

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

Tracks in the Snow

By Donald Allen

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It was the first snow of the season, and therefore not much of a snow—just about enough to call out the cats and rabbits and encourage them to leave a million tracks on the white blanket.

When Miss Ida Benham looked from her window in the morning she uttered a long-drawn "O-h-h-h!" at the sight. When she got downstairs she "O-h-h-ed!" again, and encouraged by the smile of Aunt Betty's hired man she clasped her hands and exclaimed:

"Oh, this is what I was waiting for!"

"Yes."

"To go rabbit hunting!"

"You'll get a million of 'em."

The first snow in the city is not like the first snow in the country. There is a difference in the whiteness, and when there are tracks in the back yard a city man must admit that they were made by tomcats instead of rabbits.

Miss Ida was eighteen, but had never seen a real rabbit track. Neither had she ever met a hired man. She had seen dog tracks and met gruff policemen in Central park.

"I shall put on my shortest skirt," she said to her aunt as they ate breakfast, "and my thick shoes and that old hat I brought along, and I shall hunt down as many as six rabbits."

"Bless you, child!" was the reply.

"I may hunt for five miles around."

"So you may."

"I may not get back till dark."

"But don't get all tired out."

"My soul!" exclaimed the girl, as she jumped up. "I haven't any gun and there isn't any time to write brother Ben to send one up!"

"But you won't need one, dear. You take a club with you. You track a rabbit into a hollow log and stand by with your club raised to hit him on the head as he looks out to see who you are."

Which information went to show that, providing there were enough rabbits and clubs and hollow logs and girls in the country, the ship-



Followed it across the fields

ments of dead bunnies to the city market would average five carloads per day.

"Are they willing to be killed?" asked Miss Ida, as she thought of the terrific slaughter.

"I believe they are."

"And they won't fight back?"

"Never!"

Half an hour later the short-skirted and old-hatted young huntress, who had been provided with a stout club by the hired man, started out on the trail. That is, she started out on a hundred trails, but after a time struck a single one and followed it across the fields and into a bit of woods. The rabbit had had his circus and was bound for his home in a hollow log. Yes, the trail led directly to a log with a cavity in the end, and now it was business.

Miss Ida walked on tip-toes. She breathed hard. She almost bit her tongue. She gripped her club 'til her fingers ached.

Straight into that hollow led the trail. She was sure of her quarry. That rabbit could no more escape her than the steel trust can escape Uncle Sam. He would hear and smell her. He would peek out and—smash!

The girl found her knees trembling and her breath coming in gasps, and she turned and ran for the highway. It was too much for her. She felt that she must have help. The hunter that sights his first deer has the same panicky feeling.

Mr. Brisbane Childs was being driven from the railroad station to his mother's house. He had come down on the early morning train, so as to take advantage of the tracking-snow. He had just entered a law firm as the junior partner and his legal erudition told him that the best time to hunt wolves and panthers and rabbits was when there was snow on the ground.

"Hey, you! Hey! Hey!"

Mr. Childs had been looking straight ahead. He now looked to the right, and ordered the driver to halt. Running across the white field was a girl with a club in her hand and her hat joggled over on her ear. Was she fleeing for her life before some sav-

age animal? Had she aroused a nest of tramps in the woods?

"Say! Say! Say!" she gasped as she drew nearer.

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Childs as he leaped from the carriage with all his chivalry aroused.

"I—I've got a rabbit in a hollow log back there!"

"Yes, yes."

"He's a big one—a monster. I don't want him to get away."

"I see. You want help."

Mr. Childs vaulted over the fence, extended his hand to Miss Ida and together they ran for the trees and the log. The spot was reached in three or four minutes, and not another word had passed between the two.

The lawyer noted the tracks of the rabbit, and then motioned the girl to be ready with her club. As soon as she was stationed he walked to the other end of the log. Then he sat down on it and began to laugh. He sat up and laughed. He bent over and laughed. He slapped his leg and laughed.

"Sir!"

He looked up through his tears at a girl standing very stiff and dignified before him.

"Sir!"

He pointed to the far end of the log and chuckled and gurgled. Miss Ida moved along until she could see. The log was hollow from end to end, and her rabbit had entered at one end and passed out at the other long before she had taken up his trail. As she turned again the young man was making heroic efforts to suppress his laughter.

"Sir!"

"I—I beg your pardon, but it's so funny!"

"Oh, it is!"

"You—you thought he was in there!"

"And he was!"

"But you see—"

"And you scared him out, and I don't thank you for it!"

Mr. Childs sobered up and looked up penitently, and all at once the girl saw the humor of the situation and began to laugh, and finally said:

"What a goose I've made of myself! I never thought to look at the other end of the log. You see, it's the first time I ever went rabbit hunting. I thank you for your kindness."

When Miss Ida had reached home and told of her adventure her aunt asked:

"What name did you say he gave?"

"Why—why, he didn't give any!"

"But you gave your name?"

"Never thought of that!"

"I'm afraid your mother—"

"She's got nothing to do with it. She knows nothing about rabbit-hunting. She doesn't know how excited one gets when one gets a rabbit into a hollow log."

"But the young man?"

"Oh, he was excited, too. When he wasn't excited he was laughing. I'm sure he is a nice young man. He'd have given me his card if he'd thought of it."

"Well, I dunno!" sighed Aunt Betty.

"Don't know what?"

"Why, he'll call, and he'll admire you, and you'll both fall in love and be engaged and married, and your mother will lay it all to me, and—"

But Miss Ida's mother didn't. It is said that she was quite satisfied with the match, and so was the rabbit.

LURING THE WILD ANIMALS

Indians of Newfoundland Have Calls That Will Draw Nearly Every Beast and Bird

The Indians have a call or tole for nearly every animal. They can bring a fox right up to within 20 yards by making a sibilant noise produced by sucking the back of the hand. Renard takes it to be the cry of a mouse in difficulties and seldom fails to advance close to the sound.

Stag caribou are toled by grunting loudly in two different ways, a vocal effort which requires little skill or practice on the imitator's part. The "herd" stag will quickly answer the caller and advance for a short distance, but the "traveling" stag will come very close if the calls are properly made at suitable intervals.

Wild geese can be called when they first arrive in the spring by waving a white rag and imitating their "honking" call, but after the first fortnight they take little notice of the lure. A small white dog is also attractive to geese in the spring, and one Indian I know of has killed numbers of these birds by using one for decoy.

Beavers, when they have been undisturbed for long, are very curious in relation to strange sounds. They will come swimming out of their house even at the firing of a gun. The Indians usually call them with a hissing noise or one produced by munching the lips. Another favorite tole is a sound made by tapping the trousers with the hand. The most successful beaver-caller in Newfoundland killed great numbers of beavers, in the open season, by making a sound that resembled the cutting of chips off a tree. It is said that the unfortunate beavers never fall to respond to this noise.

The Indian has no call for the lynx, but one or two of them can attract the otter by imitating its shrill whistle.—John G. Millais in "Newfoundland and Its Untrodden Ways."

More Style

"Don't you think your literary style might be improved?" asked the critic.

"I'm going to improve it next week," replied Mr. Asbestos Sellum, the popular author. "I'm going to use bigger type and have the chapters describing fights printed in red ink."

BUSINESS IS THEIR LIFE

Thousands of American Men Seem to Be Wholly Uninterested in Their Wives.

There are thousands of American men who are merely indifferent to their women. They are proud of them, but supremely uninterested, and ask of their wives only to be let alone. Their business is their life; it is their life after they are married just as it was before. They are playing a tremendous game, and in this country a man has got to win or go to the wall. It makes no difference whether a man is married or a bachelor; it is not the women of the country who determine if a man must work at the great rate of speed at which they labor—it is the pace of the country itself which demands it. Our men give generously and indulgently to their women folks; they like to see that they have "everything in the world," as the saying is. It pleases their vanity to see their houses well-appointed and their women well dressed; they like the luxury of it for themselves. What is to be expected of young girls whose fathers have had no influence in their bringing-up, but have merely paid the bills—young girls, who have never been taught the use of money nor any details of any business whatsoever, and whose whole duty in life is to dress with the extreme perfection of which our women are past masters, and to keep in good physical condition and talk amusingly? These are the prices of success, success being measured in this country, as elsewhere, in terms of marriage and attention.—Woman's Home Companion.

WHAT WE OWE TO WOMEN

Ever They Have Been the Makers of the Home and Providers of Comfort.

Social progress with primitive women was stimulated and encouraged by their relation to home life, to dress and to manners. We have already alluded to the women as the authors of the home or shelter. It is the female bird that makes the nest, the female mammal that digs the burrow for her young and the female bee that makes the honeycomb as a home for hers. The human female more than all the rest created her home. But not only is this true, but she differentiated the home, and all parts of the most elaborate establishment were instituted by her or on her account.

The first homes were cheerless caves. Fire could not be made in them because of the smoke, so women sought out a cave with an opening in the rear, or a rock shelter with a high curved roof. When she became a dweller in a tent she searched for the oldest wood, learned the mysteries of the fuel problem and even invented the coral to induce the wind to draw a little of the smoke therefrom and to increase her comfort.

To the women of the household we are indebted for the oven, the chimney and the chimney corner, the kitchen, the dining room, the family room, the separate bed chamber. It has been a wonderful evolution, resulting in comfort, taste and morality.—Otis T. Mason, "Woman's Part in Primitive Civilization."

Black and White vs. White and Black.

For many years a large department store has spent thousands of dollars on placards with which almost every article of merchandise is ticketed throughout the store, and only within a short time did they realize the amount of money that was being wasted in using the white cardboard with black lettering.

These white cards soon became soiled and shop worn if allowed to remain in place any length of time. The cards which are handled by customers in bins, trays, etc., are even more so. By substituting the black cardboard with white lettering this store has overcome this difficulty to a very great extent. The show cards are always clean, fresh and bright-looking and they last many times as long, saving the firm several hundred dollars in the course of a year.—Business.

"Grandfather" Clock 200 Years Old.

A remarkable hand made clock is in the possession of the Swedish Lutheran Orphanage at Avon, Mass. It is one of the old "grandfather" type and consists of 13,000 pieces. It was made about 200 years ago by Henry Haven and is still running. The works are of wood, the case a handsome checkerboard of inlay work, the material mahogany and white boxwood. Henry Haven was several years completing it. Two heavy weights and two bob weights are the only metal in the works. The clock was in the possession of the Blanchase estate of Avon for generations. When the property was sold for a Swedish orphanage the clock went with other furniture to the new owner.

Big Trade in Frozen Meat.

Argentina supplies 90 per cent. of the frozen beef and frozen mutton consumed in Sheffield, England, Australia and New Zealand provide the remainder. Its use is constantly increasing. Frozen meat is never sawed, but it chopped with a cleaver. The retailers receive the meat in quarters which they chop into angular blocks, from which the quantities desired by customers are cut. These blocks afford material for fine window displays, and the windows of frozen-meat shops are generally piled high with all sizes and shapes of solid red beef.