

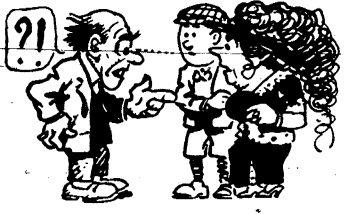






# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Routed a Vision Clothed in Purple and Ermine



CLEVELAND, O.—"Big Bill" Erick, who furnishes verbal pyrotechnics of many hues at meetings of the board of county commissioners, is a firm believer in divine charity and in extending aid to indigent persons in the county, but he does strenuously object when that selfsame indigency is clothed in purple and ermine.

A few days ago, just as Commissioner Erick had let loose some seventy-horse power remarks about the bills of Coroner Byrne to the delight of the newspaper men assembled, a large woman, fashionably clothed in silk skirt and immense picture hat, sailed into the office accompanied by a modest little boy of seven or eight, who clung timidly to his mother's gown.

Commissioner Erick, cool and phlegmatic, looked up, took a long breath and gallantly offered her his chair. Commissioner Fischer leaped back expectantly.

"I am an indigent person," the vision calmly announced, brushing back a stray curl and dazzling the commissioners with an array of brilliant on her fingers. "My boy, Al, born here, was bitten by a mad dog and treated at the Pasteur institute. They charged us \$100 and I want the county to pay it."

Strained silence. Mr. Vall looked at the ceiling. Mr. Fischer drummed

on the table. The newspaper men puffed faster and Mr. Erick tugged at his chair speechless.

"How can you be an indigent person and wear such expensive clothes and jewelry?" finally came from Mr. Erick's throat, after a heroic effort.

"Why, what do you mean?" the vision indignantly answered. "It is my boy here who is indigent. I need all my money for myself so as to look up-to-date."

The little boy, nearly six feet tall, squirmed uneasily, while the commissioners looked him over.

More strained silence and then the bubble burst.

Letting every word drop with caustic emphasis, Commissioner Erick read the vision a lesson in poverty, real and fancied. His associates sat spellbound.

Sattre sharper than the keenest Damascus blade, now descending to chiding, now rising to whiplash admonition, kept the air sizzling for just three minutes, and when the astounded vision recovered from the shock she shot one look, and, oh, such a look, at the commissioner and majestically, haughtily, marched out of the room without a word.

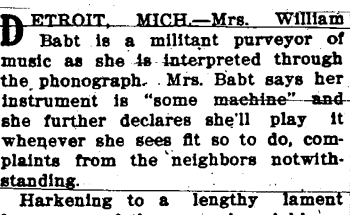
Silently Mr. Vall extended his hand to Commissioner Erick.

"Bill," gasped Mr. Fischer, "you're there—all there."

"Oh, that's all right," modestly remarked Mr. Erick. "I am for charity and want to help people in need, but it takes a wide stretch of imagination to look at that expensive clothes rack and jewelers' tray and imagine her indigent."

And, by the way, "Big Bill" Erick gives more to charity from his own pocket than many far richer men.

## Only Music She Ever Played Was on Washboard



DETROIT, MICH.—Mrs. William Babb is a militant purveyor of music as she is interpreted through the phonograph. Mrs. Babb says her instrument is "some machine" and she further declares she'll play it whenever she sees fit so to do, complaints from the neighbors notwithstanding.

Harkening to a lengthy lament from some of the woman's neighbors, Police Justice Stein had Mrs. Babb in court the other day, while William Anderson, himself a cornetist of no mean ability, appeared as representative of the indignant neighborhood.

"Judge, she plays that confounded phonograph all night long," said Anderson.

"No, sree, I don't," said Mrs. Babb, who had her husband with her to lend whatever moral support he could. "I go to bed with the chickens. That's why I've lived such a long and useful life."

The judge exhibited some curiosity as to the kind of music the instrument disgorged and Mrs. Babb was quick to say that she at all times eschewed rag time and dung largely to the classics.

"Do you play 'Cavaleira Rusticana'?" asked the judge.

"Sir," said Mrs. Babb, indignantly, drawing herself to her full height. "I'd have you understand that I never rush the can."

The judge had some difficulty in



making his meaning clear, after which the examination proceeded without serious difficulty. Mrs. Babb declared she had no animosity against Mr. Anderson, but she said she was through with Mr. Anderson for life.

"I don't play no ragtime," she declared. "The nearest I come to that is 'Katy,' and that's a grand old tune."

Mrs. Babb discussed at length on Mr. Anderson's ability as a cornetist. She said she didn't mind the cornet. In fact, she averred with some show of feeling that she loves music.

"Of course," said Mrs. Babb, "I've never had any chance to play any myself. I just know I'd be a grand musician. The only music I ever played was on a washboard. So I saved up what I could and bought me a phonograph and this is the thanks I get."

The judge finally disposed of the matter by telling Mrs. Babb to go home and make her peace with her neighbors.

## Backs Mary's Little Lamb to Fight a Bulldog



CHICAGO—Nicholas Murphy, 1102 West Forty-Seventh street, was hailed before the Englewood police court the other day for indulging in what might properly be termed a "lamb stew."

Mr. Murphy, bound on a zigzag course for the next saloon, chanced to pass the home of Mrs. Katherine Klina, 5121 South Robey street, when he saw a small animal gamboling on the green. Mr. Murphy was lonesome and longed for a companion.

"Bulldog," muttered Mr. Murphy, as he clung to the fence for a closer inspection. "Always I've wanted a bulldog, and that's a beauty."

Mr. Murphy sauntered into the yard and out the rope by which the animal was tethered. Then he led it frisking gaily down the street. Through the swinging doors of the first saloon he

proudly led his newly acquired prize. The bartender's eyes bulged and a loud guffaw went up from the customers.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Murphy. "He's a thoroughbred bulldog and his name is Timothy."

"That ain't a bulldog; it's a lamb," insisted the bartender.

Mr. Murphy's pride was wounded—so wounded that he left without buying a drink. Meanwhile little Mary Klina had missed her pet and had started in pursuit. She followed the trail for many blocks and past many swinging doors. Finally she heard a loud commotion in the rear yard of a saloon, and heard Mr. Murphy saying:

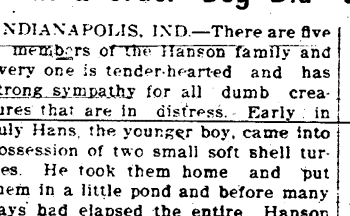
"Sic 'im, Tim, sic 'im."

She ran into the yard and saw Mr. Murphy attempting to push the timorous, backward-lamb toward a service-bowlegged English bull, which its hilarious owner was holding in leash.

Mr. Murphy was saying, "He's a young one, but he's a fighter when he gets started. It's hard to get 'im started."

Mary grabbed up her pet and fled home to her mother, who had Mr. Murphy arrested. He was dismissed when the court learned that Mary's lamb had weathered the adventure unscathed.

## What a Cruel Dog Did to a Soft Shell Turtle



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—There are five members of the Hanson family and every one is tender-hearted and has strong sympathy for all dumb creatures that are in distress. Early in July Hans, the younger boy, came into possession of two small soft shell turtles. He took them home and put them in a little pond and before many days had elapsed the entire Hanson family was talking baby talk to the turtles.

A dog that had been restored to health in the Hanson family hospital in the back yard, while nosing around, came on the two turtles peeping out of the little pond. He grabbed one of them and ran into a corner of the yard and began to chew on it. Hans saw him, called the other members of the family to his aid and they drove the dog away. Hans followed the dog and scolded him. He said: "You naughty dog, I will tell a detective on you and he will put you in jail for jumping onto a poor little turtle." The dog appeared ashamed and slunk

back to the coal shed. Hans nursed the turtle, applying ointments and plasters for several days, but it finally turned its shell to the ground and it was all over. The next day neighbors saw all the members of the Hanson family, the father, mother, two boys and a girl, with bowed heads near the turtle pond. After the funeral was over this epitaph was found painted on a square block over the turtle's grave: "Turtle Hanson, borned—don't know when died July 15 at the hands of a cruel dog who bit him to death. It was a good turtle but a bad dog."

# AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

## SOUNDED END OF CIVIL WAR

Two Veterans, Living at Maryville, Mo., Blew Shrill Notes That Marked Close of Hostilities.

The two buglers, whose shrill notes marked the close of the Civil war—other for the Union forces and the other for the Confederates—live in Maryville and for years have been good friends with many a "fighting-them-over" chat.

The bugle that sounded that last charge for the Union forces at Appomattox, hangs in the office of Nathaniel Sisson, the man who sounded it to signal that last charge that was to be stopped suddenly by the appearance of the flag of truce was; a soiled towel atop a hickory pole.

The bugle that gave forth the notes that marked the close of hostilities for the other side was cast aside by H. P. Childress, the man who for four years had blown it, and in a dozen bloody battles, through the retreat from Gettysburg and on to Richmond, Five Forks and Appomattox, as being a good riddance.

For when that last call was sounded Mr. Childress, who had shared with his comrades for two years the belief that the next battle would be the last, decided that his work was done and "lit right out" for home, not even waiting for his parole. Nor did he stop until he got back to Lynchburg. Strange to relate, Mr. Childress's call was not sounded for nearly two hours after the surrender of Lee to Grant, and in the meantime his command, Lomax's cavalry under the command of General Penn, had been skirmishing away with the federals out several miles from Appomattox court-house, in blissful ignorance that the war was over.

Their first intimation of the surrender came when a Union officer rode out with a white flag and advanced to General Penn with the news. Mr. Childress was standing near by and heard the officer say: "General Lee has surrendered to General Grant and you are ordered to hold your lines in their present positions." Then General Penn ordered Bugler Childress to ride along the skirmish lines with orders to the colonels to cease firing, and, when he returned, he was ordered to blow "assembly," which was the call for the skirmishers to fall back to their regiments.

This done, Mr. Childress wheeled his horse and started back to find the pike to Lynchburg. He had been a soldier for four long years and was weary with war. He had sounded bugle calls at Second Bull Run, Winchester, Fort Royal, Clear Creek, Plater's Hill, Mount Jackson, Fort Republic, Harper's Ferry, Gettysburg, Brandy Station, Mine Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorville, Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Richmond, Five Forks and this last assembly at Appomattox. And during all these four years he never had fired a shot.

So young Childress went home, disregarding the terms of war and other technicalities. On his solitary journey he ran into General Rosser's command. "Hasn't General Rosser surrendered?" he inquired. "Hell, no!" was the answer, "and doesn't intend to."

It was several weeks after that Mr. Childress, now a civilian and busy with civilian pursuits, heard that he ought to go down to Fredericksburg and get his parole. He went in company with a number of neighbor boys and procured the paper which he guarded jealously for years and which finally was blown away in a cyclone that demolished the Childress home, near Maryville, in 1883.

It was after that with Mr. Sisson, but perhaps that in natural, considering who were. He stayed it out, and marched with Custer down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington city in the grand review.

Mr. Sisson was the brigade bugler in Custer's division and gave the signal for the charge, the regimental buglers catching it up and passing it on. Across the field charged the Union cavalry, with General Custer at the head. And while all this was going on the flag of truce fluttered from the Confederate lines.

Aides spurred their horses forward and overtook the fiery Custer to tell him of the truce. He ordered a halt and proceeded to General Gordon's headquarters. While he was there a Confederate squad dashed out and opened fire. The Union soldiers thought that maybe Custer had been decoyed into the hands of the enemy and that the charge had been ordered, as soon as he was safely trapped. But General Gordon soon stopped the firing, sending his orders by a Union officer after he had looked in vain for one of his own aides.

Time to Get Out.

A new South Carolina regiment were behind breastworks guarding a bridge—its first time in action—when the Yanks swooped down upon them. The Yanks halted to fix bayonets, and one old "Screch," having never seen bayonets before, watched them with wide-eyed interest faster that implement on the end of their gun. The old man, becoming frightened, started to run.

"I can stand for them 't shoot powder an' lead at me, but when they get 't shoot butcher knives I ain't goin' 't fight."

Swells in the Water.

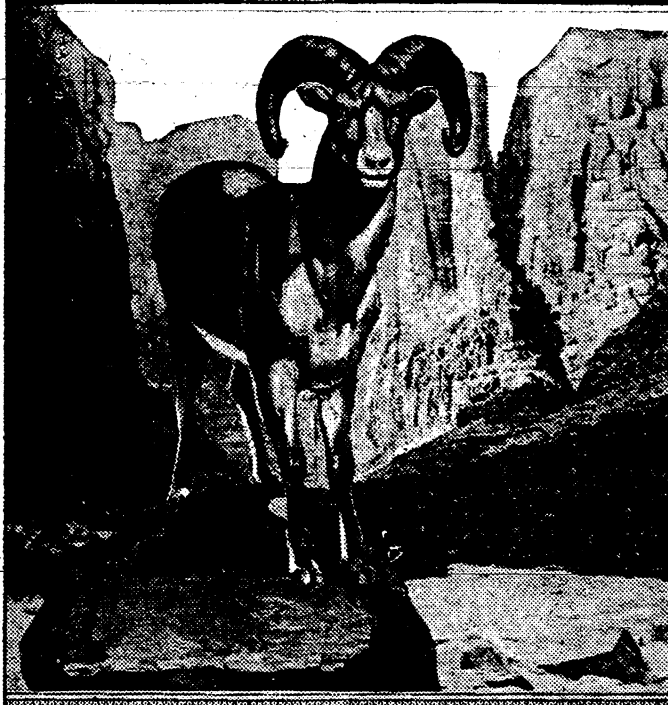
Some green western boys with Sherman were discussing things nautical in landlubber fashion.

"I understand," said one, "that a nautical mile is 6,080 feet and a statute mile is only 5,280 feet. Why is that? I thought a mile was a mile."

"Well, you see," explained a comrade, "a mile is a mile, but a statute mile is measured on dry land, while a nautical mile is measured in the water, and, you know, water makes things swell."

"Why, of course," replied the other.

# MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN SOUTHWEST



TYPICAL MOUNTAIN SHEEP

ATTENTION and perseverance are the prime essentials in the making of every man who goes out for big game, and he who would successfully hunt the mountain sheep should possess more than the ordinary endowment of these characteristics. Unlike many other animals, these cannot be hunted by rule of thumb. Ryles for sheep hunting are usually true only in the exceptions, and the only one really worth bearing in mind is to "always expect the unexpected," writes L. R. Freeman in Los Angeles Times.

"Prepare to climb if you go for sheep in the Coccochans, and don't expect to find any under 3,000 feet."

Thus said experienced friends in Yuma when I first went off down the Colorado for a hunt in the Delta country, and the only sheep I shot this trip was secured at the edge of a plain and at an elevation, or rather a depression, of 100 feet below sea level.

"No—no—looking for sheep at the lower water holes after last night's cloudburst in the upper mountains," said the Mexican guides, who had taken me down to Mt. San Pedro on another occasion, and an hour later—gunless—I was crowded into one of those very water holes by a big ram whose only line of flight chanced to be a footwide ledge along which I was gingerly picking my way.

Below Sea Level.

The spot where I shot my "submarine" sheep, as the fine specimen I have alluded to as having been shot below sea level was dubbed, first appeared to me in a mirage. It was a scorching noonday on that sun-baked stretch of white alkali which leads from the edge of the Imperial Irrigation country down to the desolate Coccochans. The sky was a dome of hammered brass, inverted over a floor of gleaming rime, the plain. The wheels of the camp wagon moved noiselessly over the yielding alkali and no sound broke the stillness save the monotonous creak of the springs and the occasional clank of a trace chain.

Gradually out of the steel-gray glow of the air that marked the spot where sky and plain merged in a misty blur, a shimmering lake of crystal water began to form, the wavelets of whose farther side lapped against a beach of black sand lying in the right-angled embrasure of a towering yellow cliff, the latter standing out so clear and distinct as to seem almost to float upon the eyeball.

The water and cliff had been tantalizingly receding before us for perhaps an hour, when down to one side of the lake came walking three full-grown mountain sheep—one ram and two ewes. Right off into the water they marched, the glittering surface of the lake gradually closing over them without splash or ripple.

After an interval of a minute or two the big back-curving horns of the ram appeared, bobbed along the surface of the lake for a hundred yards or more as if detached, to be finally followed by the shoulders and body of their owner. A moment later the ewes wobbled into view, and all three trotted out on the beach and disappeared in a depression at the apex of the great right-angled cliff.

Later, returning from two weeks of fruitless climbing in the parched Coccochans, we chanced upon the same distinctive cliff observed in the mirage, camped at the waterhole deep back in the angle of its overhang, and the following morning shot a fine young ram that was coming down at sun-up for

an early drink! This instance is the only one I have knowledge of where a mountain sheep has been shot below sea level. The phenomenon of the animals appearing to walk through the water was undoubtedly caused by the not uncommon combination of a true mirage and a lake effect due only to the agitation of the waves of heated air.

Once Plentiful.

Up to a very few years ago—and probably still—sheep were fairly plentiful in the low desert mountains which here and there hem in the Colorado river above Yuma, and it was there that I once had the unusual experience of being presented with a shot, firing and shooting a sheep which I did not get, ultimately getting a sheep which I did not shoot. Accompanied only by an Indian I had just picked my way up the side of a steep-walled valley to a tableland, upon which, according to report brought to us the night before, fresh sheep tracks had been recently noted. We reached the mesa, at a point where, in shadow ourselves, we could watch a great slash of sunlight cutting through a gap in the eastern ridge and descending like a wedge of gold into the semi-darkness of the lower valley. As the tip of the wedge of light touched a jut-point on the mesa's outermost rim, it revealed with startling suddenness a well-grown young ram standing sharply in relief against the blue mist that filled the valley. I shot as I sat, resting my rifle across my knee and, as the distance was under a hundred yards, could hardly have missed by many inches the shoulder at which I aimed. The young ram toppled forward over the brink of the cliff and, simultaneously, another animal leaped after him from the shadow, while a number of others scampered back out of sight into a rocky gully which cut the mesa at that point.

We descended to the bridge trail, 200 feet below the cliff, to find, lying on the outer edge, not the animal I had shot, but a much larger ram with a shaggy, but still magnificent, pair of horns. The wounded sheep had evidently struck a projection of the cliff in his descent, this deflecting the body sufficiently to clear the trail and bound on into the valley below. The unwounded ram, leaping out from the brow of the cliff, had fallen straight to the bridge trail and been instantly killed. The body of the wounded sheep was carried away in the swift mountain torrent, which ran at the base of the cliff.

Shakespearean Baseball.

"I don't know whether his press agent told him to do it or whether it was simply force of habit."

"What are you talking about?"

"An actor who has been appearing in 'Hamlet' for a number of years went to a baseball game yesterday and when a member of the home team made a long drive to right field he rose in his seat and shouted, 'A hit, a very palpable hit!'"

What He Heard.

"I'll have some fried chicken," said the diner.

"I don't think we've got fried chicken 't day sir," replied the waiter.

"Oh, yes, you have. It's here on the bill of fare."

"Oh, is it, sir? I heard 'em say de cook was singin' de chicken, sir. I think they've got singed chicken 't day, sir."

## MANY USES OF THE OCEANS

They Are Here Enumerated, and You May Accept or Reject the Facts as You Prefer.

Oceans are found in various parts of the world, where they spend their time in lapping shores, intruding upon the rights of continents, and swallowing up islands, ships and people.

Oceans are salty to the taste and are used by yachtsmen to get away from their wives, also to cover up cabled newspaper stories about kings and queens, and to float navies and other debts.

An ocean spends its time in having storms and making surf. It delights in making innocent people sick and in playing trick children's legs. Without oceans there would be no steamships and gambling would decline.

Every ocean has a set of fish which do not even pay ground rent, but spend their time like people who live on land, namely, in devouring each other. Besides ordinary fish, oceans have whales, lobsters and mermaids. The mermaids live on rocks just as girls on dry land do. The lobsters also live shellfish lives in lobster palaces. The whales lie around and wait for the happy time when they can perform useful work supplying bones for corsets or to oil the wheels of child labor factories.

Some oceans employ professional sea-serpents, which they use during the summer for advertising purposes. Oceans also have zones, seaweed and sponges. When an ocean has been out all night it likes to take a sponge bath, hence it always keeps on hand a constant supply of these useful toilet articles.—Life.

Keeping Up the Deception.

"I presume your wife thinks you are a very smart man?"

"She does."

"Well, my advice to you is, don't stay around home any more than you can help."

Same Old Way.

Manufacturer's Wife.—Dinah, if you cast your ballot the way I desire, perhaps your wages will be raised.—Life.

# NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



Have a cement floor.

A sheep is a good grub-boa.

Crowding hens invite disease.

Keep the sheep uniform in type and size.

Quick profits from hogs are usually greatest.

The pen of pigs that is uneven in size needs assorting.

About fifteen different breeds of sheep are now recognized.

The root cellar needs ventilation in order to prevent mold and decay.

Have you cut out and burned those old raspberry canes that have fruited?

Hens are supposed to be honest, but they are frequently caught stealing a nest.

Weed seeds, shrunken grain, and bits of earth and stone never will grow wheat.

Reliable statistics show that sheep are relatively free from disease dangerous to man.

The foundation of all successful dairyming must be the education of the individual dairyman.

If the little colts are slow to shed their coats, feed a little oil meal or use the horse clippers.

A steer that can get it when he wants it will consume about one-fifth of a pound of salt per week.

Feed your horse clean food; if your oats are dusty, clean them, and don't feed hay full of dust or dirt.

The type of the sheep that combines a large body with a good fleece is the one for the small flock owner.

The United States government looks upon the poultry industry as one of the greatest industries in the country.

One mistake in hen culture is not to feed the hen well when she is "dry." A mowing hen is doing hard work.

As young pigs grow their rations should be gradually increased, as quick growth is necessary for the best profit.

The cow with the biggest appetite, other things being equal, is the one which will give the most milk and butterfat.

Corn silage and alfalfa hay make an ideal ration for the dairy cow which requires little, if any, grain to balance it.

The main reliance of the poultry breeder is the certainty that he will always have a fairly profitable market for his meat and eggs.

It isn't necessary to be without a job just because there isn't much field work to do. Fall is a good time to slick up a bit around the place.

Some poultrymen in order to obtain the best prices for their broilers hatch from October 1 to February 1, and have all the stock marketed by July 1.

When hens become too fat the result is apt to be egg bound, soft and irregular shaped eggs, dizziness, apoplexy, liver complaint and kindred diseases.

The folks that eat eggs are more and more demanding—good—fresh eggs. That is just what they will get from the nests of the up-to-date poultry farmer.

The finest remedy for scaly legs is to dip the parts affected in a solution of equal parts of sweet oil and coal oil, in which has been mixed one or two handfuls of sulphur.

In selecting ducks for breeding purposes size of frame, length of body and general activity should be looked for. Without size of body we cannot expect to obtain large ducklings.

There are profits in raising good horses and mules as one of the features of farming. Get a few good mares and let them bring you a good income raising horses and mules.

The skin of the Langshan is a pure white, and not a dark or bluish white. The meat is fine grained, tender and juicy, thin skin and small bone, and while possibly not so much admired in the market as the yellow-skinned breeds, none surpass it for tenderness and flavor when served on the table.

Never buy a scrub chicken nor set a scrub egg. When buying a new rooster, though he costs more, get a good one, because the rooster is half the pen during the breeding season.

Beef cattle may be raised on many farms, and there are good reasons for raising them. Not the least of these is that they provide means of building up the farm in fertility.

To make more profit in the dairy, try to feed one cow as much as in the old way, you gave to two cows.

Experiments have proved that a hen in good condition will eat, on an average, three ounces of mash in the morning, two ounces of grain at noon, and four ounces of grain at night.

The laying hen is not apt to become overfat. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to keep her on a diet of corn expecting her to manufacture eggs from that article. Corn is no egg food.

Pigs should never be fed on the ground in a yard or pen where their own excrement abounds. Changing from place to place in the pasture does very well in summer, but in the winter a good feeding floor should be provided.

Horses are just as liable to sunstroke as men. A sunbatter can be bought for 25 cents, which will go a long way toward protecting them. A bucket of water and a big sponge should always be kept in the field during the excessively hot weather.

If the stables should be a little too cold, or a "cold snap" comes when the lambs are young, sew soft, woolen blankets on the little floors. Such attention pays, and pays well.

One acre of well-grown corn put in a silo will provide more feed for the dairy cows than can be obtained by handling the soil in any other manner.

Six ounces of carbolic acid mixed with each gallon of warm water, and thoroughly sprayed over the inside of the henhouse, is good mite medicine.

Alter-break the colts.

Handle potatoes carefully.

Do not set hens in the fall.

Good cows have their off years.

Water the horse before feeding.

Alfalfa does not make as good silage as corn.

Good fences have a great deal of trouble.

Keep your horse's mane and tail well cleaned.

A cow that is underfed is never the most profitable.

Cool the team by driving it slowly the last mile or two.

The best time to save seed potatoes is as you dig them.

Skim milk, clover and shelled corn form an ideal ration for pigs.

Why not take a colt or a few of the best calves to the county fair?

If you are working for lots of mutation, use a good, large, meaty ram.

Every farmer should be horticulturist enough to furnish fruit for his family.

The requisites for a good blackberry are hardiness and productiveness.

If you want a sleek horse give him some oil meal once in a while in his feed.

Ventilating the stables is one of the best ways of repelling unhealthy conditions.

An inferior ewe should never be sold to an uninformed person as a breeder.

Some egg farmers candle all eggs each day as they are received from the nests.

Old raspberry canes should be cut and destroyed as soon as the fruit has been gathered.

Don't let the flowers go to seed. The plants bloom better if the flowers are cut each day.

No wide awake gardener can afford to neglect the state fairs with their displays of vegetables.

Next to a good hired man, one of the handiest things to have about the place is a sack of cement.

Overfeeding of green cut bone is apt to cause leg troubles, diarrhoea, bowel complaints and worms.

A hog may be considered half mad when past the weaning period without being stunted in its growth.

Look for vigor in the ram you propose to use. If he has not got it, turn him off and get one that has.

It is usually mere guesswork to tell the age of a hen by her appearance after she has passed the pullet stage.

A hen over two years old is fit only for the pot and to mother chickens. She is past her profitable laying days.

Have your fowls so tame that you can go among them without causing fright. You will get better egg production.

The pure-bred sire and a dam of the same type as a good blood as it is possible to get will usually bring a desirable colt.

If you live where stones are plenty and they are found in most sections, never wade through winter mud in going between house and barn.

The very best horses will never bring their worth on any market unless in good flesh. It is a ruinous policy to send a thin horse to market.

Never depend on luck. Know your business. Keep strict account and records and study them.—Have application, patience, perseverance and be a hustler.

Green bone is a complete food. It contains the nitrogen for the albumen, the phosphate for the bones of the chicks and carbonaceous matter for the yolks.



