

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Plenty of shade is essential.

Keep the peppers picked clean at least every other day.

A few trees in the sheep pasture will turn it into a paradise.

Cement or concrete silos, when well built, are practically everlasting.

Allowing weeds to go to seed now means increased labor next season.

The best method to determine if your hens are good layers is the trap nest.

A strong swarm of bees will furnish a hundred pounds of honey aside from what they themselves consume.

If you grow late-maturing crops in the orchard they will keep the wood growing too late to make them safe for winter.

Cowpea vine hay has a feeding value practically equal to that of wheat bran, which is worth now more than \$30 per ton.

It is folly to raise hogs, feed them high-priced feeds, get them in good shape and then let them die on their way to market.

Early potato blight is liable to attack the potato crop at any time from June until the crop is ripe, but is most seriously destructive in July and August.

A heifer becomes a cow after she drops her first calf and begins giving milk—no matter at what age, and she remains a heifer until these maternal obligations are assumed.

In dairying, there are special breeds enough, and reliable information enough, so there is no excuse for a man who goes it blind and blames luck and the weather for his failure.

With dairying, as with other lines of farming, the dairyman should familiarize himself as much as possible with every fact which can be brought to bear upon the quality of his product.

Bacon is only the intermingling of fat and lean meat, and if the meat is grown along rapidly it will be more tender and palatable than if it is pinched until the lean is dry and tasteless.

In all those portions of the country where dairying is a leading and distinctive feature, and other grains than corn are used as a growing and fattening ration the bacon hogs can be raised to advantage and profit.

As the days wax warmer and warmer one's efforts are apt to relax, but the young fowls destined to take their places in the show room must not be neglected. They must have their feed regularly, and water in abundance.

Upon the horse-collar depends much more than appears at first glance. The day-in-and-out efficiency of the team, its labor service, its thriftiness depend very largely upon the proper kind and fitting of the collars used.

The man with a silo will be in a position to congratulate himself this winter and we urge every farmer to consider the erection of a silo this fall. No other means will provide so much palatable and nutritious feed from an acre of land.

Cultivation as the plants develop requires not only care and skill, but forethought also. If heavy rains have beaten the soil into a hard mass and it is water soaked it may be necessary to go as deeply as possible without injuring the roots in order to aerate the ground properly.

Once the calf is well started toward an early and profitable marketable maturity by liberal feeding and good care at this season of the year, there is little need of advising with regard to his future feeding care, as the owner's good sense will tell him that it will pay to continue to feed and care for him well.

Fowls will lay occasionally in winter if they are not cared for other than having a few scoopsful of corn tossed to them in a filthy house, but they will make a profit over and above the feed and housing if they are well sheltered and fed a variety of clean and wholesome grains and have a bit of green food and cut bone every day. The day of keeping chickens in the haphazard way is about over.

Fowls dislike a filthy house.

Give flower plants lots of room.

The British highway is far superior to the American.

It is quite possible to get a fair crop of cane after early oats.

Remove the suckers from fruit trees as fast as they appear.

Light shining on potatoes colors them and injures the flavor.

To retain soil moisture a loose mulch of between two or three inches is necessary.

Underfeeding and overfeeding are both wasteful as is also feeding one article of diet.

A pig can be raised by the hand method as easily as a calf, if the same pains are taken with it.

Pounds of meat or amount and quality of other products that an animal will provide are what count.

If a sow proves a good breeder, there is no reason why she should not be kept as long as she produces strong pigs.

To the intelligent corn grower a weedy field spells a shiftless farmer who is fooling with his chances of success.

Do not allow any fruit to ripen on berry plants set this season. Premature fruit-bearing stunts the growth of the plants.

The man who raises pigs ought to have a field of peas into which they can be turned just before the peas become hard.

The richest color of the cream is when it first rises to the surface, and if churned in that condition the butter will be yellow.

You will have to spray with kerosene emulsion to reach the cabbage lice. Be sure to get it on the under side of the leaves.

Corn has become a good crop, whether hogs are high or low, but it is not a good plan to plant more corn than can be well tended.

Cocks should not be allowed to run with the hens during moulting, so that as the number of hens not moulting decreases they should be confined with the cocks.

Anyone who will knowingly sell milk from a diseased cow well deserves the epithet of criminal, for his act is nothing short of crime. To sell filthy milk or butter is scarcely less reprehensible.

The trouble with a great many poultry keepers is that they think they can fly before they are really able to walk. Take time to learn the business. By and by the flying will come easy enough.

There is some difference in the cost of corn whether it is "hogged down" by sheep and lambs in the field, or high priced help husks it and hauls it to the station, and high priced railroads ship it to feeding yards.

It is a law of nature that all plants must have a season of rest from active growth. In the tropics this is done in the dry season. No plant can be forced into continual growth without weakening it and finally killing it.

The cockerels which are to be marketed should, of course, be fed a more fattening ration than the pullets, and those which are to be used as breeders should be kept from the pullets until about six weeks before the eggs are wanted for hatching.

As soon as the cockerels get old enough to pay attention to the pullets they begin fighting and the weaker birds are crowded out and don't get their share of feed. For this reason the sexes should be separated so as to allow full and rapid development.

There is no better way to warm a hen up in the morning than to scatter some warm wheat around in a good clean layer of straw and let them work hard for it. They will get right down to business as soon as it is fairly light and stick to it till they have earned their breakfast. By that time they are as warm as a toast.

If you do not cultivate soon after a rain has hardened the surface your task will be ever so much more difficult. The tendency of a hard baked soil under cultivation is to break up into clods, especially if it has not been well worked previously. This does not produce the necessary mulch but rather tends to dry out the soil further, and, in fact, is frequently worse than no cultivation at all.

The average life of a worker bee during the summer time is not over three months and during the height of the clover bloom perhaps not over six or eight weeks. Its life is probably cut short during the summer months by the wearing out of its wings. When its time comes it will crawl away by itself where it can die without hindering the work of the rising generation. Drones, if they are not put involuntarily out of the way, may live perhaps three or four months. The queen bee is very seldom killed by violence, but usually lives to a good old age.

A GREAT INVENTOR

Activities of George Westinghouse Circle the Globe.

Genius Who Holds 15,000 Patents and Whose Air Brake is in Universal Use on Railroad Trains of the World.

New York.—The recent retirement of George Westinghouse, for nearly twenty-five years head of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company, recalls the career of this Napoleon of invention.

For many years the name of George Westinghouse has been a name to conjure with. The man has been a modern fulfillment of the Aladdin lamp idea. Everything he rubbed with his inventive genius became a wonder article; everything he touched turned to gold. First it was the famous air brake, that great appliance by which "he saved more lives than Napoleon lost in all his battles." Then it was the system of operating railway signals and switches by compressed air; after which came the incandescent lamp, the gas engine, the steam turbine, electrical motors and machines by the score, and a thousand other inventions that placed Mr. Westinghouse at the time of his retirement in control of the largest aggregation of patented appliances in the world. Fifteen thousand patents are filed away in his strong box. His activities circle the globe; there are Westinghouse plants in Russia, Canada, Great Britain, Germany and France. His parent plants are of course in or near Pittsburgh, more especially Wilmerding.

To condense the career of this man, who ranks with Watt, Stephenson, Morse and Whitney, into a paragraph or two, the biographers tell us that he was born at Central Bridge, Schoharie county, New York, on October 6, 1846. A decade later his parents moved to Schenectady, where his father became in time connected with the prosperity class as owner of certain agricultural works. The tinkering son divided his attention between the school and the



George Westinghouse.

shop; when he wasn't masticating his books, he was monkeying with the buzz-saw. At fifteen he had invented and made a rotary engine. One day the notion struck him that he'd like to help Uncle Sam out in the navy; so he took a shot at the examinations and scored a hit, landing a job as assistant engineer. Before he reported for duty the Civil war had broken out. He enlisted in the Twelfth New York National Guard, re-enlisted later in the cavalry, and finally turned up on the high seas as an engineer on the gunboats *Muscoota* and the *Stars and Stripes*.

After Gettysburg was fought and won, his thirst for more education landed him in Union college. Two years there were enough for him. The magic of machinery called him away from the academic life, and he found happiness again by taking up his old work in his father's factory. It was while working there that he invented the air brake. Railroad managers who first jeered at his idea of "stopping a train with wind" had to eat humble pie. In a short time the invention was in universal use and had revolutionized railroading, as locomotives could be constructed that would travel at a high rate of speed, so long as they had that little lever in the cab, which by a single turn of the engineer's wrists would bring the train to a standstill in half its length. In the United States all railroads are compelled by law to use the device, and this was adopted by congress and everywhere around the great curve of the world the "whistle of Westinghouse" air brake is heard.

His first prominence in electricity came with his purchase from Gaulard & Gibbs of alternating electric current patents. This was in 1885, and he met great opposition from public sentiment in trying to perfect and introduce this system for lighting and power making. At the time of the Chicago world's fair in 1893 he received the contract for lighting by making a bid of \$1,000,000 under others. His shop in Pittsburgh soon became the place where electrical experts of the world gathered. Tesla went there and received Westinghouse's financial and practical help in developing the induction motor.

Westinghouse built the first ten great dynamos for Niagara. He also constructed the dynamos for the elevated and subway lines in New York

Silas Carter's Romance

By Carl Jenkins

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There was nothing wrong about Silas Carter. He was a strapping young man who worked in a sawmill and ate three square meals a day. When evening came he sat down to store his mind with knowledge. He couldn't borrow Shakespeare or American history and, in consequence he borrowed romances. They were not exactly dime novels. They related mostly to knights and chevaliers and rescues of distressed damsels.

After reading for two or three years Silas got the idea that he was a chevalier, and that the distressed damsel would sooner or later leave into view. He didn't say anything about it. It might be that he wasn't a chevalier, and it might be that the distressed damsel would be detained on the road.

One night when he was calling on Miss Eunice Bebe, the daughter of a villager, he casually observed: "Eunice, I love you and want you to be my wife."

"I will," she replied. Silas had known Silas for a long time, and had come to realize that she loved him, and why shouldn't she have answered that way? Why blush and stick a finger in her mouth and reply that she would see her father about it? She did just as a plain, sensible girl always does under the circumstances—she waited for Silas to say more.

He began and ended right there. If the distressed damsel appeared he would tell Eunice that he had changed his mind; if she didn't then they would get married some day. Eunice continued to be a good, plain girl, and Silas kept his eyes open for what was coming.

It came one July day. A young lady from the city, stopping at a summer hotel in the village, came down to the mill pond to fish. Silas was in the mill yard, wrestling the saw-



He Wrote That He Took His Pen in Hand.

logs about, and after a time he heard a scream. He ran for the water and was in time to pull a very wet and frightened girl out by the hair.

When she could speak she called him a hero and said he had saved her life and won her eternal gratitude. She was the distressed damsel and he the hero—the chevalier. There could be no two ways about that. He was invited to call at the hotel and receive further thanks, and the dripping damsel took her departure.

Silas Carter called. He was braced up by the heroic deed he had done, and he felt very important when he found himself in the presence of a young lady wearing diamonds and fine clothes, and almost smiling at the fresh grease on his boots. He didn't know exactly what to do with his hat, hands and feet, but he stowed them away somewhere and modestly said that he stood ready to rescue a damsel every day in the week.

He was thanked and thanked, and the damsel said she could never forget him. She even went so far as to give him her address in the city and say that she would be pleased to hear from her hero—occasionally. In getting off the hotel veranda Silas fell over a widow's poodle dog and rolled down the steps, but he was none the less a hero in his own eyes for this. He had read that they occasionally took a tumble and were none the worse for it. That evening when he went over to see Eunice he said: "Eunice, I asked you a few nights ago to marry me, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll hold on awhile about it, I guess."

"Very well, Silas," replied the dutiful Eunice.

She might have become angry and jumped up and down and threatened a breach of promise suit, but she didn't. She had heard about the rescue, and she had an idea it was that, but she did not lose her temper. She just moved the pitcher along and said:

"Silas, have another glass of hard cider before you go. It's good to keep off the nightmare."

Silas didn't see the damsel again before she left for home. After wait-

ing for two weeks he wrote to her. He wrote that he took his pen in hand to hope that she was well, and that his own health was never better. He wrote that the sawmill business was good, and that he expected to have his wages raised to \$22 a month. In fact, he had driven a stake at the spot where she had fallen in, and went there to look at it five or six times a day. Then he copied a verse of poetry and ended the letter by saying that he hoped for an answer by return mail.

He didn't receive one, however. Two weeks dragged along, and then one night as he was calling on Eunice he said:

"Eunice, about our getting married."

"Yes, Silas."

"I think we'd better."

"Very well."

She waited for him to ask her to name the day, but he had nothing further to say on the subject. A bright idea had occurred to him. He had written "in haste" on the envelope of his letter, but by so doing he may have made the postmaster mad and the epistle had been torn up. He decided to write again.

He took his pen in hand with firmer grip this time, as his wages had been raised to \$22 per month. He hoped for an answer within three days, but at the end of a fortnight none had come. One mail a day reached the village post office, but he inquired five times a day, so as to make sure of missing nothing. Another two weeks and no letter.

Was Chevalier Silas in love with the damsel he had rescued? He was. He didn't kick around nights and dream of her, but he loved her gallantly—chivalrously—knightly—the same as the heroes of his romances had loved. Perhaps the reason she hadn't answered was that she was coyly waiting for him to come to the city and tell of his adoration. Her mother might have tied her up in the garret or her father thrust her into a dungeon deep because she had told of her love for him. For three days Silas debated as to what the Chevalier St. Aubyn would have done under like circumstances, and then he left for the city.

Having the damsel's address, it was easy to find her father's house. He found it early in the morning, just as the father was emerging with a very strong cigar in his mouth. He gave Silas a looking over, uttered a "humph!" to himself, and then asked: "Well, what is it?"

"Your—your daughter was up at Bellville in July," stammered the young man.

"Well, what of it?"

"She tumbled into the mill pond."

"And got wet. Well, what of that?"

"I—I work in the sawmill there."

"I thought so. Go on."

"I pulled her out of the pond."

"Oh, you did? Did it strain your back any?"

"No, sir."

"If it did, try a porous plaster."

"But I saved her life, sir," continued Silas, "and she said she'd never forget it."

"And I don't think she will. She lost her false hair and complexion. I believe."

"And she asked me to call on her if I was ever in town."

"And being as you are in town, you have come to call. Well, you can go in and interview the cook if you wish. My daughter has been married six weeks and is still away on a bridal tramp. She never mentioned anything about you, but if you really saved her life, why, have a cigar with me."

Silas reached home that night at 11 o'clock. His jaw was set and his look was determined. The villagers had long since got to bed, but that was naught to him. He walked to the house of Eunice's father and around to her window, and, in response to his calls, a head was poked out and a voice exclaimed:

"My stars, Silas, but what's happened?"

"Nothing yet, but something's going to. You be ready at nine o'clock in the morning to be married! There's been fooling enough about it!"

Red Deer's Winter Home.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening, or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the near-by trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

\$500 For a Scream.

"Nobody knows what risks men of wealth run but the men themselves," said one of them. "I know one thing. Nothing could pay me to admit a woman to my office when I'm in it alone. I did once. It was enough. She was selling volumes of some book or other. She told me the price. I refused very politely to buy. She sat perfectly still."

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

News Notes of Interest From Various Sections.

Beatrice is making war on fake advertising schemes. Roosevelt, when he visits Omaha, is going to be asked to speak but once.

Auburn's chautauqua closed with a good attendance and was a success throughout.

Burglars have of late been operating in Fairbury, but not with very great success.

Imperial is one of the many Nebraska towns making many improvements this year.

George Osborn, in jail at Fremont, has confessed to the killing of John Hootor, a peddler, some time ago.

The warehouse of the Griswold Seed company in Lincoln was destroyed by fire. The loss will be about \$30,000.

During a severe thunder storm the house of Thomas Brennan, a ranchman living three miles from Hecla, was struck by lightning and burned.

The county commissioners of Burt county are going to straighten Logan river, making available some good land that has laid dormant for want of drainage.

Martin Buchanan, a farmer living eight miles from Lincoln, near Raymond, was shot and instantly killed by his 6-year old son. The shooting was accidental.

George Green, fireman on the southbound Burlington train, fell under his engine and had his foot crushed so it had to be amputated. His home is in Sutton.

Sheriff Dally of Saunders County returned from Blanchard, Ia., with Elmer Fox, accused of passing a raised check on the Farmers & Merchants bank of Ashland. Fox confessed his guilt.

A squaw was found dead down by the railroad track in Valentine and upon investigation it was found she was Mrs. Four Feathers. She and her husband had been camping there for several days and had been on a spree.

Attempting to cross the tracks in the Burlington yards under the Tenth street viaduct in Omaha, presumably to go to the Union station, J. D. Peterson, a laborer, of 811 South Eighth street, was struck by a Union Pacific engine and killed.

Will Stabler, a former Fremont boy, who is now ranching in Wyoming, is in South Omaha with a shipment of cattle. He declares that Wyoming herdsmen in his section haven't enough hay to carry them through the season.

The Fremont Gun club is being reorganized. After a dormant period of six years, new members are being taken in, and it is expected that there will be fifty members when the club opens at blue rock shooting ground near the city September 1.

August Newhaus of Neligh was brought to Fremont for medical attention for injuries suffered when a Northwestern freight train struck his wagon near Neligh. Newhaus was thrown to the ground and suffered a fractured skull. His son, who was with him at the time, was injured about the head.

Brookfield (Mo.) dispatch: E. G. Bohanan's Lincoln, Neb., pacer won the three-year-old pace here, lowering the world's record one and a half seconds over a half mile track. Harry Hamiel, who held the world's record as a gelding in 1909, started also and had never been beaten before. Time, 2:10 1-2.

A man registering as Moore, tried to pass a check for \$40 on the night clerk at the Frontier hotel in Nebraska City, but when the clerk went to the telephone the man fled, leaving the check lying on the counter. The officers tried to locate him, but he walked out of the city. He claimed to be a commercial man. It was afterwards ascertained that he is wanted in Kansas for passing this kind of checks.

A little yellow dog which Conductor J. W. Omstead, of the Northwestern, befriended in the railroad yards at Fremont set out in pursuit of his train on the Hastings line and followed it thirty-three miles, to the station at Octavia. How much further it would have gone is a matter of conjecture.

Chancellor Avery, Regents Coupland, Dean Burnett and Mr. Chase were at Valentine inspecting the state experimental farm and looking over things in general. They are about ready to build as the employees of the state farm have been making the cement blocks for some time, of which the buildings are to be constructed.

A telegram was received by Judge Work of Hastings that his son, George W. Work, who lived with his family at Ocampo, state of Chihuahua, Mexico, had died of typhoid fever. The wife, who was in Hastings recently, was in Buffalo, N. Y., when her husband was taken ill and left the railroad for a three days' horse-back trip over the mountains to reach his bedside before he died. The body will be buried in Hastings.

Walter Pauley has been sentenced to serve sixty days in the Gage county jail for beating his wife. This is the fifth case of wife beating within the past few months and in order to give Pauley the limit, a complaint was filed against him under the statute.

Lightning struck a large barn belonging to Herman Walkinhorst, several miles north of Arlington, set fire to it and burned it to the ground. The horses were all gotten out in safety, but about twenty tons of hay and a quantity of grain were destroyed.