

### GOOD BEEVES FIRM

#### SMALL CROP OF NATIVE STEERS CLEARED READILY—WEST- ERN SLOW, STEADY.

#### NOTHING PRIME ON SALE

Fair Supply of Cows and Heifers, Prices Generally Steady—Calves Weak—Bulls Steady—Stockers and Feeders Slow.

Ready outlet was found for the limited quota of corn-fed steers included in today's general marketing of 3,700 head. Native steers had the right-of-way in the market and the few loads available were sent seaward at an early hour. Steady prices were the general rule, with spots indicating a small degree of strength. No finished beef was on sale, offerings being largely of a clearance nature under the \$7.00 line, with one load of fairly good quality, making the top price for the day \$7.25.

Estimated receipts were 2,700 at this point and 50,700 at the five leading markets. Western range districts furnished bulk of the supply on sale here. In the western offerings there was a smaller proportion of steers than usual and a corresponding increase in the stock. Trade in branded steers was generally conducted on a steady level of values compared with Tuesday.

For the first half of the week combined receipts at the five leading markets show an increase of 20,000 head, as compared with the first three days last week and indicates a falling off of 16,000 as compared with the corresponding period a year ago.

#### Dressed Beef and Shipping Steers.

The offerings in the stock yards ran largely to western ranges, with few natives that were on sale were mostly edd and ends. The general quality was fair to good. It was late in the forenoon when packers began to buy cattle, consequently the market was rather slow. After the market was under way a better movement developed and a good clearance was made before noon, at prices that looked fairly steady. There is a weaker undertone to grass heifers selling around \$4.00 to \$4.25, and they are quoted lower.

#### COWS, BULLS AND MIXED.

An eleven head string of Texas cows and heifers sold at \$3.90. Bulls were scarce and found a ready outlet at steady prices. Calf buyers were bright again, and a few were taken to the market to buy all grades of calves lower. Vealers are weak to 25 cents lower than the close of last week, with medium and heavies showing 25 to 50 cents decline.

#### HEIFERS.

Receipts from Jan. 1 to Date. The following table shows the local receipts from January 1, 1911, and receipts for the corresponding time in 1910:

	1911	1910
Cattle	377,704	408,018
Hogs	1,289,945	1,559,227
Sheep	56,478	43,119
Horses	35,403	18,848

#### LIVE STOCK RECEIPTS.

	Today's Receipts.	Cars	Head
Cattle	89	2,652	
Hogs	49	3,669	
Sheep	19	4,992	

#### RECEIPTS BY CARS.

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### HOG VALUES ARE OFF

#### GENERAL MARKET RATED A NICKEL LOWER—FEW EARLY SALES WERE STEADY.

#### QUALITY WAS NOT AS GOOD

Top of \$6.45 on Best Butcher Offerings—Bulk Went Into Packers' Hands in Range of \$6.20 to \$6.35.

After a few days' lay-off, during which hog prices were put up a few notches, packers resumed their bearish attitude today and established a lower market for the rank and file of the offerings. Receipts were too light all around to allow of a deep cut in values but buyers demonstrated their sentiments in taking off about what was put on yesterday via a nickel. The local supply was estimated at 4,000 head, as compared with 3,171 a week ago and 3,381 a year ago. The five markets had an estimated run of 49,600, as against 57,900 for last Wednesday and 34,700 for the corresponding day a year ago. A few sales were made on the opening rounds at prices steady with yesterday, but further weakness quickly developed and the general market was tight at a nickel lower. At the decline, however, the market displayed moderate activity and a good cleanup was made before the noon hour.

#### RANGE-NATIVE DIVISION.

Western cattle predominated among the total arrivals here today. The supply of steers was not as large as usual, a larger percentage of the run being in the stock and feeder grades. The quality with few exceptions was rather plain. Trade was inclined to be a little slow in the initial stages but developed freer tone as the session advanced and at noon practically everything in the steer line was disposed of. No change worthy of mention was recorded in the price list.

#### STOCKS AND FEEDERS.

The largest supply of western cows and heifers for sometime was on offer here today. Most of the offerings on this line were Panhandle cows. Trade was generally a steady affair, although the opening was rather slow. Several cars of Texas cows brought \$3.90 and other sales of western stock ranged from \$3.45 to \$4.35. Calves ruled weak sale. Bulls and stags showed no material change. The outlet for stockers and feeders was rather quiet at prices steady to weak at yesterday's decline.

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### ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET.

Today's cash values: Receipts: wheat, 3 cars; corn, 4 cars; oats, 6 cars.

#### Wheat.

No. 2 red	98 1/2 @ 99 1/2
No. 3 red	97 @ 98
No. 2 hard	1.01 @ 1.01 1/2
No. 3 hard	99 @ 1.01

#### Corn.

No. 2 white	69
No. 3 white	68 1/2
No. 2 corn	69 @ 70
No. 3 corn	68 1/2 @ 69 1/2

#### Oats.

No. 2 white	47 1/2 @ 48
No. 3 white	47 @ 47 1/2
No. 2 oats	46 1/2 @ 47
No. 3 oats	45 1/2 @ 46

#### GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

The following Chicago board of trade quotations are furnished by T. P. Gordon, 1005-1008 New Corby-Forsee Building, St. Joseph, Mo.:

#### WHEAT.

Dec	97 1/2	97 1/2	97 1/2	97 1/2	97 1/2
May	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2

#### CORN.

Dec	64 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2
May	65 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2

#### OATS.

Dec	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
May	50 1/2	50 1/2	50 1/2	50 1/2	50 1/2

#### PORK.

Dec	14.97	15.00	14.92	15.00	14.92
May	14.92	14.95	14.92	14.95	14.90

#### LARD.

Dec	8.82	8.85	8.80	8.85	8.82
May	8.85	8.82	8.85	8.80	8.85

#### RIBS.

Dec	7.87	7.90	7.82	7.90	7.85
May	7.97	8.00	7.92	8.00	7.92

#### ST. JOSEPH HAY MARKET.

Local Quotations Corrected to Date by Local Dealers.

The following quotations are furnished daily by the St. Joseph Hay Receivers and Shippers association for the benefit of Stock Yards Daily Journal readers:

Timothy—Choice, \$18.50 @ 19; No. 1, \$15.50 @ 16; No. 2, \$13.00 @ 14; No. 3, \$9 @ 10.

Clover—Choice, \$13.50 @ 14; No. 1, \$11.00 @ 12; No. 2, \$9.50 @ 10; No. 3, \$8 @ 9.

Lowland prairie—No. 1, \$6.00 @ 7.50; No. 2, \$4 @ 5.50.

Alfalfa—Choice, \$16.50 @ 17; No. 1, \$15.00 @ 16; No. 2, \$12.50 @ 14; No. 3, \$9 @ 10.

Straw—\$4.50 @ 5.

### LAMBS MOVE UPWARD

#### AFTER SLOW OPENING SESSION PRICES ARE MARKED UP A DIME.

#### SHEEP GENERALLY STEADY

Moderate Supply Made Up Exclusively of Idaho Ranges—Top Lambs \$5.95—Feeder Demand Ruled Active.

Moderately liberal receipts of sheep and lambs here and elsewhere, connected with the fact that local marketings had to be sorted, almost invariably, made an aggravatingly slow but generally steady to a dime higher market at this point on killing classes. The day's supply was almost exclusively from Idaho ranges and carried a goodly percentage of lambs on the feeder order, but even at that good killing lambs were in relatively larger supply than yesterday, considering the size of supplies, and this was a fact that enabled buying interests to withstand the bullish pressure brought to bear by selling talent to a certain extent. Estimates called for an even 5000 and the good count figured right in that neighborhood. Chicago was fairly well supplied as well as Omaha and the total marketings for the day at the five markets went up to 75,000, compared with 72,000 for the same day the previous week, and 85,500 for the corresponding day a year ago. The market opened with a mildly bullish sentiment dominant in the total arrivals, although a bearish mood. Salesmen demands of \$6.00 for best lambs at the start were flatly refused by the buying contingent and effort for higher prices only served to delay the buying movement. A scaleward, not a hoof crossed the scales until after 10 o'clock when packers finally convinced that it was futile to hold out for steady rates bought up the range lamb supply within two hours of trading at prices that were fully a dime higher as compared with yesterday. Best lambs sold at \$5.95, a 10-cent advance from \$5.85 yesterday. Sheep were notably scarce in the run and what little business transacted with this class of mutton was hardly enough to give an accurate line on conditions, although packers claimed cost was even with yesterday in line with salesmen's quotations of steady rates. One small band of cwees went at \$2.50, with wethers at \$3.25. The range lamb supply within two hours of trading at prices that were fully a dime higher as compared with yesterday. Best lambs sold at \$5.95, a 10-cent advance from \$5.85 yesterday. Sheep were notably scarce in the run and what little business transacted with this class of mutton was hardly enough to give an accurate line on conditions, although packers claimed cost was even with yesterday in line with salesmen's quotations of steady rates. One small band of cwees went at \$2.50, with wethers at \$3.25.

#### WHOLESALE BEEF PRICES.

The following quotations are furnished daily by the St. Joseph Beef Receivers and Shippers association for the benefit of Stock Yards Daily Journal readers:

Prime—Choice, \$12 @ 13; No. 1, \$11 @ 12; No. 2, \$9 @ 10; No. 3, \$8 @ 9.

Lowland prairie—No. 1, \$6 @ 7.50; No. 2, \$4 @ 5.50.

Alfalfa—Choice, \$16.50 @ 17; No. 1, \$15 @ 16; No. 2, \$12.50 @ 14; No. 3, \$9 @ 10.

Straw—\$4.50 @ 5.

Timothy—Choice, \$18.50 @ 19; No. 1, \$15.50 @ 16; No. 2, \$13 @ 14; No. 3, \$9 @ 10.

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Straw—\$4.50 @ 5.

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### ITEMS IN BRIEF.

#### RUSSIA NOW REPORTED TO BE SUPPORTING GERMANY TO END TURKO-ITALIAN WAR.

#### TWO TURKISH BOATS SUNK?

#### No Confirmation of Report That Tripoli Has Been Attacked by Italians—Difficult to Get Reliable News.

London, Oct. 3.—The lapse of another day leaves the Turco-Italian war without further development. There is no confirmation of the reported bombardment of Tripoli, which appears unlikely to have taken place. It will be several days before the expeditionary force is ready to leave Italian shores.

Apparently the Italian government is apprehensive that the Turkish fleet may be able to hamper the passage of transports, and great precautions are being taken. The expedition will be started from ports in the two seas, rather than from South Italy and Sicily in order to minimize that danger and evidently Italy is in no hurry to get the expedition on the way.

Another reason for the delay is the continuance of the Turkish cabinet crisis. Clearly the old ministers are remaining in office against their will and are unable to formulate or agree upon any definite line of action. It is even reported that the minister of marine has resigned because of flagrant disobedience to his orders to the fleet.

Meanwhile the port of Tripoli is being shelled by the Italian fleet. It is said Russia is now supporting Germany in efforts to bring about peace.

Constantinople, Oct. 3.—Replies to the port's appeal have been received from most of the powers, but as was expected, afford little satisfaction. In effect, the powers say they will be unable to offer mediation until the port suggests a basis of settlement on the lines of Italy's demands.

The Austrian ambassador had a long interview with the grand vizier today and it is announced the Russian ambassador will visit him tomorrow. But it is questionable whether Said Pasha will be able to remain in office another day.

Turkish telegrams report that an Italian warship has sunk two motor boats near Hodeida, a report on the Red Sea, and pursued the Turkish destroyer Paksilet, which carried a number of volunteers, both soldiers and sailors, well officered, departed for the Bardenelles, where the large portion of the fleet is awaiting orders. Two battleships, the Messedini and the Assar-I-Tewfik, and the torpedo cruiser, Berk-i-Savet, have sailed from the Golden Horn to join it.

#### THE SOURING OF MILK.

Due to Action of a Micro-Organism Known as Bacteria.

The souring of milk is not unlike the souring of fruit juice or vegetable matter. It is due to the action of a particular kind of micro-organism which we call bacteria. These little organisms are a good deal like other forms of life in that they must have air, moisture, warmth and food in order to live, multiply and work. The particular food of a great many bacteria is sugar and the product which they manufacture is called acid. For instance when the juice is pressed from the apple it is called sweet cider because it contains a great many of these bacteria enter from the air, from unclean utensils, or from other surroundings and at once begin work upon the sugar. As a result the cider hard and finally it becomes vinegar unless put into an air-tight keg and kept in a cool place.

Among the constituents of milk are water, to the amount of 87 per cent, 3.5 per cent, casein 3.5 per cent, mineral matter .75 per cent and sugar 4.75 per cent. When the milk is first poured into the can, it is rapidly soured because since the milk is warm all the conditions necessary are exactly right. Then unless the milk is cooled they continue rapid work until all the sugar is changed to acid—the milk soured.

Since these little organisms must first get into the milk, then have a warm temperature in which to work the way to prevent the milk from souring is to keep the bacteria out as much as possible and then make the surroundings so cold that they cannot work. To do this have all surroundings as yard, stable and stall in good sanitary condition. Curry and brush the cow at least with as much care and attention as is given the horses. Keep all pails, strainers and other milk utensils scrupulously clean, and finally cool the milk to 50 degrees F. immediately after milking.

Setting milk into an ice box, a cave or a cellar to cool is not a very good plan because of frequent poor ventilation and bad odors. More satisfactory ways to keep the milk cool are, large enough to hold several shotgun milk cans, or out a barrel into halves and provide with a well fitted cover to keep out dust and shield the milk from the sun. By placing this between the pump and the watering trough, then running a spout from the pump to the cooler and another from the cooler to the trough. They were Charles Combs and C. A. Thompson, prosperous farmers and stock raisers of that section of the Hawkeye state. The Combs shipment consisted of 75 hogs, averaging 221 lbs., while the Thompson consignment comprised 67 head of 212-lbs. Both loads brought \$6.45.

### TRIPOLI HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY ITALIANS

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City Office—Rooms 2 and 3, Rock Island Building, corner Sixth and Edmond streets.

The St. Joseph Journal Publishing Co., Publishers.

W. E. WARRICK, Editor and Manager.

Largest Circulation of Any Paper Published in Buchanan County, Mo.

Entered at the Postoffice in St. Joseph, Mo., as Second Class Matter, September 4, 1887.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, per year \$6.00; Daily, six months \$3.00; Daily, three months \$1.50; Daily, one month \$0.50; Semi-Weekly, per year \$3.00; Weekly, per year \$1.50.

In making change of address, please state your former postoffice. Remits with postal order or draft payable to St. Joseph Journal Publishing Company.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

Usual 25 per cent commission allowed postmasters, who are authorized to take subscriptions.

MANY COWS CONDEMNED.

Chicago Live Stock World: Heavy, if not unprecedentedly large post mortem condemnations by government inspectors of cow stuff for tubercular disease in recent weeks has caused packer buyers to become sour on anything emanating from dairy regions that they had any reason to hold under suspicion and has done much to put the trade on emancipated old cows on the blink.

OLD FARMS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The commonwealth of Massachusetts has made a success of the real estate business, in the opinion of the state board of agriculture. The report of the board shows that as a result of its efforts to dispose of unoccupied farm lands in this state about 190 farms have been sold at an average price of \$1,000.

MORE HOGS, FEWER CATTLE.

Breeder's Gazette: Live stock receipts of the first nine months of the current year at the five principal western markets, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, and St. Joseph, will be approximately 5,200,000 cattle, 12,300,000 hogs, and 3,400,000 sheep.

LARD STILL GOING AHEAD.

Europe is still buying large quantities of American lard, last week's exports being 33,412,900 pounds, against 5,398,000 pounds a year, says an exchange. Lard exports during the first eight months of the current year were 345,740,476 pounds, valued at \$24,383,285, against 240,831,623 pounds, valued at \$29,923,209, last year.

CLEAN FEED FOR HEED.

Chicago Drivers Journal: Feeding of corn or other large grain and roots to cattle is best done on a clean floor of concrete, brick or wood, while all mill feed is best and most economically furnished in the form of a block placed in troughs of wood, thoroughly creosoted, or of concrete and constructed so the hogs can eat but not get into it.



Daddy's Bedtime Story

How a Sharp Answer Made a Very Good Motto

"Go About Your Business" Adorns Lawyer's Clock in Old London

"JACK," began daddy one evening when the youngsters were cozy in their cribs, "I think I heard you give Rob Smith a rather ill mannered answer this afternoon. As I recall it, you told him to 'go chase himself.'"

"No one day in his working clothes he walked in to where the dignified gentlemen of the bar were at dinner and, going up to the head of the table, asked, 'What motto shall I put on the clock, your lordship?'"

PIGS IN ALFALFA PATCHES

A Money-Making Combination—Result of Substation Experiment.

The man who tries to grow pigs without alfalfa, clover or other good pasture is playing a losing game, whether he knows it or not. Without pasture the cost of raising pork is too high under present conditions and with present prices to be profitable.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

SEASONABLE RECIPES. For Those Who Like Coffee.—Take half a pint of strong, clear and freshly made coffee, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, the yolks of six eggs and half a pint of milk.

Grilled Sweet Potatoes.—Take good sized sweet potatoes that have been boiled almost done, peel, cut lengthwise in slices a quarter of an inch thick, place on the broiler with the steak and brown first on one side, then on the other. Serve with butter sauce seasoned with black pepper.

Boiled Cauliflower.—Prepare a head of cauliflower by trimming and cleaning the head in salt water for a half hour, drain well, break apart in pieces of the desired size and serve with butter or cream sauce.

Milk.—Two tablespoonfuls of sugar (beat together), one cup of milk, two even cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two eggs (beaten separately) a pinch of salt.

Graham Gems.—Four eggs, one and one-half cups of milk, one cup of flour, one cup of graham flour, two tablespoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt; beat eggs without separating, add milk, flour, salt and baking powder; bake in gem pans for 20 minutes.

Popovers.—One pint of sweet milk, seven or eight tablespoonfuls flour, three eggs (well beaten); bake in quick oven in small cups or muffin rings. To be eaten hot with jam or preserves.

French Toast.—Beat four eggs very light; stir with them a pint of milk, dip in slices of bread and fry in hot butter.

Rice Muffins.—One cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, two eggs, in quart of milk (or enough to make thin batter), one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoon salt; beat hard and bake quickly.

JELLY HELPS. Place a few shavings of a small piece of paraffin in your jelly glasses. Pour the hot jelly on the paraffin. It will melt and rise to the top, when the jelly cools the glass will be sealed.

USE OF ALUMINUM GROWS. Aluminum is taking the place of tin for the manufacture of foil because of its economy. One pound of tin will roll out 23 1-4 feet of foil, but the aluminum is capable of being rolled thinner and will make almost 1768 feet. While it must be remembered that the tin is about three times heavier than aluminum yet at the same time the economy in favor of the aluminum is very great.

SHE WAS EXPERT SHOPPER

Clerks in Atchison Store Were Awestricken by Skill of the Woman Customer.

Early this morning a thin, well-dressed woman walked rapidly into an Atchison dry goods store where a big sale was going on. She stopped at the first counter she came to and began ransacking it. The woman at the counter fell back and a clerk hurried forward and respectfully looked on.

Then, with the swiftness of an arrow, she shot into the basement of the store, and from a damaged egg beater to bolts of cloth her hands flew over everything in that basement. Everywhere the woman encountered awestricken glances from the other women and the clerks.

NATURE TEACHES THE RABBIT

Instinct Alone, Not Their Parents, Tells Them How and What to Eat.

In popular "nature literature" it is often stated that wild animals "go to school," that the wood mothers teach their young both manners and morals that lead to the saving of their lives by grace of their legs.

Of several things I am positive. They never saw their mother "freeze," nor wash her face, nor sit up on her hind legs, nor could they have learned from her what is good to eat and what is poisonous.

As soon as they were strong enough to balance themselves, I saw them often sitting erect and sniffing the air. About the same time they were observed busily to wash their faces with their fore paws.

I tried to feed the rabbits with common vegetable poison. By giving them a very small handful of grass with several sprigs of nightshade intermixed, I was able to note their preferences. This experience was often repeated. In no case did I see them eat any nightshade. Evidently they possessed protective instincts which guarded them without a mother's teaching.—Country Life in America.

A GENUINE GUSHER.

For the edification of some distinguished visitors, the Grand old gusher in the Patro de Llanos oil field of Vera Cruz, Mexico was turned loose for a twenty-minute performance. The stream shot 490 feet in the air at an estimated daily flow of 500,000 barrels.

FURNACE WASTE.

Great as are the losses attending the mining of coal approximately 25,000,000 tons in a single year, the waste in the furnaces of the country is still greater, for less than 19 per cent of the coal heat units are converted into mechanical work in the factories; or the larger fact, that of the 200,000,000 tons of coal probably used in the power plants of the country (including locomotives) 270,000,000, or 99 per cent of the whole, is lost in the several transformations of energy; and not more than 19 per cent of the heat units, or the equivalent of only 39,000,000 tons of coal, is transformed into the mechanical work of the nation.

WARM BED COVERING.

Carpets and bed coverings are now made which emit a grateful warmth sufficient to heat a room to a moderate degree without any danger of short-circuiting, with its disastrous results. This has been utilized for some time principally for laboratory and therapeutic purposes, but the fabric made use of has been of a heavy, coarse texture which made it unavailable for general purposes.

Equal portions of potassium chlorate and sulphur, mixed together and burned in a shallow dish, make a cheap and effective disinfectant.

ARE FRIENDS OF THE FARMER

Blackbirds and Other Feathered Creatures Feed on Insects That Destroy Crops.

A number of years ago blackbirds were exceedingly abundant through eastern Nebraska. They were so plentiful that the farmers believed they were damaging crops, so they began poisoning the birds. A single grain of corn soaked in strychnine was enough to kill a blackbird. In the years that followed, great numbers of these and other birds were destroyed during the spring and fall.

The members of the United States entomological commission who witnessed the work accomplished by the birds in this region, said the results were so complete that it was impossible to entertain any doubt as to the value of birds as locust destroyers.—William L. Plafky, in Success.

WAS INVENTOR OF VOLAPUK

Johann Martin Schleyer, German Pastor, Devised That System of Universal Speech.

The name of Johann Martin Schleyer, who has just died at Constance at the age of 80, is now known to but a few persons outside the number directly concerned in his work. This German pastor was the inventor of Volapuk, which was once put forward with some plausible chances of success as an international language.

Schleyer's system of universal speech was introduced to the world in 1879. It was formed on the basis of similar artificial languages which seek to exclude all elements not universal. The sounds in Volapuk are expressed by twenty-seven letters, which, generally speaking, are to be used in their Latin, Italian or German values. Words are formed from the European languages. The noun in Volapuk is the root of the word divested of all sounds excluded by the rules of the new tongue.

The baby rabbits got along excellently. They soon began to trawl; wabblingly out of their nest and nibble at oats and to chew up whole blades of tender grass.

These disadvantages of the invention did not, however, prevent it from finding supporters in Europe and this country.

Was a Whisky Jack.

Three brokers walking up William street were attracted by four stuffed birds in a dingy window, says the New York Sun. One bet the two others that neither could name a four.

"Er—catbird," he ventured. "Come again." "Butcher bird. No? Well, brown thrasher just back from Pittsburg. You win. What is the bird, anyway?" "Whisky Jack," said the wise one. The other regarded him admiringly.

Lord (to groom, who appears with his arm in a sling and his face covered with sticking-plaster and scratches): "Good heavens, Bateal! What's the matter?" Bateal—"It's all on account of your lordship's orders. You says to me last night as 'ow 'The Cook's' girths was too tight, and you gave me orders to loosen 'em, wash 'er down, curry-comb 'er, and put 'er in the loose box. 'Cook, wot's indoors, overheard you, and, as she don't know the names of the 'ossea, tuk it personal and went for me sudden-like—and—er—well, look at me!"—London Tit Bits.

COOK OBJECTED.

A noble lord in the Midland counties has a favorite mare named "The Cook," apropos of which the following incident recently occurred: Lord (to groom, who appears with his arm in a sling and his face covered with sticking-plaster and scratches): "Good heavens, Bateal! What's the matter?"

THE OBVIOUS REPLY.

"Pa," inquired William, "what is burlesque?" "A burlesque, son," replied the father, "is a take-off." "Take off what?" "Henry," interrupted the mother, who had been listening to the conversation, "if you are going to answer that question I will leave the room."—Judge.

DIVERSE CAUSES.

"Many a man becomes a cynic because he was disappointed in love." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and many others eventually become cynics because they were not."

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OF THE OLD SCHOOL

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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The old man sat in his garden. It was a quaint old place with a tangle of roses enclosing the space where, near a fountain, was a stone bench. Here the old man sat each morning and watched the gold fish in the pellucid water. Today he wore an old brown coat with silver buttons. His hat was the fashion of a bygone age, everything about him showed that, for him, life had stopped in the late fifties.

It was a hot day, and his head nodded over his cane; the pigeons cooed and wheeled drowsily over the roof of the summer house on the other side of the hedge. The hedge was the dividing line between the estates of the very old man and his next door neighbor.

But there was another sound beside the cooing of the pigeons, and, at least the old man raised his head to listen. Then he moved uneasily, stood up and looked over the hedge.

A large rambler made an ineffective screen between him and the summer house. Through its interlacing branches he caught a glimpse of white gown, and closer observation showed a girl curled up in a corner of the wide seat within, sobbing as if her heart would break.

At first the old man thought she was alone, but presently he heard a man's voice say: "You are very silly, Marjorie."

The sobbing continued. "I don't see why you should make such a fuss over it," was the further masculine complaint.

The girl sat up, and the old man had a view of her flushed face and sparkling eyes. "If you love me," she said, "you could never have taken that ride with another woman."

"Who would have believed you jealous?" her companion taunted. "I am not jealous," and her voice quivered, "only I judged your feel-



Here the Old Man Sat.

ing by mine. I don't want to be with any one else when I can have you, and I had hoped you felt the same way."

"I have asked you to be my wife," was the reply. "Isn't that enough?" "I am not sure," her voice was troubled. "I am not sure, Bruce."

"When a man says that," was the cool rejoinder, "a woman should trust him. As I said before, I don't see why you should make a fuss, Marjorie."

She stood very still and pale in the door of the summer house. "Perhaps I am foolish," she said, "but I cannot be happy when you treat me this way."

Bruce came up behind her and thus brought himself into the vision of the near-sighted old man.

"Silly," he said, and leaned over Marjorie and kissed her.

Then from the other side of the hedge came a voice: "She is not silly," said Jonas Kent; "it is you who are a fool!"

They stared at him in amazement. Never before had they seen the recluse of the rose gardens. People had talked to them of him, of his almost forgotten love affair which had made him withdraw from the world, and live alone with his books. He stood before them now a shabby old figure in a shabby suit, but there was about him a dignity which made ridicule impossible.

He beckoned to them with his long forefinger. "Come over here and let me talk to you," he said.

In spite of themselves they obeyed. He had the air of one who had always commanded.

But when they sat on the stone bench beside the fountain Bruce said: "You called me a fool, sir, will you explain why?"

The old man looked at him thoughtfully. "I called you a fool because I was one. In my young days I tested a woman's love as you are testing this girl's, and one day she rebelled, and I let her go, and since then there has been for me—nothing." His old voice quavered. "I could never forget."

Then in the rose garden he told his little story to the lovers.

"She was such a pretty little thing," he said. "In those days women were praised for their gentleness and their meekness, and I loved her because she was different. She was a beauty, too,

and wore her hair in curls that fell about her white neck and made a frame for her fair face. Pink was her favorite color, and she used to look like a rose when she came to meet me here in this old garden. I loved her, and at last I won her. We were to be married in the fall. Then one June day there came a visitor from the city. She was a dark beauty as imperious as my own little lady. From the first moment they were friends. I think I was a bit jealous of their liking for each other, for I would have my sweetheart think of no one but myself. I think, too, that I wanted to test her, to have the thrill of conquest, to know the sweetness of seeing her jealous. You know what I mean?" he asked Bruce sharply.

The young man blushed. "I was not conscious, sir," he said, "of any such motive."

"Ah, but it was there," said the old man. "You wanted to see her flame and flare. You made her miserable that you might prove yourself the master."

"With that spirit in me," he went on, "I asked her friend one afternoon to ride with me. We stayed late and came back by moonlight. My little lady was waiting for us. She was very grave but very sweet. She would not distrust me. Had she grown indignant, and accused me, all would have been well, for I would have appeared her. But her dignified reserve simply urged me on to see if I could rouse the spirit in her. So day after day I paid attention to her friend, her false friend as it proved, for the girl from town was very willing to take me from the woman I was to marry."

"At last a day came when we had it out. My little lady said she would stand it no longer, that I did not love her, and I—treated her as you today have treated this child." He put his hand on Marjorie's shoulder. "I said she was silly, foolish, that she was unfair to distrust me. I wanted to see her eyes flash, and then to woo her back to believe in me. But I could not—and that night she went away for a long visit in a distant town. She wrote that she would think things over, and the next news was her marriage to another man. He broke her heart, as I knew she would. They lived near me, and I had to see her unhappy. She was a faithful wife and she never complained, but the burden of her misery and mine was always upon me."

He drew a long, shuddering sigh. "She is dead now, poor soul, and I live here alone, and all because in my pride of manhood I wanted to see a woman yield her will to mine."

"And that is what you have wanted to do today," he turned to Bruce. "And that is why I have told you my story that you might take warning and save yourself from a similar fate."

"But Marjorie never would," was the young man's assertion, "would you, dear heart?"

"Oh, I am not sure," her voice was tremulous. "No woman knows herself. It is better not to rouse in her a spirit of opposition. Love is too wonderful for that."

He came over and took her hands in his. "Yes," he said gravely, "love is too wonderful for that. Will you forgive me, Marjorie?"

"You were gentle and hopeful,"

an operatic air. She swung her parasol to and fro as she strolled.

"At least, Mr. Remington Ardsley, Jr.," she said, after a while, "they taught us, at college, to be polite."

"Politely pessimistic?" he asked. She nodded. "Perhaps—even that," she said. "But I'm sorry you've taken the trouble to look me up again if I'm so—so different."

"It's only on the surface, I think—I hope."

Cynthia turned on him, an angry flash in her eyes. "Add dishonesty, hypocrisy to my list of acquired faults! I'm sure you've heaped compliments on my head this afternoon and no mistake," she declared angrily and quickening her step. "Even the oldest of friends can go too far in frankness."

Ardsley bit his lip to keep from uttering the words of forgiveness he felt would beg, but he felt it his duty to give Cynthia an idea of how her recently acquired notions affected her friends. It was hard, but he had determined to do it. He believed he understood women and he felt this to be his duty plainly laid down.

After that there was, little said between them and when he left her at her father's gate it was with a distant, curt word of farewell from her as she hastened up the rose-path and disappeared from view.

That night he thought only of Cynthia and the more he reviewed his own attitude and recalled his own accusations the more he hated himself. What right had he to sit thus in judgment of her? He had been brutally frank—cruel even—and she had tried at first to take him in jest. He had accused her of being not only unwomanly but hypocritical.

The next day he met Cynthia's brother at the club at lunch. The two men had always been friends, but somehow today when Robert Danvers took the seat opposite Ardsley at the small table, the latter felt strangely ill at ease. How could he look into the eyes of a man whose sister he had treated so badly?

Luncheon was well under way when Danvers looked up at Ardsley.

"Rem, old man, you're always been a friend of the family, haven't you?" Ardsley nodded, a pang of shame darting through his whole being. "Of course," he said.

"We're pretty proud, you know, Rem, as a family, but sometimes I think it's false pride and—well, Cynthia is suffering from it all."

"Cynthia?" repeated Ardsley, in a low tone. "How so?"

"The pater, as you well know, married a woman we did not care for—

Cynical Cynthia

By Dorothy Blackmore

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Family ties, love, sentiment and the like count for little nowadays," remarked Cynthia.

"Do they teach that at college?" Cynthia Danvers raised her eyebrows, shrugged her shoulders and answered, "Perhaps they do. Who knows?"

Remington Ardsley looked her squarely in the eyes before he spoke. "Then my daughters shall not go to college," he said.

Cynthia laughed. "You anticipate the future with flattery to yourself," she retorted.

"I'll deal in the present, if you prefer, Cynthia. Though, to be perfectly frank, I was happier in the past," he said earnestly.

Cynthia's eyes questioned him. She did not speak.

"Yes; when you were a sweet, unspoiled girl," he said deliberately. "Before you went to college," he added.

"Thanks," replied Cynthia, sharply. They walked on in silence. The warm sunshine invited a lagging step; it cast over all the world of Glenmore, a lazy step. Even Cynthia, usually erect and quick of action, strolled.

"Four years ago when your step-mother sent you to a fashionable college, Cynthia, you were neither hard nor cynical," Ardsley continued. "You were gentle and hopeful and—womanly." He added the final adjective with some misgivings. He was not sure he dared to speak so frankly; and he watched her from the tail of his eye.

Cynthia raised her chin a trifle higher and began indifferently to hum

"Words absolutely fall me, Cynthia, to tell you how woefully I misjudged you. Can you—will you try to—forgive me?" He spoke earnestly and looked down into her eyes as she stood with him out on the big veranda.

Cynthia did not answer for a moment. "Why—what have you done?" she asked, the old trick back again.

"Done? I accused you of being anything but the sweet, womanly girl you are, Cynthia. I thought—in a very great egotism—that I was the one to name your faults, to judge you. I did not understand what you have to—put up with. I did not know it was all done for a noble purpose. Oh, Cynthia, I am sorry."

"Don't be, Remington," she said, generously. "I forgive you for thinking I had put on silly airs just to show that I had been away at college."

Ardsley smiled gratefully and took her hands. "Do you? And—will you prove it by promising to be my wife?" Cynthia drew back—not too far back. "Am I not too cynical?" she asked.

"You're Cynthia," he said. "That's enough for me."

IS RESIGNED TO HIS FATE

Daggleberry Has Come to the Conclusion That He Can Not Lose Hated Case.

Daggleberry is in despair. It's all on account of a case that was presented to him last Christmas. Daggleberry hates cases. He thinks a man who carries one is the quintessence of a mollycoddle. But this case was given him by an old and dear friend, and there was no way out of it but to make a show of carrying it, for a while at least.

"O, well, I'll lose it pretty soon, anyway," said Daggleberry.

Sure enough he did. He left it in a hat store. He hadn't gone a block before a clerk came running after him with the cane and received Daggleberry's rather grumpy thanks.

A month later the cane was missing again. Daggleberry was happy. A whole week went by without the cane making its reappearance. "Gone for good, this time, I guess," was Daggleberry's thought.

The very next day the cane arrived at the house by messenger. He had left it in the cigar store he regularly patronizes. The proprietor sent a note along telling him that it would have been returned sooner but he had expected Daggleberry in any day. Daggleberry paid the messenger boy who brought it and said nothing, but looked unutterable things.

Last week it disappeared again, but this time as the result of a careful plot. Daggleberry had a friend who was going to the far west.

"This is my chance," thought Daggleberry. So he went to the station with his friend, and just as they were parting pressed the cane upon him and said:

"Take this with you, old man, as a little remembrance."

The friend was effusive in his thanks and Daggleberry was equally pleased. Three days later the cane came back by express "collect." Daggleberry's friend had lost it on the train and another friend of Daggleberry found it and recognized it as Daggleberry's. Daggleberry is now resigned to his fate.

A Thing of the Past. Investigators have found that people who have black eyes are impetuous.

In some cases, people who have black eyes have been impetuous, but they no longer thirst for combat.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HONESTY IS THE NEW WAY

Tricks That Used to Obtain in Reputable Business Firms Now Obsolete.

"The new idea in business is honesty, openness, frankness," said Alton B. Parker at a dinner at Esopus. "We used to conceal our plumbing, and very poor, unsanitary work it was. We expose it now, and it is altogether sound and wholesome and satisfactory. Well, business is like that."

"When I think of some of the tricks that used to obtain in reputable business firms I am reminded of the seaside acrobat."

"This scoundrel once held up a \$10 gold piece and said:

"Guess the date on this piece of money, friends. Make a guess and a small purchase, and the correct guesser takes the coin."

"So everybody in the crowd guessed, everybody bought some worthless rubbish, and the dealer netted a huge profit. Then, at the end, he looked at the \$10 gold piece, held it up and said:

"Now for it! Who guessed 1894?" "Me! Me! Me!" cried every man jack in the shop.

"The dealer smiled. "Then you all guessed wrong," he said, slipping the coin into his pocket. "The date is 1882."

BUILDING 100 STORIES HIGH

Nothing Improbable in Report of Plans for New Structure for City of New York.

There is nothing intrinsically improbable in the report that a hundred story building has been planned for New York. A 50-story building is already in process of construction there, and presumably there are no serious engineering problems involved in the higher structure that have not been encountered in the lower. The one essential sufficient in area to provide an ample base should be obtained; the relation between base and height in skyscrapers has been at least theoretically determined. Whether a hundred story building is commercially practicable is another question. Would a suite of offices on the ninety-ninth floor, say, rent easily? This is something that perhaps even the real estate experts in Manhattan could not decide offhand. But if the hundred story structure should be built, rising 1,200 feet above the pavement, New York would take a certain pride in having by far the loftiest building in the world, a contrivance of steel and cement greatly overtopping the famous Eiffel tower.—Providence Journal.

French Ambassador's Conscience.

Now and again our chancellor of the exchequer receives anonymous sums from those who at some time have accidentally or by design defrauded the treasury, says the London Globe. Recently the French minister of finance received 2 fr. 10c. This modest return evidently set some one thinking, for a few days later came the restitution of about eighteen pence is easier to make than 1,300 pounds; possibly the temptation to withhold the smaller sum might have been in inverse ratio. The Paris contemporary from which we take the foregoing mentions a curious case of fraud in which the ambassador of a great power was involved. How long it went on is not stated, but in his will he left 60,000 francs (2,400 pounds) to reimburse the state for what he had withheld during his lifetime.

Action of Frost on Plants.

A Swedish botanist has propounded a new theory to explain the killing action of frost on plants, as well as the fact that certain plants escape damage when others are destroyed. He observed that such plants as cerastium and viola, which survive the severe winters of Sweden, have the starch in their leaves replaced during the cold season by sugar. He then found that in plants which do not possess this peculiarity ice is formed in the interstices between the cells, and the water is withdrawn from the cell sap. When the water is extracted the proteins in the cell pass out of solution with disastrous effects. But if sugar is present the proteins remain in solution until a much lower temperature is reached.

Evolution of a Fair Maid.

At Twelve—I shan't do everything you command; you're only my maid! At Fifteen—I will show you I have a little independence of my own! Besides, you're only my stepfather! At Sixteen—A girl of my age should not take such talk from any one, not even from you, mother! At Eighteen—Harold, you have no control over my actions; you are only my fiancé! At Twenty—You are only—Oh, I wish I was back with father and mother!—Smart Set.

The Resorts of Millionaires.

They were on the subway. The middle-aged man was sober, but his young companion had confided to him in particular, and the whole car in general, that the champagne had tasted unusually fine that evening.

"I see by this paper," commented the sober one, "that a lot of millionaires are going to be presented at court in London."

"Yeah," agreed the youth; "shum of 'em go to court, an' shum go to jail."—Twice-a-Month Popular.

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HOW THE PRETTY GIRL KEPT HER WORD

When Threatened With a Kiss.

With impudent daring the dashing young man, having carried on a merry conversation until the timid creature had not noticed how far they were straying from the house, turned to her and said:

"I believe I will kiss you."  
"Sir!" she exclaimed haughtily, drawing herself up with an air of regal disdain. "How dare you?"

"It isn't a question of courage; it's a question of taste," he smiled nonchalantly.  
"I positively forbid you to do such a thing!" she declared.

"And what good does your forbidding do?" he argued. "We are away out here in the meadows. Listen to the joyous trilling of yonder birds that are billing and cooing. All nature suggests love-making, and—"

"Sir, you are positively rude!" she interrupted, stamping her little foot.

"I should be rude, indeed, not to wish to kiss so pretty a girl in such lovely surroundings," he said placing his arm firmly about her slender waist.  
"I will not let you kiss me!" she asserted.

"You will not?" he laughed easily.  
"How will you prevent me? I am stronger than you; you cannot get away from me."

"I can still scream, thank heaven!" she answered determinedly.

With no further argument he placed his free hand under her dimpled chin, elevated it to the proper angle and kissed her.

True to her word, she exclaimed, "Thank heaven!"—Judge.

KNOTS INSTEAD OF BUTTONS

Chinese Diplomat's Explanation of the Various Kinds Used by His Countrymen.

A Chinese diplomat, dressed in broad silk, was sitting out a dance beside a fountain with a Bar Harbor girl.

"Yes," he admitted, "my dress is pretty, and one queer thing about it is that it has no buttons—only knots and knotholes."

He showed her the fastenings of his flame colored jacket.

"You see?" he said. "Short cords, each with a knot at the end, and on the other side a knothole, or, as you would say, a buttonhole. That is simpler than buttons, simpler and easier. Do you wear pajamas? Yes? Then you must know that what I say is so."

"On my pajamas," said the girl, laughing a little, "I have buttons and buttonholes instead of knots and knotholes."

"How foolish of you!" said the diplomat. "But what I was going to say was that the knots we employ in place of buttons are of many kinds, and they have many names. There are plum blossom and cherry blossom knots for young girls' garments. Such you would wear. There are winter and snow knots for the aged. Soldiers have death knots."

"What kind of knots are yours?" the young girl asked.

"Mine?" he replied. "Oh, mine are just the usual married man's knots."  
"And what are they called?" she pursued.

"Knots of resignation," he answered, with a sigh.

Gangrene and Oxygen

A remarkable instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the Hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Langier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot—one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A singular experiment tried upon another patient, equally aged, and equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

Didn't Need It.  
It was the anniversary of his young son's birthday, and the proud father, who felt that he ought to give the lad something, stepped into a bookseller's shop.

"What kind of book would you like, sir?" asked the assistant, to whom the other had confided his purchase.

"Something that would be useful and educative," answered the father, forgetting that he always detested such books in his own boyhood.

"Well, here is a very excellent one on 'Self-Help!'"  
"Self-Help!" exclaimed the father. "Ben don't need anything of that kind. You ought to see him at the dinner-table!"

A Summer Butterfly.  
"That fellow thinks he has a license to flirt, but he'll get his."  
"Why his sense of security?"  
"Oh, he was divorced by some judge, with a proviso that he must not marry again."

BEARS AFTER FOREST FIRES

Grizzlies Become Menace to Live Stock in Mountain Regions of Oregon.

One effect of the forest fires which swept great areas last year has been to drive a lot of grizzly bears from their former feeding grounds and make them a menace to stock. Many reports have been received here recently of the depredations of these big animals on the east slope of the Cascade mountains and preparations are being made to hunt them down, says a Portland correspondent of a Chicago paper.

The Cascade mountains have never been known as the haunt of the grizzlies. In the Blue mountains, about 200 miles to the east, however, the animals have been known to be fairly plentiful. Great areas of the Blue mountains and nearby ridges were burned over in the great forest fires of last year, and so this spring the grizzlies did not find the supplies of food to which they had been accustomed. It is believed that they then wandered across the valleys to the range nearer the coast. Here they also found insufficient supplies, and so they have turned on the stock which ranges the east slope of the Cascades.

Berry Hickson, an old time woodsman of the upper McKenzie river, had a great surprise recently when he set out on an expedition into the Cascades. In the middle of one night several bears brought down one of his pack mules and ate it. He had to guard the others on succeeding nights and with difficulty got out of the country with any of them. He has also suffered losses in stock and will join with other hunters in going after this big game.

MADE FORTUNE IN RADISHES

Long Island Man Got in on Ground Floor and Reaped a Rich Harvest.

"What little things make men rich," said Robert A. Skelton, at the Cochran. "I was on an automobile ride on Long Island the other day, and out Jamaica way was shown a fine country residence, with beautiful grounds and delightful fields."

"My friend told me that what I saw was all derived from selling radishes and lettuce to New York produce dealers. Nothing else was raised on the farm winter or summer but radishes and lettuce of high quality, and most of it under glass. Abe Van Sicken was the farmer who foresaw a good market for such relishes out of season, and he began in a small way to supply the big restaurants in New York, then merchants, with the product every month in the year."

"He could get his own prices in winter, and for that matter did not worry about the outdoor competition in summer. His regular patrons were glad to make yearly contracts, and soon Abe became rich."

"Others started in to follow his methods, but by the time they were looking for customers old Abe had gathered in a fortune, and he died at the age of eighty-seven, very well content with the radish and lettuce road to fortune."—Washington Post.

WIVES FOR TOBACCO

In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying one of these matrimonial shipments, dated London, August 12, 1621, says:

"We send you in the ship one widow and eleven maids, as wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good recommendations. There are nearly fifty more that are ready to come. For the reimbursing of charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them, give one hundred pounds of sweet leaf tobacco for each of them."—Kirkland, Commercial and Business Anecdotes.

Honest Labor Wears a Lovely Face.

It is extremely doubtful if the Connecticut senate would have voted to take a recess but for the appeal of Senator Alsop of the Fifth district, whose physical beauty was vouched for by Senator Donovan when he referred to the senator from the Fifth as "the handsomest member of the senate." Senator Alsop, who has certainly been one of the most faithful attendants at the sessions of the senate, told the senators that he had about sixty men working on his tobacco plantation and that he was his own foreman. Forty of these men are green hands. "If I don't get a week off to attend to my farming operations I'll go broke," said Senator Alsop, and it was an appeal which the senator's colleagues could not resist.—Hartford Times.

The Cross of Holy Rood.

For many years the miraculous cross (which was alleged to have saved King David's life by interposing itself between him and an infuriated white stag) was preserved in the abbey. Its virtue, however, was tested in 1346 at the battle of Dunbar. The test proved too much for the cross, which fell into the hands of the enemy, who paid it the respect of housing it in the cathedral near the field of battle. It is said that the texture of the Cross of Holy Rood was such that "no mortal artificer could tell whether it was of wood, horn or metal."—London Chronicle.

"BIG ANNIE" IS A MOTHER

Largest Snake in the Zoo Gives Birth to Fifty-Seven Offspring and All but Nine Are Living.

New York.—Perhaps it was because there were only a few visitors at the zoo the other afternoon and only a few discreet attendants in the reptile house. Or maybe that had nothing to do with it. Anyway, at about three o'clock there was a portentous thrashing and writhing in the cage Big Annie, the prize 19-foot anaconda, shares with Rex, a royal python. Assistant Curator Dittmare heard the noise and looked in. Then he ran out and gathered up 14 keepers.

"I want you to come with me," he told them. "Big Annie is—or rather she will—Never mind, come on quick and get her in another cage. And then, before the legendary Jack Robinson could earn mention, there were 57 new little anacondas at the zoo. Dr. W. Reed Blair, who was hurried over, said he'd be gosh dinged, or something like that. If he'd ever seen the like before. Nine of the 57 didn't seem to appreciate the breathing world and left it. The others perked right up, and now they are crawling all over each other as lively as flame. Blair said they were "doing fine."

R. H. Mole, a newspaper editor in Port of Spain, Trinidad, who sent Big Annie to the zoo, got on the cable almost at the moment of Annie's good fortune, and sent word that he had found the 19 foot mate of Annie, and should be sent him along. Mr. Dittmare cabled "Sure." But if things keep on the curator fears the zoo may have more anacondas than it really needs.

TWIN SISTERS FINALLY MEET

Two Sixteen-Year-Old Girls Are Reunited in Indianapolis After Being Separated for Years.

Indianapolis, Ind.—After being separated practically all their life Marguerite Veall, of Wichita, and Marie Froeman, of Indianapolis, twin sisters, 16, have been reunited here.

Neither could remember having seen the other and neither knew until recently that the other existed. Both were adopted when babies from a home here, and their real names are not given. Miss Veall lived with a family at Wichita and did not learn until a year ago that she had a sister. She came here to visit her supposed mother's family.

The other day she visited a department store here and met a girl her exact counterpart in appearance. Both were amazed at their resemblance to each other. Miss Veall returned to her home much perturbed. She visited the store again and met her twin.

DODDING THE PRYING PRESS

How the President and Cabinet Fool the Newspaper Correspondents in Washington.

When the cabinet holds a meeting one of the things that causes inevitable concern is, "What shall we tell the correspondents?"

The president has made it well understood that the less said about these conferences the better; but there is always a group of newspaper men at the door of the White House offices waiting for members of the cabinet to appear after their session. It has come to be something of a joke with the men who help the president decide great questions of public policy that when the usual question is asked at the close of the cabinet meetings the chief executive turns to the secretary of agriculture and says: "Suppose you see the newspaper men, Wilson; we didn't discuss anything in your department."

It is a point of honor, a sort of unwritten law, that no member of the cabinet shall give out information regarding affairs in other departments of the government than his own. While, therefore, the venerable secretary of agriculture presents himself as a target for the newspaper men's questions, the other members of the cabinet quietly and unostentatiously slip away, and the world learns that "nothing of importance was discussed" that day by the president and his cabinet.—The Sunday Magazine.

ELDERLY SANITARIUM TREATMENT

Elim Fed on Ericks. Springfield, Mass.—In removing an elm tree to prepare for the foundations of the new municipal building workmen discovered a bulging root about four feet in the ground. The root was cut open and inside were found two bricks, which the root completely enveloped. The specimen will probably be given to the Science museum.

Jerry Wing

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