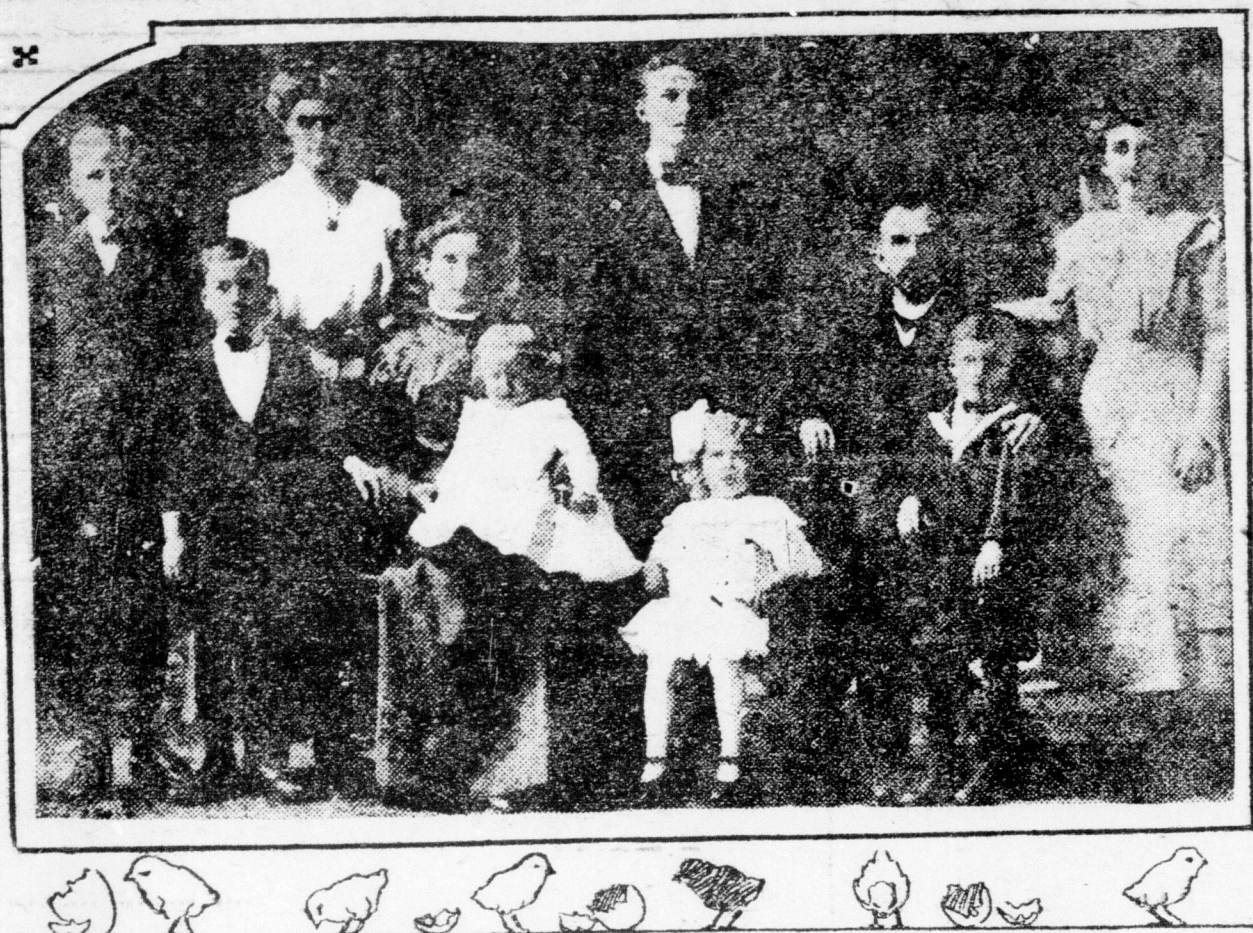


Two Young Girls Manage "One-Day-Old Chick" Farm Turn 20,000 Eggs Into Downy Chickens Every Spring



THE ROEHRS FAMILY: LYDIA AND ALMA ARE THE TWO OLDEST GIRLS.

[By E. C. Rodgers.]

6,000



DOWNY little chicks peck their ways through egg-shell walls and begin to take notice, while Misses Alma and Lydia Roehrs, managers of one of the largest "one-day-old" chick farms in the mid-west, gather up another 6,000 eggs to go into the mother incubator.

That is the "one-in-three-weeks" programme at the Old Glory Hatchery, three miles from Hinsdale, from early February until the summer gives warning that the poultry story should take a vacation. Chicks hatched along towards mid-summer will develop sufficiently to brave autumn chills and damp. So the Misses Roehrs have such a busy time of it.

Of course, they don't keep all those thousands and thousands of chicks—over 20,000 in a season—until they grow up to be cackling hens and crowing roosters. That isn't their side of the poultry business. As soon as the fluffy bits of chicks get their

coats of down nicely dried they are placed into "cages" of corrugated paper boxes, with tiny holes for windows, and take long journeys; some go as far east as New York, others across the Mississippi River westward.

That is the "one-day-old chick" business—the hatching and selling of chicks when they arrive at the mature age of 24 hours. Not only is the back-yard chicken yard in the cities kept stocked that way, but many large poultry raisers for eggs and meat buy chicks at that age so as to avoid the uncertainties of hatching eggs themselves.

"Many people find it much easier and cheaper to buy the chicks than to bother with incubators or setting hens," explained Miss Alma, aged 20, who knows more about hatching eggs and baby chicks than any young person I have ever met. She grew up on the business, so to speak, for her father, the Rev. A. Roehrs, pastor of the German Lutheran Church near here, was dividing his labor between his congregation and his chickens a score of years ago.

"That was how, probably, he could raise eight children on a country-church salary. The raising of chickens

than most people think," said Miss Alma, "for after the eggs are in the incubator, a great deal of care must be given, or few of the eggs will hatch. Temperature must be controlled, ventilation and moisture must be regulated; the eggs must be turned at regular intervals, and a knowledge of incubator hatching must be had."

"Of course the work does not end with the hatching. After our work in cutting out the weaker ones, and preparing the one-day-old chicks for shipment has been done, the buyer begins his work and worry, and if he does it well he will have a paying poultry yard."

"Chicks when they are first hatched need no food or water from 48 to 72 hours, that is how we can ship them so far away without food or drink. We advise our customers after getting the chicks to feed very little at a time but feed them often. The first thing a day-old chick should have, and that when it is two days old or over, is finely ground grit, also a wee bit of powdered charcoal. After that spread some chick feed in litter several inches deep, for they will have to scratch for their food and that aids their growth and strength. A lazy chick will never amount to much."

The A. & L. chick hatchery—A. & L. stands for Alma and Lydia—does a big business in the immediate neighborhood. Folks for miles around bring their eggs to the girls and come back in three weeks for a basketful of chicks; for \$20 they will allow their machine mother hen hatch up to many out of 100 eggs as are fertile. If you have only two dozen or so of eggs its costs eight cents apiece for the incubator's efforts.

To keep the incubator full and supply the express trade, 500 hens belonging to the firm of A. & L. Roehrs do their level best. Most of them are well-bred biddies, and the roosters come from distinguished poultry families.

the spacious and luxurious chambers above. They do not pity the bees, but they hate disorder and waste and ugliness. They see that there is room for all and plenty for all if only the thing is organized, and with deft and running fingers they set themselves to re-arrange the structure so as to give air space and a share of the honey to all, and to dispossess the fat fellows above. They do not hate the fat fellows any more than they pity the others. But they do hate idleness and luxury. They want a hive run on decent business lines, and they mark with approval the short way the working bees in the hive of nature have with the drones, who are simply dropped out of the hive to die on the ground below. If they won't work, neither shall they eat.

In that world of perfect order to which we move under their guidance even love will obey the blue book. There are few more domestic scenes than that of Cardigan Bay from Harlech. The bay sweeps round in one wide curve to the sharp peaks of the Rivals and from the sloping shores with their villas and pastures a vast mass of Snowdon rises in great surges of cliff and fell to the lonely summit. That noble scene is linked in my mind with eugenics and the laws of love. I had been invited to speak (and he spoken to) at the Fabian school at Llanbedr, and on the Sunday I had gone with a companion to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Webb at their cottage near Harlech. In the afternoon we walked round the bay. Going, Mrs. Webb talked with her wonderful lucidity of the morass of poverty and the break up of the poor law; returning, Mr. Webb talked with equal lucidity of the mysteries of local government and of the chaos of society and pictured that fascinating future when we shall each have our dossier in the public archives, when we shall all be numbered and pigeon-holed and when the state will by a bonus encourage me, who perchance am in the A1 class, to marry you, who are also in the A1 class, rather than the lady I love who has the misfortune to be, let me say, in the D2 class. At this point I stopped in the road and laughed aloud and I fancy heard an echo of the laughter from the deep caves and great sides of Snowdon.

The Architects of the New England.

The clash of the subject and the scene seemed symbolic of the clash between intellect and emotion, between science and nature, between blue books and the great tidal impulses of humanity. To Mr. and Mrs. Webb we are statistics. We are marshalled in columns and drilled in tables, and explained in appendices. We do not move to some far off divine event, but to a miraculous perfection of machinery and a place in decimals.

It is this ungodly sleep of humanity that makes the Webb philosophy so distasteful to all visionaries, romantics, anarchists, poets and other impractical people who are inclined to dirt and disorder so long as they can have dreams and liberty. One might as well object to the surgeon because he doesn't paint pictures, or to the plumber because he doesn't write sonnets. They have chosen a vast and fruitful field for their labors and are content with its limitations. The nation owes no deeper debt than that due to these two great and disinterested public servants, these unvarnished surgeons of the body politic, who have given unostentatiously and without reward the devotion of a lifetime to diagnosing the malady of a sick society and prescribing the remedies. It is they more than anyone else who can claim to be the architects of modern England. And through their labors have been confined to the material fabric of society I am not sure that they have not done more than all the poets to cleanse its soul as well.

A. G. G.

Alexander Mackenzie --Great Explorer

[By Rev. Thos. B. Gregory.]

June 3, 1879.

One hundred and twenty years ago today Alexander Mackenzie started out on the work of exploration which was to establish his earthly fortune and make his name immortal.

At the date mentioned Mackenzie was stationed, as agent of the Northwest Fur Company, at Lake Athabasca. Shut up in his rude fort he chafed like a caged lion. In the little log barracks at Fort Chipewyan he would dream and dream till, as he wrote to his friends, "he did not know what he was doing or where he was." Made for heroic action, his inactivity was killing him. His mighty spirit was yearning for a little clash with the great wild nature that challenged him to the combat.

Unable to resist the call of the wilderness Mackenzie, with his party of six—four French-Canadians, a German, and an Indian guide—started down Slave river for the unknown North.

After nine days they were in the Great Slave Lake, and in due time they found themselves floating down the Mackenzie River. Forty days later the expedition looked out upon the floating ice of the Arctic Ocean. The next day—July 14—Mackenzie erected a post on the shore, on which he engraved the latitude of the place (69 degrees, 14 minutes) his own name, the number of persons in the party, and the time they remained there.

His object having been accomplished, the next thing was to get back in the remaining days of the open season, and turning their backs upon the dreary Arctic shores, they began the homeward journey, which they finished on Sept. 12, the time of absence having been 102 days.

On May 9, four years later (1793), Mackenzie set out upon his second expedition. Starting from Athabasca Lake, he worked his perilous way up the Peace River to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and on the twelfth day of June he found himself on the very top of the "Great Divide." The first white man to stand where the waters parted for the Atlantic and for the Pacific.

On July 22 he reached the Pacific, in latitude 52 degrees and 21 minutes, and on a great rock overlooking the sea he carved these words: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the 22nd of July, 1793."

It is doubtful if a harder or more perilous voyage was ever undertaken than that which the resolute Scotchman that day finished. It seems impossible that human beings could have actually endured such hardships and survived such dangers. The story of that trip from Lake Athabasca to the great western ocean is one that every young man in the nation ought to read and meditate on. It shows what will-power is able to do, and how next to impossible it is for a determined young man to be defeated.

Mackenzie's trips brought him high renown and great wealth. He was knighted by the English king, and, his active life being over, he retired to an estate in Scotland, where he died in 1829, with the proud satisfaction of knowing that his name was fixed upon a region that was destined to become the seat of a vast population and a mighty civilization.

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Sidney and Beatrice Webb The Ablest Couple in London

A. G. Gardiner in London Daily News.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who have returned this week from a year's tour round the world, have written jointly or separately, many works on trade unionism, industrial democracy, the poor law, local government, the history of liquor licensing, etc. They were married in 1892. Mr. Webb, formerly a civil servant, was one of the founders and the chief inspirer of the Fabian Society. He was also the principal founder of the London School of Economics. Mrs. Webb, the daughter of Richard Potter, chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway, was a favorite pupil of Herbert Spencer, and assisted Charles Booth in his great inquiry in the "Life and Labor of the People."

If I were asked to call on the ablest woman in London I should call on Mrs. Webb. But there my difficulty would begin. I should halt between No. 36 and No. 41, and should remain like Buridan's ass when it stood transfixed between two bundles of hay. Probably I should give up the problem and call on another. For at No. 36 lives Mrs. J. R. Green and at No. 41 lives Mrs. Sidney Webb and who can make a choice between two such candidates? But if I were asked to call on the ablest couple in London then I should have no doubt—then I should go confidently to No. 41. I might have a momentary indecision on remembering

that Canon and Mrs. Barnett live at Hampstead; but I should remind myself that Canon Barnett is not to be described as an able man, but as a prophet, and I should go on my way to Chelsea unhesitatingly.

There have been and are many cases of distinguished husbands and wives, but none in which the personalities of the two have been more completely merged than in the case of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. They are so entirely one that they seem to have dropped their separate identities—in spite of the startling dissimilarity in their personal appeal, the one so indisputably of the democracy, the other with the high-bridged nose, the thin lips and the wide-arched eyebrows of an authentic aristocrat. They have almost lost the use of the first person singular. They never speak of "I," but of "we." "We think," says Mr. Webb from his end of the table, and "we venture to take the view," says Mrs. Webb from her end. It is strophic and anti-strophic; one intellect but two voices. It is as though they never disagreed, as though in that sphere of pure reason where they dwell discussion is unknown and the stars sing together in eternal union.

Their Methods.

Among the acolytes of the Fabian order there is a constant controversy as to which of the two is before or after the other. It is an idle theme, for you can never tell where one ends and the other begins—how much you are yielding to the eloquence of Mrs. Webb and how much to the suggestion of Mr. Webb. It is she who weaves the spells, but he who forges the bolts. Between them they have an uncanny power of persuasion. Their knowledge overwhelms you, their sweet reasonableness disarms you. You are led captive in the chains of their logic. There is no cross-examiner at the bar more suave or subtle than Mrs. Webb. When a poor law commissioner I entered the room in the midst of her examination of Mr. Walter Long. The subject was the finance of the unemployed committees. Step by step she led him unconsciously to his doom with gentle, innocent looking questions. Suddenly he saw that he was being made to admit that voluntary effort was a failure and that the rate must be used. But it was too late to retreat. With a quiet, "Thank you, that is all," she snapped the "bracelets" on his wrists, folded her hands and sat back in her chair, the picture of demure unexcited triumph.

It is this sleuth-like pursuit of their purposes that makes them so powerful and so often distrusted. There is nothing that men dislike so much as being "managed." And Mr. and Mrs.

Webb are always "managing" you. They sit behind the scenes, touching buttons, pulling wires, making the figures on the stage dance to their rhythm. To their modest exterior the great and the powerful to learn their lesson and to be coached up in their facts. Some fear to enter that parlor of incantations, and which the Webbs with unerring hostility. A mere suspicion that they are prompting behind the curtain is enough to make them damn the most perfect play.

Towards the New Jerusalem.

And yet it would not be possible to find two more wholly distinguished people in London. They have no axe to grind, no selfish purposes to serve. They seek neither honors, nor rewards. They work tirelessly, incessantly. They spend their modest income in costly researches which carry on together, and which they call their housekeeping. They employ more clerks—and still more clerks. They have no antipathies, and are indifferent in party labels. If they can score a point here through good Tories, good there through the Liberals, good also. If they come up against an obstinate minister, who thinks they want to "manage" him, and means to have none of their sort, they smile across at each other and wait. They are the solvents of party politics. They break them up with the subtle chemistry of ideas. They combine extremes and make the most moderate and unsensational methods. They do not march round the walls of the capitalist Jericho blowing a trumpet. Anyone can blow a trumpet. They go to the gates, they knock, they talk to the citizens, ask questions, suggest that the walls are out of date, that they hinder the traffic, keep out the fresh air, are wasteful and useless—a this with the air of merely curious inquirers, voyagers from a far country, with a philosophic interest in the habits and customs of strange peoples. Mr. Chesterton, who I think expects to find Mr. and Mrs. Webb in the last circle of the Inferno, wants to lead us back to the middle ages through revolution and rivers of blood. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, however, by all revolutionary means, the New Jerusalem they hope to build in England's green and pleasant land will be founded, not on broken heads, but on blue-books—it will spring out of this with the air of merely curious inquirers, voyagers from a far country, with a philosophic interest in the habits and customs of strange peoples.

Not Humanitarians. But Scientists.

They are not humanitarians, or philanthropists or even idealists; they think that their pulse quickens with a tale of wrong. The emotions that surge through us—the joys that thrill us, the fears that depress us, the hopes that raise us—leave them unmoved. They are scientists who have taken humanity for their theme as one might take ants or bees. They look with calm dispassionate eyes into the human hive. They find it in a deplorable muddle, of ways at the bottom blocked with struggling masses, trampling on each other, destroying each other, the young crushed and maimed in the confusion, while the honey that is created passes in a golden stream to a few corpulent fellows who occupy

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QUEENSLAND'S RIFLE-FISH.

There is said to exist in the waters of northern Queensland a fish, measuring about ten inches in length and averaging a pound and a half in weight, which possesses the remarkable power of "shooting" its prey. The "rifle-fish," as it is called, is alleged to swim leisurely about the stream a few inches below the surface, on the lookout for flies and other insects that settle on the floating leaves and twigs or on the surface of the water plants.

A LIVING FISH NET.

A peculiar method of fishing is employed by the natives of certain of the islands of Oceania. At stated intervals about two hundred of them will assemble on the beach, and all together plunge into the water, each carrying a branch of the cocoa palm.

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At a given distance from the shore they will turn toward it, and form a compact half circle, each holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water, thus forming a kind of seine. The leader of the party gives a signal, and the living net approaches the shore gradually, in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes. Surrounded by this living wall and caught in the cocoa palm branches many of the fishes are cast on the sands and others are killed with sticks.



Grandpa: Johnny, you mustn't kill the little birds. They have done you no harm.
Johnny: Yes they have. They're the ones that are always telling on me.