

SQUIRREL HUNTING

Dr. Mackay of Norfolk Describes This Sport in Magazine Article.

Dr. J. H. Mackay of Norfolk in "Sports Afield": In those days I went squirrel hunting in the Choctaw Nation, where the undulations of the Ozarks lose their abrupt angles as they flatten out to blend with the plains. It is a delightful region, with wonderful variety in the contour of the country, the soil, trees and game. Hills and valleys, clothed with primeval forests of pine and hardwoods; rocky ridges with sparkling springs; broad, level, treeless prairies, and jungles of swamps, give to the country a pleasing panorama.

The call came to me one exquisite autumn day when all nature seemed to repose in the silence and satiety of the summer's closing days, and even the creatures of the wood seemed hypnotized by the soporific splendor of nature. Sun-spangled, glowing and breathless, the park-like forest spread out before me, with windrows of gleaming leaves, untouched by the frost but seeking Mother Earth because they had lived their allotted day and had received the eternal message.

The silent native who introduced me to this enchanting realm walked a long way into the very heart of the woods before evincing any interest in squirrels. As I plodded behind him, I had ample opportunity to study the man and his ancient muzzle-loading shotgun and to speculate on the use or purpose for the dejected looking nondescript cur that slouched at his heels. The cur had the general markings of a foxhound, but there all resemblance ended; for he was undersized, defective in conformation and evidently very much a mongrel. That he could have anything to do with the pursuit of the day never once entered my mind and I set down his presence to the habits of the natives to have dogs attached to them. I did not reveal to the reticent native my astonishment, that, with berries and ricks of nuts and pine cones all around, I had not yet seen a squirrel. Accustomed to the habits of the red squirrel of the Canadian woods, which hastens to greet the hunter with its insolent chatter and to warn all the creatures of the woods of your presence, or those of the fox squirrel, that skulks behind a lily and frantically waves his flag to betoken his location, I was not aware that one might tramp noiselessly all day through the southern woods and not see a grey squirrel.

On a rocky ridge, where grew a number of large, isolated hickory trees, the native sat down on a wind-fall and gave a signal to the dog. The latter moved off in his melancholy, drooping manner and began to scent the ground all around him, moving in a circle and then zig-zagging all over the ridge until he came to a tree, where he stood up on his hind legs and nosed its hole as far up as he could reach. Dropping to the ground, he went around to the other side of the tree and repeated the performance. Then he silently started down the ridge, "Cum down again," was the native's succinct comment, as he got up and followed the dog. A dog's sense of smell has always seemed to me a marvelous faculty. How a bird dog can pick out a bird's scent in the grass and differentiate between such subtle odors as divers vegetables, rotten wood, weeds, fungi, mammals, insects and other birds is incomprehensible, and, besides, how can a dog tell whether a scent is going or coming? The native's mongrel was engaged in a more perplexing problem: in following a trail over bare rocks and through dry grass that absorbs all odor, until he came to the broken-off stub of a tree, when, after going all around it and nosing the trunk as he had previously done to the other tree, he gave voice to a deep bay. "Holed, I reckon!" was the native's sententious remark. The dog, however, appeared to be dissatisfied, for he left the stump several times and circled but always returned and bayed. We put our shoulders to the rotten stump and overthrew it but there was neither hole nor squirrel. The native looked puzzled. "Done gone," he presently said, and pointed to a creeper suspended from an overhanging tree, and, looking down through the thick woods toward a ravine, he continued, "Him sure could go right smart thar." Off in the woods we heard the dog again. "That fool houn' er-chasin' er rabbit!" "How do you know it's a rabbit?" I inquired. But before I got a reply a squatly swamp rabbit scurried past us.

We lost trace of the dog and wandered around. Diplomatically I inquired of the native why he hunted squirrels with a blunderbuss. "Kain't take no chasht," he replied and proceeded to explain that there were turkeys in the woods and "hit takes a powerful shootin' gun to kill 'em." I afterwards learned, but not from the native, that he had purposely left his squirrel gun at home so as to give me all the chances at the game. The sharp wail of the dog interrupted us, and, as if in answer, the native spoke: "Got 'em sure!" I was determined to learn the language of the dog for myself and therefore asked no questions. Sure enough, the squirrel was up in an isolated hickory.

"Yas, sah! possum an' coon," was the native's reply to my inquiry as we followed the devious ways of the dog; "but yer kain't fin' 'em in thar day, 'case they's hid er way." The sight of game had evidently loosened the native's tongue, for he told of foxes and wolves and bears and of how some one had killed a deer last winter down in the swamp on Big Boggy. I gathered from him that there were lakes "jes' swimmin' with ducks" and fish also and how "them snipe birds" by the thousands winter in the swamps. I still am inclined to think that "them snipe" were woodcock.

As we were crossing a wagon road that traversed the woods, the native suddenly stopped, while telling of two Indians who had been lynched on a big oak that grew near us, to answer the dog. "Runin'? Huh!" was his comment, and forthwith he dismissed the tale, and the dog, as being of minor importance to the actions of the dog. The dog's note changed and the native added to his former remark, "Treed 'im!" Treed he must have been, for when we reached the dog he was barking up a giant sycamore which still had most of its leaves clinging to it. It seemed impossible to find the game and I suggested to the native that he should fire his gun into the branches of the tree, while I kept a lookout for the squirrel. The native pondered the question a moment and then fired. The report almost stunned me and seemed to rock the very earth but it had the desired effect, for the game ran out to a terminal bare of leaves and in a minute he was in the bag. I praised the dog, which pleased the native, for he took up the tribute with "Yas, sah! thar houn' doan' talk to no bobcats nor ersocatee with polecats."

We came out on a small clearing where there was a tiny cotton field among the blackened stumps. I went over to the well beside a small log cabin because I was thirsty. A woman came to the door and subdued a rabble of dogs and saluted me with a pleasant "Howdy!" I inquired if I could get a drink. "Lordy! no, sah!" she replied, "case of the injuns—for the gov'ment doan' allow no liquors."

Beyond the clearing we got two squirrels out of a wild pecan tree and further on another. Later I added one more to the bag and with these I had to be content. I feel sure that not one of the squirrels we brought to bag would have reached that receptacle that day if it had not been for the native's dog.

It is an old story now of how, when America was discovered, the five civilized Indian tribes had a republican form of government and courts and how they petitioned the colonists to recognize them as a civilized and independent nation. The colonists made war on them and ultimately banished them to the wilderness, where, without aid from the government, they have maintained themselves all those years and withal kept the wilderness inviolate. But that is of the past. They are now clothed with statehood and are selling their allotments to white settlers. The shriek of the locomotive, the chug! chug! of the walking beam and the hum of the devastating portable sawmill are heard in the land, and the wilderness will soon be a thing of the past. Then, when all trace of the primitive shall have been eradicated, Nature will demand retribution and in due course there will be a return to Nature and some future Omar will give posterity a new version of how

The non and the lizard keep the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep; And Bahram, that great hunter, the wild ass Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

AND THIS IS REAL BEAUTY.

An Artist Describes the Cardinal Points of Pulchritude.

New York, Sept. 10.—What are the cardinal points of beauty? Albert P. Lucas, one of the most distinguished American painters of portraits, undertook to answer the question. Mr. Lucas, who is a pupil of Jerome and Herbert, returned not long ago from Paris, where his pictures were features of the salon several years. His work is represented in the national gallery at Washington and his bust, "Ecstasy," occupies a place of honor in the Metropolitan museum.

"The essential qualities of feminine beauty," he said, "may, I believe, be summed up as symmetry, color, length of line, intelligence, refinement, harmonious hands and perfect feet. "In many years of study and painting I have seen just one face which, from an artist's point of view, I could pronounce perfectly beautiful. I have never seen a perfect figure. But I have used models of all nationalities and I am convinced the figure of the American woman most nearly approaches perfection.

"There is a pearly whiteness to the American skin that I have never found elsewhere, a correctness of proportion, a length of line that even the famous Italian models do not possess. The Italians are too heavy in the limbs, their ankles and wrists lack definition.

"I will not attempt to pronounce between the merits of the blonde and brunette types. Each is exquisite in its way. The one perfect face I have seen belongs to a blonde, not the cold, steely variety, but a mellow, golden beauty with brown eyes. The brunette with black hair, shading a warm pallor, is an equally beautiful type, but is never seen in such perfection.

"Art knows no nationality, perhaps, but after years of painting in Paris from models of all nations, it pleased me to find on my return to my own country the most beautiful face and the most perfect figure I have ever seen. The face belonged to a young girl who sat to me for a portrait. Her family has been American for 300 years, so she is certainly an American type, and yet so classical.

"The nearly perfect figure I speak of belonged to a young woman who posed for a picture I call 'Twilight.' It is a figure round, suave, strong, yet utterly feminine. You know the outdoor sports our women have been going in for so much tend to masculinize the figures, to square the shoulders, for instance. While the result will eventually not be so artistic, I suppose the hygienic benefit will be more than compensating.

"And feminine athletics have done much to restore another cardinal point of beauty—the normal waist line. A woman's waist and hips should make one gently curving line, not two, nearly at right angles from each other."

HOBBLE SKIRT FOILS BURGLAR.

Roy Garbed in Girl's Gown Easy Prey for Police.

New York, Sept. 10.—A boy who came on a bicycle went through an apartment and when discovered tried to get away on a bicycle in girl's clothes, distracted Buffalo avenue, Brooklyn, this morning and furnished the neighborhood a topic for gossip the remainder of the day.

The boy was first spied by Tom McCarthy. He had put on McCarthy's sister's clothes and was gathering a few rings and stick pins together to take with him. McCarthy chased the youth to the street. The robber jumped on a bicycle and started up the avenue.

McCarthy ran after him. The boy on the bicycle was hampered by Miss McCarthy's skirt. She had recently hobbled it by a series of minute tucks just above the third ruffle. He could make no speed at all until with one frantic downthrust he broke the hobbling. But by that time the cop had arrived.

HOW HE WON 185 WOMEN.

Attentiveness the Magic Trait of Roscoe H. Sanborn.

New York, Sept. 10.—The secret of the astounding success of the "most fascinating man in Greater New York"—a man with whom, according to the latest count, 185 women were in love—is told today for the first time in a single word, "attentiveness."

This little wife says this bent of brain in her husband was his only attraction, but it was enough—and more than enough—to make her and the 185 other women fall in love with him. From the very first time that Mrs. Roscoe H. Sanborn met Mr. Sanborn she remarked one striking thing about him. And it is summed up in the one word—"Attentiveness."

He anticipated her every wish. He anticipated the wish of every woman he ever met. Was there a half formed desire to go to the theater in her mind? Roscoe knew it. He saw it coming in her eyes. Presto! Roscoe capped the other half formed thought in her mind and:

"Wouldn't you like to go to the theater this evening, my dear, and see 'Hearts Aflame'?"

Was she thirsty? "Let's stop in here, my dear, and have some soda." He said it almost before she knew herself to be thirsty.

Always it has been the same—after marriage the same as during courtship. Roscoe always knew beforehand. He deluged, overwhelmed her with attentiveness. And she grew to love him more and more day by day.

"You need a new gown, little wife." Or, "Surely, you are going to get a new hat for the new season." Did he always literally make a virtue of necessity? Mrs. Sanborn thinks so—now. For, of course, she says, he would have had to get her the things in any case.

In all the thousand and one little things of the home, of the household, Roscoe was there with his attentiveness—and there first, before she had to ask him to do anything.

"May I light the fire, dear?" "Let me get you your wrap."

"I know you're not feeling altogether well, my dear. Let me bring you your breakfast."

Thus it was, morning, noon and night. And this honey of attentiveness made life sweet and made the woman love the attentive husband. For, remember—this man was not a brilliant conversationalist. He was not one of those "heavenly" dancers. He was not the dapper, well dressed man of Broadway or of Fifth avenue. He was not a deft pianist or violinist. He was just a believer in one creed, when it came to women, and this sole "Attentiveness—beware of it."

Therefore, Mrs. Sanborn has given forth her warning to young women: "Attentiveness—beware of it."

WE ALL SMUGGLE, SHE SAYS.

Hiding Jewels in Hat Bands Common, Declares Mrs. Adriance.

New York, Sept. 10.—Nearly every woman who returns from Europe smuggles jewels in with her, according to Mrs. L. Reynolds Adriance, who was arraigned on a charge of having attempted to smuggle jewels worth \$115,000. Mr. Reynolds is a millionaire manufacturer of Poughkeepsie.

"I had no intention of smuggling the jewels," Mrs. Adriance said. "But I had already made out my declaration when I bought the jewels and I saw I would not have time to add to it before I went to London to take the ship. So I just put the necklace in my hatband, just as 500 other women do on every ship that comes in. The concealing of jewels in hatbands is quite a common trick.

For five years Mrs. Adriance said she had her eyes on the beautiful pearl necklace which led to her undoing. It was in the store of a jeweler in Geneva. The pearls were held at \$10,000. Mrs. Adriance wanted them for less. Mr. Adriance said the price was too much. Year after year Mrs. Adriance, who has traveled extensively, went to the shop with the hopes of getting a reduction in the price of the string of what she considered perfect pearls.

MELBA BORROWED A "NIGHTIE."

The Customs Officials Caught Singer Much Embarrassed, She Says.

Devon, Pa., Sept. 10.—Mme. Nellie Melba is resting here with some very strongly formed opinions of the customs service and its red tape officialism. She said today they were more than embarrassing—they were "awful."

When the prima donna arrived in New York Saturday she was subjected to the usual inquiry by the customs officials. The officials held all her luggage until time could be given for a thorough examination. On the advice of a friend, Mme. Melba journeyed at once to Devon and settled her self and her suite. Matters ran along smoothly until bedtime, when consternation seized the party. Melba had no "nightie." In vain did she rail against the customs house.

Despite her weariness, Melba refused to retire until she had the needed garment. Finally the hotel manager brought forth something which was presented to the guest. It was not faced with blue ribbon and it was not hemstitched, but it was taken eagerly by the weary songstress.

NEW YORK GROWING BETTER.

City Statistics Show Churches Have Grown Faster Than City.

New York, Sept. 10.—With all the talk about New York's wickedness figures compiled by the city statistician show that the percentage of increase in church membership is greater than the increase in population in the last ten years.

Figures for church membership in Greater New York show that the number of church members for the five boroughs is 1,310,421, or 37.2 percent of the new population figures. In 1900 there were 1,233,677 members of Christian churches. This was 35.9 percent of the population.

These figures show that the growth in church membership is 1.53 percent ahead of the population growth. This growth, it is estimated, is divided about evenly between Protestants and Roman Catholics. At present it is calculated that there are 440,783 Protestants to 869,648 Roman Catholics.

From an economic standpoint there is much significance in the figures of the city budget, which shows that the percentage of increase in expenses is about double the percentage of increase in population.

The census returns show an increase in population of 38.7 percent. In the same 10-year period, the city budget has grown from \$90,778,972 to \$163,030,270—an increase of more than 74 percent. The increased cost is partly accounted for, according to the budget officials, by the widened scope of municipal enterprise.

Fights Case for Forty Years.

After forty years of waiting, during which A. Tribault, a retired farmer living at the Junction, endeavored to secure \$300 from the United States government for horses which were stolen by Indians from his homestead in Holt county, his attorneys in Washington now have bright prospects which will probably get Mr. Tribault his money.

The lack of the exact date of the theft of the stock is believed to have held the case pending for the entire forty years. Mr. Tribault's only recollection of date, which the government required, is that it happened when the foundation of the Sugar City Cereal mills in Norfolk was being laid by Major Mathewson. Mr. Tribault passed through Norfolk in March 1870, the day after or before the horses were stolen.

Mr. Tribault moved from Illinois to Holt county near the town of Inman in the fall of 1869. He took up a homestead as a settler and in March, 1870, Indians swooped down upon his homestead and stole ponies and horses that were valued at \$300. He presented a claim to the United States government for this amount and not until recently were his Washington attorneys able to give him any favorable returns.

Three Drownings in Two Years.

With the arrival of autumn weather and practically the end of the bathing and boating season, north Nebraska and southern South Dakota has been a particularly happy one in its lack of those tragedies which so often mar the best part of the year. There has been but one drowning in this whole country during the past year, that of little Gayl Reed, aged 4, of Norfolk who fell off a boat near his father's home on the river bank. And within two years there have been only three lives lost in northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota. Besides Gayl Reed the only other two drownings within two years were those of the two sons of Anton Hanson near Creighton, July 18, 1908.

Eleven Murders Within Year.

The double tragedy at Columbus Friday at the hands of Ben Goon of Norfolk and the binding over to district court on Thursday of this week of Lou Greggerson, charged with the killing of Nels Pederson on an Antelope county farm, once more brings to mind the fact that the past year in northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota has been the bloodiest twelve-month that this region has even known so far as murder and manslaughter is concerned.

During the past eleven months there has been at least one killing every month excepting February, March, April and June. Altogether there have been eleven cases of murder in this territory and the cause for this carnage may well give the people of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota basis for serious contemplation.

It is worthy of note, that while there have been ten persons slain, up to date there have been only two convictions, while two slayers have been acquitted and six cases are now pending in the courts.

One of the murderers is to be hanged and one is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary at Lincoln. George Wilson, convicted of murdering Jake Davis at Alnsworth, is to pay the life penalty while Joe McKay is serving a life term in prison for kill-

ing A. G. Brown in his home at Brunswick.

Extraordinarily Horrible.

Some of the crimes have been particularly horrible. The murder of Brown at Brunswick as he sat alone in his cottage was a fiendish deed. He was chopped down with an axe and the bloody weapon carried to the cellar to be hid. Likewise the killing of Miss Louise Flege near Wayne, for which her brother William Flege is now being held in Dixon county, was a terrible affair. Following is a list of the ten murders that have caused consternation in this territory within the past year:

A. G. Rakow was shot to death on his farm near Neligh, October 7, by his neighbor F. M. Thornburg. Thornburg was acquitted on a plea of self defense.

A. A. Wood was murdered by a squatter in Tripp county during the land rush, October 17. The slayer was acquitted on a self defense plea.

Charles McArthur was shot dead at the side door of a Valentine saloon by Ed Bell on November 23.

On December 8 the body of A. G. Brown was found murdered in his home at Brunswick. Joe McKay was convicted of the crime.

On December 27 George Wilson killed Jake Davis. Davis was a pool hall proprietor and was going home in the dark at night.

On January 13 Gus Gallock killed Joe Lee in a drunken row at Alnsworth.

Henry Hografe is being held at Wayne on a charge of poisoning his wife at Altona May 13.

On June 30 Louise Flege was found murdered on a farm near Wayne. An eye witness testifies that her brother killed her.

On August 9 Harry Ropp, an employe of the Yankee Robinson circus, died in the jail at Pierce from a beating alleged to have been given him by Ross Aseroff, who is being held for the crime.

Nels Pedersen was found dead on his farm near Elgin August 13, and Lou Greggerson has just been bound over charged with the killing.

TOMMY BURNS MAY RETIRE

Former Champ Pugilist Rings Knee and May Quit the Ring.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 10.—As a result of injuries received in the Labor day La Crosse game between Vancouver and New Westminster Tommy Burns, former heavyweight champion pugilist of the world, may retire from the ring. He is matched with Sam Langford for a bout in London, the winner to meet Jack Johnson later, either in England or Australia.

During the game on Monday Burns strained a tendon in his right knee.

"My left knee has been bad for years as a result of an injury but as long as the right leg goes good I was all right," said Burns. "Now the right knee is gone. I will give it a trial but if it does not come around I am through with pugilism. I have plenty of money and do not need to fight."

Kills Her and Self.

Columbus, Neb., Sept. 10.—Special to The News: Ben Goon of Norfolk, half Chinaman and half negro, cut the throat of his paramour, Gertrude Cooper, the negro woman recently driven out of Norfolk by the police, and then committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid.

The woman was dying this morning and could not live through the day. Goon died within an hour after he drank the poison. The tragedy occurred in "the bottoms" of the town, at the residence of Mark Lowry, a negro.

It is said to have been in a fit of jealousy that Goon fatally slashed the negroess and, having mortally wounded her, ended his own life.

His father, Sam Goon, Norfolk's only Chinaman, arrived here at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Goon and the Cooper woman had been here for several days.

Goon Followed Her Away.

Ben Goon, aged about 23, son of a Chinese father and a negro mother, was in love with Gertrude Cooper, the young Texas negroess who had attained considerable notoriety in Norfolk within the past few weeks and who had twice been driven out of town by the police.

The woman returned from Columbus after once having been driven out of town. She was jailed for a second time and finally put on board the cars and sent away again. Ben Goon followed her and told the police here that he intended to marry her and bring her back to town. He was told that both of them would be thrown into jail in case he did.

The woman was about 24. She was quite black and dressed gaily. She lived at the Sam Goon house on North Eighth street, when she was in Norfolk.

Just before being shanghaied out of town the first time, and while being broke away from the police and, entering the Union Pacific restaurant on North Fifth street, began smashing up the dishes and the waitress.

Ben Goon had grown up under adverse conditions. His negro mother is a drug fiend and often has been in jail. Sam Goon, the Chinese father, has been a scrub man around saloons for years when he didn't have the rheumatism. Twenty years ago he conducted a Chinese laundry in Norfolk.

Sam Goon and his wife went to Columbus on the noon train.

The grandmother of Ben Goon, an aged widow negroess living on North Eighth street, took the news of her grandson's death very sadly this morning.

"I told that boy that he should let

the woman alone. I told him she was no good. She was a morphine fiend and was always drinking whisky."

The old lady had given Chief of Police Marquardt enough money to call up the chief of police at Columbus to confirm the story of Ben Goon's death, which was done.

Mark Lowrey, the negro at whose home the tragedy occurred at Columbus, is well known by old Norfolk settlers. Mark was a hard working industrious man while in Norfolk. He was employed as a mud mixer.

Sam Goon, father of the dead man, took with him \$150 which he said he would spend to bring the body of his son back to Norfolk.

Both Hit by Train.

Valentine, Neb., Sept. 10.—Special to The News: A man and wife by the name of Lee, from Brownlee, Neb., were struck by passenger train No. 1 at Wood Lake, Neb., last night at about 8 o'clock.

It seems that Mr. Lee and his wife and little girl were waiting for the train and just as the train was pulling in the little girl suddenly ran across the track. The father immediately ran across after her and for some unknown reason the mother also started, but tripped and fell onto the track. Mr. Lee jumped back to get his wife, and just as he picked her up the train struck them, throwing Mr. Lee to one side and dragging the woman along the track until the train could be brought to a stop. Both man and woman were injured and were brought to Valentine and put under a physician's care. Very little hope for the woman's recovery is held.

The territory covered by this discussion embraces the northeastern portion of the state north of latitude 41 degrees, and extending westward to the eastern border of Custer county, or slightly west of the 99th meridian. It comprises slightly less than 20,000 square miles, which is 26 percent of the area of the state. The population in this region averaged, in 1900, 24 persons to the square mile.

The elevation is a little more than 3,000 feet along the eastern boundary, but rises steadily westward to a little more than 2,000 feet at the western border. The slope is mainly eastward, but there is also a very slight slope southward. Nearly all of this section is within the great fertile loess plains region of Nebraska. The sandhill region, however, touches the western counties in this vicinity the surface soil contains a large percentage of sand. The loess plains are usually smooth, but here and there are shallow drainage ways and slight knoll-like elevations. The rivers are broad and flow in broad valleys.

The region is drained in the main by the Platte river and its branches, but a strip some 20 to 50 miles wide along the northern and eastern border is drained by the Niobrara and Missouri rivers. Of the tributaries of the Platte, the Loup with its many branches, most of which rise in the sandhill region to the west of the area considered in this discussion, drains the southwestern part of this section and empties into the Platte river near Columbus. The Elkhorn river, another branch of the Platte, rises in the northwestern portion of this territory and flows southeastward, emptying into the Platte river near its union with the Missouri river. Most of this territory is a rich farming region rapidly being occupied by settlers.

The smooth, even character of the surface soil tends to prevent any marked peculiarities in climate. There is, however, a slight difference due to latitude and elevation as well as to the relative distance from large bodies of water and extensive mountain ranges.

The precipitation is commonly considered the most important climatic factor and it is given in considerable detail in the accompanying tables, which show the amounts by months and years at a number of stations from the beginning of observations to the end of 1908.

The average annual precipitation decreases from 30.5 inches in the southeastern portion to 22.5 inches in the extreme northwestern. From 75 to 78 percent of this falls in the growing season, April to September, inclusive. About 35 percent, or rather more than 12 inches, falls during the three months of May, June and July. The time of maximum rainfall occurs in June. The normal precipitation for the driest months, November, December, January and February, is about three-fourths of an inch each, and thus only about one-ninth of the annual amount falls in these four months.

Most of the rainfall in the summer months occurs in storms accompanied by thunder and lightning, and often with heavy rainfalls for a short time. Somewhat more than half of the rainfall of May, June and July occurs in rains of 1.00 inch or more in 24 hours. In most years at least a part of the section is visited by a storm with a rainfall of 2 to 3 inches in 24 hours. In a few instances amounts from 5 to 6 inches have fallen in 24 hours. The rainfall in May and June is usually well distributed and drought periods during these months are almost unknown. In July the distribution is not quite so good. On the average rain falls about every fourth day during the three months, May, June and July. From 70 to 75 days with .01 inch or more of precipitation occur in the eastern portion of the section, but the number decreases to 60 or 65 in the western portion.

The average annual snowfall is slightly more than 25 inches. It is heaviest in the northern and eastern parts of the section, but the difference

is not large. Four-fifths of the snow falls in the four months, December, January, February and March. The average amount is slightly more than 6 inches in February and from 4.5 to 5 inches in each of the other three months. The first light snow in the fall has occasionally occurred in September, but usually very little snow falls even in October. Some snow rarely always falls in April, and in a few years light snowfalls have occurred early in May.

The mean annual temperature is between 46 degrees and 50 degrees. January and February are the coldest of the months, with a mean temperature slightly below 20 degrees in the northern portion, but slightly above 20 degrees in most of the section. July is the warmest month, with mean temperatures between 73 degrees and 76 degrees. August is only about 2 degrees cooler. The average range of the mean temperature of the warmest and coldest months is 55 degrees. Maximum temperatures from 96 degrees to 100 degrees usually occur a few times during the warm season, July, August, and the first decade of September. Temperatures of 110 degrees to 114 degrees have occurred a few times but are very unusual. Minimum temperatures 20 degrees to 25 degrees below zero occur a few times during the cold season, the latter part of December, January and February. Occasionally temperatures ten degrees lower occur.

The average season has about 148 to 155 days without severe frosts, that is, from about May 23 to September 30th. Killing frosts have occurred, however, a few times as late in the spring as the last week in May, and as early in the fall as some of the 10th and 15th of September.

The prevailing direction of the wind for the year is from the northwest, unless influenced by local conditions. The wind blows from the south or the southeast the greater portion of the time during the warm months of June, July and August, and, of course, with more or less frequency during the rest of the year. From the middle of September to the middle of May the prevailing wind is from the northwest.

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