

UP-TO-DATE METHODS OF HANDLING THE CORN CROP

HERE is no branch of agricultural activity in the United States where the past few years has witnessed greater improvement in methods of cultivation and harvesting than in the sphere of corn growing. This is as it should be for corn is easily one of our most important crops. Indeed, although the fact is not generally recognized, it is a greater wealth producer—considered in the broad sense—than is the wheat crop.

The advance which has been made concerns not only the methods employed in nurturing and handling the corn crop but also the means employed, that is the machinery which is doing so much to aid human hands in caring for the golden kernels.

Whereas progressive farmers have in many instances worked out their own salvation as regards the improved methods of corn cultivation, it is perhaps only fair to give the major portion of the credit to the United States department of agriculture, which has worked in cooperation with the State Agricultural colleges and experiment stations to bring about a better understanding of the requirements of the corn crop. Many an old-fashioned farmer has been wont to assume that every tiller of the soil knew more his boyhood acquaintance on the farm all that there is to know about growing corn and yet the experts of the agriculture department found that in reality there

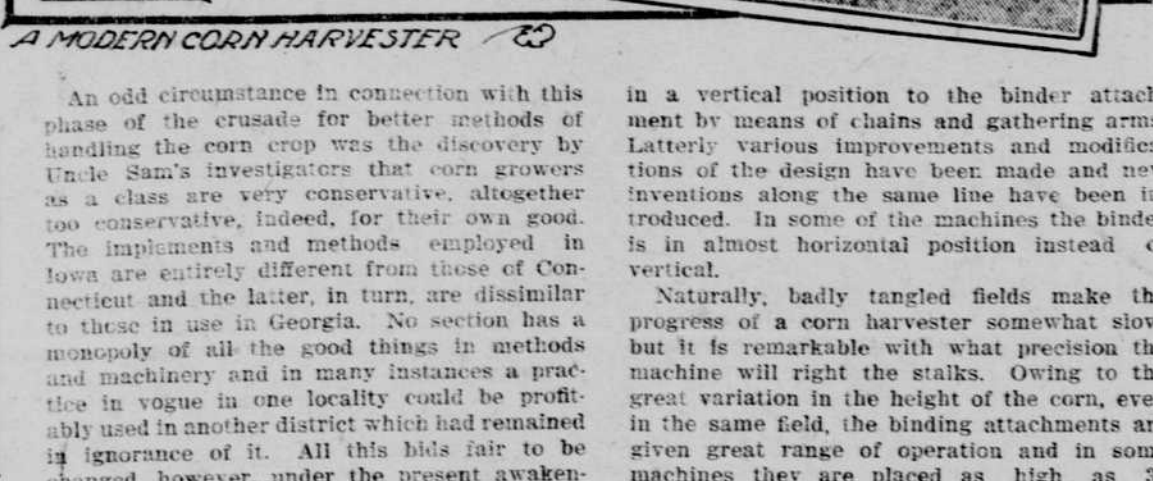
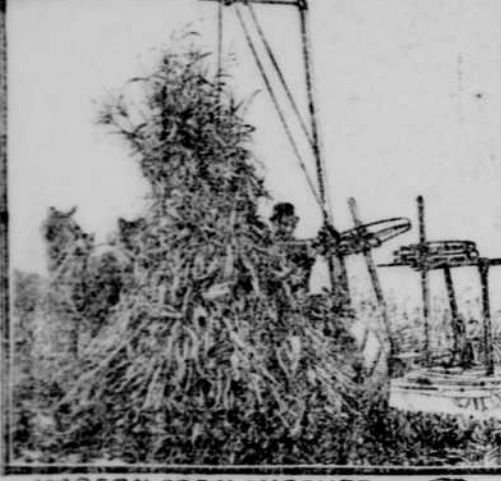


was more widespread misconception regarding the needs of corn than about any other leading farm commodity.

For the purpose of putting our farmers on the right track in their corn growing Uncle Sam during the past few years had field agents and demonstrators traveling about the country all the while to give advice and assistance to the corn growers who do not appear to be doing the thing the best way. At first there was a disposition to regard with distrust if not with suspicion the advice of these "book farmers," but gradually as they proved that they could double and triple corn yields with scarcely a cent of extra expense, they soon over to their side a considerable portion of the farming community and this "missionary work" is now being extended until in time it will embrace the "corn belt" where strange as it may seem the farmers are not getting nearly all that they should out of the land—that is if you let those government shares tell it.

The last boost that was given to the American corn crop came through improvement by seed selection. The experts have induced the farmers to select their seed corn with great care in the field instead of merely making use of what happens to remain in the crib at planting time and the improvement from this cause alone has approximated, at least twenty per cent. Most of the progressive corn growers have also resorted to the wisdom of properly preparing seed corn by keeping it dry during the winter in a special seed house instead of merely extracting it to the corn crib in the old fashioned way. It has now come to the pass where the best quality of corn is worth \$25 per bushel more for seed purposes than unselected corn.

A second effective method of improving our corn crop has as its purpose the improvement of the condition of the soil in accordance with the studied requirements of corn cultivation. Modern science is teaching the farmer that it simply will not pay to attempt corn growing on poor land until it is brought into a fertile condition by the growing and plowing under of



leguminous crops, the application of manure, etc. In not a few instances corn farms have been rendered more profitable by rearranging the fields in order to make them more uniform as regards moisture and soil fertility. Soil washing, that is, the washing away of the surface soil—of the buggers of corn growing—is being prevented by systematic means such as were almost unheard of a few years ago.

The big problem of fertilizers is one which touches the very heart of the corn-growing industry and the experts in and out of the government service have prepared very explicit directions for enabling the corn grower to add to his soil nitrogen or whatever other ingredients are most needed to produce the heaviest prize ears of corn. It has been found upon investigation that many farmers have had very different ideas as to how corn should be planted and cultivated but at the same time it has been discovered that no hard and fast rules can be laid down as applicable to the whole country. The corn grower who is cultivating a deep soil in a section where there is prolonged dry weather will obviously have to proceed on a different theory from the man whose land is low and wet. The point that is being driven home is that each farmer must study his own particular needs.

An odd circumstance in connection with this phase of the crusade for better methods of handling the corn crop was the discovery by Uncle Sam's investigators that corn growers as a class are very conservative, altogether too conservative, indeed, for their own good. The implements and methods employed in Iowa are entirely different from those of Connecticut and the latter, in turn, are dissimilar to those in use in Georgia. No section has a monopoly of all the good things in methods and machinery and in many instances a practice in vogue in one locality could be profitably used in another district which had remained in ignorance of it. All this bids fair to be changed, however, under the present awakening. Wide-awake corn growers are paying visits to other corn-producing states than their own and the result is likely to be a general discarding of poor and adopting of improved methods.

The depth of planting, the distances between rows and hills and the depth and frequency of cultivation are all corn problems that are being solved along dependable scientific lines after a century or more of discussion and dispute. Meanwhile the improvement of corn cultivating and harvesting machinery has worked wonders in bringing about the new era in the corn fields. Mechanical corn harvesters have developed more slowly than the machines for wheat and other cereals, attempts to solve the problem of mechanically handling the corn crop dating from 1820, whereas it was not until 1831 that Cyrus McCormick made the first reaping machine.

Despite the fact that there was almost continuous experiment in the sphere of corn harvesting machinery from the date above mentioned it was not until 1882 that success crowned the efforts of the inventors. The principle in corn harvesters and binders which was destined to prevail appeared in the year mentioned, the invention of an Illinois man. In its elementary form it consisted of a corn harvester with the two dividers passing, one on each side of a row of corn, which was cut and carried back

PLAYING DETECTIVE

By CLAUDINE SISSON

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Miss Cleo Gates was visiting her sister, Mrs. George Marshall. Mr. Marshall was general manager of the department store of Moses & Wainright. Therefore, Miss Cleo heard much shop talk. About the only thing that interested her, however, was the talk about shoplifters. The store was constantly troubled with them, and it was only at long intervals that one was caught, although a store detective was supposed to have her eyes everywhere.

One night when the manager came home to say that goods worth \$200 had been lifted that day from under the nose of the store watchdog, who was a young woman of 25, and that she would be discharged at the end of the week, Miss Cleo announced, in a very serious tone: "I am a natural born detective."

A laugh greeted her words. "I have solved several difficult cases."

More laughing.

"A year ago when this diamond ring was suddenly missing, father and mother said it was a case that would never be solved. After devoting one day to thought I walked into the kitchen and told the cook she was the thief. She broke down at once."

"That is, she confessed?" said Mr. Marshall.

"No, she did not confess. She turned red and white and burst into tears, and within an hour she skipped out."

"And the ring?"

"I found it on the shelf over my lavatory. She, of course, had placed it there on finding that she was suspected. Father said the police could not have worked the case better."

"Keenest, brightest thing I ever heard of!" replied the manager. "If

put on her mettle, and she would astonish her brother-in-law and others. Very few good looking young women who have set out to astonish folks have made a failure of it. It was back to the store the next afternoon for Miss Cleo. A bright thought struck her as she crossed the threshold. From all she had read and heard the shoplifting business was confined to her sex. The store detective had her eye on the women. Why not watch the men?

Miss Cleo saw a young man sauntering about. She first noticed that he was well dressed and had a fair face; then she saw he was looking about in what she considered a furtive way. Then he walked up to the jewelry show case and drummed on the glass. Then he went over to the perfumery counter and asked the price of a bottle of cologne. Then he walked to the door and looked up and down, as if to see whether there was a policeman about or not. Being satisfied on this point, he walked back to the book counter, picked up one book after another, and finally walked off with one in his hand as bold as brass. It was a valuable book.

Miss Cleo should have stepped forward at this moment and laid her heavy hand on the shoplifter and made an arrest but her heart failed her. He would deny and resist. She would let him go and trail him and then report to her brother-in-law. She hadn't far to trail. With a quick glance up and down the street, the young man crossed the street. At the entrance to a stairway he paused a moment to look back, and then climbed the stairs. The girl had the criminal run to earth. She re-entered the store, was taken up to the manager's office, and astonished him with announcing: "George, I have been doing detective work downstairs unbeknownst to you or Sarah, and I have caught a shoplifter. He may be the head of the gang!"

"You don't tell me! Where is he?"

"I didn't want to create excitement in the store, and so I trailed him to his lair."

"Good girl! Where is it?"

"Right across the road and upstairs. He can be arrested in five minutes."

"You'll have to come along and point him out."

"Oh, I'll do that."

At the store doors they picked up a detective. When the trio had crossed the street and the stairway had been pointed out, Mr. Marshall said to the girl: "There are a dozen offices up there, and a studio or two, and we mustn't bungle this case. Sure you can identify your man again?"

"In an instant."

"I can't believe that any of these people are shoplifters. We'll look in on Paul first and ask him what he thinks. Right in here."

They entered a studio. At a desk sat a young man with an open book before him. There were paintings on easels and paintings on the walls.

"Hello, George!" from the young man to Mr. Marshall.

"Hello, Paul."

"That is the man and there is the book!" exclaimed the natural born detective as she stood erect and pointed an accusing finger.

Ten seconds of intense silence, and then they broke into laughter.

"What—what does this mean?" demanded Miss Cleo.

"Mr. Paul Wainright, this is my wife's sister, Miss Cleo Gates, in town on a visit. Mr. Wainright is the son of his father, who is the Wainwright of our firm."

It took five long minutes to make it clear that Mr. Paul Wainright had borrowed instead of shoplifted, and that there was nothing coming to him in the way of punishment, and there were apologies and "don't mention it" and somehow Mr. Paul got the idea that he must call on the young lady and talk the case over. He is calling yet.



We only had you in the store we could fill a police station with shoplifters inside of a week."

The natural born detective felt hurt at the words and would say no more, although invited to relate some of her other cases. Her mind had instantly been made up to a certain thing, however, and next day she proceeded to carry her plan into execution. With no hint to her sister, who would oppose it, she made her way to the store of Moses & Wainright. She wanted to get an eye on the afternoon shoppers. She had a feeling that she could tell a shoplifter on sight. The criminal might be a well dressed woman with diamonds in her ears, and she might pretend to be at ease, but there would be a furtive look, a something in look or walk to give her away.

Miss Cleo passed from counter to counter, looking for guilty parties. She spotted and followed two or three about, but they seemed to receive a mysterious warning and kept hands off. There was one old dame who might have pocketed three yards of lace if she hadn't looked up and caught the girl's eye on her. Miss Cleo finally retired from the store with the feeling that if she had caused no arrest she had at least frightened a number of shoppers into being honest. At dinner that evening, she didn't feel so self-satisfied, however. Mr. Marshall reported that never had the shoplifters been so busy. There had been no less than seven cases right under the noses of the brightest salesgirls.

Should that report discourage a natural born detective? Not in the slightest. It should stimulate her to greater exertions. That's what it did in Miss Cleo Gates's case. She had been

Well Applied.

William Dean Howells, the noted novelist, was talking at the Authors' club in New York about a charge of plagiarism that had been brought against Mark Twain.

"A big man like Twain stealing from a little man like Blank!" said Mr. Howells. "This, surely, is a case for applying the old Hindoo proverb: 'The plagiarist.'"

"The ass heard the lion roar, and cried:

Not Hard to Die Rich.

"In fact, it is inconceivable what sums may be collected by starving only, and how easy it is for a man to die rich, if he will but be content to live miserably."—Henry Fielding.

EXPRESSING HERSELF WRONG

Persons That Didn't Know Mis' Parkins Would Have a Different Impression of Her.

"Some folks," commented Mr. Peaslee, judicially, "seem to be gifted in the way of expressing themselves wrong." Mr. Blake concurred, and even went so far as to mention his own wife as a good example. But Mr. Peaslee did not allow himself to be diverted.

"Now there's Mis' Parkins," he went on, as if he alone had spoken. "I don't suppose there's a neater woman in this village, if there's one as neat as Mis' Parkins. An' yet I hear her say something this mornin' that 'ud give a stranger, or a pussion that didn't know her, an' entirely different idea."

"I went in there for a moment this mornin' to see that niece of Lish Parkins—the one that went to York state 14 years ago," continued Mr. Peaslee, warming to his recital, "an' she an' Mis' Parkins was a-talking over old times.

"I don't know what the event was that Mis' Parkins was tryin' to call to the girl's mind. It don't make no odds what it was. What I want to tell you was how she fixed the date of whatever it was."

"It seems that the girl couldn't just remember all about it, an' Mis' Parkins was about on the edge of showing a little out o' patience with her, and at last she—Mis' Parkins, I mean—burst out at her. She says: "Why, Ellen, of course you remember! Don't you remember that awful hot day 16 years ago—the day I washed Lish's shirt?"

"Now," demanded Mr. Peaslee, "what would a stranger have thought of that?"—Youth's Companion.

City Life.

"What a cunning chafflonier!"

"Yes," said the flat-dweller, "isn't it! That was our reception room and we had a set of drawers made to fit it"—Life.

Nervousness--A Lack of Control

How often we meet women who complain of being nervous. What they really mean is that they have lost control of their nerves, but let them rest easy. A woman may be of a nervous temperament and yet have such good control of her nerves that she never complains of being nervous.

This lack of nerve control manifests itself in various ways. Sometimes it is only a tendency to cry at trivial things or an inclination to dependency—to leave "the blues," or to worry over real or fancied slights. Many women waste so much time thinking over things that are past and gone. A visit with a friend loses its joy in the afterthought, for this victim of the nerves lives over again every moment of the visit. She recalls everything that has been said and wonders if a different meaning was meant. Things that were said as a joke and original ideas that were now brought up for criticism and pondered over until the woman convinces herself of the presence of a hidden meaning. She is not satisfied until she has bent and

chopped the original thoughtless sentence into an ugly stink.

These nervous women are the ones who are continually tormented with the demon of jealousy. If one of them should suddenly meet her husband on the street walking with another woman, what a certain lecture she receives that evening, or if not that, she finds his wife wearing the air of one who considers herself much abused. The real cause of the case may be that her husband met the other woman quite accidentally and, as they were going in the same direction, he could not avoid walking with her without being positively rude. In this age men must of necessity have business transactions with women. It is a common occurrence for two men to lunch together in order to have a chance to talk over some important business matter without fear of interruption. There is no reason why a man and woman might not do the same, and yet how impossible it would be to convince the jealous woman that this was the case. To be jealous is

To Raize Old Paris Fortress

Fortifications Now Useless--Undesirable Persons Rent Space From Government and Attack Pedestrians.

There is talk, as there has been talk for years, of leveling the fortifications of Paris, which are perfectly useless now in the improved conditions of modern warfare, and of building houses on the large tract of ground which would be set free right round Paris. At present the fortifications are not only useless as a protection to the city in time of war, but they are absolutely dangerous to the citizens in time of peace. According to the law a large space around the fortifications is kept free of all stone buildings. This military zone, as it is called, has no houses upon it, but little one-story huts are allowed to be built there and are rented at tiny rentals by the military authorities. Their cheapness and discomfort attract undesirable tenants, and the Paris apache has for years made a hunting ground of the fortifications. Only a few days ago a rich Russian, M. Ivanoff, had gone for a drive in a taxicab. The motor broke down near the fortifications, and while it was being put right M. Ivanoff went for a stroll. He was not more than a couple of hundred yards away from his cab when two men and two women attacked him, stabbed him in seven places, robbed him of all his money and his watch and chain and a valuable scarfpin, and left him for dead. The two women have been arrested, but their companions are still at large. The incident is being used as another argument for the leveling of the fortifications. Another argument still is, of course, the great value of the land for building purposes.

A Suggestion.

"If the sea had a milky way as well as the sky wouldn't it be convenient for the sailors?"

"In what way?"

"They could have floating dairies when their boats skimmed the waves."

Those Familiar Phrases

Expressions That Are Nearly Always to Be Found in Novels Written by Women.

Faces are "proud," and ladies with an imperfect nose have "a pure, proud, lovely woman's face, with glorious soulful eyes." Heroines are "slight." Chairs, on the other hand, are "deep," and after the accident of a sprained ankle you "almost carry

Miss's slight figure to a deep chair." In the important matter of costume, emotional dresses are worn, and virginal thoughts go with white frocks. "Clinging white draperies" are essential to the heroine and "colors" are not worn.

Eyes are extremely significant. The heroines have "glorious dark-blue soulful womanly eyes." Ladies of a villainous type, on the other hand, are

recognizable by their "green eyes." On encountering at a country house eyes "scintillating like emeralds," a bachelor should dispatch a telegram summoning himself to the deathbed of "his grand-aunt, Barbara Batley." In Chapter 34 Green Eyes are "unmasked." Heroines with "pansy eyes," ladies with orbs "misty with unshed tears," are delicate and unlike anything on earth. Though they have shortened their hair and lengthened their skirts, "as yet no thought of love has entered their bright young lives," and "all that seemed too far away from their young glorious thoughts."

Gentlemen with "the most expressive dark eyes," lead a harassed life.

Value of Pads.

Whatever our occupation or profession in life may be, it is most desirable to create for ourselves some other special interest. In the choice of a subject anyone should consult his own instincts and interests. I will not attempt to suggest whether it is bet-