

Don't Plant Seed Corn That Won't Grow

Men from the state experiment station who have examined samples of the best seed corn exhibited at the local corn shows, short courses and farmers' institutes all over the state say that only from 10 to 40 per cent of the samples submitted will grow.

Corn for Seed Purposes is in a Worse Condition than has ever been known

A Grave Situation Exists

How to Test Seed Corn

Enough ears to plant twenty acres can be tested in a single day with home made tester. Take a box six inches deep and about two by three feet in size. Fill the box about half full of moist dirt, sand or sawdust. Press it well down so it will have a smooth, even surface. Now take a white cloth about the size of the box, rule it off checkered fashion, making squares one and one-half inches each way. Number the checks 1, 2, 3 and so on. Place this over the sand, dirt or sawdust.

Take the ears to be tested and either lay them out on the floor and mark a number in front of each or attach a numbered tag. Now take off about six kernels from each ear (not all from the same place, but at several points on all sides.) Put these kernels on the squares corresponding in number to those placed on the ears of corn. Be careful not to get them mixed. Keep the ears numbered to correspond EXACTLY with the numbers on the squares of cloth.

After the kernels have been placed carefully on the cloth which covers the moist sand, dirt or sawdust, cover them with another cloth, considerably larger than the box; cover this cloth with about two inches of the same moist sand and keep the box in a warm place. It must not get cold.

The kernels will germinate in four to six days.

Remove the cover carefully to avoid displacing the kernels. Examine them carefully. Some will have long sprouts but almost no roots; others will not have grown at all, but the kernels from ears which will produce corn if planted, will have both sprouts and good root systems.

Compare the numbers on the squares with those on the ears. Put back into the feeding corn bin the ears which correspond in number to the numbers on the squares where the kernels did not grow or where they showed only weak roots.

The ears numbered corresponding to those on the cloth which showed strong signs of life are the ones to preserve for seed. Every kernel from these ears should produce a stalk, every stalk an ear.

A number of more convenient seed corn testers are manufactured for sale. They are all good—any implement dealer or seed house will know where to get them.

Address

Publicity Bureau, Commercial Club, Omaha

Her Bisque Doll

By Philip Kean

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Fleurlette was eighteen, and she had never owned a doll.

"Of course I am too old for one now," she would say, wistfully, as she passed the shop windows on her way home from work.

Fleurlette was an apprentice in a millinery shop. Now and then little Fleurlette sighed for luxuries.

"I have never really had a good time, you know, mother," she would say, and her mother would kiss her and sigh. "If only your father had lived, Fleurlette."

The future seemed to hold nothing for them except the possibility of Fleurlette's success as a milliner. She had been promised three dollars a week, as soon as she learned the first principles of her trade.

When, therefore, she came home one night with a sore throat, there was consternation. "I simply can't be sick," Fleurlette said, desperately. "Madame will get some one else in my place if I stay away."

She went to bed that night with her throat wrapped up, and when she struggled to her feet in the early dawn, her head was hot with fever.

"But I must go," she insisted, and at last her mother helped her into her clothes, and started her on her way.

The day was one of deadly and excruciating effort. Fleurlette's hot head and heavy eyes seemed to weigh her down. Her needle in her trembling hand seemed to take stitches that accomplished nothing. Madame spoke to her sharply several times, and, at last sent her home.

"And don't come back until you are rid of that cough," she said.

Fleurlette, staggering homeward, felt that she didn't care if some one else did take her place. She wanted only to get to her mother, to lay her hot head on the pillow and sleep.

Her feet were so heavy that at last she stopped, and held on to the railing that ran in front of one of the big windows of the shop where there was displayed box after box of blond and brunette bisque dolls.

"Oh, you pretty babies," Fleurlette whispered, "if—if only I was little



"It seems such a baby thing to want a doll."

enough to curl up in that pink crib, how nice it would be."

She said it out loud, and a man who had stopped beside her looked down at her sharply.

"Hello," he said quickly, as she swayed and would have fallen, but for his helping hand. "Look here, kiddie, you're in a bad way."

"I think," said Fleurlette, looking up at him with fever-bright eyes, "I think I am very ill. But if I am going to die, I think I'd just as soon do it right here, please. You—see, I've never had a doll—"

"You're not going to die," he said briskly. "You tell me where you live, and I'll have you home and in bed before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I don't want to say Jack Robinson," Fleurlette protested, weakly, but she gave him her number, and, leaning on his arm, was led down a side street to her waiting and anxious mother.

The big man stayed in the front room, while the girl's mother made her comfortable in the inner room, and Fleurlette could hear him humming like a big bee as she went off into dreamland.

She had lapsed into unconsciousness by the time the big man had introduced himself to her mother. "My name is Jack Rodman," he said. "My boat came in this morning after a week's fishing on the banks. I own my own boat and in my own town you could find plenty of people who'd tell you that I come of honest folks, and that I haven't gone back on my name. I walked uptown this afternoon and saw the little girl talking to the dolls. She seemed too big for that sort of thing, so I listened, and I saw she was out of her head—but, say, is it true that she never had a doll?"

"Not since she can remember," said Fleurlette's mother.

Rodman looked around the plain room. "I see," he said briefly. "Look here, may I come again and find out how she is?"

Mrs. DuBois knew that she could trust those frank, blue eyes. "Yes," she said, "and thank you very much for bringing my little girl back to me."

He came in an hour later with some fruit. "I thought if she was feverish the oranges might taste good to her," he said. "Let me help you," he went on eagerly. "Here I am in this old town, my boat has to go to the drydock for repairs and my time hangs on my hands."

In her extremity, Mrs. DuBois turned to him gratefully. "We have no friends and I can't leave Fleurlette for a moment," she said. "I must have a doctor and medicine at once."

He was up and away in a moment, coming back with a kindly, competent physician, and running out again to fill prescriptions, to get a chicken for broth and milk and eggs.

"Look here," he said to Mrs. DuBois, "you let me do the cooking. I've done it lots of times on my boat—and you let me watch when you get worn out."

In the days that followed Mrs. DuBois often asked anxiously: "Isn't your boat ready to sail?" and Jack Rodman always answered with his big laugh, "There's a lot more to do on her."

It was not until Fleurlette began to come back to life that he spoke of his return voyage. "In another week I must be getting home," he said.

"How can we ever repay you?" Mrs. DuBois said.

"Forget it," said Jack slangily, but his eyes were wet. "You must remember that you are my adopted mother—now that I haven't one of my own."

"If you were half as good to her as you have been to us, she must have been proud of you," said the grateful little lady.

"Forget it," repeated Jack with some embarrassment, "and—oh, look here, there's just one thing I want to get Fleurlette before I go—"

But he wouldn't tell what it was until he came back with a long box, and unfolded from many wrappings of tissue paper a bisque doll.

Fleurlette held out weak hands for her.

"Oh!" she gasped, "oh!"

"I thought you'd like her, kiddie," said Jack, somewhat awkwardly.

It was a happy little Fleurlette who lay back on her pillows. "You wouldn't think I was really almost nineteen," she asked, "would you? It seems such a baby thing to want a doll, but then you see when you've always wanted a thing—"

"You ought to have it? Of course you should, kiddie. And now there's something else I want you to have."

"What?" asked Fleurlette, and Mrs. DuBois looked at him curiously.

"A sea voyage," said Jack Rodman, unexpectedly. "I've asked the doctor, and he says it would be the best thing that could happen to Fleurlette. The fishing's over and I've a good cook, and a couple of other men on my boat, and while things are a bit rough, we should certainly try to make you comfortable."

A week later Fleurlette lay on the deck of the White Gull and watched the real gulls overhead. Beside her lay the bisque doll, and Mrs. DuBois sewed happily in the stern.

Jack Rodman, seated at Fleurlette's feet, watched her with adoring eyes.

"If I hadn't stopped to look at those bisque babies I shouldn't have met you," he said.

Fleurlette laughed. "You must have thought me a perfect child."

"I thought you perfect—"

Jack got up suddenly and went over to Mrs. DuBois. "I've got to say it," he told that lady, and his voice floated back to Fleurlette.

"What?" asked Mrs. DuBois smiling.

"I've got to tell her I love her," said Jack explosively. "but I suppose I'd better tell you first that I want you for a real mother, not for an adopted one."

"Dear boy," said Mrs. DuBois, and he kissed her.

Then he went back to Fleurlette. "I want you to be first mate of the White Gull, dear," he said, steadily, "but I'm afraid to ask—"

"Why," said Fleurlette, the color flaming into her cheeks.

"Because I don't see how you can love a big rough chap like me—"

"I don't love a big rough chap," said Fleurlette with shining eyes, "but I love a man with the kindest heart in the whole world—and the name of that man is Jack—"

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French Croupier's Tips.

Startling statements regarding the sums gambled away annually at the French casinos and the amount of money given to the croupiers in tips were made in the chamber by M. Kerduzoc in supporting a bill for a progressive tax on gambling clubs and casinos.

He said that the amount of the takings at Enghien, the casino near Paris, last year was \$380,000, at Vichy, \$155,000, and at Trouville, \$137,000. The tips to croupiers at Enghien amounted to \$69,480, the head croupier receiving over \$2,000, while at Vichy and Trouville the tips amounted to \$29,280 and \$35,320 respectively.

Favorite Fiction.

"She Doesn't Like Large, Flashy Diamonds; Let Me See Some of Your Smaller Ones."

"I Want You to Be Liberal in Making Christmas Presents. Maria, but My Bank Account Is Getting Mighty Low."

"Value of This Package? Oh, Well. It's About \$50."

"Your Father Is Going to Give You a Fine Set of Furs, Is He, Fan? I'm So Glad!"

"No, Sir, There Ain't a Bit of Writin' in the Package."

"Christmas Present for the Boss? Sure, I'll Be Glad to Contribute."

SPANIARDS DO CUBA'S WORK

Natives Are All Right in Some Lines of Employment, but Not as Laborers.

"Ninety per cent of the laborers on the plantations and in the mines of Cuba are Spaniards," said Burton Vandye, superintendent of one of the largest iron works in Santiago, at the New Ebbitt. "They make good workmen, far better than the natives of Cuba. In fact, the Cubans will not work as laborers. They are all right in other lines of employment, but not as workmen. The Spaniards have almost entirely taken the place of laborers of other nationalities. The wages paid are based on an average of a dollar a day, but many make as high as two dollars doing 'task' work."

"Cuba is rich in minerals, but the development of the islands is retarded by the continued unrest, due to the fear that at any time, as in any Latin country, there may be a revolution. I don't mean to say that there is any reason to think a revolution is imminent in Cuba. That would not be correct, but there is always the apprehension that some time there may be an uprising."

"I have given no attention to politics in Cuba. That is a question that doesn't appear to concern many Americans. There is no doubt, I think, that if it were not for the unsettled political conditions of Cuba, American capital would feel safer in investing there, and there would be many more Americans there. At this time I do not believe there are any more Americans in Cuba than there were a few years ago, although the opportunities for making money in sugar plantations and in other lines are many."

SHE WENT HOME TO MOTHER

Habit of Talking in Sleep Causes Serious Break in the Brown Family.

"And pray, who is Doris?" was the question that startled Mr. Brown (who is addicted to that ill-conceived habit of talking in his sleep), as he woke the other morning and found his better half sitting up in bed with an interrogation point in her eyes.

"Doris, Doris, Doris who?"

"That's just what I want to know; you've been repeating that name over and over again."

"Oh—ah—yes, yes, of course. It's Charlie Jones' new collie dog. She's a perfect beauty."

"Indeed!"

"Rather; she's just the sort of dog—"

"You ought to own! Certainly—you appear very fond of her. You asked, you will be pleased to hear, this 'collie dog' to put her arms around your neck and kiss you; then you told Mr. Jones' dog that you 'loved her with all your heart,' and that 'when you came to die if you could only lay your head on Jones' dog's bosom, you could breathe your life out sweetly there.' Then you asked Jones' dog to 'have another ice,' and if the watch you had given her kept good time. Under these circumstances, James Brown, I think, perhaps, you had better go to Jones' collie dog. I am going home."

Generous Harpies.

"On the return of the army from the Philippine islands most of the troops were mustered out in San Francisco. In advance of their arrival at that point, the pension attorneys of Washington hurried to the spot to open offices or have their agents ready to meet the returning soldiers. According to the language of the soldiers themselves, the rival agents beset them at once, importuning them to file their claims for pensions without delay. To the bewildered youths, eager only to reach their homes, 75 attorneys seemed to be pursuing each victim, assuring him that it was his duty to file his application, whether an invalid or not. The hospitals had to be guarded against these tormentors masquerading as friends of the invalids. In the case of a single regiment composed of officers and men of exceptional physical excellence, 477 applications for pensions were filed within four months, for over 20 different diseases—Charles Francis Adams in the World's Work.

When Lehar "Couldn't Play."

When Lehar, the composer of "The Merry Widow," and recently of "Eva," which will soon have its first performance in Berlin, was the leader of a military band in Vienna, he was an applicant for the place of director of a musical association in that city. One of the requirements was "familiarity with and ability to direct waits music." Lehar appeared with the other applicants for examination, and was promptly rejected, "symphonic music seemed to be more his sphere than dance music." If he had believed that the judges had formed a true opinion of the trend of his talent, he would probably still be as unknown to the world as he was when he marched at the head of a Vienna brass band.

Giving It Away.

Being called to his feet unexpectedly at the gathering and asked to respond informally to the toast "The Ladies," Mr. Giffers hemmed and hawed and began:

"My friends, all that I am, all that I have in the world, I owe to a woman—my wife."

Here he was interrupted by that lady herself, who arose and said:

"I told you, when you put the property in my name, you'd give it away first time you opened your mouth."