

CHIROPRACTICS WIN

QUARANTINE ON CATTLE HAS BEEN LIFTED.

NEWS OF THE STATE HOUSE

Items of General Interest Gathered From Reliable Sources at State House.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.
The Nebraska live stock sanitary commission has decided to lift the quarantine against the western half of the state of Iowa. The quarantine originally covered the entire state of Iowa, but on account of the fact that the foot and mouth disease had appeared only in a portion of the eastern part of the state, the Nebraska board modified its order so as to permit the shipment of live stock from the western half of Iowa to Nebraska. This was asked for by the officers of the South Omaha stock yards and by many live stock growers and shippers. Under a further modification of its former order, the Nebraska board voted to admit stock from any point in Iowa. The board



E. A. WALRATH
of Osceola recently appointed by Governor Morehead to the office of State Printing Commissioner. He succeeds N. J. Ludi, and has already assumed the duties of his office.

was informed during its meeting that Colorado had raised its quarantine against Nebraska and Iowa. The foot and mouth disease has not appeared in Nebraska, but Colorado decided not to take any chances and imposed a quarantine against Nebraska cattle, sheep and hogs.

Chiropactics Win Out.
The chiropactors of Nebraska who have been practicing in violation of law, some of whom have been guilty of it, came into their own when Governor Morehead as head of the state board of chiropactic, an office bestowed upon him by the last legislature, appointed three examiners who are to question applicants for a license to follow the profession of chiropactic. He appointed J. R. Campbell of Norfolk, for a term of three years. Mr. Campbell represents the universal chiropactic college of Davenport, Ia. The governor named H. C. Crabtree of Lincoln for the two-year term.

Improvements at Penitentiary
The state board of control has advertised for bids for extensive improvements for the power plant at the state penitentiary. It is estimated that the cost will approximate \$40,000. It was provided for in a bill passed by the last legislature, appropriating \$118,000 for the establishment of industries and improving the plant.
The present plant, as far as possible, supplies the light for the state institutions at Lincoln. However, it cannot handle the load of the elevator at the state house and the power for it is supplied by the city. Moreover, the light is poor and the cost of producing it is high.
With the new plant the board hopes to cut the cost of production in half and to provide plenty of current. Three new large engines and boilers will be installed, also a new 200-kilowatt generator.

Five members of the child labor commission have been named by Governor Morehead, acting on the recommendation of Labor Commissioner Coffey. Rev. H. H. Harmon of Lincoln is made chairman. The other members are Mrs. W. E. Martin, Fremont; Mrs. D. D. Craighead, Omaha; Senator Earl D. Mallory, Alliance, and Mrs. George A. Joslyn, Omaha. The governor did not say what the length of the terms of these members would be, although the law provides for terms of from one to five years.

Saved Money on Session Laws.
By printing the 1915 session laws in the form of a supplement to the statutes of 1913, the state of Nebraska has saved probably \$15,000 of expense, while the lawyers of the state, who have to buy statutes every time they are issued, will save another \$15,000. It was formerly the practice, when the statutes were compiled and published by private agencies, to issue a complete new edition every two years. The sets were sold at prices ranging from \$5 to \$12 apiece.

FEEDS UPON INSECTS

Bobolink a Common Summer Resident in Northern States.

FEEDS MAINLY ON INSECTS

Also Devours Many Weed Seeds—Inaccurate Grading Cause of Much Loss to Western Wool Growers—Remedy is Suggested.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
The bobolink, rice bird, or reed bird, is a common summer resident of the United States, north of about latitude 40 degrees, and from New England westward to the Great Plains, wintering beyond our southern border. In New England there are few birds about which so much romance clusters as this rollicking songster, naturally associated with sunny June meadows; but in the South there are none on whose head so many maledictions have been heaped on account of its fondness for rice.
During its sojourn in the northern states it feeds mainly upon insects and seeds of useless plants; but while rearing its young, insects constitute its chief food, and almost the exclusive diet of its brood. After the young are able to fly, the whole family gathers into a small flock and begins to live



Bobolink, Rice Bird or Reed Bird—Length About Seven Inches.

almost entirely upon vegetable food. This consists for the most part of weed seeds, since in the North these birds do not appear to attack grain to any great extent. They eat a few oats, but their stomachs do not reveal a great quantity of this or any other grain.

As the season advances they gather into large flocks and move southward, until by the end of August nearly all have left their breeding grounds. On their way they frequent the reedy marshes about the mouths of rivers and on the inland waters of the coast region and subsist largely upon wild rice. In the middle states, during their southward migration, they are commonly known as reed birds, and becoming very fat are treated as game.

Formerly, when the low marshy shores of the Carolinas and some of the more southern states were devoted to rice culture the bobolinks made great havoc both upon the sprouting rice in spring and upon the ripening grain on their return migration in the fall. With a change in the rice-raising districts, however, this damage is no longer done.

Co-operative Marketing of Wool.
Serious losses are often suffered by the flock master because of improper methods of handling the clip. Western wool growers are paid lower prices than foreign producers because of inaccurate grading. In recent years they have made some advancement in clipping and assorting fleeces as shown by cleaner clips being offered for sale in some localities. In the West some of the large sheep breeders' associations have officially recommended certain changes in the handling of wool by the growers. It is estimated that improper methods of preparing the wool for shipment cost the flock master from one to three cents a pound, for the manufacturer is frequently put to an extra expense, against which, of course, he protects himself by lowering the price to the grower.

To remedy this condition, some form of co-operation among wool growers in any given region is urged in a new publication of the department of agriculture, bulletin 206, "The Wool Grower and the Wool Trade." The individual alone can do little to improve matters, for his clip is likely to be too small to induce the buyers to make any alteration in their accustomed methods of estimating wool values. With co-operation, however, it should be possible to prepare the entire clip of any section so that the reputation of its wool would be enhanced and the growers obtain the full market value of their product. A sufficient number of wool growers should be included in each co-operative association to enable at least 4,000 or 5,000 pounds of each of the various grades to be marketed at one time.

Co-operation will, of course, do little good, however, unless the individual growers follow improved methods of handling the clip. An instance of the present low price of American wool as compared with foreign is given in the bulletin already mentioned. Two lots of wool of the same grade, one of them from Idaho and the other from Australia, were purchased by a Philadelphia manufacturer—the American at 18½ cents a pound and the foreign one at 25 cents

a pound, before scouring. In the American fleece the kind of wool that this manufacturer really wanted amounted to 86.79 per cent of the total; in the foreign fleece to 98.98 per cent. A more accurate system of grading had given this manufacturer 12 per cent more of what he wanted than the American methods. In consequence the foreign sheep grower got the larger price for his fleece. The manufacturer paid for the imported wool 28 cents a pound and for the domestic wool 18½ cents a pound—a difference of 9½ cents. By the time shrinkage, "off sorts," etc., had been deducted, however, the cost per clean pound to the manufacturer of the wool he wanted was 41.32 cents for the American fleece and 44.89 cents for the imported—a difference of only 3.57 cents. It may have cost the foreign grower a little more to prepare his fleece, but he more than recovered this in the higher price he sold it for.

- The bulletin suggests 15 rules for the wool grower which, it is said, no one can afford to neglect if he is at all solicitous of the reputation of his clip. These rules are:
1. Adhere to a settled policy of breeding the type of sheep suitable to the locality.
 2. Sack lambs, ewes, wethers and all buck, or very oily fleeces separately. If the bucks or part of the ewes or wethers have wool of widely different kind from the remainder of the flock, shear such separately and put the wool in separate sacks so marked.
 3. Shear all black sheep at one time, preferably last, and put the wool in separate sacks.
 4. Remove and sack separately all tags, and then allow no tag discount upon the clip as a whole.
 5. Have slatted floors in the holding pens.
 6. Use a smooth, light and hard glazed (preferably paper) twine.
 7. Securely knot the string on each fleece.
 8. Turn sacks wrong side out and shake well before filling.
 9. Keep wool dry at all times.
 10. Make the brands on the sheep as small as possible and use a branding material that will scour out.
 11. Know the grade and value of your wool and price it accordingly.
 12. Do not sweat sheep excessively before shearing.
 13. Keep the corral sweepings out of the wool.
 14. Do not sell the wool before it is grown.
 15. When all these rules are followed place your personal brand or your name upon the bags or bales.

CABBAGE STORING IS SIMPLE

Cheaply Constructed Bank or Hillside Root Cellar is Only Shelter Needed—Keep Place Cool.

(By K. A. KIRKPATRICK, Minnesota Experiment Station.)
Cabbage storing is rather simple and easy. The shrinkage is small. A cheaply constructed bank or hillside root cellar, or a basement under almost any farm building, is the only storehouse necessary. This should not be too dry and should be a place which could be kept at a temperature of about 40 or 50 degrees in the early part of the season. This is often accomplished by opening the doors to let in the cool night air and closing them to keep out the warmer air during the remainder of the day. Later, of course, the doors must be kept closed continuously.
In storing, most growers place the heads in a cellar with all leaves and roots attached. Many market gardeners have a better plan. They cut off the stalk as though preparing the heads for market, but leave two or three rough leaves to protect the more tender parts. They then pack in ordinary cabbage crates and rack these crates up, leaving a gangway every third or fourth tier for air circulation.

This work is not particularly difficult, and will certainly pay the grower well if it increases the selling price of his production eight or tenfold. For the last few years, it has been marketed and harvested at from \$5 to \$7.50 a ton. The purchaser has stored it and sold it during the late winter for \$50 or \$60 a ton.

FEED THE PIGS SEPARATELY

Young Animals May Be Given Same Ration as That Provided for Mothers During Nursing Period.

When the pigs are from four to six weeks old they will begin to eat with the sows.
They should be fed separately by penning off a small space on the feeding floor or hog lot where the young pigs have access to the feed.
The feed should be given in a small trough which can be cleaned easily before each feeding.
The pigs may be given the same ration as provided for their mothers during the nursing period and continued on the same ration after weaning.

The Furrow Slice.
Regardless of the time when plowing is done, whether spring or fall, the furrow slice should be firmed down in close contact with the subsoil. Whether or not it is so firmed down is expressed largely in the yield of crop at harvest time.

Fattening Wethers for Market.
The wethers intended for the fall market should be taken from the flock, put by themselves, and fed liberally until they are so fat that another week's feeding will not add a pound.

TEST THAT NEVER FAILED

Mine Foreman Had Particular Reason for Patronizing Sawyer's Place on His "Vacation."

Among the old miners of Siskiyou county a man can get worse whisky at Sawyer's bar than in any other place on earth. This is the belief of the gold-diggers of that section, and that faith is accepted as orthodox, says the San Francisco Call.
Regularly every Christmas Billy X, foreman of the Oro Fino mine, takes his layoff down at Sawyer's. Once the superintendent asked him why he always selected that place for his vacation.
"I want to have one yearly drunk," said Billy, "and I want to know just when I am drunk, so that I may enjoy the sensation."
"Well, can't you enjoy the sensation in any other portion of the county or state or continent?" asked the superintendent.
"No. When I'm drinking Sawyer's whisky and it begins to taste good, then I know I'm drunk."

He Would Not Corrupt Him.
Edmund had just begun to attend the public school, and had found a new friend, a child of whom Edmund's mother had never heard. "Who is this Walter?" she asked. "Is he a nice little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is!" replied Edmund, enthusiastically.
"Does he say any naughty words?" pursued his mother.
"No," with emphasis, "and I'm not going to teach him any!"—Youth's Companion.

Twenty Cents Out.
"I made an awful break yesterday," said the fellow who is known as a tightwad.

"That is unusual for you. How did it happen?" asked the man in whom he was about to confide.
"I met Lulu in front of an ice cream parlor, and I told her that her lips were like strawberries. She said the only way to prove it was by making the comparison, so I had to blow her to a strawberry sundae."

Her Own Business.
A woman mounted the steps of the elevated station carrying an umbrella like a reversed saber. An attendant touched her lightly, saying:
"Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."
"He's my husband!" she snapped calmly.

Deserves It.
"Heavens! The mob will tear that man to pieces! Can't something be done to stop them?"
"Let 'em alone. The man they're trying to lynch is the chap who invented the installment plan of selling books."

Safety First.
"How did the accident happen?"
"He got run over when he stopped to read a 'Safety First' sign."

A gossip woman is bad enough, but when a gossip man enters the game it's us for the fall timber.

The more prominent the man, the more likely the doctors are to diagnose his old age as rheumatism.

LIFE'S UNSUNG HEROES

True Bravery Not Confined to the Battlefield

Many There Are in Quiet Places in the World More Worthy of Medals Than Any Soldier Who Has Won "Glory."

We're very busy these days talking about heroes, lauding those who have given their lives for their country, writes Edna K. Woolley in the Kansas City Star. All sorts of medals are being distributed to men who are undoubtedly brave in the face of fearful dangers. Governments make great play upon the honor and glory achieved by their men who go forth to kill other men or be killed. To die in the service of one's country—ah! There can be no greater privilege, no finer quality of heroism! Strike off more medals! Pin on more fancy ribbons! Erect more monuments! Continue to make men and women believe that there is more heroism in a spectacular death while fighting the enemy—that enemy which is composed of brothers and sisters—than in living that others may live.

I know one humble-souled little man who would be most deprecatingly surprised if anybody offered him a hero medal. He hasn't been wounded in battle nor saved anybody from drowning. In fact, he has lived a decidedly inconspicuous life and considers himself of no importance at all. The only thing he might think about is that he can't afford to die right now, because he's too busy taking care of his brother's two little children and their invalid mother. The brother had "skipped" when the burden grew too heavy, and the humble-souled little man, already burdened enough with his own family, simply considered it his duty to provide for the helpless sick woman and her helpless little ones.

He can't make very much money. He hasn't the gift of earning except by the sweat of his brow. His hands are hard and clumsy. But he doesn't ask his overworked wife to bear all the burden. After his day's hard labor he sits up late many a night helping with the nursing and, yes, with the mending.

But what makes him a hero, chiefly, is that he never complains. He has kept everybody hopeful, even cheerful, by his optimism, his preachments of better times coming. He is humble souled, but there's a stream of sunshine coming out of his heart, and though he isn't much on looks, he's truly doing the world good by passing it through.

Still, there are no hero medals to emblazon a life like this. I doubt if he'd wear one if he had it.
I know of a workworn mother who has kept her family together through hardships that would try the soul of any soldier. Tenderly reared, she had no thought of disaster until one day men walked softly into her home, bearing a heavy burden, and she knew that the father of her children and the man she loved had gone into the great beyond.

There were debts, and three little children. She might have separated them among friends and institutions. But she chose to keep her little family together.

Her spirit survived long hours of "day labor" in strange households. She served as a waitress in a restaurant. She tramped from house to house, seeking to sell what nobody wanted to buy. She performed menial tasks for the coarse-minded who took a delight in treating her as a servant.

And yet this gentlewoman reared three splendid God-loving citizens, because no matter what her workday tasks had been, evening saw her always the smiling mother and companion of her little ones, putting memories in their hearts that would endure through their lives.
This woman was made of the stuff that heroes are made of. There are many, many more like her. But we do not bestow hero medals on such. They are doing no conspicuous deeds of bravery. They are only doing their duty, we say, while we huzza the man who leads his troops to victory over the dead bodies of his fellow men.

Why is there more glory in killing than in preserving life; in destruction than construction?

Insulted the Mayor.
A company had opened a new swimming bath in the place, and as a compliment sent a free ticket to the mayor.

That worthy man was very pleased. But he began to wonder when another ticket arrived.

Sitting down, he wrote to the bath proprietors as follows:
"Gentlemen: Your first ticket I received as a compliment. Your second strikes me as being rather suggestive. If you send me a third I will take it as a personal insult."

No Time.
"Isn't it strange that Mrs. Robinson never attends the Mothers' club meetings. We've invited her time and again."

"I'm afraid she's a hopeless old fogey. She insists on staying home to take care of her children."

Revised.
"Is that futurist music you're playing?" inquired hubby as his wife pumped the piano.
"No, dear; it's 'Home, Sweet Home,' but I think Bobby has been using it as a target for his air rifle."

Same Old Symptoms.
Hyker—What do you consider the one unfulfilling sign of spring?
Pyker—The delicious feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work.

And So It Is.
"What do you consider the greatest human paradox?"
"A secret session of a woman's club."

Equitable Division.
"Did you divide the cruller as I told you with your little brother?"
"Yes, ma. I gave him the hole."

But in after years if a man refuses to let his wife buy his neckties she imagines that he has ceased to love her.

The up-to-date war correspondent never fails to work in the word "imbroglio."

That a woman loves her husband is a probability. That she is jealous of him is a certainty.

There's Energy and Summer Comfort

in this simple breakfast:

It satisfies the appetite and is easily digested.

A little fresh Fruit;

Grape-Nuts

and cream;

One or two soft-boiled Eggs;
Some crisp, buttered Toast;
And a cup of Instant Postum.

If digestion rebels at the customary meal, try the "Grape-Nuts Breakfast."

The result can be observed, and shows plainly

"There's a Reason" FOR

Grape-Nuts