

HOME SWEET HOME
DAD IS ALWAYS SO QUIET AND REFINED— BY *Walt Kelly*— AUTOCASTER



SPECIALY WRITTEN FOR RURAL READERS

INFORMATION ABOUT AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS FROM RELIABLE SOURCES

Nebraska farmers who market Leghorn broilers are confronted with a severe discount because the poultry buyers claim they must crate-feed the Leghorn stuff for ten days to make it acceptable either to local trade or on the eastern markets. The University of Nebraska Agricultural College suggests that farmers adopt the practice of crate-feeding their broilers before placing them on the market. A satisfactory crate can be made by dividing a regular shipping crate into four parts, with a small "V" shaped trough made to hang on the coop extending the entire length. This crate should be placed under a shade tree in the open or in some other cool place. Each one of these compartments will hold from six to eight cockerals. The College suggests as a feeding ration, 100 pounds of ground corn, 50 pounds of ground barley or oats, 30 pounds of shorts, mixed with sour milk or buttermilk. For ten days feed them this ration three times a day, each time putting in the troughs all the fowls will clean up in thirty minutes.

At this season of the year the Agricultural College receives numerous inquiries relative to the selection and preparation of fowls for exhibition and the number of such inquiries steadily increases from year to year. The College poultry specialists encourage breeding for the combination of strictly standard qualities with high egg production. In the Accredited Farm Flock project the first requirement is that the birds be standard. By this is meant not high-class show birds but birds that have been bred true enough to standard requirements to reproduce their kind. This is followed up by culling each year to a high standard of perfection combined with higher egg production. Such methods will tend to develop these flocks to a point where many individual birds will be fit both to win in the show room and to fill the egg baskets. For one who desires to be in every way familiar with standard requirements, it is well to own a copy of the "American Standard of Perfection." To assist those who do not have this book, the Agricultural College has for free distribution circulars which describe the show room qualifications of the following birds: S. C. White Leghorns, White Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, Buff Orpingtons, Barred Plymouth Rocks, S. C. Rhode Island Reds. All county agricultural extension agents either have supplies of these circulars or can get them for you on short notice.

Owing to the cool spring and the unusually moist spring and summer prevailing over most of Nebraska, the armyworm which flourishes during such seasons because its parasites are held back when the weather is not warm and bright, has put in an appearance in many parts of Nebraska. The entomologists at the University of Nebraska Agricultural College say that the worms at this time present in the field belong to the second brood or generation for the year. This brood usually reaches the destructive stage during the last few days in July or early in August, and continues activity until about the middle of August. The armyworm is so-called because it has the habit of traveling in masses or "armies", devouring almost everything as it does so. While such movements may take place in the daytime they occur chiefly at night.

The best way to deal with the armyworm pest is to stop them with furrow barriers and poison them with a poisoned bran mash. When they are moving in a field the parts of the field that they have not reached may be protected by plowing a couple of

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deep furrows between the advancing worms and the uninjured parts of the field, digging some post holes in this furrow and killing the worms as they accumulate in the furrow and spraying kerosene on the worms in the post holes. The use of poisoned bran bait is very effective. To make the bait, mix dry in a tub, 25 pounds of wheat bran and one pound of Paris green or arsenic; stir 2 quarts of molasses and the juice and ground pulp and peel of six lemons or oranges in one gallon of water; add the water with the molasses and lemons to the mixed bran and poison and mix thoroughly adding enough water to make a wet mash that will break into small flakes when broadcasted. Broadcast this bait among the worms, across their path, and into the uninjured part of the field for 15 or 20 feet. Do this in the evening and most of the army worms will be dead or dying the next day. Careful use of furrow barriers and poisoned baits will save the crops from this pest.

The Clubman's View

By JOHN PALMER

"Selfish old millionaire, am I? Huh!" grunted Edgar Applejohn, as he smoked his dollar cigar in the club window. "Well, let me put it to you straight, Jepsen. I'm as charitable as most men, I hope, and when I see a case of real distress I'll open my pockets wide. But my experience I've always been fooled. That's why I've drawn my purse-strings tight." He shifted his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.

"You see, Jepsen," he continued, "the Charity Organization society takes care of the really deserving cases; and I subsidize them—yes, you'd be surprised if you knew how much I contribute every year. And I have helped deserving cases too. But nobody's going to impose on Edgar Applejohn again in this land of work-for-all."

"That's all right," answered Jepsen, "but what the organized charities don't cover is cases where the deserving poor are prevented from applying for aid by reason of pride; special cases, too, where the ordinary rules don't apply. I know of one such case."

"Tell me," Applejohn grunted.

"Picture a woman, young, pretty, with a gentle, refined, modest manner. She loved and loved too trustfully. The scoundrel abandoned her and disappeared leaving her with the child, a boy whom she idolizes.

"He is now seven years old. During those seven years the mother has lived for him alone. She worships him. She has great ambitions for him, dreams of sending him to a university, and all that. Of course those dreams will never be realized. But still, they give her happiness.

"For seven years, Applejohn"—Jepsen laid his hand impressively on his friend's shoulder, "that mother has toiled for her boy. She has taken in washing, and I believe she still earns her living at the tub. In fact, she washes for my wife, and that is how the case came under my notice. She is proud, but she has sunk all pride for her boy's sake, and thankfully accepts small doles."

"It sounds too good to be true," said Applejohn.

"It is true," Jepsen insisted. "She lives in a miserable frame house in the poorest quarter of the town. Her boy attends the public schools and is

POEM BY UNCLE JOHN

SETTLERS—DOWN AND UP

If your soul is mighty restless, and it's hard to keep it still, an' you find it slow to subjugate a migratory will— If yer life is simply nothing but an aggravated chase, and you're movin' every season to another rented place,— Jest consider this sejestion, which a trial will endorse, and you'll find it mighty helpful, which I have did, of course,— Pick you out a little homestead, one that ain't too far from town, buy it on instalment payments, get to work and settle down.

If you chance to meet a feller that is strugglin' with his debts, which they seem to grow to rapid-like, a feller most for gets,—an' you meet a blame collector every whichaway you run, an' nearly every letter you get, contains a dun. I offer this suggestion, which a trial will confirm, and it soon will have you smilin' at the other feller's squirm. Don't you cuss the man you're owin' like a sour, ungrateful pup,— but never stop a-goin' till you go and settle up!

always well dressed. He is a bright, intelligent child.

"If that case is genuine," said Applejohn, "I'll pay for his education wherever the mother wishes, and help her secure employment of a better nature. Educated, you say?"

"She is refined and educated."

"Then lead me to her," said Applejohn.

"Wait one moment. There is one thing against her—something of which I have not told you. Through no fault of her own this poor girl is ostracized. She is the victim of social laws in whose making she had no share."

"It's damnable!" snorted Applejohn, whose sympathies were thoroughly aroused. "What's her name?"

"Lizzie."

"Lizzie what?"

"I don't know," Jepsen confessed. "She has sunk so low that she appears to have dropped her surname. And she never complains. She goes about her work smiling, cheerful, and happy as the day is long."

"How far does she live from here?"

"About two miles."

"Let's take a taxi," said Applejohn, and while he put on his overcoat Jepsen surveyed him with a cynical smile.

In the taxi Applejohn turned to his friend and said:

"Say, this isn't one of your infernal practical jokes, is it, Jepsen?"

"The facts are exactly as I have stated," returned the other coldly.

"Then, by heck!" swore Applejohn, thumping his fist upon his knee, "if that girl is suffering as you say through no fault of her own, it's a disgrace to modern America."

Little more was said, and presently the taxi drew up before a frame

shanty in the poorest section of the town. They got down. Jepsen knocked at the door, and a refined looking young woman opened it and stood smiling at them. From within came the prattle of a child.

"Er—this is my friend, Mr. Applejohn, Lizzie," said Jepsen. "He is interested in you, and—"

Applejohn's eyes were popping out of his head. He thrust a dollar into the girl's hand and fled. "Back!" he yelled to the taxi man.

And as Jepsen clambered in and the cab rolled away, he turned to his companion with a savage snarl.

"You faker!" he yelled. "Why didn't you say at first the woman was black?"

J. J. WILSON—DENTIST
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Mythical Mines.
There are frequent reports of parties of men in California going out into the desert in search of lost mines, such as the Gunsite, the Lost Cabin, the Cement Lode, the Pegleg and many others, which perhaps existed only in the minds of the original finders. For example, the Gunsite was so named because a prospector found somewhere between two mountains what he thought was a rock and when he brought it to Los Angeles had it fashioned into a gunsight and learned that it was pure silver. Then he so named what he thought was a mine. He made several trips, but failed to locate it.

He did not know that any more such pieces of "rock" could be found there, but so presumed, and this led to the death of ten or twelve prospectors at different periods.—J. M. Scanland in the Los Angeles Times.

Islands of the Madeira.
There are fifty-two islands in the Madeira river between the falls of Santo Antonio and its junction with the Amazon. Many of them are nine or ten miles in length. The most important one is Arraras, which is populated and covered with rubber trees.

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