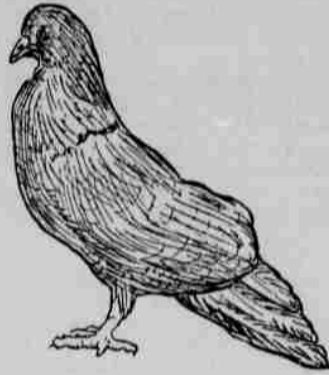


DIVIDENDS IN SQUABS

MUST BE SENT TO MARKET WITHIN CERTAIN TIME.

Unless Breeder Has Guaranteed Market for Young Stock He Is Working Under Handicap—Small Shipments Eat Profits.

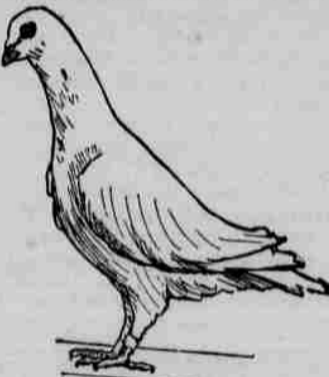
It has been said, and with some truth, that a very small percentage of the people in the poultry business are "making ends meet," although poultry is a staple article, not only the product but the live stock having a market value which can be turned into cash at that market value at any season of the year and in almost any locality in the Union. Almost any country store will accept eggs in



Runt Cock.

lieu of cash, and every family requires eggs as a daily diet. The result is that the output from the poultry plant can be disposed of almost anywhere and in any quantity, no matter how small. If there is no demand for the chicken as a broiler, which is often the case, it can be kept a few weeks or months longer, of course at an increase in cost, but with a sufficient increase in quantity and possibly quality to more than pay for the care. If a market is not ready to take the goods, they can be held until the market does get ready, and the delay need not cause a loss to the producer. Should a poultryman so desire, he can sell at market prices with little loss at almost any season of the year.

With squabs, however, the case is somewhat different. Unless they are killed within a limited time they depreciate not only in weight but in value, and must be sold as pigeons instead of squabs. The professional breeder may use these to increase the loft, but in that case the surplus birds go into stock instead of cash. This increase in stock naturally demands an increase in equipment, which under some circumstances might be advisable; but the producer who hasn't his market near by, and unless he is in a position to guarantee delivery of a certain quantity of his product at certain intervals, is working under a very



White Teal Cock.

heavy handicap, and must be satisfied with the market that is offered him or undertake to create a market. Where shipments are in small quantities to commission merchants, it is to be expected that the commission and express will take the greater portion of the profit.

FUTURE OF THE FARM FLOCK

No Stock That Will Improve So Rapidly on Good Feed and Use of Best Sires as Sheep.

The future of the farm flock looks good, for rangeland suffer so many changes and vicissitudes that they must receive more money for sheep if they are to continue. I am not of those who believe that a farm flock is no trouble and all profit, nor that they can be used as mere scavengers and pay a profit, says a writer in the Denver Weekly Post. The better they are looked after, as with other stock, the greater the return. There is no stock, however, that will so rapidly improve on good feed and the use of good sires, and it should be carefully considered by some farmers whether they can do best in sheep or dairying. True, sheep must have frequent change of pasture to do their best, but their housing is inexpensive and they demand extra care only at lambing time, while cows need milking twice a day.

I believe it will pay to figure this thing out, but don't handle sheep without plenty of clover or alfalfa, for this is necessary with plenty of leguminous feed. The burly Shropshire or other Down breed need but little grain except at lambing time, and to push the young lambs in the creep or maybe in hard winter weather.

Sell to Advantage.

A farmer to succeed best must be a good salesman and know how to sell every product of his farm to the best advantage.

ODORLESS CABBAGE IS HERE

New Vegetable Introduced From Shantung Province of China Grown On Experimental Plots.

A new Chinese odorless cabbage, introduced into this country from the Shantung province of China, has been grown on experimental plots near Washington. David Fairchild, who is in charge of the government's work in plant introduction, and Dr. D. N. Shoemaker, a horticultural expert in the bureau of plant industry, have been doing the work. The odorless cabbage is rated as a great delicacy by those who have tasted it. It was discovered in China by the plant explorers of the department of agriculture. Besides lacking the cabbage smell, it has the additional advantage of being a very rapid grower.

The Chinese cabbage is different in shape from the domestic varieties, being long and narrow. It also requires a different method of cultivation. The seeds of the common cabbage are planted in the early spring in a hot bed or cold frame, and the young plants are set out after the danger of frost is past. The seeds of the new Chinese cabbage, however, are planted during the first week of August in the open ground, and they head up in the early winter.

The vegetable is adaptable to practically all sections of the country where the domestic cabbage will grow, and where the soil is rich enough so that the growth of the plant may be forced. For men who are engaged in intensive farming, this cabbage is likely to become popular. A grower can raise a crop of spinach and possibly a crop of snap beans before he plants the cabbage seeds in August.

CAUSE OF ACIDITY IN SOILS

Lack of Lime May Be Considered Real Reason for Condition—Brought About by Leaching.

(By A. WHITSON.)

Acid is produced in soils as the natural result of the decay of organic matter. Unless there is sufficient lime present in the soil to neutralize the acid as it forms it will accumulate and produce an acid soil. The lack of



Liming Acid Soils for Growing Alfalfa and Clover is Very Profitable.

Lime in the soil may then be considered the real cause of the acidity which develops. This lack of lime in some soils is brought about by leaching, by cropping, and by the absence of lime in the rock from which the soil was formed.

Practically all the loss of lime from the soil is caused by leaching. In the formation of soil from rocks, the soil always acquires lime. Whenever the rainfall is sufficient, the lime is generally washed out of the soil into streams and away to the ocean. Lime, then, does not accumulate in soils in humid areas, but in regions of little rainfall it does collect and so is present to neutralize any acidity which tends to develop through the decay of organic matter. As a rule, therefore, the soils of a dry climate are not acid; in fact, they usually are alkaline. The soils of a humid climate, on the other hand, naturally tend to become acid. It is only where unusual conditions prevail, such as the existence of rotten limestone rock directly under the soil, the presence in the soil of limestone rock ground up by glacial action, or the blowing of soils from a dry area into an area of greater rainfall, that the soils are not acid.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE HIVES

When Placed Too Close Together Foul Brood Will Breed Through Agency of Young Bees.

It is strange what a difference of opinion there is concerning so simple a matter as the arrangement of hives. Some beekeepers place them not more than six inches apart. Our own experience is that five feet is not too far. We have repeatedly noticed that when hives are placed so close together large numbers of bees are killed when the returning swarm enters, in considerable numbers, the neighboring hives, says a writer in Wisconsin Agriculturist. And then, too, there are losses of queens when fertilization takes place. And last and most important of all, if there is foul brood in the apiary it will spread through the agency of the young bees, particularly on windy days when these youngsters, which are always accepted, are blown away from their own to other entrances. If you must place hives so close together, face the first south and the next to the north. Facing to the north will not be injurious to the bees as so many imagine. In the above we have overlooked one thing, viz., that when hives are placed so close together, young queens, returning from their wedding flights, get into the wrong entrances and are killed.

Silage Good for Lambs.

An investigation recently concluded at the Indiana experiment station has proved without doubt the high value of corn silage as a feed for lambs.

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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CHAPTER I.

Daniel Slade sat reading the evening newspaper in the handsomely appointed library of his spacious home. To all intents he was a man at peace with the world. He had money and power. He had advanced from a penniless miner to a millionaire figure in the business world. At fifty his were the fruits of a well-spent, energetic life. Handsome and immaculate in his perfectly tailored evening clothes, he fitted into the beautiful room with its rich tapestries and oriental rugs with all the ease and naturalness of a man born to culture and wealth.

Every now and then his eyes wandered from his newspaper to the figure of his wife sitting at the other side of the richly carved table. The tiny, unimposing little woman in her badly cut, dun-colored gown was the one incongruous detail in the room. She was like a shabby little prairie flower suddenly transplanted to a conservatory where brilliant orchids and lovely roses bloomed all about her, her faint little fragrance overpowered by their heavy sweetness—her delicate loveliness completely submerged by very contrast with the radiant beauty of her surroundings.

To Slade's critical eyes, the dowdy little figure, with the work basket in her lap and her head bent over the stocking she was contentedly darning, was an actual eyesore. He had dined at a magnificent home that would have made a perfect setting for a princess, and his wife's appearance had not changed a particle from the days when they lived in a tumble-down cottage and he worked in the mines in his shirtsleeves. With the getting of vast amounts of money he had acquired a veneer of manners and tastes that at times failed to conceal the rough and brutal instincts of the real man. His social horizon was enlarging, but within it his wife seemed to find no place. He wanted, beyond this and everything, to climb the political tree and pick the fruits thereof. His wife seemed not to know that there was such a thing as a political tree to climb. With herself, her husband and her work she was contented and happy.

The wives of other men of his position were social queens noted for their beautiful gowns, their entertaining and their clever wit. He alone was shackled to a woman he would have been ashamed to introduce to his friends. Only he was tied to a wife he could not force either by pleading or argument to enter into the life which meant so much to him. Tonight as he rehearsed in his mind his many unsuccessful efforts to make Mary advance and take an interest in his life as it was now, rebellion surged in his heart. He had struggled year after year to attain his present standing, his present position in the world, and Mary, the one loved thing of his life, insisted on hanging like a millstone around his neck.

Why, oh, why, couldn't the woman progress? Why hadn't she developed as he had done? Why was she complacently sitting there satisfied to remain just as she had been twenty years ago, hopelessly behind the times?

And if she wouldn't advance—why should he consent to be held back by her? If she wouldn't go on with him—he would leave her behind. The thought and the resultant decision had their birth suddenly but positively in the man's mind. He would make one more argument, one last appeal. If Mary wouldn't meet him half way, Mary could stay behind with her everlasting darning and her eternal knitting. She could wash and cook and sew, if she liked, but she couldn't do it in his mansion.

But Daniel Slade was no more uncomfortable at having her there than Mary Slade was at being obliged to live in this great, elegant house, with its crowds of servants and its routine, absolutely foreign and well-nigh hateful to her. She knew she didn't fit into her surroundings. She realized her own inharmoniousness. Her attempts to look natural and feel comfortable were pathetic. She felt lost without the task of overseeing the Monday's washing. She was heart-broken because she couldn't personally superintend the making of Dan's coffee. Her life was incomplete because a hired cook made the bread that was served on the table and because Dan never seemed to miss the evenly brown loaves that had been her especial pride in the old days.

Mary Slade was as commonplace as a cup of boiled tea. She was a plain, ordinary, everyday woman, who loved a simple, unpretentious life, with the neighbors dropping in for a word or two, exchanging recipes for muffins and debating the proper way to season a stew.

There was neither charm nor comfort for her in the vista of rooms opening out from the spacious library. The brocade chairs were straight and didn't rock. They were high-backed and stilted compared to her own low-seated little rocker in the cottage. When she sat back in them, stiffly and awkwardly, her feet didn't even reach the floor, but dangled restlessly

above the priceless rug that was one of her husband's newest purchases.

All big crises in life are the results of trifles. It took the merest incident to crystallize Slade's thought into action. Mary had picked up a portion of the paper after it had dropped from her husband's hands. She started to read the printed page with all the serious importance of a little child trying to do something very big and grown-up.

Suddenly her eyes lighted with pleasure and a tender smile of pride and delight illuminated her features. In turning the pages she had suddenly discovered a picture of her husband, under which she read a simple but significant line:

"Daniel S. Slade, a Possible Governor."

"Oh, Dan," she cried, happily. "Isn't this a fine picture of you. I could almost imagine it was going to speak to me."

Then she paused a little wistfully and doubtfully before she asked:

"But do you really want to be governor?"

"Want to be?"

Slade caught his breath as he repeated her question.

Want to be—when every aim and ambition the last few years had been made in the one direction, toward the one longed-for goal—political power! Want to be—when years before he had turned his eyes on the governor's chair and had been battling grimly, silently, persistently toward that end ever since! Want to be—when that was his one ambition, the one thing he had yet to achieve!

He sighed wearily to himself. That Mary could ask that question was the best proof of how irrevocably they had drifted apart. Living in the same house with him, eating at the same table, day after day at his side, the little woman knew no more of his real self or his ambitions than the merest stranger.

"It's a nice story about yer, Dan," Mary went on, all unconscious of the struggle going on just a few feet away from her—the struggle between the heart of a man that calls out to the companion of his youth, the sharer of his joys and struggles and the brain of a man that demands the glory of power and the fulfillment of ambition.

"But, Dan," questioned Mary's gentle little voice, "who's The Governor's Lady?"

"His wife, of course," snapped Slade.

"What does it say about you?"

He reached over and took the paper from her hands, leaned forward eagerly toward the light and frowned as he read:

"Should Daniel S. Slade, the examiner, ex-town marshal, ex-sheriff, ex-United States marshal, ex-land boomer and multimillionaire, arrive, it will be interesting to see the governor's lady dusting the gubernatorial chair—probably the only occupation congenial to this kind-hearted and plain little woman."

"Dusting the gubernatorial chair," Slade repeated mockingly, cut to the quick by this public allusion to his wife's plainness and lack of social graces.

That simple little phrase, stinging as it was brief, was as a match flame to dry timber. It was all that was necessary to bring the hot rage surging through him to the boiling point. The sweetness of the little woman's expression, the tenderness of her eyes whenever they rested upon him, the plaintive softness of her voice meant nothing to him then. Through angry eyes he saw only the lack of smartness in her somber brown dress, only the note of absurdity she struck amid the exquisite surroundings of the room he had furnished for her. He thought of nothing but the sorry spectacle she would make at a brilliant dinner or smart function where beautiful women in fashionable chiffons chatted freely and easily of men and things in the progress of the nation.

"This is some of Wesley Merritt's tin-horn tooting writing," growled Slade. "D—n his dirty work!"

As her husband muttered to himself, Mary had calmly resumed her endless mending of socks, long years of thrift and saving making it impossible for her to throw away even a well-worn pair in spite of the fact that the need for repairing had long since passed.

Slade found himself looking at the little woman who had been his wife for twenty years, through lean years and hard years, as faithful and patient then as later, when success first began to come his way, very much as he might have scrutinized an entire stranger. For a moment the tragedy of their present state caught at his soul, and he felt the infinite pathos of the woman's predicament. A softer note came into his voice as he asked slowly:

"Say, haven't you got any clothes, Mary? Haven't you any of the things other women wear at night—silk or lace or ruffles or—whatever they are?"

"Yes, I've got 'em," Mary replied, indifferently, "but it's too cold to wear 'em, and those silk stockings you told me to buy—I can't wear them, either—they tickle my toes. Satin slippers made me uncomfort-

able, and—" she finished with a bubbling little laugh. "I guess I wasn't made for those things, Dan, dear. I'm too much of a home body."

Her very self-satisfied complacency nettled her questioner. The very sight of the darning needle in her fingers maddened him.

"Good God, Mary," he exclaimed. "can't you ever stop this endless mending? Haven't I begged you, day and night, not to mend my socks. I won't wear socks all over darns—they're uncomfortable."

Just a suggestion of a smile played around Mary Slade's sweet mouth as she answered:

"They're yours, Dan. It's the only thing left that I can do for you—now. I can't bear to see strangers touch your things—" and her voice trailed off in a wistful sigh, a sigh which might on any other occasion have made its appeal to the earnest-faced man now gazing at her so grimly.

The lightness of her tone showed how little she realized the seriousness of the situation—how little she understood how inadequately she was filling her position as his wife.

She loved her husband with the devotion of a slave and the reverence of a worshiper at a shrine, but, like many another good woman, she wanted to show her affection in her own way and not in his. Because she wanted to do for him with her hands, she turned a deaf ear to his pleas that she use her head. She wanted her husband to be happy and comfortable, but she wanted to make him happy and comfortable according to her own ideas of what ought to make a man satisfied. She had seen him rise gradually at first and then by leaps and bounds. Now that he had become wealthy and successful she wanted to decide for him that he ought to let well enough alone. To her it seemed foolish to bother about being governor, absurd for him to fret about the way she dressed and did things.

So, for awhile they sat in silence and the fire dying down left the room chilly, so chilly that Mary started up to get a shawl. Halfway to the door, she was peremptorily called back by her husband, who, ringing for a maid, dispatched her for the wrap, while Mary, humiliated and with something of the air of a martyr, went sighing back to the big, uncomfortable chair to resume the mending that was such an irritation to her husband.

"Why can't you learn to be waited on, Mary?" her husband asked, not unkindly. "Other women do."

"I'm slow—slow and old-fashioned," the woman answered, quietly, but with an air which plainly showed that she was perfectly satisfied with herself and that she thought he ought to be. "I've never been with women who know how to do these things. You didn't know any such people until lately. I don't want to know them," she concluded with an engagingly confident smile.

"But I can't go everywhere always alone," Slade expostulated. "A man's wife ought to go with him and meet the right kind of people—otherwise he's an outsider. What do you think I built this house for? I don't work in the mines any longer with my hands. I've got to use my head. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't dissipate—keep yachts and horses—or women. A man's got to do something. I'm going into public life, and I want to entertain here. You'd have me sit back and take it easy and—rust!"

"You deserve everything you've got, Dan," answered Mrs. Slade, inconspicuously, entirely losing the point of his tirade. "You struggled like a dog. Nobody knows, only you and me. We've been through it together."

"Well," demanded Slade eagerly and hopefully, "why don't you march along with me then, Mary?"

His wife turned to him earnestly. For a moment Dan Slade thought the woman he loved was about to rise to the occasion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORKERS AFFECTED BY WIND

Bringing of Fresh Oxygen Into Cities Has Been Shown to Have Most Beneficial Results.

Office and workshop management has, in some large businesses, been brought practically to the point of a science, London Answers remarks, and lots of curious little facts have been ascertained by those who have studied it.

Office staffs, for instance, work best in windy weather, as do all brain workers, the reason being that in windy weather the ordinary more or less exhausted city atmosphere is driven out by volumes of fresh oxygen.

There is the same difference in the quantity and quality of work done in offices as there is between that done in unventilated and well ventilated workshops, and for the same reason. No brain worker works as keenly in a stuffy room as in an airy one.

Damp, dull weather has little or no effect on the output of work in offices, but it has in workshops. Manual labor is less efficient in damp than in dry air, the reason is that the moist air acts as a conductor of electricity and drains away the natural electricity of the body into the ground. This does not affect the brain, but only the muscles and the spirits.

Some Almost Small Enough.

There was a crowd of people in the 5 and 10-cent store about quitting time. Several customers were standing around the table, which held the mouse traps.

A man rushed in and not waiting for his turn pushed his way through the crowd and approached the sales girl.

"Please sell me a mouse trap right away; I want to catch my car," he said, as he dived into his pocket for the change.

OF WESTERN LIFE

Kathlyn Williams in New and Attractive Play.

"Chip of the Flying U" Promises to Be One of the Most Popular of Recent Film Productions—Adapted From Novel.

"Chip of the Flying U" is the newest motion picture attraction featuring Kathlyn Williams, daring and popular screen star. The play is an adaptation of B. M. Bower's story of western life which appeared in a recent issue of a well-known magazine, visualized for screen presentation. It is in three parts, containing realistic scenes of the crude West and its rough types of citizens; magnificent views of an expanse of beautiful fields show-



Kathlyn Williams.

ing thousands of cattle grazing along the hillsides; sports and activities of the cowboys and many other incidents familiar to the lover of western life.

The stellar honors in this pantomime play are divided equally between Miss Williams and Tom Mix, noted cowboy-actor, whose expert horsemanship and lariat throwing have been features of numerous western "thrillers" in the past and who has developed into a finished photo play star. His fearlessness on horseback or while engaged in feats of skill and daring during the diversions of his comrades, has been illustrated by the camera on numerous occasions for "movie" fans.

Daring Actress.

Miss Marguerite Clayton, who is attached to the Essanay Western company under the direction of G. M. Anderson, was recently called upon to act a dangerous and spectacular role which she did without hesitation.

The photoplay called for the descent of the actress over the side of a mountain to rescue an infant in an eagle's nest far down the chasm. Miss Clayton was lowered down with a good sized manila rope tied securely around her waist. Four men held on the rope and she was lowered nearly a hundred feet, finally reaching the eagle's nest and rescuing the baby, which in this case was a dummy. Miss Clayton refused at first to enact the role until Mr. Anderson consented to be one of the men holding the rope. The camera man stood across the chasm and secured excellent results.—Popular Electricity.

Return From the Catskills.

Rip Van Winkle's haunts, the Catskill mountains, were the scene of much activity during the last four weeks when a company of players "filmed" several productions in the surrounding country. The company consisting of Dorothy Kelly, James Morrison, George Cooper and John Costello, returned from the mountainous section with negatives for "Regina's Daughter," "Within an Ace" and "The Love of Pierre La Crosse."

Eclair Films Produced at Tucson.

It is announced that the entire producing force engaged in the making of American Eclair films will be moved to the spacious and modern studios erected by the company at Tucson, Ariz. The Eclair studios at Fort Lee, N. J., were recently destroyed by fire and, although the company is erecting new buildings, they are not ready.

East Views New Production.

"Ambushed," a feature photo play, is being offered at the motion picture theaters of the East. The play is in three parts and is a film version of the story by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss which appeared in a recent issue of a well-known magazine. Francis X. Bushman is featured in this play, interpreting the role of a young attorney who outwits two criminals in their efforts to obtain possession of an estate left by a wealthy woman to her niece.

George Kleine's New Venture.

"The Woman Who Ixared," is a forthcoming five part photo play production which will be presented by George Kleine. The story centers around an army officer's wife who saves her husband from a charge of high treason. The features of the film are a race between an automobile and a passenger train and scenes depicting circus life.