winter come on we laid up in a northern

port. The nixt season the luck followed us

"Didn't you see anything of Crossman or the other boys?" asked the reporter.

full ship an' pulled for home."

for be the summer was past we'd a

### The Lost Squad

(Copyright, 1901, by Herman Whitaker.) from the ferry building to the north side father av sin leads us along a passage, Gate and over the coast range, transform. Philippines had just docked, and his inited lyin' round. We bruk our shins, bumped did I set on the others. A shanghaled ing the sunlit vistas of San Francisco tay was busily engaged in transmitting the our heads, an swore magnificint. Thin he into a drab inferno in which lost steamers | news of the voyage into a "story." A cable throws open a door. shrieked their despair. Out on Lime Point Car bore down upon him, but he skip d "Here, noble captain," he sas, 'Are

get into the proper channel, and up the dray horse, and plumped square into the ting yer promise. harbor the Goat island toghern walled dis. arms of a big man. mally to passing ferrybonts. Along t.e water front craft of all kinds, from the ocean liner to the sternwheel river steamer, spinehed helpleraly, raising a very carnival of noise, while their anxious masters prayed to the harbor gods for a safe landing. After sundown the Ferry light engaged in a red struggle with the stiffing mist. The cable cars clanked and clattered up Market street, flashing yellow winter through the encircling fog; the brillin is lighted saloons extended an electric walcome to shivering pedestrians, competing for public favor with the restunrants, whose clouded windows veiled tempting delicacles from the unlicensed eye.

Bob Halliday, reporter for the Morning Times, turned out of Market street and walked brickly along Montgomery stree praying to all the gods of journalism that something might turn up. He was out on a roving commission, which means that the Times was short of live local news for the next morning's issue, and had sent out its "star man" hustling for a thrill to serve up with eggs and toast at San Francisc.'s breakfast table. As yet Halliday had failed to corner even the ghost of a sensati n. Nothing capable of being worked in o a had crossed his path that day, Passing Jackson street without even a glance, he struck into the tangle of North Beach and dropped into gubstation No. 4. A grizzied captain stood at the desk blatting an entry, while from the "tanks" issued the harsh scream of the femile drunk whose sins were being written in the book of doom.

The reporter nodded a good evening. "Anything extra?" he asked. The captain shook his head with a don't-

bother air and carefully examined the eatry. The reporter stared. He was accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of 100 different kinds of men, but this particular officer had always been talkative to the extent of boredom. His journalistic nose sniffed the air Comething wrong to the police department. Perhaps a scandal! Might be a 'scoop" in it for the Morning Times. He stepped outside and peered through the 'Old man looks serious," he muttered.

"I'd better stay awhile." He walked back into the station. "Think I'll sit down and rest," he said, secretly noting the cap-tain's annoyed look. "Been trotting all day; besides, something may drop in. Have "Thanks."

The telephone bell rang sharply. The captain started. "Nerves," thought the reporter. "Didn't know a policeman was supposed to have

The officer stood at the 'phone with the receiver to his ear. He was trying to look unconcerned, but his brow puckered into a heavy frown.

"Hello!" he answered. "Nothing yet?" "Well, keep a sharp lookout, Foley, and telephone if you hear anything." "Waterfront post," muttered the re-

porter. "That's promising!" For a weary half hour he held up his end of a conversation, but the captain answered in monosyllables. A long ash hung from his cold cigar, but he still gripped it between his teeth, puffing nervously. Looking up suddenly from the contemplation of the office rules the journalist caught the officer regarding him stealthily.

a scoop?"

the paper goes to press you can have it told another tale. all to yourself. But promisse, if the "Rats! Come a thing comes out all right, you say nothing."

The captain nodded his satisfaction. The reporter's word was better than his paper's bond and the officer knew it. He relighted ye, me lad? Jack Smith's me name." his cigar, blew a thick cloud and began to

"Two hours ago," he said, "the night reliefs went out under Sergeant Crossman. He was to post them on his way down, gather in the last man and-you know the waterfront beat?"

Halliday signified his knowledge. Well, he was to pick up the last man there and raid a sailor's boarding house on his way back. Some shanghaling there

"Some tough places along there," com-

mented the other. Two hours ago," continued the captain, looking at his watch; "he posted Foley on that beat He's not been seen nor heard of since. And what's more-twelve patrolmen have disappeared with him!"

"Ph-e-e-e-w!" whistled Halliday. What's become of 'em?" "Wish I knew. I don't want to report "Wish I knew. I don't want to report nigh on two years. \* \* \* Another? to the central office while there's a ghost Thank ye, I will. \* \* Here's lu'king of a show of them turning up. Crossman's at ye! \* \* \* An' ye want to hear ut give him till 12 o'clock."

The two men sat cheek by jowl and was a little slack at the stations. A par- town." ade uptown had drawn off the floating popugathered into other folds. While they the rise of the 400, but the captain heard me there." The reporter nodded. them not; his mind was busily tracking

don't forget to say a word for me.

OF POLICE!

SERGEANT AND TWELVE MEN

SPIRITED AWAY!

NO TRACE OF THE MISSING MEN!

created a furore in the cafes and reduced batthered down the door in his rage an' Thirteen stalwart policemen, the scinted. pride of San Francisco's police force, of melted into thin air and not even a para-

For the eustomary nine days the lost squadron occupied the public mind to the he ses. exclusion of all other matters. The presiwith a scanty paragraph in the dailies. The son av satan?" raided boarding house was gutted completely without yielding a trace of the ye'll have mercy av an' ouldmissing men. The police would have liked to question its proprietor, but he had felded the tent, and departed in the night, and the house itself was being remodeled into a saloen. Every conceivable theory was ex- 'an' we'll conshider av your case. Mebbe ploited. Innumerable false clews were we'll be afther lettin' yez off wid twenty incognito I'm travelin' this v'yige, but if tracked into the blind alleys whence they years. had tesued and at length the police acthe search. San Francisco went its course. eating and drinking, marrying and burying, see he. and until the lost squad remained, even in the mind of Halliday, only as a dim memory of a giant scoop.

and a half after, Halliday was crossing

By Herman Whitaker.

"I beg your pardon!" he ejaculated. "No matter, sorr. No matter."

suddenly, he looked right into the man's this, eyes. A flux's deepened the brick-rid of the fellow's cheek, facing about, he walked. The door slammed behint me with a noise rapidly up Sacramento street.

"Evidently a sation," thought Halliday. Seniegs bother him yet." He followed at man, sharp. safe distance, trying to place the wan-Where had be seen him before? Looked something like a policeman he had ence damned. known! But that rolling gait? Absurd!

The low fog swept through the Golden of Ma.ket street. A transport from the mighty dark, wid all manner av thruck

a steam siren bellowed extray coasters to nimbly away, dedged under the nose of a the min ye're afther. An' don't be forgit-'Twinty years,' answers Crossman. 'Ye'll get it, me lad. He turned one av

the min wid his fut. 'Come in, bhoys,' The voice had a familiar ring. Turning he ses. 'We'll have to pack 'em out av "We filed in an' I was the last inside.

> av thunder. " 'Phat did yez do that for?" ses Cross-'I didn't,' ses L

" 'Ye did,' ses he. Open the door an' be "'It's glad I'd be to do that same.' I

sailor's gin'rally shipped for a long v'yige an' there's little doubt the squad's scattered from Japan to Jerusalem. This was the way av me secin' Crossman. Whin a day's run homeward bound, we sighted a whaler an' she signaled us to take her letters. The weather bein' fine an' the sea calm, we ran right aboord av her. I was on the lu'kout an' sees a big tarry sailor starin' over the side.

"'Hinnissey! Be me father's bones!' he hollers. 'Hinnissey!' he roars. 'Come aboord an' raport to yer supherior officer. I'm minded, ses he, 'to station yez aboord this here vessel while I makes me raport in Frisco.

" 'Sargint Crossman,' I answers, soft and calm, disrimbling me astonishmint, 'Sargint



"I'LL TELL YOUR WIFE" SAYS I, SOFT AND SWEET.

Devlin! \* \* By Jove! Hennessey be- | locked,' ses I. Murder! Ye should have | I'll give yer best rispicts!' I continues. longed to the lost squad. Quickening his heard him swear. He banged the door till very polite and pleasant, 'to yer wife.' pace, he overtook the sailor, who was turn- it rang. ing down Sansome street.

"By Jiminy! It is Hennessey!" he exclaimed. "He's making for North beach. His folks live that way-or did." Putting Francisco polis hit that door wid a bang also that ye're spliced to an Esquimaux on a spurt, he ran alongside the man and that wud a smashed a foot ball team, but woman. It's married she'll be afore yez fruit; the slightest scratch on the surface clapped him on the shoulder. "How are you, Hennessey? I didn't know

"Rats! Come along, Hennessey, and have become of the boys? Tell us all about it." "Who're ye, Hinnissyin'?" asked the sailor, indignantly. "What magget's got

"Jack Smith may be your name now, but your name was Hennessey last time I saw you. Come, Hennessey," he said, persuasively, "You're not in fear of the law. Tell

me the story? There's a gold eagle in & for you." "Twinty dollars?"

"Twenty dollars." "Ye'll make it twinty-five?" "All right."

"Hinnissey, it is then. Glad to see ye gain, sorr. You'll excuse me not knowing ye, but there's things a man hates worse

than bein' pinched by the law."

"Be'n' made a guy of." They turned into a saloon and the expoliceman settled himself comfortably into a corner. "A-h." a gentle sigh escaped from his lips and he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "The first sthame in

a careful officer, with a good record. I'll from the beginning? Phwat was the lasht wurrd ye had av the squad?" "Sergeant Crossman was to post the resmoked heavily all evening. Business liefs and raid a crimp's den on his way up

"Right! An' may the foul flend fly away lation and the captain's lambs were being with that same crimp! Ye'll mebbe rimin ber, sorr, as I was on the water front beat waited the reporter told curious tales of Manny's the bit av news ye've got from

"Well"-filling his pipe-"ye'll have a thirteen shadowy policemen through forty match on ye? Thanks. \* \* \* As I was and one probable catastrophes. When the sayin', Crossman picked me up last, an' clock struck 12 he pulled his feet from accordin to orders procheeded to interview under the table, rose and stretched himself. that same crimp. We pulls up in the sthreet 'The story's up to you," he said, "but anint the house, an' Crossman bangs the

door wid his club. "Come down, ye limb av sathan!" he STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A SQUAD roars. Ye'll rimimber the sargint? A divil with the man afther me hotfoot, an' belave to swear. 'Come down, Beelzebub!' he ses. Afore I smash the door.

'Begone wid yez!' ses a cracked voice out av a bedroom windy. 'Ye drhunkin' bastes!' ses the voice. 'Begone afore I calls the polls.' An' with that a basin av dirthy slops discinded on Crossman's head. Such a hullaballoo! Ye might have heard The front page of the Morning Times the sargint for twinty blocks. He near the city editors of four leading dailies to small blame to him for he was highly

"Prisently a little man, innocent as ye an average weight of 195 pounds, had plaze, opens the door, 'Wurroot' he howis. 'Au' was it a noble sargint av the polis big man. Mate he was, sorr, an' a harrd graph touching the manner of their going. the dirty rascals emptied their slops on? Me house is shamed!' he hollers. 'Thim widout a struggle. sailor varmints'il pack this very night,'

We'll pack 'em for yez, ould skinflint.' dent of the South American Republic ar- replies Crossman. It's to the tanks ye'll rived unheraided and departed unknown, go, me lad. Where's thim sailors ye've ashore, ye blatherin' ruffin,' I continued, and a passing earthquake had to be content shamefully shangai'd? Where are they, ye

> "Thin the old fellow breaks down, 'An' Divil!' ses sargint. "'He'll show yez the min ye're afther.'

whines the ould bhoy. "'Lead on, Mefifsthoples,' ses Crossman

'Thank ye,' replies the crimp. 'I'll reknowledged themselves baffled and gave up mimber yer kindness all the days av me life. Wan good turn desarves another.

"Keep the change, answers Cressman, mighty polite. 'An' show us the min.' "C'ud I sthruggle wid another? I'll One fine, November day, about a year try me best. \* \* \* Your health, sorr. . . Returnin' to me

divarshion. 'Come this way, bhoys. Now, all together!' Well, sor, a ton av San "Trapped! hollers the sargint. 'Hin-

sweet and sickenin', an' I was thinkin' I'd something? Where've you been? What's roo! It was powerful; like forty drug stores, on'y sthronger. Thin me head began to go round an' round.

" 'Holy shmoke!' ses Crossman, 'Chloroform! May the Lord have mercy on ye. Hinnissey,'. Then he keeled over an' lay quiet. The min banged about, gaspin' an chokin' an' fallin' over one another for awhile, thin the stuff got into me lungs

an' I fellows the sargint's lead an' shlapes quiet as a babe." The reporter's pencil raced over his pa-"Have another," he said, "while I

"Thank you, I will so." said Hennessey . "Here's to that old crimp. May the divil soon get him!'

"Well, what happened next?" "Sorra a thing I rimmimber till I hears a voice roarin' in me ear an' a big fut lands in me ribs. 'Get up, Jack Smith,' ses the voice, 'ye've had time to shlape off your drink. 'Arrah, be alsy, Biddy,' I ses. Thought

I was in me bed at home. 'Yer fist's gettin' powerful heavy, me girl. Get out wid yer, Jack Smiths,' I grumbles, without opening me eyes, 'or it's combin' yez bair wid the poker I'll be.

"Thin a big fist landed on me nose. 'I'll tache yez to cheek yer officer,' ses the voice. Be the rod av Moses, sorr, I jumps up fightin' mad. But the sight I seed tu'k all the grit out av me.

"It was in the middle av a dirty little room lined wid bunks all round. It was dark an' gloomy, an' be the light av a slush lamp I saw a dozen min sittin' with the legs av thim danglin' from the bunks. A big man stood over me with raised fist. 'Tumble up,' he ses, 'Jack Smith.'

'An' I'd be glad to do that same,' se 'An I know what it manes.' For I didn't like his lu'ks, he was powerful big. hairy, an' savage lu'kin'. 'Git!' he ses.

" 'Now, thin,' I replies, 'ye're sphakin' 'American.' I got. Up a ladder I stumbles me whin I got to the top I nearly fainted from surprise. I rubbed me eyes an' hung on to a rope to keep from fallin'. Water water everywhere! A-pitchin' an' a tossin' gray in the distance like the clouds an black close by, with a spharkle av froth on the crist av each wave. The big masts rose straight above an' made me dizzy to lu'k up, with the little round tops av thim slipping acrost the sky; the wind whistled mournful through the riggin'; an' the heave av the vessel turned me sick at me

stumick " 'Swab thim decks, Jack Smith,' ses the man, but I wasn't goin' to knuckle down

"'Jack Smith, yerself,' ses I. 'Hinnissey's me name. B 41 av the San Francisco polis force. A good man, be the same token an' no tarry sailor. Put me 'that I may resume me public duties.'

'Jack Smith's yer name,' ses the man Jack Smith av the ship Polly Ann, two days out from 'Frisco on a three-years whalin' cruise.' Thin he smiles pleasant an' fetches me a clip betwixt the eyes av

" Jack Smith let ut be,' ses I, whin me emotion had subsided a little. 'It's iver I catch ye in San Francisco, I'll-"'Ye may do that same,' ses the mate 'an' welcome, but for the prisint ye'll take yer watch, ye son av a sea-cook!

'An' Jack Smith it was for better nor ! year. We sailed to the north, an' manny's the fat whales we sthruck, an' terrible the storms we weathered be the grace av God. Mountains av ice sailed past us an' some-The times the decks was covered wid snow

'Come aboord, ye villin!' he roars, 'or 'Iron,' he ses, when he'd tired av the ye'll be tried for insubordination.' arshion. 'Come this way, bhoys. Now. "'I'll tell your wife,' ses I, soft sweet, 'as ye were lost in a bad sthorm;

nivir see Biddy Hinnissey any more. Wur- what's more, I ses, 'I'll have the crimp necessity expensive, as it must be carekilled afore you see 'Frisco.' 'Ye will not,' replied Crossman, confident.

'will bear me out in that!' " 'The gintleman,' ses Crossman, puf-

fin' away at his pipe, 'will belave ye.' 'I delivered a cargo av drunken sailors aboard this vessel. Thin afther bein' enticed into the fo'castle on the pritince av

afore I k'em oo. "The man ut did it claimed as ye shanghated him on a former v'yige,' ses Cross-

man, winkin' at me. " 'He lies, noble captain!' yells the crimp. 'He lies! It's kick an' cuff all over this floatin' hell from dawn to dark!' "'Crossman!' I hails, spittin'

" 'Hinnissy?' ses he " 'Hit him wan for me! I'll tell yer wife ye're gettin' thin, mournin' afther her.' "Did he hit him? inquired Halliday "Did he!" echoed Hennessey, enthusi-

astically. "Did he!" And thus it was that Halliday got his with the juice of a large lemon. Beat rap second great scoop on the lost squad.

Table and Kitchen Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

Table and Kitchen.

Daily Menus. THURSDAY, BREAKFAST, Fruit, ereai, Cream. Cereal. Cream.
Lamb's Liver and Bacon.
Hashed Potatoes.
a Sauce. Hashed Potatoes. Brown Sauce. Con
Rolls. Con
LUNCH. Vegetable Chewder. Peach Shortcake. DINNER.

Vegetable Soup.

Rice Croquettes. Stewed Okra and Tomatoes.

Lettuce. Cantaloupe Frappe Coffee FRIDAY. BREAKFAST. Plain Omelet. Scotch Scons. LUNCH.

LUNCH.
Fresh Shrimps in Tomato Sauce.
Stewed Macaroni.
Cereal Coffee.
DINNER.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Baked Fish. Mignon Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes. Corn.
Cress Salad.
Sliced Pineapple, Cake,
Coffee.

SATURDAY. BREAKFAST. BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal. Cream.
Dried Beef Fricassee.
Fried Cucumbers.
Milk Biscuit. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Broiled Rice. Fruit Compote.
Cheese Sandwiches.
Cereal Coffee.
LINNER.
Vegetable Broth.

Vegetable Broth.
Braised Boef Tongue. Horseradish Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Glazed Turnips.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.

an' ice. But av that I'll say nothin'. Whin Nutmeg Melons Filled with Vanilla Ice Cream. Coffee. SUNDAY
BREAKFAST.
Sugared Feaches.
Breaded Tomatoes. Brotled.
Bacon Chips. Creamed Potatoes,
Tost. Coffee.
DINNER.
Lemon Soun DINNER.
Lemon Soup.
Squabs, Stuffed and Braised.
Mashed Fotatoes. Creamed Carrots.
Tomato Mayonnaise.
Spiced Cantaloupe. Cream.
Cake. Coffee.
SUPPER.
Combination Salad of Fruits and Nuts.
Thin Silces Bread and Butter.
Soft Gingerbread. Tea.

> Yield the Most Digestible and Wholesome of Food Acids.

HOW TO USE LEMONS.

Nature has added no more valuable subsidiary to our food list. In every well-ordered culinary department we find that the importance of having a lemon on hand is as great a consideration in the estimation of the cook as the presence of the historic horseshoe nall. Without a lemon when a lemon is needed the cook considers that she

has wrought in vain. Nearly everything in the sweet list of dishes is flavored with lemon occasionally and not only in sweets is it used, but added to many other dishes that but for its agreeable pungency and flavor would be rather tasteless and insipid.

The juice of a lemon is valued principally on account of its useful anti-scorbutic properties and for this reason should be used in some form almost every day in winter as in summer, as the heavier meat diet usually consumed in cold weather creates the same need for blood-purifying elements. A wise use of nature's remedles as food accessories will not only add to the pleasure of eating, out furnish all the digests necessary, without resorting to artificial help.

The acid of lemon (citric) while too

strong to use unless diluted with some other substance or neutralized with oils, is the most digestible and wholesome of all acids, and the most serviceable, as it can be used for all practical purposes when the introduction of an acid is necessary to food. Another great virtue it possesses which will recommend it to all cautious housewives, is that it is a natural and wholesome acid which they may obtain from nature's laboratory without fear of adulteration, although be it known that it is cheaper to produce pure cider vinegar than an imitation of the same; the apple erop governs the supply however, and when the supply is less than the demand. artificial methods may be resorted to. The acid of lemon juice being very sharp, less is required to do the work, and, being almost colorless, it can be used in delicate sauces, jellies, etc., without spoiling their appearance.

The several acids of vegetable product all probably act in the process of digestion and nutrition in much the same way; exerting a solvent action upon many of the food substances. Regarding them in the light of nutrients, they would be of little value, as they cannot be taken in sufficient quantity to perceptibly increase the vital powers. But all foods are not taken with the purpose of increasing force or power. After using the best materials for building the structure, there are many little provisions to be considered for keeping it in good repair. For this purpose we have what many regard as the nonsessentials among food materials. Too little attention is paid to these so-called superfluous matters, which, after all, are the very factors that make the bodily structure a desirable possession.

Essential Oil of the Lemon.

This oil, that gives such a pungent and agreeable flavor, occurs in the rind of the will liberate it and for this reason and scoop?"

you."

The sailor jumped. "Ye have the advan""Well, if wou'll hold back the news till

tige av me, sorr." he replied. But his eyes

to plaze ye!" For I shmelt a quare shmell.

you."

"Ye wu'dn't do that, Hinnissey? he because the white, pulpy part lying dises, grinnin' like the lady wid her head
in the lion's mouth. 'No, Hinnissey, me bitter and indigestible, we should grate "'Faith an' I w'ud, ses I, firmly. 'An' The best grade of the oil of lemon is, of fully extracted. Housekeepers should remember this when purchasing and also bear in mind the fact that the best goods are the cheapest, as they will go much fur-"Nivir,' ses he, grinnin', an' just then a ther than a weaker and perhaps adulterlittle man jumps into the riggin' an' hails ated quality. In all prepared food products we must remember that living prices, at 'Noble captain!' he howls, 'I appale to least, must be divided between the proyez for the redress av me wrongs an' a ducer, the man who prepares them for passing home. I have bin, he whines, the market and the seller, to say nothing brutally shanghaied. Whin captured, ses of those who are employed by these to do he, 'it's plyin' me lawful thrade av imploy- the actual labor. The justice of high prices ment agint in San Franciscy harbor I was. is sometimes questionable, but not when Even this omhadaun, pointin' at Crossman, the goods are of the highest and purest quality.

It is a misfortune indeed to live beyonthe immediate reach of a lemon. But gen-"'As I tolt ye," wint on the little man, erally a little forethought and manage ment will provide against the "found want-

ing" in this case. There are several methods used to presamplin' some rale Irish, I was,' he serve the fresh lemon. That employed by screamed, 'sanbagged, an' was two days out the growers is wrapping each one separately in tissue paper and keeping them in a cool, dry place. Another way that is often practical is to cover them with buttermilk every fornight at least. It claimed that they will keep fresh for six months or longer. When wanted for use, rub them perfectly dry with a soft cloth. Lemon Soup .- This is a well-made chicken broth thickened with eggs and cream or milk to the consistency of thick cream, and flavored with lemon juice just before serv

> Lemon Sauce for Fish. -Set a small sauce pan over another containing hot water place in the saucepan four ounces of butter idly until thick and hot, add salt and pepper to taste, and just before removing from the fire beat in the yolks of two eggs, and when thoroughly heated remove at once from the fire, and serve.

> Lemon Butter Sauce.-Put a large table spoonful of cornstarch, two heaping tablespooufuls of granulated sugar, a pinch of salt, the grated rind of a lemon and the juice, an ounce of butter and the yolks of two eggs in a saucepan and beat them to gether until smooth and light; then add quickly a pint of boiling water; and cook until it begins to thicken.

### Granola

Is thoroughly cooked, sterilized, partly digested and ready for in-Granola is crisp, toothsome and 93 per cent. "nutrition

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