

COMBINES SCIENTIFIC FARMING WITH REGULAR COURSE IN HIGH SCHOOL

A. L. Rogers of Waterville, Wash., Responsible for the Innovation—Carthage, Mo., Boy Demonstrates Value of Using Advanced Methods in Raising Truck Garden "Stuff" on Presumably Barren Ground.

Waterville, Wash.—Douglas county, Washington, is combining scientific farming with the regular course in its high school.

A. L. Rogers of Waterville, who is responsible for this innovation in public school work, is a firm believer in utilizing the schoolhouse and public utilities to the fullest extent all the time. He combats the custom only to allow use of schoolhouses and grounds for the specific purposes for which they were originally intended, which, he argues, does not give the greatest

credit books and charge all debits and credits, so they know what results they are achieving.

As a practical illustration of what can be accomplished under these conditions the experiences of Stephen Hyde of Carthage, Mo., are herewith given:

For several generations the boys of young Hyde's section of the country chased the cottontail over a rough, forbidding knoll near the edge of Carthage. Raising rabbits and providing a hunting ground for the boys seemed the only thing that scrubby, rocky hilltop was good for. So, when young Hyde bought it and began grubbing up sumac and digging out stones to make a market garden there his friends thought he had more energy than sense. Now they agree he has plenty of both, for Hyde today has the biggest lettuce farm in the state and has made a big success.

Spanning these ten years is one of the most interesting stories of success. Hyde started with the customary capital of youth and determination and one hotbed. Now it would take at least five figures to write his rating and his lettuce is still buying things for him. However, a great many of his neighbors do not realize the extent of his success, for Steve Hyde is a modest and reticent man, and with the memory of his rough looking knoll still in mind they perhaps would be astounded if he told them that one hotel alone pays Hyde \$1,200 a year for lettuce.

"It seems longer, but I guess it is only ten years," calculated the man who wholesales lettuce to four states, "since I moved here." He was standing in his office gazing out over a vista of lettuce an eighth of a mile long. In one corner of the big glass house was a half acre of carnations, but they are only a side line. It is his lettuce that paid for the greenhouse plant that cost \$40,000, and lettuce paid for the two modern country homes that adjoin the greenhouse, and a lot of other things besides.

As high as a thousand pounds of lettuce a day is shipped by Mr. Hyde at 12 1/2 cents a pound, and the con-

sumer always pays the express, and Mr. Hyde's motorcycle is convenient for quick delivery of flowers for town trade. The most remarkable thing about this business aside from its growth is that it requires so little labor. Hyde personally looks after most of the de-

bers, which grow up to the roof in a forest of vines. "The cucumbers and tomatoes are just a fill in," declared the owner, "and there is not as much money in them as in lettuce, except in a dry summer like last summer, when there was a scarcity of the outdoor grown vegetables."

One noticeable thing about the lettuce beds is the absence of weeds. This is accomplished by sterilizing the soil. Perforated pipes are laid in the soil and 100 pounds of live steam turned into them. The steam heats up the soil until it kills every weed seed and every mold fungus. This must be done every year and sometimes oftener, to keep down the fungus diseases which would ruin the lettuce.

And how about bugs? "I have only one use for tobacco," replied Mr. Hyde, "and that is to kill the little green aphids. When they appear I burn tobacco in the greenhouse and they turn up their toes."

Hyde owns 26 acres, about a fourth of which is covered by his greenhouses and dwellings. The remainder is used for replenishing the soil in the greenhouse every two years. Here again the work is eliminated by the use of a wheeled scraper, which is driven through the greenhouse.

The amount of heat that is derived in a greenhouse from sunlight is amazing. Even on winter days it is not necessary to fire unless it is cloudy, for the glass concentrates the sun's rays and warms the house. Snow was melting off the roof of the greenhouse the other day and the sun was making the greenhouse plenty warm and two ventilators were open at the top, too. There are two 80-horse power boilers to heat the greenhouses when necessary.

livery and six men do the other work. Every feature that will eliminate labor is there, and that diminutive force grows and puts on the market as high as \$150 worth of products a day, the raw material for which costs practically nothing, being soil, air and water and a few seeds.

The ground is prepared with a plow and harrow just as if it were out of doors. Double doors open at the end of each of the 13 greenhouses, each of which is nearly an eighth of a mile long—and there is room to turn around in plowing and harrowing the ground. Manure is spread from a wagon driven through in the same way, and when the lettuce is set and growing all that is necessary to water it is to turn a stopcock at one end of the building and a spray of water descends over the greenhouse from perforated pipes.

The most labor connected with the growing of lettuce is the transplanting, that is done twice, because it is said lettuce does better when handled that way. Grand Rapids is the variety used.

Three crops of lettuce a year are harvested off the same ground, although in the hot summer months, when the sun would be too violent for lettuce under glass, the entire greenhouse is put in tomatoes and cucum-



Fine Specimen of Head Lettuce.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Recalling the Bloody War of the Broken Egg

WASHINGTON.—The subject of eggs came up at luncheon time in the senate restaurant. The proposition of efficient economy was under discussion when Senator Carroll S. Page made the startling statement that in the discussion of tariff and currency, one important element of cost and loss had been overlooked. He referred to the report from the secretary of agriculture, declared that in one year over 1,500,000 eggs were destroyed in transportation to New York city. This loss represented 9 per cent of the total supply. With a twinkle in his eye, Senator Page suggested that some one might acquire fame and fortune by inventing a safe and sane egg-carrier that would avert the smashing of 10 per cent of the eggs laid by the American hen. The farmer's boy of years ago can recall the time when eggs sold at from five to ten cents a dozen, and even under those conditions the smashing of an egg was a real calamity.

The omnipresent egg on the breakfast table recalls the story told by the late Senator Allison of a broken egg that led to an Indian war in Minnesota. In 1862, several Sioux Indians appeared in a farmer's dooryard and saw a nest of eggs with a hen sitting on it, as an industrious hen is wont to do. An Indian picked up one of the eggs, and his companions warned him not to break it as it belonged to a white man. Having a general contempt for all pale-faces, the brave could not resist smashing the egg. He proceeded to break the others in the nest, while another Sioux shot the hen, scared from her nest. A third Sioux, to show his heroism, sent a bullet through the farmer's cow, which brought the farmer to the door, rifle in hand; and a fourth Indian, to show his supreme bravery and his contempt for the white man, shot the farmer dead. This bloody outrage was completed by massacring the farmer's wife and children.

Thus from a bit of mischief started by a broken egg, there followed a revolt at the Indian reservation.

Chance Must Have Been a Little Too Caustic

REPRESENTATIVE ADAMSON wrote to M. O. Chance, chief clerk of the R postoffice department, a little while ago in behalf of a clerk, A. E. Moody, a colored man from Georgia. He said to Mr. Chance that the clerk was a pretty good fellow, so "if he has done wrong don't discharge him, but cuss him out a bit."

Well, in a few days along came a letter from Chance to Representative Adamson, saying that the cussing-out process must have been a little too caustic, for the clerk had resigned, leaving a letter informing Mr. Chance that a minister of the gospel had flown from their midst. This is the letter: "Hon. Mr. Chance, Chief Clerk of the Postoffice Department.—Dear Sir: I do hereby send in my resignation to you. I truly hope that you will receive it. Please your honor sir: I am a gospel minister. I have been called a long time ago to preach the gospel by the God of heaven and earth. I cannot do it successful and hold my job in the government services, and I will pray for the blessing of God to rest on the Postmaster General and his cabinet in the Post Office Department. But I may miss the envelope that is handed to me twice a month from the disbursing clerk, Mr. Mooney, but I rather missed that than to miss eternal life. Woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every man that believe. I know that my white friends of Newnan, Ga., my home, will be surprised when they hear of this. Mr. Hon. William G. Adamson, the Congressman of said district and Mr. Hon. M. Bell of Georgia. By their influence I came in the services. They have stood by me because they have my record from Newnan, Ga., as a negro, but I must go and preach the gospel in fall. REV. BLANK."

After which Representative Adamson wrote "Brother" Chance: "I have your favor of the 4th instant, inclosing copy of a letter from Rev. Blank. I was not aware of the fact that he was a minister, nor do I know whether he has verified his call to the ministry or not. If he has correct advice in his credentials from on high you people in the postoffice department are in a bad fix."

Saddest Complaint One Ever Hears in Washington

WORKING for Uncle Sam, which at first is a vocation, oftentimes becomes a disease, and an incurable one. The saddest complaint one ever hears in Washington—sadder than the wall of the rejected office seeker—is that of the helpless and hopeless government clerk lamenting his unhappy lot. He realizes that he is "in bad," and yearns for one more chance to right himself. He is in the net and cannot escape. He would like to extricate himself, but that is impossible. Perhaps his head has whitened and his hands have paled in the service, and his years of steady employment are unrepresented by a dollar saved. His fate is sealed. Gloomily he trods his weary way, hitching himself to something better outside the cramping, grinding world of clerical slavery under official tyranny, but he has a family aid cannot afford to take a chance. He has certain fixed expenses, and his income must be uninterrupted. He has not saved a penny, because his salary, which looked quite sufficient when he was a single man, now is woefully inadequate under the added strain of the obligations of a family.

He could fill satisfactorily most any position requiring clerical ability and experience, but he cannot let go his government job to find something even equally as remunerative. He is afraid to take the chance.—National Magazine.

As Everybody Knows, "Findings Is Keepings"

A FIERCE winter's wind went tangoing down the avenue the other day, with a derby hat dancing along. But it wasn't a "hesitation" dance. It romped and danced and rolled onward for three whirlwindy squares, until the man who had been sprinting after it gave up the chase. And as he gasped and wheezed—red and wind blown—this is what a batch of fellow men heard him yell—every last man of them chuckling at the poor chap—which is the way of man, except when he's chasing a hat of his own:

"You can keep it up to Jericho, if you want to. I'm done—you unholy roller, you." He shook himself with the disgusted emphasis which dear Darwin could have told him he had inherited from some prehistoric web hen, and then turned and plodded back. The hat, however, had no notion of taking a trip to Jericho. It stopped the instant its owner turned, and slid into a sheltered curb ledge, where it lay until another man came along and picked it up.

He was undoubtedly an honest man, for he looked about for a claimant, but the owner was already merged in the crowd, and, as everybody knows, findings is keepings.

The man brushed the hat with his sleeve, saw that it was an almost new derby, with the latest kink in ribbon bands, and—judging by his grin, as he looked inside—just his own size.



TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Satisfactory. "So you want to marry my daughter. What is your financial standing?" "Well, sir, I've figured out every exemption possible, I've had the best legal advice that money would secure, I've done everything I could to dodge it—and I still find that I can't entirely escape paying an income tax." "She's yours."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Words Fall on an Occasion Like This! "Why did you call your hen Mac-duff, of all names?" "Because she lays on."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

A critic, Cordella, is a person who is unable to do a thing in the way he thinks it ought to be done.

Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs.

The Promotion of Health

The knowing how to keep strong and healthy is not so much of a secret. You must first see that the digestion is kept normal, the liver active and the bowels regular. To bring about this healthy condition you should try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters
It is for Indigestion, Poor Appetite, Nausea, Costiveness, Bilioussness and Malaria. Start today.

1913 RECORD Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada

All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Contract to No. 1 Hard, weighed heavy and yielded from 20 to 45 bushels per acre; 22 bushels was about the total average. Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for best steer. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the biggest opportunity of any place on the continent.

Apply for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. BENNETT, See Building, Omaha, Neb., Canadian Government Agent.

NATURAL HEN INCUBATOR '93

Free Ladies PATENTS



Waterville, Wash., High School, Where Boys Are Practicing Lessons in Farming.

possible use of such investment. He cites as illustration that James J. Hill of the Great Northern railroad discovered locomotives did not need to rest, as the contraction and expansion occasioned by allowing them to cool off injured them more than if they were kept in operation, so he hired extra crews and worked the locomotives day and night, doubling the capacity of their usefulness. The same principle applies to the public schools, Mr. Rogers contends. He thinks the schools are turning out young men with education that is not practical to fit them for the work they must come to. So Douglas county has taken advantage of a recently enacted state law, which permits counties of Washington to accept the United States government's appropriation of \$100 per month toward hiring of farm directors for schools. Douglas county will stand the rest of the necessary expense of a farm director's salary and will pay him \$3,000 a year. An 80-acre tract adjoining the new high school has been leased for 99 years, and last summer the boys got their primer lesson in agriculture. Considerable grain was raised and some vegetables and fruit. The schoolboys of Douglas county will be given every incentive to become proficient in farming. Each boy is given an acre of land to cultivate and the most proficient boys of the entire class are given supervision over ten-acre tracts. In this way competition is keen and cash prizes add to their interest in the work. Douglas already has a notable

90-MILE WALK UNDERGROUND

Newspaper Men's Trip From Catskill Mountains to New York Without Coming to Surface.

New York.—Nowhere else in the world would such a journey be possible as that of certain newspaper men who walked underground from the Catskill mountains to New York through the new aqueduct. It is their plan not to ascend once to the surface until the entire 90 miles has been covered—if "covered" is the proper verb to apply to so remarkable a pathway. London has 90 miles of subway, Paris 50, and New York itself a greater mileage. But these subterranean passageways were each dug in the vicinity of a common center. There was no long haul from metropolitan areas to complicate the problem of supplying materials and labor. It would not be possible, of course, to travel 90 miles in one direction in any of these systems.

The Romans were great builders of aqueducts. One of their works is said to have extended more than 50 miles below the surface. But in capacity and cost, and perhaps also in permanence of construction, they can be credited with nothing that equals the marvels of this time. In addition to skyscraper structures and aircraft that fly above the clouds, marvelous achievements underground are included in the present advance. Wild fowl have been outstripped in the heights and wonders impossible to the supermoles accomplished in the depths.

Modern ingenuity has so perfected and expedited and cheapened tunnel construction as to bring within reach great benefits in public water supply, land irrigation, and means of transit and solve alike the difficult problems

of sterile wastes and congested population centers.

\$100 NUGGET ON MAN'S BOOT

Many Others Have Been Found in the Neighborhood, But Not in the Same Way.

Camptonville, Cal.—"There's plenty of them down at the Jaynes place if you know just where to find them," said Bill Meek of this place as he exhibited to his friends a nugget of gold easily worth \$100, and which he picked up by the side of the road as he got off the stage he was driving to water his horses.

It was a wet day and the roads were very muddy. Meek's boots were heavy, and he kicked some of the mud off. As he did so he uncovered the nugget, and there was no doubt as to what it was.

This is not the first big nugget picked up near the Jaynes place, and prospectors have hung about there for years, frequently succeeding in securing good finds.

Rubber-Plated Battleships.

London.—Rubber-plated battleships are next. The British admiralty is experimenting with the invention. The process consists of sandwiching rubber between layers of steel, and the inventors declare it will have the same effect as sandbags have on rifle bullets.

Monument for Goebel. Louisville, Ky.—The monument of Gov. William Goebel, who died from an assassin's bullet in January, 1900, will be unveiled on March 4, in the capitol grounds at Frankfort.



C. V. Ogee, High School Boy, and Some Potatoes He Raised.

county fair, but with these high school boys contributing to the exhibits this fair is destined to attract national attention. The schoolboys are made to