

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Coal ashes are of no value to your garden.

Grow plenty of hay, and some wheat and oats.

Chicks in a large run will exercise more and hence keep warmer and healthier.

Do not feed the young chicks anything for at least thirty-six hours after hatching.

Diversified farming and crop rotation are the best antidotes for farm mortgages.

Foul drinking water and filthy drinking vessels are a prolific source of trouble.

The boar should always have a large lot to himself, and never be confined in dark, damp quarters.

Rape is sometimes sown on corn ground just preceding the last cultivation, and with timely rains the rape will furnish a great deal of pasture after the corn is harvested.

The farmer who has all the land he can well tend to has no need of more land. He would be much happier with a reasonable amount of land, only enough so that it can be well improved, fertilized and cultivated.

Some make a practise in setting out an apple orchard to plant peach trees between the rows of apple trees, allowing the short-lived peach tree to die before the apple tree matures.

Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes or Rhode Island Reds will grow into hens at maturity that will weigh from six to eight pounds when fattened for market, bringing more than a dollar each.

Horses comprise nearly 45 per cent. of the total live stock value of the country, their figures being \$2,276,363,000, as compared with \$5,138,486,000 for horses, milch cows, cattle, swine, sheep and mules.

In the selecting and buying of cattle select the most healthy looking animals, and then determine positively with the tuberculin test as to whether or not they are free from tuberculosis.

If you have a patch of rye use it as a soiling crop for cows. You can begin to cut and feed it when it is about a foot high. Cut only enough at a time for two days' feeding, and store it in the shade, where it will keep green.

The first thing is to have everything connected with the milk and milking as clean as it is possible to make them. The other essential is to cool the milk as soon as possible after it is drawn from the cows and hold it to a low temperature till it is to be used.

Many farmers milk cows of questionable cleanliness in vessels known to be impure and place the milk after milking in a warm room, often near the kitchen stove. Such milk is not only unwholesome for food at any time, but it will soon sour and become unfit for human food.

Give the hen a good dusting with insect powder two or three times during incubation, and a good one as she comes off with the chicks. Lice are a great enemy of young chicks, hence care must be taken with the sitting hen and her nest to see that no lice breed during incubation.

Do not leave the cows out in the lot, as warm weather comes on, but keep them at nights in their accustomed stalls with plenty of soft, dry bedding. It is more convenient to milk a cow in her usual stall than in an open lot, where she may wander about at will or be disturbed by the other cows.

The pen of breeding fowls should be furnished with clean nests and the eggs gathered with clean hands. No grease or oil of any kind must touch them. Eggs should be gathered frequently and stored in a mild and not too dry place to prevent them from chilling and losing moisture. They should be turned daily while held and set as soon as possible. Fresh eggs are most fertile.

The ground for the future bean crop is usually, if possible, fall or winter plowed, or at least plowed very early in the spring. Soils producing good corn crops grow fine beans. An ideal bean soil is a sandy clay loam enriched by barn fertilizers, or clover seeds, and as it loves a loose, deep soil, although shallow rooted, a manured clover sod put to corn the season before and well tilled proves an ideal place for the growth of the bean.

A clean cornfield honors and profits its owner.

Turning under cowpans adds humus to the soil.

An acre of good land will grow many tons of stock beets.

Warm weather is coming and you will need a good, cool place for milk and cream.

Many farmers make the mistake of planting their apple trees too close together.

An easy way to secure new grape vines is to propagate them by layering.

Keep dusting the setting hen with insect powder, before and after she hatches her chicks.

The careful man will turn and examine the udders of all his ewes intended for breeding.

Never allow the fowls to drink from a stream into which the poultry yards and barn yards drain.

The man who desires large profits from his flock should provide it with the best that good management will produce.

If you have no silo and cannot build one this year then plant an acre or more of beets or other roots for winter green feed for the dairy cows.

Select a dairy breed of cattle whose product and offspring will bring the highest possible price in any market, and you will surely be successful in dairying.

But sometimes the large gray louse gets into the head and under the wings of the chicks, then it is best to rub these parts with grease of some kind. Lard and carbolic acid is good.

Developing of new sections in several of the states of the middle west for dairy purposes in itself will call for more extra dairy cows than all the country can possibly furnish.

A mixed grain ration of corn and oats, when fed with clover hay, is more efficient than a single grain ration of corn for producing large gains in an 84-day feeding period.

Look well to a supply of autumn bloomers by planting a bed of asters. The aster has an almost endless variety of colorings and blooms when most other flowers are past their season of beauty.

Clover hay, when fed with a mixed grain ration of corn and oats, is more efficient for producing gains than timothy hay. In this test clover hay produced 58 per cent. more gains than timothy.

While box stalls are safer than single stalls for stabling horses, they are also more expensive and do not offer merits not possessed by single stalls so far as they may influence the horse in taking on flesh.

It is not reasonable to expect strong and healthy chicks from immature, weak and unhealthy parents. Standard, healthy and vigorous breeding stock is the foundation of successful hatches.

When being fattened wether lambs should have some succulent food in their ration, for the reason that they will remain healthier and not be troubled with the common disorder called stretchers and will usually make a better gain.

You cannot afford to keep poor cows and the best way to get good ones is to raise them yourself. Breed the cows you have to a full-blooded dairy male. If you cannot secure the services of one go in with some of your neighbors and buy one in partnership.

With favorable soil and climatic conditions good crops of rape may be obtained from broadcast seeding, but whenever there is any danger of the surface soil becoming very dry during the time the seed is germinating or when land is at all foul, drilling will give much better results.

Grapes propagated from layering come true to name. Hence when you start new grape plants in this way choose canes from your best varieties. Well-rooted young grape plants will begin to bear the third year after setting in a permanent row and with good cultivation and general good care, including proper annual pruning, they will bear good fruit every year, increasing in productiveness with age.

In resetting plants it is of permanent importance to place the roots in the soil in as natural a position as possible, a little deeper than they grew in the original bed, making the soil hold them fast, fan shaped and firm. Holes too deep or holes too shallow are both objectionable, the one being too apt not to be closed at the bottom, the other forcing the roots into a matted condition.

The way to reclaim a gully or an unnecessary ditch in a field is to fill it with trash and keep it filled. The trash will hold it from washing any wider or deeper and will gradually catch all soil and sediment that washes into it. By and by it will become filled with trash and soil and when the trash decays this soil will become the best in the field—deep, porous and full of the best available plant foods.

A Dimple or Two

By JOANNA SINGLE

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"After all, a man chooses," finished Dr. Everett Transome, "and if he chooses to ruin his career by marrying some yellow-headed little nothing whom common sense would show him was quite the wrong woman, the failure of the marriage is purely his own fault. I've no patience with such men. It is just as easy to love a balanced, dignified woman with brains, whose mental and social training would be a help to him, as to let himself be lured to the altar by a rosy cheek and a dimple or two—like poor old Trafion, for instance."

He spoke with the settled assurance of extreme youth and inexperience. Mrs. Jimmie, really, if amusedly, interested, listened to her guest in wide-eyed politeness. Then she said she simply must dress for dinner and trailed off.

Once in the hall she fairly ran upstairs to the guest room where her pretty, pink-cheeked cousin was making herself unnecessarily lovely.

"I don't want to be late at my own table, Rose, but I must tell you that Jimmie has brought home an eastern college friend, and he's to take you in to dinner. He deserves anything you may do to him, though heaven forbid that I put you up to any worse mischief than your own fertile mind suggests. You won't believe it, but he has just finished telling me exactly what sort of a girl he intends not to marry."

"Does the description, by chance, fit little Rosie?" asked the girl, demurely wicked.

"For a moment I thought he must have been trailed by you somewhere when you were east last summer and was revenging himself. But no, he was quite serious."

"Any man who is quite serious deserves—anything! Is he worth while?" Rose tilted her yellow head to catch the mirrored effect of a rose in her hair. "If he's worth—"

"He's all that himself and his dotting widowed mother think him! Of fine family, good looking, with brains and manners carefully cultivated here and abroad; and with money. But very—young. It seems that his mother intends to have him wed a Miss Minerva Farleigh of Boston. He is out here for a rest before beginning in the fall the practise his father left him. He—well—I must dress! Rose—don't be outrageous—but he does need a lesson!"

Dinner went off conventionally enough. Rose tried the sweet, feminine, dependent role she usually played till she decided on what the game was to be. She drew Dr. Transome out about himself and he was, naturally, deeply interested. Her questions about his work and plans were, in fact, so intelligent that the young man twisted his broad shoulders, and turned his fine brown eyes on his neighbor in some surprise—she didn't look like much but a frill plaything—he especially disapproved of yellow curls. And in the cheek nearest him he marked a deep and restless dimple. Her hands were little and delicate. She was very slender. He wondered if she knew how to take care of her health—probably not. He was sure of it when, in the drawing room after dinner, he noted the scandalous height of her small heels. He determined to advise her.

Dr. Transome played the piano well. Induced by Jimmie, who knew all his friend's pieces, he played some Beethoven, some Bach—then a little Chopin—the latter because he thought Miss Rose Thorne might care for lighter music. She sat where he could see her by a side glance. She was not amused, evidently. Finally she sauntered over to him and asked: "Can't you play something lively—a gypsy dance, or some ragtime?" Her eyes were innocent, and she stared at her in dismay. But Jimmie Reverton grinned and pushed him from the stool.

"I'll play," he laughed. "You're too solemn. Pull up a rug or two there, Jimmie. Now, Rosie, give us a step or two."

To the young doctor's scandalized fascination the girl rose, and to the wild time of the host's gypsy music began a whirling dance. He could not take his eyes from the pretty witch in her gauzy blue dress. At last, half exhausted, she stopped suddenly and came panting to sit beside him. He thought angrily that the exercise was bad for her heart; that some one should look after the girl, and that he would try to coax her to wear common-sense shoes—he would do that much good during his stay—and she was little more than a child. He wondered at Jimmie's letting the girl do so unfit a thing. On the strength of his concern for her unprotected situation he asked her to drive with him next day.

The doctor had been coaxed to stay on a month at the Riverton place, and Rose began trailing him to the best of her practised ability, while he told himself that he was looking after her properly. She rode and walked and drove with him. He found she could do most things that he could, and many that he could not; the intelligence of her sympathy surprised him, and he always intended to speak to her about the folly of her ways. She delighted him when she did what he least approved of—even to wearing high heels and dancing.

So he forgot his career, Miss Minerva, Boston, his mother, and the universe. And, finally, he forgot himself. At least that was the opinion of his family—before they really knew Rose.

One of the signs of the doctor's ailment was that he began to forget to write home, and had already lenthened his proposed stay to a week past its supposed bounds.

Back in the east his mother went to call on Minerva. No; Miss Farleigh had not heard from him for some time. Minerva had long been tacitly considered a daughter in the family. Not that Everett had made love to her—he did not know, in fact, what love was, nor how to make it—until he met Rose. And now that he had met her, he did not know that he was making love, nor was he aware that he had learned one of love's first lessons—blindness to the world and forgetfulness of self. Like the ostrich, hiding from his enemies by thrusting its head in the sand, he was hiding from his own heart. Mrs. Transome wrote her son a long letter. He replied, saying he was enjoying himself and really had decided to stay another week or two—in fact, he would not say just when he would return.

Then it was that his mother packed a trunk and decided that a little trip would do her good. She determined to surprise her son and come home with him—it would be a natural and motherly thing for her to do—and she would see the girl who was keeping him. The wisdom of her sex warned her that "girl," though unmentioned in her son's letters, lay beneath his strange and sudden wish to dawdle in a mid-western town at the home of a mere college friend.

Meanwhile Everett Transome was becoming very gay and foolish, discovering that he had really never lived, that the breezy western air was the finest in the world, and that western girls had much more attractiveness than he would have thought possible.

And Rose was growing quiet and serious—at little seasons, few and far between, he admitted. Her interest was no longer feigned. She began to be a little afraid. This man with the resolute eyes and unsmiling mouth would not be flattered with and take dismissal easily. She knew she would be called to account.

Things were at this pretty pass of love-like doubt and fear, when one lovely morning Mrs. Transome, quite unannounced, got out at the little station, and finding a cab, came out to the Riverton place.

It was a beautiful day, and seeing the big house standing out by itself, where she could not miss it, she asked the driver to let her down to walk a few blocks after her long journey—besides, on foot, she would be more of a surprise.

As she entered the drive, she saw coming toward her a pretty dog cart. And in it, his hands holding loosely the reins which should have been guiding the perverse spotted pony, sat her son—her cherished boy—laughing and turning his face ridiculously close to a very pretty, a most unnecessarily pretty, yellow-haired girl who raised back at him in a manner, which was, to say the least, frank! Neither saw her. But the pony did, and not to run over her, shied.

His senses returning, the young man looked up and saw his mother. Not believing his eyes, startled, full of what he had been saying to Rose—how he loved her—he jerked the reins the wrong way and the perverse pony started sharply to one side, so sharply that in a twinkling the cart upset and dumped lover and girl at the astounded and frightened old lady's feet. Mrs. Transome tried to scream, but her voice refused to come.

Then Dr. Transome was on his feet, gathering Rose up out of the dust and into his arms, assuring himself she was not hurt, saying he knew not what until she declared she was not even scratched. Then he turned and dutifully kissed his mother. She looked sternly at Rose.

"Your—new daughter, Rose," he explained swiftly. Rose, very dutifully, received her future mother-in-law's frigid kiss.

The Use of Cosmetics.

Appropos of the extravagant use of cosmetics in New York, a witticism is credited to Reginald Vanderbilt. A lady said to Mr. Vanderbilt at one of the "comet suppers" at the Plaza: "There are the three Van Twiller girls."

"Are they all three still unmarried?" Mr. Vanderbilt asked.

"Yes," said the lady. "They're rich and pretty, too. It's odd they don't go off."

"Isn't it?" said Mr. Vanderbilt. "They use enough powder."

To the Rescue.

Inventor—I have a great idea here if I only had the wherewith to carry it out.

Financier—I should think an ordinary wheelbarrow would be sufficient.

Mislead.

"Some people, like hens, can never find anything where they laid it yesterday," says the Mobile Register.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

News Notes of Interest From Various Sections.

The Fremont postoffice is to be re-modeled to the extent of \$50,000. Sarpy county old settlers will hold their annual picnic August 25 and 26. Over 800 pioneers and settlers attended the picnic of the pioneers of Custer county.

The school census of Nebraska City shows 1,748 children as against 1,641 last year.

Lee Allison, living near Union, Cass county, is in a critical condition from the kick of a horse.

The Leigh Fire department won first money in the horse races at the Fremont's tournament at Howells. The run was made in 23½ seconds.

The school census of the city of McCook, just recently completed, gives McCook 1,185 children of school age, a gain of 132 over last year's census.

Sheriff Chirnside of Jefferson county returned from Clinto, Mo., with Harry Gray, who escaped from the county jail in Fairbury about a year ago.

A human skull, with teeth and accompanied by other bones, has been found on the place north of Lyons known as the old "Jim Hart homestead."

Joy riders ran down a boy nine years of age, Gainer Hubbell of Waterloo, who was thrown thirty-five feet, and his skull fractured. He will probably die.

The Superior board of education made arrangements to add a full course of manual training and domestic science to the school course upon the opening of school in September.

Ed Osborne, a farmer, aged about 24 years, living near Staplehurst, was arrested, charged with committing an assault upon the person of Anna Cornelious, a German girl, 17 years old.

Passenger No. 3, due in Ashland, struck and instantly killed a man at the west end of the Platte River bridge and from papers on his person he is believed to be Andrew. The body was turned over to the coroner.

Word has reached Tecumseh of the death of E. W. Kaley, for many years a resident of Red Cloud and later in the shoe business in Tecumseh and in a general merchandise store at Elk Creek, at his ranch in southern Idaho.

Governor A. C. Shallenberger has appointed Messrs. Jess Fouts of Diller and John P. Thieszen of Jansen as delegates to the second annual conservation congress, which convenes in St. Paul, Minn., September 6 to 9.

Kansas City dispatch: Ward Mower, formerly of Beatrice, Neb., was found guilty of murder in the second degree in the criminal court in Kansas City, Kan. Mower killed Niel Mc Colg in a lonely ravine in Kansas City, Kan., last winter.

From an idea he gained while digging wells, Edward Murrey of Lincoln has invented and patented a new type of grab bucket which may revolutionize methods of excavation and hoisting work on a large scale, as now practiced.

County Superintendent Garland Lewis has just completed his annual report of the different educational sections in Custer county. It shows the schools to be in a flourishing condition with excellent standing. Several new districts have been taken in during the year, making a total of 274.

At Nebraska City Mrs. John Rousch went up stairs with a lamp in her hand to get some medicine. In coming down she tripped and fell, the lamp exploded and the house was soon ablaze. The woman was rescued although slightly burned and the house was saved, but the contents were destroyed.

William Stewart, living several miles south of Hastings, holds the record thus far of the best average yield of wheat in Adams county this year for fifty acres or more. Mr. Stewart finished threshing seventy acres of wheat, which totaled 2,170 bushels or an average of thirty-one bushels per acre.

While digging in the sewer ditches at Hartington E. L. Fleming, laborer was instantly killed by a cave-in.

Postmaster Schneider recently called attention of the postal authorities at Washington that Plattsmouth was over the limit on postal receipts and was entitled to free delivery under the law. He has received word to the effect that a check has been made and that his statement was true and an inspector would be sent to look over the situation.

Four days after he had left Dodge, where he had been working on a farm, Joseph Kysike was arrested in New York city charged with the murder of a hotel clerk who refused to insert a nickel in a music box at his request. Kysike had saved up money while working near Dodge to go back to the old country. He went to the Farmers' State bank and ordered a steamship ticket to Europe. When the ticket arrived he decided he did not want to go by that route and acted ugly when the agent demanded his commission on the transaction. He paid it, however, and left for the east, only to get into serious trouble.

Mrs. Eleanor Horne, widow of Colonel O. Horne and a resident of Syracuse for over twenty years, died last week.

J. W. Armstrong, perhaps one of the oldest men in that part of the state, celebrated his ninety-first birthday anniversary at Nebraska City.

Benjamin Austin, a well known farmer who lives west of Tecumseh, was taken to the Lincoln asylum for insane for treatment. Mr. Austin became overheated in the field and became mentally deranged, in fact, violent.

WINS THROUGH GRIT

Former Deck Hand Going to United States Senate.

Napoleon Bonaparte Broward of Florida Who Has Been a Roustabout, Sailor, Filibuster and Governor, a Fighter.

Jacksonville, Fla.—One of the most picturesque figures in the southland and a man the story of whose life reads like a novel is Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, ex-governor of Florida, who recently defeated United States Senator Tallaferra in the senatorial primaries held in Florida.

Mr. Broward's is a brilliant example of achievement rarely equaled even in this day of self-made men. He was born in abject poverty, his parents being ignorant "Florida crackers," and his schooling was practically nil, yet he rose to the highest office in the commonwealth and now he is about to enter the United States senate. He is a big man, mentally and physically, and his honesty and integrity have never been questioned. He won success in politics, as he did in civil life, by sheer bulldog courage and pertinacity and by keeping his word. He stands six feet in height, weighs more than 200 pounds and is a born fighter.

Ex-Governor Broward first attracted political notice by his project to reclaim the Everglades of Florida and making them into farming lands. It was this issue which carried him into the office of governor. He has, too, demonstrated that his scheme is feasible by converting a part of the Everglades into productive farms, and this made him immensely popular.

The father of the future senator lived in a log house on the St. John's river and eked out a bare living for his wife and children. Broward's parents died when he was in his early teens. When he was under 20 he



Napoleon B. Broward.

shipped on a lumber-laden schooner bound for Boston. There he was paid off and landed in the dead of winter. He had never seen a snowstorm before, he was thinly clad and suffered terribly from the cold. An attack of whooping cough laid him up and took all his money. Nevertheless as soon as he could crawl out he shipped on one of the winter fishing fleet bound for the Grand Banks. He endured hardships without complaining, did his work with a smile, and thus won the friendship of the men of the sea. Following his work on the Banks he worked his way back to Florida as a sailor. Next we see him as a roustabout on a steamer on the St. John's river. He saved his money, bought a part interest in a steamboat and struck out for himself. His splendid fighting abilities were winning him notice, the while his kindly disposition was winning him friends. He was elected sheriff of Duval county, a position he held nine years, and in which he made a record which attracted attention to him from all parts of the state.

The exploit which made Broward famous throughout the United States and Cuba was his ability as a blockade runner to Cuba, during the time the insurgents were fighting the Spaniards there before the Spanish-American war. In company with his brother and a third partner Bryward built a stout, seagoing tug for salvage and wrecking work off the Florida coast. He was approached by Cuban agents and asked to run guns and munitions into Cuba. The work was hazardous in the extreme, but the pay was commensurate with the risk and Broward became a filibuster. In all he made eight trips from the Florida keys to Cuba and his perilous adventures and narrow escapes would make a novel in themselves. He was chased by Spanish gunboats, fought with several of them and escaped capture and death by a hair's breadth scores of times.

This Baby a "Strong Man."

Pembroke Center, Mass.—This town has a marvel in bayhood in Thomas H. Bates, Jr., aged ten months and weighs 28 pounds. Young Bates has shown phenomenal strength. He delights in trapeze, swinging numberless times in succession. His biggest weight feat is lifting two flatirons weighing 19 pounds. With the assistance of an iron through which the flatirons are hung on young Bates performs this feat, a wonderful achievement for his age.

Your best friends "talk about you" at times; don't expect anything else.