

**FARM CHATS**

**Hen Houses**

H. Percy Blanchard, Hants Co., N.S.

ONE of the fascinating thoughts in the field of invention to-day is the evidence of a constant return or rather tendency toward simplicities. We see it in medicine and surgery as well as in the mechanical arts. Not only so but it is from the elements which nature supplies in abundance, that we derive the thousand necessities of our complex present-day civilization. The Prophet Ezekiel voices this thought in its ultimate, when he says that the leaves of the trees were for the healing of the nations. It is complexity evolved itself into the simple life. Platinum, the twentieth century metal, is a product of common clay. Petroleum is a fairy storehouse that imprisons a thousand wonders. Think of using crushed granite or felspar as a real fertilizer. Then there is lime, the godfather of good clover; and clover a nitrogen factory. Some day someone will discover some fool-simple, cheap mixture which will absorb or compound with atmospheric nitrogen just as readily as quick-lime will hydrate—when the due time comes.

We do many unnecessary things, if we only knew it, on our farms. We need to think that arch-gourmand, the hog, would gorge himself to death if he got the chance. To-day, they put his food in a hopper and let him eat till he is ready to quit; and strange to say, he quits in proper time. Wonderful messes used to be mixed and limes set to the minute for feeding poultry. Now, the different foods for the hens go dry each in its own hopper, and not only does the silly hen feed herself, but she does it with more intelligence than her attendant did. The wonderful hot water heated hen house of not so long ago has gone the way of the dodo. Now, a hen house is just an outdoors with a roof on and a shelter from the wind. And now I will tell of what I consider the best, if best is based on results, in the way of hen houses I ever saw.

It was in Cape Breton in the long ago. There was a man, we will call him Mr. K., who had a "maul contract" and did a little livery driving. He kept half a dozen horses and they ate a lot of oats. Mr. K. was a man of superior intelligence, in many ways a real genius. When he built his horse barn he did not follow the general example of throwing the manure to the weather, but built a slight lean-to shed to protect it, and this, as it happened, or probably was planned, on the south side of the barn. Several sashes of glass lit up the shed, and allowed the sun heat and light to pour in. Nests were fixed to the wall in a convenient place. It was a perfect paradise for the hens. Here they scratched and found oats in plenty; They luxuriated in the sunshine and the warmth from the steaming manure. Outdoors it might be winter or the chilly easterlies of March or April, but for them it was eternal spring. As to eggs, they laid the winter long. There are objections to having hens around a horse stable. There is an argument for the hen-house like the picture in your poultry department, but for a scientifically thought out and designed egg factory, that delivered the goods and at practically no cost for feed, commend me to Mr. K.'s hen house down at Oragdale, C.B., 30 years ago.

**Our Frontispiece**

ON the front cover of Farm and Dairy this week appears the likeness of "Fen's Owl," Rogue 152914, who heads the Jersey herd at the University of British Columbia. This two-year-old bull was not only champion Jersey bull at the

Vancouver exhibition in 1918, but was also awarded the special prize as grand champion dairy bull over all breeds. He has five direct lines to Spermiel Owl, the greatest sire of producers ever owned in America. His grand-dam and great grand-dam have each produced over 1,000 lbs. of butter in a year. He is one of the greatest Jerseys now owned in Canada and was bred in the New England States.

**Philadelphia Quality.**

Mary is told of an old lady who has lived all her life in Walnut Street, as have generations of her family before her. The other day she is said to have consulted a young physician fresh from his honors at the University of Pennsylvania.

"What do you think is the matter with me?" asked the lady.

"I am inclined to think that your blood is not pure, madam. I'll have to give you something to purify it."

"Sit!" said the old lady with dignity, "you are probably not aware that I belong to one of the oldest families in Philadelphia."

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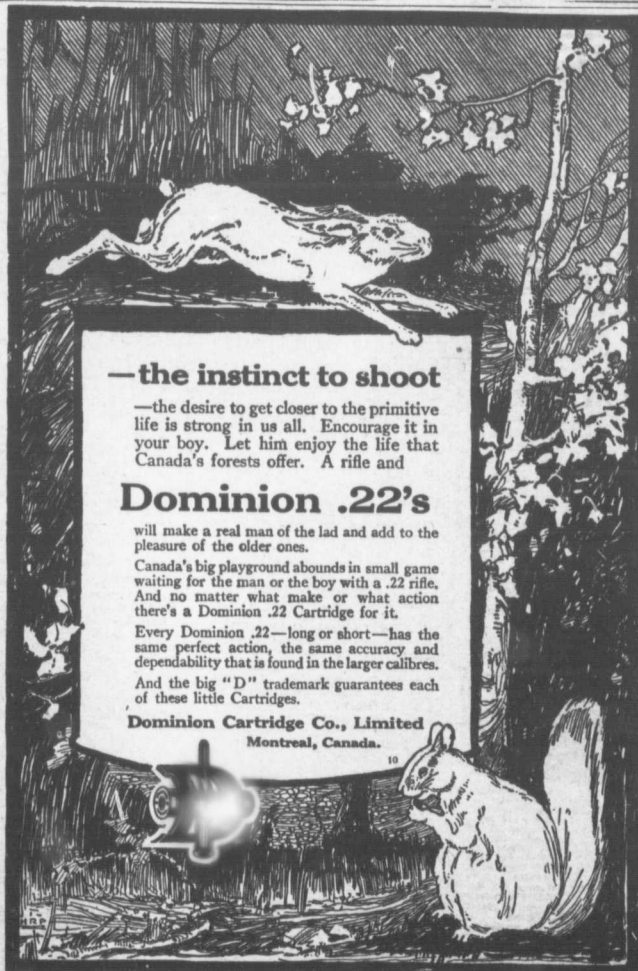
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