

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 misplacing 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

A Firm Hand

By Bryant G. Rogers

Many times before Dorris Chatterton had reached the age of sixteen her father and mother had said:

"That girl needs a firm controlling hand, or she'll take the reins and drive the team."

Dorris didn't want to be bossed. She wanted to boss others. She had a will that struck sparks of fire when opposed, and even when her father put his foot down hard he wasn't quite satisfied that he had won a victory.

At eighteen Dorris had settled down to the belief that she ran the house and all in it, besides the township, the county and parts of two adjoining counties. All this, and yet she had no enemies and few critics. It came so natural to her to domineer that people insensibly gave way to it. She didn't go around with a chip on her shoulder, but she just sailed along having her way.

Miss Dorris was fond of horseback riding. Gallants used to run out from the city to ride with her. There were also others living near by. For instance, there was a young Mr. Percy, who was deeply in love. His mother backed his suit, and almost the first thing she told him was:

"Dorris is very self-willed and strong-minded, and you must be careful not to cross her. At the same time, give her to understand that should a heroic occasion arise she will find you a hero. It will be well to let her know that you had three ancestors in the Revolutionary war."

Young Percy was making his courtship on the lines laid down, when the two went riding one afternoon. The road they took was being improved by the state at a long, steep hill. There was a natural wall of rock there, and it was being blasted for material to spread on the road. In order that the workmen might have a clear field, and to avoid injury to travelers, a new road had been cut around the hill for temporary use and signs put up. Neither rider knew of the change until reaching the road. Mr.



The two went riding one afternoon

Percy had no complaints to make, but Miss Dorris Chatterton had. That change had been made without notifying her. She had been ignored and she didn't propose to stand it.

"Where you going?" she demanded of the young man as he reined into the new road.

"We've got to go this way."

"We've got to do nothing of the kind. We shall go straight up the hill."

"But read that sign. It says: 'Blasting! Dangerous!'"

"Then you had better turn back!" was the reply as the girl headed up the hill, which had several turns in it.

Mr. Percy remembered what his mother had told him and followed. At the first turn they found five laborers, and one of them held up his hand and said:

"No way here. You must take the other road."

"I shall go straight ahead!" said Miss Dorris.

"Certainly we will," added Mr. Percy.

"But you can't."

But they did. At the next turn they came upon a man who was inspecting a broken drill. He was not over twenty-three years old, and though having his coat off and overalls drawn over his trousers no one could mistake him for one of the workmen. He was clean-shaven, had a fine face and big black eyes, and his voice was pleasant as he lifted his hat to the girl and said:

"Didn't you read the signs at the foot of the hill?"

"What if I did?"

"The road is impassable from this turn on, and we are blasting at the top. You will have to turn back."

"I shall go on!"

If the signs had read "Blasting! Dangerous! Keep right on and get your darned head blown off!" she would have refused to comply. And the fact that the man before her was doubtless the engineer in charge of the work, instead of a laborer, nettled her. He was polite, but she saw by his mouth that he could be firm.

"You will turn back please," he said as he reached out a hand and caught her bridle.

"Let go, sir—let go!"

It was time for Mr. Percy's revolutionary blood to boil and his heroism to come to the front.

an into the yard just as Mr. Thompson started for his own horse.

"It is so fortunate I happened in at the right moment," said the doctor, with a quiet smile.

They rode in silence to the first corner, where the doctor drew up his horse.

"Which road do you prefer, Miss Nan?" he inquired politely.

"Isn't the one over the hill a mile Dr. Grey?"

"That is what they say."

"Then by all means take that one!" Without a word he turned into the hill road.

Nancy Ann threw her pretty head angrily, and traveled unevenly in nervous spirits. At the foot of the long hill she stopped suddenly.

"Go on, Nancy Ann," said the doctor, gently.

Nancy Ann lowered her head stubbornly. The girl lifted hers in chilling displeasure.

There was absolute silence for five minutes. Darkness was setting in densely. Presently rain began to splash on the leaves above their heads, and the young man sprang out to get the rubber curtains from under the seat.

"Guess you will not need to hold her," he observed.

Nancy Ann stiffened her forelegs defiantly, expecting some unusual move on the part of her driver. But he simply walked around her, adjusting her harness and stroking her neck a little before returning to the buggy.

"Nan," he said after another silence broken only by the fall of the increasing rain, "Nan, I've spent a very lonely summer."

Silence.

"Nan," reaching along the back of the seat, "why do you sit so that the rain beats in against you? Your sleeve is wet."

His arm drew her to a more protected position.

"How much longer, Dr. Grey, do you expect to keep me here?"

"My dear girl, much as I have craved your society, you surely cannot hold me to blame for this delay?"

Nan did not trust herself to answer.

"Dear," he said at last, very gently, "I wish you would let me give you back your ring."

"I wish," icily, "that you would get me home."

"Evidently neither of us will get our wish," he answered cheerfully. The rain fell steadily, musically. The woods seemed full of strange night sounds.

"Whatever are we going to do?" asked the girl at last.

"Wait until she is ready to start. It would do not good to beat her, even if you would allow it. It is tedious, I admit, Nan, but—I'm getting used to this waiting game. For I'm going to wait for you, dear, if it is until I am grey."

"You are grey, now," said Nan demurely.

"Nan, what do you mean?" eagerly.

"Dear heart, listen to me just a moment. What has been the trouble between us, anyway? Surely you cannot blame me if I love you so dearly that I like your name and everything about you? If you had objected because the name was too good, I would have changed it willingly."

Dropping the useless reins, he drew the ring from his pocket and put it in its old place on her finger.

"Nan," he whispered, "I'm the happiest man that ever sat behind a balky horse."

Nancy pricked up her ears with sudden interest. Then she began to move slowly up the long hill, and at the corner she broke into her usual willing trot.

"Fred, how in the world do you manage with her?" asked the girl.

"I always go by the valley road, even if it is an extra mile. She was brought up and—mismanaged—in the hill road."

"Oh," cried she with sudden understanding, "you do not deserve to be forgiven!"

"But I gave you your choice, my girl. I knew we could come to an understanding if you'd let me see you for half an hour, Nan, dear!"

Roof of Crystallized Salt.

The great salt lake at Obdorsk is nine miles wide and seventeen miles long, yet except in a few places it is solidly roofed over with a deposit of salt, which is becoming thicker and thicker each year, says the Scientific American. About the middle of the last century salt crystals first began to gather upon the surface of the water. Year by year, owing to the evaporation of the water, the crystals became more numerous, and then caked together until this great roof was formed. In 1878 the water beneath this salt crystal roof found an underground outlet into the Obi river. This lowered the lake's surface about three feet, leaving that distance between the water and the roof, and each year this distance has been diminished by the constant addition of salt crystals to the roof. Many springs surround this lake. Their water flows over the roof and evaporates there, and thus continually adds to its thickness. After many years the springs will probably become choked with their own deposits, and then the whole will become covered with earth, so that a great salt mine will be formed—a treasure for the Siberians hundreds of years to come.

A Deep One.

"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed the first farmer, "ain't yer struck water yet? How deep hev ye gone?"

"Bout a hundred feet," replied the other placidly.

"An' ain't ye discouraged?"

"O! I dunno. I can't say I ain't gittin' a long well."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Estate No. 3019 of Heinrich Mohr, deceased, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss.: Creditors of said estate take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is September 16, 1912, and for payment of debts is April 15, 1913; that I will sit at the County Court room in said County, on June 17, 1912, at 2 P. M., and on September 16, 1912, at 2 P. M., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. Dated February 9, 1912. (Seal) GEO. H. RISSER, County Judge. By ROBIN R. REID, Clerk. 16-4t