The Culture

of the Quail,

...OR...

How to Raise --

Quails for Profit.

FROM

ALMA POULTRY YARDS,

ALMA,

BOX 72.

ARKANSAS.

SECOND EDITION.

1898.
INTRODUCTORY.

In publishing this, the second edition of my little book, I hope that it may find the same favorable reception as the first one. Those parts of the first edition which were considered unimportant, and not particularly necessary for rearing the quail, were either entirely omitted or else abbreviated. The history of the introducer is shortened nearly one-half. It was mainly my object to make the reader familiar with the essential side of the matter in as few words as possible, and those who will follow, in some measure, the hints given will have no trouble to succeed without difficulty. The culture of the quail is a new business, and only few are engaged in it at present. But those who have once engaged in it will hardly ever desert it again, for there is scarcely another industry combining such an amount of pleasure with less disagreeableness. The quail is easily raised, costs very little to feed, hardly any if not penned in, is the hardiest and healthiest bird in the poultry yard, free from every contagious disease, very pretty and brings a better price than all other poultry—in fact an extraordinary price. Once started everybody can easily make a living at it. It is not a foolish fad, as it has been termed by some, but a decidedly profitable business having a good future before it.

C. GROSS.
HISTORY.

The culture of the quail as a domestic bird is of recent date. Although all those who brought quails to market knew that they found a ready sale and commanded a price far ahead of anything else in the poultry line, yet the idea to tame wild quails, to raise them like other poultry and see what could be realized from an enterprise of that kind, was universally overlooked. Some eight years ago a young man, the son of a well-to-do Missouri farmer, more by mere chance than anything else, fell upon the notion of taming wild quails. Being of too frail a body to fit him for general farming work and having no ambition for any study whatever, his father bought him a ten acre small fruit farm, eleven miles from St. Louis. Here he lived all to himself, from a moderate income of the small fruit. Having no desire to accumulate riches, he was satisfied. Friends he had few, and those few did not deserve the name of devoted ones. It must, however, be mentioned that nature, negligent and ungrateful with him on the one hand, had bestowed him with a particular talent on the other hand. This talent was that of a bird charmer. With him it was a matter of comparative ease to change, within a short time, all kinds of wild birds from an utterly unruly state, to a state of gentleness and confiding habit. Among his comrades at school he was called not otherwise than "our bird charmer," or, sometimes, more vulgarly, "our bird bulldozer."

His little farm was all encircled by an Osage orange hedge. The hedge had been cut down the previous year, laying the tops over to one side. This, together with the grapevines, gooseberry, blackberry and other bushes,
afforded an excellent abode for rabbits and all kinds of birds. Among the latter were some cardinal crossbeaks. These he intended to catch, if he could, and tame them. He accordingly put up some traps; it was a few weeks before Christmas; snow and sleet covered the ground. When he went to take a look at the traps, on the following day, he found to his surprise, instead of crossbeaks, a lot of quails in one of them.

Amused at what he had caught he at first did not know what to do with them, but soon decided that he would keep and tame them the same as though they had been crossbeaks. He accordingly turned a dry goods box into a temporary quail-coop and fed them wheat and water. The next days brought him a few more quails, but no crossbeaks. They seemed to be afraid of the traps. Well, he thought, if he couldn’t catch any cross-beaks he would be satisfied with quails. Couldn’t he make some money with quails, he reflected? The quail was, although not of as bright a plumage as the cross-beak, yet of quite acceptable appearance. He meditated a good deal on quails, and the more he meditated the more interested he grew. Wouldn’t people buy a pair of fine tame quails simply for the beauty of having them around? Wasn’t the quail a prettier bird than any of the pigeons? Wasn’t the song "bob white," with its variations, about just as musical as the sonorous song of the canary? He ended his meditation with the firm conclusion to give the quail business a trial, and if there should be any money to be made at it he would abandon the culture of the thorny gooseberry and blackberry, connected with tedious gathering, and raise quails in their stead. On Christmas day his father came on a visit. He showed him the quails he had caught, and at the same time warmly expressed his belief in the profitableness of raising them domestically. His views had broadened on the subject. He
spoke to his father with zeal and ardor in a way he never spoke to him before, and finally requested him to put up traps on the farm, and catch him some more birds. The father listened patiently to his son’s fad, for such he considered it to be, but at the end burst out into a hearty laughter. Yet he agreed to trap him as many quails as he could, warning him, however, to be cautious about this untried undertaking, and not neglect or ruin a sure income for a doubtful enterprise.

By the time snow and sleet were gone, in January, his flock numbered about fifty birds, most of them having been caught by his father. From these he selected fifteen pairs, and sold the rest, all males. Fifteen pairs he considered sufficient to start with, at least he intended to trouble no one for more.

He next converted one side of his room, having a window in it, into a habitation for the quails, modeling it somewhat after a common hen-house. The feed also was chosen the same as for chickens. The corn being in most cases, too large for them to swallow, was boiled, and while soft, cut into suitable pieces. This they relished exceedingly. Each time he fed he went inside. The quails were very wild at first, and made an immediate rush for a hiding place which they found in the dry goods box which had served as a temporary coop and which had been left standing in one corner. He went to the box, took them out one by one, petted them a little and let them go again. This he kept up until their wild nature had so far abated that they didn’t start any more for the box when he entered. On stormy days, or days when there was nothing of importance to do, he sometimes spent a long time playing with his quails and petting them. By and by they grew very tame, and he could put his hand on them whenever he wished.
When spring opened he built a large yard of wire netting, joining it to the quail house. At first he thought of building a new house altogether. Considering the matter, however, he again gave up this plan, for a change in their habitation might prove detrimental just at that time of the year when, as he believed, laying season was near at hand. So he went to fixing nests. But how? That was the question. He had seen quails' nests, but had never paid any attention to their construction. The only thing he knew was that they were completely roofed over. Taking this as a guide, he made a kind of long narrow box, and divided it into fifteen little divisions, each division to serve as a nest. Bottom and sides were lined with grass, the bottom especially well prepared with soft grass. This box he placed in the darkest part of the house with the opening towards the wall, and with a bundle of grass beside it in case this sort of a nest shouldn't suit the quail's fancy. He wondered how many eggs they would lay, and how he was going to treat and feed the young brood when they came out. He wished he was a little better posted. Couldn't he, perchance, obtain a book somewhere on quail culture to give him information? He intended to inquire at a book store the next time he went to town.

"A book about what?" said the man behind the desk, coming nearer.


"My dear sir," replied the bookseller, "I have no such book and don't believe there is such a book out. What do you want to know about quails?"

He told him what he was after.

"Well, feed the young birds Hungarian seed," the bookseller said. "It's the best you can give a canary bird and it ought to be good for quails too. But wait," he
continued, "I have some books on poultry raising and maybe you can find what you want in them."

He went to the further end of the shelves and commenced hunting among a large pile of papers, books and pamphlets—evidently neglected literature—for the object mentioned.

"Here it is," he said, striking a rather insignificant looking pamphlet several times against the counter to free it from dust. "Now let's see if it says anything about quails," he went on, running over the pages. "No, it doesn't seem to, but here is a heading "Feeding Young Ducks," which might be of interest to you. Better take the book along and read it; its only a quarter." He paid the quarter and went home.

Somewhat discouraged, he sat down and took to the book. It was almost the first thing he read since quitting school. The more he read the more interested he grew, and by the time he had finished it he arrived at the conclusion of having gained some valuable knowledge. What was good for chickens, could not, very likely, be unwholesome for quails. He had fed too much corn, he was sure, he must feed more green stuff, more meat, some crushed bone; provide for gravel, a little charcoal, a dust-bath, look out for lice, etc., a whole lot of things he had never thought of before. His first step was to get a supply of fresh meat. He took his gun and went to the hedge for a rabbit. Within five minutes he had what he wanted. The rabbit was cooked, and a portion of it—as much as they would eat—fed to the quails. It proved to be a delicacy for them. Eagerly they jumped and flew at his outstretched hand to snatch the rare article. With utmost delight he looked on. He compared the wild unruly stock of a few month ago with the birds now before him, with their gentle demeanor, their gay habit. He reflected what a sight it would be, when, instead of thirty, his flock
should number by the hundred. This, of course, was anticipation, counting chickens before they were hatched. But let us wait.

Since studying his book he had a guide, and was governed by it. If it was not exactly the right way to treat quails, it was certainly the best mode he could adopt for the present, until experience and observation should teach him different.

One day, early in the morning, the quails were unusually noisy. Leaving his work and stepping up lightly to the quail-house he peeped in. There was a big stir, and every appearance of something important going on. While some of the quails were sitting on poles, others were rushing in and out of the small divisions in the long narrow box he had made for nests; others again were busy at the little grass stack in the corner. There remained no doubt they intended to build nests, and evidently had a conversation on this subject. He made up his mind not to disturb them at present, and it was not until several days afterwards that he attempted to discover what they had been doing. Five of the little divisions in the box were completely shut up, save a very small opening in the centre, scarcely large enough, in his opinion, to admit of a quail passing through. Carefully pushing the grass a trifle apart he looked in. Lo! three eggs in the first nest. He examined all the nests. Four had eggs, one was empty. The next week more nests were finished, and the week following every one of the little divisions was shut up, a sign that all the quails were laying. The next thing now to look for was the young brood. How many would there be? With some disquietude he awaited the day of their arrival. But they came, and in the same order the quails had commenced laying. Cute, lively little birds, they were needing no lesson to pick up their feed after leaving the nest. From fifteen eggs on an
average in a nest, fourteen on an average were hatched, about two hundred and ten in all. To prevent quarreling, he put each pair with the young brood into a separate pen, made of wire netting, with a small coop in each pen. This worked admirably. He fed according to his book, and four times a day. The young quails grew finely, and he became more fond of them every day. Each day he took them out of the pen, petted them for a while, and put them back again. This he did to rid them of any trace of wild nature which might still exist. What seemed tedious work to others was simply play for him.

Having been told that quails had two broods a year, he separated old and young quails as soon as the young had attained a fair size.

The second brood was almost analogous with the first one, with the exception that two quail hens did not lay. This figured some, of course, but everything else being all right, it was nothing to be worried over. His flock now numbered nearly four hundred birds. Of the first brood some were lost, but not many. Disease of no kind was amongst them. The pet cat was the enemy perpetrating all the mischief. Although vigilantly watched, it was constantly preying upon them, and had to be banished from the place.

Four hundred birds! What was he going to do with them? Would it be better to keep them all and raise a large flock a year hence, or would it be better to sell a portion, and see what the new enterprise he had embarked in, really amounted to financially? After deliberate consideration he decided for the latter. But how was he going to sell them? As common poultry for the market? Some, yes, but not all. Those fine, gentle birds that he could trust to run about at their own free will without needing to have any fear of their escaping, that would fly upon his
shoulders and take their grub from out of his hand; these were, indeed, too good for that purpose, they should sell by the pair if they could be disposed of in that way. Of the first brood he had three dozen male birds left after mating eighty-one pairs. These three dozen he brought to town, early in November, receiving four dollars a dozen for them, there being no quails in the market at that time. Quails, domesticated, sold alive in boxes, the same as chickens, was something new, causing quite a sensation. He could have sold many more dozen at this price, had he wanted, but he preferred to wait and see how they would go by the pair. Four dollars was certainly fair money, yet he thought, even at half this, it would pay much better to raise quails than small fruit, not to consider the greater ease and the pleasure.

Several days afterwards he again started for town, taking with him three of the choicest pairs. What success he would have was yet an unsolved problem to him. He was a poor talker, he knew, with manners more awkward than comely and unless the article he handled should be taking and saleable in itself, he would be in a rather bad fix.

He had scarcely drove out of the gate when he heard his name called. Looking around, he observed his father coming up the road in a buggy with another man sitting beside him. It was a man from Oregon, an intimate friend of his father, who had formerly been a neighbor, but was now engaged in mercantile business at Portland. Both were agreeably amused when they saw the quails in the cage, and learned that he intended to sell them by the pair. But they were surprised when upon entering the yard they beheld the large flock of quails he had raised, and noticed the many arrangements he had provided for them, comfortable, useful and convenient. (His father had not seen him since his visit on Christmas). Intending to also show them the gen-
tleness and docility of the birds, he went and got some feed, opened a pen containing one dozen choice pairs, then sat down on a box standing close by, and called them. There was an immediate stir in the pen. Half running, half flying, they rushed out to his side. After they had picked up all the grain they took a recess in part on his lap, part on his shoulders, and some flew on his hat, until he was almost completely covered with birds.

"Well, I declare," said the gentleman from Oregon, looking on with admiration, "if that doesn't beat all I ever dreamed could be done with quails. When I was a boy I considered the quail to be the most noble bird under the sun, but that it could be brought to a docility like this went beyond my imagination. How long have you been training these birds?" He told him that it was less than a year, and how he had proceeded, but that there was nothing extraordinary about it. "All this accomplished in less than a year, and from wild stock," he exclaimed with astonishment, "my boy, you are a bird charmer indeed. When I left here, twelve years ago, I believed you would never be fit for anything, but I see I was mistaken, and I am glad of it; but have you fixed upon a price?" He told him that he had not. "Well, charge ten dollars a pair. These fine tame birds, good either for breeding or for pleasure, are worth it, and you will get it too." His father shook his head at this, with a doubtful smile upon his face. "Yes, you will get it," continued the Oregon friend, "these gentle quails will delight almost everybody. But as we have kept you from selling birds to-day, supposing we both try the business to-morrow?"

With gratitude and joy he accepted this offer, for now he saw the obstacle removed that but a short while ago was burdensome to him. Forty pairs he could spare, and ten dollars a pair, what an amount of money it would be!
Gently he removed the quails from his lap, shoulders and hat, where they had remained during the conversation, bringing them back to their pen, the gentleman from Oregon watching him with an expression of surprise on his face.

With his father still doubting the success, both started for town the following morning, taking with them forty pairs, divided into two suitable wire cages, and put up at a stand in Union Market. The day previous the friend from Oregon, who was not only a generous and upright person, but an able business man as well, had rented this stand and also made arrangements for an advertisement to appear in several of the morning papers, running thus:

**PERSONAL.**

In passing through Union Market, don’t forget to take a look at the flock of tame quails in the stand near the Southeast corner.

A large pasteboard sign "**TAME QUAILS,**" was also put up. From morn till night the stand was crowded with people, not all buyers, of course, but people who wanted to satisfy their curiosity, who wanted to take a look at what they had never seen before—a tame quail.

In two days the forty pairs were sold, realizing four hundred dollars. The buyers belonged to no particular class, but were men and women occupying different stations in life and following different callings; old and young alike. This seems sufficient evidence that the culture of the quail could be pronounced a prosperous business, and was no longer a doubtful enterprise. Believing it to be such, he discontinued the cultivation of small fruit and followed quail raising exclusively, devoting all his time and attention to it. He introduced birds from
different states and bred them with his other stock, after they had been thoroughly tamed. He now has a magnificent flock of domestic quails with a yearly income of upwards of four thousand dollars. Although he could easily double this amount by increasing the number of birds, yet he does not do it. More birds would mean more work, more work would require more help, and this is what he dislikes. He prefers and loves a life of solitude. "The way I am conducting my business now," he says, "is a pleasure for me, if I have to engage people to help me, it will rob me of all enjoyment." The only aid he has is an aged gentleman, whom he has known since early boyhood, who attends to the quails during his absence.

**TAMING WILD QUAILS.**

There are people with whom it is a task attended with comparatively but little difficulty of taming all kinds of wild birds and animals. They have a certain way, a talent of quieting the shy and averse nature towards man, characteristic of all wild stock, and bring about a gentler inclination, a state of toleration at first, and finally one of attachment. Although this way, this talent, may consist and certainly does consist, in the most part, in trifles only, yet it is an attribute not so readily acquired by a person not the possessor of such a talent. The introducer of quail culture, Mr. John Ordorf, is naturally gifted with this talent, and for him the taming of wild birds is simply pleasure, accomplished within a very short time. (He has been taming a number of wild quails from Oregon last winter).

The first step to be taken in taming a wild bird is to convince it that you are not going to do it any harm, Handle it as gently as possible, stroking it lightly over its head and back. (Mr. Ordorf is talking in a half aloud, half
whispering tone to the bird all the while he holds it in his hand, stroking it at the same time. He can also imitate to perfection the quails calling each other with all the different changes).

The best way is to have two boxes of a size only moderately larger than the number of quails they are to contain. Lathe the boxes in front, and in case of hot weather the rear also, lest the quails might suffocate. Place them where you are more or less around, and transfer the quails at least once every day—oftener if time permits—from one box to the other, stroking them gently on head and back. Feed wheat and water. Wild quails will eat or drink very little, if any, the first days of captivity. If after two weeks of close captivity their wildest nature has somewhat abated, and they can be removed from one box to the other without much resistance and flutter, then put them into a larger box, lathing it as described. It is always better, however, to keep it up and take them into your hands at least once or twice a week, and pet them a little. When feeding call them, use some kind of a name, or word, no matter what it is, if it be only "come! come!!" They will soon remember it. It is also advisable to occasionally skip one or two meals, and let them hunger a little. This will teach them that they are dependent on you for their sustenance, and will greatly aid in bringing about a gentler disposition. Dependence! It is the same thing with man too:

Whose bread I eat,
His song I sing.

After they have been in this second box for a month or two, according to behavior, they may then be moved to spacious and permanent quarters, consisting of a yard, made of wire netting, with a coop attached. This continual changing from one place to another, may appear to some as being altogether unnecessary. If the quails were not
intended to remain in the first box, why not bring them at once to a place where they could remain? To what end all this extra trouble? We must consider that we are dealing with wild nature and that we are trying to get this wild nature accustomed to something it never was accustomed to. This wild bird we are taming, that is, forcing a life upon it to which it was never used, knew nothing of boxes and wire roofs before it was caught. It had the fields, the woods, the sky, for its abode. If we would commence to assign it to a roomy space it would feel as sad as in the closest imprisonment. If, however, on the contrary, we begin with close imprisonment, let it taste the worst of the bitter cup right from the start, and then gradually widen its habitation, and finally bring it to a spacious yard; it will keenly feel and appreciate the change and experience a sense of liberation as though it was again in its native abode.

The size of the yard must be made in comparison with the number of birds that are intended to occupy it. Six by six feet and two or three feet high, is about the right size for one half dozen birds. A few horizontal poles should not be missing, for the quails greatly enjoy to occasionally sit on them. One foot high, one wide, and about one and a half or two feet long, will make a coop of ample size which should be firmly fastened to the yard to admit of yard and coop being moved together whenever this may seem desirable. Everything should be done to make the quails feel perfectly comfortable and contented, for unless they are they will not lay. When they will lay depends much on the time when they were caught. If they have been caught in November or December, they will very likely lay in May or June, and again in August or September; but if caught in February or March, they will not lay before August or September and only once. (How to feed, look under Feeding).
QUAILS AS PETS.

By this term is meant the highest degree of tameness; birds that come upon your call, that can be handled like young kittens, companions in house and yard. To get them this way it is necessary to have them around you as soon after they are hatched as possible. Construct a box about one foot wide, one foot high, and about one and a half feet long. Finish the front with number ten wire staves, leaving them far enough apart that the young quails can easily pass through to run in and out at pleasure. Let the box have a bottom which can easily be removed to facilitate cleaning. In case of hot weather, provide the rear with wire staves also, that there be plenty of ventilation. Attach a board about six inches wide and the whole length of the box to the front to serve as a porch.

A box of this size will accommodate one pair of quails with fifteen or sixteen young ones for the first five or six weeks. As soon as the young brood has made its appearance, put the nest together with the old pair into the box, and place the box in your kitchen, workshop, sitting room, office, or any place where you will be more or less around. As long as the young brood remains in the nest let the old pair attend to their wants, but as soon as they leave it commence and scatter feed. Throw the feed into the box at first that old and young may eat together, but after one or two days feed on the little porch and have the young come out for it. (What to feed, look under Feeding). Feed often, every two or three hours, but never overfeed. Rather let them go with some appetite left than glut them. See that the drinking water be clean and fresh, never otherwise. Adopt some kind of a name to call them when you feed, they will remember it as they grow older. Each day take them in your hands for a few moments, one after the other.
They will at first greatly object to this handling, and will make every possible exertion to get away. Keep it up, however, it is the quickest way to bring about a gentle disposition, and to rid them of every existing trace of shyness. Soon they will get used to it and show no further aversion to it. In fact, once accustomed to it, the quail is fond of being petted.

The second week look for exercise for the young. Although the old pair will stand close captivity well, it is necessary for the young to have exercise. Place the box on the floor and let them have a run over the room at their heart's content. Do this every day.

After six weeks, separate old and young quails, but do not allow the old to run together with the young for they may spoil them, unless they are pets themselves. If, for six weeks the above rules have been observed, you will not only have healthy birds, but at the end of this time, have pets, tame quails that will, when they get older, sing their merry "Bob White," either in the open window, on a chair, on your writing desk, and, perchance, sometimes on the breakfast table. They are strongly attached to the mode of living they have been brought up in, and have no inclination to depart from it, be their wings ever so limber. Where there is a yard this is of advantage. The quail loves to be out in the open air, to bask in the sunshine, and enjoys with utmost delight a soft gentle shower.

The raising of quails as pets, although attended with more trouble, is by far more profitable than to raise them as common poultry for market purpose only. There is always a demand for good pets. The pretty quail with its proud carriage, its gay demeanor, as a tame bird, has, as it seems, a charm for all classes of people. All are admirers, and a great many are buyers. Sometimes fancy prices are obtainable. Last winter, a gentleman living at St. Louis,
who had seen some of our pet quails at a friend's house, wrote us that if we would select three of the choicest pairs from among our flock and deliver them at his house in sound condition, he would pay us twenty-five dollars a pair for them. We filled the order and received what he had promised. These are exceptions, of course, prices that not everybody can or will pay. This gentleman was wealthy, and he wanted the birds for the enjoyment of his daughter, who was a consumptive invalid. From five to ten dollars a pair, according to beauty and docility, is a fair average price for pets, and there is splendid money to be made at these figures.

It may yet be mentioned that with too much petting and caressing, especially in the hands of children, connected with irregular feeding, at times too scanty, and at other times in excess, the quail ceases to be prolific.

**EGGS AND HATCHING.**

The domestic quail will lay from fifty to sixty eggs in a season, according to treatment, and has two broods a year. Some quail hens will lay sixteen eggs, then stop and sit; while others will lay as many as twenty-five eggs, and then sit. This remarkable difference led to an investigation, and it was found that not mistakes in feeding, which was first thought to be the trouble, was the cause, but, probably, too early sitting. Believing this to be the case, an early sitter was killed and dissected, whereby a number of larger and smaller eggs, apparently normal, were found.

The conjecture now was this: Would not these eggs have fully developed had further development not been checked by too early sitting? It is a well known fact that hens repeatedly frightened will produce less eggs, and if moved to a strange place generally quit laying altogether. A slight
cause can evidently produce a great effect in this respect. Could not therefore too early sitting change an otherwise normal egg, not yet fully developed, to an abnormal condition which prevented further development? If this be true, what then caused the bird to sit in advance of her proper time? Was it the inconvenience of too many eggs, she feared, or did the instinct of the bird teach her that it was useless to lay any more eggs than she could successfully hatch? (Considering the size of the quail fifteen or seventeen eggs is all she can manage). May this be, as it will, an experiment was tried as follows:

After eight eggs were laid the ninth was removed, the tenth left in, and the eleventh again removed. In this way often eight, ten or even more eggs were gained. Some will laugh at this, without doubt, and call it ridiculous, incredible and exaggerated; but it is nevertheless true, even if the principle on which it is based should prove incorrect. Allow the quail her own will to sit, whenever she pleases, and you will have less eggs; cheat her, and you will have more. Try the experiment and see whether it is a delusion.

As above stated, fifteen to seventeen eggs constitute a full quail's setting. If, however, desired, or this from various reasons becomes necessary, the eggs can be successfully hatched with a hen, care being taken to select one with a quiet and gentle disposition, and light weighted, not too heavy. Nothing is better adapted for this purpose than the bantam, although other light weighted hens will answer also. How many eggs can be placed under a hen must be determined by the size of the hen. Should any eggs get broken in the nest, carefully remove all the shells and wash all the sound eggs that have got soiled, in warm water, care being taken not to get the eggs chilled. Also remove everything from the nest which is unclean, and replace it with new stuff. After all this is prepared, immediately replace the
hen. Observe cleanliness, and especially guard against lice. They are as detrimental to young quails as they are to young chicks. Dust the hen once a week with Persian Insect Powder, or use Lambert's Death to Lice to keep them away. Eggs will hatch in twenty-one days.

HOUSES AND PENS.

Quails roost on the ground, never on perches. They sit close together in bunches, forming a circle, the heads turned outward. A quail house need therefore not be high, or it may be provided with shelves, one above the other, the quails being easily trained to occupy these shelves. The latter plan is especially adapted where large flocks are kept that roam about. Another plan is to enclose the quails in movable pens or yards with a small house attached, one—two—three or four dozen quails enclosed in a pen. Six by six feet and two or three feet high is about the right proportion for one dozen domestic birds. Arrange a few horizontal poles inside the pen for the quails to sit on. They greatly enjoy this; it seems to be a recreation for them. Two by three feet and one foot high, is large enough for a house. It should be built of light material, be provided with nests and have a loose board or door in the rear to conveniently get to the nests for the removal of eggs. (See Eggs and Hatching.) It also should contain a small compartment for grit or gravel, and one for charcoal, and be provided with a dust box. This latter is about equally as important for quails as it is for chickens. A pen of this kind has the advantage over a stationary one, that it can be easily moved on a fresh spot of grass every day, and on this account is especially valuable in Spring, Summer and Fall. If the place where the pens are kept, is not shaded by trees, the top of
each pen, or a portion of it, should be covered with Neponset Roofing Fabric to protect the birds from the sun during the hot summer months. Double the number of young quails can be enclosed in a pen of this size with impunity. The houses should be whitewashed, inside and outside, shelves and all, once or twice every year, to guard against lice; or, what is far better, painted with Carbolineum Avenarius. This is a cheap nut brown paint, manufactured by The Carbolineum Wood Preserving Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Quail and chicken houses, painted once a year, in and outside, shelves, perches and all, with this composition, rubbing it well into the cracks, will be free from lice and vermin of every description. Another good thing to guard against lice is to have the bottom of the quail house and the shelves covered with a layer of road dust. Lice cannot thrive where there is dust. Should all of these precautions have been neglected and the quails have become lousy, dust them with Lambert’s Death to Lice.

There are other plans for building habitations for the quail, but as everybody is very likely going to construct something after his or her own fashion we think these instructions are sufficient.

Whatever the plan be, however, see that there be plenty of shade and ventilation in summer, and plenty of protection from the blasts of winter. Although the quail is of iron clad hardness, and can stand more hardships and neglect than any other bird in the poultry yard, yet his abode should be made as comfortable as possible to obtain the best results.

**FEEDING.**

Quails can be fed precisely like chickens, the rules which apply to the one are also applicable to the other. There is difference only in quantity and size. The chicken requires
about seven or eight times more food than the quail, and can swallow a whole grain of corn which the quail cannot. If the quail is not penned in it needs very little attention. There is no more industrious bird than the quail. From morn to night it is always busy looking for its own support, catching bugs, insects, worms, chasing grasshoppers, picking something here, something there, so that when evening approaches its wants are about all satisfied. In summer, feed them a little grain of some kind in the evening, this is all that is required, and even this shall serve more to give them a welcome reception at the close of each day, than for necessity of giving them food. Accustomed, however, to being fed in the evening, see how quickly they will come from near and far when they are called. After they have finished their grain they will fly or jump on boxes, barrels, the fence, or any elevated place they can find, and commence picking their wings, shaking their bodies, singing "Bob White," and, in fact, show every sign of being perfectly happy and contented. One will forget business and get rid of the blues with a gay flock of quails around him.

In Winter, especially if the weather is severe, feed mornings and evenings. Some kind of a soft, warm feed in the morning and grain in the evening. See that there be plenty of fresh water standing around in clean vessels.

If the quails are penned in, a variety of feed becomes necessary. As they can not catch any bugs or worms, fresh lean meat, cooked and cut into suitable pieces, should be substituted, and given in moderate quantity. In the morning prepare a soft feed of middlings and bran, to which an even portion of Pioneer Clover Meal is added. For an all day feed, use millet, or the H-O Co's. Scratching Feed. This latter deserves high praise. It is a practical food containing a large variety of grains and is excellent for feeding the quail. If the pen be movable and you have

L. of C.
a yard with bluegrass or clover, move the pen a little further each day or every other day. In this way they will help themselves to whatever they want. Should the place where the quails are kept be a fixed one, however, procure some green stuff of whatever kind obtainable, bluegrass, clover, oats, rye, timothy, etc., and cut it into suitable lengths for the quails to swallow, (half inch lengths is about right.) The Pioneer Clover meal being clover hay, ground fine, may be classed as green food, and in this respect will make a very good substitute where and when green food is scarce.

In the evening feed cracked corn or wheat; the seed of the sunflower also is very wholesome. Or use a soft feed made of corn meal to which a little clover meal is added. In addition to their regular meals, feed green cut, crushed or granulated bone twice a week, and see that there be a supply of coarse river sand, fine gravel, or manufactured grit always before them. A little charcoal should also be provided, and plenty of clean, fresh water.

If this system of feeding, or something similar, which anybody observing the wants of the birds can designate without difficulty, be followed, and their general welfare otherwise not counteracted, the quails will be healthy, vigorous, full of life and very prolific. Care should be taken not to over feed. Anybody used to feeding chickens only is liable to do this. Always remember that about eight grown quails can be fed in place of one Plymouth Rock. The criterion is, if anything should be left over from one meal give less the next time.

FEEDING YOUNG QUAILS.

To prevent quarreling, and to better care for them, the old pair together with the young brood should be isolated
from the rest, soon after the brood is out, by bringing them into a movable pen, with house attached, as indicated under "Houses and Pens," only that it can be much smaller. Place the nest with the young brood in one corner of the house, and as long as they remain in the nest let the old pair attend to their wants. As soon as they leave the nest they will look out for themselves. They are a good deal more active and vigorous than young chicks, and their growth is far more rapid.

The first feed for the young should consist of a mash made of even portions of corn meal and middlings, to which the raw yolk of one or two eggs is added. Throw a handful of this mixture from the rear of the house through the loose board or door, as the case may be, in front of the nest. The old pair will attend to its distribution. Feed every three or four hours if possible. This mash can be fed all the while the young remain in the nest, and for a long time thereafter, by adding an even portion of Pioneer Clover Meal to it. Care must be taken, however, that the mash be always fresh and sweet; sour food of whatever kind is unwholesome for young quails. In addition to this mixture, throw a few handfuls of millet seed, or the H-O Co.'s Scratching Feed, each day into the pen, after the young have abandoned the nest. The second week give small quantities of fresh lean meat, and twice a week feed some green and bone. Also look for green food, and see that there be always fresh water in clean vessels within easy reach of the young birds. Use coarse sand or fine gravel for grit. Do not forget the grit, it is a necessity. The chick needs it, and the young quail can not get along without it.
EGGS HATCHED WITH A HEN.

If the eggs are hatched with a hen, the same course of feeding should be pursued with the exception only, that the young brood, from lack of instinct of the hen, must be attended to by yourself while they stay in the nest. Do not disturb the young brood for thirty hours or longer, after they are hatched. Then gently remove the hen and proceed as follows: Take a small stick, or, what is better, make a wooden spatula, the size of a lead pencil, only flat, and with this put a small portion of the feed, which should be mixed rather thin, but not too thin, down every little fellow’s throat. This is easily done, for as soon as you approach with the spatula, they will throw their mouths wide open. Always use the spatula for feeding, never the fingers. After all are fed and the hen has received some food also, replace her, for the little fellows, with their somewhat unnatural mother, must be kept warm for the first days of their life. Should the weather, however, be very hot, and there be danger of them suffocating, leave the hen off the nest during the hottest hours of the day. Feed three or four times a day. Water they need none, for there is plenty of moisture in the food for their sustenance. As soon as they abandon the nest all danger is over. They may then be allowed to run around with the hen, or, which is far preferable, be enclosed in a pen, where they are safe from all kind of marauders, as rats, cats, skunks, chicken hawks, etc.

We omit to mention anything about eggs hatched in the incubator, as our experience is too limited in this direction.

NESTS.

Quails build their nests either in high grass, wheat fields, or among hedges and bushes where there is an undergrowth
of grass. The nest is so completely hidden that unless one comes very near, almost stepping on it, and the quail rushes out, it is passed by without being discovered. A quail's nest is easily made. Construct a box four inches high, four inches wide, and five inches long, leaving it open at one of the long ends. Then take a handful of grass, and divide it well all around, bottom, sides and top, pressing it tight. After this, line the bottom with soft grass, and your nest is ready. Place it in the quail house with the opening toward the rear, a few inches away from the wall. Have a door or loose board in the rear to conveniently get to the nest.

**MATING.**

Among a flock of quails (we mean those raised from a setting, fifteen or sixteen in number), there are always some which are larger and handsomer than others, and some which are more prolific layers than others. These should be particularly selected for breeding, and the birds of one flock mated with the birds of another flock not akin. Following these simple rules the quail has been much improved since the introduction of quail culture eight years ago. The domestic quail is larger, of more uniform size than the wild one, and a much better layer.

If, however, anybody intended to raise the quail on a very large scale, and in the most part as common poultry only, this careful mating is not as essential. Inbreeding may be carried on successfully for several years, especially if the start was begun with well mated stock. Starting with wild stock it is advisable to procure quails from different gangs, and afterwards mate the young birds of the one with those of the other.
FERTILITY OF EGGS.

The fertility of quails' eggs is about one hundred per cent. With the exception of the first egg laid, which is generally infertile, there is scarcely an egg that does not hatch. This is when the quail mates in pairs, which is the nature of the bird. We have been repeatedly asked, can you send us a trio? How many females can we keep with one male bird? We must say that we do not know; it has not been tried. We are making some experiments, however, in this direction this summer.

ENEMIES.

Among these may be enumerated: The chicken hawk, rats, cats, skunks, possums and minks. The worst enemy of them all is the pet cat. It is the pest of all pests, the sneaking rascal ever lurking for its prey. The sooner she receives her dismissal the better—the next pond, or some similar place. You cannot raise cats and quails at the same time, you must abandon one of the two. The cat is bad on chicks, but it is much worse on quails. We often receive letters about thus:

"Can we not get another pair of tame quails? Last Sunday we all went to church, but forgot to look after the cat before we left the house, and when we came back, etc."

DISEASES.

No contagious diseases have so far made their appearance. Occasionally a quail dies, but it is not often. It is sick for about a day and then is dead. Owing to the rare occurrence of the malady, however, it has not been further investigated. The best safeguards against disease are fresh air, cleanliness, wholesome food in suitable variety, pure
fresh water in clean vessels, combined with comfortable quarters. Where these conditions prevail, sickness is not very liable to enter. Vermin, lice in particular, should be looked out for. Paint the houses inside and outside as indicated under Houses and Pens, and cover the bottoms of the houses, and when the quails roost on shelves, these also with a thick layer of road dust.

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO KNOW WHETHER IT IS TROUBLE.

We are often asked is it much trouble to raise quails? Can quails be raised as easy as chickens? We must answer that we cannot designate what is meant by the word easy, without further explanation what amount of care and attention has been bestowed upon chickens. Nothing can be achieved in this world without some trouble. Chickens can be raised easy enough, that is true, and quails can be raised easier than chickens, that is true also. The quail can live on a little grain and water, as far as that is concerned, but this is bad practice, productive only of poor results. Give it liberal treatment, make its life comfortable, satisfy all its wants as near as possible, and you will have a fine healthy bird, full of life, vigorous and prolific; a bird that will not only delight yourself, but will delight everybody else. The culture of the quail is, in our opinion, connected with much less trouble than in the rearing of chickens, if they are properly attended to. It is not hard work, it calls for no muscular strength, it is only steady work, especially if transacted on a large scale. Any diligent person, endowed with a moderate degree of patience, though the body be frail, can perform all the work that is required. The main trouble arises when eggs are hatched with unnatural mothers, but this can readily be overcome with patience. It takes patience to feed the little birds when they are in the
nest, and it takes patience to remove the hen from the nest during hot hours and replace her again when it gets cooler. Patience and regularity are the main requisites of the business.

We think the quail is worthy of the very best attention which can be bestowed upon it, even though it should make some trouble, for there is no other branch of the poultry business which pays as well as quail culture. There is splendid money to be made at it whether you raise them as common poultry for the market, for breeding purpose, or for pets. You will find buyers everywhere, more buyers than you can furnish stock. Some will buy them for their beauty; some for their flesh; and some for both combined.

The flesh of the quail is the most palatable and savory meat there is. It is a perfect delicacy. But aside from its delicious flavor, it is also of the easiest digestion, and on this account is invaluable for invalids and those suffering from a weak stomach.

And in connection with light work and profitableness, quail culture can also be pronounced, at the same time, a pleasant business. In fact we know of no other industry combining so many pleasant sides with less unpleasant ones.

The law does not interfere with the selling of domestic quails at any time of the year, no more than with domestic turkeys. It only forbids the killing of wild stock at certain seasons, for the purpose of preventing these birds from being exterminated. The domestic quail is readily distinguished from the wild one, hence there is no danger of mistaking the one for the other.

IN CONCLUSION

we will say that we are at all times ready to give any further desired information not found in these pages.
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