

News Notes of Interest from Various Sections.

Mrs. Wilsin of Omaha, is dead from burns received when kindling a fire with coal oil.

The Upland short course and school of domestic science opened at Upland under most favorable conditions.

The new freight depot of the Burlington at Omaha, an immense structure, has been opened for business.

As a meeting of the socialists of Beatrice, a resolution was passed calling for the resignation of Mayor W. E. Griffin. It is charged that he has violated the principles of the socialist party.

Without any unusual ceremonies the body of Albinus Nance, fourth governor of Nebraska, was laid to rest in the family plot in the center of Wyuka cemetery at Lincoln. He died in Chicago.

Five physicians of Beatrice visited the Feeble Minded Institute and vaccinated 300 inmates with typhoid serum. No new cases of typhoid have developed since the inmates were similarly treated ten days ago.

Fears entertained by the Fremont friends of Miss Rub Mulliken for her safety at Canton, China, were relieved by the receipt of a letter from her by her brother, Warren Mulliken. Miss Mulliken writes that there have been no serious outbreaks at Canton.

The Ertel case, which involves the support of a child, which has created a mild sensation at Gering, came to a conclusion with a verdict for the plaintiff. Prof. Ertel was the superintendent of Minutary schools and the mother was one of his pupils. The decree says that the defendant must pay \$10 a month for the support of the child for ten years.

Plans and specifications by C. A. Hickman, an engineer of Sioux City, for an extension of the present electric light and water systems of Stanton have been adopted by the council. These plans cover the erection of a brick boiler room with a coal shed attached for the installation therein of 100 horse power steam engine and an additional electrical generator.

Charles Lemley, who resides on a farm eight miles west of David City, went to the state sheep growers' association. He took with him a ewe and her four lambs. Mr. Lemley's expenses are paid by the national sheep growers' association, this being the only instance they know of in the United States where a ewe had four lambs that lived. The lambs are about eight months old.

D. K. Beasley, a farmer living northeast of Broken Bow, was badly injured in a runaway. He was driving a spirited team of horses into town and had nearly reached the city square when the pole to the wagon dropped and the animals immediately took fright and started to run. Mr. Beasley was thrown from the buggy a distance of twenty feet and struck the cement sidewalk on his face. His injuries are not necessarily fatal.

At the Masonic council held in Omaha, the following officers were elected: George S. Powell, grand master, Omaha; Chauncey L. Wattles, deputy grand master, Neligh; Lewis E. Smith, grand principal conductor of the work, Long Pine; John S. Harman, grand treasurer, Tecumseh; Francis E. White, grand recorder, Omaha; John J. Mercer, grand chaplain, Omaha.

The following telegram was sent to W. L. Minor of Morrill, signed jointly by Senators Brown, Hitchcock and Congressman M. P. Kin-kaid. "We took up the seepage trouble at Morrill with the department at length and are assured that the government will proceed at once to construct the drainage ditch on condition that the citizens execute a bond to stand one-half the cost or to build the last half of the ditch.

Ex-Speaker Pool has filed for the office of governor.

Proposed investigations to be made by the Nebraska rural life commission are calling forth wide interest over the country, according to Frank G. Odell, secretary of that body.

William J. Bryan's recent experience in a shipwreck caused the introduction by Senator Hitchcock of a bill requiring vessels equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus to carry two operators. Mr. Hitchcock mentioned the case of Mr. Bryan, saying that the danger was aggravated by the fact that vessels in helping distance could not receive the distress messages, as their wireless operators were asleep.

Ex-Senator Burkett says: "Mr. Roosevelt told me that under no possible circumstances would he allow his name to be used, and if necessary to prevent his nomination I feel sure that he would get up in the convention and positively decline. He has told many others the same thing, and the emphatic way in which he puts it makes it certain that that is just the way he feels about it."

Lee Henderson residing west of Norfolk, who has been absent from the country for several months, was arrested charged with being the father of a child born September 11, 1911, to Agnes Metz, a minor, daughter of C. E. Metz of Warnerville. He pleads not guilty.

A half-breed Indian from Cody, Neb., named Graham was so badly injured at Neligh while beating his way on a westbound freight train, that he died. The accident occurred in a peculiar manner, the victim striking the post of a cattle guard with such violence as to break it off.

NOTES From MEADOWBROOK FARM



All feed possible should be grown on the farm.

Turkeys do not take kindly to indoor roosting places.

Try to protect all stock from cold winds and rains. It pays.

At the time of shipment the fleeces of sheep or lambs should be dry.

Reject all damaged feed. It will pay you in good milk and excellent butter.

Don't neglect to commence feeding the colts some grain before they are weaned.

Is the slobbering horse in need of more grain, or may it not be that its teeth need filing?

Sheep, like men, can endure great severity if conditions are maintained favorable to the body.

There are a good many breeders who still believe that it is profitable to grind corn for their hogs.

The backs of swine are often injured by juvenile "rough-riders" who choose hogs for their mounts.

It's a good idea to wait on the corn until you are sure it is safe to be cribbed, but not to wait any longer.

Australia has an artesian water area of 640,000 square miles, mostly arid localities, available for irrigation.

Success in pork production is largely affected by the attention given to the health and comfort of the brood sow.

The ripening or souring of the cream is one of the most important steps throughout the process of butter making.

Wear an ill-fitting collar if you wish, in order to be slyish, but don't make your horse wear one that is not a smooth fit.

Many farmers have yet to learn that a cow cannot live upon an unpalatable ration of corn and straw and do anywhere near her best.

Remember that quality is ahead of size every time. The hog which will produce the most pork with the least waste is the desired sort.

A shed of poles covered with straw and open to the south will winter the geese nicely if provided with clean, fresh bedding from time to time.

A small flock of healthy hens, given the best of care and attention, will give a yearly profit of \$1 per hen, after paying for the food consumed.

The total value of farm lands and buildings in the south in 1910 approximated \$6,800,000,000, of which the \$1,823,000,000 of Texas was nearly 28 per cent.

The cause of the contamination of milk is largely due to lack of perfect cleanliness with the milking utensils, surroundings, methods of delivery and personal cleanliness.

The horse that can move the most freight in a lifetime is sought by every buyer, but such qualities can not be infallibly indicated by any market test. They must be judged by appearance.

Grape vines may be trimmed in the late fall after the leaves have fallen, but before the vines have frozen, or in the early spring after the wood has thawed out but before the sap has started.

Mares that are not heavy type nor bred to draft stallions are preferred by many for farm work, but not by those who count on their colts to pay their way at heavy work while growing in to salable form.

Humor the fowls during the winter; that is, give them the kind of food they crave and the kind of food they need to keep their bodies sustained and to permit of their producing eggs at the same time.

A dense fleece is valuable not alone for the increase in quantity of wool but for the protection that it affords the animal from the elements and the dust and chaff that flies about in the yards where they are fed.

A draft horse is valued solely for his utility. It is true good looks increase his usefulness in all lines of commerce where advertising is needed, but the great traffic mover of the world that delivers the railroad's burdens at each end of the route pays his way in power.

Be sure the potatoes are safe from frost.

Rapidity is one of the great essentials in milking a cow.

Cut the cost of production by using machinery wherever you can.

Use a scrub sire and your herd will soon run all to nose and bristles.

There is a poor farmer around when you see poor live stock on the farm.

Soil plus season, plus seed, plus farmer equal crop, i. e., good and big crop.

Plucking of the fowl begins immediately after killing and should be rapidly done.

Some of the most successful breeders of fancy poultry have very inexpensive houses.

A good draft horse is a good farm horse either to wear out in the field or to sell when mature.

The success of turkey raising depends upon the kind of care given for the first five or six weeks.

The expense of putting the third 100 pounds of weight on a hog puts a premium on early marketing.

When you are ready to start feeding silage take every bit of the moldy top off and remove it from the barn.

Save the wood ashes during the coming winter and you will have the best kind of fertilizer for the orchard.

Breed the filly late in the summer and that will bring her to foal at a time when you can put her out upon grass.

Eggs that are absolutely fresh and perfectly clean are more attractive in appearance and naturally make a ready sale.

Whether you should breed your two-year-old filly depends somewhat upon the care she has had and the condition she is in.

Waiting to teach the colt to eat grain until it is weaned is poor economy, as the colt will surely receive a bad setback.

Geese fattened wholly on pasture or with the addition of a little corn make a tender juicy article of flesh not to be equaled.

The successful feeding of poultry depends largely on the ability of the feeder to notice the condition of the chickens on feed.

Vigor and health are necessary if a hen is to lay right and the only way that these can be gained is through proper care and feed.

If you want to raise a good crop of mice and insects that will damage the orchard trees, let the weeds and grass lie thick on the ground.

In locations where testing associations have been formed, the average production per cow has been more than doubled in many instances.

To keep poultry from roosting over feed mangers and other places that ought to be kept clean nail a small wire four inches above the board.

The symptoms of tuberculosis in chickens are not sufficiently characteristic to permit of a positive diagnosis, but they may lead to a strong suspicion.

No cow can produce her maximum unless she has the right kind of care and food and if she does not produce her maximum she will not give the best profit.

It is better for a horse to turn both toes out than to turn one toe out, while on the other hand it is worse for a horse to turn both toes in than to turn one toe in.

Whether the pure-bred herd will pay or not depends very largely upon the keeper. One thing is absolutely certain, if a man will give the cows half a chance profit will be his.

Keep plenty of grit and oyster shells before the poultry at all times, especially when they are confined in the winter time when they cannot obtain the necessary grinding material.

As the cold weather approaches the separator bowl should be filled with hot water before the milk is allowed to run through it. When it is thoroughly warm skimming will be more efficient.

Two pastures are better than one, because while the hogs are feeding in one field the other will be recovering, and later furnish much more attractive feed than if both pastures are used as one.

Some people have an idea that the only way to make dairying profitable is to have every possible contrivance that one can think of. This is hardly right or just. Many a man has been a successful dairyman with a limited equipment.

The corn stalks that are left in the field this fall are going to proclaim the farmer more extravagant than ever before. Shredded fodder makes good bedding and if the corn was cut when it should have been there would be lots of good feed for the stock.

A PASTOR 50 YEARS

Rev. John Cowan in One Church That Long.

Half a Century Ago a Young Man Came to a Missouri Community and Has Been Pastor There Ever Since.

Fulton, Mo.—Fifty years the pastor of one church. That is the record of Rev. Dr. John Fleming Cowan. Recently the people in northeast Callaway county entered upon a two-days' celebration in his honor.

For half a century Doctor Cowan has served the Old Auxvasse Presbyterian church as pastor. For two score years and ten he has presided as spiritual adviser and servant of a church that is in a sense the mother church of many of those now in existence in this section.

Doctor Cowan came to the Old Auxvasse church as a young man of twenty-four. The country was rent with strife and the lines were sharply drawn. He was a man of southern beliefs and his people were of the same mind. He fitted into the post and he has fitted there ever since.

Auxvasse church is so-called because it stands on a high elevation in a big bend of the Auxvasse river, a stream that derived its name from the French. It is on the highway between Williamsburg and McCredle, two villages in the northeast part of Callaway county. The church was organized June 30, 1828, by pioneers from Kentucky and Virginia. Three buildings have served as meeting places for the congregation since that time. All of them have been modest structures. The present church is a frame building and is extremely simple.

Doctor Cowan has been satisfied to labor among these industrious, honest and worthy people. His congregation has been satisfied to listen to the plain, yet convincing sermons of the man who has served them from early



THE REV. JOHN FLEMING COWAN



THE OLD AUXVASSE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

youth until the declining years of his life. Nowhere in this section is a community of better people and nowhere is there a man of the cloth who has followed nearer in the footsteps of the man whose teachings he has endeavored to emulate than Doctor Cowan. Idealism has been demonstrated in its fullest sense.

When the preachers of the pioneer days came to serve the congregation at Old Auxvasse they found a church built of logs. In 1840 a church of brick was erected. Then in 1870 came the building that is still serving as the home of worship.

Doctor Cowan was born at Potosi, Mo., March 8, 1837. Much of his early education was gained through his father, Rev. John F. Cowan, one of the early Presbyterian ministers of the state. He graduated from Westminster college in 1858 and then took a theological course at Princeton Seminary, completing his work there in 1861.

Rev. Mr. Cowan lived in the country near the church until his wife died and his daughter married. His wife was Miss Jane Grant, a native of Callaway county. In 1888 Mr. Cowan moved to Fulton, where he is teaching modern languages in Westminster college. These new duties did not lessen his love for the pastoral work of the Old Auxvasse church and he continued in the pastorate.

He has preached to the congregation of the Old Auxvasse church 2,500 times. In other churches during revival meetings and occasional visits he has preached 1,200 times. He has conducted fifty revival meetings in various churches.

To the Auxvasse church during the fifty years of his pastorate 535 members have been added, 200 children have been baptized and 240 couples have been married. One hundred and thirty-seven members of the congregation have died during that period and Doctor Cowan has conducted their funerals. Of this number 65 were men and 72 women.

The Christmas Tree Lesson

By Dorothy Blackmore

It would be perfect folly, George," the girl was saying. "Thanks," the man replied, a little hurt.

"You know very well what I mean. It would be foolish—worse than foolish—for us to marry and—it is not because I do not love you, George," she added, earnestly.

"What on earth is necessary—except love?" asked the impatient man.

The girl laughed. "Much—much more," she said. "You admit, for instance, that you are absolutely bored to death in the country, that picnics, any kind of outing where you have to get down to nature is uninteresting to you. Even today you chafe under the discomfort of having to sit on a mossy mound instead of in a mahogany arm chair with a leather hassock at your feet. You would rather hear the clang of a trolley car than the song of a bird; you would rather eat a six-course dinner in a brilliantly lighted restaurant with music and the gay chatter of many companions than sit down quietly in your own home to a simple domestic meal with—a with a single woman for a vis-a-vis. While, I—well, set down all the opposites of the things you live for and you have what I like. Don't you see, George?"

For a time the man did not answer. He counted the buttons on his gaiters with the tip of his walking stick.

"Is it as bad as that, girl?" he asked. "Are we as far apart as that?"

Eleanore nodded while she looked straight into his eyes. "We are," she repeated, "even as far as that."

"And there we stand—do we?" "Yes—you in the city with all the lights turned on you; I in the quiet, peaceful country with only the eyes of my family and my friends to see me and all of nature to commune with."

"It doesn't look like a very happy prospect for a life together, Eleanore. We're old enough to see that—even in our 20's—aren't we? But oh—and there was a great longing tenderness in his voice—"I do love you. I do want you, dear."

The girl turned away. Presently she rose to go. There was no buoyancy in her movement. At last, the thing she had been fearing had come to pass. They had had their explanation—they had tried to have an understanding as to why they could not marry each other. There was no further hope that he would tire of the life she considered artificial, the life she had been brought up in and—hated. Always, she had longed for the country and when she began to realize that she loved George Davidson it was with fading hope that she studied his life, his fancies, his preferences. He loved every inch of the merry avenues of the crowded cities, every atom of their existence.

On the way home the man told her frankly that if he could not have her—if she could not marry him and take a chance with it all—he would put her out of his life. He, manlike, was willing to take any chance to have her for his wife; but then, she explained to him, he had not given it the thought that was necessary.

"Well, I'll travel," Eleanore told him when they were parting. "I want to see rural France and Germany and—with you out of my life, George—I might be lonely," she said a little wistfully. She looked hastily away that he might not see the effort with which she kept the sparkling tear-drop from tumbling down her cheek. "And—if I find that I can come back and—live with my ear on the trolley track, I'll—I'll come and let you know. Meanwhile, you shall not know where I am," she said, an almost imperceptible break in her voice. She had tried to be gay, but she had failed miserably—and she knew he knew it.

"All right, girl," the man said, holding her hand closely in his own. "Since you're afraid of adding to the long list of mis-mates among our friends—I'll remain as I am. I'll have you or no one, mate or mis-mate. Good-by."

He strode off with never a look behind and she knew he was gone out of her life until—"Oh, forever!" she said, as she dashed away the foolish tears that pushed each other from her eyes.

"True to her word, she traveled. She journeyed here and there and enjoyed things as only a woman of her caliber can enjoy the beautiful, rare old things she had read of and heard of all her life.

When she returned to her own country it was to take up her profession of tutoring—but in the country this time. She found a home in the rectory of an old church. The minister was a family friend, and she went into the family to tutor his two children with the privilege of having a few others during odd hours in the week.

She spent many happy days with the children; she taught them everything she knew how to teach them, from reading and spelling to French and

German, but, most of all, she taught them the love of Mother Nature.

The holidays were drawing near and Eleanore had little time for introspection. She was busy helping the children keep their Christmas secrets, planning for the Christmas tree in the church, making odds and ends to give to friends. For the time, she was almost forgotten.

But when Christmas eve had come and gone and she sat in the small conservatory of the rectory on Christmas afternoon when the children, tired from play, had gone to take an afternoon nap and the good vector with his wife had gone and done likewise, Eleanore began to have that lonely feeling deep within her. She looked out of doors where tiny snowflakes were just beginning to blow here and there as forerunners of a glorious Yuletide snowstorm.

Suddenly, as if to ward off the blues, she sought her cloak and gloves. She would go out in it if only because she could!

Outside, she struck out briskly toward the churchyard where the fir trees were green. There was much of the yard that was made up of beautiful parkways with wonderful blue spruce trees mingled with the old-fashioned green Christmas tree.

It was toward these trees that she walked and with every breath of the soft, moist air, she felt invigorated. The caress of each tiny snowflake as it touched her cheek was sweet to the girl who loved nature.

Presently, ahead of her, she saw a group of boys. They seemed to be looking up at a great green fir tree and listening to a man who stood in their midst.

Eleanore drew near. None of the little group had seen her as she walked softly on the snow covered grass. The man—her heart beat wildly—was George Davidson.

Suddenly, as if he felt her presence, he turned. "You," he cried, "Eleanore." Then, as if remembering the boys, he said, "Boys, I want to introduce you all to Miss Marville. Perhaps she can tell you more than I can about—Christmas trees."

Eleanore acknowledged the introduction to each bareheaded lad even while her hand was still in the big warm one of George Davidson.

"It's like this, Eleanore," he was ex-



She Was Not Happy.

plaining. "I've sort of taken up some settlement work on the East side lately, and when one of these boys asked me—not long ago—where the Christmas trees came from—I felt ashamed to think he had been under my eye and didn't know. He'd never been out of the city in his life—had never seen a fir tree growing."

Eleanore's eyes grew wide with surprise. "Poor lad!" she said.

"Then and there, I promised the whole crowd of boys that on Christmas day I would take them to see a real Christmas tree growing in the earth where it belongs. I told them they should not have their gifts until we stood under one of Nature's own trees and—well, here we are. Aren't we, boys?" he asked, turning to the group of young foreigners who adored him.

"I was trying to tell them about—trees and things and—"

The man broke off lamely. "And you didn't know very much about them? Was that it?" Eleanore asked, teasingly.

"That's it, exactly," he said. Then he drew near and spoke in an undertone while the lads, feeling instinctively that they were at liberty to roam about if they desired, left the two standing together.

"Is it too late for me—to learn?" he asked.

"No," she said, "but first, I'd like to exchange a few lessons in how to behave in a fashionable restaurant for them," she said.

"Eleanore!" he cried. "Yes," she admitted, "it isn't so thrilling to sit on the porch all evening and watch the moon come up behind the trees—alone—even if it is Nature. I—suppose we combine our tastes and live in the country, but not so far that we can't get to town whenever we—you, I should say—feel like it."

"I feel now, dear, that I never want to see the city again if—if you don't want to," he said. "I'm so weary of living without you that I'd gladly camp under a haystack with nothing but the lowing herd for an outlook if you were with me."