

THE GREAT OPEN SPACES

By FANNIE HURST

The grayish little town of Della lay scattered off both sides of a railroad track. If you glimpsed it at all, you caught sight of it from the window of your coach because not more than two or three trains a day stopped at the small thatched station of Della, with its small waiting room of pot-bellied stove, tin water cooler and composite ticket-baggage-and-telegraph agent.

Two thousand souls resided in Della. One the south side of the tracks, which was probably the least desirable from the realty value point of view, Mr. and Mrs. Isalah Moore conducted a grocery store. It was an old-fashioned green grocer's establishment with a porch roof, reaching like an awning over the wooden sidewalk, supported by wooden props for pillars. There were three inverted barrels standing outside the Moore grocery store for lotterers; probably the only three such barrels in the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore lived in a two-story frame house one block removed from this place of business. It was a typical frame house; six box-like rooms, no modern improvements, a truck garden in the side yard, a picket fence closing it in from the wooden sidewalk, a pump with a tin dipper dangling, a woodshed which contained a dilapidated flivver, used chiefly for grocery deliveries, a dog house, a summer kitchen and some beautiful old plane and maple trees.

Mrs. Moore, who divided her days in the grocery store with her husband, did not have a great deal of time for housekeeping; but just the same her spring crocuses and summer roses and late dahlias could vie with the best in Della. So could the primness of the interior of her little frame house. Spick, span, rigid, filled with the cold smell of matting, horse-hair covered furniture and unadorned front parlor.

But the Moores had a dream. It had begun back in the days when young Isalah Moore, evenings off from his father's grocery store, had wooed the pretty Abby Ross in the stiff front parlor of her father's house in Della. Even back there, Isalah was full of the dream of the "wide-open spaces." Every pre-nuptial plan of theirs, even that which had to do with the immediate reality of Moore's grocery store and taking up residence in the little frame house in which they were to live for a subsequent thirty years, was tinged with that sunny vision of the remote "wide-open spaces."

Of course, the usual happened. Quick tides of life caught up Abby and Isalah and carried them along to a destiny not planned by themselves. A year after their marriage, the father of Isalah died, leaving him the somewhat doubtful legacy of the debt-encumbered grocery store. The next year, Abby's twins were born, to die five years later in a local epidemic. It is probable that, more than anything that had ever happened to them, this unseemly catastrophe frustrated the ambition of Abby and Isalah, or at least inhibited it for the period of the next five or ten years.

The Moores found themselves clutched by circumstance, restrained by routine, saddened by calamity. And so during the years that this erstwhile vision of the "wide-open spaces" lay fallow, thirty springtimes swung around into the little garden surrounding the frame house. Thirty winters, many of them bitter and cold, with thick layers of snow on the slat roofs and the runty cornfields of Della; thirty autumns that minted into gold and russet the fine old oak trees and plane trees and maple trees that lined the leisurely streets of Della; thirty summers that warmed Abby's roses in life and kept the three barrels in front of Moore's grocery store crowded with lotterers.

Intense seasons, all of them, filled with too much heat or too much snow or too much frost or too much wind. The hard, chapped face of Isalah Moore, when he came out of the grocery store to survey a snow scape, or to watch the blasting heat dance across the cornfields of the outlying country, automatically, even after thirty years, turned to the west. There was something almost fanatical in his craving for the milder, sun-kissed "open spaces." He yearned for the relaxation of kinder climates, for the grandeur of mountains and the brilliant and cozy security of the far-famed bungalows of the western coast.

So did Abby. When sleet beat against the little wooden box of the house they called home, when icy winds roared in through the windows or spring rains tapped dainty fingers along the sills, Abby was given to taking out the great box of travel folders, real estate prospectuses and maps that Isalah kept tucked on a closet shelf, to pore over them.

There was one picture of a bungalow colony on a sunny coast. A row of adorable-looking Spanish houses, drenched in sunlight, backed in mountain tops and surrounded by gardens that took your breath away.

As they grew older, and a little more tired, this old dream of the Moores began to resuscitate itself. They sat together on wintry evenings

and planned their sunny, flowery future. Old man Isalah climbed into his topcoat, wound his ears in a large woolen muffler and talked of perpetual summers. The townspeople, the friends, the loiterers and the cronies began to shake sad heads over these two obsessed old people.

"Get out or shut up," they said, among themselves concerning them. To their own surprise, as much as anyone else's, the Moores did the former. The opportunity presented itself to sell out the grocery store to the first chain store venture that had come to Della. All in a fortnight it happened, the opportunity, the sale, the departure.

Two bewildered and happy old people, with cash in their pockets, stepped off a train into the riotous brilliance of a southern clime.

"They've been too active all their lives. They'll get tired of loafing," had been the prediction of their cronies.

The Moores knew better. The dream within their grasp was too incredibly good to be true. For the first months of setting up their household goods in one of the pale-pink Spanish bungalows, surrounded by color and backed by mountain, the unreality of their happiness had been the only flaw in the ointment. It was impossible to wake up and quite believe yourself lying out in this cradle of botanical beauty. The old pair pottered about two-thirds of the day in their brilliant garden, walked about the wide streets of their little community, or sat gazing upon the rhinoceros-like hide within the towering mountain so easily within their view. The sun beat ceaselessly; winds were warm and drowsy; rain was so rare that you reckoned with it not at all.

At the end of the first year a consciousness of this for the first time took concrete form in the mind of Abby. To her amazement she found herself hankering for the sweetness of the springlike tapping of rain on the window sills, or the solemn gray respite of a steady downpour that used to wash the landscape in mist. Abby found herself yearning for a day cold enough to wind a good old woolen scarf about her neck and scurry along the road to keep the blood warm and going. And, to her surprise, when she explained this fact to Isalah, he admitted to a longing that was older than Abby's for some of the sterner stuff of those sterner days back home.

The Moores were sunshine-glutted; satiated with brightness; their eyes ached with the torrents of cerulean light that poured over their days. There came the time when they contemplated the brilliant fury of each noonday with a certain antagonism to the relentless consistency of the sun. The geometry of the new wide streets, the narrow shade of the eucalyptus trees and the treeless flank of mountain began to pall on eyes accustomed to a fluctuating climate and geography of their own state.

A new dream began to form in the Moores. After all, they were too young to withdraw from life in this tedious fashion. The idea of going back into the grocery business was pretty firm in Isalah's old mind.

The site they finally chose as the scene of the new enterprise was a town called Della.

Austrian Invented Postcard?

One of the facts of life not often wondered about is the penny postcard, says a dispatch from Vienna. People imagine the postcard as something more or less traditional—as traditional, say, as a letter. But such is not the case. The postcard was invented only in the middle of the Nineteenth century, and it took many years before governments permitted its use with cheap postage. The inventor, Emanuel Hermann, was an official of the Vienna post office; he died in 1902. He turned the Austrian civil service upside down by his demand for permission to send printed or written communications without an envelope. His postcard was introduced and spread immediately all over the world.—Detroit News.

Castle of Sleeping Beauty

The ancestral castle of the counts of Eltz is one of the finest in Germany, resting high on a precipitous rock, with cloud-piercing tower and rimmed with dark green woods. This is the castle made famous by "Sleeping Beauty." If legend is to be believed, it dates back to the Twelfth century and its gray walls have seen many a battle won. It might also be said to be three castles in one, grouped about an inner court, and each of the three has its own entry. It is full of the paraphernalia of dream-haunted rooms, heavy, iron-bound chests, carved doors, old peweeled, massive refectory tables which surely have trembled beneath their loads of venison, wine and the thunderous merriment of feasters.

Women Oust Male Innkeepers

Women are replacing the old type of innkeeper on the main roads of England. In the last year many new hotels have been erected to be run by members of the fair sex, and many of the old ones have changed hands to have female Bonifaces. Even where the men are tenants the hotels are being conducted by women. The new managers have made great changes in the places which they run. They have introduced "the feminine touch" even into the bars in a way that would cause the host of the old coaching days of 100 years ago to turn over in his grave. Comfort for those staying overnight is much greater. Bathrooms have been introduced on a lavish scale into small hostelerias.

Way of Growing Beets for Stock

Feeding Value of Tops and Pulp Is Especially Pertinent.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.—WNU Service.)

Methods found successful in growing sugar beets in the humid states are outlined in a new publication of the United States Department of Agriculture, Farmers' Bulletin 1637-F, Sugar-Beet Culture in the Humid Area of the United States. Where drought has reduced forage supplies seriously as was the case last summer in much of the area to which this bulletin applies, the facts brought out as to feeding value of beet tops and beet pulp are especially pertinent. The bulletin says that five to eight tons of forage may be obtained from an ordinary beet crop.

Designated Area.

The area designated as humid includes Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and part of Nebraska. About 30 per cent of the nation's sugar-beet acreage is in this region. About 60 per cent of the beet acreage is in the Mountain states area and the other 10 per cent in the Pacific coast area.

"An adequate supply of moisture during the growing season, soil of a proper type, and a long, moderately cool growing season are essential to success with sugar beets," the bulletin says. "The adaptability of the sugar beet has permitted its culture on a wide range of soils, but the best yields are generally made on the heavier types."

Intensive Measures Necessary.

In the culture of sugar beets intensive measures are necessary, the bulletin says. Careful preparation of the soil, proper planting practices, liberal use of manure and fertilizers, and frequent cultivation are necessary for success with this crop.

The bulletin discusses diseases and insect enemies of sugar beets, and gives the best methods of control, as determined by experiments of the Department of Agriculture and state experiment stations. Farmers' Bulletin 1637-F may be obtained free from the Office of Information, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Sanitation Is Woefully Weak in Some Stables

Sanitation in the mangers and drinking cups is woefully weak in some stables. One farmer was heard to complain recently that his cows were not doing well, that they didn't drink as much water as they should and always left a certain amount of meal in the bottom of the mangers and drinking cups will locate the source of such trouble almost every time. The smell of either should indicate what is wrong. The drinking cups become fouled with chaff and spoiled silage and when left for even a day the water is filthy. Naturally cows will not drink such water freely. Anywhere from a quarter to an inch of hard accumulated filth, originally feed, can sometimes be scraped out of the manger, left over from many feedings and seldom cleaned out. It, too, has a stench which makes the animal quit eating long before it has had enough. Drinking bowls and mangers should be kept clean.

Turning Hatching Eggs Made Quite Easy Task

Many poultry raisers who have only small flocks need to save eggs for several days to get enough to set. As they must be turned every day before they are put in the machine, it becomes quite a task. I have simplified this by packing the eggs in the egg cases when they are gathered, says a writer in an exchange. Then the lid is put on and the crate is turned, thus saving the work of handling each egg separately. Even though there are not enough eggs to fill the crate, the fillers may be put in and the crate turned just the same.

Another advantage in this way of caring for the eggs is that it lessens the chance of the eggs being broken, especially if there are children about.

Feed Consumed by Cows of Average Production

A cow will consume about 85 pounds of silage a day and 15 pounds of hay. If her annual yield is 210 pounds of butterfat and her milk averages 3.5 per cent of fat, her milk yield will average 6,000 pounds for 300 days a year, leaving her 65 days for a dry period. This means that her average production would be only 20 pounds of milk a day.

Such a cow will not need a heavy grain ration. If she is fed two pounds of grain a day of a mixture composed of 400 pounds each of ground barley and oats and 100 pounds of linseed meal she should do very well.

Sweet Clover Seed

When left alone sweet clover will form its seed crop in July and die out in August; but if the sweet clover be pastured so as to gradually keep the tips of the branches clipped off, the seed crop may be delayed considerably, and may not be formed until August, and its ability to ripen the seed may be postponed even into September and a little later. There is another strain of sweet clover which forms seed the first season and dies before winter.

Discover New Plan to Dissolve Snow

Trick Is Quite Simple When It Is Known.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.—WNU Service.)

When "winter, lingering, chills the lap of May," foresters of the United States Department of Agriculture sometimes call into play a trick of the trade that puts an end to the unreasonable lottering. In some years it happens that sites chosen for reforestation by planting are ready for seedlings from the forest nursery while the nursery is still buried in snow. By the time the snow in the nursery has melted and the trees are ready for transplanting the soil in the planting sites may be too dry. The problem in such a case is to melt the snow and advance the working season in the nursery.

The trick is simple—when you know it. It consists in broadcasting fine black soil on the snow over the compartments of the nursery from which planting stock is to be removed first. This soil, because it is black, absorbs considerable heat which would otherwise be reflected from the white snow. This hastens the melting of the snow and enables the workers to get out the planting stock earlier—as much as two weeks earlier in some instances.

This practical and simple application of one of the elementary principles of physical science, as adopted by the forest service, may also find other work to do, officials of the department suggest. For example, a similar broadcasting might advance the time when it is possible to work the home garden.

Chopped Alfalfa Useful Supplemental Hog Feed

Pork product by feeding chopped alfalfa hay as a supplement reached a good marketable weight fully 17 days before the other pigs and was produced at a saving of 41 cents for each 100 pounds according to a recent report by the South Dakota experiment station. Twenty-five pounds of chopped alfalfa hay was used in a mixture with 50 pounds of tankage and 25 pounds of linseed oilmeal as a supplement to yellow corn. There was a saving of 10 pounds of feed for each 100 pounds of gain due to the alfalfa.

Since chopping or grinding alfalfa is resorted to where hay is artificially cured for feeding to dairy cattle, many feel that it should be even more worth while to adopt this practice for all classes of stock where natural curing makes it impossible to secure so high grade a product.

Feed Baby Chicks Soon After They Are Hatched

Experiments at Purdue university this last year have indicated that baby chicks may be fed early after they come from the incubator, even immediately after removal without ill effects, according to Roy E. Roberts, in charge of the test.

The growth of the chicks which were fed early was similar to that of chicks fed at the regular 48 to 72-hour age. The mortality was no greater in the early-fed chicks.

Nothing was gained in feeding the chicks before they were 48 hours old, Professor Roberts states, which enables the owner to hold them in the incubator two days and cuts the brooding period that much. Although strong chicks live long periods without feed it is wise to feed at least by the 48-hour limit.

FARM FACTS

Clean grains for spring sowings in the fanning mill and then reclean it.

If you like greens plant a row of mustard to follow the spinach crop.

Even when the droppings and cleanings are hauled away it is necessary to use forethought and not dump or scatter them on ground where young or growing chickens will be ranged next summer.

The weight of the weed seeds and other foreign material that can readily be separated from wheat, flaxseed and rye is referred to as dockage. Elimination of weeds can prevent dockage losses.

Motor trucks are being used more and more to transport fruits and vegetables from the place of production to market. Products have been carried 900 miles this way, but the average for long trips is 100 miles.

Give the goslings their liberty as soon as possible, but shelter should always be easily accessible in case of cold winds or rain when the goslings are small. Likewise shade should be provided in the heat of summer.

You can't very often find Savoy cabbages in the market because they are not long keepers. Plant seed and raise some at home. They are the highest quality table cabbages. Their dark green crinkled leaves identify them.

A new strain of alfalfa known as Hardistan has recently been developed in Dawson county, Nebraska. This strain gave yields nearly the same as Grimm alfalfa and maintained stands superior to either Grimm or common alfalfa.



CAP AND BELLS

HIS UNHONORED DUST

A welcome caller, after many kind receptions, plucked up his courage and asked his hostess why a beautiful urn in the living room was always covered over.

"Oh, it contains my husband's ashes," was the response.

"So sorry," replied the guest, "but I had no idea you were a widow."

"I'm not. My husband is just too stingy to buy ash trays."—Argonaut.

PLACE FOR BRIDGE



"They say auction bridge is responsible for a lot of nervous breakdowns."

"I know it. It won't be long before we'll have to go to an asylum for a really good game."

Costly Interrogative

The man who said that: "Talk is cheap."

Very much inclined to think he'd said with ardor deep, "Darling, will you be mine?"

Little Encouragement

"You look very ill."

"I can't sleep. I have a bill due tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Can you lend me the money?"

"No, but I can give you a sleeping draught."

Helping Moike

Visitor—Me brother Moike's in jail and I don't know what to do. I thought maybe you'd give me some advice.

Lawyer (sarcastically)—Do you want me to give it to you gratis?

Visitor—No; I want you to give it to me brother.

The Fresh Thing!

Sue—Look at that silly chap over there. He's trying to flirt with you! I'd like to give him a good punch in the jaw!

Ma—So would I! That's my husband!

Needed It

Mrs. Symthe-Joyce—What a beautiful piano! But why have you tacked that piece of sandpaper to it?

Mrs. Newerliche—That's to keep my husband from striking matches on it.

MAID A PARAGON

"Are you satisfied with your new maid?"

"Very. She's too old to get married and too fat to wear my things. So I think we'll be able to keep her."

How, Indeed?

"Daddy, I know why words have roots."

Said smiling little Flo.

"Cause if they hadn't any roots How could the language grow?"

Circumstantial Evidence

Mrs. Fryer—Do you think Mrs. Slack is a woman who has seen much life in her time?

Mrs. Guyer—Goodness, gracious, yes! Why, there isn't an insecticide on the market but what she is familiar with, my dear.

Correct

Henderson—Your wife says that diamond she wears is simply priceless.

Brown—So the pawnbrokers told me when I tried to borrow on it.

The Tyrant

Hamilton—Women are certainly queer, eh?

Shunway—Yeh, my wife used to say she worshiped the ground I walked on, and now I get bawled out if I track in a little of it.

Is He Hungry?

Insurance Agent—Your side shows are all of wood. You ought to take out fire insurance.

Showman—Why? I have a fire-eater on the premises.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH COLDS

Sluggish intestinal systems lower resistance to colds. Cleanse them with Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative. Gentle, safe, non-habit-forming. More effective because you chew it.

Feen-a-mint



FOR CONSTIPATION

Clears out cold in head or chest

HALES' ONEY OF OREHOUND AND TAR

A home remedy of tested and tried ingredients, safe, dependable.

30c at all druggists For aching teeth use Hales' Toothache Drops

CHILDREN WITH WORMS NEED HELP QUICKLY

Don't delay a minute if your child has worms. They will destroy his health. If he grits his teeth, picks his nostrils—beware! These are worm symptoms. Disordered stomach is another.

Immediately give him Frey's Vermifuge. It has been the safe, vegetable worm medicine for 75 years. Don't wait! Buy Frey's Vermifuge at your druggist's today.

Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms

BOIL WORTH \$25

Grandmother always said this. Most of us willing to pay \$25 to get rid of boil. Get 50c box CARBOLIL from your druggist today. Stops pain immediately. Heals worst boil often overnight. Good for sores, stings, bites, etc. Get Carboll today. No use to suffer. Spurlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Wire Ban on Welsh Words

Refusal to send a cablegram reading "Hir Oes Hapus Glaswyn Corwen," dispatched from Corwen, Wales, to Canada, has been the cause of a complaint filed with the British postmaster general. The refusal was by the London cable office with the notation, "Welsh not accepted. Send it in for transmission in English or French." The Welsh are protesting that Welsh should be accepted if a foreign language or code is permissible.

INDIGESTION—HAD TO SIT UP IN BED

Bristol, Va.—"I believe I had indigestion as badly as anyone could have it. After taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I have been relieved and am not bothered with it. I keep the 'Discovery' on hand and take a little occasionally. Before using it I could not sleep well—the latter part of the night I would have to sit up in bed. I have used three or four bottles of the 'Discovery' and have received such benefit that I recommend it to my friends."—J. R. Davis, R. F. D. 1, Box 33, Dealers. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package.

Women Run Village

The English village of Benfleet, in Essex, is operated almost entirely by women. It has a woman taxicab driver, a woman news agent, barber and men's outfitter, and women preside over many of the other stores. The single exception to this array of feminine talent and industry is the job of a blacksmith, which is still held by a man.

English Honor Newton

The commonest of all place-names in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than 72 times in various parts of the country.

Are You "Hitting On All Six?"

Liver—Stomach—Bowels—Nerves—Heart—Are They All 100%?

Folk, the human body is just like a good car, everything must be in working order if you want real performance. You can't expect to feel 100% if your liver and stomach are out of order, nerves jumpy or bowels tied up. You weak, despondent people who have been trying to get back the vim and endurance of earlier years will be delighted to see how quickly strength and energy return thru the use of Tanlac.

Go to your druggist now and get a bottle of Tanlac. Tanlac has helped millions so there is no reason why you, too, can't begin today to revitalize your entire system. Money back guarantee.