

an ovation in the shape of a short dozen of eggs, elsewhere, no one has ever found where in season to use the eggs for other than campaign purposes. But the total absence of nostalgia from the mind of the hen induces her to seek the yard of the nearest neighbor with a punctiliousness which is positively wearing. She is an Oklahoma boomer by instinct. A half-starved grub-worm scratched from the newly sown flower garden of the madam next door is more sweet to her than the most carefully prepared "poultry food" furnished at the table of her legitimate owner. If she desires to disport herself in the dust and indulge in that gallinaceous habit known as "wallowing," she regards the feelings of her proprietor with the utmost sanctity. She never "wallows" at home. Somewhere else is quite good enough for her. She seeks the missing picket in the fence, and hies her over the line, where she indulges to the utter destruction of the lines of beauty in the topography of another garden. All these failings of the American hen as manifested in the Connecticut branch of her family, have so worked upon the sensibilities of the legislative committee on agriculture that they have brought in a bill which proposes to fine the owner of the hen \$7 and costs every time he allows the pesky bird to encroach on his neighbor's preserves. It must be said that this is something of an improvement over the method of redress which prevails at the present time, which is for the aggrieved person to shoot the offending hen on Saturday, and have a savory stew on Sunday. At the same time it leaves the hen herself unpunished. Perhaps it is better, but it must be noted that the agricultural committee draws the line. It proposes to legislate against the owner of the hen. It knew better than to tackle the great American hen herself.

A Man with a Grievance

DEAR SIR,—I received your sample copy, while I am much pleased with the WEEKLY and the ability shown by its editor; I must refuse to take it. You will ask why, and I will tell you.

Years ago I had the hen fever and was then a subscriber to three poultry publications. Naturally I wanted to bring in new blood by the cheapest way to get good stock, viz. buying eggs. So I studied the advertisements. I read that so and so had at the head of his breeding pen a cock, with a score of 95½, and string of first prizes as long as my arm, "mated with pullets averaging 90." Well, thinks I, I'll get good birds from him, so I wrote and got two settings. I paid full rates. Imagine my disgust on finding that after all that man's blowing my birds were fit only for the pot,—I don't think one of the two clutches would score 40.

I put Mr. Eggman down as a fraud and wrote him in language warm and melting. He never replied, and with this one deal I closed down on all my poultry papers lest I might be taken in again.

Wishing you every success,

AN EX-FANCIER.

The above letter shows the nature of the man who wrote it. Because he was duped *once* he throws overboard his journals, the innocent cause of the loss of a few dollars. He wreaks his vengeance on the editors who did him no harm and we presume never wrote them to expose the man who had swindled him. He is evidently one of that class who give \$3 or \$4 for a setting and expect to get thirteen chicks that will score about 99 in close competition. His implied insinuation that all poultry men are not honest is despicable and malicious—there are black sheep in every flock, but the whole flock must not be denounced therefor. Mr. Ex-fancier, the fraternity have no use for such an individual as you.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

IT is generally conceded that cholera in fowls is caused by local miasm, and is inhaled, poisoning the blood, which may be prevented from generating by scattering carbolic acid and plaster on the premises and yards, ruins and floors.

As warm weather approaches use liberally of disinfectants, feed wholesome, sound food, pure water in which a few drops of carbolic acid should be mixed, keep everything clean, provide good ventilation, and the flock will undoubtedly escape this scourge. Bear in mind that nothing should be neglected.

Preserving Green Food for Winter.

EVERYONE is interested in preserving green food, and in response to the following letter from Mr. T. F. Child, of Rowley, Mass., we will endeavor to have the matter discussed. Mr. C. says:

"Mr. Jacobs, as you have given us such a valuable article on feeding, in your January issue, and showed the benefit of beet leaves, cabbage leaves, etc., we want you to now tell us how to save them for winter use."

An excellent suggestion. We have already given attention to it in a previous issue. Our experience in that direction is limited, but we consulted with Prof. Alvord, an expert on such matters, and he informs us that *any kind* of green food can be preserved for winter use in a