

good ration fed alike to all pens. Practically the same ration was fed throughout the year. The conclusions, therefore, must not be accepted if a different ration is used.

18. The results seem to indicate an average capacity for a Leghorn pullet of 200 eggs per year, with intelligent care and feeding.

19. No advantage was discovered in crossing the Brahma and Leghorn.

20. In a single test of the Prairie State and Jubilee incubators, the former hatched 64 per cent of fertile eggs the latter 81 per cent.

The following interesting paragraph is taken from page 15:

From a study of table No. 3, it will be seen that the only correct answer to the question, "Is there money in hens?" is, it depends. It depends on the kind and amount of food consumed, the number of eggs laid and the price of eggs when laid. The statement that there is no money in hens would doubtless be true, if hens 1 and 9 only were considered. A satisfactory answer, moreover, could not be obtained by taking the average of all the pens. To prove such a statement, it must be shown that there is no money in hens under the best possible method of treatment. The record made by pen 4, the ideal pen of the lot, is the only one that should be consulted. We see that for 62 cents' worth of food this pen produces eggs worth \$1.88 per fowl, a profit of \$1.26 on an investment of 62 cents. Of course these results will vary as the cost of food and the price of eggs vary. The money results can be figured out in any locality, knowing the average food consumption and the product in eggs.

OUR CUBAN LETTER.

Havana, Cuba, Feb. 17th, 1893.

Could the readers of the *Deseret News* have bene with me today, it is safe to say that the United States relief fund for the suffering in Cuba would be largely augmented. Let me give you an account of just one day's experiences. I arose with the lark—or rather with the parouit, which is the early bird of this country—in order to see the rising sun dance upon the sparkling waters of the bay and gild old Moro castle and illumine the rose-pink, sky-blue and pea-green house walls. This invierno, (midwinter) is the most delightful season of the year in Cuba—the mornings and evenings the very perfection of weather, the middle of the day like August in Salt Lake City and the nights chilly enough to require a blanket on one's bed. The sojourner in this fair land needs no better entertainment than can be found at all hours from a balcony. The Hotel Pasaje, at which I am staying, fronts the celebrated Prado, with its line of statues and double rows of India laurel trees, where the Spanish troops, in uniforms of light blue cotton, with straw hats, are every morning put through their evolutions to the music of two brass bands. In all Cuba there is no such thing as a glass window. Wooden doors serve instead, usually latticed part way up, those on the ground floor faced with iron bars. Each room of the Pasaje has its great double doors opening upon a "Juliet balcony"—the latter paved with white marble and railed with iron flagee work. The rooms, by the way, are beautifully floored with blocks of many colored marbles, set in patterns like a patchwork quilt, and so extremely high are the ceilings that one feels as if down in the bottom of a well. Whitewashed walls, sky-blue woodwork, crims on lamberkins and lace curtains, ruffled bedstead canopied with orange-satin are all as Spanish as anything in Spain; yet, strange to say, the most

outrageous contrasts of glaring colors never seem to swear at one another in these hot climates; but somehow tone in agreeably with the brilliant blue and vivid green of sky and foliage.

According to Cuban custom, the usual desayuno, of bread, hot milk and coffee, was brought to my room at 7 o'clock; and half an hour later I was on the way with a Cuban lady, to visit some reconcentrados. Probably by this time everybody in the United States knows the meaning of the word "reconcentrados," or those who were concentrated. They are the country people of Cuba, who were scattered over the island between the few large towns, and by Weyler's brutal decree were driven from their homes and compelled to huddle in the fortified cities. Ostensibly, they took no part in the war; but the Spaniards believe that every Cuban is rebel at heart, and the "Butcher's policy was one of extermination. It is a common saying here: "If you put a Cuban baby in a glass bottle, seal it up and sent it to Spain, the instant the cork is removed, it will pop out and yell Cuba Libre."

Weyler said that the rebel army was recruiting from the sons and husbands of these country families and that the women at home afforded them aid and acted as secret spies. The terrible war, which is ruining Spain and devastating Cuba is nonearier an end after three long years, and never would terminate while these spies were everywhere in the land. The desperate case demanded heroic measures, said the marquis of Tenerife: so the Spanish soldiers scoured the country, driving the people from their homes, burning the houses over their heads and killing all who resisted. The eviction of "Evangelines" people from Nova Scotia was as nothing in comparison for the Norman peasants were comparatively wealthy and were allowed to take their movable property with them. Fancy being simply turned out of your own homes in Salt Lake City, with only what you could hastily collect and carry in your hands, the rest being burned before your eyes. But that would not be a parallel case, because all of you have some means in reserve, the large towns are near together and food is plenty in the United States. Most of these poor Cubans, poverty-stricken in the best of times, had only their palm thatched cottages and small patches of ground, where a few yams and vegetables were raised. There are practically no farms in Cuba, such as we know them in "God's country." Rich and poor are alike sustained by the products of two great crops, sugar and tobacco, and when those are cut off, season after season, as since this war began, nothing is left. Even when a poor man rents 33 acres of land (the usual measure of the country), he devotes but an infinitesimal of it to the raising of pigs, chickens and vegetables for his own use. The majority of the peasants have been employed as day laborers upon the large plantations, at very small wages—until the insurgents burnt the cane-fields, the Spanish soldiers ate the cattle, the government claimed the tobacco, and between the two armies the richest were in hard straits indeed. For the peasantry, there was suffering enough, heaven knows, but they had still their homes and could pick up some sort of subsistence in the familiar places. In many of the huts were aged and sick people and babies newly born. But Weyler's orders were positive—out they must go on the instant, and the habitations burned to the ground. The recital of one case, no harder than thousands of others, will do for an example. A man past middle age had spent a quarter of a century saving, penny by penny, from his scanty wages to buy a bit of land and build a comfortable cottage upon it. When it was

finally paid for, his pride and joy was unbounced. His wife and children and aged mother had a home for life, so he fondly believed, and the women tilled the little field while he worked on an adjacent estate. But alas! Their joy was not of long duration. Within one month after the family was established, a company of soldiers ordered them to leave. How could the poor man give up the hope of a lifetime, through no fault of his own? Half crazed with grief, he resisted the fellow who fired the house, was shot and his yet quivering body tossed upon the blazing roof. It was weary leagues to Havana. The aged mother died on the second day's march, and one by one the children sickened and died on the way, and only the wife lived to reach the fortified city. I saw her in Havana, sitting on the ground near the barracks, the very picture of despair.

Our first visit this morning was to Los Fosos, an abandoned ware house near the water's edge, and Moro Castle, which is now used as a hospital for several hundred sick reconcentrados. After the reign of terror began and the wretches were dying by hundreds in the streets—no provision whatever having been made for their maintenance by the Spanish government—some charitable Cubans in Havana made bold to establish hospitals and take care of them as best they could. It was but a drop of comfort in the ocean of wretchedness—but all honor to the noble ladies and gentlemen, who at a considerable risk to themselves in a city under strict military law where party feeling runs so high, had devoted their time and money to the work. The government, in its policy of extermination, has even placed every obstacle in the way of these charities. Spain has 20,000 soldiers in the hospitals of Havana suffering for food and medicine, and naturally the little her depleted resources can devote to charity, is given to them. Weyler says, "Nobody can starve in Cuba; they can live on bananas." But the fact remains that more than 200,000 people have already starved to death, as the result of his concentration order. Even bananas have their seasons. If the whole were planted with them (which it is not), and if bananas were to be had for the picking, there would not be enough to sustain the teeming population, could they endure the exclusive diet. People cannot live on climate; they starve in any part of the world where food is not.

Dismissing our carriage at the gate of Los Fosos, intending to call another for the return, according to the custom of Havana where carriage hire is only 20 cents, each way, to any part of the city, and carriages swarm in the street like flies around a molasses barrel—we passed into the patio, or inner court yard. Lying all about were what at first glance looked like heaps of rags: they were reconcentrados who were able to crawl out into the sun, leaving the few beds of the hospital for those worse off than themselves. I have seen misery in many lands, but never anything like this. We did not enter the building devoted to the men, but went at once to the quarters of the women and children. Such a sight! Two floors filled with long rows of cot-beds—a recent acquisition since money came from the United States, for at first they lay upon the floor; and on each bed a horror. Five had died that morning, and their bodies had not yet been removed. Several were evidently dying, and others were in the stupor of unconscionableness. In one corner lay a boy, perhaps nine years old, writhing in convulsions; and he died a few moments later, clutching my hands with bony fingers that felt like bird-claws. My attention was particularly attract-