

# 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.

If we are to have a corn crop this year, every ear of corn should be tested to see if it will grow, before it is planted.

Suppose one dead ear is planted. The planter fails to get one thousand stalks of corn—almost 12 bushels of corn lost.

Leading corn authorities say that no man can tell if corn will grow or not, without making a germination test.

Particularly this year, corn that looks good on the outside is dead in the germ, and positively will not grow.

The business men of Omaha appreciate that business prosperity depends upon the success of the corn crop, and are therefore making this effort to arouse the state to the necessities of the case. If in any community there is more than enough seed corn to plant your own farm, please let us know, that we may secure the additional supply for other parts of the state.

Address

Publicity Bureau, Commercial Club, Omaha

### FIND A MEERSCHAUM MINE

Mineral is Dug Up in New Mexico and Shipped to Manufacturers in New York.

There is only one meerschaum mine in this country. Up to a year ago there might as well have been none at all. About five years ago a company formed to take over the mine declared confidently that it was going to make meerschaum pipes out of the product.

"For four years we were the laughing stock of the trade," said a member of the concern the other day, "but we're doing the laughing ourselves now."

He flourished before the visitor's eyes orders for more gross of pipes than anybody except a mathematical prodigy could count. And he shows a picture of the new plant which is to be occupied very soon. At present the work has grown to such a point that the walls of the small factory over on the East Side, New York, are bulging worse every day.

In the small building they can turn out only about thirty-five gross of pipes a day. This totals, however, more than 1,500,000 pipes a year, which would seem enough to supply every pipe smoker in the country. But the new plant will turn out 100 gross a day. One of the orders flourished so proudly by the manufacturer is for 500 gross and came from a Boston dealer.

There is only one other meerschaum mine in the world. At least, nobody knows of any other. That one is in Asia Minor and supplied the material for all the meerschaum pipes made up to a year ago. The American mine is about thirty miles from Silver City, N. M.

### NO REASON FOR BLINKERS

Tens of Thousands of Horses Are Now Working Satisfactorily Without Them.

It is said that the use of blinkers, or blinders, as they are called in this country, had its origin in the desire of certain fashionable folks for a convenient place to display the family crest. Of course, the common excuse is that they keep the horse from shying.

"There is no reason why horses should wear blinkers," says a writer in the Bulletin of the S. P. C. A. "This is shown by the fact that there are tens of thousands of horses working satisfactorily without them, not only in private carriages, but in cabs, vans and ambulances and in towns where the traffic is thickest.

"No riding horse is ever seen with blinkers; they would be considered to look ridiculous with them; the draft horses in the army do not wear them, and the large brewers and the chief railway companies have long ago dispensed with them."

"We recently read in a German paper that their use had been done away with by the authorities in Berlin, Dusseldorf, Aachen, Koenigsberg and Cassel. In Darmstadt they are allowed only in special cases, and Hamburg has lately decreed that they shall be permitted only if they stand well away from the horses' eyes.

"The difficulty of dispensing with blinkers in the case of horses which have been accustomed to them, even for years, is largely imaginary. We have known several cases where the change has been made and there has been no difficulty at all."

### Still His Little Wife.

In a little shack at Sparkhill, Mrs. Ellen Peck, aged 82, the "confidence queen," released from Auburn penitentiary, is being guarded by her aged husband as carefully as though she was the best woman in the world.

"My Molly made mistakes," said the aged husband, "but she's come home to me now, with her nerves shattered and her health gone. No, you can't see her; she's suffered all she's going to, and in future I'm going to shield her from the world. Why, she's the best little woman that ever lived, and I won't have anybody bothering her."

So great is his loyalty that he will permit no one to say a word against the woman who victimized men of more than \$1,000,000 and brought disgrace to him and their children. "She's my little wife," he says.

### Estimating Power of Sea.

The "live power" of a furious sea is estimated by multiplying the mass of the surge by the square of its speed. When the surf, impelled by the drive of the broad sea, meets a solid obstacle, its pressure is thirty tons per square meter of water. This estimate, which is close, explains how water, when continually sapping the foot of a cliff, breaks down the land, forces back the shore line, and little by little, constantly and surely, increases the sea's domain. A wave from 33 to 35 feet high, and 625 feet long—such a wave as the sea produces every 18 seconds—represents power of about 1,350 H. P.—steam—per square yard.

### A Winner.

"Boy, take these flowers to Miss Bertie Bohoo, Room 12."  
"My, sir, you're the fourth gentleman wot's sent her flowers today."  
"What's that? What the deuce? Who sent the others?"  
"Oh, they didn't send any names. They all said, 'She'll know where they come from.'"  
"Well, here, take my card, and tell her these are from the same one who sent the other three boxes."—Tit-Bits.

## AN EXPENSIVE LADY

By JOANNA SINGLE

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The Folwells' French car purred expensively at the door, and the French chauffeur, Gustave, aristocratically bored, looked immovably ahead and awaited his young mistress, reflecting that he would have to break the speed limit if she made her train. Her trunk had gone to the station the day before. The dachshund on the back seat of the tonneau yawned in the face of the beautiful morning, in early September.

Finally Miss Katherine Folwell appeared, perfect in black broadcloth. She was palpably not intended for life's grim realities. She would have been out of place in any setting less than luxurious. She knew this. Just a year ago she had told David Robertson, and as he had never been sure he even wanted to be rich, he dropped out of her life, so effectually that it hurt. She had not thought he would take her, at her word. So life bored her, which was why she had promised to go abroad with the Cheneys—she hadn't seen May since their college days, though they lived far out in some suburb and had only lately inherited enough money to justify trips—and leaving their two children.

Gustave straightened and gasped—politely—as his mistress took her seat and gave her order.

"To the country—anywhere! I've given up my trip," she said.

He touched his cap, and they were off.

"I couldn't have endured it," she said half aloud—the old round of getting away from yourself in dirty foreign places. I've got to live with myself anywhere I go, and I like it here as well as any place. The country is at least peaceful."

The car slipped up the avenue, past the clangor of downtown, through the residence district, from woody suburbs toward the river road. The sun was hot, but the fresh wind cooled her cheek. Finally they were gliding slowly past pretty little cottages, wide apart, flower-surrounded, almost real country.

Then, without warning, the car stopped with a jar, and Gustave, all apology, was out of the machinery. He ended by crawling beneath the motor, and after much tinkering, came out with explanatory. She was deaf to explanations. She didn't care.

"Fardon, but the sun is hot. It may take an hour to find. Will Ma'amelle seek a cool spot? That garden, perhaps?" He waved with Gallic grace at a cottage they had passed, where children played in a garden.

She soothed Gustave's excitement with a smile and wandered up to the place. This was the sort of thing David Robertson had dreamed she might share with him, a bungalow guarded by a private hedge and a sentinel row of flaming hollyhocks. She, too, had been among dream possessions—then she saw the children, blonde, rosy little people, and brought herself up with a start. She would not let herself include children in her reverie of David. His income could never have brought the dream of his love into reality. Katharine spoke to the little ones hanging over the gate.

"Good morning," answered the six-year-old boy. "Does you love hollyhocks?"

"Lo," placidly returned the four-year-old boy. "Does you love hollyhocks?"

Katharine said that she adored them. Then she explained about the broken-down motor, and asked if she could come in their garden a while. Would their mother care? They were suddenly solemn.

"Mother's gone to the end of the world," she said quaintly, "and Mrs. Scott is drefful sick and Auntie Bess is to her house and we're to stay right here so's she can see us till nurse comes home." It came in a breathless sentence, as the child clung to her little brother. Then she opened wide the gate.

"I'm sorry 'bout the car, an' you can come in an' play with us if you'll be good."

She sank down on the green grass, removed her hat and tried to woo the shy boy to give her a kiss. He would not, but broke a handful of hollyhocks without stems and put them gravely in her lap. The girl, Janey, was hanging over a bed of mignonette like a white butterfly.

When Gustave's hour and more had passed, Katharine looked up from her clumsy telling of the story of the "three bears" to hear more excuses. He could not repair the machine. It would have to be towed in. Would Ma'amelle take a train, or wait several hours until he came with the other car? He stood waiting, and a sudden whim possessed her.

"I will come on the train. Don't come back for me. I may stop to make a visit. Tell Marie not to expect me." She would not be robbed of this new amusement—she seldom had been with children, and the sweet little experience was bringing her a queer happiness. With much prompting she told some of the familiar child-stories, and then, wondering at herself, made up fairy stories with an ease that brought the little ones snuggling close to her. They told about themselves.

and of the world," said David, the boy. "And now you're here, we can go to Uncle Dee's and see the ducks." The children were on their feet in a moment, pulling her up by the hands, drawing her after them through a gap in the hedge into a sunken garden, exquisitely Japanese, with a pool where floated mandarins with clipped wings. Everything was delicately perfect—even the brown bungalow off to the left was a delight.

The children threw themselves upon her, hugging her.

"What's your name?" they asked, and she answered.

"Kittie, because I love soft places," and she threw off her big plumed hat. David rose and began to stick the pink hollyhocks into her crown of sunny hair, and time passed. Peace came into Katharine's mind. Presently the boy announced, with masculine force, that he was hungry. She saw that the noon hour had passed, and rose. They pulled her back through the hedge toward their own cottage. She would have gone anywhere.

"Uncle Dee has only beer in his ice-box, and he borrows lemons from us," said the girl quaintly. "He don't keep house—and he hasn't a wife at all. It's lonesome for him."

"It's too bad," replied Katharine.

"He might get one."

"He was going to, but she was too 'sensitive,'" sighed the girl.

Kit thought of David Robertson, and the humor died out of her eyes. Had she condemned him to a life of loneliness? The boy rambled on explaining.

"'Sensitive' means what you can't afford to buy, like a wife, or a pony," he sighed ecstatically.

At the door of the cottage they met Aunt Bess. She stared, and then she and Katharine flew into each other's arms.

"Elizabeth Norton! Where did you spring from?"

"May and Tom imported me to guard the kiddies while they go round the globe—thought you were going, too? Haven't seen you in years! Heaven must have sent you today. The nurse was called away, and Mrs. Scott, next door, is ill. I must go back and help. Will you go in and feed yourself and the babies and promise to stay all night with me?" Katharine promised. "Go in and get into one of May's house dresses and keep house—though I'll wash you never lifted a cup! I must go."

Katharine entered her old friend's room, and presently came out radiant in a pale blue wash-dress to play with her friend's children. She remembered wistfully that she might have married their uncle and been their real aunt. Where was David now? She did not even know—probably gone "to the end of the world" also.

Then she lost herself in simple service, a luxury she had never known, the sweetness of feeding little children. Her past society life seemed suddenly futile, empty. And while the babes slept away the late afternoon she came to her real, sweet, true self. She knew where happiness was to be found, and if David Robertson had been in her world she would have swallowed her pride and sent for him.

Presently it was after 6, and she was eating bread and milk with the kiddies when she heard a whistle. The children ran like wild things, and came back dragging in a big, deep-voiced, handsome man with young eyes and dark hair gray at the temples.

"Here's Uncle Dee, Kittie!" they chattered. "Here he is!" She stood white and overcame before David Robertson. Her eyes burned like blue flame, and then fell before his devouring glance.

"O David," she faltered. "O David!—I am so—sorry—"

In that second she had seen all his hurt and loneliness; and something melted the hardness of her heart. She flung her arm up around her eyes with a childlike movement. Then she began to cry in his arms while he kissed her. The children, overawed, held tightly to one another. It was long before they even remembered the children. Then Uncle Dee stooped and gathered them into his arms.

"Now I'm going to have a wife," he explained grandly, waving a hand at Katharine.

Little David looked her over doubtfully. "Ain't you, too—'sensitive'?" he queried.

"Not—any more!" she declared joyously. "It costs me too much to live without the only things—I really want."

### Relic of the Wesleys.

The Rev. J. H. Wicksteed, vicar of Bexley, Kent, has presented to the Wesleyan Methodists of Gravesend and Dartford circuit a tree from the vicarage garden, a sapling of the old oak under whose branches John and Charles Wesley, with George Whitefield, often met in friendly conference. It is believed that Charles Wesley composed some of his hymns under its shadow, and John in his diary of September 22, 1740, writes: "I went to Mr. Piers (the vicar), at Bexley, where in the mornings and evenings I expounded the Sermon on the Mount and had leisure during the rest of the day for business of other kinds." He was there again on Saturday, December 2, 1749, "and preached about eleven."—Church Family Newspaper.

### The Old Story.

Young Wife (angrily)—And to finish up with, sir, you're a brute.  
Young Husband (sorrowfully)—This is nearly as good as the scragging mother used to make!