

# FLORIDA CHICKEN FARM

## When Fate Relented

By Ellen Henry

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"Oh, it's a sweet little room," said Miss Stiles ironically. Her gaze roamed pensively over the little hall room she dwelt in, from the plump divan cushioned with the best shell above her crocheted-needle washstand. A trunk bumped on the landing outside her door and then proceeded with a wobble of smaller bump up the stairs and landed with a final crash overhead.

"Some one now," faint hope flickered up, to die instantly. "Of course no one would come here to live," she mumbled酸酸ly. Bitter distaste for her surroundings of her daily grind, of her restless days arose within her and joggled her momentarily out of the rut of dogged cheerfulness and acceptance of environment that she had forced herself into.

"I hate 'em," thumping her head into the pillows, "I hate everybody." Rising, she faced herself accusingly in the wayfarer's mirror. "I hate myself, too. I'm even beginning to wish that I were a fly like them—they'd be calling me genteel next. Ugh, I'd rather be had—downright horrid—than genteel, with a cotton wool brain and a sawdust heart."

A soft wind stirred the ruffled curtain and whisked her hair, and, turning, she thrust her head out into the sunshine.

"Pooh, Sally girl, but you've got the blues," she informed herself, sniffing the crisp air eagerly. "With the stirring of spring sap come an eagerness in the blood mayhap, but it's the fall for the reckless and zest of adventure, with its insistent warning whispers during days, its urge to make haste, that opens one's eyes to fleeting youth, its dancing breath of summer sweetness. And it moved unwontedly in Sarah Stiles' heart as she sniffed the keen air and softened the repression of her life."

"Gird up your loins and put on your tan pants, Sarah, and face" these



NO LOOKS OF INTELLIGENCE AND NOISE

forth," she murmured, "and perhaps adventure will hit you on the shoulder, you poor, lonesome thing, and introduce you to an angel, any way the fall air is glorious."

From the woods came the tinkle of a cent of autumn leaves, and sun-warmed mosses and cool-shaded depths. A woodpecker accentuated the silence in sharply tapped measures and a squirrel darted across the sun-bleached road.

Miss Stiles kicked her heels against the fence she was perched on and in uncertainty she abandoned the road and watched the whistler swinging along, his head tilted back, his hands buried in his pockets.

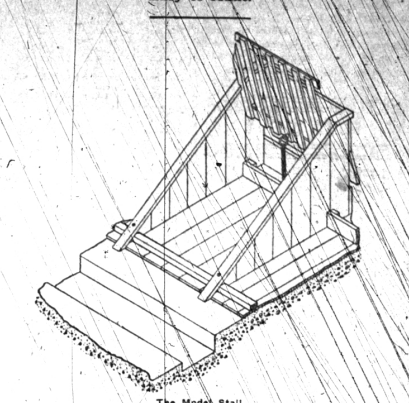
"If I dare—um. He looks—er—intelligent—and nice, I believe I will!" Her sweet, shrill whistle joined his; breathlessly she peered out, when suddenly the earth crumbled beneath her feet and laughing, half-blown, clinging to the branches of the world's path, she descended into the very arms of the approaching whistler.

While she put straight her hat and began to lay on with my stick just as the scattered crimson leaf clusters and presented them to her.

## NECESSITY OF HAVING SANITARY COW STALLS

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Dairymen Awakening to Subject to Meet Demands for Pure Milk and Its Products—Inexpensive and Easy to Make.



The Model Stall.

"The demand for pure milk, produced under sanitary conditions, is constantly increasing, and to produce such milk it is necessary to have clean cows kept in sanitary stalls. That dairymen of the state are realizing the wisdom of constructing sanitary barns is shown by the many inquiries for information on this subject. This awakening among the dairymen is in part an outcome of the pure food laws which have been enacted to meet the demand for pure milk and its products.

Sanitary cow barns should contain sanitary fastenings for securing the cows, but this does not necessarily imply that such fastenings need be patented. There seems to be a prevalent impression among dairymen that a comfortable sanitary stall or fastening is an expensive factory product, while the fact is that any farmer who is handy with carpenter's tools can build a stall which will secure as good results as any patented stall upon the market. The stalls described in this bulletin embody in their construction all of the principles found in any of the patented stalls and the dairymen may easily choose a stall among these types which will meet the needs of the average dairy.

The average dairymen of 20 years ago gave the sanitary stall little consideration and used any method of building which best suited his individual ideas. He cared little about the condition of the cow at milking time so long as she gave the milk. The most of the nearest approach so arranged that it is impossible to keep cows clean in them.

The Model stall is a home made project and was originated by W. D. Hays. He has used this stall in his own stables for several years and finds it very satisfactory. It is probably the nearest approach to a perfect stall of any in use at the present time. It is constructed, as shown in illustration, so as to force the cow to have her feet between the crossbar and gutter when standing, thus preventing the fouling of the stall by her own droppings. When lying down she is brought forward and compelled to lie in front of the

## RECORD-MAKING JERSEY COW



At the New Jersey experiment station the dairy herd is composed of strictly business animals. Both grades and pure-bred animals are kept, the best producers of milk being given preference in the herd.

## MUCH DANGER IN PASTURING

When Desired to Turn Mare and Colt on Grass It Should Be Done Gradually and Under Supervision Change is Dangerous.

When the mare has been kept in a stall for some time before foaling, and has been fed a grain ration, and then after foaling is turned out to pasture with her foal, it is safe to say the foal's depth ration is sipped.

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### PAIR OF RHODE ISLAND REDS

FOR the last four years I have earned my pin money out of chickens. My flock gives me a profit of more than five dollars a head. You think that an enormous yield for chickens? So do I, for I had been raising a few in an ever since I was a small girl; but I have my account book and so I know just what I spend and what I take in.

My chickens are Rhode Island Reds and bred from the best layers. I have found that there is more in the strain than in the breed of chickens I carried my chickens with me when I went to Florida, so I know all about them for generations.

Fears ago I sold all my other breeds, keeping only the Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds, because I had proved to my satisfaction that these two breeds gave most eggs in the winter when eggs are scarce and fetch the highest price. I finally discarded the Plymouth Rocks because I found the Rhode Island Reds to be lighter feeders, or perhaps I should say better foragers.

This characteristic of their being good foragers has had a great deal to do with my large profits in Florida. I never have given my flock meat. I find insects enough for their most supply. Since my first season down I have never given them a bit of meat except the few morsels that are mixed in the who scraps which they have regularly every day.

In Florida I have not raised my own feed but have bought it in small quantities at the regular retail prices. It has been forced to hire all hand done, such as building and repairing the houses, coops and fences. At my home in Massachusetts, being then a comparatively strong woman, I was able to do all such things myself, and yet my chickens never needed me more than 15 to a head all the years that I struggled with them.

There in the winter the birds had to be housed and supplied with green and meat food besides their regular rations of grain. In Florida they run in the yards all the year long and get their green food from the large patch of grass which I keep for them at the back of their yard and their own meat by catching insects.

Northern friends who have come to visit me ask if there is not a difference in the prices which I now receive for my chickens and those I sold while in Massachusetts. They are forced to reply that I formerly received somewhat higher prices than were paid in Florida. I have brought my eggs and dressed fowls are bought by the largest hotel and thought it is run by a northern manager, he expects and gets southern prices. All that the hotel does not take is readily sold to private families, so I never have the expense of shipping.

I do not think any other breed would do as well as my Rhode Island Reds. I let my hens sit on their own eggs. I have found this best in small flocks. A hen must have some time for rest from laying. I never allow her to sit more than once in each year, because it is not necessary where all are equally good mothers and where there is a good demand for fresh eggs.

Before the chickens are a month old the mother invariably has begun to lay again. I have four hens that give me 200 eggs each year. They are mother and three daughters. The mother is now four years old. I am looking forward to the time when her yield of eggs will drop off, but even then I think it will pay to keep her, not only because of the strain, but also because she is an excellent brooder and mother. The ordinary hen I do not think it pays to keep after it is two ears old.

I have found that in Florida the houses have to be much more carefully attended to than in other localities because of the extreme difficulty in keeping down vermin. My houses are all of wood, and I have them more than warm. For the first four feet the boards are put on solid to prevent the depredations of what the negroes down here call varmints, that

home to the milk.

"One night when I wanted to go sparring," Suke was late again, and certainly his wife's daughter. I started out after her, cousin's big streak, and Saturday evening I heard her snorts and puffin in the thicket.

"I'd missed my gal by that time, and I was tired clear through. I cut a saplin' and went for old Suke, but was too dark to see, but I knew her snuff, and I grabbed her by the ear and began to lay on with my stick just about proper."

The old cow showed fight. She wrestled me around considerable. But were by driving her over and I half-pushed and half-dragged and other her to the barn, and there I tied her up tight and fast, and I milked her in the dark. Afterward I went to bed, but I certainly did have to laugh, though, when I come down the next day and found her sitting in the foetbath and milked a big she-



PAIR OF RHODE ISLAND REDS

mine, coons, foxes and stray dogs cats that may slip through the fence. Above this layer is a space of two inches is allowed between the boards until on a line with their roosts. There again a solid board to prevent the chickens from roosting in a draft.

Besides the usual measures here a chicken raiser has to fight snakes. They slip into the nests and not only swallow the eggs, but often devour young chicks. To fight them a Florida friend told me to get a pig and give her the run of the yard, but to make sure she had no Harkness blood in her veins. It seems that in Florida, if nowhere else, the Berkshire hog has a reputation of eating flesh and being especially fond of young poultry.

I succeeded in getting a pig of no particular breed, and since then have had no trouble with snakes; indeed it is seldom that one is seen in the place. That big and her succession of families have driven away all that they haven't eaten up. Oh, yes, the snakes fight for their lives, striking the pigs repeatedly, but this doesn't appear to interrupt the feast. They are calmly caught and chewed up. They say the snake diet doesn't injure the quality of the pork or affect the taste in the slightest, but I much prefer to sell my pigs to serving them out on table.

I feed my poultry only one day; I mean the brogrows fowls. The chicks are fed just as I did in Massachusetts. This one meal is given at night and the next morning they are out in the full moon when the grass seeds are ripe the fowls eat very lightly. At night they get a regular dose of I did give a morning feed, but I soon found that the chickens preferred to go to the grain patch and the orange grove, their first jump down from their roosts.

If I were stronger and able to do all the work myself I am sure I could easily make eight dollars a head. I have heard of several instances where I here in which such a profit is made regularly and without a great amount of work.

MARY FINNY URMONSTON.

City Man as a "Come On."

The average city man thinks the farmer who buys a "rook brick" is a fool. Yet thousands of these same city men have paid for "bricks" which any farmer would have known were the commonest kind of bricks. They will eat up their money prepared for city men.

Now it's a scheme to buy fruit land on the Pacific coast. Our city friend is looking for a 100-acre tract, growing a young man. A few days ago he found a young man almost on his way to the bank to draw \$500 for such a scheme. He had a guaranty that Metropolitan. He drew a guaranty of five years he would be drawing \$3,000 annually from his "farm." Next is to get the business overhanging the head and watched the whistler swinging along, his head tilted back, his hands buried in his pockets.

"If I dare—um. He looks—er—intelligent—and nice, I believe I will!" Her sweet, shrill whistle joined his; breathlessly she peered out, when suddenly the earth crumbled beneath her feet and laughing, half-blown, clinging to the branches of the world's path, she descended into the very arms of the approaching whistler.

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The Artist's Compensation.

Great in a few business concerns, save concerns, Harrod's, the army and navy stores and the like, what a strange wester is in our whole system of payment for work—more especially in the higher branches of the world. Art and literary work are terrible examples of this confusion and want of science, writes a pessimist in the London Saturday Review. The payment of many of the best workers in those barren fields are so bad that a man is quite savage if he sees not at the sight of his card, the madhouse or the pauper's garage.

Doctors, Parsons, Lawyers.

For according to our statistics, five three learned professions live by rogery on the three parts of a man. The doctor mauls our bodies, the parson straws our souls, but the lawyer Van thy oneself! All stand fast. Thou shalt most break at ease!

Let the long contention cease! Give us laws and away the fees. Let them have it how they will! "I wonder if you'll take this."

They entailed their misad. tore these? Better man faced thus before these. Treat their misad. not red. Hoth charged—and sank at last.

Charge one more, then, and be dumb! Give us laws and away the fees. Let them have it how they will! "I wonder if you'll take this."

Regular Customer—There used to be two or three little bald spots on the crown of my head, away back. Are there any more?

It ain't so bad as all that. Where those spots used to be, sir, there's only one now.

Very Particular.

Little Charles, aged four, is very fond of cheese, and when he saw the chicken pie brought in for dinner said: "Please, papa, I want some of this cheese, but I don't want any of the coop."

The Delinquent.

more, until at last he has the source and dirt.

The penk is not caused by eating poison grass weeds, but by the sudden change in the composition of the mare's milk due to a change in her food.

When it is desired to turn the mare and foal out to grass, get them accustomed to the change gradually.

When the mare is allowed to turn out to grass with her foal, but her milk is not yet fully formed, to insure good results.

I believe that it pays to feed the mare until her foal is a little grain food.

Mares that have been worked moderately up to the time they are due to foal are quite certain to have good husky foals, and after the foals have got a good start on the dam's milk, they will be able to do a good grain food, all goes well until she is turned out on grass.

When the composition of the milk is changed and the grass milk is like so much poison to the foal, its bowels become loose, and he sucks more and