

The Denison Review.

—BY—
MEYERS & TUCKER.

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To Make \$60 Farm Land Pay.

The farmers' institutes that are being held in Iowa this winter are proving profitable to those who attend and take part in them. The interchange of views either conforms opinions already held or give new ideas to those who listen. A man of experience, speaking in a positive way, exerts an influence for good that is bound to be felt. There never was a time when good methods in farming were more needed than in the present, when high values of land make the problem of profitable farming one to be thoroughly studied. "How to make \$60 land pay expenses," was a topic discussed by E. H. Miller before the Worth county institute. In a paper which the Norwood Anchor considers good enough to print. Mr. Miller claimed that "If our land will not pay the interest on the cash value, then I claim that it is a poor investment. The time was when if it did not pay interest the advance in price would make up the deficiency, but land is too high for any rapid advance in values for the present. It has been an easy matter of late years to rent land at a cash rental of \$2.60 per acre which is equivalent to 5 per cent interest on \$50 land, but it is hard to convince the renter that he can pay you 6 per cent on \$60 land, or a rent of \$3.60 per acre, and I believe the average renter would fail if so convinced. Then if the cash renter will not pay you the interest on the investment, you must look for some other source to make your investment pay."

Mr. Miller has decided to turn his attention to stock, taking a son into partnership and raising just as much as the farm will support. He expressed the belief that "No farm can be successfully farmed for a series of years without keeping some kind of stock. Whether horses, cattle, sheep or swine depends on the kind and quality of the farm, the market demand, the inclination and tastes of the owner. I have in mind some Worth county farms that have raised crops to be sold directly off the land for the last twenty years—mostly corn and oats—and I bought forty acres of that kind of land a few years ago, but I find that it needs to be built up, needs rest. I have made a pasture of it and shall try to bring it back to earth by putting on a coat of stable manure. It takes good teams, good machinery, good seed, good stock

and lots of hard labor to make our high priced land pay large dividends after paying expenses, but I believe it can be done by the right kind of farming, that is good farming and the first essential is good plowing. Our land has been reated for some time and plowed shallow, and sometimes very poorly turned over. We put four horses to a sulky plow and plowed it all eight inches deep. The old slipshod method of burning the stubble and sowing on top and dragging out will not work on our worn out land, but we will have to use the modern seeder or press drill and thoroughly prepare the seed bed. All these things help to make the farm pay."

Taking a broader view, he is convinced that "There are many ways to make the farm pay; time and space will not permit me to enumerate them all or to lay down any definite rule by which all could make their \$60 land pay them. That is beyond the power of any man. Some could make it by one branch of farming and one by another—thoroughbred horses, stock or grain—something that every farmer does not raise, then there will be place for the farmer to get a choice animal to improve his stock, or some choice kind of grain to replace his run-out seed, and he could make a little extra money to help pay expenses."

Summing up he declares: "There are many ways to make the farm pay. Among these are keeping good stock, keeping them well, using up-to-date machinery and methods of farming—discarding the old worn out methods and theories; use brains as well as brawn; be economical and strive to profit by last year's failures. Above all don't try to farm all the land that joins yours and not half farm any of it. Try and stop all the farm leaks: farm what you do farm in a thorough and scientific manner, and I think there is no danger but you can make \$60 land pay well. But there is one other matter pertaining to the farm that I should have mentioned before and that is this: Every man on a farm should keep an account of all his expenses, losses and profits and then he would know at the end of the year whether his farm is paying. Take an invoice each year of stock on the farm. Keep a strict account of all money you take in and pay out and see that you balance up at the end of the year. I am going to do this and I will give you the result at next year's meeting."

Evidently the Bulletin and its staff of contributors has decided to drop the bond sale business as a bad job.

—Lower vein Boone Coal \$4 20 per ton. C. Sprecher.

—For rent Two eighty acres. Enquire at this office.

Get the Hitching Posts.

It has become imperative that business men of Ute do one of two things: stop advertising in The Independent or provide more hitching posts for the accommodation of farmers and those who drive here from neighboring towns to trade and transact business. Although there is almost a continuous line of posts on each side of the main street the number is much less than sufficient to meet the demand. This is especially the case on Saturdays, and our business men owe it to their patrons to see the difficulty is remedied.—Ute Independent.

Don't Worry About the Editor.

An Iowa editor who is about to pull up and leave for lack of support, sarcastically remarks in parting that editors don't need money. "Don't worry about the editor," he says. "He has a charter from the state to act as a doorman for the community. He'll get the paper out somehow, and stand up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tackey wedding and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a four-dollar-a-week job, and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from your grasping body and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The Lord only knows how—but the editor will get there somehow."

Channing's Symphony.

William Ellery Channing's "symphony," as he called it, is worth calling to mind in these days of feverish desire to get rich quickly. It runs as follows:

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; to study hard, think quickly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babies and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, go up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

To attempt to add anything to the foregoing would be like gilding refined gold, painting the lily, perfuming the violet or adding another hue to the rainbow.—Keokuk Gate City.

We are glad to note that the Bulletin falls in line with the REVIEW'S suggestion that the retiring members of the School board be re-elected.

The Denison Democrat quotes from a letter from William Jochims of Schleswig one of the wreck victims now in St. Luke's hospital Chicago, as follows: "It appears that we are improving slowly, but it will be four or five weeks before we can return home. I've not Nielson is not so badly hurt as I was and he will soon be well, but I have had a pretty hard time."

HOW RIIS WON HIS PLACE

The Man as Interesting as His Lectures.

New York Police Reporter Who Came to Sit at the Right Hand of President Roosevelt.

Jacob A. Riis returned to Drake university last evening, this time to deliver his lecture on "Tony's Hardships." He was greeted by a large audience and was given an enthusiastic reception. On the occasion of his former visit, two years ago, Mr. Riis delivered his illustrated lecture on "The Battle With the Slums." Last night's lecture was a sequel—a vivid word picture of those who live and go down to death and despair in the slum region. Mr. Riis is a firm believer in the power of environment as it shapes human lives rather than the power of heredity, and his lecture was a plea for the betterment of the slum environment. His long experience as a reporter in New York has given him some dramatic stories with which to emphasize his point, and he uses these to good effect. Mr. Riis has seen life in New York in its lowest forms, has written about it and is now making it his mission to tell "the other half" about it.

Mr. Riis himself, however, is as interesting as his lecture. He is one of the most interesting personalities in the country. It was since his last visit to Des Moines that he dined at the white house with President Roosevelt, and mentioning that his mother in Copenhagen was sick, the president called to "the little mother" sending the regards and well wishes of the first man of America. That is only one of the many tributes that the president has paid Mr. Riis.

Probably no more comprehensive view of his life and work can be obtained than the one through a recent review in the Bookman which says:

"I am a reporter, a police reporter," says Riis, whenever he begins to deliver a speech or lecture. No doubt he thinks that is all he is. And he is right to honor his trade, for it has served him well. He suffered himself the misery of poverty and homelessness in city and country, so that he began to know by experience. But the chance that made him a newspaper man sent him into the slums for news, completed his knowledge, so that he was professionally soaked with facts and the flair for his subject before he set out to write about it as a general condition. Then he came up, not as an amateur, a sentimentalist, a reformer or a student, but as a reporter; he has a taste for it all, he has sentiment, he is a student and he cannot let things be. But the best of it was that when he opened his lips it was to sing, just because the numbers came.

"After all, however, it is the man, not the reporter, who is doing the work and an interesting man he is. A Dane by birth, a carpenter by trade he came to this country when a boy of 18, worked at all sorts of jobs until he had learned the language. Then he became editor of a subsidized political weekly in the neighborhood of Brooklyn but he attacked the ring which owned the paper, and though they were amused as well as astonished at first, they finally discharged Mr. Riis.

"The New York Tribune took him on as a reporter, and one dark, snowy night on a characteristically mad rush to the office with news, he ran into the editor and knocked him into a pile of mud and ice. For that he was promoted to police headquarters, where in the pursuit of motives, he fell upon the causes of crime, learned more and more, and finally wrote his first book, 'The Other Half' as he calls it briefly which turned out to be news to the first half.

"It was news because it was read. Mr. Riis is no artist, but he can tell a story; he has an unconscious sense of the picturesque and sentiment. His sentiment sometimes hurts a story, which would be better told off-hand; but the sentiment has kept him from becoming a cynic. For the rest Mr. Riis brought from Denmark his preference for the chunky Saxon words, and the haste of Journalism would have kept his style direct and easy if his character had not predetermined all that. He has always stuck to journalism, and is now at police headquarters for the Sun, for which he has reported for ten years or more.

"Jacob A. Riis has written another book, 'A Ten Year's War,' a sequel to 'How the Other Half Lives' and 'The Children of the Poor' telling what has and what has not been done toward the relief of the conditions there described. It is cheerful slumming, not alone because a lot has been accomplished but because Mr. Riis is an optimist. And why shouldn't he be? The man thinks he is a very common place person, just a reporter, who reports what he sees, reports what people do to help things along, and roasts folks who get in the way.—Des Moines Capital.

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C. SIEVERS & SONS.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mrs. P. Swanson of Pomeroy Iowa and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson from Vail Iowa, called upon Miss Alma Olson at the college on Monday of this week. They used part of the day in visiting the shorthand and typewriting department of which Miss Olson is a member. They expressed themselves as very much pleased with the work done in that department.

Miss Carrie Higley is teaching in the Heiden district. She was in town over Saturday and Sunday and called upon Miss Newcom. She reports that she has an enrollment of ten pupils.

On Friday of last week Mr. Clouse sprained his ankle. Although the sprain seemed slight at first, it grew rapidly worse, and after a couple of days Mr. Clouse was confined to his room. He is able to be at school again and hopes that there will be no further serious trouble from the hurt.

Miss Alma Olson returned this week after a vacation of one week to attend the wedding of one of her friends.

Miss Blanche Gable is absent this week to be present at the wedding of an intimate friend. This seems to be a season for weddings.

Mr. Edward Kral returned this week on Monday after being at home to be present at the marriage of his sister.

Mr. James Hartigan went to Chicago last week with a load of stock. Mr. Hartigan has nearly finished the commercial course and hopes to be able to complete it this winter. For some unknown reason he has been detained from school work longer than expected. So many stock men have been killed this winter in their trips to Chicago, that one inevitably wonders what has happened, or if anything unusual has occurred. Last year two students were obliged to give up school work because of the death of their father in a railroad accident, and this winter one young man was just ready to enter school when his father was killed in a like accident.

On Saturday afternoon Miss Hurd entertained the ladies of the college. The afternoon was pleasant and nearly every one invited was able to be present and enjoy the afternoon at the dormitory. Historical games, fortune telling and music made the afternoon lively. Light refreshments were served.

Mr. Harold Romans is absent from the commercial department this week. He has gone to Chicago on business.

Mr. August Schultz has returned home on account of sickness. We hope that the illness will not be serious and that he may be back again soon.

Some of the students in the commercial department are just finishing the course and are taking up the Three Weeks Business Practice. This is an supplemental work which follows the Text and the Full Actual Business work. They find it a good lively three weeks work. However some have succeeded in finishing it in exactly the three weeks, but it is a good test in proficiency.

When one is obliged to do some walking about the streets of town, he is not surprised that visiting students find much to criticize in the way road crossings are made in Denison. It must be granted that the reputation of Denison streets that is spread abroad by visiting students is not flattering to the town. The other day one crossing was a stream of mud and water and the road on either side was better than the crossing itself. Not long ago we visited Dow City and in that town we did not find a single crossing that was not dry and fit for persons on foot though the streets were very muddy. In Denison we need a baloon to carry us over some of the so-called road crossings. Students from the college for two years have been obliged to wade through mud and water opposite the high school grounds. Now it is a stream of water or a sheet of ice that has to be past in bad weather. We believe that there is a chance for an improvement in these particulars.

The Rev. Dr. Emery Miller gave the morning address on last week. In the first of his speech he called attention

to the fact that each individual forms but a small part of the universe, and this was impressed by brief consideration of how great the universe is. He also showed that all things are moving and that location is only relative. The first need of each individual is to determine his position, first of all his relations to God, and then his relation to man. The next point was that we should strive to accomplish the most in the places in which we are situated. He explained the difference of having a knowledge of many facts and really being truly educated. The address was one which would enable the students to see more clearly the desirable things in an education.

COTERIE CLUB FROLICS GAILY

Successful Masquerade Party Given by Mrs. Robinson.

Many Brilliant, Beautiful, Humorous and Unique Costumes Worn by Denison People.

The masquerade party given in honor of the Coterie Club by Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Robinson proved the event of the social season in point of jollity and downright fun. The guests arrived early, coming through the kitchen as well as through the front entrance. The ladies wore many handsome costumes, gowns of days gone by, Japanese ladies, nuns, brides and negro belles jostled each other in the gay assemblage. Miss Anna Petersen enacted the jolly, happy, young Afro-American heart breaker and Mrs. Charles Bollen made a splendid Topsy. Mrs. W. W. Ferguson, Mrs. J. I. Gibson and Mrs. A. F. Barber represented far Japan and few indeed were able to penetrate their disguise. From our point of view the most striking costume was that worn by Mrs. C. L. Voss who appeared in a well fitting gown composed entirely of copies of the Review. One legend inscribed about the gown declared the wearer to have for her business the gathering of items for the Great and Only, while still another said the items were published correctly—occasionally. Mrs. Patterson was a very fetching gypsy queen, but from memory it is impossible to give all the striking costumes or to do justice to their beauty or the fun they created. Uncle Sam was presented by C. L. Voss. Mr. O. A. Patterson was a stately negro of the minstrel type. Mr. A. F. Barber appeared as a gallant court gentleman. Mr. Hugo Gebert was a stately Turkish Sultan while Mr. F. W. Meyers accompanied him as the fair queen of his harem. Mr. Chas. Bollen as Happy Hooligan was one of the best of the maskers. Judge McClellan was strictly unguessable and G. L. Caswell impersonated a female to the fooling of almost everyone.

The maskers were requested to guess the personality of the others and in this contest the first prize was won by Miss Abbie McHenry, who by the way had made a most attractive flower girl. The consolation prize was won by Mrs. Ira Gillmor, while Mr. W. W. Ferguson carried off the honors among the men. The hour of unmasking brought many surprises, and a perfect storm of laughter.

Mrs. Robinson served the guests with a bountiful and appetizing luncheon and after music and a further discussion of the fun of the evening the party took its borrowed fire out through the storm feeling that they had been to the very jolliest party of all the year. We would say from personal experience, however, that being a Turkish bride with sleeveless sleeves and an otherwise delectable gown, is not all it is cracked up to be.

Dr. and Mrs. Robinson are to be congratulated over the success of the delightful evening and the guests are to be praised for the ingenuity exhibited in their many colored costumes.

—Of course we pay more for hides than any other dealer in the county. A. D. RANDALL.

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