

**The Russian Thistle
Has Come to Stay**

It seems almost paradoxical that the much maligned Russian thistle, which a few years ago was generally considered the farmer's implacable enemy, a hateful menace to all useful vegetation and a curse to agricultural districts, should now actually be encouraged as a pasture or forage plant in the western sand hills country. In many of the western counties in this state, South Dakota and Kansas the thistle is giving good return to the farmer. Especially is this true in South Dakota.

It was eight years ago when the farmers in the western country were disturbed by the appearance on their cultivated lands of the new and strange weed, which upon investigation proved to be the dread Russian thistle or tumbleweed. Its source of introduction has been ascribed immediately to the importation of alfalfa seed. Immediately following its appearance strenuous efforts were made and stringent measures adopted to prevent its spread and, if possible, to eradicate it.

Russian thistles grow from the seed each year and if no seed is produced eventually there will be no thistles. When young the individual plants are easily killed by cutting off at the surface of the ground, and whole fields of them are destroyed by carefully plowing them under. Nearly all authorities agree, however, that wherever present in large quantities or scattered over wide areas their eradication is difficult and without the untiring co-operation of those in the infested districts it will fall utterly.

It is generally reported that all live stock relish the pasturage afforded by thistles for the three or four growing months each year, and sheep and cattle particularly like it, abandoning other herbage in its favor, even breaking through fences in their eagerness to graze upon it, rather than be confined to the prairie or buffalo grass.

Thistles of course are most valuable for pasturage when young and tender, but live stock will eat, apparently with relish, the matured plants in the fields, when damp and soft, sometimes even preferring them to the green grass. When intended for hay it is agreed that thistles preferably should not be grazed upon.

Of those interviewed most persons agree that the so-called thistle hay quite favorably corresponds in feeding value with that of native grasses and

some even assert that it is equal to alfalfa, which it is said to resemble in some respects when properly cured and handled. At all events, from a general survey of the reports, thistle hay is considered by those who have used it as being very nutritious and fattening, and cattle and sheep, with no other feed, can be sustained throughout the winter in as fair condition as when other ordinary forage is used. It is also indicated that horses and mules do not seem to care so much for nor do so well on thistle hay as do other stock, and hogs will not eat it at all, although they relish the thistles when cut and fed green.

Small grains, such as wheat, rye and oats, are easy victims of the thistles. Crops that can be frequently cultivated, like corn, can be successfully grown, other conditions being favorable, in spite of the thistles, as the frequent cultivation necessary for the best development of the corn greatly retards and dwarfs the growth of those not killed by it, but lands badly infested with Russian thistles are at best much depreciated for general farming.

The thistles are cut for hay with mowers, ordinarily when eight or twelve inches high and blooming, before the stems become hardened and woody. The methods of handling after cutting are various. Some rake and stack immediately; others let the plant wilt, then cure in shock and haul from the fields as used or stacking at convenience.

Russian thistle seeds probably were brought to the United States in flaxseed from Russia, and the presence of the plant in any alarming numbers was first noted in South Dakota, where it rapidly spread to North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado and other sections, and regardless of locations, soil, conditions or climate seemed to thrive and multiply. But along the line a fierce fight has been waged against it, although often with little avail, and nothing but the vigilant co-operation by the inhabitants of infested districts is likely ever to bring about its extermination.

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Manhattan—What date has been finally fixed for the coronation?

Broadway—I don't know. It looks as if the blame thing were going to be forgotten before it happens.

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Paresis (reading paper)—Well, that seems right.

Gigliamps—What do you mean?

Paresis—First they operated on the king, and now they are cutting out most of the coronation.

COMEDIENNE'S RAPID RISE TO FAME



Hattie Williams, the winsome comedienne, is one of the chief supports of the "Roger Brothers in Harvard," which is now attacking the risibilities of the New York theatre public. Miss Williams' rise in the histrionic world has been rapid.

**Family Heirlooms
Priceless to Owners**

A peculiar characteristic of certain Lincoln men and women is their fondness for some bit of old furniture or wearing apparel, head gear, or in fact, any article that has become dear to them by reason of the associations that cluster about them and recall recollections of a day that has passed into shadow land. A lady of wealth who has a beautiful home filled with furniture of rich design, cares more for an ugly old chair made of cheap wood that belonged to her mother than all the fine articles with which she is surrounded. This old chair, which is kept in a sunny corner of her boudoir, revives pathetic memories of her childhood spent in a distant state, under the humble roof of her parents. When she married a bright young business man, who is now her husband, and started a bride for her future home, her mother, with tears and many farewell kisses, begged her to take the chair that she had first rocked in when a child, and exacted a promise that she would cherish it because it was a gift from mother. This lady when dressed for some social function or an evening at the opera with costly jewels on her delicate white hands, often goes to where this ugly faded chair stands and fondles it and cries over it as it brings back to her the loving face of the dear one who folded her tired, and toll-worn hands and passed away from earthly scenes years ago.

Money cannot buy a spinning wheel that is owned by a young woman that lives in the south part of town. It belonged to her grandmother and is a quaint relic of the days of log cabins and homespun clothes. Many people have seen it and it arouses

great curiosity in the minds of her friends and acquaintances. Some that have a taste for the antique covet it and offer her a good round price, but nothing would induce her to sell the old spinning wheel.

An old man who is well fixed in a financial way and is free, as a rule, with his coin, persists in wearing an ancient weather-beaten silk hat that he bought over thirty years ago. The women of the house call him down if he starts out with the old plug on his head and he is compelled to change it for a shining black derby, but if he can find an opportunity to sneak out of the house with the stove-pipe and escape detection he will do it. He has been known to wrap it up in a newspaper, walk out and throw the derby in the yard and don the forbidden head covering. Why does he love this relic of other days? Because it was the hat he wore when he was married to his sweet old wife, then a young and handsome girl, and the sweet memories that hallow those times are kept green by the wearing of the battered old tile.

One of our business men has an old silver watch of no particular value, but he would not trade it for a farm. It was carried by his father, a gallant soldier of the civil war, who kept it with him during four years' of hard service, and the case shows the bullet marks of the enemy. The old watch more than once saved the life of his father, who is still living, hale and hearty, and the shot and battered time piece and its history is more precious to the son than anything he possesses except his good wife and two sweet children.

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Visitor (at insane asylum)—My! these are bad cases, aren't they?

Guide—Yes, sir. This is the ping-pong ward.

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"I see the Smiths have taken a pew farther forward."

"Yes; Mrs. Smith has been having extraordinary luck at bridge."

JOHN DREW'S NEW PLAY



Judging by early indications John Drew's new play "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" will be an unqualified success. The play goes to point a moral to husbands who neglect their wives. As the husband engrossed in scientific pursuits, John Drew allows his wife, Miss Margaret Dale, to fall beneath the fascinations of the villain, the "humming bird" of the title.