IOWA FARM NEWS AND NOTES

Essex Claims Oldest Live Stock Buyer in State or Nation

Special to Times-Republican.

Essex, May 23.—Col. Joe Buck, of this place, probably is the oldest stock buyer in the United States. He is 82 years of age and has been in the business sixty years, having bought stock in Essex forty years. He is in good health and weighs the stock, figures up what they bring seemingly as readily as he did twenty years ago.

He is proud of the record he has made as a shipper of stock, having shipped out of Essex the past year 128 cars of hogs and 6 cars of cattle, paying out to the farmers for stock $146,596.66.

Essex is one of the best shipping points in southern Iowa. The Farmers' Shipping Association shipped out forty-five and one-half cars of hogs and eight and one-half cars of cattle, paying out $65,520.77, the farmers receiving a total income of $202,187.45.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING SAFE.

Black Hawk Land Owner Doesn't Risk All on One Crop.

That diversified farming is the safest proposition for the farmer, is the opinion of Dr. O. J. Fullerton, of Waterloo, who owns four Iowa farms. He believes that it isn't wise to put all of one's eggs into one basket, as a failure is likely to work a hardship.

"Last year one of my tenants near Kensett, Worth county, planted 175 acres of his 320 into corn against my advice," said he. "As a result, he met with almost total failure. In spite of the rainy weather, his corn grew pretty well, he had an even stand, and when the warm days began to come in the fall, it began to look as tho he might get a crop. However, the frost caught it before it matured and he had but little to show for his year's work.

"For this reason I believe in diversified cropping. If you put in a number of different crops, they won't all fail, and you are going to get at least a fair crop every year.

"This year I am taking precautions in case we should have a bad year for corn, and I have on hand some buckwheat which I will sow in July in case it is necessary to do so.

"I also intend to try out sugar cane on fifteen or twenty acres. Sugar cane will produce from six to twenty tons to the acre, while clover and timothy will bring only one to one and one-half. Moreover, it is a very nutritious feed for the cattle, especially milch cows.

"Growing this kind of a crop reduces the number of acres you must devote to raising forage for your cattle. If you depend on timothy and clover and have very many animals it will require too large a proportion of your land to provide them roughage.

"I expect to try out alfalfa too this year on a small scale, to find out how it will grow on my land. I am having my soil tested at Ames to determine whether or not it needs lime. I am not sure whether or not it requires innoculation or whether or whether it is adaptable to growing alfalfa. It is a crop that requires a soil that will allow it to send down deep roots.

"Many of my ideas for managing my farms come from the experiment stations and the agricultural colleges. I am a firm believer in scientific farming, as one can't handle Iowa soil the way we used to—it's too high priced, we must make it produce more to the acre."

HAS GOOD LUCK WITH PIGS.

Ed Giles, of Montgomery County, Has 140 Pigs From Fifteen Sows.

Red Oak, May 22.—Ed Giles, of West township, has had some remarkably good luck with his pigs this spring, fifteen young Duroc-Jersey sows having farrowed 140 pigs, or an average of nearly ten pigs to the litter. Only a few pigs were lost, and the whole lot are as hearty as can be. Mr. Giles attributes his success to care with which he has fed the sows, for he has studied the proper ration and has been using what he considers the balanced ration for the last three winters with good success. He feeds only a little corn, some oats, alfalfa hay and alfalfa meal, and his experience is that it tends to strengthen the pigs, rather than make the sow put on fat.

LOST TWO ACRES OF TOMATOES.

August Miller, a Gardener, of Creston, a Heavy Loser by Frost.

Creston, May 23.—August Miller, the gardener, is a heavy loser as a result of the frost and freeze of Wednesday night. Most of the plants in the two-acre tomato field were destroyed, and as Mr. Miller values the plants at about 15 cents each after they are set out and start to grow, one can rapidly see the loss is quite a severe one. However, Mr. Miller and his force of helpers are now at work replacing the frozen plants with fresh ones.

Hog Weighs 950 Pounds.

Cedar Rapids, May 23.—What is believed to be one of the heaviest, if not the heaviest, hog ever raised in Iowa was sold recently by J. M. Kovar, 342 Rockford avenue. Mr. Kovar owns a farm near Blairstown and it was there that the record breaking porker was raised. The animal was a 2-year-old Duroc-Jersey and when marketed weighed 950 pounds. Mr. Kovar is of the opinion that at least 100 more pounds could have been added to the weight had he cared to risk the experiment during the hot weather.

No Wonder Hogs Root.

Only a little more than half of a clover crop is above ground. One crop expert has found that for every ton of clover hay cut, about 1,000 pounds of root and stubble were left. This means that five-sixths of the crop was cut and four-ninths was left in the ground.

Fertilizer Economy.

Stable manure has long been known as the best all-round practical manure, and as it contains potash, phosphorus, and nitrogen, it is a complete fertilizer. But it contains much more nitrogen than is ordinarily needed. To give the nitrogen in manure its full effect, use potash and phosphoric acid with it.

Drain Tile to the Acre.

These figures will serve to give an idea of the amount of drain tile required for an acre of land. When the lines of tile are laid 16 feet apart, 176 rods per acre will be needed. Thirty feet apart will require 88 rods; 36 feet apart, 74 rods; and 42 feet apart, 63 rods. Always lay drain tile a little below the frost line.

Moisture From the Air.

A dry soil will absorb considerable moisture from moist air. One soil expert has found that a thousand pounds of perfectly dry sand will, during a night of twelve hours, gain two pounds. Loam soil will gain twenty-one pounds and clay loam twenty-five pounds.

To Restore Fertility.

About 80 per cent of the fertility that a crop takes out of the soil is restored to the soil if the crop is fed to live stock and the manure preserved and applied to the land.

Women Who Disregard Health

If a woman disregards her health she is sure to pay the penalty in later years. Incessant work and worry unfit a woman as a helpmate and mother and bring on ailments which drag her to despair. The real help for all such ailments is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, nature's ideal assistant to build up and strengthen the female organism and throw off disease, as proved by the letters from women continually being published in these columns.—Advertisement.

His Lone Opportunity.

With all the humorists at large in this country, a mere paragrapher can never hope to be asked to go as a war correspondent, but some day they may exhaust all the other classes of writing folk and ask his opinion of Stubblefield's favorite pipe mixture.—Milwaukee Journal.

Suggestions For Hog Cholera Prevention and Its Control

The extreme prevalence of hog cholera in recent years and the great losses sustained are still vividly impressed on the minds of farmers and breeders, and considerable thought is undoubtedly given as to the best way and means of preventing a like occurrence this year.

It must be borne in mind the disease is of germ origin, and is acquired by hogs thru contamination of their food supply. This contamination may take place in a variety of ways, principally, however, by birds, dogs and man carrying the disease germs on small particles of dirt or manure gathered up from places where the disease has been or is present.

The majority of hog pens are in a filthy condition, as a result of the accumulation of litter and manure gathered thru months and perhaps years. Many times food is scattered in the pens and becomes contaminated by all kinds of filth before being eaten by the hog, hence if cholera has existed the litter and manure has been saturated with the body discharges of sick animals, and is alive with germs.

To control the disease, owners of hogs must be educated to the importance of sanitary measures, and not be permitted to lapse into indifference because of the possible use of serum as a cure or preventive.

A steady war should be waged on pigeons and crows, which feed in infected pens and carry the disease all over the country.

Dogs are frequent carriers of the disease and should not be allowed to run at large, even on owner's premises, if cholera exists in the neighborhood.

Stock buyers, strangers and neighbors visiting the premises should keep away from hog pens, and the individual owner should not let his curiosity lead him to tramp near or in hog pens belonging to his neighbor.

All outbreaks must be quarantined and only owner or his help allowed to go near the diseased animals. To curtail the losses, the single treatment should be given and the operator and helpers must take the precaution of using rubbers while working, removing and disinfecting them after completion of the vaccination.

Explicit directions should be given by the veterinarian that pens are to be cleaned daily and disinfected with a solution of cresol, U. S. P., six ounces to a gallon of soft water.

Above all, dead hogs are to be buried or burned. Allowing dead hogs to remain unburied, the placing of dead hogs in low places, or dried up water courses should be made a misdemeanor. If no statute covers these matters, then sanitary authorities should adopt regulations which will effectively deal with them.

Wagons used in removing dead hogs, or in drawing away litter and manure from the pens should under no circumstances be taken onto the public highway.

Thorough and complete disinfection of the pens and yards should be practiced daily, using the disinfectant of the strength already described. Where outbreaks occur, stock buyers should be warned against visiting the premises and should be advised of the great danger there is in his carrying the infection from farm to farm, and to avoid it by using rubbers, to be removed and disinfected after visiting individual farms, no matter whether cholera exists on the premises or not.

Railroad stock yards are a prolific source of spread, and a regulation should be issued forbidding the removal of hogs from stock yards except for shipment by rail for immediate slaughter. Railroad yards and pens should be cleaned of all litter and manure and then disinfected after each shipment.

Persons delivering stock to these yards should be warned, by posted notices, to avoid going into "yards."

As the disease is without doubt taken up with the food supply, the question arises: How best protect it from infection?

It is suggested small feeding pens be built with closely woven wire fence to which hogs should be admitted only at feeding time. These pens should have a cement floor, which must be kept clean of all litter and manure and then sprinkled with the solution previously mentioned. Troughs should be disinfected and lifted off the floor and exposed to the sun.

Sleeping quarters should be arranged so they can be kept cleaned and disinfected. Good pastures away from water courses and roads are necessary in order to prevent any infection being carried by stray animals, or from contaminated water.

As a further precaution, not only against hog cholera but against various parasites which swine are often troubled with, a dipping vat can be built with very little expense and a cheap disinfectant used.

The disease is not borne in the air but is acquired by taking into the system the disease germs.

Protect your hogs from coming in contact with sick hogs and protect their food and water supply from contamination.

When the disease has existed, it is wise to provide new quarters entirely for the brood sows. While young pigs from immune mothers carry an immunity for a short time they are liable to infection later if permitted to remain in infected quarters. It is well to plow and seed the old yards.

She Told Her Neighbor

"I told a neighbor whose very young child had croup about Foley's Honey and Tar," writes Mrs. Rehkamp, 2404 Herman St., Covington, Ky. "She thought that the child surely would die it was so bad. When she gave it a couple doses of Foley's Honey and Tar she was so pleased with the change she did not know what to say." This old reliable cough syrup immediately helps coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Just as good for old as it is for young folks.—McBride & Will Drug Co.

Quiet and Uneventful.

The ark had just grounded on Mount Ararat. Noah gazed out of a window across the watery waste. "What are you thinking about, father?" asked Japhet. "I was just thinking how fortunate we were in being able to make this voyage through a future war zone without bringing on international complicatio

BIGGEST SEARCHLIGHT HELPS TO GUARD GREATEST NAVY YARD

What is said to be the largest searchlight in the world has been set up at the New York navy yard, greatest in the United States, as part of the night protection of the yard. Rays from the searchlight swept about the skyscrapers in lower New York City, while thousands of persons stared in wonder at its power. The lens is five feet in diameter and the light has an effective range of fifteen miles.

The TURMOIL

A Novel By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Conquest of Canaan," "Penrod," etc.

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But he calculated the time of his arrival at the new house so accurately that Mrs. Sheridan's lunch was not disturbed, and she was rising from the lonely table when he came into the dining room. He had left his overcoat in the hall, but he kept his hands in his trousers pockets.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked, quickly. "Has anything gone wrong? You ain't sick?"

"Me!" He laughed loudly. "Me sick?"

"You had lunch?"

"Didn't want any today. You can give me a cup o' coffee, though."

She rang, and told George to have coffee made, and when he had withdrawn she said queruously, "I just know there's something wrong."

"Nothin' in the world," he responded, heartily, taking a seat at the head of the table. "I thought I'd talk oves a notion o' mine with you, that's all. It's more women-folks' business than what it is man's, anyhow."

"What about?"

"Why, ole Doc Gurney was up at the office this morning awhile—"

"To look at your hand? How's he say it's doin'?"

"Fine! Well, he went in and sat around with Bibbs awhile—"

Mrs. Sheridan nodded pessimistically. "I guess it's time you had him, too. I knew Bibbs—"

"Now, mamma, hold your horses! I wanted him to look Bibbs over before anything's the matter. You don't suppose I'm goin' to take any chances with Bibbs, do you? Well, afterwards, I shut the door, and I an' ole Gurney had a talk. He's a mighty disagreeable man; he rubbed it in on me what he said about Bibbs havin' brains if he ever woke up. Then I thought he must want to get something out o' me, he got so flattering—for a minute! 'Bibbs couldn't help havin' business brains,' he says, 'bein' your son. Don't be surprised,' he says—'don't be surprised at his makin' a success,' he says. 'He couldn't get over his heredity; he couldn't help bein' a business success—once you got him into it. It's in his blood. Yes, sir,' he says, 'it doesn't need much brains,' he says, 'an' only third-rate brains, at that,' he says, 'but it does need a special kind o' brains,' he says, 'to be a millionaire. I mean,' he says, 'when a man's given a start. If nobody gives him a start, why, course he's got to have luck and the right kind o' brains. The only miracle about Bibbs,' he says, 'is where he got the other kind o' brains—the brains you made him quit usin' and throw away.'"

"But what 'd he say about his health?" Mrs. Sheridan demanded, impatiently, as George placed a cup of coffee before her husband. Sheridan helped himself to cream and sugar, and began to sip the coffee.

"I'm comin' to that," he returned, placidly. "See how easy I manage this cup with my left hand, mamma?"

"You been doin' that all winter. What did—"

"It's wonderful," he interrupted, admiringly, "what a fellow can do with his left hand. I can sign my name with mine now, well's I ever could with my right. It came a little hard at first, but now, honest, I believe I rather sign with my left. That's all I ever have to write, anyway—just the signature. Rest's all dictatin'." He blew across the top of the cup unctuously. "Good coffee, mamma! Well, about Bibbs. Ole Gurney says he believes if Bibbs could somehow get back to the state o' mind he was in about the machine shop—that is, if he could some way get to feelin' about business the way he felt about the shop—not the poetry and writin' part, but—" He paused, supplementing his remarks with a motion of his head toward the old house next door. "He says Bibbs is older and harder'n what he was when he broke down that time, and, besides, he ain't the kind o' dreamy way he was then—and I should say he ain't! I'd like 'em to show me anybody his age that's any wider awake! But he says Bibbs' health'll never need bother us again if—"

Mrs. Sheridan shook her head. "I don't see any help that way. You know yourself she wouldn't have Jim."

"Who's talkin' about her havin' anybody? But, my Lord! she might let him look at her! She needn't 'a' got so mad, just because he asked her, that she won't let him come in the house any more. He's a mighty funny boy, and some ways I reckon he's pretty near as hard to understand as the Bible, but Gurney kind o' got me in the way o' thinkin' that if she'd let him come back and set around with her an evening or two sometimes—not reg'lar, I don't mean—why— Well, I just thought I'd see what you'd think of it. There ain't any way to talk about it to Bibbs himself—I don't suppose he'd let you, anyhow—but I thought maybe you could kind o' slip over there some day, and kind o' hint around till you see how the land lays, and ask her—"

"Me!" Mrs. Sheridan looked both helpless and frightened. "No." She shook her head decidedly. "It wouldn't do any good."

"You won't try it?"

"I won't risk her turnin' me out o' the house. Some way, that's what I believe she did to Sibyl, from what Roscoe said once. No, I can't—and, what's more, it'd only make things worse. If people find out you're runnin' after 'em they think you're cheap, and then they won't do as much for you as if you let 'em alone. I don't believe it's any use, and I couldn't do it if it was."

He sighed with resignation. "All right, mamma. That's all." Then, in a livelier tone, he said: 'Ole Gurney took the bandages off my hand this morning. All healed up. Says I don't need 'em any more."

"Why, that's splendid, papa!" she cried, beaming. "I was afraid— Let's see."

She came toward him, but he rose, still keeping his hand in his pocket. "Wait a minute," he said, smiling. "Now it may give you just a little teeny bit of a shock, but the fact is—well, you remember that Sunday when Sibyl came over here and made all that fuss about nothin'—it was the day after I got tired o' that statue when Edith's telegram came—"

"Let me see your hand!" she cried.

"Now wait!" he said, laughing and pushing her away with his left hand. "The truth is, mamma, that I kind o' slipped out on you that morning, when you wasn't lookin', and went down to ole Gurney's office—he'd told me to, you see—and, well, it doesn't amount to anything." And he held out, for her inspection, the mutilated hand. "You see, these days when it's all dictatin', anyhow, nobody 'd mind just a couple o'—"

He had to jump for her—she went over backward. For the second time in her life Mrs. Sheridan had fainted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was a full hour later when he left her lying upon a couch in her own room, still lamenting that the "fuss" which she was making irked him far more than his physical loss. He permitted her to think that he meant to return directly to his office, but when he came out to the open air he told the chauffeur in attendance to await him in front of Mr. Vertrees' house, whither he himself proceeded on foot.

Mr. Vertrees had taken the sale of half of his worthless stock as manna in the wilderness; it came from heaven—by what agency he did not particularly question. The broker informed him that "parties were interested in getting hold of the stock," and that later there might be a possible increase in the value of the large amount retained by his client. It might go "quite a ways up" within a year or so, he said, and he advised "sitting tight" with it. Mr. Vertrees went home and prayed.

He rose from his knees feeling that he was surely coming into his own again. It was more than a mere gasp of temporary relief with him, and his wife shared his optimism; but Mary would not let him buy back her piano, and as for furs—spring was on the way, she said. But they paid the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, and hired a cook once more. It was this servitress who opened the door for Sheridan, and presently assured him that Miss Vertrees would "be down."

He was not the man to conceal admiration when he felt it, and he flushed and beamed as Mary made her appearance, almost upon the heels of the cook. She had a look of apprehension for the first fraction of a second, but it vanished at the sight of him, and its place was taken in her eyes by a soft brilliance, while color rushed in her cheeks.

"Don't be surprised," he said. "Truth is, in a way it's sort of on business I looked in here. It'll only take a minute, I expect."

"I'm sorry," said Mary. "I hoped you'd come because we're neighbors."

He chuckled. "Neighbors! Sometimes people don't see so much o' their neighbors as they used to. That is, I hear so—lately."

"You'll stay long enough to sit down, won't you?"

"I guess I could manage that much." And they sat down, facing each other and not far apart.

"Of course, it couldn't be called business, exactly," he said, more gravely. "Not at all, I expect. But there's something o' yours it seemed to me I ought to give you, and I just thought it was better to bring it myself and explain how I happened to have it. It's this—this letter you wrote my boy." He extended the letter to her solemnly, in his left hand, and she took it gently from him. "It was in his mail, after he was hurt. You knew he never got it, I expect."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice.

He sighed. "I'm glad he didn't. Not," he added, quickly—"not but what you did just right to send it. You did. You couldn't acted any other way when it came right down to it. There ain't any blame comin' to you—you were aboveboard all through."

Mary said, "Thank you," almost in a whisper, and with her head bowed low.

"You'll have to excuse me for readin' it. I had to take charge of all his mail and everything; I didn't know the handwritin', and I read it all—once I got started."

"I'm glad you did."

"Well"—he leaned forward as if to rise—"I guess that's about all. I just thought you ought to have it."

"Thank you for bringing it."

He looked at her hopefully, as if he thought and wished that she might have something more to say. But she seemed not to be aware of this glance, and sat with her eyes fixed sorrowfully upon the floor.

"Well, I expect I better be gettin' back to the office," he said, rising desperately. "I told—I told my partner I'd be back at two o'clock, and I guess he'll think I'm a poor business man if he catches me behind time. I got to walk the chalk a mighty straight line these days—with that fellow keepin' tabs on me!"

Mary rose with him. "I've always heard you were the hard driver."

He guffawed derisively. "Me? I'm nothin' to that partner o' mine. You couldn't guess to save your life how he keeps after me to hold up my end o' the job. I shouldn't be surprised he'd give me the grand bounce some day, and run the whole circus himself. You know how he is—once he goes at a thing!"

"No," she smiled. "I didn't know you had a partner. I'd always heard—"

He laughed, looking away from her. "It's just my way o' speakin' o' that boy o' mine, Bibbs."

(To Be Continued.)

BEGS OF OLD COMRADE.

Minneapolis Alderman Takes Destitute Veteran Into Home.

Minneapolis.—A destitute old soldier who stopped at Alderman J. G. Robb's home, 1600 Chicago avenue, last night, to ask for food, turned out to be a comrade from Mr. Robb's own company, a man he had not seen for an even half century.

The mutual recognition came slowly. Today the old soldier lacks neither food nor shelter and is not likely to find himself in need again.

"There's a man at the door asking for food," Mrs. Robb told her husband.

The alderman went to the door and asked the old man in. Then he noted the faded blue uniform and the little G. A. R. badge in the lapel. "Company K, 12th Wisconsin," read the badge.

Alderman Robb gazed into the old man's face.

"Why, you're Caleb! You're my comrade, my old comrade," he said.

"Don't you know me?" demanded the alderman. "I'm John."

"Why it's John Robb," quavered the old man. Then they told war stories. They hadn't seen each other since they were mustered out in 1866. Nor had they written. Mr. Robb said today that Caleb Pinkham would be his guest until he found him employment.

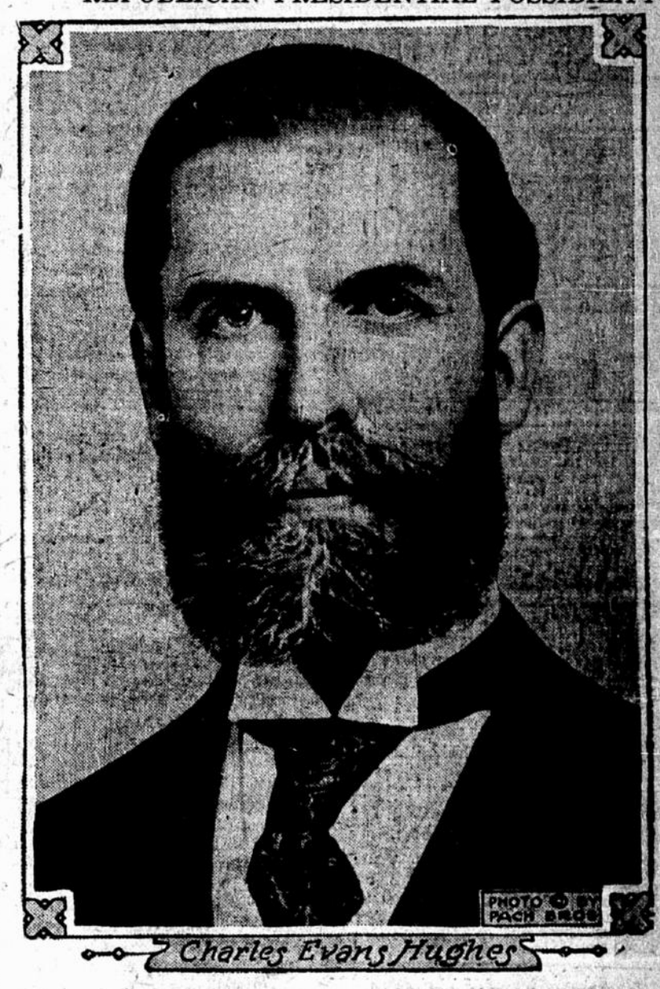
Auto Sleepiness.

Frequently where there is an accident where the car runs off the road, hits an obstruction or is upset, the driver or some other occupant of the car or the reporter says that "the steering gear gave way." Yet it is safe to venture that it is not the real reason for the accident. What often happens is that the driver goes to sleep. In a report of an accident last fall the driver frankly said he went to sleep and the next thing he knew he was under the car, which was thrown against an abutment. The soporific effect of driving an auto at night for several hours is really responsible for more accidents than defective construction. The constant vibration of the steering wheel, the continuous noise of the machine and the drone of the wind have the same effect as does the buzz of an electric fan on most folks. Before the driver realizes it he is getting drowsy. Gradually, the car takes the line of least resistance, aided by the slackening (but not totally abandoned) control of the driver. The next thing he knows he is off the road. Sometimes the car overturns. Sometimes the driver escapes, together with the occupants of the car, oftentimes the dereliction results in injury or death. If more drivers realized the danger of not keeping awake there would be fewer accidents. At least, this is the opinion of experienced drivers.

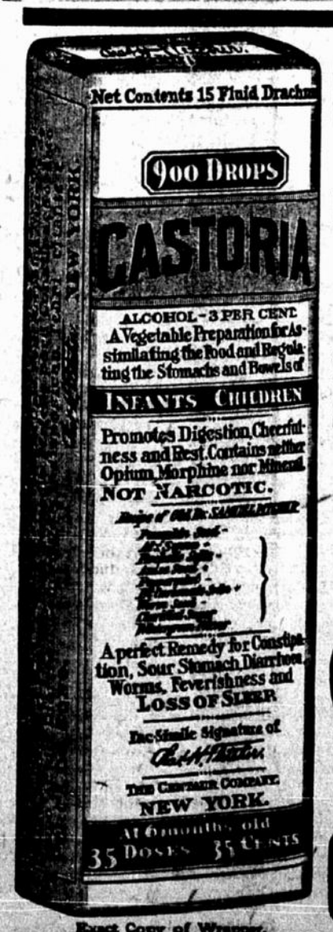
Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for bronchial coughs, colds and croup; Foley's Kidney Pills, for lame back, weak kidneys, rheumatism, bladder troubles, and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels.—McBride & Will Drug Co.

JUSTICE CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY



Charles Evans Hughes, associate justice of the United States supreme court, is still named very frequently as the republican nominee for the presidency, despite his expressed determination not to seek the nomination and the doubt that prevails in regard to his views on some pressing national questions. He adheres strongly to the opinion that a member of the nation's highest court should not be involved in politics. Before becoming a supreme court justice on nomination by President Taft, in 1910, Mr. Hughes was serving his second term as governor of New York state. He won high repute by his activities as counsel for the legislative committee which investigated the insurance business, and this led to his election as governor. He had been a practicing attorney in New York City and a professor in Cornell University law school and the New York law school. Justice Hughes was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., on April 11, 1862, and studied at Colgate and Brown universities and the Columbia law school.



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