

KEEPING UP WITH BESS

By ANNIE SEIGERBACHER.

After the stout woman had flopped into the nearest armchair, scattering about twenty-four Christmas bundles on the floor as she did so, she heaved even a deeper sigh than one would naturally have expected under the circumstances.

"What's the matter?" asked her friend. "You look as though you'd lost pounds and pounds from worry." "I think I have," replied the stout woman, rather feebly. "You see, it's Bessie. Bessie's my favorite niece, as you know, and she's burdened with over-indulgent parents who give her everything she wants before she knows that she wants it. Now, how is it possible to please such a girl with any kind of gift? She has jewelry by the pound and she gets enough candy every Christmas to feed an orphan asylum. So whenever December comes around I begin to wring my hands and say, 'What under the shining sun can I get for Bessie?' That's the way I got my first gray hairs! I got a fresh installment of them every Christmas."

She was calmed down now. Her friend had politely assumed an air of deep attention.

"After hours and hours of brain racking effort," went on the stout woman, "I found out that Bessie wanted a Princeton pennant. There was one Princeton pennant left in the sporting goods section the day I went to buy Bessie's present and I wrestled for it with two husky youths, a middle aged woman and half a dozen giggly girls. I got it, too, although in the process I lost three perfectly good jet buttons and sprained my wrist."

"That night Bessie's beau brought her an atrocious big Princeton pennant about three times the size of the one I had worked so hard for. Sweet of him, wasn't it?"

"Go on," begged her friend. "Your thrilling recital makes a war story look as flat as a plug hat that's been sat on. What happened next?"

"Bessie came over to my house one day," said the stout woman, "and raved about an embroidered shirt waist of mine that some poor soul had spent six months making. Well, that gave me an idea and I immediately started to make Bessie one like it in six days. I embroidered until I saw French knots dancing all over the wall and I counted stitches in my sleep. Even my football playing son, who reels off signals in his dreams, became alarmed at the symptoms that I displayed. My family rose in wrath when I brought the thing to the table at dinner and embroidered between courses. And then when the waist was nearly completed Bessie casually announced that she thought embroidered shirt waists were getting common and she wouldn't wear one for anything."

"Dear, dear!" murmured her friend, sympathetically.

"I felt like telling Bessie that if she changed her mind again she wouldn't get any present from me," said the stout woman. "But next morning I started out on the warpath, all spiffed up in my oldest clothes, so that I could grab bargains with the best of them. I ran into a sale of jewelry—women six deep fighting over little 99 cent reduced from \$1 coin purses, and all trying to get waited on at once. It took me half an hour to get next to the counter. Really, it was cruel the way I climbed over people, but it was for a worthy cause. Anyway, I got there, found the coin purses all gone, took another half hour getting untangled and had to pay \$3 for the same thing in another store."

"After I'd been patting myself on the back for about a day for having solved the problem I met Bessie on the street. She hailed me, and then broke into lamentations. 'What do you think, Aunt Helen?' she said. 'Uncle Billy brought me another coin purse last night, and I had three already!'"

"When I came to I was in a drug store and Bessie was rubbing my head and cooling. 'You shouldn't worry so over Christmas. You know you do too much, auntie!'"

"Yes, I know, Bessie," I said. "What do you want for Christmas?"

"Why, I don't know," she replied. "Nothing much that I can think of. I want a diamond ring, but daddy won't give me one. Must you go so soon?"

"I think now that I'll go a florist's and order a couple of dozen roses for Bessie—the stems to be at least three feet long. I sent her some when she had appendicitis and she raved over them then, but now—goodness knows! She may have developed a case of rose fever by this time."

"Honestly, the thought of all the Christmases that are yet to come is enough to kill any one. Yes, I do feel as though I'd been through a key-hole."

"Well, Merry Christmas! Here goes for Bessie's!"

Don't Shoot.

"Here's an item," observed Rivers, who was looking over the exchanges, "to the effect that the king of Sweden raises prize dogs on his farm."

"I suppose he uses them," suggested Brook, "to drive his Stockholm."

After which the rattle of the typewriter broke out afresh with great violence.

Victim of Noise.

"Why did the elopement fall through?"

"We had a signal arranged. She told me to come to her window and make a noise like a robin. I did so."

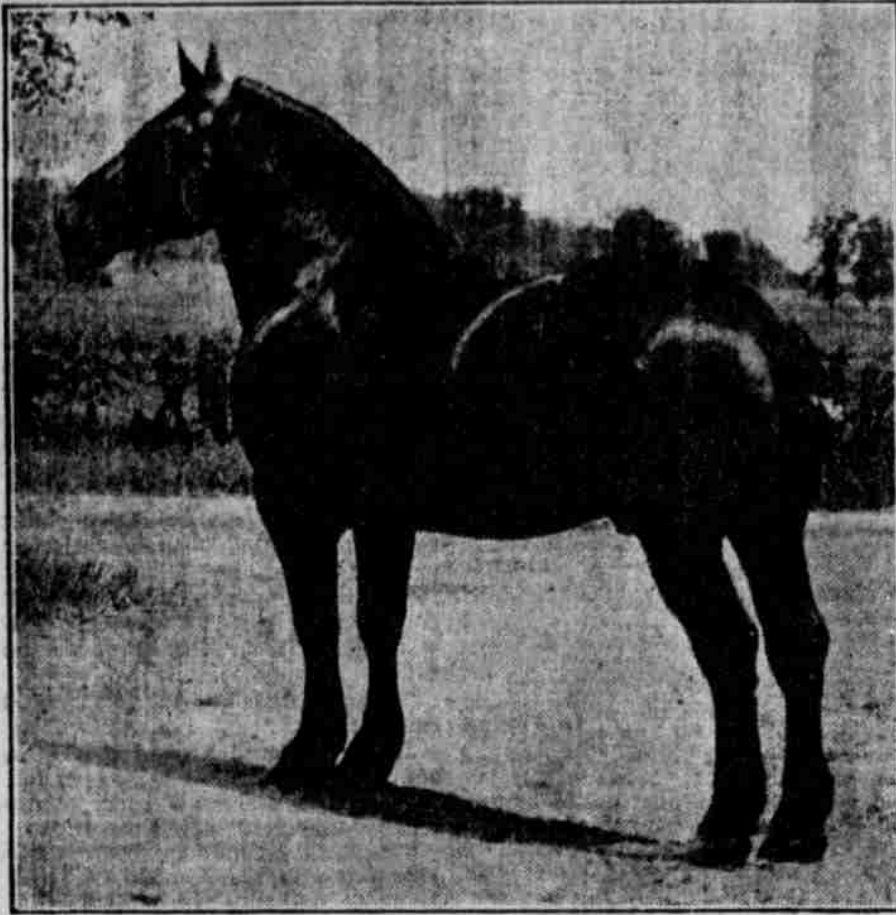
"Yes?"

"Then her father popped out and made a noise like a shotgun."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Greater Farm Efficiency

Choosing a Useful Draft Horse

By PROF. A. S. ALEXANDER, Wisconsin College of Agriculture



Stallion of Good Form.

A horse's height is measured in "hands" (4 inches) from the summit of the withers to the ground. A typical, ideal draft horse stands over 16 hands (5 feet 4 inches) and under 18 hands high. Tall, leggy horses, if deficient in weight, width and quality, are undesirable. Such horses often are found affected with St. Vitus' dance. Exceptionally tall horses (over 17.2 hands) are difficult to match in pairs and therefore may not meet with ready sale on the market. Such horses are chiefly used for single work or as the middle horses of three horse teams.

A draft horse should weigh 1,600 pounds, or more, in ordinary flesh. Weight in a draft horse is absolutely necessary for the hauling of heavy loads. It enables the horse to derive full benefit from the strength of his muscles, adds to the effect of his motions and gives him a firm grip upon the ground. Heavy weight is a useless burden when not associated with adequately developed frame and muscle. It should be accompanied by vigor and energy.

The form of the draft horse should be broad, deep, massive, evenly proportioned and symmetrical, the entire makeup suggesting great strength and weight. The body should be blocky, and compact, with short, broad, clean, well set legs showing fine skin, large joints and prominent tendons.

The entire appearance of the draft horse should be indicative of strength for heavy hauling. A massive body, set squarely on sturdy legs is required.

Good quality is shown by fine, bright, silky hair; soft, pliable skin; clean, well defined tendons; smooth well developed muscles; strong, smooth bones. It usually is associated with style, spirit and intelligence indicative of "breeding."

A draft horse does most of his hard work at the walking gait. It is therefore important that he should be able to walk fast without tiring. He should be able to walk four miles an hour with a load. To do this the action must be perfectly regular, straight and level. Joints must be quickly and fully flexed; feet must be advanced and set down without deviation from a straight line. Soles of the feet should turn up and show the shoes plainly as the horse moves away from the observer, at both walk and trot. The feet should be lifted quickly, evenly and be set down squarely and firmly.

There should be no "padding," "dishing," or "winging" in or out, cutting or interfering, nor should the fore legs swing out or "roll," or the hind legs be carried too close together or too far apart. In judging of the action the observer must note the movements of each leg and foot, the handling of each joint and the carriage of the entire body, as the horse walks and trots. Watch closely for lameness. The horse should be carried well together when in motion. Rolling, or waddling in front is due to too great width of chest. Knee and hock action should both be free and comparatively high. Perfection of action at the walk is of highest importance in the draft horse.

The draft horse should show a vigorous, lively, energetic disposition, yet be docile, tractable and intelligent. He should be neither sluggish, nor irritable, nor excessively nervous.

Noticeable vices, as cribbing, wind sucking, weaving, tail switching, shying, biting, kicking, head shaking, etc., are undesirable. Sluggishness associated with fat should be avoided, as it induces disease. Stupidity, clumsiness, meanness or excessive nervousness are objectionable and should discount the animal.

The head should be large, proportioned in size to the body and well formed, clean, free from coarseness and irregularities.

Strength may be shown in the head as well as the rest of the body. It should be carried well up and balanced

properly upon the neck.

The shoulder of a draft horse should be moderately sloping, smooth and extending well back. A majority of poorly formed draft horses have shoulders which are too steep. Occasionally the shoulders are too sloping. Either extreme in a draft horse is objectionable. Trouble with collars comes from these causes when the horse is doing heavy pulling. The correctly laid shoulder should form a smooth, comfortable bed for the collar. Straight or upright shoulders detract from easy, free action of the forelegs and generally are found associated with upright pasterns. The shoulders should be smoothly and deeply covered with muscles and be free from coarseness, roughness, sores and tumors. The withers should be well covered and moderately high.

The forearm, extending from the elbow to the knee, should be long, wide, heavily muscled and free from coarseness. This portion of the body of the draft horse, together with the lower thigh (gaskin) of the hind leg, cannot be fattened, but is composed chiefly of lean muscle and bone. The muscles should be prominent in front and above and the entire part clean and free from puffiness and coarseness.

The knees should be straight, wide, deep, strongly formed and smooth.

So long as these and other joints are free from puffs, bony growths and meatiness, they cannot well be too large or too strongly developed. Knees should be straight and so set as to perfectly carry the weight of the body. Sprung knees, or "buck knees," bent in the forward direction are as objectionable as those of the reverse type which are known as "calf knees." Examine the knees for blemishes and the cannons for splints close up to the knees. Splints will be



Crooked or "Sickly" Hock.

likely to cause lameness. Blemishes may indicate tendency to falling.

The hoofs should be ample in size, sound, smooth and symmetrical in shape.

The chest encloses the heart and lungs; it should be roomy in every respect. A narrow, shallow chest denotes poor constitution, lack of endurance and inefficient breathing organs. If too wide the action tends to wad dling or rolling. A narrow chest and high knee action often go together. An ample, wide, deep chest denotes vigor, power, strong constitution and easy keeping qualities.

Poor hocks are a common fault in draft horses. It is important to improve this deficiency. To that end breeding animals should have good hocks and for work horses this also is imperative. The hock (not "hind knee") is commonly the seat of some one of such diseases as bone and bog (not "blood") spavin, thoroughpin and curb. These should be avoided. The joint should look and feel firm, hard and with each bone well defined, free from meatiness and of great size. The point of the hock should be prominent, clean and sharp and the tendons under it straight, distinct, but free from bulging.

FLIPPANCY IN GIRLS

By BARBARA BOYD.

"It's all very well," the quiet girl was saying to the little group of intimate friends, "for mother and aunt and grandmother to insist on a girl's being ladylike and retiring and modest and all that. But if she does, she gets left."

"What's the trouble, Phoebe?" chorused the group.

"No particular trouble," blithely returned Phoebe. "But I was just thinking such advice is out of date. If a girl takes it nowadays, it'll make her a wallflower and eventually an old maid, or, I suppose I should say, bachelor girl."

"Something has gone wrong," said one of the girls sagely.

"Did you know Sue Dickinson is married again?" asked Phoebe.

"No!" ejaculated the others. "Who to?"

"Kenneth Leaverett."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do. And that's what set me to thinking upon old-time advice. In spite of everything her parents said, she ran away, you remember, and married Ned Willoughby. Then she quarreled with him and finally got a divorce. And now in less than a year she is married again. And here are all of us, quiet, ladylike, well-bred girls, hanging yet on the parental stem."

"Huh!" said one indignantly. "I wouldn't want to marry either Ned Willoughby or Kenneth Leaverett."

"That may be," replied Phoebe.

"But even if you had, you wouldn't have had the chance. You're not forward enough. I don't want to get into personalities," she said hastily, as she saw a gleam in the other girl's eye.

"I'm just drawing deductions. As you know, I was invited to a house party last week, out at Whitney's perfectly superb home. And who do you think was the most popular girl there, quiet, well-bred little me or charming Alice Markham? Not a bit of it. It was a loud, giggling individual who talked constantly, laughed constantly, played jokes on the men, kept herself in every way possible in the center of the stage. The men simply flocked around her. They hovered over her like bees over a flower. And the rest of us sat off in well-bred and ladylike quiet and talked to each other."

"That sort of thing doesn't last," observed one.

"She had a good time while it did last, though. And that's more than the rest of us did."

"I wouldn't care for the attentions of men like that," said another.

"Oh, they were good enough, as men go," replied Phoebe. "You have to take them as they are. You can't make them to order."

"It seems to me, then," said a fourth, "that the men are to blame for all the forwardness and flippancy in girls, and the way they dress and all the other things they do that they shouldn't. It would be sort of comfortable to blame the men for it all, wouldn't it?"

"They won't care," quoth Phoebe.

"They'll go right on showering all their attentions on the girl with the most false hair and the biggest hats and the tightest skirts and the readiest laugh, whether there is anything to laugh at or not."

"Let them," interrupted another.

"There's something more to life than merely pleasing the men. If I prefer refinement and good breeding and good taste, or think they are right and their opposites wrong, I am not going to throw them over merely to win masculine favor. I think we ought to get down to the bedrock fact of what is right and worth while, not merely to whether our conduct will win fleeting popular favor. We want those things in our character that are going to give us lasting satisfaction. And, believe me, none of us here would find lasting satisfaction in the regard of men who like vulgarity in dress and manner. And, believe me, too, the nicest men don't. And even if they seem to for a little while, it is either out of idle curiosity, or to put in time, or a mere passing fancy. I'll stick to the advices of mothers and aunts and grandmothers. They have been observing human nature a much longer time than we have, and they know how it wears."

"Well," said Phoebe, "I suppose the girl with high standards of conduct is of more value to society than the girl without them. And I suppose it is worth while to be of some value somewhere."

"And I'd rather have my self-respect," said another, "than the attention of a dozen men for doing something that I thought beneath me."

Sergeant Didn't "Sabby."

Sergt. Mike Drew was at one time a quartermaster sergeant in the Philippines. He believed he had a working knowledge of the language of the islands, which the soldiers call "Bamboo Spanish."

One day a party of tourists were trying to get two Filipinos to understand that they wanted some trunks taken down to the station. The tourists did everything they knew to get this instruction into the heads of the brown brothers, but it was useless.

Sergeant Drew then offered his services.

"Say, you," he said, turning to the natives, "when the whistle blows on the railroad train, too hoo, you get your bull cart, moo moo, and take these trunks down to the station before the engine starts, ding ding. Sabby?"

"Yo no saves," the natives replied.

"What?" roared Sergeant Drew.

"Don't you understand your own language?"

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