

# STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

A Daily Commercial Newspaper for Modern Farmers and Stockmen and an Advertising Medium that Reaches the Buyers

Vol. XII, No. 69

ST. JOSEPH, MO., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1908

LAST EDITION.

TERMS: SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS PER YEAR, \$4.00.

### DAILY MARKETS

**Official Receipts, 151 Cars, 4617 Cattle; 93 Cars, 7,463 Hogs; 5 Cars, 1,378 Sheep.**

### CATTLE RECEIPTS INCREASE

**Better Grades of Steers 10 to 15c Lower—Some Common Kinds Off a Quarter.**

### COWS AND HEIFERS LOWER

**Beef Cattle Values Off Generally 10 to 15 Cents—Bulls Steady to Lower—Calf Trade Showed Weakness—Good Run of Stock Cattle, Prices Decline—Hog Market Dull, 10 to 15c Lower on Largely Increased Receipts—Live Mutton Ruled Steady.**

### RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 1, 1908.

Table showing receipts from January 1, 1908, for various categories including cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses.

### LIVE STOCK IN SIGHT.

Table showing live stock in sight for cattle, hogs, and sheep at various locations like Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph.

### RECEIPTS BY CARS.

Table showing receipts by cars for various types of stock.

### CATTLE.

#### Big Run Turned Loose at Leading Points Breaks Prices.

Sharp advances in cattle prices last week were well calculated to bring out largely increased receipts and the most sanguine expectations were fully realized today when above 75,000 cattle were reported at five leading points. This is more than double the number reported at the same points last Monday and well calculated to at once wipe out a large part of the advance in prices noted during last week.

The big run and consequent lower turn in prices are fully in line with cautions uttered in these columns during the latter half of last week.

The local supply, as is probably the case at all other markets, was largely made up of tail-end range stock and common to not better than fair natives. Only a few passably good heifers from corn-belt feed lots came to hand and in line with reports from other points the local buyers all started out bidding unevenly lower. Final business basis was established at 10 to 15 cents under last week prices for the more attractive kinds of steers while for common grades it was a 15 to 25 cent lower deal.

Some fairly choice medium weight beefs sold at \$6.75 with the bulk of fair to good medium to strong weights selling in a range of \$5.60 to \$6.25, the prices taking better cattle than sold at the same range last week. There was a fair demand for the more attractive steers at the declines noted, but common and unattractive light to medium weight styles met slow sale at the uneven decline of 15 to 25 cents.

#### Dressed Beef and Shipping Steers.

Beef steers are fully in line with cautions uttered in these columns during the latter half of last week.

#### COWS, BULLS AND MIXED.

There was a good showing of cows and heifers on the market today, including a good many rangiers. The proportion of inferior offerings was quite large but there was a fair showing of useful and attractive killers. The liberal receipts, coupled with unfavorable reports from other markets put buyers in a bearish mood this morning and they were out to take off some of what they put on last week. The market was rather spotted.

Some early sales were regarded steady but they were exceptions and the general trade was rather dragsy in tone with bulk of transactions at a decline of 10 to 15c from last week's finishing level. A few of the best cows sold at \$3.50 and upward but bulk of medium to pretty decent styles sold at \$2.50 to \$3.35, while fair to good canners and cutters went at \$2.10 to \$2.75. Some old shelly canners went at \$2.00 and under. The showing of attractive heifers was scant, few sales over \$3.75

being noted. Supplies were well absorbed at the lower level at the closing hour.

A few good fat bulls sold about steady with the close of last week but the general trade was rather dragsy with prices tending lower.

#### Cattle Receipts Increase

The calf market was fairly well supplied. Trade was inclined to weakness.

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6s...1278..3 00

1s...1250..3 75

20Kan 879..3 25

11Kan 714..3 30

1Kan1200..2 40

1Kan1080..2 40

1s...1250..3 75

Hellers.

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here in check, despite weakness elsewhere. The run of 1,500 included a load of good fed yearlings and four cars of Colorado ewes in pretty fair condition. This light supply sold in good season at prices considered steady at last week's advance, yearlings selling at \$4.50 and ewes going at \$4.00. Culls sold at \$1.50 to \$3.00. No lambs being on offer this branch of the market was not tested and was quoted nominal.

105 west yrs. .... 85.4 50  
155 west yrs. .... 98.4 50  
271 Col-Mex. ewes. .... 80.4 00  
326 Col-Mex. ewes. .... 83.4 00  
3 west sheep. .... 93.3 25  
180 Col-Mex. ewes, culls 78.2 00  
55 Col-Mex. ewes, culls 74.3 00  
10 Col-Mex. ewes, culls 63.1 75  
20 Col-Mex. ewes, culls 70.9 50

**PACKERS' CATTLE PURCHASES.**  
Swift and Company.....1,800  
Morris Packing Co.....700  
Hammond Packing Co.....500

**PACKERS' SHEEP PURCHASES.**  
Swift and Company.....881  
Morris Packing Co.....155  
Hammond Packing Co.....105

**OTHER LIVESTOCK MARKETS**

#### CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—The Live Stock World reports: Cattle—Receipts, 22,000. Market 10 to 15c lower; cows 10c lower; feeders steady to 10c lower. Hogs—Receipts, 27,000. Market 10 to 15c lower; top, \$5.20; bulk, \$5.00 to 6.10. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000. Market 15 to 25c lower.

#### KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 9.—Special to The Journal: The Drivers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 22,000. Market slow, weak to 15c lower; cows and heifers steady to 15c lower; stockers strong to 15c higher; calves steady to weak. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000. Market 10 to 20c lower; top, \$5.85; bulk, \$5.50 to \$5.85. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000. Market strong, active; lambs \$5.55.

#### SOUTH OMAHA.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 9.—Special to The Journal: The Drivers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 7,000. Market steady; canners easier. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000. Market 10 to 15c lower; top, \$5.75; bulk, \$5.00 to 5.70. Sheep—Receipts, 11,000. Market active, steady.

#### EAST ST. LOUIS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock Yards, Ill. Nov. 9.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 9,575. Including 3,000 Texas. Market 10 to 15c lower; top, \$6.20; bulk, \$5.15 to 5.40. Hogs—Receipts, 11,000. Market 10 to 15c lower; top, \$6.10; bulk, \$5.70 to 5.90. Sheep—Receipts, 2,500. Market 10 to 15c lower.

#### ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET

Today's cash values: Receipts, wheat, 15 cars; corn, 6 cars; oats, 1 car.

#### Wheat.

Table showing wheat prices: No. 2 red, 1.04; No. 3 red, 1.02; No. 4 red, 95; No. 2 hard, 95; No. 3 hard, 93; No. 4 hard, 90.

#### Corn.

Table showing corn prices: No. 2 white, 60; No. 3 white, 60; No. 4 white, 58; No. 2 corn, 58; No. 3 corn, 57; No. 4 corn, 57.

#### Oats.

Table showing oats prices: No. 2 white, 48; No. 3 white, 47; No. 2 oats, 47; No. 3 oats, 46; Bran, 92; Corn chops, 1.15.

#### GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

The following Chicago board of trade quotations are furnished by T. P. Gordon, Board of Trade building, St. Joseph, Mo.

#### Options.

Table showing grain options: Dec. 100 1/2, 105 1/2, 105 1/2, 105 1/2; May 100 1/2, 105 1/2, 105 1/2, 105 1/2.

#### CORN.

Table showing corn prices: Dec. 62, 62, 60 1/2, 61 1/2; May 62 1/2, 62 1/2, 61, 61 1/2.

#### OATS.

Table showing oats prices: Dec. 48 1/2, 48 1/2, 48 1/2, 48 1/2; May 50 1/2, 50 1/2, 50 1/2, 50 1/2.

#### PORK.

Table showing pork prices: Jan. 15.07, 15.05, 15.05, 15.06, 15.10; May 15.07, 15.00, 15.07, 15.07, 15.02.

#### LARD.

Table showing lard prices: Jan. 9.27, 9.32, 9.25, 9.30, 9.35; May 9.35, 9.40, 9.35, 9.40, 9.40.

#### RIBS.

Table showing ribs prices: Jan. 8.45, 8.47, 8.42, 8.45, 8.60; May 8.45, 8.57, 8.50, 8.57, 8.60.

#### MERCHANTS GOING SOUTH.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—Thirty merchants under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Commerce, left in a special train Sunday night for an invasion of the Mississippi Valley and the South. The object of the trip is to boom Chicago commercially and before the train returns here on November 22, points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana are to be visited.

An old pineapple grower tells strange stories about the effect of the juice of the fruit upon certain substances. The juice of the pine is supposed to do more for the larynx than anything else in the world.

### A MOLASSES FEED

**History of This Feed Dates Back Nearly a Hundred Years.**

### CONTROVERSY MAY ARISE

**Cane and Sugar Beet in Question as to Quality of Molasses for Feed.**

### SUGAR FOR SHOW ANIMALS

Formerly Used to Fatten and Put Slick Coat on Show Stock—But Molasses and Sugar Now Being Extensively Used in Fitting Market Stock—By-Product of Sugar Mill Found Valuable in Milk Production—Best Methods of Feeding.

### ARGENTINE WHEAT CROP.

Price Current: The wheat supply of the world for the current year is so closely balanced by the requirements under usual reckonings that market conditions are and will be quite susceptible to evidences that may arise calculated to disturb prevailing conclusions and expectations. In the estimates for the current year Argentina has had a conspicuous position, the crop having had a favorable start on an increased area. Late mail advices suggest considerable damage from frosts, cutting down the promise, and cable reports more recently promulgated in trade circles make the situation more serious than the earlier advices, it being suggested that an exportable surplus of about 50,000,000 bushels is about the limit of outlook, which is approximately 50,000,000 bushels short of what the year's average of the three years next previously, it may be borne in mind, however, that cable reports to trading houses are liable to be more or less for market influence, and may be regarded with some allowance. Also, that damage reports are more likely to exceed the actual injury than the view, and that in regard to current information of damage to the wheat crop of Argentina it will be inadvisable to keep in view the possibility if not the probability of exaggeration. In the Broomhall forecast of the world's wheat crop for the year the Argentine production for the coming harvest was made the same as the crop estimate for the crop last harvested. Late mail advices indicate that the coming crop has been estimated as having a promise of about 70,000,000 bushels in excess of the last year. If there was good reason for this view, and the current year subsequently ratios were prepared for stock by chopping fodders and grinding grains and pouring over them when admixed more or less of molasses, in some instances diluted and in others undiluted. It was found that much grain could be saved by feeding molasses thus and that larger quantities of coarse foods could thus be turned to good account.

### WHEALTH IN LIVESTOCK.

Wall Street Journal: Although the crops have been occupying the attention of the financial world and have been made the basis of the prospect for return to prosperity, the autumn always brings with it the marketing of millions of farm animals which comprise one of the largest resources of farm income. According to figures from census sources, it costs the farms of the country about one-fifth of the total value of their product to maintain their live stock in preparation for home consumption and for market. The vast of farm animals included in farm property at the present time is probably not less than \$5,000,000, 000 or one-fifth of the entire estimated value of farm property. A conservative calculation of the value of the receipts for somewhat more than 50,000,000 head of cattle, hogs, horses, and mules, gives the market value of these commodities for each year of the year an aggregate of \$1,088,000,000. These markets include only the great western centers, to which meat producing animals are sent for packing house consumption, as well as the leading draft animal markets of the country. But the large bulk of the crop entirely the thousands of the minor markets where arrivals of stock may be quite as large as the total given above. Probably \$2,000,000, 000 would not be an over-estimate of farm income from this source. This would mean that 40 per cent of the country's live stock passes each year to the market, which is not an improbable hypothesis.

This year the cattle of the country will probably contribute a billion and a quarter dollars to farm and ranch income. There will be put into circulation that year fully \$500,000,000 more from the sale of hogs alone. Sheep, omitting any income from wool, should at least contribute \$500,000,000 and horses and mules will not be over-estimated if their share of money carried home by farmers in the year 1909 is placed at a round hundred million dollars. The role of farm animals in the prosperity of the country is truly not a small one, and with improvements in methods of maintaining fertility, it becomes a larger one from year to year, not only in the sales of the natural increase from the farm but in the multiplication of food products derived from animals sources both for domestic and foreign trade. For several years past the meat and dairy exports from the United States have averaged nearly \$200,000,000. That is more than all kinds of iron and steel products shipped out of the country in these years worth.

### FARM FOR SALE.

Five sections near Oklahoma City, Okla. Fine apple orchard, 1,500 trees; fenced and cross fenced. Half mile from station. For particulars call on or address W. E

# THE STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

406 West Illinois Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

### The Saint Joseph Journal Publishing Company,

PUBLISHER.

**W. E. WARRICK,** Editor and Manager.

Largest Outside Circulation of Any Paper Published in Buchanan County, Missouri.

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Country subscriptions are payable in advance. Remit with postal order or draft payable to St. Joseph Journal Publishing Company.

If you do not receive your paper regularly, notify this office at once, so the matter may be regulated without delay.

#### Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

Usual 20 per cent commission allowed postmasters, who are authorized to take subscriptions.

#### WHY BE THANKFUL?

This prosperity dope may be all right for the farmer and other nabobs of the land, but with ducks flying high, turkeys roosting on the topmost boughs in the tall timber patch, the chicken crop shy and eggs retailing at thirty-five cents per dozen there ain't much for the average herd of town folks to be thankful for.

#### POSSIBLY A FARM PAPER EDITOR.

A Chicago college professor has sued his wife for divorce because she is of an agricultural turn of mind. Next thing anybody knows that professors will be delivering a lecture on hiking back to nature, or the simple life down on the farm. Or, possibly, you may find him editing a farm paper.

#### PLENTY OF ROOM YET FOR IMPROVEMENT.

That live stock breeding methods in this country have been greatly improved during recent years admits of no doubt. Nevertheless there is enough room for improvement to keep those interested in bettering conditions busy for the next decade or two. The common, frowsy bovine has been much in evidence this fall at market centers.

#### CORN-FIELD MUTTON FEEDING.

So far, the weather this fall has been favorable for fattening sheep in corn-fields and results obtained have been generally satisfactory. Last year on account of cold, damp weather, sheep and lambs run in corn-fields were handled at a loss in most cases. A spell of wet, chilly weather would most likely start a lot of corn-field stuff toward market. This is about the only course to pursue where owners are not prepared to feed under cover.

#### WHEAT IN CARTOON.

A grain man has drawn a cartoon which he believes indicates the present position of the wheat market. The cartoon illustrates Mr. Wheat propped up in an invalid chair and being administered to by Dr. Bull, who has on his shelf a number of stimulants labeled war, drought, frost, flies, exports, cholera scare and general dope. In diagnosing his patient's case, Dr. Bull says: "I cannot understand your conditions, Mr. Wheat, I have injected into your system every stimulant known to both commercial and crop killers' science, but I have been unable to keep your temperature above 100. Therefore I have decided to change your treatment. I think the principal trouble is your hide has been shot so full of false stimulants that you are now in the same condition physically as the average dope fiend, which means that your system requires a good physic, which I herewith prescribe, to be followed by liberal injections of public interest serum."

#### FARM A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The poorest patronized business in any town you may go into is the one that does not advertise in the newspapers of that town. This proposition is one that can be proven with very little trouble in any town you may go into. The up-to-date business man tells the people through the newspaper when his new season goods arrive. He also tells the public through the same medium when, why and how he is going to clear out the remainder of this season's goods. Any wide-awake citizen can point out the store that advertises and sells goods when he walks along the streets of a strange town. The street appearance of the store talks for itself.

The farm of today is a business proposition, the same as the modern store or shop. If the farmer is a modern hustler he will have some reasonable goods, seed wheat, seed corn, perhaps some desirable strain of poultry or some other line of farm product that would sell at a premium over the town market price if the public were apprised of the fact. He is sure to accumulate more or less shelf-worn goods that must either be sold or go to the junk pile. Too many of these shelf-worn goods do go to the scrap heap.

The sooner the farmer adopts the newspaper as a means of finding a market for machinery and stock that he wants to replace with others the better it will be for his bank account.

#### LARGER SCHOOL GROUNDS.

The cry for larger school grounds comes from all parts of the country. Only recently the St. Joseph school board spent large sums to increase the room for play for the pupils. Now the country teachers of Buchanan county want enlarged grounds. But instead of a few feet more they want acres. They think that the school grounds should be at least two acres in extent, says the St. Joseph Gazette.

One of the objects of the rural teachers is to have room enough not only for play but for little garden patches where practical farming can be taught. Agriculture is now recognized as one of the important sciences of the world. To be the biggest success as a farmer a man should have a college education. He should know the soil, the grain, the orchards and know how to get the greatest returns from his live stock. Many of the old time farmers look upon colleges as useless. The modern farmer realizes that he could not well do without the instruction obtained in college.

Courses in farming are being introduced in the lower grades in school in many sections and with much success. Such schools are heartily endorsed by the national department of agriculture which has done so much for the tillers of the soil.

The department of agriculture believes these schools will increase agricultural production and interest many in the general betterment of rural conditions and eventually become part of the system to public instruction. By providing permanent employment for itinerant teachers they will open up a new field for capable men and women in rural agricultural colleges and other higher institutions of learning to introduce into their teaching special normal courses to fit teachers for giving instruction in agriculture.

## NEW SCHOOL IDEA

### EDUCATION BY HOROSCOPE IS NOW PLANNED.

Matter Has Been Taken Up Seriously in England and a Thorough Test of Its Possibilities is to Be Made.

Education by horoscope for the mental development of the young is having a remarkable vogue in England. With the education bill in parliament exciting discussion among both clergy and laity, the new idea of arriving at the mental condition of children—namely, by means of casting horoscopes—may be one way of solving the various problems before the country. A new society has come forward and offered "Horoscope Scholarships," each worth \$75. Strangely enough, these scholarships, while competitive, do not depend on the efforts of the children themselves. Parents who wish to win a \$75 horoscope scholarship have to fill out a competition form, giving the name of the child, late and hour of birth, and where the birth was registered. The last condition is essential in order to prevent parents who may know something of astrology themselves from "faking" a brilliant horoscope from a hypothetical date, and thus even doing the stars out of their job.

The child whose horoscope shows the most promising future will be awarded one of the prizes. Each of the application forms will be turned over to a number of "well-known and skilled astrologists," and the child having the best "future" is to be given the chance, as it were, of living up to it. For instance, if, among the competitors, there are any young Napoleons, Miltons or George Washingtons, this fact at once will be revealed, and all the budding genius has to do is simply to "bud" and the future will do the rest.

That the new idea is "catching on" in England is demonstrated by the fact that hundreds of parents have gone in for the prize offered. If the method becomes general, it will save educational authorities a vast deal of trouble. Instead of worrying with the mentally deficient, the casting of the horoscope will show where the short-comings lie, and the child can be dealt with accordingly. There is no use in wasting an education fit for Isaac Newton on a child who will never rise above the mathematical attainments of Simple Simon, for instance, and so trouble will be saved all 'round.

Children who receive the horoscope prizes are to get the money in "hard cash." The idea of giving out real money in connection with these mystical problems is a novel one in itself, and that alone will account for the immense popularity of the new scheme.

If mystical money were paid for horoscope scholarships, or the children had to wait until the future corroborated the predictions of the stargazing experts, very little interest would be taken in the matter. The scholarships are to be given on very practical subjects. For instance, if the horoscope indicates that the child has musical talent, the \$75 award is to be devoted to developing the musical facilities, and this course will also be followed with reference to artistic genius, business capacity and even "all-around ability." Just what this last term signifies it is a little difficult to say. It seems, however, that the horoscopes are not to limit their award. If a child's career points, for instance, to a brilliant future as a trust magnate, every facility—to the extent of the \$75—is to be given to develop the "all-around ability" in the specific directions indicated by the star chart.

The scholarships for the best horoscopes are not to be confined either to girls or boys, but either sex is open to compete. The first three awards are to be made to children under the age of 14; while the fourth goes to the boy or girl between the ages of 14 and 17 whose horoscope denotes the possession of those qualities most essential to success in a commercial career.

#### The Proud Pugilist.

San Francisco is chucking over a story about Battling Nelson, the conqueror of Joe Gans, the "old master." Nelson appeared in a fashionable restaurant a day or two after the fight. His presence made a sensation. He was stared at as though he had been a pretty girl in a sheath skirt.

It happened that an Englishwoman of title was dining in the restaurant. She expressed a desire to meet the champion, and one of her companions quickly arranged the matter with Nelson's second or third assistant business manager.

"Battling Nelson, Countess Eke. Shake hands with him, countess. There ain't no pride about him. He'll let you."

#### Fatal Admission.

Merchant—What other qualifications have you for the place?

Applicant—Well, my friends tell me I have a contented disposition and—

Merchant—You won't do. We want a man with a discontented disposition; one that will hustle.

#### A Quarrelsome Domicile.

Tramp—Any old scraps, madam?

Snappy Woman—No; all the scraps in this house are hot stuff.—Baltimore American.

#### Bound to Come.

It won't be long before we'll be reading the obituary of the fool who rocked the airship.—Detroit Free Press.

## IN WOMAN'S REALM

#### Coffee Sack Cleaner.

When making coffee put it in cheesecloth bags before putting in pot. When the strength is used take the grounds and use to wash cooking vessels. The roughness of the coffee readily cleanses the vessels. By using the bag your coffee pot always is clean.

#### To Separate Hulls.

Rolled oats and similar foods can be freed from hulls by covering two inches in cold water, stir well, then allow a minute to settle and pour off the hulls with the surplus water. To remove shells and sediment from oysters, empty can into milk intended for soup; after stirring slightly lift from liquid, which carefully drain into cooking vessel, leaving refuse in first container.

#### Put Potatoes in Lard.

To keep your lard nice and white and prevent it from becoming strong use a few Irish potatoes. When the lard is nearly done drop in a potato about the size of an egg to each gallon of lard.

#### Sandpaper Kettles.

When cleaning kettles after vegetables have become scorched in them, after washing try rubbing with sandpaper. To result—a clean kettle.

#### Chop Pumpkin.

Every housewife knows what a long job it is to stew pumpkin for pies. By paring it, then putting it through a food chopper it will cook in a short time. The little pie pumpkins will cook in half an hour. Then put it through a strainer or fruit press. Far superior to the canned or dried product.

#### When Preparing Pineapple.

The knife used for peeling a pineapple should never be used for slicing it, as the rind contains an acid that is apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips.

#### Woman Cartoonist.

The only woman cartoonist is Mrs. Donald C. Monroe, of New York, still known in her work by her maiden name, Laura E. Foster. She was a San Francisco girl and went to New York after her marriage. She has done quite a good deal of work as an illustrator besides her cartoon work.

#### To Mend Rubber Gas Tubes.

When your rubber gas tube leaks find the leak by applying a lighted match along the hose, mark the place, and mend the hole by pouring melted paraffin wax over it. This stops the leak entirely and saves buying a new tube.

#### To Cut Glass.

If you want to cut glass and have not a glass cutter handy, hold the glass under water, also the scissors and hands, and cut as you would a piece of paper. Be sure and keep all under water.

#### Glad Tidings, But—

The glad tidings are being shouted over the land that less cloth goes into gowns than has been the case for many a long year. But this news has the fatal string tied to it, and in this instance it is the difficulty of making the gown, for everybody who has ever attempted to make feminine apparel realizes that it is far and away easier to put together a fancy dress than one that is simple. Trimmings will cover up a multitude of shortcomings in the matter of cut and outline, but a straight scant skirt, with an embroidered panel or border and a bodice arranged in artistic folds enriched with Tokio or chenille handwork, must be absolutely right or they would better not exist.

#### Indian Pancakes.

For Indian pancakes take a pint of cornmeal, a teaspoonful of salt, one

#### AMUSEMENTS.

#### At the Crystal.

An exceptionally clever bill is that which opened a week's engagement at the Crystal yesterday. It would be difficult to pick the best act of the bill and equally hard to class any one of them as weak. All are good.

Untam, the armless wonder, deserves perhaps the best send off, when one takes into consideration the disadvantages under which he labors in presenting a musical act which would credit to a man with all his limbs. "Bargain Mad," a screamingly ludicrous farce, is ably presented by Florence Modena and company. It is the story of a wife who has gone crazy over bargain sales and who fills up the house with useless junk. Dave Berry appears in a comedy musical sketch which has many new features and a few old ones. He pleases, however.

#### For real whirlwind tumbling and pyramid building the Zanzibars are the real thing. Frank Groh, the popular illustrated song singer, renders "I've Been Looking for a Girl Like You," in his customary charming style. The moving pictures depict one of the games in the world championship series between Chicago and Detroit and the appearance of the favorites of the diamond was greeted with cheers at the performance yesterday.

#### At the Bijou Dream.

"The Incendiary Foreman" at the Bijou Dream theater this week is one of the best motion pictures ever shown in a St. Joseph showhouse. The entire program at the Bijou is an exceptionally well selected one, most of the pictures being comedies. The overture is "Chicken Charlie," by the Autephone. Other pictures are "Students' Jokes," "In Africa," "Buried Alive, or Frolics on the Beach," "Bine Bird," "Her First Bike Ride," and "Chester Flends." The Synchroscope number is the sword scene from Faust. The illustrated song is "In the Wildwood Where the Blue Belts Grow." The management stated last night that the attendance at the Bijou Dream yesterday was the largest since the house was opened. Standing room was sold at every performance and many were turned away.

#### Oyster Cocktail Sauce.

To make oyster cocktail sauce: In one tablespoonful of tomato catsup stir the following: One-half tablespoonful each horse radish, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, vinegar; one tablespoonful of lemon juice, quarter teaspoonful tobacco sauce or red pepper, and salt. Serve cold.

#### Peanut Butter.

To make peanut butter the peanuts should first be roasted and shelled and then heated and while still warm ground through a meat or fruit grinder, after which mash with a modern potato masher until smooth paste is formed, then add enough fresh butter to make the proper consistency.

#### When Eyebrows are Thin.

A scant growth of the eyebrows generally denotes lack of vitality and external applications are useless to promote or produce a growth until the general health improves. Be careful of your diet. Eat strength giving foods and avoid pastries and heavy desserts. Be out in the fresh air as much as possible. Sleep nine hours a day. Mix three ounces of red vasoline, one ounce of tincture camphor, one ounce of Jamaica rum, and five drops of oil rosemary. Apply twice a day with an eyebrow brush. Your eyebrows will gradually darken.

#### To Brighten Hair.

Muddy brown hair is unbecoming and robs a woman of color and style. It can be brightened by washing it, after a thorough shampoo, with a teaspoonful of pure peroxide of hydrogen, diluted in a teacup of water. Wet the hair thoroughly with it and fan it until dry. Peroxide of hydrogen will not injure your hair, if carefully used.

#### Brief Household Hints.

Often in the winter one has occasion to report a plant, or an unexpected gift of bulbs is received, and there is no supply of earth at hand in which to plant them. It is always a good plan, before the ground freezes, to provide a box of soil for winter use. It can be stored in the cellar, or other convenient place, and will be found very handy to have in the house.

A little vinegar added to the water in which fish is boiled makes it more digestible; but it should not be added to the water in which salmon or trout is boiled, as it spoils the delicate color. Poached eggs are likewise more easy of digestion if a little vinegar is added to the boiling water.

Aluminum articles should be cleaned with whitening moistened to a paste with methylated spirit, and when dry polished with a soft cloth. Vinegar should on no account be used in cleaning aluminum, nor should vinegar ever be boiled in an aluminum vessel, since the acid acts in the surface so that it is impossible to keep parts of grates and from fire-irons, it bright.

To remove rust from the bright parts of grates and from fire-irons, smear them overnight with salad oil, and next day polish them with a paste made of emery powder and paraffin. Before shutting up a house for any length of time, try preventive measures against rust. Polish the cast-iron work with blacklead mixed with gin, and rub the bright parts over with a mixture of equal parts of copal varnish, olive oil and turpentine, thoroughly blended.

#### TALE OF ITALIAN WITCH.

#### Twentieth Century Sorceress Who Has Surprised Civilized Humanity.

Is it possible that witches still exist and find credulous victims to coax and fleece? It is true the voodoo woman may be found in the south and the medicine man is not yet extinct among the Indian tribes, yet they are believed to be survivors only possibly among the uncivilized of the negro and Indian people, says the Springfield Republican. Yet the real witch with the children in which she brews her magic philtres, with her spells and curses, are things so wholly of the past that it is a shock to read of a sorceress having been arrested in fair Perugia. Perhaps the account is the invention of a newspaper reporter bound to produce a sensation for the benefit of his journal. However that may be, the story is a good one.

It sets forth, with a due care for details, the maze of alleys in a suburb of the city, where a house whose doors are closed to all but women who seek powerful love potions to bring back the affections of lost lovers, or fatal drafts that shall properly preserve faithless husbands—shelters a famous sorceress.

Rumors having got about concerning the holy rites and ceremonies practiced in that house, the police, so the story goes, gain admittance through a pretext, seize the witch and search the premises and find its walls hung with mysterious symbols, human skulls and bones, heads of various animals, strange weapons, many books of evil import, full of incantations and spells and other aids such as witches are supposed to use. The woman, who was old and supposed to be fabulously wealthy, was seized and all her paraphernalia collected and conveyed away for trial and all Perugia, and presumably Italy, is supposed to be in a state of suspense until the worst is known.

Supposing this tale true, what would be an adequate punishment for a witch? In the good old times, so much

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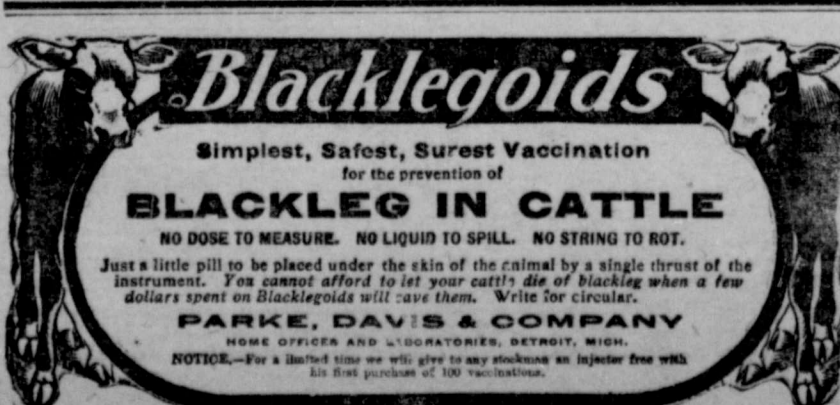
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# The Warden's Overcoat

By GRACE GORRILL GOWING

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The man in stripes clipped steadily at the warden's rose hedge. The shears worked with a rhythm while he counted under his breath: "One, two, three, four, five," then a pause, and on again from one to ten, followed by a longer pause. So No. 19 counted when he did not want to think. Five years had passed since the prison doors closed on him—ten more must drag themselves along before he might take off the stripes and let his hair grow.

He looked up at the warden's house, crowning green terraces, then down at the blue bay, stretching away to join the ocean. He could dimly discern the land where the city lay—where men came and went as they pleased.

The prison bell tolled six o'clock. No. 19 gathered together his gardening tools and went down the terrace steps toward the office. The warden paused in the office doorway, watching the man coming toward him. He liked No. 19. The hard side of life that his position compelled him to feel had not taken the kindness and sympathy from his nature.

"You're doing well with the garden," he said. "Tomorrow you may trim the rose over the porch. Cut it back from the upper window. It takes too much sun from my room."

The warden started up the first terrace toward his home. Above all his worries there was the pleasant consciousness that there were some men about him upon whom he might rely. No. 19 was a trustworthy man. A touch on his arm startled him. No. 19 was beside him. For a few seconds the two men regarded each other silently.

"Well?" queried the warden. No. 19 steeled his voice with an effort. "I've been here five years," he said. "For the last year I've been a trustee, working about the garden as if I were free, but for God's sake, lock me up again!"

The warden stared blankly at him. "Lock you up again?" he repeated. "What's the trouble now?"

No. 19 looked past him and off over the bay. He could see the twinkling lights of the city through the autumn twilight.

"Only this," he answered. "I'm not to be trusted out here where I can look over yonder," with a vague gesture in the direction of the lights, "and I want to be locked up again. I tell you, if you've a drop of human kindness in you, you'll shut me up, away from all this," he added, fiercely.

The warden looked at him kindly. "You've been thinking too much," he answered. "Cheer up, and put those ideas out of your head. There's been more than one sentence shortened by good behavior, you know," he added, encouragingly, as he turned and went up the steps, while No. 19 went down, and on through the great iron gate, which shut heavily after him.

"Twelve o'clock, and all's well!" starting faintly in the distance, ringing clear as the guard near the convict's cell took it up, dying away to an echo as it reached the farthest wall, round No. 19. He smiled grimly as he heard it. "All's well so far," he muttered, "but if they don't lock me up—"

The next afternoon No. 19 trimmed the rose over the porch of the warden's house. There was no counting now, only thinking. He climbed the ladder, step by step, as he worked. It was nearing time for the lock-up. At a quarter before six he stepped from the top of the ladder to the railing above. He looked through the open window into the warden's room, at the comfortable bed, the bureau with its brushes and boxes, the easy chairs, and through the half open door of the closet, in which he caught a glimpse of the warden's clothes, suits without a stripe on them.

For five minutes the clipping went steadily on. There was no one up stairs, no one within sight in the garden. The warden and his family had gone to the city, and they would not return before seven o'clock. The twilight had already begun its work of softening the edges of everything; in half an hour it would mix all into an indistinguishable mass.

No. 19 paused a moment before he stepped over the window sill. The city lights seemed to twinkle encouragingly at him.

The six o'clock bell tolled as he climbed over the sill. He stopped at the sound of the familiar prison voice. He stood straight and still in the window, looking at the dark walls and buildings far below him. "Come," the bell called, deep and resistless. He raised his head and looked up and out. All the free things in the earth about him seemed to call him silently. As the last note of the bell died warningly away, he leaned far out of the open window. "I am coming," he said. He had answered the silent voices.

He turned and crossed the room to the door leading into the hallway,

and locked it. He slipped his coat off as he went to the closet door, and, entering, took the suit hanging farthest from the door, and a dark hat and overcoat. Then he undressed and dressed again quickly.

When he was ready he rolled his own striped suit into a bundle. They must be hidden, but where? He looked quickly about him. As he lifted his arm to place them on the closet shelf, a bell clanged out from the prison. He was reported missing, and the man-hunt had begun. While he thrust his clothes back on the shelf he heard hoarse shouts below. They were searching the garden. He stole to the locked door, turned the key and half-opened the door. That might disarm suspicion if they searched the house. Then he returned to the closet, and stood back in a corner, hidden by the warden's clothing.

"There were eager voices under the window. 'Here's where he was working,' answered some one. 'Maybe he's hidden up there on the porch.' 'He's too sharp for any of those tricks,' answered another, but he climbed the ladder as he spoke and flashed a lantern through the window. No. 19 watched it from his corner. If they came in through the window and searched the room—he pressed closer against the wall. The steps descended the ladder. The guards entered the hallway downstairs. There was a hurried opening and shutting of doors as they went through the formality of searching the warden's house. Tramp, tramp, upstairs the footsteps came, down the hallway to the door of the warden's room. No. 19 could hear them talking as they drew near.

"No sense in searching the warden's house," growled one. He pushed the door farther open as he spoke, and flashed the lantern in.

"Now, look here, Dennison," interrupted another, "I'm going to search this room thoroughly. We've made a farce of this thing, so far, and I believe in looking in unlikely places. I've a theory—"

"Hang your theory!" gruffly answered the first speaker.

"But I tell you I will search this room," rejoined the other.

"I've been in this business longer than you, and I guess I know—"

"Here, give me the light!"

No. 19 stood rigid. On that lantern his fate depended. There was a wavering of the light in the room; it brightened. The man in the warden's overcoat measured, with his eye, the distance to the open window.

"Bring the lantern down. There's been enough time wasted up there," called a voice of authority from the foot of the stairs.

The bearer of the lantern hesitated, grumbled something about mere formality, then the light receded, and No. 19 was left alone in the darkness. When the house was quiet once more, he walked softly to the window. He looked down on the peaceful garden. Below, at the office, men hurried about, giving and receiving orders. From the watch tower over on the next hill the searchlight swept blind white rays over the fields and roads, and he could see the glitter of the barrels of the tower gatling-guns. There was a fascination in watching this preparation for his own capture but this was not the time for such indulgence.

He stepped out upon the porch roof. He must descend the ladder quickly, before the searchlight swept the house. A moment he watched its wavering course. Would it turn to the right or left? He climbed over the railing. The light flickered hither and thither. He reached the middle of the ladder. The brightness rested far away over the fields to the right. So far he was safe. Surely he could reach the ground before the light turned in his direction. Down he went over the few remaining rungs. Two rungs from the bottom and fortune still favored him. Then the great sword of light quivered, and shone full upon the warden's house.

The man on the ladder threw himself face downward at the foot of the rose vine. He lay breathless among the leaves for a second, though an age of a lifetime's emotions; then he raised his head slightly. The dazzling white light was still upon him. A feeling of utter hopelessness weighed him down. Once more his head sank upon his hands, and he lay waiting. The light seemed to rest heavily upon him to crush out all energy and resistance. After he had waited several minutes he turned over and sat up. The light had gone, and he was in darkness; one more chance had been given him. He rose and ran noiselessly down the terraces, keeping well in under the bushes. He did not take the path that led back to the hills, but headed straight for the road that led from the prison through a little village to the left.

He dropped over the last terrace wall into the road, just outside the village. He stopped running, took an easy stride, pulling his hat over his eyes, and with his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, whistled softly as he walked down the middle of the road.

He went unhindered through the village. There were several outlying cottages to be passed—then he could take to his heels and be in the little fishing station in half an hour. A ferry boat stopped there on its way to the city, about four in the morning.

He hastened his steps as he approached the last house, and swung his arms freely. As he drew near he saw two forms at the gate. They were talking quietly, but stopped as he came opposite them, and looked at him sharply. Involuntarily his whistling ceased, and despite his efforts he almost ran.

"Good evening," called one of the men, in a challenging voice, taking a step toward him.

"Good evening," he answered, in as careless a tone as he could assume. "You aren't joining in the search for No. 19. The doctor told me he had got away this afternoon."

"Oh, you're the friend that's staying with the doctor?" replied the man. "We're guarding this road, but there's no use in it. No one ever tries to escape this way. They all take to the hills. Good-evening, sir."

No. 19 felt the sharp eyes of the other guard upon him as he hurried on. There was an eager whispering between the men behind him, then a quick exclamation.

"It can't possibly be," said the man who had addressed the fugitive. "You must have been mistaken in the voice."

A quick command interrupted him. "No. 19, halt!"

No. 19 glanced over his shoulder, and ran down the road, the two men in pursuit. He had a 50-foot start of them, and he was running for his freedom. Two pistol bullets whizzed past him; then all was still save for the sound of running feet.

On they went in the starlight, following the curves of the road, past rocks and stunted trees. Here he was safe from the flashlight at least. Once the guards took a short cut and gained a few feet on him. With an effort he quickened his pace, and again widened the distance between them. He rounded a low hill, and the dark outlines of the wharf and the buildings about it were before him. That was his goal, that rickety old wharf, but what protection could it offer him? He glanced eagerly about. To the right the waters of the bay lapped the rocks, to the left a hill rose, sheer and steep. There was no choice, he must keep to the road.

The men back of him ran steadily and easily. He kept his pace with difficulty. The overcoat weighed more heavily as he advanced; lack of exercise began to tell on him, and he felt his strength going. Step by step the guards gained on him, till he could hear their hard breathing.

"Halt!" cried one. "Stop, or I'll shoot."

Still he stumbled on. As he reached the rough planks of the wharf a bullet went through his hat.

"Close enough, that time," a guard exclaimed. "The next one will bring him down. Can't let him down, and he's crazy enough to try even that." He stopped as he spoke, and aimed at the staggering figure ahead. The crash of the weapon was followed by a rending of wood, and a hollow, sounding splash under the planks. The wharf lay clear before them.

"Got him that time, but he's gone through the wharf. There's some nasty holes out there, and the boards are half rotten all round them," said the one who had fired the shot.

"Hurry up!" cried his companion. "He'll yell when he comes up. They're all as afraid of the water as rats."

They ran carefully forward, for the wharf was dangerous. As they neared the spot where No. 19 had gone down, they saw a large, jagged hole.

"This is the place," one whispered. "He ought to be up by this time."

They waited silently at the opening. The expected call for help did not come. There was no sound save the ceaseless sighing and gurgling of the water. Presently one of the guards lay down and pered into the darkness below. The black water rose and fell, with strange gray lights on it, like the reflection of white faces far below. He shuddered as he rose.

"He's had plenty of time to come up, if he's going to," said one, "if I have not—"

"Yes," whispered his companion, "maybe he's—"

"I guess he is," answered the other. "Come, let's get out of this."

They walked hurriedly back over the road they had come. As they turned the first curve, a dripping figure drew itself slowly out of the hole. The man chafed his hands, stiff from clinging to the pile in the cold water. There was a bullet hole in the sleeve of the warden's overcoat. "Lucky I stumbled when he shot," he thought. "The warden's overcoat did the whole thing."

An hour later the guards reported the shooting and drowning of No. 19. The morning papers presented sensational accounts of it, and orders were given to withdraw the men who had been set to watch the ferry boats as they landed in the city. No. 19 was no more.

The warden's time expired, and he was once more a private citizen. He walked slowly through the outskirts of the city, enjoying his freedom. Nature had put too kind a heart in him to fit him for a prison officer. Life in sight of the prison walls had been irksome to him. What must it be within them?

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of clipping on the other side of a garden wall. There was something familiar in its rhythm. He stopped and listened. One, two, three, four, five, the shears went, then from one to ten. The clipping ceased. A man rose from behind the hedge and faced him. He recognized No. 19.

The warden looked into the fearless face in front of him, long and silently. The two had met upon one of the unfamiliar bypaths of life. Vague thoughts of honor, justice, right and wrong skimmed through the warden's mind. This man before him had risked all for freedom; he had fought hard and won. Slowly an understanding of the love of liberty rose in his mind and faced and silenced all his doubts. He turned slowly and walked away. No. 19, watching him, knew that he had nothing to fear from the warden.

# Cupid as Jockey

By Anna McClure Sholl

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Rich and eccentric Mr. Sears had always delighted in setting the little town of Upwater by the ears, but no one dreamed of a post-mortem chuckle from the old gentleman. It came in the form of a bequest in his will—\$1,000 to the prettiest woman in the place, the judges to be chosen from the elderly married men of the community.

The hubbub was instantaneous, and of a nature to warm the heart of a cynic. Mothers spoke jealously of the charms of their daughters. The ministers prepared sermons against the sin of vanity thus flagrantly encouraged by the late Mr. Sears. The "best people" signaled their intention of standing aloof from the contest. But at last a reaction set in, started by someone's saving sense of humor, and it was almost unanimously decided that the terms of the will must be complied with. An appointed committee fixed upon a day in June for the assembling of the contestants. They were to come in their best apparel, and to abide by the vote of the judges—without murmurings or disputings. The contest was to be held out of doors, in the sunny garden of one of the grandest of the town, that its searching light of day might add to the impartiality of the decision. The affair was thus turned into a lawn party, and the first families agreeing to be present, the rest of the town followed suit.

A week before the day appointed, Richard Gordon, a young lawyer, went to call upon Mary Bennett, whose father before his invalidism had been a professor in the college town from which Gordon's family also came. Richard, waiting for Mary in the dim parlor with its steel engravings of famous pictures, felt that the girl's face was somehow like them, beautiful in line and form, but lacking the color that selfishness, rather than self-interest, seems to impart to human existence. She had always sacrificed herself to the demands and needs of others, until she was like a white flower brought out of the sunshine to cheer a sick-room.

He was absorbed in his thoughts of her when she entered, a welcome glowing in her eyes. Though she was tall and straight and wholesome to look upon, no one had ever called her pretty. Her chief asset was her abundant dark hair. Richard had never thought of her being in the contest, so he did not even apologize when, after a few moments' conversation, he showed her a list he had made of the women who, in his opinion, had the best chance of winning—a list from which her name was omitted.

"I thought it might amuse you to go over them with me and to sum up their points."

"I see that you have headed it with Bertha Klendinning. That is easy to understand."

"But my grounds are different from most people's," he said, with the earnestness that he always brought to any subject which interested him. "Her blue eyes and yellow hair and story-book complexion count very little. It's her lovely figure and her charm of manner—her more subtle advantages, so to speak—that make her what she is, graceful and womanly."

He seemed to be absorbed in an inner vision of her. Mary sat very still, her hands clasped together, her eyes but half-lifted. He could not know, of course, that he was hurting her.

"I quite agree with you. Who is next on the list?"

"Katherine More—it's the curve of her upper lip," he added, confidently.

"And next?"

"Dora."

"Because—?"

He laughed.

"It has something to do with the tip of her nose."

"I quite understand. Dora's nose will keep her young when she's 50."

"And then come the ladies who have only to put on a pink ribbon to be called pretty. You see my scores of them places them last."

"Poor things! Well, I think it will be Bertha. You must tell me all about it afterwards!"

"But, my dear, you're surely going!" he said, earnestly, knitting his brows.

"I can't unless father is better."

"Oh, you must—it will amuse you so! I'll call for you to make sure!"

"Well! I don't forbid your calling," she answered, with a smile.

When he was gone she went to her room and gave herself up for the time to sad and wistful thoughts. How natural that he should regard her only as a friend and offer her only the genial courtesies of comradeship. He had known her all his life, whereas she had known Bertha but a year, and novelty is an ingredient of romance.

She spent a troubled week, trying to come to terms with herself. It had dark moments she had perversely wished to make herself look as plain as possible, taking a kind of pride in being utterly out of the running; but with the first dawn of gentler feeling came the desire to look her best, and to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

So when the time came she curled her hair and arranged it with all the art that she could command. She put on a soft, white summer gown and a picture hat with roses. She was drawing on her long gloves when

Richard arrived. He seemed in the highest spirits.

"I was prepared to use force, if I found you backing out. I have some news to tell you about myself—something that's made me very glad, and I want you to be glad with me."

Her heart sank. Was he going to tell her of his engagement to Bertha? She turned a pale face to him.

"Can't you guess, Mary?"

But she was dumb. He leaned towards her and took both her hands in his.

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"I've got the postion I wanted in the office with Jenkins & Bart—and it's a kind of partnership, Mary. It's easily worth five thousand a year."

She drew a long breath of relief and looked at him with shining eyes.

"I'm so glad—so glad!"

"You can't be so glad as I, because, my dear—" he hesitated. Her sudden little flame of joy again sank.

"You see I've not wanted to speak until I was sure—"

Even then she would not believe. She had turned her head away. Was it Bertha—oh, was it Bertha?

"You see I've loved you always—why Mary—"

Then she turned a rapturous face toward him.

How they reached the appointed place she never knew. She walked on, surrounded by a ring of gold that inclosed one other person. Her eyes shone. A bright color came to her cheeks. Richard, excited and triumphant, looked at her adoringly, seeing in her at once the woman of his future and the playmate of his childhood. They would show themselves at the contest for a minute, just to be public-spirited. Then they would go for a heavenly ramble in the woods.

The judges had decided to make the award after mingling informally with their towns-people, so there was no set ceremony, no drawing-up of the contestants. People strolled about or talked together in groups, as at a garden party. Here and there a girl was seen whose heightened color betrayed her consciousness of being under scrutiny, for it was generally known that the courteous judges, chatting casually with their friends and acquaintances, were all the while glean- ing impressions which would be of service in making the decision. The occasion, on the whole, did not seem favorable to the setting forth of feminine charm. Even Bertha, by becoming self-conscious, had lost something of her usual grace. Katherine's pretty bow of a mouth showed a disposition to straighten, and Dora's infantile nose failed to save the day for her. As for the young women whose charm depended on pink ribbons, they had all apparently chosen the wrong colors,



"I Was Prepared to Use Force, if I Found You Backing Out."

and knew it when too late. Only those hopelessly out of the running seemed to be really enjoying themselves.

It was expected that the judges would not remain out long, but a half hour went by, and they were still debating in the little summer house to which they had withdrawn. A feeling of uneasiness began to make itself apparent. Bets were canceled, and rearranged again. No one seemed as confident as at the opening of the contest. At last the judges were seen to rise, and then, two by two, they came across the lawn, and took their places on a flower-decked platform. A sudden hush fell over the assembly. The chairman waited until everyone had come within hearing distance of the stand before making his announcement, then, after reading the clause in the will, he said:

"The difficulties in the way of a fair decision can hardly be appreciated by those not members of the committee. In the making of it, in the judging and weighing, we crave your clemency. Having made it we are sure of your enthusiastic support. The prize has been awarded to Miss Mary Bennett."

There was a confused murmur. Richard, more surprised than anyone, turned to look at Mary. It was true! It might be gone to-morrow, but today her radiant joy made her the most beautiful woman there. She seemed all light and color and happiness, and they had felt it and recorded it.

She would not believe it at first, and wanted to hurry away, but they detained her and showered congratulations on her until she was glowing like a rose. Each moment enriched her adding weight to the decision.

"You were a dark horse," said a friend, at once puzzled and convinced. "Cupid was Jockey," said Richard,

NEW TEXAS ERA

Forage Crops Mark New Era in Growth of Lone Star Agriculture.

GREAT PANHANDLE STRIDES

Popular Error May Be Corrected by Trip into Great Plains Country.

P. W. Mally in the Houston Post: One who has come to Texas as an observer as well as an investor as long as fifteen years or even ten years, would do well to take a vacation trip to the Panhandle and western portion of our great state, and drink inspiration from the progress being made in the development of that vast domain.

No one crop or set of crops illustrates this so forcibly as to industrial Texas, at least, as the rapid development of forage crops in this wide expanse of prairie and plains in the Panhandle and western Texas.

When the Panhandle and western Texas farmer learned how to handle the great forage crops, or rather had tested the varieties best suited to their climate and soils they had solved one great problem of their country.

What does that mean? It means that kaffir corn makes under ordinary conditions of season at least thirty bushels of grain per acre, and frequently forty, and even as high as sixty bushels per acre.

But it is not the purpose of this comment to discuss any crop in detail, but simply to call attention to the fact that almost before we can realize it a vast area in Texas has become immensely valuable and is worthy of the careful consideration of legislators and educators from an entirely different standpoint than has been customary.

TELLS OF LANDS WORTH.

Director of Louisiana Experiment Station Work Tells of Land.

W. R. Dodson in Southwestern Trail: Entering Louisiana from the west the Colorado Southern, New Orleans & Pacific traverses the parish of Calcasieu a little north of the central portion—through what is called the "long-leaf pine flats."

That portion of the soil which has a considerable per cent of sand is well suited for the production of early potatoes, strawberries, cabbage, and other standard truck crops, being of the same general formation as the lower portion of Tangipahoa parish, where the truck industry has been so highly developed.

As one approaches the eastern border of the parish he passes into the prairie lands, which continue until Opelousas is reached, some fifty miles distant. This is a fertile soil, generally well-drained, especially suited for general farm crops and is devoted very largely to the production of corn, cotton, hay crops and rice.

These soils are especially suited for sugar-cane, cotton, corn, alfalfa and almost all of the farm crops that can be grown in the south. Throughout almost this entire territory, except in the vicinity of Opelousas and Eunice, undeveloped land is available that is capable of producing very large yields of the crops to which these different types of soil are suited.

The cane from the alluvial lands of the Red river has a very fine quality of syrup, being of superior flavor to that of the lower alluvial lands of the Mississippi river.

JAPANESE FRIENDSHIP. Independent Farmer: The American fleet has left Japan following a week's visit which seems to have been remarkably free from untoward incidents.

Such conditions may, and probably will arise as new conditions develop on Pacific shores. Japan plans to control the trade of Korea, and is probably ambitious to exploit China, perhaps with the open door tight closed.

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AN ILLINOIS SHOW

Farmers Throughout the Country Are Interested in Big Event.

PREPARATIONS UNDER WAY

Committee on Decorations Make Arrangements—To Erect Temporary Building

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 9.—Plans for the Illinois Corn Show, to be held here Nov. 23-28, are rapidly rounding into shape. Reports from over the state seem to indicate that everybody is working hard for the success of the first annual corn exposition. Entries close Nov. 18.

A short time ago State Superintendent of Public Instruction Blair sent out a letter to each county superintendent of schools appointing Nov. 6 as corn carnival day and recommending that committees be appointed for each district school to pick out the best corn and to instruct the farmer boys and girls on the best way to make entries at the state show.

Committee on Decorations. The committee on decorations, consisting of Albert Myers, George B. Helmie and George Dunsteth of Waverly, are at work planning the general floor scheme of the show. The scheme has been completed and a drawing has been made by Mr. Helmie, which is now in the hands of the printers.

Temporary Building. A temporary building, or a large tent, oval or circular in shape, will be erected just west of the armory building. In the center of this in a space 50x20, the Indian village, with wigwams, etc., will be exhibited.

Music. A committee on music has not yet been appointed, but General Manager Roberts said that there would be band music, both afternoon and evening, throughout the show and the service of a soloist probably would be arranged for.

Exhibits. The University of Illinois has signified its intention to erect an educational exhibit showing how corn is bred to produce the maximum and minimum of oil and protein, etc. The Corn Products company of New York and Chicago, manufacturers of hundreds of by-products of corn, has engaged a large space and Dr. T. S. Wagner, the company's expert, will give lectures on commercial uses of corn.

What Corn Growers Can Win. It is worthy of note that the man who exhibits the best ten ears of corn in the show will receive \$3,000. A lady or girl can win nearly \$200; a boy can win about \$60 in the boys' class, and it is possible also for him to win the man's prize, and the two together will net him in the neighborhood of \$3,500.

The Final Premium List. The final premium list will be out this week. Advertisements are coming in unexcelled as many merchants and manufacturers consider it a legitimate and valuable advertising medium, going as it does directly into the homes of 50,000 corn growers over the state.

The Corn Show office in the Chamber of Commerce rooms presents a busy scene, fifteen people being at work there from 8 o'clock in the morning until 11 at night.

A Big Proposition. "John, I must have one of those sky-scraper hats." "All right, wife. Get the milliners to submit designs and competitive bids."—Kansas City Journal.

THE FOREST WASTE.

Whole Sections Go Up in Smoke While Country Plays Politics.

We have been so busy with politics and business in general, that comparatively few of us have given thought or attention to that indispensable factor in our success—the forest. We knew we had plenty of trees of all species and that these were being felled with an utter disregard of the future, and with an eye single to our immediate wants and gains.

Whole forest sections as large as Rhode Island have gone up in smoke in a single day as a result. Add to this the fact that we never attempted to reforest and you have a story of waste, recklessness, and economic ignorance which it is difficult to believe, and impossible to surpass. Until the "Governors' Conference" in Washington last spring it is probable nine-tenths of our people knew next to nothing of this important subject, and maybe most of the remaining tenth had but a fragmentary and passing knowledge of its vital connection with our everyday affairs.

Our people are gradually awakening to the discovery that the forest is an agency of nature for the regulation of waterflow; a climatic factor of moment; an industrial basis preservative of all other industries—for nothing, practically speaking, can be done without the employment of timber; a huge natural sponge which absorbs the rain and snow and, yielding that moisture in regular fashion, conserves the water supply and steadies the flow of our inland waterways, thereby preventing floods which would follow inevitably were this moisture to rush down all at once from unprotected headlands, chinking up with silt and litter our waterways and rendering, in addition, navigation difficult if not impossible; and an invaluable auxiliary to the agriculturist in securing to him his two indispensable necessities—wood and water; to the government in carrying out its irrigation projects; and to the capitalist, promoter, and investor in making possible, and preserving, water-power development for the generation of electric energy.

That institution stands between us and the devastation of our forests, and from the eminently satisfactory results already achieved by it the public should perceive its entire willingness to second its every effort. Our forests come first in importance in any consideration of our material resources, and their supervision should be equal to that of Germany, admittedly the most advanced nation in this question.

A MOLASSES FEED

Continued from Page One.

In their adhesive character. In the molasses and sugar feeds now being made they are so diffused through the entire mass that the adhesive property is not manifest, and yet the sweetening property has come in contact with all of the food.

The demand for these foods is very brisk. It was my privilege to recently visit a factory where these feeds are made. The basis of the food was a good quality of wheat screenings, some oatmeal, and other meals obtained from farm sources. The food is all finely ground and mixed, and as the cane molasses falls into it and mixes with it, the mixed mass is carried through a long drier, and it is then ready for shipping. The color of the food is not unlike that of the gingerbread, and it has a sweet odor and taste.

Another establishment I had hoped to visit was burned the night preceding my intended visit. It, too, was away behind its orders and will at once rebuild. In the factory a certain grade of cane sugar is used as the sweetening property. The meal is obtained by grinding coarse grains eliminated from grains that were first process of preparation for the market, as barley, oats and flax.

FASTING AS A RELIGIOUS RITE.

Ceremonial Observed by the Japanese Twice a Year.

From time out of mind, says the Japan Times, certain devotees of that country have visited a celebrated temple at Narita twice a year to perform the pious act of fasting within its sacred precincts. A "fasting hall" has been specially erected for their accommodation and the number entering this hall is on the increase. Those who have already fasted in the fasting chamber this year number 225 men and 32 women. Of the whole number 59 fasted less than a week, 374 fasted one week, ten continued fasting two weeks, 14 fasted three weeks and one went without food for five weeks.

DISPERSION SALE OF THE WHEATLEY & WARD HERD OF Aberdeen-Angus Cattle at King City, Mo., November 17-18, 1908. One hundred and thirty eight head in sale, 128 cows and heifers and 10 bulls, including their three Herd Bulls, which are of the most fashionable breeding to be had, also, they have been found among the first in the show ring. They are tried and true sires, as their 65 calves at foot will demonstrate. The females are a very choice lot with exceptional good breeding qualities. Nothing but regular breeders will be offered. Send for catalogues to WHEATLEY & WARD KING CITY, MO., or HAL T. HOOKER, SALE MGR. MARYVILLE, MO. Auctioneers: Cols. Igo, Harding, Gibson and Mitchel.

33 1/3 % More Pigs More Pork More Profit When Swift's Digester Tankage is used to balance rations for Swine. Guaranteed Analysis: Protein, 60% Phosphates, 6% Fat, 8%. For swine of all ages, fed up to one-half pound per head per day, costing less than one cent. For Particulars Address Swift & Company Chicago Kansas City St. Louis St. Paul Omaha St. Joseph Ft. Worth

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WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET OF DELTA COUNTY, COLORADO, and come to the home of the Big Red Apple, the Colorado Peach and Sugar Beet. Fruit Orchards for \$100 per acre and up. Unimproved fruit land \$40.00 to \$60.00 an acre including perpetual water right. Alfalfa, Grain and Best land from \$50.00 to \$75.00 an acre. WELCH & MERRILL. DELTA, COLORADO (Members Colorado Realty Dealers' Association.)

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