

SEED CORN IS POOR

Tests Made by D. F. Kiser Show Corn is in Very Poor Condition.

AN IMPORTANT ITEM TO BE INVESTIGATED.

Looks Like the Farmer Was up Against an Important Condition of Things.

Mr. D. F. Kiser, a prominent farmer of Cass county was a caller at the office of the Daily News last evening and in discussing the crop prospects for next year he made the statement that he had made a thorough test of last year's corn and had discovered that it was not in good condition to be used as seed.

Mr. Kiser has a method of testing his corn which is reliable and cheap. He takes a flat tin dish, something like a bread pan and has the tinner divide it up into small compartments say an inch or so square by the use of tin strips. He then takes different ears of corn and selects from them several kernels which he places in these sections in the tester. Just above the tester on a board he has a nail corresponding in number to the compartment in the pan or tester. He hangs that ear of corn on the nail and continues to do so until all compartments contain a few kernels from as many ears. He then fills the pan with warm water and allows it to stand a short time. He then withdraws the water places a cloth over the pan to hold the moisture and places the same over a radiator containing about the requisite amount of heat to sprout the corn. In three or four days all the corn which has sufficient life in the germ will have sprouted in some instances if the germ is healthy the sprout will be an inch or so long.

Mr. Kiser made three different tests. The first one was from 120 ears of corn, only 45 of which sprouted. The next was from the same number of ears, but only 24 gave evidence of seed life. The third test was from another 120 ears which this time showed only fourteen which came up to the requirement. He says that some of the kernels still showed life enough to start but failed to have vitality sufficient to continue.

He thinks that the cold snap of

October 13th last year frosted the corn sufficiently to kill the life, and while the germ to all appearances seem to look healthy, his test showed that it was not reliable and he believes that if proper precaution is not taken that the farmers of this section of Nebraska at least are going to find themselves in a bad position after their corn is in the ground.

The trouble is that the germ looks healthy, and it is impossible, as far as he was able to discover, to tell the difference by an examination, between a healthy germ and one that had been just sufficiently frosted to lose its life.

We believe that it would be well if every farmer would at once make a test of his corn and find out just the condition of the seed.

WEDDING BELLS RING MERRILY.

Fritz Lutz and Miss Mata Puls Married Yesterday

Yesterday at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. William Puls, three and one half miles west of Murray, occurred one of the prettiest weddings of the season, when Miss Mata Marie the accomplished daughter of William Puls and wife, was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock with Mr. Fritz Lutz, a prosperous young farmer of that community. Two hundred and fifty invitations had been issued to neighbors, friends and relatives, of the contracting parties, but owing to the cold weather fifteen families were not present, but notwithstanding the extreme cold, over two hundred guests were there to witness the ceremony.

The ceremony occurred at 1 o'clock and was performed by Rev. Sprengle of the Lutheran church. The bride was attended by her sister, who acted as brides maid, while the groom was accompanied by Mr. L. Meisinger, who acted as best man. The bride was arrayed in a lovely white silk gown, and carried bride's roses, her attendant was dressed in pink and carried brides roses and carnations. The groom and his best man were dressed in the conventional black.

A beautiful wedding march was softly played by Mrs. Dr. Gilmore and as the flute like notes of the music floated through the rooms, the bridal party descended the stairs, taking their places in the parlor under a large wedding bell. The clergyman advanced to meet them and with the impressive ring service called forth the vows that will unite these youthful lives until death shall part them. After receiving the congratulations of their hosts of friends the bridal party and guests were ushered into

the dining room where the wedding feast was served.

Words fail when one attempts to describe this dinner. Sumptuous does not half express it. Every viand that the appetite would crave was placed before the guests at that dinner. Many were the words of praise for Mrs. Puls and her assistants, touching the high degree of skill exercised in the preparation of this feast.

At 5:30 the dinner had been disposed of and the dining room cleared for the wedding ball. All of the younger members of the party remained and participated in the festivities of the evening. Excellent music was provided, and the dancers did not leave off until near the time for the north bound M. P. train.

Mr. and Mrs. Lutz will begin house-keeping at once near Murray, a house is already prepared for their occupancy. Those present from this city were: John Lutz and wife, Ed Lutz wife and two children, Mike Lutz and wife, Mrs. Henry Zuckweiler, Mike Hild and wife, Miss Minnie Heinrich and Miss Emma Bauer.

In Police Court.

Daniel Coakly, of Butte, Mont. drifted into town a day or two ago and proceeded to take on board some of good old Plattsmouth whisky.

Coming from the light mountain air into the heavier atmosphere of the plains, the whisky went to his head and rendered his unfit for business and since the adoption of the new slogan only business men of keen perceptions are allowed to be on the street. Hence Daniel was invited to take his jag out of town immediately at least inside of ten minutes. He could not understand a good thing when he saw it, and he at once entered into an oral contract with the chief, to make tracks toward Omaha. In less than half an hour Daniel was seen quietly ambling up Main street still in possession of his jag. The chief at once nabbed him and "threw him in." This morning Daniel was sober when hauled before Judge Archer, and was given the limit for being a "vag," \$10.00 and cost. The judge was kinder to him than the police, he suspended sentence twenty minutes. Daniel went forth and has not been seen since.

Take Notice

Members of Plattsmouth Lodge No 6 A. F. & A. M. You are hereby notified that Grand Lecturer, Robert E. French, will be here on the 21st and 22nd days of February, and will hold sessions on each days at 9:30 A. M. and at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. for the purpose of instruction. All members of No 6 are earnestly requested to be present and visiting brethren are also invited to meet with us.

108-2 Oliver C. Dovey, W. M.

THE STUPID GOAT.

Why His Picture Was Appreciated at the College Lecture.

"It's more fun than a circus," said the lecturer, "to talk to a crowd of college boys, but you don't always know where the fun is until after your lecture is over. One night I delivered a lecture to the senior class of a New England college. The subject of my talk was wild animals, and I illustrated it with a large number of lantern slides. One of these pictures was a photograph of a Rocky mountain goat. When this gentleman's portrait was thrown on the screen I said, giving his name, 'The goat is a very stupid animal.'

"Instantly I was interrupted by wild shrieks and yells of joyous applause—cheers, clapping, stamping—fellows grinning at each other and slapping each other on the back and yelling, 'That's so,' and 'Correct,' until it was impossible for me to go on, and the professors had to restore order. This they finally succeeded in doing, but as I went on trying to talk about the goat pandemonium broke loose again and again.

"Of course I did not know where the fun was. I tried to think if I had said anything backward or made some unconscious blunder, for I am rather absentminded, but I could not recall anything that I had done wrong, so I could only grin feebly and wait each time until the professors had obtained quiet and then go on with my talk. As soon as the lecture was over I asked the president where the fun was. He smiled joyously as he explained: "The freshmen in this college are called goats. That's all."

An Anatomical Wonder.

A certain highly respected congressman makes many queer blunders of speech. A constituent, visiting him recently, complained of the shabbiness of a pair of ink stained crash trousers that he had on.

"A man of your position," said the constituent reproachfully, "ought to wear handsomer trousers than those." The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully: "My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart."

His Important Service.

An unusually ingenious plea for a tip was that of a small Hibernian, mentioned by Mr. John Augustus O'Shea in "Roundabout Recollections." The author was traveling in Ireland.

I drove down to the station on the faint chance of catching the train to Dublin. When I got out of the cab at the station a bright faced boy accosted me.

"Ah, sure, sir, you've just missed the train," he said.

It was true. I booked my luggage and ascertained when the next train would leave. While I was waiting the lad came up to me and asked me for a tip.

"What for?" I asked.

"Sure, sir, I told you that you were too late," he unblushingly responded.

To Be Led by Permanent Ideals.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspooled when the world praises him.—Balzac.

A Pretty Broad Hint.

A popular and good looking bachelor who is a regular patron of a circulating library dropped in there the other day. "I am going on a short trip, Miss Blank," he said to the young lady at the desk, "and want to take a

Those Trees

Post Master Schneider received a letter from the authorities at Washington this morning relative to the large maple trees surrounding the plat of ground on which the new building is to be erected. The trees are within the curb line three or four feet and will be in the line of concrete walks unless removed. What the authorities wish to know is the pleasure of the citizens as to whether the trees shall be allowed to stand, or be removed. The building will be within the plot fifteen feet from the lot line. It seems to be the opinion of the majority that the trees should be re-

moved as the beauty of the surroundings would be marred by the trees in the center of the walk. Trees are soon grown, such as are on the ground, beside an elm tree is more desirable and about as quick growth as the soft maple, which are now growing there.

The W. C. T. U. will meet next Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. L. A. Moore. The meeting will be in charge of Miss Arnold. All members are requested to be present.

Jos. L. Padnos, attorney, of Omaha was in the city today looking after a judicial sale at the courthouse.

Let Me Tell You Something

If you want to be properly dressed, you should have your clothes made to order. You can't get up-to-date styles in ready-mades, for they are made six months before the season opens.

BLUE SERGE SUITS

The only place in the city where you can get a good blue serge, fancy worsted, cheviot or Scotch tweed suit to order that are actually worth from \$35 to \$40, for only

\$20

FOR NOTHING—All suits made by me on or before March 1st, will be cleaned and dressed as long as they last for nothing.

SPECIAL—From now until March 15th, I will clean, dry clean, and press clothing for 50 cents to 1 dollar.

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Our Coal is the best cool weather comfort that you will be able to find in town. These chilly fall winds will soon turn into winter and you will need the comfort that our coal will give you. Better order early to avoid disappointments when an extra chilly day comes.

J. V. Egenberger

Going Out of Business

The entire stock in the Department Store must be closed out quick. A good chance for pay day shoppers to save money.

A PROPOSITION

I will trade stock and store fixtures for a piece of Cass county land. I mean business.

M. FANGER

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couple of interesting novels, but I can't make up my mind which two to select. Couldn't you help me out?"

"I am afraid my selections might not prove interesting to you," replied Miss Blank.

"Just pick out two books for me and I'll guarantee to like them," he rejoined gallantly.

"Have you read Barrie's or Reade's novels?" she asked.

"No; get me one of each and I'll be satisfied," he replied.

She selected two and handed them to her spouseless acquaintance, who, after warmly thanking her for the favor she had done him, turned up the backs of the books and read these titles:

"When a Man's Single."
"It is Never Too Late to Mend."