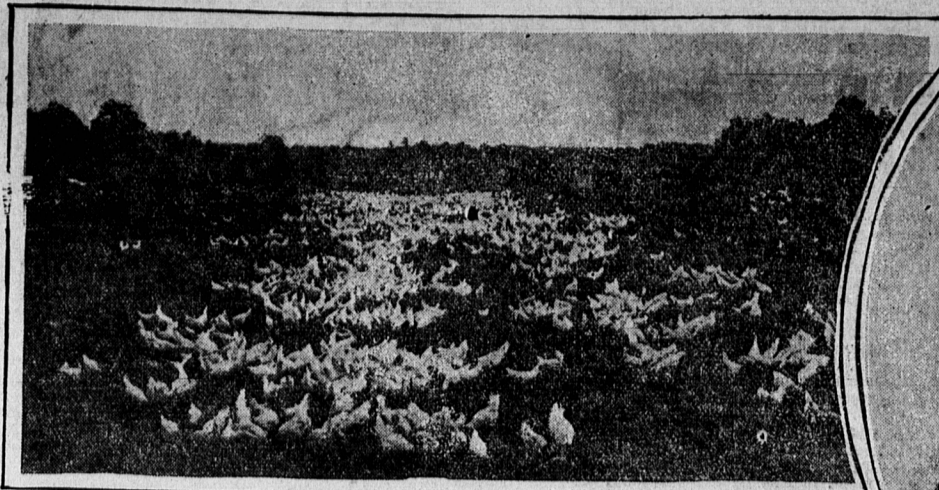


Edited by Virginia Sloane

Hour-Old Eggs At 5 CENTS PER MINUTE



White Leghorns on Mr. B. F. Yoakum's Farm, Farmingdale, L. I.



J. C. Pufferford, President of the Co-operative Company of Amateur Farmers.



A Happy Brood on Mr. Rufus Delafield's Farm, South Plainfield, N. I.



Bee Farm in Monmouth County Which Will Furnish 5,000 Pounds of Honey.



KULZ.

Among the subscribers are B. F. Yoakum and Dr. Joel Endicott, of New Brunswick, N. J. Mrs. Freddie Bull has signified her intention of becoming a stockholder. She will go in for guinea raising on her farm at Peapack, N. J. The guinea ranch will be opened in the autumn.



Some of the Co-operative Farm's Butter Makers.



If you wish to enjoy the unique sensation of devouring an egg no more than an hour old while you are on a visit to New York city you may do so, according to Mr. Charles J. Fisk, the treasurer of a recently organized co-operative farm company. Of course the price will come high.

From three to four dollars, according to the time of year, Mr. Fisk reckons would be the cost of the luxury. Breakfasting on an ingenuous egg which had made its debut into this mundane sphere no longer than sixty minutes ago would necessitate the employment of a special messenger from the rural regions, and thus would add immensely to the cost of living. Still, considering that your breakfast would be one that could not be duplicated throughout the city, it would not be unduly expensive, as exclusiveness is reckoned. Putting on hour old egg dramas is not, of course, the main business of the farm organization. The company, whose bureaus are in New York city, is composed of men who have come to the conclusion that an enterprise which is co-operative in nature can handle exceptionally fine farm products in New York city to its own advantage, as well as to the advantage of the residents of the city. The men who are engaged in the project

are not farmers in the strict sense of the term, although most of them are large owners of farms and are familiar with all the details of the specialized farming which is practiced on their estates. Indeed, they have become practical farmers, although they are all city men, bankers, brokers, &c., who have given up their business in the city or who have added to it the business of running a farm according to strictly modern ideas, which include the proper method of marketing, as well as of producing delicious eggs, dairy foods and vegetables. When these men decided that they would be practical farmers most of their friends laughed at them and predicted a speedy abandonment of the quixotic notion. Mr. Courtney Pufferford, the president of the company, was one of the men whose adoption of farming as a profession aroused speculation and merriment among his friends, but no possible belief in the success of the experiment. Mr. Pufferford, a Yale graduate, had before him the example of his father's career in Wall street. All the family precedents and the influence of his friends pointed in this direction also. "I love the cows and chickens," his friends said derisively, and they prophesied a speedy return to the well worn paths of finance. Nevertheless Mr. Pufferford began work on his farm, known as the Monmouth Farm, at Freeau, N. J. Since then the success of this great chicken ranch has come to be so widely acknowledged that when the new enterprise was organized Mr. Pufferford was asked to head it.

Mr. Fisk, the treasurer of the company, formerly of Harvey Fisk & Sons, bankers, found his health depressed by close application to business a few years ago and resolved to join the back to the farm movement on his own account. The old family farm at Wilburtha, N. J., was waiting patiently for one of the descendants of the original owners to set fire of the life in town and look after its development. The farm has been in the family of Mr. Fisk's mother ever since before the Revolutionary War, and is as beautiful as it is useful. This farm also was turned into a great chicken farm, with every modern equipment for raising birds and eggs for the New York market, and Mr. Fisk found that keeping up to the demands of up-to-date chickens in the matter of housing, feeding, inspection, &c., constituted a life quite sufficiently active to drive away both boredom and dull care. Mr. Rufus Delafield, a resident of New York and a member of fashionable society, also became enamored of the life of the farm and has for some years conducted a highly successful chicken farm at South Plainfield, N. J. The other men who are most actively concerned in the co-operative farm company are Mr. J. C. Krings, a broker, who is the vice president of the company; Mr. Esmond P. O'Brien, son of Judge Moran; J. O'Brien, son of Judge Moran; Mr. Phoenix Ingraham, lawyer; Mr. Cyril Crimmins, son of Mr. John J. Crimmins, who has a farm in Connecticut; Mr. Angier Duke, Mr. Allan L. Corey, Mr. Dewees W. Dilworth, broker, and Mr. Charles H. Cleveland, whose farm is at Eatontown, N. J., is noted not only for its prize poultry, but also for its herds of valuable cattle.

Although eggs and chickens are the principal product handled by the company, butter, vegetables, fruit and special preserves and pickles, honey and maple sugar also will be handled. The company has a capital of \$25,000, and any one who has farm produce to sell and who wishes to take stock may do so provided his farm is properly conducted and its output comes up to the very high standard set by the directors. The company will handle the produce of persons who are not stockholders if after examination by inspectors the grade of the product and the conditions under which it is produced are satisfactory. When not a stockholder the farmer is paid the market rate less the necessary percentage for handling. Every egg sold by the company is the product of the hen industry of the day before. No egg is kept over night. At the end of the day all eggs which have not been sold are disposed of either to the soda water fountains or to the bakers. All eggs which are offered for sale by the company are put through the third degree, first at the farm before they are sent out at all and then later in the basement of the company's central depot, where men who are expert in the art of egg inspection examine each one before it is promoted to the honor of a place in the egg baskets in the shop. The company also sends out inspectors to visit all the farms which contribute eggs, butter or other produce to see that all stock is properly cared for, properly housed, &c. It is a singular fact that the eggs which arrive at the head depot are spotlessly clean and never have to be washed off before being put on show. Whether this

is because the hens which lay these eggs are of the very best families and have been properly trained for their work in life or whether it is due entirely to the care exercised at the farms where the eggs are packed for market it is not possible to say. About thirty farms are now contributing to the company, the majority of these being stockholders. In addition to the depot on Fifty-ninth street, several branch depots have been opened in the upper part of New York so that shopping at the depots will be easy for the housewives in any section. The farmer's wife and daughter, as well as the farmer himself, are to have a share in the doings of the company. Any woman who lives on a farm and who has some special recipe for preserves, jellies, condiments or pickles which she wishes to exploit through the New York markets will have an opportunity to do so through the company. If her preserves and pickles are well made and pure even a few jars of it will be taken care of by the company. "There is a big demand for this sort

of thing in New York," said Mr. Fisk, "as well as for certified fresh eggs, pure butter and vegetables of whose freshness there can be no doubt. We mean to bring the producer and the consumer closer together. We wish to command reasonable prices but not exorbitant ones to meet the popular demand for strictly fresh eggs and to establish a reputation and protect our patrons by certifying as to our equipment, methods, products and delivery." In addition to its main interest, which will be that of supplying patrons with certified products, the company intends to do everything in its power to assist would-be farmers who wish to send their products to the New York market to get a proper start. They will purchase for the owner all supplies necessary for starting a poultry farm, dairy farm, market farm, &c.; will give advice to the prospective farmer on location, crops, breeds, &c., and will agree to handle the products of the farmer, provided, of course, they are up to grade. The idea of the members of the company in taking up this branch of work is bas-

on the fact that so many persons who have tried chicken farming and other ventures of a like nature have gone into the field without sufficient knowledge and have been muled by unscrupulous dealers, who took advantage of their enthusiasm and lack of information to load them down with poor breeding stock, improper equipment, &c. "The beginner in poultry farming seems to be everybody's prey," said Mr. Fisk. "There are some places where they wait for the amateur, look over his automobile, examine his chauffeur to see how much money there is to be got and then sell him any sort of stuff at fancy prices. Of course, the result is very disappointing and the amateur becomes discouraged and gives up his farm, when all that was necessary was a reasonably good start, some advice from a practical poultryman and good equipment. We purpose filling this long felt want so that a man or woman who wants to go into the poultry business or some similar line of farming near New York may do so without being defrauded at the start."

WHY MEN MARRY IS GIVEN PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION BY THE SHORT STORY WRITING GIRL

By MARY WATTS.
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THE Short Story Writing Girl leaned on her elbow and dropped her chin in her palm and gazed with fervently questioning eyes at Alexander Mutter, the literary exponent of the forces of social upheaval. Mr. Mutter, who was accustomed to bear without flinching the glare of platonic opponents and even the piercing glance of the plain clothes men, wriggled somewhat uneasily. He sought to move out of the young woman's range of vision, but the glowing gaze followed him as persistently as that of an old family portrait. "The heart that loves truly, it never forgets. But as truly loves on to the close, Like the sunflower that turns toward its god when he sets. The same glance that it turned when he rose." The Short Story Writing Girl interrupted the watchful policy which she was directing toward Mr. Mutter long enough to say:—

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Mutter; it's copy, not matrimony." In spite of this assurance Mr. Mutter shivered. "He feels somebody walking over his grave," said the Bohemian Girl. "He trembles for his freedom." "It used to be the thing to talk about platonic friendship when you meant flirtation," said the Fashion Editor, "but now it's the thing to talk about psychology." Mr. Mutter scowled darkly in her direction, and, stumbling over several small stools and tables, contrived to put a considerable distance between himself and the Short Story Writing Girl. But he did not quite withdraw himself from the salon. He seemed to be more or less under hypnotic influence. Like a poor moth that knows no doom lies in the light, he yet fluttered uneasily to and from that fatal luminary. Bewildered and terrified by the concentrated attention of the Short Story Writing Girl, he was unable wholly to resist its intoxicating allurements. Since dinner time, when the patrons of the literary boarding house had withdrawn to the salon, he had been the subject of this deep and searching regard. "You see," explained the Short Story Writing Girl, "I find I don't understand men nearly well enough."

"What don't you understand about men—about me, for instance?" he questioned. "Oh, la, la," said the Fashion Editor, but whether she addressed the same auto-

phere of Miss Polly Chit Chat it was not easy to determine. "Well," said the Short Story Writing Girl, "after studying you, Mr. Mutter, it seems to me there are three dominant traits of character I have noticed." "Mutter seems to me as transparent as filtered water," said the Editor of the "Laundry Magazine." "I can't see where the Short Story Writing Girl finds his psychology worth while." The Short Story Writing Man emitted a pitter laugh. "Haven't you heard the news?" he inquired. "What are those three traits of charac-

ter?" questioned Mr. Mutter, bending eagerly over the Short Story Writing Girl. "It was now his turn to do the gazing, the eyes of the lady writer were lowered and Mr. Mutter was afforded a splendid opportunity to examine her attractive eyelashes. Even in that position, however, she was able to see clearly all that went on around her. "Before I tell you about your dominant traits, Mr. Mutter," she replied, "I'm going to tell some of the others about yours. The Editor of the Laundry Magazine, for instance, and the Short Story Writing Man are singularly alike in many ways." The expression of intense interest on the face of Mr. Mutter faded to one of weary indifference. "Yes," continued the Short Story Writing Girl, sweetly, "and it would help me so much if you will tell me how right I am. You two are very much alike, it seems to me, and the dominant traits of both of you are jealousy and secretiveness." "My dear young woman," said the Short Story Writing Man, "I shouldn't in the least hesitate to admit it if it were true, but, as a matter of fact, it isn't in the least true." "There is one thing the woman writer will never do," said the Editor of the Laundry Magazine under his breath to the Short Story Writing Man, "she'll never be able to write about men. Her child fiction, her feminist fiction, are all

very well, but men fiction, never; her intuition doesn't reach that far." "And now for Mr. Mutter," said the Short Story Writing Girl. "In spite of what these gentlemen say, Mr. Mutter, I am going to venture another surmise as to masculine character." The expression of deep interest returned to Mr. Mutter's countenance. "The dominant traits of Mr. Mutter," said the Short Story Writing Girl, "are generosity and a desire to make other persons happy." The Editor of the Laundry Magazine received this dictum with elevated eyebrows. The Short Story Writing Man swung himself to and fro on heels and toes and regarded the Short Story Writing Girl with unwilling admiration. "Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "accept my compliments. That was a masterpiece. It is worthy of your sex. You really do understand Mr. Mutter." In spite of his attempts to retain his usual heavy scowl, the face of Mr. Mutter displayed toward the Short Story Writing Girl the attitude of extreme caution which had previously been apparent. "But didn't you say I had three dominant traits?" he questioned. "I couldn't tell you the other one now, Mr. Mutter," said the Short Story Writing Girl. "It's wonderful, it's interesting, but I don't feel that I know you well enough to speak of it at present. We'll have to leave that to the future." Mr. Mutter regarded the Short Story Writing Girl with baffled interest. Then

suddenly his face was irradiated with a flash of thought. "By the way," he said joyously, "I've just bought a little roaster. It doesn't amount to much—just a runabout—but it goes pretty smoothly. Wouldn't you like to go out for a spin?" "Oh, that would be nice!" said the Short Story Writing Girl. "Say, has Mutter got a car? That's a hot proposition for a fellow in the protest business," said the Sporting Reporter, as the two departed autowarriors. But the other literary boarders paid no attention to this remark. This phase of the situation did not interest them. They regarded each other with strangely illuminated understanding. "Did she know about the car?" asked the Bohemian Girl, finally breaking the silence. "Know?" snorted the Short Story Writing Man. "Of course she knew. Hurrah for the sex! I say. Come on over to the drug store; it's worth a soda." When the literary boarders lined up in front of the soda bar he proposed a toast:—"To woman, lovely woman," he said. "To woman who does not understand us but who stings us just the same." On the way home from the drug store the Bohemian Girl said to the Fashion Editor:—"The Short Story Writing Man is awfully superior, but all the same it irked him a little to be told he was jealous." "Oh, la, la," said the Fashion Editor.

