

Farmer's Institute School in Agricultural at

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA, WEEK OF JANUARY 11 TO 16, 1909. OUTLINE FOR LECTURES AND REGULATIONS. REGISTRATION FEE \$1.00. WRITE SECRETARY JULES HAUMENT.....

11:00 Lecture: Care and disposition of corn crop. Mr. Miller
 1:30-3:00 Div. 1. Judging Seed Corn. Mr. Miller
 1:30-3:00 Div. 2. Judging contest with hogs By Students

5:00-4:30 Div. 2. Judging seed corn. Mr. Miller
 3:00-4:30 Div. 1. Judging contest with hogs By Students

EVENING SESSION.

8:00 Agricultural Education Prof. A. E. Davison
 Principle School of Agriculture

SATURDAY

10:00 Lecture: Care and adjustment of farm machinery, Prof L. W. Chase
 University of Nebraska

11:00 Lecture: Growing small grain in western Nebraska, Supt. W. P. Snyder
 North Platte Station

Women's Section

Work conducted by Miss Myrtle Kaufman

MONDAY JANUARY 11

1:30-2:30 Lecture: Relation of Food to the body
 2:30-4:00 Demonstration: Making and serving of nutritious soups. Use of fireless cooker.

TUESDAY JANUARY 12

1:30-2:30 Lecture: Meats.
 2:30-4:00 Demonstration: Cooking of meats in fireless cooker

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 13

1:30-2:30 Lecture: Preservation of fruits, canning jellies etc.
 2:30-4:00 Demonstration: Cooking of fruits in fireless cooker. Canning fruits. Microscopic examination of molds.

THURSDAY JANUARY 14

1:30-2:30 Lecture: Salads and desserts.
 2:30-4:00 Demonstration: Preparation of salads and the use of celery, fruit, potato, nuts, etc. Preparation and serving of desserts and use of left overs.

FRIDAY JANUARY 15

1:30-2:30 Lecture: Kitchen economy.
 2:30-4:00 Demonstration: Plans for a handy kitchen with charts and models. Menus for the daily meals. Invalid cookery. Cereals and vegetables in fireless cooker.

SATURDAY JANUARY 16

10:00 Bread judging contest by members of the class Each member of the class is expected to bring a loaf of Bread. Prizes will be awarded for best loaf of bread and ability to score bread.

Contest will be concluded by a lecture on bread making.

Men's Section

MONDAY

9:00-0:00 Registration and Organization of classes.
 11:00 Mass meeting of all members of the school. Assignment of sections. Short talks by instructors.

1:30-3:00 Div. 1. Score card for cattle, Prof. C. W. Pugsley, University of Nebraska.

1:30-3:00 Div. 2. Examination of different types of corn Mr. R. A. Miller

3:00-4:30 Score card for cattle, Mr. Pugsley.

3:00-4:30 Div. 1. Examination of different types of corn Mr. Miller.

TUESDAY

10:00 Lecture on composition of foods, Mr Pugsley

11:00 Lecture on seed corn, Mr. Miller

1:30-3:00 Div. 1. Judging beef cattle Mr. Pugsley

1:30-3:00 Div. 2. Characteristics of a good seed ear, Mr. Miller

3:00-4:30 Div. 2. Judging beef cattle Mr. Pugsley

3:00-4:30 Div. 1. Characteristics of a good seed ear, Mr. Miller

EVENING SESSION

8:00 Agricultural Geology of Nebraska. (This lecture illustrated with lantern slides).
 Dr. G. E. Condra, University of Nebraska.

WEDNESDAY

10:00 Lecture: Digestible Nutrients, Mr Pugsley

11:00 Lecture: Soil Problems involved in corn culture, Dr. F. J. Alway, Experiment Station

1:30-3:00 Div. 1. Work with soil Dr. Alway, and Mr. Miller

1:30-3:00 Div. 2. The score card for the hog Mr. Pugsley.

3:00-4:30 Div. 2 Work with soil Dr. Alway and Mr. Miller

3:00-4:30 Div. 1. The score card for the hog, Mr. Pugsley

EVENING SESSION

8:00 Milestones of Commercial Progress
 Prof. C. W. Webster, University of Nebraska.

THURSDAY

10:00 Lecture: Feeding Beef Cattle. Mr. Pugsley

11:00 Lecture: Planting and cultivation of corn Mr. Miller

1:30-3:00 Div. 1 Scoring and criticizing local varieties, Mr. Miller.

1:30-3:00 Div. 2 Judging Hogs, Mr. Pugsley

3:00-4:30 Div. 2 Scoring and criticizing local varieties, Mr. Miller

3:00-4:30 Div. 1 Judging Hogs, Mr. Pugsley

EVENING SESSION.

8:00 The value of Trees to the farmer,
 Hon. Geo. Coupland, Elgin

FRIDAY.

10:00 Lecture: Feeding Hogs, Mr. Pugsley



The Waits of Old
 By Byron Williams

Play, minstrel, play!
 'Tis Christmas Day!
 Intone thine instruments to joy
 As in that other Christmas morn
 The shepherds hailed the Christ-child boy
 That in the manger drear was born!

Play, minstrel, play!
 Upon the bay
 These slugs secure from Herod's ban
 Within the hills of Galilee
 The Saviour of his fellow man—
 The King of all the Kings is He!

Play, minstrel, all!
 Throughout the hall
 Be merry as a wedding tryst!
 Again we place the diadem
 Upon the sacred head of Christ—
 The Chosen Child of Bethlehem!

All hail the King!
 Let chorals ring
 O'er every land, o'er every sea,
 And let the song be now as when
 He came—the child of Galilee:
 Of "peace on earth; good will to men!"

many shopping days there are to Christmas. I can't buy a thing."

"But my dear," said the Christmas woman, "think what you can make out of that luxurious box of pieces you showed me the other day!"

Thereupon she poured forth many suggestions about aprons and holders and shoe bags and top collars—enough to inspire a church bazar.

"Oh, yes, but everything you make costs a little for ribbon or something," the perfectly discouraged person concluded, at the end of her depressing call. "I wish Christmas was past!"

Then she went straight home, pulled out her box of pieces, pondered over the Christmas woman's suggestions, schemed out a plan for saving a little money here and there, and then fell to work on her Christmas presents with new courage.

But that Christmas woman didn't know this.

She was getting at her own work again. This time she worked for fully five minutes undisturbed, then another visitor claimed her—this time the tired-to-death woman, who couldn't get away from her teething baby to go shopping, or to take one stitch on Christmas presents.

"Give me your list, and I'll show you for you," the Christmas woman volunteered.

"Mercy! I couldn't possibly tell what I want without seeing things," the tired-to-death woman protested.

Not until she was well on her way down the street did she realize that, with a little planning, she might show by proxy after all. The idea, once it had penetrated her mind, pleased her so much that she was smiling like a really rested woman when she reached home and sat down to make out her list.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

"Have I called you downstairs when you were doing something important?" the dead-broke girl was asking of the Christmas woman by that time. "I'm sorry if I have, but I had to tell you my troubles. I'm in debt up to my ears. I haven't any right to give Christmas presents this year. I'm going to be cross until December 26."

"Oh, no!" the Christmas woman protested. "Why, keeping cheer is one kind of giving! And at least you can write Christmas letters."

"Why, who cares for those?" was the cynical answer.

Yet an hour later, at her desk, the dead-broke girl was busily writing Christmas letters, filling them with borrowed sweetness and humming a happy tune as the words flowed from her pen.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

She had gone back to her room for the third time—to find her work table empty. In vain she searched for the shirt-waist cloth.

"Bridget," she called at last, "have you taken anything out of my room?"

Bridget was washing the windows. "Only the clean rags for polishing the glass, mum," she answered. "You said they'd be on your table."

"Oh!" she began. But at sight of Bridget's sorry face she caught herself. "Never mind, Bridget," she added. "Don't feel bad about it."

"Feel bad! Me?" echoed the astonished girl. "The look in her eyes was full of admiration. "Sure, now, this is the first place I ever worked where the lady didn't get cross before Christmas!"

This time the Christmas woman knew.

With great gladness, because she had carried the message to one heart, she said, softly:

"Oh, but, Bridget, what do three little presents matter? It's joy that we must give!"

Attorney Edwin F. Myers of this city made a business trip to Dunning last week.

Mrs. R. J. Sharpe of the Buckeye ranch came up last Saturday to spend the day with her parents Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reed.

Personal and Otherwise

William Warren of Callaway was in the city Wednesday, he was last week very pleasantly surprised by having his brother, D. Warren of Cheaney, Washington, with his wife and child call on him unexpectedly. His brother drove up about 11 p. m. and

asked if he could not bring his wife and child in to get warm and it was some time after they had come in before "Billie" recognized his brother whom he had not seen for about eighteen years.

Mr. and Mrs. George Apple and Mrs. A. R. Humphrey went to Omaha Monday night to take in the corn show.

E. Coffman of Lillian was in the city on business last Saturday.

Ole Engelsgerd was transacting business in the city last Saturday.

Thomas Loughran of Anselmo was a Broken Bow visitor last Saturday.

W. H. Wells of Gates was in the city on business the last of the week.

Miss Slater who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. F. M. Rublee for the past two weeks, left Wednesday for her home at Boone, Iowa.

Lessons from the Christmas Woman

—By MARGARET SPENCER

TELL you we ought to cut it out this year," said the hard-up husband.

The Christmas woman put both hands on his shoulders. "We can't cut out Christmas, dear," she told him, gently. "But that five dollars which my brother gave me on my birthday is going to cover every cent I spend. They'll be just little remembrances."

"That's it," he answered, impatiently. "You'll keep it up, one way or another, and at the last minute I'll feel mean if I don't get into the game and squander a lot of money on presents."

He closed the door and went away. By the time he had boarded the car for town he knew that she was right.

But the Christmas woman didn't know that he was thinking this.

She was busy in her own room, where, on a work table, lay a white shirt waist pattern stamped with a graceful design for embroidering. She had bought it for 50 cents, marked down from one dollar because it was the last. Her plan was to transfer its design to other pieces of cloth which she had in the house and so evolve three shirt waists, stamped for embroidering, to bestow on the three nieces, who liked to embroider. And all for 50 cents!

But the Christmas woman had just begun work, trying bravely to forget the hard-up husband's last words, when she was called downstairs to see the perfectly discouraged person, whose plaint was after this fashion:

"Oh, dear! It's nothing to me how



Christmas at Grandmother's
 In Colonial Times

10 Reasons WHY

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and all other BAKING GOODS at the

City Bakery

FIRST ECONOMY
 Call and we will tell you the other REASONS.

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