

SECURE BEST RESULTS

Lettuce Ranks High in Commercial Horticulture.

Size of Seed Has Not Been Given Careful Study Until Recently—"Heading Up" Capabilities Are of Much Importance.

(By M. CUMMINGS.)

Lettuce is a standard vegetable crop, largely grown in farm gardens and ranking high in commercial horticulture as a forcing crop; hence its inclusion in these seed sorting experiments. Although a seed-bed crop, it is often grown in places where space is expensive, where intensive culture prevails, and where crop uniformity and even maturity are of prime importance. On this account growers now carefully consider both seed and varietal choice. In some hot-house districts only certain varieties are deemed suitable for greenhouse culture; and a few progressive growers select only the locally-grown seed now recognized as strains of commercial varieties. Although many methods of seed selection have been adopted, the influence of seed size has not been given careful study until more or less recently.

Since lettuce is seldom sold by weight, a comparison of the value of different-sized seeds on this basis is of little account. Uniformity of maturing and relative "heading-up" capabilities are of more importance. The formation of good, firm heads, making possible the growth of white, crisp, and highly-edible center-leaves,



Head Lettuce of Quality.

is characteristic of a good quality of lettuce. That good "heading-up" characteristics are related to the size of the seed has been found by extensive and careful experiments carried on for several seasons. As to the results of these experiments, several points are worthy of note in summarizing. Marked differences in favor of large seed appear in the seedling stage, a point of little value in itself were it not for the fact that an early advantage influences later growth. Large seeds start the plants off better; and great leaf surface area in early life is of permanent benefit. Moreover, heavier plants, better heads, and greater uniformity at edible maturity are usually secured. In every instance and at almost every stage of growth it could be seen that the plants grown from large seed were much more uniform in stature and in time and manner of heading. Plants grown from small seed were very variable in size and quality—some very good, a few mediocre, and many very poor. Some headed early, but most of them were tardy in forming the heart and in firming the head.

It seems reasonable to conclude that a large sized seed is a factor in producing head lettuce of good quality and earliness of maturity. In the writer's judgment the lack of plant uniformity commonly observed in commercial lettuce culture is quite apt to be due to the use of seed which is variable in size and consequently, variable in value.

FEEDING ROOTS TO CATTLE

English Stockmen Feed Enormous Quantities of Turnips and Beets—Best Methods of Feeding.

Turnips and beets are grown and fed in enormous quantities by English stockmen and farmers. They do not have silage because of climatic conditions unfavorable to corn. American farmers who use roots to some extent can wisely profit by English experience in feeding them.

An authority advises that they should always be cut or pulped, and never fed whole to cattle. When fed whole there is greater danger of choking, especially with the last piece, and also greater loss or waste by trampling under foot.

The best method of feeding is to cut or pulp the roots and mix them with cut hay, straw or chaff, allowing the pile to heat for a few hours before feeding. This has the merit of warming up the roots, which are generally a cold feed, and of making low-grade roughage more palatable. Cattle fed in this manner through the winter come out in much better condition than if given the same amount of feed uncut and not mixed.

Eggs Develop Mold.

Eggs develop mold if kept in a too damp cellar. The mold penetrates the porous shell and makes the eggs taste stale. They keep better, however, in a cool, moist air that prevents a too rapid evaporation within the shell.

Rejuvenating Rhubarb.

When rhubarb grows rank and spindling it needs rejuvenating. Dig it up, cut the clumps into smaller parts, plant them in deep trenches and fill in well with well-rotted manure mixed with good loam.

ONIONS RAISED FROM SEED

Industry Is Profitable If Proper Methods Are Used—Difficult to Keep Clean of Weeds.

Seed onions are of better flavor and keep longer and are more profitable to grow than sets, though some fail to grow them in the home garden because they are more difficult to keep clean of weeds.

The best way to raise onions from seed is by sowing the seed in a bed or cold frame early in the season and transplanting later to the row where they are to grow.

A small section of the hotbed will grow 1,000 plants until they are the size of quills, or they can be crowded. By that time the ground will be warm and all seed will have germinated so that the plants may be set in clean ground that has been worked over to kill all the young weeds.

If one lacks for room in the hotbed the seed may be sown in a sheltered place, an old brush heap, ash bed or some place where the soil is good.

If there is room to sow the seeds in drills six inches apart they may be worked some to keep them growing before they are transplanted.

When you are ready to transplant them, wet the ground and pull the plants and then cut off about half the top and slightly tip the roots.

Set the plants from two to three inches apart in the row and in rows of 15 inches apart. If very dry use water when transplanting and every one will live.

If the soil has been well manured with stable manure or poultry droppings and worked over several times before the onions are transplanted to the rows there will be but few weeds to contend with and the plants will not be checked in growth.

Onions should be pulled and placed to dry in the shade when the tops begin to turn yellow and drop over, which is usually in August.

ESSENTIAL FEATURE OF SOW

Besides Belonging to Prolific Family, Animal Should Have Well-Developed Nipples.

(By J. G. FULLER.)

Although she need not be purebred, the sow as well as the boar, should have marked characteristics of the chosen breed. By carefully selecting young sows from the most typical and largest litters and properly developing them, a splendid herd of females can be developed in a few years' time. To avoid any possibility of mistake, the choicest sow pigs from the best sows should be marked while they are still nursing their dams. They should not be penned or yarded with those which are being fattened for market, but, if possible, should be given freedom and exercise in the open, where a growing ration of green feeds, etc.,



A cement hog wallow should be located in a shady spot and contain eight or ten inches of water. Crude oil or coal tar dip poured on the water will keep swine free from lice and their skin in good condition.

are available. The sow should not be as compactly built as the boar and may be somewhat finer in conformation and bone. When in fair flesh at maturity, the most typical sows of the land type weigh 350 to 450 pounds. A good breeder and mother cannot be picked with certainty until she has been tried out. Besides having the proper conformation and belonging to a prolific family, the ideal sow should have ten to twelve well-developed nipples. The essential feature of the sow is that she regularly produces large, strong litters of pigs and mothers them well.

SELECTION OF POTATO SEED

One of the Most Important Factors for Success in Industry—No Waste of Plant Food.

One of the essential and most important factors for success in the potato industry is the selection of perfect seed stock from the hill, in much the same way as seed corn is selected in the field from the best individual stalks.

There is no other way to get true breed characteristics in potatoes except by selecting seed from the perfect hill, and seed should be saved only from hills producing a first-class marketable potato in the growing of which there is no waste of plant food.

No manufacturer in this day of economy could stand the loss entailed by methods of manufacture under which he was compelled to cull out and throw in the scrap pile 20 per cent of his product as waste, and no one can expect the highest success in potato culture who adopts methods resulting in a loss of 20 to 60 per cent of his crop in culls and unmarketable potatoes. But this is what the potato growers of the United States are, many of them, doing today.

Possibilities of Pork.

The possibilities of expanding the production of pork are so great that we shall never see a scarcity of this product.

Waste Is Important Factor.

The element of waste is one of the most important factors in determining profits in hog feeding.

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

That evening the Marquise d'Esclignac read aloud to her niece the news that the Count de Sabron was not coming to dinner. He was "absolutely desolated" and had no words to express his regret and disappointment. The pleasure of dining with them both, a pleasure to which he had looked forward for a fortnight, must be renounced because he was obliged to sit up with a very sick friend, as there was no one else to take his place. In expressing his undying devotion and his renewed excuses he put his homage at their feet and kissed their hands.

The Marquise d'Esclignac, wearing another very beautiful dress, looked up at her niece, who was playing at the piano.

"A very poor excuse, my dear Julia, and a very late one."

"It sounds true, however. I believe him, don't you, ma tante?"

"I do not," said the marquise emphatically. "A Frenchman of good education is not supposed to refuse a dinner invitation an hour before he is expected. Nothing but a case of life and death would excuse it."

"He says a 'very sick friend.'"

"Nonsense," exclaimed the marquise. Miss Redmond played a few bars of the tune Sabron had hummed and which more than once had soothed Pitchoune, and which, did she know, Sabron was actually humming at that moment.

"I am rather disappointed," said the young girl, "but if we find it is a matter of life and death, ma tante, we will forgive him."

The Marquise d'Esclignac had invited the Count de Sabron because she had been asked to do so by his colonel, who was an old and valued friend. She had other plans for her niece.

"I feel, my dear," she answered her now, "quite safe in promising that if it is a question of life and death we shall forgive him. I shall see his colonel tomorrow and ask him pointblank."

Miss Redmond rose from the piano and came over to her aunt, for dinner had been announced.

"Well, what do you think," she slipped her hand in her aunt's arm, "really, what do you think could be the reason?"

"Please don't ask me," exclaimed the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "The reasons for young men's caprices are sometimes just as well not inquired into."

If Sabron, smoking in his bachelor quarters, lonely and disappointed, watching with an extraordinary fidelity by his "sick friend," could have seen the two ladies at their grand solitary dinner, his unfiled place between them, he might have felt the picture charming enough to have added to his collection.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dog Pays.

Pitchoune repaid what was given him.

He did not think that by getting well, reserving the right for the rest of his life to a distinguished limp in his right leg, that he had done all that was expected of him. He developed an ecstatic devotion to the captain, impossible for any human heart adequately to return. He followed Sabron like a shadow and when he could not follow him, took his place on a chair in the window, there to sit, his sharp profile against the light, his pointed ears forward, watching for the uniform he knew and admired extravagantly.

Pitchoune was a thoroughbred, and every muscle and fiber showed it, every hair and point asserted it, and he loved as only thoroughbreds can. You may say what you like about mongrel attachments, the thoroughbred in all cases reserves his brilliancy for crises.

Sabron, who had only seen Miss Redmond twice and thought about her countless times, never quite forgave his friend for the illness that kept him from the chateau. There was in Sabron's mind, much as he loved Pitchoune, the feeling that if he had gone that night . . .

There was never another invitation! "Voyons, mon cher," his colonel had said to him kindly the next time he met him, "what stupidity have you been guilty of at the Chateau d'Esclignac?"

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you," said the colonel, "that I did you harm there without knowing it. Madame d'Esclignac, who is a very clever woman, asked me with interest and sympathy, who your 'very sick friend' could be. As no one was very sick according to my knowledge I told her so. She seemed triumphant and I saw at once that I had put you in the wrong."

It would have been simple to have explained to the colonel, but Sabron, reticent and reserved, did not choose to do so. He made a very insufficient excuse, and the colonel, as well as the marquise, thought ill of him. He learned later, with chagrin, that his friends were gone from the Midi. Rooted to the spot himself by his duties, he could not follow them. Meanwhile Pitchoune thrived, grew, cheered his loneliness, jumped over a stick, learned a trick or two from Brunet and a great many fascinating wiles and ways, no doubt inherited from his mother. He had a sense of humor truly Irish, a power of devotion that we designate as "canine," no doubt because no member of the human race has ever deserved it.

CHAPTER V.

The Golden Autumn.

Sabron longed for a change with autumn, when the falling leaves made the roads golden roundabout the Chateau d'Esclignac. He thought he would like to go away. He rode his horse one day up to the property of the hard-hearted unforgiving lady and, finding the gate open, rode through the grounds up to the terrace. Seeing no one, he sat in his saddle looking over the golden country to the Rhone and the castle of the good King Rene, where the autumn mists were like banners floating from towers.

There was a solitary beauty around the lovely place that spoke to the young officer with a sweet melancholy. He fancied that Miss Redmond must often have looked out from one of the windows, and he wondered which one. The terrace was deserted and leaves from the vines strewed it with red and golden specks. Pitchoune raced after them, for the wind started them flying, and he rolled his tawny little body over and over in the rustling leaves. Then a rabbit, which before the arrival of Sabron had been sitting comfortably on the terrace stones, scuttled away like mad, and Pitchoune, somewhat hindered by his limp, tore after it.

The deserted chateau, the fact that there was nothing in his military life beyond the routine to interest him now in Tarascon, made Sabron eagerly look forward to a change, and he waited for letters from the minister of war which would send him to a new post.

The following day after his visit to the chateau he took a walk, Pitchoune at his heels, and stood aside in the highroad to let a yellow motor pass him, but the yellow motor that mo-



Stood Aside to Let a Motor Pass Him.

ment drew up to the side of the road while the chauffeur got out to adjust some portion of the mechanism. Someone leaned from the yellow motor window and Sabron came forward to speak to the Marquise d'Esclignac and another lady by her side.

"How do you do, Monsieur? Do you remember us?"

(Had he ever forgotten them?) He regretted so very much not having been able to dine with them in the spring.

"And your sick friend?" asked Madame d'Esclignac keenly, "did he recover?"

"Yes," said Sabron, and Miss Redmond, who leaned forward, smiled at him and extended her pretty hand. Sabron opened the motor door.

"What a darling dog!" Miss Redmond cried. "What a bewitching face he has! He's an Irish terrier, isn't he?"

Sabron called Pitchoune, who diverted his attention from the chauffeur to come and be hauled up by the collar and presented. Sabron shook off his reticence.

"Let me make a confession," he said with a courteous bow. "This is my 'very sick friend.' Pitchoune was at the point of death the night of your dinner and I was just leaving the house when I realized that the helpless little chap could not weather the

breeze without me. He had been run over by a bicycle and he needed some very special care."

Miss Redmond's hand was on Pitchoune's head between his pointed ears. She looked sympathetic. She looked amused. She smiled.

"It was a question of life and death," waned it?" she said eagerly to Sabron. "Really, it was just that," answered the young officer, not knowing how significant the words were to the two ladies.

Then Madame d'Esclignac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked suavely:

"Won't you let us take you home, Monsieur Sabron?"

He thanked them. He was walking and had not finished his exercise.

"At all events," she pursued, "now that your excuse is no longer a good one, you will come this week to dinner, will you not?"

He would, of course, and watched the yellow motor drive away in the autumn sunlight, wishing rather less for the order from the minister of war to change his quarters than he had before.

CHAPTER VI.

Ordered Away.

He had received his letter from the minister of war. Like many things we wish for, set our hopes upon, when they come we find that we do not want them at any price. The order was unwelcome. Sabron was to go to Algiers.

Winter is never very ugly around Tarascon. Like a lovely bunch of fruit in the brightest corner of a happy vineyard, the Midi is sheltered from the rude experiences that the seasons know farther north. Nevertheless, rains and winds, sea-born and vigorous, had swept in and upon the little town. The mistral came whistling and Sabron, from his window, looked down on his little garden from which summer had entirely flown. Pitchoune, by his side, looked down as well, but his expression, different from his master's, was ecstatic, for he saw sliding along the brick wall, a cat with which he was on the most excited terms. His body tense, his ears forward, he gave a sharp series of barks and little soft growls, while his master tapped the window-pane to the tune of Miss Redmond's song.

Although Sabron had heard it several times, he did not know the words or that they were of a semi-religious, extremely sentimental character which would have been difficult to translate into French. He did not know that they ran something like this:

God keep you safe, my love,

All through the night;

Rest close in his encircling arms

Until the light.

And there was more of it. He only knew that there was a pathos in the tune which spoke to his warm heart; which caressed and captivated him and which made him long deeply for a happiness he thought it most unlikely he would ever know.

There had been many pictures added to his collection: Miss Redmond at dinner, Miss Julia Redmond—he knew her first name now—before the piano; Miss Redmond in a smart coat, walking with him down the alley, while Pitchoune chased flying leaves and apparitions of rabbits hither and thither.

The Count de Sabron had always dreaded just what happened to him. He had fallen in love with a woman beyond his reach, for he had no fortune whatsoever, nothing but his captain's pay and his hard soldier's life, a wanderer's life and one which he hesitated to ask a woman to share. In spite of the fact that Madame d'Esclignac was agreeable to him, she was not cordial, and he understood that she did not consider him a part for her niece. Other guests, as well as he, had shared her hospitality. He had been jealous of them, though he could not help seeing Miss Redmond's preference for himself. Not that he wanted to help it. He recalled that she had really sung to him, decidedly walked by his side when there had been more than the quartette, and he felt, in short, her sympathy.

"Pitchoune," he said to his companion, "we are better off in Algiers, mon vieux. The desert is the place for us. We shall get rid of fancies there and do some hard fighting one way or another."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth While Quotation.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gape joylessly for days together. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings, so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lakeside.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sure to Get What He Wanted.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteins, and above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and babbled into a restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?" The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say. "Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."

YOUR APPETITE

Your digestion, your general health will all be greatly benefited by the timely use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is compounded from absolutely pure ingredients and those best known as real aids to the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. It exerts a general tonic effect and helps Nature promote health and strength in the entire digestive system. Try a bottle today but be sure you get

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Diseases Handed Down.

Noah and the other patriarchs didn't have nearly as many different kinds of diseases to face, because they hadn't enough ancestors to hand them down a variety. Consequently their constitutions were not constantly being weakened as are ours today. For example, there is no reference in very ancient literatures to a cold in the head. The Greeks and Romans seem to have been the first peoples to suffer from it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

Paper Covers a Protection.

Undeniedly, paper covers are of some aid in preserving the fresh appearance of books, but neither the appearance nor the feeling of a covered book is agreeable. Still, for those who have no objection to them, covers are a good thing. Nothing is better than ordinary brown paper, except in some unusual cases, as, for example, the cook book, which, as every good house-keeper knows, should be covered with oilcloth.

HOW TO STOP DANDRUFF AND LOSS OF HAIR

Here is a simple, inexpensive treatment that will almost always stop dandruff and scalp itching, and keep the hair thick, live and lustrous: At night, spread the hair apart and rub a little resinol ointment into the scalp gently, with the tip of the finger. Repeat this until the whole scalp has been treated. Next morning shampoo thoroughly with resinol soap and hot water. Rinse with gradually cooling water, the last water being cold. Resinol ointment and resinol soap are sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Depressing.

No matter how young a man may be in his sympathies, he can't help feeling more or less depressed, as he gets along to between forty and fifty, when he streaks down a fashionable residence street and sees some of the samples of the future fatherhood and motherhood of the race.—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

Successful Entertaining.

One of the most successful means of entertaining a man is let him brag on himself.—Acheson Globes.

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa.—"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadful rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.



"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.