

CHESSE

Address all communications intended for this department to the Chess Editor, Independence, Mo. 1010 1/2 street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

PROBLEM 9: Key move, Kt-KB3. If Black K-Q5 or B5, Q-QB5 mate. If P-Q3, K-K4 mate.

PROBLEM 10: 1K-B5, B moves; 2R-KR5, B interposes; 3R-R2, P-R must; 4P-K4 mate.

PROBLEM 11: Key move P-K4; this places the Black K stale, and the BP must move. White then mates with Kt-K5 or Kt5.

SOLUTIONS.

In addition to those named last week, B. B. Rice, Grand Island.

D. F. Logan, Norton, Kansas, wins the prize for best analyses of the problem. Mr. Logan says of No. 9: "This is a very simple problem and I think is given to illustrate the value of a strategic move, with some object in view in place of the foolish checks with the Kt at QB3 or KB5 and emphasize the fact that a useless check comes under the same ban as all other useless unnecessary moves."

No. 10: "The pawn to K4 mate, illustrates the principle, that the pawn can pass with impunity, any place in moving the 2 spots. The bishop is helpless whereas a pawn could take a-p and avoid the mate."

No. 11: "The dual mate with the Kt is bad; by placing the Kt on Q5 or KR5 the same may be avoided."

The pawn passes the K, but does not ch in passing. Although the K can not pass across the attack of a piece or P yet they are able to pass by the K and not attack in their passage."

Several solutions have been received to Problem 6. H. B. Hammond, Wyomere; G. A. Damon, Omaha; and B. B. Rice, Grand Island, believe that White's best play is to force stalemate in two moves, but each fails to show that White can do this in two ways: Q-QR2 ch, K-B5; Q-QB2 ch, K-R must, stating White; or Q-QR2 ch, K-R8; Q-QR2 ch, etc. Not much to overlook, of course, but the chess player's aim should be to see everything.

C. A. Sommer, Lincoln, and W. H. Kruse, Grand Island, both furnish other interesting play for White, but Black is sure to win if White does not take advantage of stalemate; that as his only happy escape in the face of Black's best play.

FOURTH NOTATION.

Another of our solvers is puzzled. He says: "What is that notation you are springing on us poor unsophisticated mortals in regard to that end game? I've tried Greek, Portuguese, and the Chinese puzzle on it but can't get over to first base. The darn thing looks like there had been an explosion in a type foundry!"

Let figures represent vacant squares; capital initials White pieces; lower-case initials Black. Place the board before you, and let White's side be nearest you. Begin at Black's first



BOER SOLDIERS AT WORSHIP BEFORE A BATTLE.

The Boers are a very religious people, and immediately preceding a battle the soldiers of Oom Paul usually hold a prayer meeting in which they implore Divine help, praying that God will give them the victory and that the war will soon cease. An officer of the British medical corps says that after the Boer bombardment of Ladysmith the Boers helped the British to bury their dead. "After our major had read the burial service one of the Boers stepped out and said a short prayer, hoping the war would soon end, and while we stood with heads uncovered they sang a hymn in Dutch. It cut our fellows up very much."

line. Read across from left to right. 7K means the Black K stands on KR sq. 8 means that the second line is empty. 3Q2P means White Q at 6, P at KR5 and Black P at KK3, and so on.

PROBLEM NO. 14. (Forsyth Notation).

5. Kt12. 4p3. 2K5. 4k3. 7R. 3B2Rkt. 2b3Q. White to play and mate in two moves.

COMPOSITE.

Play progressed rapidly the past week:

7. C. B. Swim, KtPxP.
8. Sedgwick, P-Q4, Bruner, B-K2.
9. Bartoo, PxP, Mrs DeFrance, PxP.

GAME STUDIES NO. D.

Again we take up the Ruy Lopez (Berlin Defense).

- | | |
|-----------|--------|
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-KB3 |
| 3. B-K5 | Kt-B3 |
| 4. O-O | Kt-P |
| 5. P-Q4 | B-K2 |
| 6. Q-K2 | Kt-Q3 |
| 7. BxKt | KtPxP |
| 8. PxP | Kt-K2 |
9. Kt-B3 O-O
10. R-K here Black may walk open-eyed into a dangerous trap. If he plays
11. B-K5 K-K
12. Kt-K4 B-K2
13. Q-Q2 Q-Q
14. Q-KB4 P-Q4
15. Kt-B6ch PxK.
16. BxP BxK
17. PxP K-R
and White mates in five moves.
Black's correct reply is
10. R-K
11. Q-QB4 Kt-B4
12. Kt-K5 BxKt
13. BxB QxP
14. QxKt with about an even game.
An even stronger move for White is
12. B-K3 Kt-K3
13. Q-RQ B-K2
14. Kt-Q4 Q-B
15. Kt-B5 Kt-C
16. P-B4 P-Q4
Again about even.

NOT INFORMED

An Old Pop Farmer Interviews 87 Representatives and not One Knew What Imperialism Was

Editor Independent:—There is no question but the administration people have their heads thoroughly bent upon revolutionizing things generally in the United States. We are to become a world power, we are going forth, like England and Germany, in quest of adventure, and must take up the white man's burden along with the self-seeking European powers. We must have a finger in every pie that is opened and with our sword must help to open many more, in China and elsewhere. Of course this needs a vast navy, and we are going to have it, if it costs any amount of money. And now comes a proposition from Mr. Hay that we shall have a grand standing army, and that in order to keep the ranks full of men, we must adopt the old world methods of compulsory service for every American citizen from eighteen to forty-five years of age, after the laws and methods of France and Germany. The people are not going to volunteer with sufficient alacrity even to keep the ranks full in the Philippines, much less to carry on any new service in foreign parts.

Perhaps the American people will have something to say about a standing army that will necessitate compulsory service for our citizens, but all the same if the plans of the politicians who are out for empire are carried out, it will become necessary.

I don't believe that the common republican farmers know the meaning of imperialism or imperialism. On last Saturday, in Aurora, Neb., I asked 27 republican farmers what was the meaning of imperialism or imperialism and there was not one of them but what said: "I don't know." I thought how true the statement that Gen. Lew Wallace, that there was not one in a hundred of the rank and file of the republicans who knows the meaning of imperialism or imperialism.

If the common republican farmers will take the Webster's unabridged dictionary they will find that an imperialist is one who belongs to an emperor; a subject or soldier of an emperor or empire. The denomination of imperialist is often given to the troops or army of the emperor of Germany.

I don't see how a man can be true to his wife and children and true to his country or true to his God and vote the British republican ticket just for party sake when a vote for that party means an empire and enslavement of the common people for the greed of gold.

Aurora, Neb.

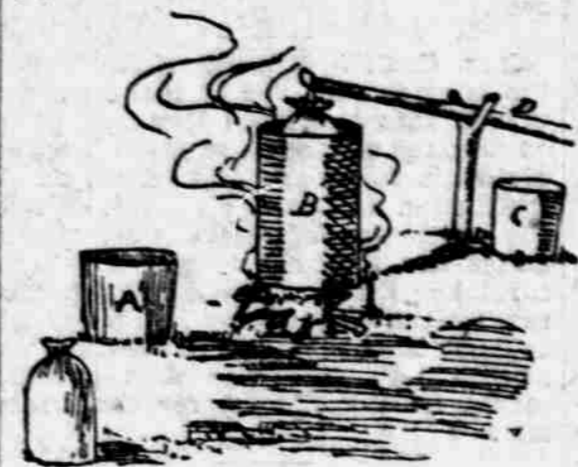
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ABOUT SMUT IN OATS.

The Plant Here Described Has Been Found Effective in Ridding the Seed of All Spores.

We present herewith an illustration showing the contrivances used in the treatment of smut in oats. Smut, as has been explained in this publication, is a seed, spore, that lodges under the husk of the seed or oats. When the seed is sown it germinates the same as oats or wheat and grows smut, after its kind. The plan here suggested has been found effective and completely rids the seed of smut spores.

A represents a tub or large vessel which is to contain warm water into which the oats for treatment are dipped, being in a gunny sack, which is of coarse fiber and therefore becomes thoroughly saturated, as also do the contents, with water very quickly. The sack should be large enough to hold two bushels, but it



HOW TO RID OATS OF SMUT.

should not be filled to the top—put in about a bushel and a half, so that the seed will be loose. Dip them into the warm water and agitate a few minutes, getting the entire bulk soaked; take out the bag and hang on the hook (E) of lever (D) and dip into the large vessel (B), under which a live fire should be burning, the water being between 130 and 137 degrees Fahrenheit. The lever is operated so as to avoid close contact with the hot water or smoke of the fire. Let the bag of oats stay in the hot water from five to six minutes, pressing the lever up and down. Take out and place in another vessel (C) which contains cold water; after cooling sow the seed and the smut trouble is avoided for at least three years if the work has been properly done.

The hot water kills every spore and puts the seed in good shape for quick germination. The cost of the process will be about 20 cents per acre. The vessels A and C may be ordinary laundry tubs or halves of barrels, being large enough to immerse the bulk once introduced into them. The hot water vessel should be strong and rigid; an iron kettle is often used for the purpose. A sheet iron vat or barrel may be purchased of tank manufacturers at a reasonable price.

Sow the oats immediately after being treated. No serious results will follow if the water is of higher temperature, but the degrees given are about right. There is no danger of injuring the germinating power of the oats and the treatment is easily and speedily done.—Farmers' Voice.

PRIZE CORN CROPS.

Like Other Things in This Vale of Tears They Are Not Always What They Appear to Be.

There are corn crops and corn crops. It is possible for two men to raise each 100 bushels of corn to the acre and yet have one man raise twice as much corn to the acre as the other. This appears paradoxical, but it is easily explained. One man may plant his corn at such a late date that it will become only well grazed at the time it has to be gathered for exhibition; while the other man may plant his corn early and thus give it time to thoroughly mature before it must be gathered. Corn gathered just after the roasting-ear period is very heavy, and will at that time sometimes weigh double what it will when it has been well dried. This is the secret of some of the enormous yields of corn that have been recently reported. The figures that claim yields per acre well up to the 200-bushel mark are based on weighed and not measured bushels. Inspect that same prize corn a few months after it has been gathered and it will be found looking very shabby. Every kernel will be found standing by itself and with an abundance of room between it and its neighbors. Really such prize corn does not fill the requirements, or should not. The water content of corn should be taken into consideration, and we are not sure that it would not be a good idea to have each sample entered analyzed for its water content, and this analysis be taken into consideration when making the awards.—Farmers' Review.

TALK ABOUT CLOVER.

Many Otherwise Well-Informed Farmers Entertain Erroneous Ideas Relative to This Plant.

Western farmers have learned that clover is a necessity for them, but it has been only a few years that this fact has become apparent and many of them cannot write on this subject without exposing their ignorance. In an article under the title "Best Pasture Grasses," S. H. Tolley, of Iowa, begins with clover, which is not a grass, and says of it: "Clover is all right for pasture, but if stock is allowed to feed on it at all seasons, there must be a large surplus left on the ground, or the pasture will soon be exhausted. Stock of all kinds like the bloom and will eat it so closely that no seeds can form, and hence it will soon run out, because no seed is left on the ground to propagate." Part of this is true. Stock are fond

of clover bloom, but it is only the second growth of the ordinary red clover that produces seed. It is nonsense to suppose that clover seed falling on the ground and in fall can grow, unless the clover seed is plowed in the spring. Then the seeds will be mixed through the soil, and will germinate for many years after, as we have often seen to be the fact on land where crops of clover seed have been grown.

It is not so generally known as it should be that allowing clover to seed is the surest means to destroy all the clover on that field for another year. Alsike clover and the mammoth or pea vine clover, which bear seed in the first full crop, die as soon as the seed matures. What seed is dropped on the ground does no good for a clover growth the next year, as the clover stubble leaves the land too hard for such a tender plant to get a foothold. The clover seed is very small, and when it germinates it has only two very tiny leaves and a very small root in proportion. This is best for the young plant, for until the roots get firm hold of the soil the fewer leaves there are to evaporate moisture the less likely the young plant is to perish. Young clover is very tender. A drought or a slight freeze will blast the leaves, thus entirely killing the plant. After the clover plant develops more leaves its root has taken firm hold of the soil, and it is then not likely to be killed by drought. In grain fields during a very dry time the clover leaves drop off, and to look at the plant it would seem that no clover was there. But keep stock from trampling over it and let a good rainfall come, we shall find this clover reviving and making a good stand where at the grain harvest there seemed to be none.—American Cultivator.

NEW FODDER CROP.

The Soy Bean, a Native of Japan, is Now Attracting the Attention of American Farmers.

Glycine hispida is the scientific name. A government bulletin says of it: This is one of the staple crops of Japan, which attracted little attention in this country till about ten years ago, but it is now becoming quite common. The crop is cultivated like corn, the seed being planted in drills at the rate of half a bushel per acre. The stems alone are too coarse to make good hay, but are covered with



SOY BEAN AND PLANT.

such a dense growth of leaves and are so prolific in fruit that the hay is prized highly, especially for milch cows and for fattening animals. The yield of green forage is very heavy when grown on good soil, and the yield of beans is usually from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. Those who have had most experience with this crop find that the best way to handle it is to cut or pull the plants when the first pods begin to open, and thrash as soon as dry enough. In this way the coarse stalks are so broken in pieces and mixed with the leaves and immature fruit that nearly all will be eaten. It is doubtless the best of the legumes for the silo, as it can be more easily handled for the cutter than plants like clover or cow peas. There are a number of varieties, differing mainly in the time of ripening and the color of the seeds.

The Garden Pharmacy.

The farmer's garden should be not only his larder, but his pharmacy as well. It can be made to grow his food. It may be made to grow his medicines also. Perhaps it is better to say that, in growing the farmer's food, the garden may be made to produce food that shall make medicine an unnecessary thing in his family. This may be done by growing vegetables and fruits that are distinctly health-preserving as well as nourishing. It is hardly possible to find a garden vegetable that is inimical to the consumer, although one person may not like or be benefited by one or another vegetable that is pleasant and beneficial to another.—Farmers' Review.

When you go into the horse pasture, take something in your pocket for young and old, for they seem to say "thank you," and "we love you." You will have no trouble to catch them at any time.

A Thoughtless Remark.

Old Mr. Probus—Yes. Honesty is the best policy. Charley Rounder—Oh, I don't know. Old Mr. Probus (pensively)—Perhaps you've never been honest.—N. Y. World.

Light.

Mrs. Crowley—My husband always tries to make light of things. Mrs. Ainsley—And yet it is common gossip that he manages to keep you in the dark.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Would Talk Too Much.

Yeast—Won't you and your wife join our Whist club? Crimonsbeak—No; the doctor says I must keep my wife as quiet as possible.—Yonkers Statesman.

According to His Thinking.

"I don't see what they want to call this 'doing time' for," said the convict, disconsolately. "From the way it passes with me, I should say that time was doing me."—Harlem Life.

Love That Took Fright at a Face

He was my master and I his bondswoman; not, however, by any form of indenture, but by love. Moreover, he loved me, albeit he was blind and I his house-keeper's daughter.

That is, he loved my voice—the rare voice that is like delicious music even to my ears—the rare voice that heaven gave me in compensation for my ghastly face.

That face! That face! How I have cursed it! How I have cursed the hour that I was born!

He was my master in more ways than one. He was a violinist of marvelous power. Playing was the delight of his life, and when I was only a child he conceived the idea of teaching me and forthwith proceeded to carry the thing into effect.

A passionate lover of music, I proved an apt pupil and, after years of loving, patient application, developed a power as marvelous as his own. What strains we wrenched from those two violins, at least 100 years old! It seemed as if the melodies of heaven had found their way to earth under the inspiration of our touch, and, oh, how the love burned to our hearts! Ah, what memories these are! But I may not linger. One glorious day he called me to him and, pilloving my ghastly face against his breast, murmured tenderly:

"My darling, my love, when is it to be?"

"My master!" I half whispered in trembling inquiry, a sweet joy at my heart, for I well knew his meaning.

"My darling," he went smilingly on, with his tender kisses and tender caresses. "My darling, must you have an out fit beforehand? Cannot Mrs. Estelle Vaughn purchase it as well as Miss Estelle Rihl?"

"My master," I tremulously murmured again.

"My darling, I want my wife," he continued with a certain vehemence. "I want her tomorrow. Will she give herself to me?"

So when the morrow rose I became Mrs. Estelle Vaughn. Delicious memory!

A month passed—a month of perfect bliss for both. At the end of that month there was an arrival at the old hall. It was the proud, neglected sister whom I had never seen and Ralston little expected ever to meet again. She had accidentally learned of his marriage and came to inspect the bride.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed when he called me to him and tenderly presented me. "Good heavens! Ralston, you don't mean to tell me that this hideous looking creature is your wife, and a mesalliance at that!"

"You forget yourself, Marlon," he haughtily replied, "and"—

But I, though my heart was on fire, interposed in my melodious tones:

"The countess is right, dear husband; I am no beauty, as I have often assured you."

"My darling," he exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, as he took me in his arms, knowing well how my poor heart was aching. "You have assured me of more than that; you have declared your self inconceivably ugly and repulsive looking. But what care I, my darling? It is the sum that I love, not the perishable beauty of the caskey."

The countess rose and shrugged her shoulders, remarking as she did so:

"It's well that you are blind, Ralston. With that she retired, but the same morning she wrote and posted a letter to Paris, and in the course of a week there was another arrival.

The countess received this guest alone and then, without ceremony, brought him to the music room, where Ralston and I were luxuriating in a heaven of melodious sounds. That was the first intimation we had of his arrival or his errand.

"Ralston," said the countess after the necessary introductions—"Ralston, this gentleman is the most eminent oculist of his day, and I have sent for him, hoping that 20 years of blindness may end in your seeing once more, and I think I may safely say that I have never known a man who needed his sight so much." And a malignant glance at me gave venomous point to the remark.

And that day she wrote another letter, and soon there was in reply another arrival, this time a fair, sylphlike creature, beautiful as a dream.

I looked at her and shuddered. Heavens, how I suffered! But why do I linger over all this? Enough that the day came when he saw for the first time in 20 long years. That day! Just before the handgaze was to be removed a peremptory summons called me from the room. Whispering to the oculist to wait till my return, I hurried away.

But such was not the countess's design. I returned just in time to hear my husband's cry of delight as his eyes rested upon the beautiful Lulu, who had been placed conspicuously in front of him and to see him snatch her in a passionate embrace to his heart. I sprang forward, wailing mournfully:

"Oh, Ralston! Ralston, she is not your wife!"

At the sound of my musical tones he pushed her roughly from him and turned with glowing countenance toward me. He turned, but that was all. Words were not needed. Dismay, horror, repulsion and disgust were depicted only too legibly on his handsome features. Reeling to him, I sobbed as I sank at his feet and clung to his knees.

"I told you the truth, Ralston! I told you the truth!"

"Yes, yes, I know," he groaned, covering his face with his hands and dropping shudderingly into his seat. "But I was unprepared for this. Would to heaven I had kept my blindness and my happiness!"

It was useless. His heart had gone to the beautiful Lulu, and gradually the music began to madden my soul—gradually, gradually, till a certain morning, when I sprang like a tigress at his throat.

That brought the end. They took me to a madhouse. Then followed a wedding in which Lulu figured as a bride, then my broken hearted mother's death. The countess had won the game. The mesalliance was at an end.

Is it wonderful that the violin still has power to temporarily madden me?—New York News.

Always in Luck.

"Lucky? Why, dat kid has all sorts o' luck. Say, w'en he was run over the other day the rig was an ambulance."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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