

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

CORNMEAL FOR POULTRY.

All who have tried poultry raising will agree that hatching a goodly number of young things is the least of the business, writes a correspondent. To keep them growing in a thrifty manner is a problem that demands solution as soon as the little puffballs are forty-eight hours old. After a varied experience with hard-boiled eggs, rolled oats, and what-not advocated by different writers we many years ago settled on bread made of bolted cornmeal for our standby for the first weeks. We prepare the bread as for the table, with sour milk, soda and salt. Did we not have plenty of sour milk I should prepare a batter with yeast and let it ferment slightly, then treat like the other, baking it till thoroughly done. The inside when cold is crumbled and is fed dry. The crusts are soaked in sweet milk and fed separately. Sometimes a little pepper is added to the milk if the weather is damp and cool. Once each day an egg or two is beaten and mixed with the milk. If there is not plenty of milk to go around, three well beaten eggs are added to each quart of lukewarm water used in soaking the crusts. We use raw eggs, because they are more digestible than the cooked and furnish the same elements in a form more easily assimilated. Now as to the philosophy of feeding cornmeal, or rather cornbread, during the early period of the chick's existence, that is based on the fact that corn is rich in carbohydrates. It furnishes the heat needed and the material for nervous energy and life. The first food for young chicks is provided by Dame Nature herself, who makes no mistakes, and is

THE YOLK OF THE EGG

from which the chick was created. The yolk is mostly fat, consequently heat producing and its effect on animal life much like corn. Another thing, which in our mind confirms the theory that heat producing foods should be in excess of others, is that the milk from cows, and presumably all mammalia is richest in fat during the early period of lactation. Some of our experiment stations have proven by actual test that cows give richer milk (i. e., contains more butter fat), the first two or three weeks after the calf was dropped than at any subsequent period, showing that nature in this case also provided heat producing food in excess of the other elements. We have no quarrel with those who succeed along the different lines of feeding, but by feeding at proper intervals we want no better success than can be attained with cornbread. Of course as the chicks grow older we begin to add proteids, mostly in the shape of fine bran added to the meal in making the bread; beginning with a small proportion and gradually increasing until at the end of eight weeks half and half is fed. By this time we cease sifting the bran and baking bread. Instead we use the meal and bran in making a stiff mush which will crumble readily when cold, using both meal and bran unsifted. Treated thus, and with plenty of grit and charcoal and some green feed added to their daily bill of fare, bowel trouble is practically unknown, unless some hapless chick has been chilled. But even then there are more that escape, if so fed, than when their digestive organs have been taxed with unsuitable food. Let me say, also, that some clean wood ashes added daily to the drinking water acts as a corrective. Use just enough to make it slightly sweetish.

STOCK AND DAIRY NOTES.

Flavor does not come by chance.

Every intelligent butter-maker is fully aware of the uncertainty and the difficulty of producing a uniform high flavor. Experience has taught us that when certain processes are followed the resulting product is ordinarily of at least fair quality. But even under the best sanitary conditions the product is often strikingly variable in flavor from day to day.

A fairly good cow should give about two hundred pounds of butter in the season with good treatment. Many really good cows give as high as 320 to 350 pounds of butter in a year.

Bear in mind that a gallon of inferior cream that is mixed with other cream in bulk will cause an injurious fermentation to spread through the entire lot, the result being a butter that will go rancid if kept any time after being made.

The longer the calf is left with the mother the harder it will be to teach it to drink. The longer it is left with the cow the harder it will be to wean, and the more foolishly the cow will act when weaning is attempted. To teach a calf to drink will require patience and some tact.

If a cow is fractious, a halter passed round her horns gives a man greater power over her than if it is passed round the neck, but there is nothing like patience if she is to be humbled. The owner should stand at her head while the man is milking, and talk to her giving her a few pieces of apple or beet, and encouraging her in every possible way. If she is roughly used she will only become worse, and probably overturn the pail, or put her foot into it more often.

A stabled cow should never be without a lump of rock salt, as it is not only an agreeable condiment, but it often prevents her losing her appetite, and contributes materially to her health.

A cow which is fond of tossing her head when handled and, whether in play or wickedness, endangers the bystander, should at least have her horns tipped with knobs, for we have known one death and several accidents through lack of this precaution.

THE DARKENED STABLES.

Where animals are kept in the stable during the summer months, as for example, work horses for in some instances, the breeding stock, nothing contributes so much to their comfort as that of protecting them from flies. Animals that are kept busy fighting flies require more food to keep them in condition, and indeed it is impossible with an unlimited supply of food to keep them in proper condition.

Advantage should be taken of the fact that flies constantly tend to seek the light places. A stable need not be absolutely dark in order to prevent annoyance from flies, and, in fact, we do not believe in keeping stables too dark, on account of the fact that animals are liable, if kept in such quarters for any considerable length of time, to go wrong in their eyes. Guney sack nailed over the windows of the stable will greatly reduce the number of flies that will pester the animals. These should not be nailed down absolutely tight at the bottom or air will be excluded and the stable will become warm and unhealthful. If sacks are partly loose at the bottom they will still shade the stable satisfactorily and yet at the same time will admit air. Horses placed in the stable for an hour at noon will eat, better, rest better, and we cannot help but think they will work better afterwards if they are afforded some protection during the time they are in the stall. In some of our better class of stables regular window blinds are used, these being pulled down during the day and run up at night, thus freely admitting the air when no protection from flies is necessary. It is claimed by those who use such blinds that their cost is more than

offset many times during a single season in the saving of feed that is effected by the protection which they afford.

FRANCE IN THE SAHARA.

The Oasis of Figuig on the Edge of the Desert.

The French Governor of Algeria went, a few weeks ago, on a mission to the little oasis of Figuig, a green spot on the edge of the Sahara, belonging to Morocco, a few miles west of the Algerian frontier. Being so near the French possessions, France has for years exerted some influence over Figuig. The Governor was therefore very much astonished when he and his escort reached the hills overlooking the oasis to be received by the natives with a fusillade. He had not provided for this kind of reception and retired in good order, but with his official dignity very much ruffled.

The Algerian Government at once sent 5,000 men by rail from Oran to punish the natives who had thus insulted the French flag. The railroad took the troops to within short march of the oasis and it was attacked, the natives were put to flight, and they are now expected humbly to sue for peace.

The oasis is very small and has only about 15,000 inhabitants. They have had a great reputation for prowess and had held the belief that if it came to blows they could whip the French. The fact that France had not seized the oasis contributed to their conviction that France would not dare to attack it. They have been undeceived.

The despatches have been a little confused with regard to the nomenclature of this small district. There is no settlement called Figuig, the name being applied only to the oasis itself. The largest of the nine settlements is Zenaga, at the southwest corner, which is the seat of the local government, and the large mosque, now destroyed by French guns, was a very

CONSPICUOUS OBJECT.

It was upon Zenaga that those guns were turned and, according to all reports, the other settlements were not molested.

The oasis occupies the worst possible position for defence. It is entirely surrounded by hills, and as the natives had not occupied any part of this wall which looks down upon their verdant area they were of course wholly at the mercy of any aggressive and well armed troops that might climb the hills. These elevations completely enclose the plain covered with date palms, which lies from 600 to 1,300 feet below the hill crests. The oasis is less than three miles in length and not much over a mile in width at its broadest part. Scattered over this little space are about 200,000 date palm trees which constitute the wealth of the little community.

The business affairs of the oasis are administered by the general assembly of all the villages, which usually meets only four times a year. The mosques and schools are famous throughout the southern Sahara and are frequented by students and the pious from far and near.

As the oasis lies close to the Algerian frontier, it has for years served as a refuge for rebels and deserters from the French colony, and thus acquired a political importance out of all proportion to its size and population. It is not very likely that the French will annex the oasis, for they are now currying favor with the Moroccan Government. They are very eager to have influence in the political affairs of that country and to build a railroad through the great east and west valley of Morocco into Algeria. They have, however, taught the natives a lesson, which the latter are not likely soon to forget.

A MOVING TALE.

The absent-minded professor was walking along in the gutter, and walked right up to the polished rear of a private brougham. He stopped. The blank expanse suggested a blackboard. He felt in his pocket and found a piece of chalk, and at once began to work out a difficult problem.

As he worked away the brougham moved off, but the professor grasped the hinder bar with his left hand and walked after it, still immersed in figures. The pace quickened, and the mathematician was forced to break into a trot, which gradually increased to a smart run.

At last he could keep up no longer, and letting go, he mopped his perspiring brow, and realized for the first time what his perambulating blackboard was. He sighed, and made his way home.

Blizzer—"I just heard that Bilgewater jumped out of his yacht yesterday and was drowned." Buzzer—"Shocking! Did he do it with suicidal intent?" Blizzer—"Oh, no he was racing, and did it to lighten his boat and thereby win the race."

Friend (to amateur artist)—"I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry?" Amateur—"Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents!"

"Yes, sir," said the man in the cell, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses." "And what brought you here?" "They caught me coming out."

HOME SWEET HOME; with delicious

MONSOON

on the table and a few friends to enjoy it, there is no place like Home.

Painters' Thoughts

Think of every good point a perfect Paint Brush should have and you'll have a mind picture of

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USE
EDDY'S

LAUNCHING A BIG SHIP

A TOUCH FROM A BABY'S FINGER MAY DO IT.

How This Great Triumph of Engineering Skill is Performed.

If anyone wishes to know how much sensation can be crowded into a few seconds, let him for the first time witness the launching of one of our mammoth men-of-war or ocean greyhounds, and he will remember the experience to his last day, says London Tit-Bits.

Let us picture for a moment, one of a densely-packed crowd numbering perhaps 10,000 people, gazing upward at the enormous vessel that towers threateningly 60 ft. or more above his head, with its overwhelming sense of ponderous strength but little diminished by the graceful curve of its lofty bow. The supreme moment has come; the chaplain has uttered the last solemn words of his dedicatory service, 10,000 pairs of eyes are glued as by an irresistible fascination on the motionless bulk, and 10,000 hearts almost cease beating in the supreme tension of expectation. Above him, on the raised and crowded platform facing the bow, a fair hand swings a flower-decked champagne bottle, which crashes against the newly-christened ship and sends its golden showers trickling down its sides.

A second later the same hand presses a tiny button; the huge ship, 7,000 tons of dead weight, shivers and begins to move—at first almost imperceptibly, then quicker and quicker still she glides, like a monster waking to life and to all the gladness of motion, away down the slope through the black avenue of onlookers with white, upturned faces, until she leaps into the ocean's arms and glides swanlike OVER HER NATIVE ELEMENT.

Then the stillness, the almost awful suspense, is broken with a crash of brass instruments in some patriotic air, and the launch is an accomplished fact.

Of all the mechanical marvels of our day surely none is quite so wonderful as this—that the mere touch of a woman's hand should release a bulk of 7,000 to 9,000 tons dead weight, a burden 100,000 strong men could barely raise, and send it skimming down to river or sea. Even a baby's finger has wrought this marvel, for was not the Ardent launched a few years ago from Messrs. Thornycroft's yard at Chiswick by an infant—the builder's little grand-daughter—only six months old?

To explain in technical detail how this miracle is performed would fill columns and would, no doubt, be tedious; but the process, which is intensely interesting, can perhaps be indicated. When once the hull of a new ship is complete, even to the painting, the work of preparing for her launching begins. The first step is to lay the "rails" on which the vessel is to glide down to the sea, and these "rails" take the form of two "standing ways"—long plat-

forms about four feet wide, built of solid timber and running parallel to the ship and a few yards distant ON EACH SIDE OF IT.

To carry the vessel on these smooth broad "rails," which are securely fixed to the earth, two similar "sliding-ways" are prepared and firmly secured to the hull on each side of it by heavy upright timbers, in which the ship is held as in a cradle. At this stage the upper sliding-ways are not in contact with the ways on which they are later to run; and for launching purposes both pairs of ways are now thickly smeared with tallow to facilitate the sliding of the ship.

Little remains now to be done; the standing-blocks on which the hull has hitherto rested are removed, with the exception of a few under the bow, and there is not much to prevent the vessel starting down the slope on her own account. To prevent this a few "brakes" are put on her in the shape of "dog-shores," short pieces of wood placed between the standing and sliding-ways; and suspended over each of them is a heavy weight which, when released, strikes them away and allows the vessel to move.

At the moment of launching the rope suspending these weights is cut with a chisel, or the weights are electrically released by pressure of a button;

THE SLIDING-WAYS,

on which the ship now rests in her cradle, comes in contact with the lubricated ways or "rails" underneath, and, under the impulse of gravity, the vessel glides down her rails to the water.

This brief description is necessarily imperfect; but it, perhaps, sufficiently outlines the ingenious way in which ships are launched. But, in spite of all precaution and skill, hitches do occasionally occur, often through the hardening of the tallow, and when the vessel refuses to budge the shipbuilder has a very bad time. It may then be necessary to do all the work over again; or, happily, a little assistance from hydraulic jacks may be all that is necessary to overcome the obstacle.

In some cases, where the available width of water is insufficient for a launch lengthways, a ship is launched broadside instead of stern first; or when she has been built in a dry-dock it is only necessary to let in the water and float her out. How enormous are some of these vessels which a touch of the finger can consign to the deep may be gathered from the fact that the Campania's launching-weight was about 9,000 tons, and a first-class battleship ranges from 6,000 to 8,000 tons.

Husband—"Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?" Wife—"Goodness gracious! What do you do with all the rest of your money?"

Estelle—"Ah! His proposal was just like a dream." Agnes—"Well, you ought to know, dear; you've been dreaming of that proposal for years."

Jim Dumps found Mrs. Dumps distressed About an unexpected guest.
"There's nothing in the house to eat!"
"There's something better far than meat."
The guest endorsed Jim's view with vim
When helped to "Force" by "Sunny Jim."

Force

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ready for any emergency.

Farmers are eating "Force."
"Thanks for 'Force,' I eat it three times a day. Folks call me 'Sunny Jim.' Took some to the country with me on a visit and the farmers out there are eating 'Force' now."
"WILL RUFF."