

TWO-STORY CORN CRIB AND GRANARY

Equipped With Modern Machinery, It Will Pay for Itself in a Short Time.

BUILT TO LAST MANY YEARS

Structure, Unlike the Old-Fashioned, Low, Slatted Crib, Adds to the Appearance of the Farm—Some of Its Many Advantages Enumerated.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Franklin avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only include two-cent stamp for reply.

Modern farm elevator machinery has worked wonderful changes in corn cribs. It is another case of matching machinery against hand labor in handling corn and other grains. Modern corn-elevating machinery saves a cent a bushel at husking time by making a horse or gasoline engine do the work of husking. It saves a great deal more in the after handling by the aid of machinery.

The building illustrated is 29 feet high to the eaves and 35 feet from the floor to the peak. The grain elevator takes ear corn or other small grain as it pours out from under the tail board of the wagon box and carries it up to the cupola on the peak. From here it is distributed by grain spouts to the different bins.

The foundation of the building is of concrete made solid to last a lifetime. Above the floor and foundation walls the building is built in three parts, the center being made strong and solid to support the grain bins over the center driveway, while the cribs at the sides are made of lighter material.

The center driveway is ten feet in width, and the grain bins above occupy the same amount of floor space. This center driveway has a solid concrete

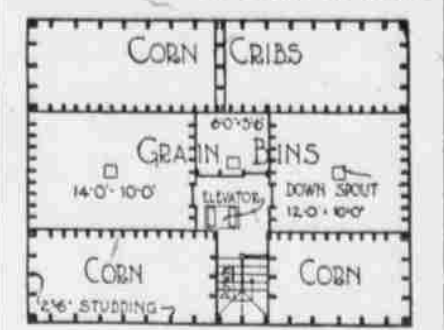
when the bin is full, would be 2,450 pounds per square foot.

These figures are mentioned to emphasize the importance of making the center part of a two-story grain house strong enough to support the load. The corn wings may be braced from the center studding, so that the corn cribs may be built of lighter material.

Eight feet in width seems to be established as the most satisfactory size of crib to cure corn. The amount of humidity in the air in the fall varies in the different farming sections, but it is a good plan to provide a crib that will give the greatest amount of ventilation possible to secure at reasonable cost.

Ventilation in a two-story corn crib may be helped out by using woven-wire corn mesh inside of the studding. This prevents the ears of corn from stopping up cracks between the wooden slats. When wire mesh is used it is not necessary to have any wooden slats on the inside partitions. Slats look better on the outside of the building, and they prevent the rain and snow from blowing in.

It is recommended that the slats shall have beveled edges so placed

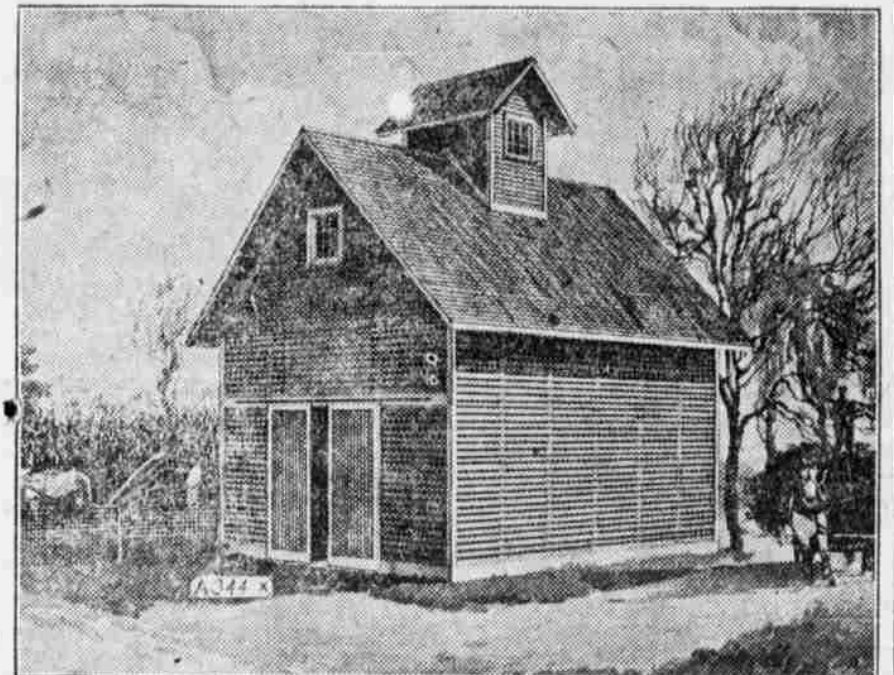


Second Floor Plan.

that the opening slopes down and outward. It is thought that an opening like this induces ventilation better, and it certainly gives more protection to the room.

This building adds a good deal to the appearance of the farm, because it is a permanent structure. The old style of low, slatted corn crib never has been considered much of an ornament, and its temporary character eliminates such a building as an asset. In taking an inventory of the farm buildings, the old-fashioned crib is hardly considered, but a modern, up-to-date, two-story building fitted with labor-saving machinery, adds considerable value to the farm.

There are different kinds of elevating machinery. Some elevators work on the principle of a sliding carrier. Others elevate the grain or corn in

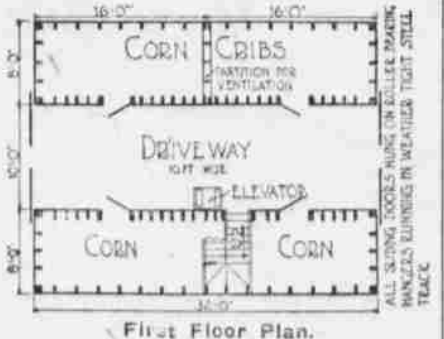


floor made with a smooth, hard surface for easy shoveling and sweeping.

For the easy handling of grain for cleaning and grading purposes, the fanning mill is placed on this floor, where it is driven by a belt from the power, and the grain is spouted to it from the different bins, so it may be cleaned and graded and returned to the bins without the use of a shovel.

The grain spouts conduct the grain to the fanning mill, and the elevating machinery carries it back. Farmers in this way make a good grade of wheat that is acceptable without docking at the railway elevators, and at the same time they select out a small percentage of the largest and plumpest grains to save for seed. Such seed is worth double, or possibly ten times the market price, and the extra value is secured at almost no expense.

The corn crib wings built at the sides are eight feet wide and 26 feet in height. The building is made long



First Floor Plan.

enough to accommodate the amount of corn and small grains grown on the farm.

The corn crib wings are built considerably lighter than the main portion of the building, for the reason that corn in the ear is lighter than wheat, and is less liquid than smaller grains, so that the pressure on the sides is less.

Also the construction of the middle part of the building is necessarily stronger to support the grain bins overhead. The size of timbers may be estimated by figuring the weight of wheat, which is 49 pounds per cubic foot. The upward pressure is practically the same as the pressure downward at the same depth, down from the top. A cubic foot of wheat weighs 49 pounds. The weight of one cubic foot of wheat on top of another is 98 pounds, and the pressure on the floor of a bin when the wheat is ten feet deep is 490 pounds per square foot.

If the joists are placed a foot apart and the bin is the same width as the driveway, then the weight on each joist would be 4,900 pounds, and the pressure outward on the studding would be practically the same at the floor. The pressure outward on the bin floor rests down from the top,

reach the platform at the summit from which the pedestal of the Lion rises. That pedestal bears the simple inscription—"June 18, 1815." The Lion itself, so your guide would tell you, weighed twenty-eight tons.

Many Monuments There.
The Lion Mound occupies a site that was about the center of the British lines, a front not two miles long. Behind lies the village of Mont St. Jean, and further back the little town of Waterloo, with the forest of Soignes near at hand. Before it stretches the flat field of Waterloo, waving with corn in the summer, deep in mud in the winter, across which two cobbled main roads run away to the south in the direction of Quatre Bras, from which Wellington fell back only a few days before the great battle.

The whole battlefield can be covered on foot in a few hours. But for its history, it is a most unimpressive spot. Ditches and muddy roads intersect the fields from which, even today, the plough will turn up rusty arms and bleached bones.

But the pilgrim can never forget that he is on unusual ground. The place bristles with monuments. You descend from the Lion Mound. At its base stands a little group of houses, chief of which is the Museum Hotel, so named from the museum of Waterloo relics attached to it. A few hundred yards to the east and you find a simple pillar to the memory of Colonel Gordon. Almost opposite, across the main road, rises the Obelisk to the memory of the Hanoverian officers of the German Legion. A little farther on, by the side of the main road, stands the historic, red-roofed, white-walled farm of La Hale Sainte, the building which protected the Allies' center in the battle, and around

into a fort. Here, throughout practically the whole day, the Coldstreamers, who fought the bulk of the defending force, held back the most violent attacks of the action.

With the circuit from the Mound to Belle-Alliance, and back to Hougomont, the tourist generally contented himself; but in Waterloo itself and in Mont St. Jean, there are scores of memorials of the famous day.

Waterloo was the Duke of Wellington's headquarters from June 17th to the 19th. The church contains a bust of him, by Geefs, and numerous memorial slabs and tablets to the memory of those who fell in the battle.

And in the midst of the sublime there is, only a few paces away from the church, the ridiculous. In a cottage garden stands a monument to the leg of Lord Uxbridge, who commanded the cavalry in the battle. The leg was amputated immediately after the victory, and lies buried here with an epitaph and a weeping widow above it.

Willing to Go Half Way.
Frank had been going to school but a week when he had some trouble with the janitor. The teacher took Frank to the janitor and said: "Now, Frank, I am sorry you and Jerry have had any trouble, but just to show Jerry that you are willing to be friends I want you to shake hands with him." Frank hesitated and then grumbled: "I'll give him my left hand."

Cost.
"Friend of the College President—'What did this beautiful dormitory cost you?' College President—'Three dollars' degrees. One for the man that put up the money and the others for two friends of his.'—Life.

Saluting the Quarter-Deck.
Every time an officer or a seaman goes upon the quarter-deck he salutes it. He never by any chance forgets it. He never by any chance forgets this, one of the regular customs on board, says Pearson's Weekly. The quarter-deck is that part of the deck reserved by officers, and many people think that the reason why it is saluted is out of respect for those officers. The why and wherefore of the saluting has a far more interesting origin than that, however, and one has to go back hundreds of years to find the beginning of the custom. In the old days a crucifix used to stand on the quarter-deck. In those days all the sailors were Catholics, and, of course, every time they approached the crucifix they crossed themselves to show their reverence for the holy symbol. It is many a long year ago since the crucifix was there, but the custom of saluting the quarter-deck, which was a result of it, has been handed down in the navy ever since.

Disregarded Proprieties.
The minister was calling, and just as he was about to depart he knelt to ask a blessing. Three-year-old Eva, whose notion of prayer was associated only with bedtime, looked on in open-eyed wonder. Finally she interrupted the earnest petition by blurting out: "Mister, mister, you can't do that without no nightie!"

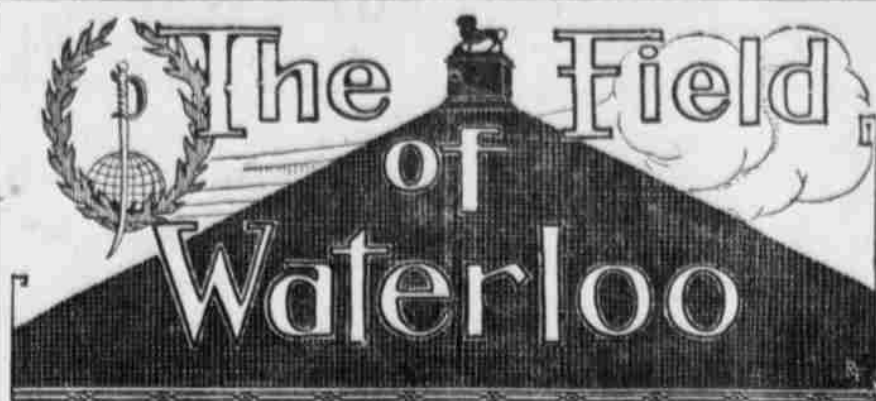
Given Away.
Bored Husband (after reluctant visit)—"Good-by, Mrs. Jackson—enjoy myself immensely." Wife—"There—I told you so! I knew you'd enjoy yourself."—Punch.

Investigates.
"Mr. Speaker," quoth the member of the house, "I would like to ask if there are any committees investigating anything?" "There are none," replied speaker. It was a moment of intense though suppressed excitement. "I move," exclaimed the member with deep feeling, "the appointment of a committee to investigate why nothing is being investigated. If the conditions are become such that there is nothing to investigate, they should be met with appropriate legislation."—Puck.

Thought of School.
"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Have you ever been on a school-ship?" "Oh yes, my boy." "And do they have a teacher on a school-ship?"

Caught With the Goods.
"How do you happen to be in prison, my poor friend?" "Because I was a man of property." "I don't understand." "Yes, see, mum, it was other people's property."

Not to Be Owned.
Mr. Gushington—Miss Goldilocks! Clara, will you be mine?" Miss Goldilocks—Mr. Gushington, no high minded, modern woman will ever consent to belong to any man. But I will marry you, Percy.



JUST thirteen miles from Brussels the little local train that ambled to Charleroi by way of Luttre used to stop at a wayside station that hundreds of thousands of British tourists know so well—Braine-l'Alleud. What has been happening there in the past months the "fog of war" has effectively obscured; but in those days before the war, Braine-l'Alleud was the starting-point of a pilgrimage few visitors to Brussels ever missed. It was the station nearest to the Field of Waterloo, says William Bateman in the London Magazine.

From Braine-l'Alleud the pilgrim would wander by one way or another to the shrine of his pilgrimage, "Le Lion de Waterloo," the great Belgian Lion cast in metal taken from the guns captured in the great battle, standing at the apex of a pyramid of earth some two hundred feet high that dominates the whole of the flat landscape for miles around. The Lion Mound stands as a monument to the memory of all the brave men who fell on that June day. Beneath the great bank of earth, as they tell you, rest the bones of thousands of soldiers of varied nationality. From the summit of the mound practically the whole area of Waterloo's battlefield may be seen.

Probably there is not in the world a more striking memorial than this hill of memory rising from the rolling plain that stretches all around. Yet, to create it, one of the most important features of the battlefield was destroyed. In the building of the Lion Mound the ridge of ground which had formed part of the Mont St. Jean, so important a position in the battle, was removed, and the surrounding flat country made flatter still.

You ascend the mound by a seemingly endless series of steps until you

which some of the most desperate fighting raged.

Belle-Alliance and Hougomont. About a mile down the road you come to another of those low, white, red-roofed houses. It is now a little wayside tavern, La Belle-Alliance. There is an inscription over the door that tells that Wellington and Blucher met there. But this is not correct. The historic meeting took place some two miles from here.

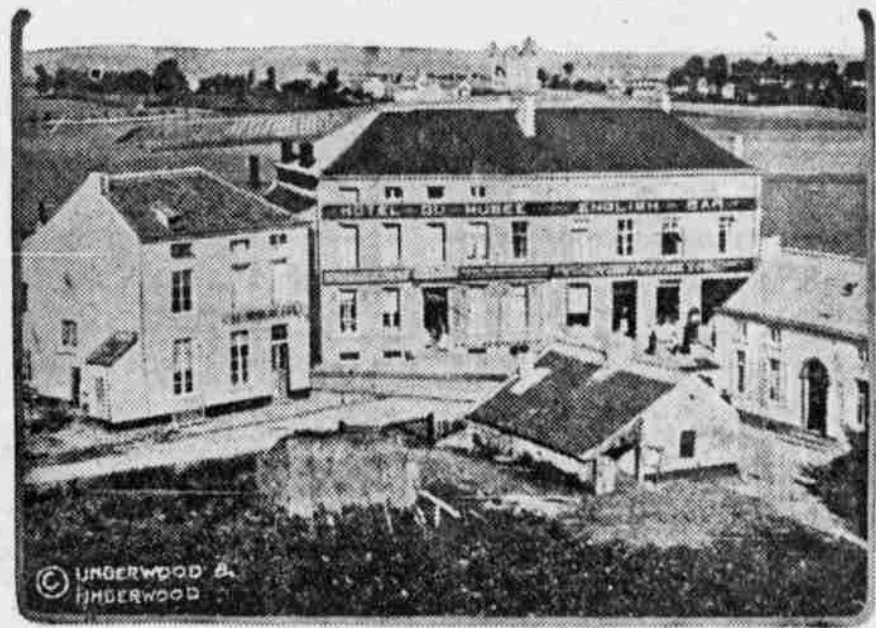
Belle-Alliance, however, has much claim to history. It was Napoleon's headquarters at the beginning of the battle, and by its name the Germans still know the battle of Waterloo.

Close at hand is undoubtedly the most beautiful monument on the whole field—and one of the most recent. It shows a wounded Imperial Eagle dying in defense of a broken standard. It bears the simple legend "Aux Derniers Combats de la Grande Armee, 18 Juin 1815." To the last of those who fought in the Grande Armee of Napoleon, to the gallant veterans of those wonderful soldiers the Little Corporal led through Europe, Frenchmen erected this striking monument only a few years since.

From Belle-Alliance the pilgrim's road led generally to the right along the narrow lane that runs through the very center of the battlefield to perhaps the most historic of all its remains, the Chateau de Hougomont. The story of this chateau is one that can never die.

Hougomont was one of the advanced posts of the British lines and the key of the British position. If it had fallen, the history of Europe would have been differently written.

At the time of the battle, Hougomont was an old, partly-ruined chateau, surrounded by numerous outbuildings. By the Great Duke's own orders the place was hurriedly turned



LOOKING OVER THE BATTLEFIELD

into a fort. Here, throughout practically the whole day, the Coldstreamers, who fought the bulk of the defending force, held back the most violent attacks of the action.

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Chicago Domestic Are Singing Real Music Now

CHICAGO.—These days the parlor maid, as she wields her duster, trills as sweetly as if the drawing room were a comic opera stage. Her sister maid of the upper floors hums a haunting little melody that falls pleasantly on the ear. Out in the kitchen the cook, who used to be the worst offender of them all—whose voice, as a matter of fact, was sometimes taken by guests as the wailing of a just too dear and frightfully novel Chinese bull fiddle—occasionally gives vent to a snatch of song in a well-modulated contralto.

The house, where discord once reigned, where chokings, squeakings and howlings once accompanied the performance of each household duty, has become one of melody. Thus, through the quiet and quieting efforts of the Civic Music association, a goodly number of housewives have been made happy. The association has undertaken to train a "domestic girls' chorus." Every Sunday from far and wide maids of all descriptions have come to attend the classes, which are under the direction of Miss Albie Sladek.

Fifty-six girls, most of them from the north shore suburbs, attended a recent class. The quality of their voices, in solo and in chorus, gave evidence of great improvement. How the voices had sounded at first Miss Sladek described by placing her hands over her ears and wrinkling her nose.

"They had the music in them, these girls," she said, "but they didn't know how to get it out. They had knowledge neither of rhythm nor scale, but their lungs certainly were in excellent condition. The first time they sang together the building shook. Now they can sing as softly as a summer breeze humming through the trees.

"Among the girls one has been discovered who plays practically every musical instrument by ear—and until last fall she never had touched one. Another, Besse Kvis, may some day develop into a grand opera star."

Interned Germans Are Enjoying Life at Norfolk

NORFOLK, VA.—The crews of the German auxiliary cruisers Eitel Friedrich and Kronprinz Wilhelm, interned at this port, are enjoying life to its fullest. Besides numerous entertainments accorded to officers and crews, the men are living a life of luxurious idleness. Their chief vocation at this time is pleasure—vacation day and night.

They spend most of their time in Norfolk in the early hours of the day. In the afternoon they go to Virginia Beach, Ocean View and other nearby resorts. They smoke good cigars, eat the best, and appear to have plenty of money. Barring a few cases of beriberi on the Kronprinz, they are a healthy lot. The men have been taken into the homes of a number of citizens and entertained, and special services have been held for them in Protestant churches. They are made to feel at home.

They appear on the streets in white uniforms with blue stripes and white hats. They are as neat as new pins and their conduct is perfect. They roam the streets arm in arm with American bluejackets and visit the best theaters and other public resorts.

They are beginning to love the great American game. Several hundred of them attended a baseball game in Portsmouth and rose up and cheered a player who drove the ball over the fence for a home run. Whether they understood the game or just followed the Americans who stood up and cheered, no one but themselves know. But there is a movement on foot to organize two baseball teams out of the crews—one on the Eitel and another on the Kronprinz, and some of the men are practicing daily. They have spent over \$200 for equipment. A little short chap whom the American sailors call "Buelow" drove a ball over the sea wall in a practice game.

Omaha Indians Have Great Time at a Banquet

OMAHA.—Fifty Indians of the Omaha tribe driving their own automobiles and headed by White Horse, oldest Indian in the West, came down from their tribal reservation on the Missouri river to attend a banquet at the new \$1,000,000 hotel that has just been completed in this city and named in honor of Fontenelle, the greatest chief the Omahas ever had.

It was 52 years ago that Fontenelle was killed while defending the small white settlements along the Missouri river from an attack of Sioux Indians, but his birthday is celebrated each year on the Omaha reservation.

A majority of the Indians in the party had never seen a house with more than two stories and the sight of an 18-story hotel was marvelous to them. But if the hotel was a wonder, the menu, to them, was a miracle. It has been a long time since the Omahas ate dog. They graduated out of that class many years ago. But hors d'oeuvres marcellines, creme de volaille logan, cassolette de crabe et homard fontenelle, fromage assorti et petits grilles, and pastilles lucien are things that the Omahas do not have every day when they are at home up on the reservation.

But the way the red men went after those things, as well as the other items on the menu, was worth seeing.

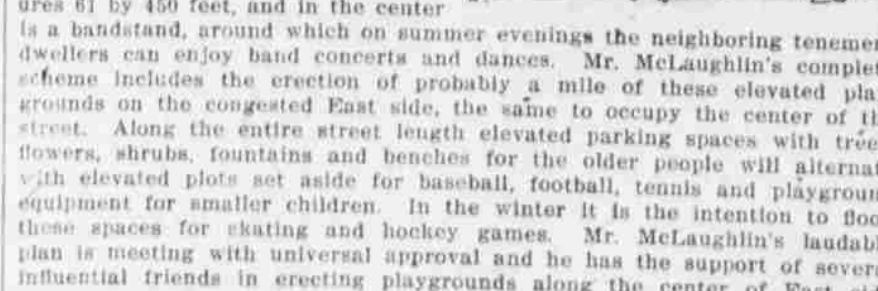
After the demi-tasse came the speeches and probably their equal has never been heard in a modern hotel. They were all in the Omaha tongue.

When the time came for old White Horse to talk, he used the difficult "Chief Talk," so called by the Indians because it is the formal language used by the chiefs in addressing a grand council of the tribe.

Elevated Playgrounds the Latest in New York

NEW YORK.—The more congested New York becomes, the more necessary it is to provide suitable breathing spaces and grounds for recreation in just the communities where they are needed the most, as on the East side. It is becoming increasingly difficult to set aside any land for playgrounds.

Already in New York there are playgrounds on the piers, on the roofs of schools, on fashionable apartments and, recently, there was opened to the public the first elevated playground at the Manhattan end of the Williamsburg bridge. To Hugh E. McLaughlin, civil engineer, belongs the credit for this innovation. The first elevated recreation ground measures 61 by 450 feet, and in the center is a bandstand, around which on summer evenings the neighboring tenement dwellers can enjoy band concerts and dances. Mr. McLaughlin's complete scheme includes the erection of probably a mile of these elevated playgrounds on the congested East side, the same to occupy the center of the street. Along the entire street length elevated parking spaces with trees, flowers, shrubs, fountains and benches for the older people will alternate with elevated plots set aside for baseball, football, tennis and playground equipment for smaller children. In the winter it is the intention to flood these spaces for skating and hockey games. Mr. McLaughlin's laudable plan is meeting with universal approval and he has the support of several influential friends in erecting playgrounds along the center of East side streets.



Fuller's Earth.
Fuller's earth is worth more per ton than the ore from many large gold mines now paying handsome dividends. Florida is the leading producer in this country, and last year the average price paid for its earth was \$10.07 a ton.

Valuation.
"You say that dog has a pedigree?" "Yes." "How much is he worth?" "Well, the dog is worth about twenty cents, but the pedigree is valued at over a hundred dollars."

Imagination.
"Pa, what is imagination?" "Imagination, my boy, is what your mother uses to picture the sort of accidents that may have happened to me when I chance to be late getting home to supper."

Thinking of School.
"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Have you ever been on a school-ship?" "Oh yes, my boy." "And do they have a teacher on a school-ship?"

Caught With the Goods.
"How do you happen to be in prison, my poor friend?" "Because I was a man of property." "I don't understand." "Yes, see, mum, it was other people's property."

COULDN'T SPEND HER MONEY

American Girl in Paris Was Entirely Willing, But the Government Interfered.

The girl who was born under the star of extravagance, whatever that is, was praised for her unnatural economy.

"Just think," her people said, "of having all that money over there in Paris, and not spending it!"

"Don't blame me," the girl protested with unblushing candor. "It was not my fault. I wanted to spend it, but I could not; I couldn't get at it. In spite of myself, I was forced into the paths of economy by the French government."

"At the beginning of the war I solved all the business problems by making my trunk my banker. What money I had was drawn out of the bank and deposited in my trunk. That seemed a pretty safe place, so most of my money was left there when I went to London on a visit.

"I had made my home in Paris with an old school friend. While I was in London her husband died.

"When I came back it was as much as I could do to get into the house. The government had been in and had clapped red seals, fastened to the ends of a piece of tape, across everything about the place.

"My own trunk had not escaped. Right across the lock was a band of tape with these seals of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' above and below. They did not represent much liberty for me; they came nearer to representing captivity, for I had run up debts, and the only money I had to pay them with was in that trunk.

"Then came such a bargain sale. It consisted of lace and feathers and jewelry that had belonged to a very fine lady and were going dirt cheap. They were sold at private sale and I was offered first pick of anything I wanted.

"For three months, while all the terrifying entanglements of French law were being unraveled, my money was imprisoned. When my friend's affairs were finally settled and the seals removed, the bargains I coveted had been sold elsewhere, so I had saved my money."

Pictorial Record of War.

No history that ever will be written about the great world war now raging will be quite as complete and striking as the huge collection of photographs, bearing on every conceivable phase of the conflict, that is being made by the general staff of the German army. Already more than 20,000 reproductions that range from soldiers in the trenches to wounded men in the hospitals have been gathered together and filed away for present or future reference. The collection is constantly growing, and requires a staff of men to keep in order and supervise. This pictorial record of the war is the finer because the government is able, through the rules which it lays down for all photographers who go to the front, to secure a copy of every picture that is made, by amateurs or professionals. The general staff, therefore, has been able to pick and choose for its own gallery the cream of everything pictorial that concerns the war, and has acquired not only accurate and interesting representations but photographs that in a great many cases are artistic in the extreme.

In and Out.

"I work," related a friend, to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "In a sash, door and blind factory. Owing to the unprecedented building boom this spring we have been unable to keep up with our orders. People coming into the office and ordering articles for immediate delivery are likely to be disappointed—they have to wait their turn. And all this I tell you as an introduction to a curious example of the peculiarities of the English language which I overheard the other day.

"A man entered the front office in a great hurry. "Is the boss in?" he asked. "Is there anything I could do for you?" countered one of our polite young clerks.

"I want to see him about buying some doors at once. Is he here?" "Well," explained the clerk, "he's in his private office, but he's out of doors."

Army of Doctors.
In proportion to its numbers, the American army is better off than any other for doctors—all first-rate men selected by means of a stiff competitive examination. Humanity is indebted to them for many valuable contributions to medical science. The sanitary triumph of the occupation of Cuba was due to the researches made by a board of American army doctors, which established the truth of the mosquito theory of the transmission of yellow fever. Later on this discovery rendered possible the digging of the Panama canal.