

SPECIALY WRITTEN FOR RURAL READERS

INFORMATION ABOUT AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS FROM RELIABLE SOURCES

A gain of 17 per cent in milk production of 20 per cent in butterfat production in daughters over their dams because of the use of a pure bred bull is the striking result obtained in a certain cow testing association which has a bull association as a subsidiary. The records of 21 cows compared with the records of their 21 daughters after the latter had become mature cows. The average production of the dams for one year was 5,560 pounds of milk and 219 pounds of butterfat. The daughters averaged 6,523 pounds of milk and 263 pounds of butterfat, a gain over the mothers of 963 pounds of milk and 44 pounds of fat. In the association every one of the daughters sired by one of the three association bulls was better than her dam.

Early varieties of oats have out yielded late varieties almost ten bushels per acre over a fourteen year test at the Agricultural College experiment station at Lincoln. Among the early varieties the Burt has been the highest yielder with Texas Red and Nebraska No. 21 a selection of Kherson oats, very close behind. Both the Burt and Texas Red oats are brownish to brownish red oats and are objected to by some farmers where they must be sold on the market. The Nebraska No. 21 oats is a white selection made by the Nebraska experiment station. At Lincoln this selection has outyielded ordinary Kherson an average of five bushels during a seven year test. They have also made a good showing over the state. Last season fields of Nebraska No. 21 oats were inspected, certified and a pure seed list made up of fields that passed. A list of these certified fields can be secured by writing the Agricultural College, Lincoln.

They call me a scrub bull; yet I have a pedigree. I was sired by a scrub, dam'd by a scrub, and am treated like a scrub, and I sometimes think that I am owned by a scrub. My tribe outnumbers pure bred bulls four to one. Just why I should exist is a mystery even to me. Yet, I am not responsible for it. I was brought into the world without my consent and I shall probably leave it against my will. In the meantime I am getting the most vicious publicity, principally through the farm press. They say I am a renegade and an abomination, and should be exterminated. Dairymen passing my owner's farm look at me with contempt; even the cows show me no respect. My own daughters seem to hold a grudge against me, saying that I am responsible for their low production. I cannot argue the point, for it is true. But what can I do? My owner must think a lot of me personally, or he would not continue to support me, knowing that I can never improve the quality of his herd or be a source of profit to him. These cow

Uncle John's Ash

A CHUMP IN THIS TOWN SEZ HIS WIFE'S HUSBAND IS HIS BEST FRIEND.



testing associations are certainly showing me up, and I can see the handwriting on the wall. My tribie is doomed! Under the keen competition and low prices of good pure bred bulls there will soon be no place on the farm for me. So, goodbye. I may be gone but not forgotten, for I have retarded the development of the dairy industry for many years.—J. E. Dorman.

Soybeans in corn are proving to be a satisfactory crop for hogging off according to reports received at the Agricultural College from men in eastern Nebraska who grew this combination last year. Thirty-seven out of forty-seven men voted that putting soybeans in corn was a good practice last season. They expect to grow more next year. The housewife has long followed the practice of cooking starchy and protein foods for a meal. Just as succotash of corn and beans is a good combination for human food so corn and soybeans make a good hog feed. On farms where alfalfa or clover hog pasture is lacking, the combination is particularly good. An early variety of soybeans such as Ito San, Habaro, Black Eyebrow, Manchou and others should be selected. Although the best results are secured when the beans are planted with a special bean attachment for planters, they can be mixed with the corn, if often stirred to prevent the beans from settling to the bottom. Surface planting, putting the beans in rather shallow, is to be preferred over listing. Four to six pounds of beans per acre is enough when planted with corn at the regular rate. Although there is little experimental data to show the effect of the beans on the corn yield, only four of the forty-six men thought there was any decrease due to beans. The Agricultural College will furnish additional information regarding soybeans.

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The Kidnaped Peasant Girl

By R. RAY BAKER

It was all very well, this being kidnaped, until the masked man at the wheel of the auto tried to kiss her. Then the girl let out a scream that the valley walls hurled back and forth through the pine woods.

The kidnaper had drawn up beside the road, and without a word had placed his arm around the girl, implanting a smacking kiss full on her red lips. Until now it had seemed like a grand lark, but after that—well, she really was frightened now.

The man was in garments evidently intended to proclaim him as a knight, but it was rather inconsistent attire. He wore army leggings over blue trousers, and a striped blouse of red and yellow. A sword with a dented scabbard hung from his waist, and a pink domino with a red hood surmounting all. The face was clean-shaven and the part that showed was not at all repulsive.

The girl appeared to be a peasant of central Europe. Her face—well, the red lips and dimples were all that could be seen, because she was masked, too, with a thin strip of white.

When the girl screamed the man released her and appeared taken aback.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, astonishment in the voice, which decidedly was not bluff.

"Matter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you think you are carrying this escarpment a little too far?"

"Too far?" he echoed. "You don't mean to say that a man hasn't the right to kiss the girl he is eloping with, do you?"

She laughed scornfully.

"Eloping? Seems you're taking a lot for granted. Perhaps you're insane. Yes, I think that's it. No man in his right mind would talk and act like you."

Garvin Haskell really was puzzled by the girl's behavior. What was the matter with Maxine? Hadn't she agreed to elope from the costume ball with him? Had she changed her mind after all the carefully arranged plans? Well, he knew she was fickle, but it did not seem reasonable that she would back out now.

There was no good reason for an elopement, anyhow. Maxine's parents were dead, and Garvin's folks never had displayed an inclination to meddle in his affairs of the heart. He had enough money in his own right to care for a wife, and in fact his father and mother were rather anxious for him to settle down.

But Maxine had insisted on eloping, in order to have a taste of romance. She wanted to surprise her aunt, with whom she was staying while visiting in Sarendac, for one thing, and she wanted some excitement when she took the marriage vows.

Garvin had been trying ever since he became acquainted with her two months ago to induce her to have him. She had put him off, laughing until the time came for the masked ball.

"Yes, I'll marry you, Garve," she said, "but it's got to be an elopement. You dress as a knight and I'll be a peasant girl. After the fifth dance I'll meet you under the big oak tree on the lawn and we'll elope. The arrangements for a minister, of course, are up to you."

"And I'll call when?" inquired the elated Garvin.

"You won't call at all," she said. "I'll go to the dance with some of the girls, and you go alone. That'll make it more romantic."

Garvin made the necessary arrangements, which included marriage by a minister in the neighboring town of Charlotte. He dressed as a knight to the best of his ability and went to the dance alone. And there was his beloved, dressed in the peasant costume, exactly fitting the description Maxine had given him. Yes, she had met him under the oak at the appointed time, and he had carried her off in the auto. And when he pulled up beside the road to claim a kiss as his just due she screamed.

They sat in silence for a few moments after the conversation that followed the scream, and it began to dawn on Garvin that there must be a mistake somewhere.

"Would you mind removing your mask?" he asked the girl.

"Not if you will do the same," she answered.

For reply he removed the domino and at once the girl lifted the cambric. Yes, it was Maxine. In the pale moonlight her countenance showed up as lovely as ever, except that it seemed a trifle older, but, no doubt, that was due to the shock of being almost kissed. That was not quite consistent either, for Garvin never had supposed Maxine to be that unsophisticated. He scrutinized her closely, and she returned the stare. Yes, it was Maxine's eyes, and the nose and hair were hers. But why the change in her attitude?

"Maxine," he began, clearing his throat. "I don't—"

"Maxine!" she exclaimed. "I'm not Maxine. What made you think I was?"

The moon's rays became brighter now, due to the shifting of some clouds, and the girl's face showed plain. Yes, there was a difference.

She was older, that was certain, although not much older.

"Well, how—what?" he stammered.

"That's what I say," she exclaimed. "How—what—"

"It's got me beat," he declared. "Do you happen to know Maxine Brooks?"

"I certainly do. She's my younger sister. But she left town yesterday shortly after I arrived to visit Aunt Sarah."

Garvin's heart sank. So this was the outcome of the carefully laid elopement plans. He stepped on the starter and turned the car out in the road, heading it for Sarendac. For some time as they rode along no words passed between them.

So Maxine had gone back on him! Well, he didn't understand it, but he wasn't going to play the fool by asking questions.

But the car took a hand in the game. A rear tire went flat and Garvin had to mend a puncture because the extra was at a vulcanizing station undergoing repairs. It was fully an hour before the car was ready, and then, after going the distance of a block, it stopped and could not be induced to move. With a flashlight Garvin explored in the hood, but was unable to remedy matters. The girl tried to help and got dabbled with grease, but she didn't seem to mind.

"I'm just a peasant, anyway," she said, smiling.

No, she was not Maxine. She was too willing to help and too patient. Maxine would have fretted and fumed and made no effort to help matters. Garvin was beginning to like the girl.

"Well, I can't fix it," he finally admitted as he walked away from the hood and tripped for the fourth time on the dangling scabbard. While she laughed merrily he detached the sword and threw it on the car floor. "We're miles from any habitation, and this is an unfrequented road. It's more romantic than the main thoroughfares, that's why Maxine wanted—why I chose it."

"Then there's nothing to do but spend the night here," said the girl. "It isn't very proper, but circumstances don't recognize proprieties."

She curled up on the seat, while Garvin tried to make himself comfortable on the running board. Yes, Maxine's sister was extremely likeable. Why hadn't he met her first?

They stayed awake by conversing on various subjects, which became more and more personal as the hours passed.

"Please tell me how it happened—my kidnaping you instead of your sister," Garvin finally urged.

"Before I left home," said the girl, "I had a talk with Maxine's former fiance, with whom she quarreled some time ago. He gave me a message and when Maxine received it she went back to marry him. She asked me to substitute for her at the ball and said she would arrange for me to meet a very nice man under the oak tree. I didn't know about the elopement plan, of course, and I thought it would be just a lark. And it seems I thought right."

They became better acquainted, while the frogs warbled in the nearby marsh and Luna sank beneath the western horizon. When dawn crept up from the east the girl yawned and had an idea.

"Did you look at the battery wire?"

Garvin had not, but he did, and found it loose. Remedying the trouble, he stepped on the starter, then paused to remark:

"Love at first sight is wonderful, isn't it? Shall we do it now?"

Her answer was inaudible, but when the machine rolled along the road it carried two elopers toward Charlotte.

'MECHANICAL MOTHER' FOR DESERTED LAMB.



The problem of saving lambs deserted by mothers has been solved by a Petaluma, Calif., ranchman. It is in the "mechanical mother" method as pictured above. Feeding lambs by hand is a great task but by arranging nursing bottles filled with best milk on a rack, the lambs are soon taught to feed themselves. Even mothers of twin lambs almost always refuse to feed more than one. The other must be hand fed or starve.

Public Sale

At My Farm on the North Line of Lincoln County and 8 Miles West of North Platte and 15 miles south of Tryon, known as the old Julius Mogensen Place, on

Tuesday, April 4th,

Commencing at 1 O'Clock, the Following Described Property:

40 Head of Cattle

Seven milk cows; 2-year-old Shorthorn bull; nine 2-year-old heifers; four 3-year-old heifers; ten yearlings, five steers and five heifers; eight spring calves.

5 Head of Horses

Good team gray mares, 7 and 9 years old, weight 1000 pounds each; smooth mouth bay mare, weight 1100 pounds; horse colt, coming 2 years old; horse colt, yearling.

Farm Machinery, Etc.

Moline Hater, almost new; Moline go-devil, almost new; Big Four McCormick mower; McCormick hay rake; spring wagon; stack of hay, about 15 tons. Household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

TERMS OF SALE: All sums of \$20 and under cash; on sums over that amount a credit of 6 months time will be given on approved notes bearing 10 per cent from date of sale.

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EGGS FOR HATCHING I can furnish 200 eggs this week from my heavy laying R. I. Reds, either in 50, 100 or 200 lots at 10 cents each. This week only up to Monday evening, March 13. South Park Poultry Yards, J. H. VanCleave

FOR SALE Choice lot of young Red Poll bulls at farmers prices at PAYNE'S DAIRY FARM South Dewey Street

PUBLIC SALE

On the W. C. Cole Land, 1 Mile North of Platte Valley School, on

Friday, March 31st.

Commencing at 1 P. M., the following described property:

Eleven Horses

1 sorrel mare, 7 years old, weight 1500; 1 bay mare, 7 years old, weight 1500; 1 gray mare, 10 years old, weight 1500, in foal to Geo. Wilson's Jack; 1 gray mare, 10 years old, weight 1400; 1 black horse, 6 years old, weight 1200; 1 bay mare, 4 years old, weight 900; 1 gray saddle mare, 9 years old, weight 1000; 1 black mule, 5 years old, weight 1000; 3 mule colts.

Twenty-Six Cattle

13 White Face cows with calves by their side; 13 White Face cows, 4 to 6 years old, have been in feed lot three months.

Seven Hogs—7 Duroc Jersey Sows, average weight 300 lbs. each.

MACHINERY—1 hay rack, 1 corn stalk cutter, 2 discs, 1 three-section harrow; 1 John Deere beet cultivator; 1 beet puller; 1 new Moline gang plow; John Deere riding plow; walking plow; 3 corn cultivators; new McCormick mower; 2 Dempster mowers; Deering mower; Dempster stacker; 3 Dempster sweeps; 2 hay rakes; corn sheller; corn planter.

3 DOZ CHICKENS 100 BUSHEL EARLY OHIO SEED POTATOES

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

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