

ARRANGE FOR WINTER

TASK SHOULD BE PERFORMED WHILE WEATHER IS WARM.

Each Hive Should Be Examined to Ascertain If Required Stores Are on Hand—There is Nothing Better Than Sealed Honey.

(By F. G. HERMAN.)

If there is one item above another having great importance in the wintering problem, it is the securing of the winter stores near and about the cluster of bees in time for them to settle down into that quiescent state so conducive to good wintering, prior to the middle of October, in the more northern localities.

To arrange these stores properly and seal them, requires warm weather hence all will see the fallacy of putting off caring for them until cold weather arrives. To be sure that all have the desired amount of stores there is only one certain way to do, and that is to open the hives and take out each frame.

If, after going over a hive and weighing each comb, I find that there is 25 pounds of actual stores, I call that hive or colony all right for winter. If less it must be fed the deficiency; if more, it can spare some to help another colony which is lacking in the amount. In this way the whole apiary should be gone over.

Colonies left on the summer stand require anywhere from 20 to 30 pounds of good food for successful wintering. A little in excess of this will do no harm, but on the contrary will stimulate the colony in building up faster in the following spring.

If one has on hand some sealed combs of honey, a few of them can be distributed among the light colonies, but in the absence of these it will be necessary to feed liquid honey or a sirup made of sugar and water.

Do not think of using anything but the best granulated sugar. When bees can fly all the time, you can safely feed them anything. But when they cannot fly, there is nothing better than sealed honey. When you cannot have that use a sirup of granulated sugar.

If the feeding can be attended to while the weather is still warm, the sirup may not be quite so thick, say about 2 pounds of sugar to one pint of water, which will make 3 pounds of sirup.

If the feeding is deferred until cool weather has set in, the sirup will, of necessity, have to be a somewhat thicker consistency, for the bees will not be able to evaporate the superfluous water out of it.

In making the sugar-sirup be careful not to burn it while boiling. In fact it need not be boiled at all; just pour the boiling water over the sugar and stir until thoroughly dissolved; when cool it is ready to give to the bees.

It is claimed by some beekeepers that if a few tablespoonfuls of extracted honey are added to the sugar sirup it will prevent it granulating in the comb, but there is little danger of this anyway. If there are weak lots just unite two or more together, removing the least valuable queen.

The bees of two lots may be united peacefully by sprinkling them thinly with sugar sirup flavored with peppermint, and then placing the frames with adhering bees alternately in a



Swarming a Hive.

fresh hive. The stronger the colony and the bees the less is the honey consumed.

This appears strange, but it is quite true; a small lot of bees in a hive containing several combs are restless, with the consequence that they consume honey to raise the temperature lowered by the cool air surrounding them.

The food supply may be ample owing to a particularly favorable season after the supers have been removed, but even if feeding has to be resorted to, very little time will be needed to perform this part of the work.

In order to obtain young bees for wintering, a supply of sugar, given at the close of the honey flow, will probably be all that is necessary to continue breeding up to the middle of September, when whatever further supply is needed to make the colony safe for winter can be given in the form of sirup.

Burn All Old Canes.

As soon as the old canes of blackberries and raspberries are through fruiting, cut them out and burn them, thus destroying many insects and fungus pests. The young canes need the room.

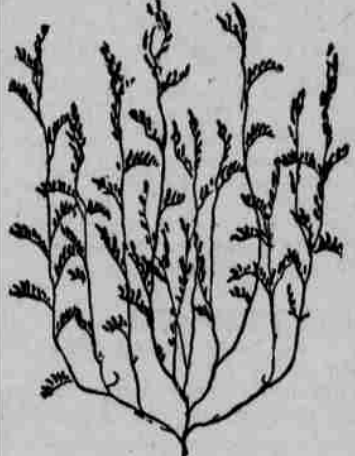
VETCH IS IMPORTANT CROP

Its More General Growth Would Aid Materially in Live Stock Industry—Also Improves Soil.

(By A. SMITH.)

Vetch should occupy an important place in the agriculture of those states where it can be raised with success. In four years' comparisons on over 800 fields, vetch has consistently made heavier growths and greater yields than crimson clover, red clover, or bur clover, although under favorable conditions these have done well.

Vetch is high in protein content, is a good hay, pasture, and soiling crop, and its more general growth would aid in the development of the live stock industry and remove much of the existing necessity for buying hay. Vetch is used as a cover crop to prevent the leaching and washing of soils. Like all legumes, it improves land by adding nitrogen and organic matter to the soil. As it grows through the winter and spring and may be harvested in time to plant corn or cowpeas on the same land, it should be used in building up impoverished soils and in maintaining the productivity of the land. The vetch crop does not



Plant of English Vetch.

require horse or man labor at any time when this is needed for the cowpea crop, except possibly at the harvest time of cowpea hay.

RETURNS FROM WORK HORSES

Many Little Points Are Enumerated That Will Lessen Cost of Animal Labor on the Farm.

(By A. H. BENTON, Assistant Agriculturist, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

One of the most frequent sources of loss on the farm is insufficient return from work horses.

Have you satisfied yourself on the following points?

Do your horses earn enough to pay for their feed and care, and enough to meet the interest, depreciation and other expenses, as harness costs and shoeing?

It costs \$100 annually to keep the average horse, in Minnesota, but this horse works only a little more than three hours each working day. This makes the horse labor cost approximately ten cents an hour.

Do you handle the horse labor on your farm so that the annual cost of keeping your horse is less than the average, or so that the number of hours worked is greater? Both methods will reduce the cost of the horse labor, but the latter offers by far the greatest opportunity.

Can you revise your cropping system so that fewer work horses will be needed, or so that the work will be more equally distributed and thus make it possible to employ them more hours each year?

Can you raise colts and thus reduce the cost of keeping your horses?

Can you arrange to use your work horses for outside work when not busy on the farm?

Can you reduce the cost of keeping each horse by feeding less feed or cheaper feed and still give a proper ration?

Farm work done with fewer horses means a saving of \$100 a year for each horse not needed.

Humus Needed.

The amount of water a soil will hold against gravity depends upon the type of soil. A clay soil composed of fine particles with very small spaces will retain more water than a coarser, sandier soil composed of larger particles and larger spaces. Also, the amount of humus, or decomposed organic matter, in the soil influences the water holding capacity. The more humus in the soil, the more water it will hold, providing the soil particles are of similar size.

Alfalfa Causes Scours.

Alfalfa fed too liberally to very young calves will cause scours. It is very rich feed and the amount given must be limited, especially when the calf is young and before it has a chance to adjust itself to alfalfa hay. In short, whenever there is a change made in the feeding of animals it should be done gradually or there is danger of digestive troubles.

Waste of Food.

Food is wasted when the animal is exposed to excessive cold; when it is deprived of sufficient water; when it is compelled to drink ice cold water; when it is worried, driven about.

Mulch the Celery.

Do not delay applying the manure mulch to the celery. It conserves moisture better than any kind or amount of tillage. Use three to four inches of manure.

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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SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miner to a millionaire and becomes a power in the political and business world. He has his eye on the governor's chair. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Dan," she said, "I'll tell you something. These expensive laundries ruin your shirts right off, and when I washed 'em they lasted a whole year. They ain't ironed right, either."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Slade, helplessly, pitying her lack of understanding rather than being angry with her. "I wish you'd forget, Mary, that I had to let you wash and scrub once. We're up now. Let us kick the ladder out from under us and stay up—forget how we got here."

"But I don't want to forget," remonstrated the little wisp of a woman opposite him. "I was perfectly contented those days. I ain't now. I hate this house. I hate it. It's too big. The help scare me, so many of 'em. I'd like just one hired girl and my old sitting-room set." She stopped meditatively, her thoughts wandering back to the early days when her husband took his pick and dinner pail and tramped off to the mines, and she sang as she bent over the wash tub and busied herself at the kitchen stove.

Her husband sat with face averted, his imagination carrying him far into the future—a vision of honor as chief executive of the state and power in keeping with the untold riches he had accumulated.

"That's it," he finally exclaimed, "I want to go ahead and you want to stick over your wash tubs. I need the support of big people—got to mix with 'em, and be one of 'em. And you won't."

"No, I don't have to," replied Mary. "I needn't."

"You don't see the necessity of joining me?" he asked, testily.

"I don't know how,"

"Do you want to know how?" he persisted.

"No," came the provokingly indifferent answer.

"You're putting the bars up in the middle of the road," he continued, "and I'm making up my mind to charge things."

Suddenly Mary's lips quivered and a hurt look showed in her eyes behind the misty tears as she realized that whatever she did irritated her husband. She started to speak, but was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that Senator Strickland and his daughter had just phoned to say that he and his daughter would call on their way to the opera.

Slade's face flushed and paled at the thought—flushed at the pleasurable surprise at this unlooked-for attention from the senator, and paled as he thought of the senator's stunningly gowned daughter arriving to find his wife in a cheap, ill-fitting dress that would have looked badly even for morning wear.

"Mary, you look like a steerage passenger," he exclaimed suddenly, turning on the flustered little woman, who was aghast at the very thought of a call from the senator and his daughter. "Go upstairs and dress. I'll make excuses and hold them till you come down."

"I can't," she gasped. "I ain't got time, anyway, and I haven't anything to go to the opera in."

Slade leaned forward and struck the table with his clenched fist. "Don't you understand? You must see these people. Tonight's paper names me for governor. Strickland's influence is more necessary to me than any other man's in the whole state. He controls the party. He's bringing his daughter to my house. You're meeting them socially. Come on, now, come on—"

he became persuasive—"put on a nice little gown and come along and show them you can do something. We'll hold a reception here and it'll be a direct answer to Wesley Merritt's slur on you in tonight's paper."

Go to the opera with Katherine Strickland—with a woman who had just returned from Europe—the woman who had dined with a queen and been feted all over the continent. Hold a reception—hostess in this house where she felt, save for her Dan, a stranger. Meet people who spoke in what to her was a strange and altogether unmanageable fashion.

Mary caught her breath with a sob of dismay. The very thought paralyzed her. "I can't, Dan," she finally managed to blurt out. "I'd do anything else for you—but not this."

"I'll not ask you again," replied Slade, ominously, and poor Mary, too excited to interpret the threat, picked up her sewing and her newspapers and made for the door.

"Tell them," she exclaimed breathlessly, "tell them I had a headache—that's a fashionable enough excuse, anyway." And, terrified, she fled out of the room as Katherine Strickland and her father were announced.

CHAPTER II.

As Slade turned from the frightened, insignificant figure of his fee-

ling wife, he saw a woman of perfect poise and queenly carriage, a woman a trifle haughty and insolent in her youth and beauty and assured command of all the intricacies of social grace and charm. Her wide, full eyes met his with an engaging, frank curiosity to see this new factor in the political world. Her gown was a triumph of soft, shimmering silk and alluring chiffon—a gown that emphasized the charm of her proud, statuesque figure. She was the sort of woman that makes a man glow with pride to present as his wife or daughter. She was all that Mary Slade was not.

Slade stood looking at her, fascinated, forgetting for the moment the man she was with, remembering nothing but the magnetic personality of the woman whose reputation for doing big things in a big way was already known to him—a woman whose eyes meeting his gave back flash for flash and understanding for understanding.

Almost mechanically Slade found himself acknowledging Senator Strickland's formal presentation of his daughter. Hesitatingly he offered his hand, which the girl, perfectly at ease, grasped with a cordial, sympathetic pressure. Her eyes were looking critically into his, much as if she were trying to read him through and through and take his measure for future use.

Her easy, graceful acceptance of the situation, her thoughtful inquiry for Mrs. Slade's health, prompted by well-bred sympathy rather than any curious interest, and the cultured modulation of her splendid voice, charmed him as no woman had ever done before.

There was nothing of the shy, retiring ingenue in Katherine Strickland's makeup. She was a woman of splendid physique and wonderful mental development. Her appeal to a man was that of a dominant intellect as much as of a lovely woman. She immediately impressed Slade as being keen-witted, strong-minded and clever. His admiration displayed itself in his shining eyes and his unusually affable, attentive manner.

Suddenly he found himself comparing his own little old-fashioned wife with this handsome, self-possessed woman before him. What a wife Katherine Strickland would be for the governor of a state! What a picture she would make presiding at the head of a millionaire's dinner table! How wonderfully such a woman would adorn the richly furnished rooms of his newly built mansion! Instead of the work-worn fingers of his wife, continuously fumbling with darning threads, he saw, in a mental vision, this woman's lovely hands constantly engaged in unwinding the threads of problematic political tangles. Here was a woman who would be a man's wife and comrade—the very antithesis of the household drudge his own wife was content to be, with no interest outside of the four walls of her home and no desire for anything bigger in life than the daily routine of breakfast, dinner and supper, washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, and so on to the end of the week—week after week in the same deadly rut. Here was a woman who would "go along with a man"—possibly a step ahead, blazing the way for new and greater glories and recognizing no limit.

Slade brought his reflections to a sudden halt as he remembered the girl's father.

"Why, what has happened to you, senator? Your face looks different than it did this afternoon."

"Her fault," replied the senator, with a smile of tolerant affection, indicating his daughter. "She made me cut my beard this way. It's French."

Katherine laughed a delightful, throaty little laugh.

"Nonsense, father," she protested. "Of course, I like the West, but I don't believe in being absolutely typical. I was horrified when I got back and found you so blatantly the typical, much-cartooned Westerner."

"Mr. Slade," resumed Strickland, "a few influential men from different parts of our state are having a meeting in town tomorrow, and I want you to meet them. I'm arranging a little impromptu dinner, and thought Katherine might be able to persuade Mrs. Slade and yourself to join us."

"Oh, father, tell the truth," Katherine interrupted. "These gentlemen want to meet you, Mr. Slade. I hear we're to expect great things of you. You see, I've been mixed up in politics all my life, and I do love to have a hand in them."

"Eh? run for president if they'd let her," teased her father.

"Indeed I would," the girl admitted, brazenly. "I've got politics in my blood, and home doesn't seem like home unless politics are being brewed in our dining-room. So you'll both come, won't you—you and Mrs. Slade."

Slade was stammering his acceptance when Strickland interrupted abruptly.

"How'd you like to be governor, Slade?"

Slade threw back his head with a laugh that was intended to denote complete unconcern.

"Oh—that talk! Did the evening

papers put that into your head or—" and he paused significantly, "did you put it into the evening papers?"

Strickland's laugh was a practical admission.

"It would mean a hard fight, Slade. The water-front crowd's against you, and you can't get on without their influence."

"Not in this town, at least," amended Katherine.

"You've got to have Wesley Merritt, his paper, his highfalutin editorials and his speechmaking—and his wife," Strickland explained. "He and his crowd run the town."

"Oh, you mean my neighbors?" asked Slade. "They'll come around," he finished, meaningly.

"But, man alive! Only today Merritt's attack on you was scurrilous. I remonstrated with him myself. He's your out-and-out enemy. I've tried to get him—to come over and shake hands, but he swears he'll never cross your threshold—"

"I guess they'll come when I want 'em to come," Slade interrupted, with an assurance his auditors could not understand. "In fact, I'm looking for 'em any minute now," and he consulted his watch.

"You're looking for them—here—tonight?" gasped Strickland, showing plainly he thought Slade was making a joke of the matter.

"Yes, tonight," replied the would-be governor, quietly, and turned to Katherine.

Strickland subsided, a question growing in his mind as to whether he had fully measured the man he expected to use for his own political and financial ends. There was in Slade's method of fighting a direct and open quality that would make him hard to handle in the crooked and indirect ways of political life.

Katherine Strickland's eyes narrowed as she met Slade's gaze. Her quick, calculating mind saw in this man the possibility of realizing her highest hopes and ambitions. With such a man a woman could scale any heights—reach any goal. He was hard—yes! But a man needs to be hard in these days and times if he is ever to accomplish anything. In her fertile brain smoldered ambitions as great as his ambitions that she now realized would never be attained unless she made some great, radical change in her life.

She had pushed her father as far as the man would—could go. She had outdistanced every girl in her circle. She had reached high, but she had triumphed. Now she was at the end of her tether. It was a matter of making some one huge stroke or sinking back into stupid obscurity, a situation all the more bitter because of her previous successes. The thought of settling down into the everyday life of the western city where she was born made her very soul squirm. Surely there was something more in life for her. Surely there were bigger goals to be gained.

She had never realized how empty the old home life was until now, when she suddenly found herself a part of it again after the brilliant European season and the stimulating, exciting life in diplomatic circles at the capital. The thought of remaining in the West, a big frog in a little puddle, had grown positively hateful to her. Big or little herself, she wanted a big puddle. She was quite satisfied in her own mind that no puddle would be so big that she couldn't become a frog of considerable size in it.

Now, as her restless brain and soul clamored for higher goals and a wider field, the thought of Slade's millions, Slade's dominating, forceful personality, Slade's reputation for sweeping everything before him, Slade's probable governorship, flashed through her mind like a burning streak of electric fire. With him, with his weapons, what a career lay before a woman!

Just as suddenly she found herself wondering what sort of a woman had been a mate to this man for so many years. She was conscious of a poignant pang of envy—jealousy almost—against this woman who had the opportunity which was denied her.

"Well, what do you think of your own country, now you're back?" she heard Slade's voice saying. "Seem big to you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

French Temperance Society.

An organization for the promotion of temperance in France has been founded by M. Schmidt, deputy for the department of the Vosges. A feature of the new body is its catholicity. It includes every shade of political and religious belief, and all classes of society—politicians, professional men and workmen. A meeting, addressed by doctors, lawyers and a deputy, has just been held in Bordeaux. The new association, which is called "L'Alarme," justifies its name by calling attention to the rising flood of alcoholism in France.

Remembered Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say, 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl, with dignity; "I have already bitten."

To Make Whitewash Stick.

To keep whitewash from rubbing off easily make a thin cooked paste of one pint of wheat flour and add to each pailful. A little carbolic acid added to the whitewash will help prevent the places where it is used getting musty.

HOW HOPP LOST HIS MONEY

Thrills and Joys Experienced by Amateur Stock Gambler Are Related by Railroad Man.

Stuart C. Leake, the railroad man, who spends much of his time traveling between Richmond, Va., and New York, has all sorts of friends and acquaintances. One of these is a man named Hopp.

"Hopp," said Leake, one day in Philadelphia, "what have you been doing with yourself?"

"The biggest thing I've done," explained Hopp, "was to experience the joys of stock gambling. Take it from me, I'm some gambler in stocks."

Leake asked him to tell the merry story.

"I had saved up \$1,000," Hopp narrated, "and I decided to take a shot at the market. I picked out the stock on which I knew I could make a lot of money. I decided to buy, and I took ten shares."

"Over in the corner of the bucket shop was a telegraph operator, and I could hear the instrument saying, 'Hopp's got a thousand!' Hopp's got a thousand! That sounded good to me. It was an omen of victory. Pretty soon a cold shiver ran down my spine, and then ran up again. The instrument began to say, 'Take it away from Hopp! Take it away from Hopp!' Talk about thrills and excitement! I was beginning with 'em right away."

"To make a long story short—do you get me?—that stock dropped eleven points in about fifty minutes. They took it away from Hopp."—Popular Magazine.

MUST BE.



First Passenger—Beg pardon, but my name is Baggs.

Second Passenger—Baggs! Baggs! I once knew a man named Sax. Any relation of yours?

Cracking a Joke.

A popular suburbanite, who is also a ready wit, told some children in the neighborhood that as there were English walnuts on his place, he was going to invite them to his Nutty Castle, where he would furnish the expense of entertainment.

"If your house is named Nutty Castle," said one of the children, "what are you called?"

"Oh, I am the doughnut," answered the entertainer.

Promoting Cheer.

"Did you get any encouragement from the eminent official on whom you called?"

"Yes, sir," replied the spokesman of the delegation; "he was right encouraging. He called attention to the fact that it's a pleasant day today, and he said he wouldn't be surprised if it was just as pleasant tomorrow."

Handicapped.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the sheriff. "Trying to hold up a train in the hope of getting a few hundred dollars."

"I know it!" said the train robber. "But I had to work fast. I didn't have time to get hold of the directors and make them help me to hold up the stockholders."

Costume.

"I've bought a silk hat and a frock coat," said the man who has decided to run for office, "but somehow I don't look like a regular statesman."

"Let me look at you," exclaimed his wife. "I thought so! Men don't know how to dress themselves. Rub that hat the wrong way and put on a lay-down collar and a black bow tie."

Fitness.

"Do you think the natives of the Philippines are capable of establishing a government?"

"To a certain extent. You put a bolo in the hands of a healthy Moro and turn him loose on an unarmed community and the way he'll turn in and govern will surprise you."

Dividing Up the Day.

"A man should have eight hours for recreation and then take the remainder of the day for work and sleep."

"Perhaps. It depends on the kind of work you select. Sometimes a man goes after his recreation so violently that he gets too nervous to work or sleep."

A Quandary.

"A great many of the people out our way think that you ought to come out and say something," said the adviser.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and if I do say something just as many people will say that I ought to have kept still."

Greating the Doc.

"Roman gladiators used to address the emperor thus: 'We who are about to die salute you!'"

"I feel like using the singular number of that salutation every time I climb into a dentist's chair."