

ATTRACTIVE APPEARANCE OF BUILDINGS



Well-Constructed Barn, Adapted to General Farm Use.

(By D. A. CLARK.)

At the present time farm buildings, in common with most of our American structures, offer but little evidence that serious thought has been bestowed upon their character or their disposition. In a general way, buildings are frequently proportioned to meet their needs and are rather conveniently placed in their relationship to one another. Yet, in respect to architectural character, they are almost without exception, very bad. If we disregard the few that have come down to us from colonial days. Even the very best of these, however, are almost without exception, very bad. If we disregard the few that have come down to us from colonial days. Even the very best of these, however, are almost without exception, very bad. If we disregard the few that have come down to us from colonial days. Even the very best of these, however, are almost without exception, very bad.

There should be developed a general style of architecture which could in the main be adapted to the different farm buildings. It should straightforwardly meet the needs to be served and should be dignified and pleasing in form and line. The material to be used will react upon the style in no small degree, for it is evident that a stone or concrete structure is functionally different from one built of wood.

With regard to the barn, the needs are not fixed, but widely varying. In certain forms of farming, it may exist chiefly for storage, while in other cases it may serve mainly for housing the animals. Whatever its needs, it should look the part of the barn, and not that of a country school or church. It should be proportioned and fitted to meet the internal needs for which it is built.

Since the barn and the house are the nucleus of the farm group, it is well at this point to consider briefly the arrangement of farm buildings. Certainly the part of architecture is designed. Its relation to other buildings both existing and future should be a concern. Usually there is an absence of any logical relationship between the different buildings of the farm. They have been dropped down here and there, as it were, the house here, the barn there, a shop in one place and a shed in another. Indeed of all this there should be a careful grouping. There will be decided advantages in convenience, in economy of construction, and in protection. The aesthetic possibilities will be much greater and from the very nature of things, the unattractive features will protrude less prominently and will be much easier of concealment.

DISEASED COLONIES DIE DURING WINTER

Bees Affected With Foul Brood in Fall Should Be Destroyed or Transferred.

(By WESLEY FOSTER, Colorado Experiment Station.)
Many beekeepers endeavor to carry diseased colonies through the winter because it is so much easier to treat them in the spring than in the fall. In a very large number of cases the diseased colonies die during the winter and the honey is robbed by other colonies, thus spreading the disease throughout quite an extended area. The general idea is that, inasmuch as little breeding is done in the winter, there is small likelihood of the disease spreading in the hive. This is quite true. However, the following factor is the most important one: The diseased brood is so offensive in odor that but a very small amount is highly disagreeable to the bees. This militates against the natural tendency of the bees to cluster during severe winter weather. A colony lacking compact clustering during winter soon succumbs. Very few colonies affected with foul brood get through the winter for this reason. If a colony is found affected with disease in the fall, either destroy it entirely or transfer the bees to a clean hive and furnish them with sealed combs of honey, after they have been deprived of any food for 48 hours. Sugar syrup cannot be successfully fed in the winter.

SECURING OF EGGS DURING THE WINTER

Good Results Secured at North Dakota Station by Following Fixed Feeding Rules.

The securing of eggs in winter depends a great deal on the feed. At the North Dakota experiment station the following has given good results: Morning feed—Whole wheat. Noon—Bran mash with meat scraps or house scraps and some green food, as roots. Evening—Corn and oats mixed. It is also important that the hens have grit, as crushed granite, and crushed oyster shells to furnish lime for shell making. The housing is important, too. The poultry house should be well lighted and well ventilated.

SUNLIGHT IS MOST POTENT GERMICIDE

Prevents Contraction or Spread of Disease and Is Essential to Good Health.

(By W. A. HENRY, Wisconsin Experiment Station.)
Sunlight is a most effective germicide. To prevent the contraction or spread of disease it is therefore important that the stables of farm animals be well lighted, with the possible exception of fattening animals feeding for short periods of time. For the maintenance of health, exercise is another essential. The only exceptions to this rule are fattening animals soon to be marketed which make more rapid gains if not allowed to move about too freely. Abundant exercise is of special importance with breeding animals. Farm animals are creatures of habit, and once accustomed to a routine of living show unrest at any change. The feed stable or lot, therefore, should be free from disturbance, and the providing of feed and water should be uniform in time and manner. Animals soon learn when these are to occur and as feeding time approaches the secretions begin pouring from the various digestive glands in anticipation of the coming meal. The system of feeding and watering and the character of the rations should be changed gradually, and only for good cause. In feeding operation a changing period is usually a losing period.

DESTROY INSECTS BY BURNING ALL TRASH

Much May Be Done to Eradicate Flea-Beetle and Leaf-Hopper by Fall Cleaning.

Several grape insects winter among the fallen grape leaves in trash in vineyards, and much may be done to destroy them if the trash be raked to gether and burned. Such work will be of value against the grape-berry moth and the grape leaf folder, which hibernates in the pupal condition in the fallen grape leaves. The grapevine flea-beetle and the grape leaf hopper spend the winter as adults under trash of all kinds in and about vineyards, and the destruction of trash as indicated will expose them to adverse climatic conditions.

WESTERN CANADA'S WONDERFUL YIELD

Wheat Yields Reports Extraordinarily Heavy.

When one hears of individual wheat yields of thirty-five to forty bushels per acre, there is considerable incredulity, but when yields, in whole townships extending into districts covering three and four and five hundred square miles in area, of upwards of fifty and some as high as sixty-five bushels per acre are reported, one is led to put his ear to the ground to listen for further rumblings. The writer having heard of these wonderful yields made a trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to ascertain first hand their truthfulness. It was remarkable to discover that Dame Rumor was no rumor after all, that modesty was her mantle, that all that had been said of these yields was true, and that yields of over seventy bushels per acre were told. These were so high that the truthfulness of the story was doubtful and very little was said of them. But such were there, and not in one instance, but in several, not in one locality but scattered in places hundreds of miles apart. Leaving these out altogether, there were large areas in which the average was over fifty bushels per acre, which in all common sense ought to satisfy most people. One hundred and thirty threshers in Alberta have made their returns to the local government as required by an act of the Legislature, and the average of the wheat threshed was fifty-three bushels to the acre. So immense was the yield that official verification was required before giving it out to the public. Sitting in the smoking compartment of a day coach, where on passing through a farming community, there may be gathered the gossip yarns of the neighborhood, one hears also a lot of news. Just now, the sole topic is that of the crops. A man with more or less of a hirsute appendage, smock, clothes and bands giving the appearance of one working in the field, was asked as to the crops. He had got on at Warner, Alberta. Taking out his pipe, lighting it and then crossing his knees, holding his chin in his hands, possessing an air of supreme contentment, and with an intelligent face, he looked the man who could give some information. And he was just the man. He was a thresher and on his way to Milk River to secure some more help. He was requisitioned for information. "Yes, a good season, I've made a lot of money. As for yields, let's see," and then he began to string them off. "Peterson had 53 bushels of wheat per acre on his five hundred acre farm; from 380 acres Roland got 65 bushels per acre; Huger had one hundred and ten acres that went 63 bushels; Carr had 65 bushels per acre off an eight hundred acre field." And he gave others running from 58 to 66 bushels per acre. All these people lived east of Warner, Alberta. Looking out of the window and seeing immense fields, still covered with stocks he was asked why they were not threshed, he replied that there were not enough "rigs" in the district, and that they would not get through before Christmas.

An American writing of a trip he made through Western Canada says: "I went as far west as Saskatoon, back to Regina, Moose Jaw, and down on the Soo line, and I must say that I never saw such crops, or ever heard of anything to compare with it in any country on earth. The country is over the hill, and certainly the farmers have a lot to be thankful for. There are very few of them that have done their work and done it properly but what have their debts paid and bank accounts left." And he only traveled the skirt of the country. The same story could be written of any part of any of three Provinces.—Advertisement.

Durable Pie.
"How long will pumpkin pie keep?" "It all depends. I saw a pie at a railroad restaurant on my last trip which I remember having seen early in September."
"What makes you so sure it was the same pie?"
"The same three flies were still standing guard over it."

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes
make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movie Marine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Tommy's Congratulations.
Officer (to recruit who has failed to salute him)—Don't you know who I am? I'm an officer.
Recruit—You're lucky. I'm a bloom in private!—London Opinion.

Weeks' Break-Up-A-Cold Tablets
A guaranteed remedy for Colds and La Grippe. Price 25c of your druggist. It's good. Take nothing else.—Adv.

Function of the Hammer.
"Why do you knock so? Why are you always using the hammer?"
"I do it to rivet attention, my boy."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

And many a man who tries to live right gets left.

The Beauty Spot

By WARREN E. BOYDEN

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

With a rude shock the gentle current of an ideal girlhood life was abruptly changed into the fierce, raging torrent of tragedy. It came about to Lura Denison on a slumberously peaceful June afternoon and in a garden redolent with the swaying odors of violets and roses.

This was the situation: She was one of a party of friends visiting Eldene, the pretty summer resort at Crystal Lake. Lura was only a school teacher and dependent on her own employment for a living. She was one of a coterie however representing exclusiveness as to wealth and social position. She could not dress as richly as her cousins, the Worthingtons, but her garb was neat, tasteful, her figure perfect, her face beautiful and her manner full of sweetness and fascination.

To the power of those kindly magnetic eyes Clyde Rawson had paid full tribute. He was a favorite with everybody, a heedless, impulsive young fellow avowedly at the end of his resources, but enjoying his "last dash of folly," as he termed it, before going forth to grapple with the practical issues of life.

From all Lura had learned he had recently been discarded by a rich uncle. It was not that Clyde was dissipated, but in his independent way he had gone contrary to the wishes of his mandatory relative. There had been a tiff, and Clyde had left home with the announcement that he need depend upon John Griffiths for no further financial help.

"It's sort of rough to have your expectations cut off all of a sudden," Clyde confidentially told Lura, "but a certain half cousin of mine is willing to truckle and lie to Uncle John."



It Held a Levelled Revolver.

while I am not. Perhaps it's a good thing for me, though," he added ingeniously, "for I was leading an idle, motiveless life."

And now just at this moment Lura, half hidden by the thick verdure of a tall flowering shrub, stood gazing pensively, almost sadly at Clyde Rawson, lying fast asleep in a hammock. She had always admired his frank, chivalric character. She had quite cherished certain tender words he had spoken to her. Lura was going back to the hard dull grind of a little red schoolhouse within two days. She wondered if they would ever meet again—more than that, if she could ever forget him!

Even as he slumbered, the inevitable sunny smile of perfect love for the world and all its creatures lingered upon the handsome face. Lura's heart beat faster, as she noted that he wore in his buttonhole a dainty little straw flower she had given him the day previous. Then she drew back, for there was a rustle in the opposite shrubbery. She flushed notably at the thought of anyone discovering her regarding thus raptly the object of her interest. She seized the tennis racket she carried in one hand, more closely, and was about to fly when her race grew deadly pale. She uttered a quick gasp. Then, with an inarticulate cry she sprang clear of her ambush.

A form had become vaguely outlined in the opposite bush. A hand was thrust forward. It held a leveled revolver and it was pointed direct at the sleeping man in the hammock. For an instant only Lura caught sight of a dark sinister face behind the weapon. She oraved all.

Crack!—a quick, terrifying report rang out, but not before Lura had reached the side of the hammock. She was on her knees then, her arms about the sleeper, snatching aim. She felt a stinging contact on one cheek. Then warbling about, she prepared to scream or weep, when she noted that the averted would-be assassin was speaking for his life away from the spot.

Lura was reeling with the reaction from the great strain of excitement. She almost collapsed. Springing to

his feet, Clyde Rawson seized her awaying form.

"Miss Denison—Lura!" he cried incoherently, "what has happened? I was asleep. I fancied I heard an explosion—"

"Yes," faltered Lura, withdrawing from his clasp. "Oh, Mr. Rawson! you must go away from here. Scoundrels just now tried to kill you. A dark-faced, tall man with a head of crisp curly hair. He fired at you. I got in front of you. The bullet must have struck the hard wooded tennis racket. It rebounded to my cheek—"

"You risked your life—for me!" voiced Clyde, his tones trembling with vivid emotion. "Poor, dear cheek! It is marred! You might have been killed—for me! Oh, my friend, my more than friend!"

He had clasped her in his arms with a fervor that made her helpless. Gently, reverently his lips swept the abraded cheek. Then he held her at arm's length, his eyes met her own fairly scintillating with the overpowering emotions that filled his grateful, loyal soul.

"Listen to me, Miss Denison—Lura," he spoke, "you have described a man whom I know. For only one reason would he seek my life. The existence of that reason I must at once explore. Please let me see you safely to the hotel."

In a moment he was the calm, courteous gentleman he ever presented. He spoke no other word. He only lifted his hat politely as they reached the hotel. Half an hour later, in her room Lura was handed a large envelope, sealed. A note accompanied it and it read:

"I am handing you my will. If anything happens to me, and I really have anything, it is left to you to baffle an evil genius who seeks my death. I expect to return tomorrow. I must see you then, at all hazards."

What strange circumstance was this! Lura was fluttering, amazed, mystified. When she went from her room again she wore a tiny patch of adhesive plaster over the spot on her cheek. The bullet had barely grazed it, but had left a visible abrasion on the skin. Her friends raised her as to her "beauty spot," but Lura made no explanation.

Her fair cheek tingled whenever she thought of Clyde Rawson, with joy and pride because she had saved his life, with longing hope because the memory of that kiss at least presaged heartfelt gratitude and devotion.

She was in the garden of the hotel that next evening, wondering when Clyde would return, wondering, too, if he would return at all, when a form came hurrying towards the garden bench where she was resting.

It was Clyde Rawson, bright, brisk, eager, light spirited. He sat down beside her. He caught both her hands and looked her in the eyes. His friendly frankness disarmed her. She could not resist the magnetism of his presence.

"I have come with great news, with strange news," he said at once. "My one thought was of you—of you, who saved my life at the risk of your own." His assiduous had been his renegade cousin. As Clyde had suspected, the motive had been to put him out of the way as the heir to the property of Mr. Griffith that the cousin and his friends might inherit.

"I am rich now, Lura," he told her. "I have given it out that in case of my death the disposition of my property is left to the woman I love, the woman to whom I have hastened to ask her to become my wife."

"You mean—you mean," fluttered Lura, "poor little humble me!"
"Who else?" questioned Clyde—"only you would have known that long ago, but I was so poor. But now—and he kissed the "beauty spot" that was a reminder of the unalterable devotion of a noble soul.

Illustrating the Idea.
A school inspector was examining a class in grammar, and trying to elucidate the complex relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example. "Now, for instance," said he, "what am I?"

That was an easy question, and all the children shouted:
"A man!" and then looked round triumphantly.
"Yes, but what else?" said the inspector.
This was not so easy, but after a pause a boy ventured to suggest:
"A little man."

"Yes, but there is something more than that."
This was a poser, but at last an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness, and cried:
"Please, sir, I know, sir—an ugly little man!"

His Wee Witticism.
"I made a—er—hm!—pun yesterday!" boasted skimp little Mr. Meek. "My wife bought from an agent a book entitled 'The Truth About the War, and I believe after she got it she was sorry she had done so. Perhaps she supposed until she examined it that it was a suffrage book, although I am not sure about that part. Anyway, I said: 'The truth is smitely and will prevail—ee-he! ne!—just like that. And she smote me on the head with the volume. I was so proud of my wit that really the blow did not hurt much."

His Early Training.
"A two cent stamp, please," said the lady at the stamp window of the post office.
"Yes, ma'am," replied the new clerk who had just graduated from a department store. "Will you take it along or have it sent?"

Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

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A toilet preparation of merit. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and 1.00 at Druggists.

Playing Safe.
"I'm surprised to see you riding in the smoker every day. You never use tobacco in any form, do you?"
"No, but if I ride in one of the other cars my wife expects me to be able to tell her what every lady on the train was wearing, and whether it was becoming or not, and if I tell her she accuses me of taking too much interest in other women. If I can't tell her she says I'm too stupid for any kind of use."

ECZEMAS AND RASHES

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The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Relief, rest and sleep follow the use of these superexcellent emollients and indicate speedy and complete healing in most cases of young and old, even when the usual remedies have utterly failed. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Not Strange.
"Jones and Brown are great pals, aren't they?"
"Yes. You know Brown married Jones' wife's sister."
"I see. Naturally they sympathize with each other."

Red Cross Bag Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Fortunately the men who claim that the world owes them a living are seldom preferred creditors.



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