

About the Farm.

The Homesteader.

By A. B. Hogg, Calgary.

I sow, I reap, my eyes cast down
O'er sullen prairie, grey and brown,
No tint, no splendour in its hue,
No inspiration in the view.

But upward, should I turn my eyes,
The boundless, multi-colored sky,
An inspiration in its glare,
Perpetual change and beauty there.

I sow, I reap, each toilsome year,
Apart from things I hold most dear,
Apart from friendship, mirth and show;
Alone I reap the wealth I sow.

But o'er my sordid life there gleams
A distant splendour, airy dreams
That make a pioneer of me,
The dreams of better days to be.

A Rising Market.

There strolled into Washington Mar-
ket, New York, the other day a tall,
ungainly, but strikingly youthful man,
who asked of a commission merchant:

"How's eggs? Going up higher?"
The dealer in eggs assured the ques-
tioner that they were going "sky high"
before spring sprouted the new grass.

"Well, I'll hold on a bit longer then."
When the tall farmer had disappeared
the merchant remarked:

"There's a man who will some day
have a corner in eggs. He's got several
hundred cases of eggs now waiting for

I get top prices for them. It's what any
man can do, but I don't know of any
one around here who does it."

Pressed to give some of his experi-
ences which led up to this novel venture,
he said:

"There isn't much to tell. I started
in here ten years ago, and tried to make
a living with eggs and poultry. I didn't
have much capital, but I thought I
could make it a go. I was brought up
on a farm, and knew something about
chickens. I knew that eggs sold in
summer hardly pay for the keep of the
chickens, and that chickens which laid
many eggs in winter were as rare birds
as the Dodo. I tried all sorts of food to
make them lay more eggs in cold weath-
er. I had heard that winter-laying hens
could be raised, and I experimented with
all sorts of breeds. But I didn't have
much luck. Somehow, the cold weather
just stopped them from laying, and
when they began again prices for eggs
were 'way down.'"

The Spur of Failure.

"Now, it's pretty annoying to have a
flock of several hundred hens when you
read in the papers that eggs are selling
from forty to sixty cents a dozen, and
not a dozen eggs laid a day on the farm.
It struck me as most unnatural. I felt
like wringing their necks. I fed them
with warm food, built them a nice, sun-
ny feeding ground, and made them as
comfortable as possible. But it was no
use. I couldn't make them lay much in
winter.

"Then I decided I'd try keeping their
eggs. I tried liming them, and this
brought in better profits. But limed
eggs only command good prices in special



The Homestead

higher prices. They cost him ten and
twelve cents a dozen, and he'll get
thirty or forty for them before the sea-
son is over."

"How did he get them so cheap?"
"Go and ask him; he'll tell you."

This suggestion was responsible for a
trip down on Long Island where one
young man is slowly working out the
momentous question of how to make a
good living, and possibly a fortune, from
a small poultry farm. The farmer, who
"had several hundred cases of eggs" to
sell was not averse to explaining his
method. He owned a small poultry farm
thirty miles from New York City.

"So they think I'm likely to get a
corner in eggs, eh?" he chuckled when
the commission merchant's words were
repeated to him. "Oh, no, there's no
danger of that. But I'm making a little
money, and by another year I'm going
to increase the plant. I'm just trying to
beat the speculators and cold-storage
men at their own game—that's all.

"How do I do it?" he continued in an-
swer to a further question. "Come out
to the plant and I'll show you."

He led the way across the poultry
farm to a low, squat building about
twenty-five feet square, roughly shingled
on the outside, and roofed with tin to
shed the water. When he unlocked the
door and walked inside, a draft of dry,
cold air swept over their faces. A glance up-
ward showed tier upon tier of cases of
eggs, nearly four hundred in all.

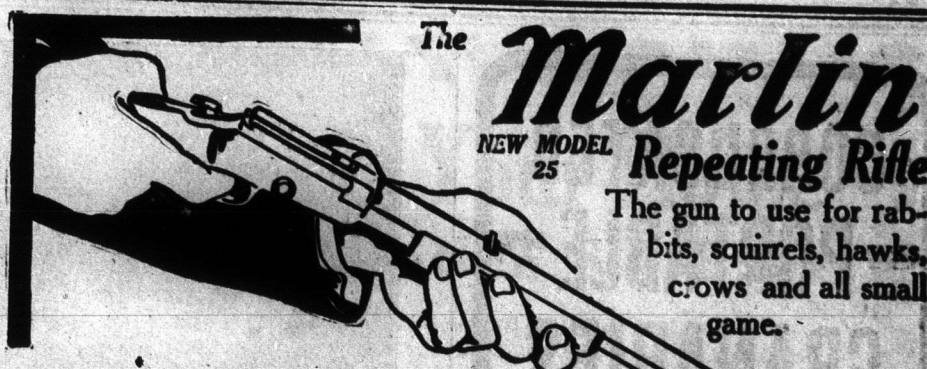
"This is the secret of the whole busi-
ness," the young farmer continued. "In-
stead of sending my eggs to the city in
July and August for the cold-storage
men and speculators to snap up cheap,
I keep them here until winter, and then

seasons. They are sold mostly to the
bakers. Nobody ever thinks of eating
fried limed eggs for breakfast. A good
limed egg may taste as good as a cold-
storage egg, but the look of it kills it.
You can't stare a limed egg in the face
and imagine you are eating a fresh one.
But you can a cold-storage egg. I've got
some August eggs in this house which
are just as fresh as those laid yesterday.
They will cook just as well, and you
could never tell the difference.

"I saw that cold-storage eggs sold in
the winter as high as twenty-five and
thirty cents a dozen. They do it now,
every winter. The supply of fresh eggs
never comes up to the requirements.
And do you know the winter demand for
eggs is increasing so much faster than
the supply that I believe in ten years
we will have to pay seventy and eighty
cents a dozen for fresh eggs, and forty
and fifty cents for best storage eggs?
The big storage companies know that,
too, and they are planning for it. There
are being built to-day a dozen big stor-
age warehouses which will accommodate
thousands of cases of eggs for the fu-
ture.

"Well, I simply made up my mind
that I could store eggs as well as the
speculators. I put \$300 into this stor-
age house and made the experiment. I
stored one hundred cases the first win-
ter, and got twenty-five cents a dozen
for them, nearly twelve cents more than
I could get for them in the summer
when fresh. Two years ago I enlarged
the storage house, and next summer I'll
build again. I want to be able to store
a thousand cases before I'm through.

"I can do it cheaper than the storage
companies in the city. I can get ice for



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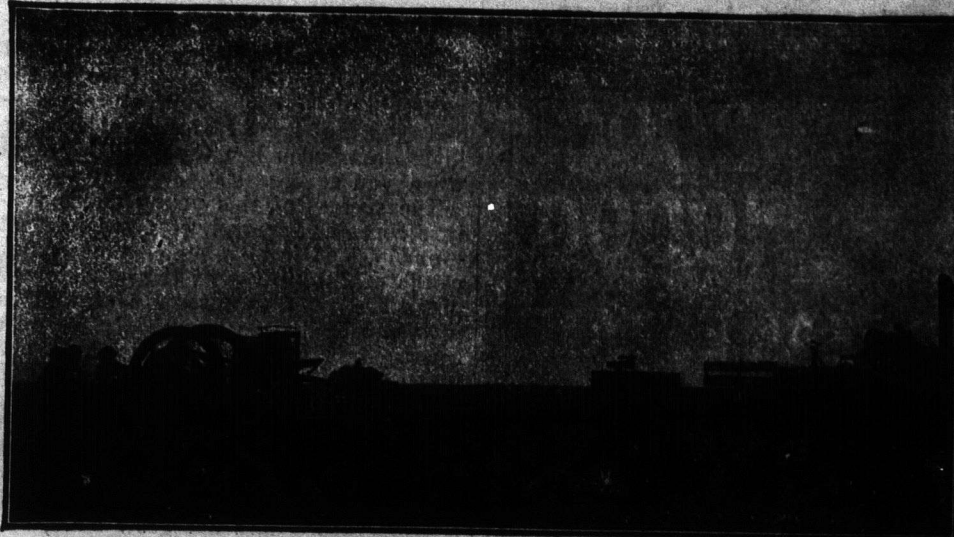
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