

LETTER FROM A. D. WEIR

Box Butte County Man Writes Interestingly of the Sunny South in Arkansas

"LAND OF BIG RED APPLES"

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Weir, well known to Herald readers, especially those in the northwestern part of Box Butte and eastern Sioux county, left a few weeks since for a trip to the south. Under date of May 10, Mr. Weir writes the following very interesting letter from Rogers, Arkansas:

Herewith a few facts about this part of Arkansas as I have seen and heard them since arriving here ten days ago.

Many of our neighbors and friends in N. W. Nebraska have asked me to write them of our impressions, the opportunities, etc., down here, but as I will not be able to write them all personally, take this method of reaching them.

This is May 10th. Everything is from three to four weeks behind, owing to the late spring. However, the corn and oats are from four to six inches high and potatoes are budding. Apples and peaches are from the size of a pea to a hickory nut. Strawberries are ripening rapidly, the first ones being shipped from here on May 4th, about two weeks later than last year. Garden truck has been ready for use for about ten days or so.

Upon our arrival in Gentry, in Benton county, we found Mr. Snow, formerly of Marsland, putting out 5,000 strawberry plants. We stopped with our good friends, the Wootens, also from Marsland, and the next day after our arrival Mrs. Wooten served us with a fine spring chicken from her own winter raised flock. Chickens lay and hatch the year round down here. A boy near Gentry last winter made \$13.00 a week from his 200 hens.

This (Washington) county is a better all-round farming and truck county than others around here, for the soil is much richer and freer from rock. Speaking of rocks—the bug-bear of the Nebraskan as he thinks of the Ozarks. In Benton county around Gentry, the land is full of them, from the size of a navy bean to a tomato can, but the rocks lay loosely on the ground and are no more trouble to plow through or work in than is our black root grass in Sioux county, and it is on this land that the finest and largest crops of apples, peaches and strawberries in the world are raised. The soil in this country runs from a red-dish gravelly on the uplands, to a rich, dark chocolate loam on the second bottoms and a black alluvial in the bottoms. As for the rocks, a man can find much of the finest land in the country as free from rocks as the prairie land west of Hemingford is; especially is this true in parts of Washington county.

Benton county is said to have one million more fruit trees than any other county in the world, with Washington county as a close second. The apple crop of Benton county alone for this year is estimated at four million dollars. At Beauville, ten or twelve miles from this place, is the largest brandy factory in the world, and these two northwest counties have the largest cedar vinegar factories in the world.

There are orchards in these counties ranging from 5 to 5,000 acres. Coming from Kansas City down here we passed thru one orchard five miles long on both sides of the railroad.

People are flocking in from Oklahoma and other sections by the hundreds, camping, ready for the strawberry picking. We passed an 80 acre strawberry patch a few days since. These berries will net from \$150 to \$300 per acre. From each of the towns of Gravette, Gentry and Springdale, there are from 3 to 7 carloads of berries shipped every day.

The people down here use no commercial fertilizer, but throw all stable manure on their land. Cowpeas, alfalfa and clover are planted extensively, for both feed and building up the soil, though alfalfa is just coming into its own in this country. A visit to the State Agricultural college at Fayetteville a few days ago and a long talk with experts there convinced me that alfalfa, orchard grass, Bermuda grass, clover and cowpeas, or any one of them, with a bunch of milch cows, some chickens and a strawberry patch, in this country, will make a man a splendid living and a good bank account in a short time.

As for fruit, there are summer and winter grapes, plums, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries and blueberries growing wild on every road and hill—more than people can care

for or gather, free for the picking. One young boy, near the place we have bought, has found five bee trees and saved the bees and honey from them all.

Milch cows can be milked the year round and one only needs to feed two months in the year, and that on the finest of cow peas, clover and alfalfa hay.

Hogs grow, and in the fall fatten enough for market, in the timber from the mast. The timber abounds in squirrels, quails, and the streams afford fine fishing.

The schools are good, and there is not a saloon in the county, and no negroes save a very few of the oldest families. No new ones are allowed to locate. The people are the most hospitable, and every day people are flocking in from Nebraska, Kansas and other states in the north, and altogether, this part of Arkansas is coming to the front in leaps and bounds, as one of the best sections for farm homes in the U. S.

The climate beats anything we've ever seen, thus far. We have seen no flies, mosquitoes, bed bugs or fleas since coming here, or so few as not to notice them—none at all of the latter.

Unimproved timber land within two to five miles of town and railroad can be had for from \$5 to \$15 per acre, and the land when cleared to stumpage and set to orchards, with strawberries between the trees, will bring a yield of from \$100 to \$300 per acre. It will cost \$5 or \$6 per acre to get it cleared, and then timber or wood, will, in most cases, more than pay the cost of clearing.

I am arranging to spend several days next week in Madison county, along the right of way of the new railway now building from Rogers to Memphis, Tenn. This is an undeveloped country, but I am told that it is one of the finest sections in the state and that land can be had there very cheap, that will in a few months make the owner a fine home or a handsome profit as an investment.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have tried to tell my friends and readers of this part of Arkansas as I have seen it, and as it impresses me, and have tried to give them an honest statement of the facts and conditions as I believe them to exist.

We bought our ticket to Mena, in the central part of the state, and expected to go over on the Rock Island road between the Oklahoma line and Little Rock, but since coming here and talking with many traveling men and others, we are convinced to our own satisfaction that the country down there is stricken with malaria, and have given up going there. We have purchased a farm home near a thrifty place only eight miles from the State University, and expect to be at home to our Nebraska friends, or any others who may come our way, in a few weeks.

If your readers should care to have information along any line concerning this country, that I can give them, and will drop me a line asking any questions, I will be glad to answer them as best I can, and will write you again if you so desire.

My address is Rogers, Ark., but I expect to return to Sioux county in two weeks and will be there for some time after June 1st. My home address will be Marsland, Nebr.

A. D. WEIR.

COMPETITION IN CEREALS

The Nebraska Experiment Station has just issued Bulletin No. 127, on "Competition in Cereals". This bulletin discusses the effect of natural competition which takes place between plants of cereal crops under field conditions, indicating that this is nature's means of maintaining yield and vigor. This bulletin may be had free of cost by residents of Nebraska upon application to the Agricultural Experiment Station, at Lincoln, Nebraska.

WOMAN'S CLUB PROGRAM

Following is the program for the Woman's Club meeting, Friday, May 17:

Hostess, Mrs. Bennett.
Roll call—Cute sayings of children.
Table talk—Early religious impressions.
Book Review—Of such is the Kingdom.—Mrs. Highland.
Vocal solo—Mrs. Bennett.

"We love these little people, and it is no slight thing when they who are so fresh from God love us."—Dickens.

This being the last literary programme of the year, a good attendance is expected.

The daughters of Isabella will give a dinner and supper in Beal Brothers' store, June 21. This will be during the Stockmen's Convention.

THE HOUN' DOG SONG

Will Maupin's Weekly Indulges in Sarcastic Comments on a Critic of the Song

SONG HAS FRIENDS AND FOES

Now that the critics are lining up for and against the famous "Houn' Dog" song, we are wondering what the effect will be on its popularity. Under the caption, "We Are Humiliated", Will Maupin's Weekly, published at Lincoln, makes the following humorous and sarcastic comment on a criticism of the song made by a university professor:

For a long time we have been whistling and humming the "Houn' Dawg" song, extracting therefrom much comfort and enjoyment, and laying the flattering unction to our soul that we were enjoying something. We gathered from its lilting tune something of the care-free feeling of the Ozark mountaineer, and often when feeling blue and rather out of sorts we have hummed the tune and felt relieved. We are no Mozart or Beethoven, nor do we pretend to understand the crashing harmonies of a Wagner or the intricacies of a Herbert or a Sausa. While we have written rods and furlongs and miles of stuff for the printed page we make no pretense of being either poet or literary genius. But we really did catch something of melody in the "Houn' Dawg" song, and we did incline ourself to believe that in the simple sentiment and language we caught something of the folk lore of the simple, lovable and shiftless mountaineer of the Ozarks.

But we are as nothing. We don't know nothing about music now. We ain't got no judgment about literature any more than a rabbit. The "Houn' Dawg" song has been pronounced silly by a college professor living right here in Lincoln, where we have more judges of good literature than anywhere—and not a blooming literary genius known outside the state's borders. He—the professor—says that the music is bad and unworthy of consideration, and wants both words and music barred from the university campus. We who are entertained by the cadences of the "Houn' Dawg" song and amused by its words are classed as among the ignorant who are incapable of enjoying the good, the true and the beautiful.

We feel mighty bad after this indictment. It takes our pride down several notches. The university professor has jabbed us in the midriff, so to speak. But we'd feel worse and our pride would be considerably reduced were it not for the one comforting fact—that professor's name is Gass. We hold that any man who has arrived at the age of consent and never thrown that name over the transom don't know any more about music than we who like the "Houn' Dawg" song, and has a taste for the literary that is reminiscent of that morning-after-the-day-before taste we used to sense when we were a lot younger and vastly more foolish.

"Gass!" Suffering cognomens, will somebody please sing the "Houn' Dawg" song!

Obituary

Death of Mrs. Fannie Parker Strupper at Home of Daughter

Graita Frances Merwin was born April 13, 1832, in Westfield, Mass. Here she grew to womanhood, receiving her education in the High school and other educational institutions of her native city. In the old Westfield Academy she was a classmate of the late Mary Clemmer Ames, going with her to the professor to ask criticism on that author's first literary venture. Later she spent a few years with a brother in New York City and a sister in Cleveland, Ohio, and Oregon, Ill. November 18, 1856, she was married to Martin W. Parker of Byron, Ill. In 1857 the young couple removed to the Iowa prairies locating near Vinton, Benton county, and developing a fine farm which was their home for nearly thirty years. Here four children were born to them, all of whom survive: Mrs. M. L. Phares of Bridgeport, Nebr.; Mrs. S. D. Watson of Spade, Nebr.; Geo. M. Parker of Puyallup, Wash.; and Mrs. R. T. Watson of Alliance. In 1885 they left the farm to live in Vinton and shortly after, owing to failing health, went to Michigan to make their home with Mrs. S. D. Watson in St. Johns. After the death of Mr. Parker in 1895 the mother lived with each daughter in turn. In March, 1910, she was married to Mr. T. J. Strupper of Salix, Iowa, who survives her. The last

few years, with the exception of a year in Salix, were spent with Mrs. R. T. Watson in Alliance in whose home she passed away at an early hour Sunday morning, May 12, 1912.

A woman of charming personality, active, vivacious, staunch in her friendships, she had wherever she lived a host of friends. To meet her was to remember her and to know her was to love. Her oft expressed sentiment not to be old if she lived to be a hundred was borne out to a remarkable degree, the final summus finding her eighty years young. Thruout the three months of her illness she exhibited unflinching patience and fortitude and frequently expressed her appreciation of the kindly attention of friends and the devotion of the daughters, all of whom were constantly by her side. Her keen mind was bright to the last. In accordance with the wishes of the deceased the remains were taken to Denver for cremation Mrs. R. T. Watson accompanying them.

At ten o'clock Sunday evening, just before the departure for Denver, friends gathered in her room. She lay upon the bed whence her spirit had taken its flight as in sweet rest before the journey, as bidding the sorrowing friends.

"Say not good night,
But in some fairer clime
Bid me good morning."

Rev. Ware and Rev. Baker conducted a simple service. At the close the body attended by friends was borne by pall bearers direct to the train for the last sad journey.

"Oh Heart sore tried! Thou hast
The best
That Heaven itself can give thee
—rest."

COMBATING DANDELIONS

Methods Used to Rid Lawns of Yellow Pest

The following article by Professor R. Kent Beattie, botanist, Washington State college, appeared in the April issue of "Better Fruit" and is printed in The Herald by request of a reader who is interested in the improvement of lawns in Alliance:

The common dandelion is on the increase as a pest in the lawns of Eastern Washington. It is a very difficult plant to eradicate. It perpetuates itself by a large, flesh root which is difficult to kill, and this must be removed before one can get rid of the plant. A very common method is to dig out as much of the root as possible with a long, heavy knife, or with a tool called a spud, and then to put a few drops of coal oil on the cut surface of the root. In many cases the coal oil kills that part of the root which remains. It is, however, not perfectly successful. Some persons have tried sulphuric acid on the roots. This is a difficult thing to handle, for it is very injurious to the hands and the person. It usually kills the dandelion roots, but sometimes they escape. Recently a good many people have tried spraying with dandelions, and this is recommended by some. The method used is to make a solution of iron sulfate, two pounds to one gallon of water. Apply this to the lawn with a spray pump so that it will make a fine mist. Some people put half an ounce of sulfuric acid in each ounce of the spray. In any event, all that this spray can do is to kill the tops. If, however, one should begin in the spring and kill the tops with the spray and then repeat the process as often as new ones appear, one ought in time to get rid of the roots by starving them

out. This spray does little or no injury to lawn grass or clover. It sometimes blackens the edges of the leaves a little, but the damage is never serious. From the standpoint of cheapness and ease of application at least, this is probably the best method to use in fighting the dandelion.

In our "Scissors and Paste" department we have selected from The Herald's exchanges the cream of the news that might interest a considerable number of our readers. All of the items found in this department will not interest all our readers, but those who fail to glance through the items will probably miss some things that they would be pleased to read.

Mrs. Lydia Shoop, mother of Mrs. Dr. Slagle, departed last week for her home at Abingdon, Illinois, after spending six months at the home of her daughter in this city. She has made several extended visits in Alliance and has many friends here who, as well as her relatives, always give her a cordial welcome and try to make her stay pleasant.

YOU GOTTA FETCH MY DAWG BACK

LOST OR ESTRAYED—A Missouri Fox Hound, black body, tan face and legs, long ears, very thin, and a mournful, soulful look in its eyes. Answers to most any name, but preferably "Bill", "Champ Clark", or "Judge R." When last seen, was tied loose with a collar and chain. This animal has a peculiar liking for anyone from the neighborhood of St. Joseph, Mo. A reward of \$5.00 for the return of said dog to Eugene Burron, County Attorney, Alliance, Nebraska.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Dr. C. E. Slagle, who has been with me the past five years as assistant, is no longer in my employ. All bills for work done by him prior to Feb. 1st, 1912, are payable direct to me. H. H. BELLWOOD, M. D. 1139-14th

See E. C. Whisman for lowest prices on painting, paper hanging and kalsomining. 1138th 14

Alliance Shoe Store

S. A. MILLER, Prop.

Watch this space for shoe information. Will be changed every week.

HANAN SHOES AND OXFORDS



Men's Gun Metal Paris Oxford
Made long vamp with blind eyelets and is the very latest design.

Medium Heel and Toe. All Sizes.
Frisco Last. A, B and C widths.
Something new, \$5.50



Men's Best Tan Russia Calf
Four Button Oxford

Puck Last. B, C and D widths.
All Sizes
Military Heel. Price, \$5.50



Men's Gun Metal English Oxford

Medium Long Vamp, Blucher
A very easy, straight last.
Baltimore Last. Medium Heel.
Price, \$5.00



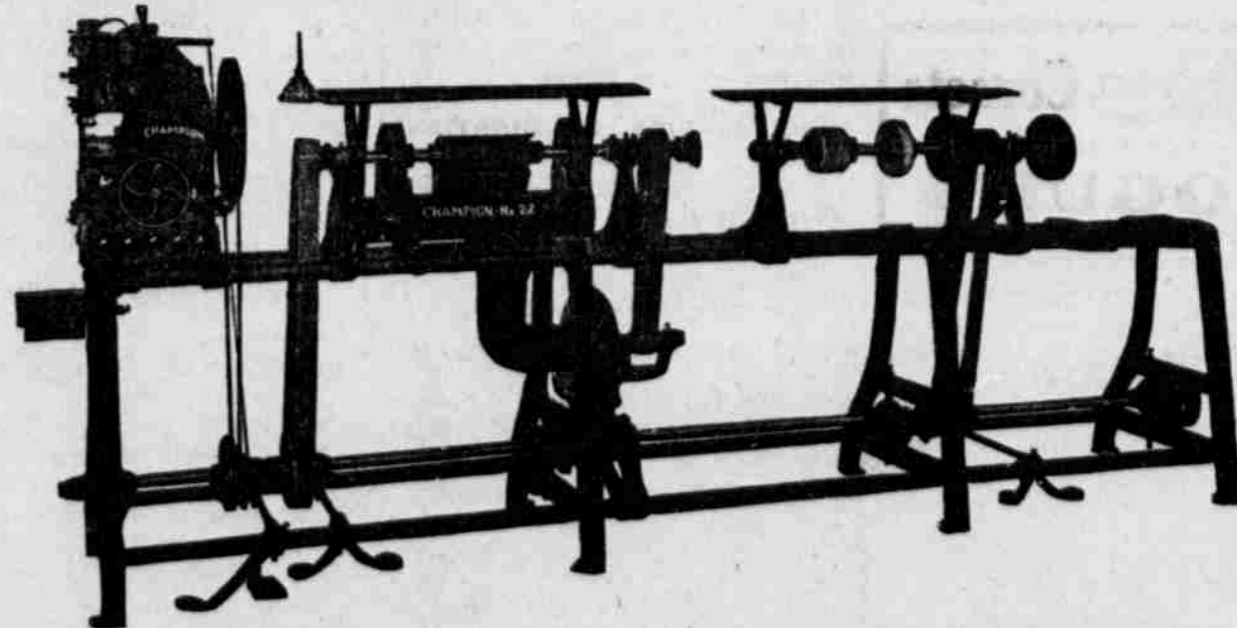
Men's Best Tan Russia Calf
Blucher Oxford

Auto Last. B, C and D widths.
All Sizes
Medium Military Heel, \$5.50



Men's Black Vici Kid Oxford

Blucher cut with a very wide high toe.
A good last for a man that is on his feet a great deal.
Kozy Last. \$5.00
Same style in a shoe, \$6.00



"EASY AS AN OLD SHOE"

Don't throw away those old shoes that are so comfortable. Have them repaired and made as good as new. M. D. NICHOLS has the best equipped shop in western Nebraska, at 217 BOX BUTTE AVENUE, Alliance. First-class repairing done promptly. Also, boots and shoes made to order. Give him a trial.