

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAH, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

A WOMAN'S PROBLEMS.

When breakfast things are cleared away
The same old problem's rising,
For she again sits down to think
Of something appetizing.
The dinner she must soon prepare,
Or give the cook directions,
And great is the relief she feels
When she has made selections.

When dinner things are cleared away
The problem that is upper
Is just the same, with one word changed—
"What can I get for supper?"
She wants to give them something new,
And long is meditation,
Till choice is made, and then begins
The work of preparation.

When supper things are cleared away
Again her mind is worried,
For then she thinks of breakfast time,
When meals are often hurried.
She ponders o'er it long until
The question is decided,
Then hustles 'round till she makes sure
That everything's provided.

Three times each day, week in, week out,
This problem she is meeting,
And often she is sore perplexed
In making plans for eating.
For one likes this and one likes that,
And what is appetizing
To some is by the other spurned
As food that they're despising.

That "woman's work is never done"
Has often been disputed,
But that she's worried is a fact,
And cannot be refuted.
The worry over what to eat
Is greatest of these questions,
And glad she'd be if some one else
Would make the meal suggestions.
—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

No Signs of Peace

War Is Still Raging in the Auberly Flats.

ON THE street side the Auberly flat building presented an imposing and unbroken front to the world. The doorway in the middle of it was wide and beautifully arched, all the windows were trimmed with stone carvings, all the window shades were alike. The landlord had carefully seen to the latter point; he said that it made the building look more like a private house, although not even a Klondike millionaire would have been likely to build a palace as large and impressive as the Auberly. But the landlord made a great point of the private-house-like appearance of the great building; he rented several flats annually solely upon this ground.

The back of the Auberly building, however, was less imposing. Long, skeletonlike porches stretched along it at every floor, and these porches were not divided off into sections as were the flat to which they belonged. If they had been so divided various things would never have happened which did happen. But the only point of division which broke the long line of the porch on each floor was a strip of two-inch boarding which marked the place at which one section of veranda territory was merged into the next. And it was this little strip of boarding which caused all the trouble between the Hallams and the McNaughtons.

Mrs. Hallam, who begins with, instructed the man to sometimes worked for her to build a support for her porch box of flowers with this strip of plank for a foundation, and she quite forgot to mention the matter to Mrs. McNaughton, who occupied the next flat on that floor, until the box was in place, Mrs. McNaughton, in spite of the summer-long friendship between them, was inclined to look upon this proceeding with disfavor.

"Such impudence!" she exclaimed to her husband, as they sat at dinner. "To put a box on top of my boarding without even consulting me. I'll just wait until to-morrow and see what she says; that's all!"

Mrs. Hallam, however, being annoyed in her turn by the disdainful glances she had received from Mrs. McNaughton upon the occasion of their stepping out upon the back porch simultaneously, said nothing whatever, and Mrs. McNaughton's anger increased mightily. The next day, aided and abetted in her decision by the gossip of the building, Mrs. Brewer, who zealously fanned the flame of the growing disagreement, she ordered the man who occasionally did a little work for her to take down the box, lift it over onto the Hallam side of the dividing line and remove the support upon which it stood.

Mrs. Hallam, bitterly indignant, ordered her man to rebuild it and went to the matinee with a sense of triumph. She returned to find the support once more demolished and to hear Mrs. McNaughton exultantly relating the story to Mrs. Brewer by means of the air shaft. That evening the two husbands were called into the quarrel and each instructed to settle the matter. They met, pacifically at first, upon the back porch and argued the question across the miserable bit of boarding around which the trouble had grown.

At heart each man was more than willing to let the matter drop, each considering the quarrel silly in the extreme; upon the surface, however, each was determined to uphold the dignity of his wife and to maintain her undis-

puted right to the possession of that strip of plank. The consequences of this insincere attitude of mind were several. The first and most noticeable was that the two wives, who, from behind their respective screen doors, listened eagerly to the affray, were presently imploring them to stop hammering each other.

"Don't notice him, dear; he isn't worth it," screamed Mrs. Hallam, wildly, rushing out and seizing her husband by the tail of his coat.

"I wouldn't demean myself by touching such a man!" Mrs. McNaughton shrieked, catching hold of her husband's arm.

They managed to stop the fight, after much persuasion and entreaty, but after this incident the two men, who had gone to the city together and returned in company every day since moving into the building, only glowered at each other when they met on the railway platform and took opposite sides of the pavement as they went to and from the depot. Nor did they longer go arm in arm to the suburban lodge to which both belonged. The lodge met upon the evening following the battle upon the porch, however, and both attended. It was while they were absent from home for this reason that the next development of the affair took place.

Mrs. McNaughton, entering her kitchen for a glass of milk before retiring, was startled to see reaching forth out in front of her window a hand, which gleamed white out of the surrounding darkness. The superstition which Mrs. McNaughton has inherited from her great-aunt upon her mother's side asserted itself instantly, and she screamed so loudly that Jennie, the hired girl, came running up from the court, where she had been enjoying herself with a young man, to see what was the matter. When Mrs. McNaughton discovered that the ghostly hand was attached to Mrs. Hallam's body, and that it was engaged in emptying a coffee-pot full of grounds into a dish she instructed Jennie to carry them back to Mrs. Hallam with a message to the effect that she, Mrs. McNaughton, knew that Mrs. Hallam could not afford to lose them and to return immediately. The grinning maid returned presently with the message that Mrs. Hallam knew Mrs. McNaughton was fond of coffee, pitied her for being too poor to buy the best quality, and had deliberately made her a present of the grounds.

Then Mrs. McNaughton made a huge pot of coffee, carried it to the back



MRS. HALLAM DELIVERED AN ULTIMATUM.

porch and carefully poured it over as large an area of Mrs. Hallam's territory as she could compass. She finished by emptying the grounds all over the doorstep. Then she retired to await her husband's return and to think over the affair with growing wrath and contempt for Mrs. Hallam, her erstwhile friend and matinee companion, and the next morning the two handmaids who served the Hallams and the McNaughtons, respectively, also came to angry words about the coffee grounds.

Later in the day Mrs. McNaughton's pet dog strayed across to the Hallam part of the porch, as he had been wont to do ever since the first of May, when the two families had moved in simultaneously, and was surprised to find himself seized, beaten and thrown across to his own portion of the veranda. Mrs. McNaughton witnessed this inhuman treatment upon the part of Mrs. Hallam with indignant tears, and when, half an hour afterward, little Johnny Hallam, 2½ years old, toddled up to her door he was treated to a mild spanking and sent wailing home to his mother. The latter rushed out to meet him as he made his noisy way back to her and met Mrs. McNaughton's triumphant smile.

The quarrel which ensued was so bitter that all the other tenants of the building came to see and hear it, and only ceased when a policeman, resting in the alley, strolled up to see what the matter was. That night both husbands sought the landlord, and next day he appeared with a carpenter, who utilized the narrow strip of boarding which had caused all the trouble as a foundation upon which to rear a six-foot partition between the two sections of the long porch which stretched all across the building on that floor. Both women were inclined to resent this action upon

the part of the landlord at first, but now:

"The impudent thing who lives next door actually had a flower box built up on the strip of wood which edged my porch," is the way in which Mrs. McNaughton tells the story, "and the landlord had that partition put up so she couldn't annoy me any longer."

"I never saw such an unpleasant neighbor as the woman who lives next door," is Mrs. Hallam's version of the affair, told to her friends and cronies and such of the other women in the building as have espoused her side of the quarrel—now become an Auberly classic. "Why, the landlord actually had to have that partition built in order to procure a little peace for me!"

So the wily landlord prevented either tenant from breaking the lease which bound them to the Auberly flat building until the first of next May, and the affair blew over with no consequences more serious than Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. McNaughton no longer go to the matinee together, while the McNaughton dog and the Hallam baby are not the warm friends they used to be. And as for the two husbands—well, it is true that they still choose opposite sides of the street for their walks to and from the depot, but it is rumored that they have been seen to nod to one another when meeting upon the station platform, and it is reported that the wife of each has been heard to call the husband of her choice a mean-spirited creature, and to remark tauntingly that "she wouldn't be the first to back down."

The other Auberly tenants meanwhile are divided into two factions—that which sides with Mrs. McNaughton and that which takes Mrs. Hallam's part. Some of the families have moved into the building since the active portion of the quarrel was stopped by the building of the partition on the back porch and only know of the trouble by hearsay, but that alters the matter not a whit. The quarrel between Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. McNaughton is as much a part of the Auberly atmosphere as the perennial complaint about the condition of the alley or the unceasing indignation about the uncarpeted upper halls. And in the heat and bitterness induced by the quarrel almost everybody has forgotten just how the matter started; it is probable that neither of the two original fighters could now state definitely what was the commencement of the trouble.—Chicago Chronicle.

WON A REPUTATION EASILY.

How a Novice Surprised Himself and His Friends by His Masterly Use of a Gun.

"I've often wondered," said a jolly looking man, "if anybody ever got the credit of being a good shot as easily as I did. I was visiting at a house in the country, and one day the host says: 'Let's go out and try the shooting.' There were two or three other guests there besides myself. The host led the way into the hall, where there were standing three or four shotguns. He handed a gun to me, though really I didn't want it; supplied one or two others of the guests, who did shoot, with guns, and took the remaining gun himself, and we started out.

"It was a delightful tramp, and a novel experience for me, going gunning, for I had never fired a shotgun in my life. I enjoyed it all very much, but I sort of strolled in the rear, a little behind the rest, to give the others a chance at the game, with the hope that I would not be called upon to shoot. I thought I should only make a ridiculous exhibition of myself, but, as it happened, I fired the only shot fired that day, and it was a bull's-eye.

"Right in the center of a field that we were crossing there was a big dead tree, 60 or 70 feet high, and on the topmost branch of it sat a solitary pigeon. The quick-eyed host, a keen sportsman himself, turning around to see if I were coming all right—he was walking just ahead with the others—spied that pigeon.

"There's a chance for you," he said to me, enthusiastically, as he looked up at the bird, and I couldn't do any less than to make a bluff at it. I swung the old shotgun up and fired, all in one movement, and dropped the bird just as neat as you please. The host was delighted; it would have been a good, fair shot for anybody to make, and he was specially pleased that it should have been made by one of his guests. The rest had turned in time to see the pigeon fall. I had protested that I was no shot, and they all thought now that I was far too modest. And so by that single chance shot I got the reputation, at least for the moment, of being very handy with a shotgun."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Experience Had Taught Him.
"That grass widow didn't catch your country cousin with her wiles."

"No, indeed, Cousin Joe says he isn't going to get fooled the second time with green goods."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Plan a Brilliant Season.
"Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, it is said, will entertain during the forthcoming London season more brilliantly than ever."

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.
The individual who robs Peter to pay Paul usually strikes Paul for a larger loan later.—Chicago Daily News.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Immense Loads Hauled Over a Correctly Macadamized Road Near Camden, N. C.

The illustration shows one of the advantages of having good roads. The size of a load that can be handled is very much greater than that possible to be drawn on a common dirt road. Relative to these roads, Prof. J. A. Holmes says: In macadamizing, the following general plan has been adopted: Upon the graded and settled earth surface, a macadam road, 12



HAULING A BIG LOAD.

(Section of Macadamized Road Near Camden, N. C.)

feet wide and about nine inches thick, is constructed. Usually in the center, though in places on one side of the road, an excavation from four to six inches deep is made in the earth's surface, and the bottom is then carefully rolled with a steam roller. Upon this excavated surface is placed a layer of field stone about four inches thick, and this is then thoroughly rolled. Upon this surface is placed a three-inch layer of stone crushed to from one to two inches in size, and after this has been thoroughly rolled there is placed a third layer, about two inches thick, of finely crushed stone, including screenings, and this latter is in turn thoroughly rolled. The average cost of these roads, including grading and macadamizing, is about \$2,000 per mile.—Farmers' Review.

ONE-YEAR-OLD TREES.

According to a Kansas Horticulturist They Can Be Planted Safely in Most Sections.

The injury and destruction to nursery trees caused by the severity of last winter has made it necessary to sell younger trees for a year or two to come than are usually sold. Many who wish to plant orchards are doubtful of the wisdom of planting apple and pear trees less than two years old. While there may be some objections to planting one-year-old trees there are several points in their favor. In digging them very few roots are cut, compared with the older trees. The labor of setting is less than with larger ones. There being no side branches the head can be formed to any desired height and of any style. There is less danger of getting San Jose scale or any other like pest on small and young trees than on large and old ones. The original cost of one-year-olds is less than of older ones. They are small and light, and therefore cheaply transported. The objections are greater liability of injury from careless persons in working about them than if they were larger, and later coming into bearing. There may be others, but these are the two that are commonly raised. The latter one is disputed by some orchardists, they claiming that the younger trees having more roots in proportion to their tops than large ones grow better and within a few years are fully as large and bear as soon as the older ones. This has come true in some cases in my own experience, and I have sold many thousands of one-year-old apple trees to my Kansas neighbors and others, many of which I have had opportunity to observe until after bearing age. They were very satisfactory wherever well cared for.—H. E. Van Demar, in Farm and Fireside.

Wastefulness Is a Crime.

One of the important things about good farming that most of us have to learn is to avoid waste. We pay taxes on land that we do not farm; we only half cultivate our fields and so waste both land and labor; we leave a large percentage of the crop in the field; we waste time and capital in raising inferior animals; we waste energy in trying to do more than one man can do right; we waste money in buying what we should raise ourselves; we waste opportunities to improve our condition by staying away from institutes and fairs and by neglecting to read papers; we waste—in a thousand ways, and then we are ready to say "farming don't pay." And it is no wonder.—Montana Fruit Grower.

FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

They Should Learn How to Milk a Cow and How to Harness and Drive a Horse.

The girls on a farm should learn to milk as well as the boys, even if they are not expected to take full charge of such work. In many countries milking is thought to be essentially a woman's work, not only because it requires little physical strength when one is accustomed to it, but because they generally are quieter, and do not get angry with the cow, and because they are naturally neat and the milk is cleaner. We believe the farmer's daughter should know how to milk and to harness and drive a horse. Occasions frequently come, perhaps in cases of an accident, when it is very important that a woman should ride or drive a horse perhaps to the village for a physician, and to find them ignorant and helpless at such a time may cause the loss of a life, and a lifelong regret to them and to others. We know on many farms their education goes much farther than this, and that many girls and young women can drive the team and manage the mowing machine, horse rake, seed drill, or other machinery on the farm as well as their brothers, if they have any, and we know no good reason why they should not do so, as well as ride a bicycle, if they will learn, though we do not care to advocate the regular employment of women in farm labor. But we have seen a woman, New England born and bred, who could handle the scythe and pitchfork in the hayfield or the plow and hoe in cultivated fields, better than most men and do it all day, too. Yet she was as capable of doing good work in the house or dairy room as she was out of doors. We knew a German in western New York whose "boys were all girls," as he said. There were some half dozen of them, well educated, graduates of a high school in a neighboring city, accomplished musicians, refined and ladylike, and yet any one of them could go into the harvest field and do a day's work that would compare in amount or neatness with the best of farmhands. And they were also skilled in housework and dairy work.—American Cultivator.

PLANTING CHESTNUTS.

How an Eastern Horticulturist Obtained Success After a Number of Failures.

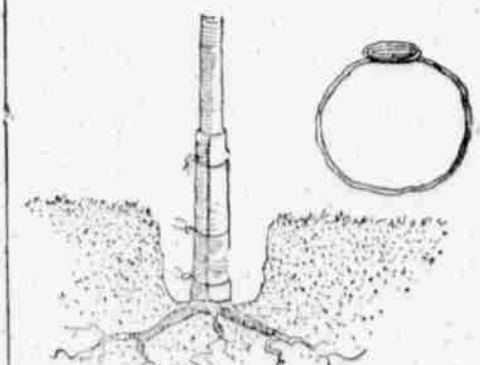
Three years ago I came into possession of practically an abandoned farm, 150 acres in chestnut and pine and 100 in tillage, with many hillsides and places which could not be cultivated. I wished to get trees growing on these places; how to make them grow from the seed I did not know, nor could I find anyone who did! so I went to work planting chestnuts in different ways, to see which would succeed, writes a contributor to Country Gentleman.

I first took a six-tined fork, forced it into the turf two inches deep and say four inches forward, threw a chestnut under and drew out my fork. I saw that one man was working at a disadvantage, so calling a man, I did the lifting of the turf and he threw the chestnuts. The result was that every chestnut grew, and they are now two feet high. I then plowed a half-acre, dropped a chestnut every two steps and stepped upon it. Not one of the chestnuts grew. I plowed a furrow on another piece, every four feet, dropped a chestnut every four feet on the edge of furrow, and back-furrowed against this. Not 20 trees started on the whole piece; those which did start were where they were covered lightly and nature's conditions were complied with. It is so simple and quick to plant a seed with man and fork, that I shall do more of it in the future.

PROTECTING TREES.

Wrapping the Lower Part of the Trunk with Tanned Paper Will Keep Away Mice and Borers.

Much protection against mice and borers can be given young fruit trees by wrapping the lower part of the trunk with tanned paper, but do it as suggested in the illustration. Dig away the



PROTECTION FOR TREES.

earth about the tree so the paper can be put down below the surface. Then fold the paper about the trunk according to the diagram at the right, making the edges join as do the edges of a stove-pipe. This prevents the entrance of insects to lay eggs under the bark. When the paper is in place, put back the earth about it and tie the top of the paper closely to the tree.—Orange Judd Farmer.