

MAKING A PATRIOT

By Epps W. Sargent

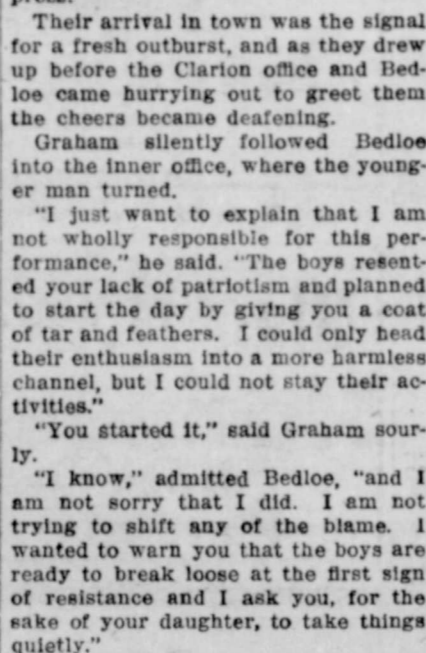
Milly hung herself from her horse and dashed up the few steps to where her father, David Graham, sat scowling out upon the world. "Here are two letters and The Clarion," she said as she delivered the mail. "There were some letters for the boys that I left down at the bunk house and what do you suppose, Dad? They're going to have a Fourth of July celebration on Monday."



"You can take your choice."

Cuyler Bedloe had started a little paper in addition to his law practice and he had been a leader in a march of progress that brought the population of the town very close to that of its deadly rival, Bitter Creek. There was to be a barbecue, a parade (with a band famous in four states to head the procession) and the governor, who had been a classmate of Bedloe's at college, had half promised to address the crowd from the rear of the train that was bearing him to the celebration at the capital. It was intended to crush Bitter Creek's ambition with one decisive blow, and the plans bid fair to draw most of the Bitter Creek crowd to Monday. When he rode up to the Diamond G ranch house Bedloe encountered the first rebuff that he had received since the plans were started. "I suppose you read The Clarion," he said when Graham had given a surly greeting. "We are planning a big time. It will be a great thing for Monday to have the governor make a speech. It will advertise us all over the state."

The evening before the Fourth, Graham went down to the corral and in a terse speech, announced that any man not found at work in the morning could consider himself dismissed. He paid no heed to the murmur of protest, but turned upon his heel and went back to the house. He went comfortably to sleep, nor did he wake until, with a boom, the first gun of a salute of 21, rang out on the morning air, as a brand new flag was run up on a staff that had appeared upon his roof overnight. Graham looked sleepily about him, then he sprang out of bed with an oath. A score of range riders had crowded into his room. "This is the day we celebrate," explained the leader, Hank Peters, of the Star Bar ranch. "Knowing you to be famous for your patriotism, we took the liberty of providing appropriate toys for you to wear."



"Our astral guide, Saintess Iris, will favor us."

"I know," admitted Bedloe, "and I am not sorry that I did. I am not trying to shift any of the blame. I wanted to warn you that the boys are ready to break loose at the first sign of resistance and I ask you, for the sake of your daughter, to take things quietly." Bedloe drew a box of cigars from his desk. "Better fill your pockets," he suggested. "You will need them during the day. Now we will lead the procession to the train." He linked his arm through Graham's and together they went back to the sidewalk. Graham climbed into the buggy and Bedloe swung himself into the saddle to head the escort. The band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the march to the depot began. There was a band concert while they waited for the train, and at last, when the special puffed into sight and the governor appeared upon the rear platform of his car to be welcomed by Bedloe and presented with a bouquet by Milly, even the Bitter Creek crowd caught the enthusiasm. Graham, feeling far less like a fool in his gaudy costume since the governor had congratulated him upon his appearance, climbed back into the buggy with a smile upon his face and led the way to the grove where the barbecue was being prepared. He read the Declaration of Independence with a full round voice and blushed bashfully at the applause that followed his efforts. As the crowd descended from the stand Hank Peters slipped up to Graham. "Our orders were to see that you made good," he said in a whisper. "You can go now if you want to."

THE SIXTH SENSE

By Fred Fitch

"Ah, dear friends, we must not forget that we are only an infinitesimal part of it. Remember," and the speaker's voice sank to an impressive whisper. "Thoughts are Things." He paused and waited expectantly for the chorus of adulation, which immediately arose. "Be-yew-te-ful," simpered an angular female. "Such a be-yew-te-ful thought." "So refreshing. Such an original idea," echoed another, glaring vindictively at the preceding speaker, and then turning a beatific smile upon the man on the rostrum. John Wilcox, star reporter for the Transcript, prowling about in search of news, had inadvertently stumbled upon a meeting of the New Cult. This was a society recently organized for the cultivation of the sixth sense, the godlike quality which, if developed to its highest possibilities, gave the fortunate possessor the key to, not only the secrets of this material world, but the mysteries of the vast universe beyond. "A scoop," breathed John softly, and then stood quietly observing the assembled old men, passe women, stammering maidens and callow youths who were listening with rapt attention to the drivel of the greasy individual on the platform. The speaker rambled on. "And now, dear companions, we will listen to a little effusion of mine. A mere trifle, and he waved his fat hand deprecatingly, "an ethereal child of the imagination; an allegory on that mystic symbol, the lotus flower. "Our astral guide, Saintess Iris, will favor us. It is especially fitting," he continued with a deep sigh of contentment, "that such a pure thought should be disseminated through the spiritual medium of our dead Iris." And at a sign from him a white robed figure glided from the doorway at the side of the stage. At a sign of this apparition John sank weakly into a convenient chair. "Jiminy," he ejaculated finally, when he had recovered from the first shock of astonishment, "what is that goddess doing here?" And he gazed disgustedly around the dirty hall. He listened eagerly to the rippling tones as she recited the imbecile oration that the author had referred to as "an ethereal child of the imagination, and when she had finished he sat entranced until the oily voice of her companion aroused him from his reverie. "Ah, dear associates," he was saying, "how appropriate is the name of our saintly Iris, the rainbow of our hopes, the celestial medium through which we know realms beyond," and he grasped her reluctant hand and led her to the front of the platform. John noted her gesture of repulsion as the pudgy hand closed over hers. "The dirty scoundrel," he muttered savagely, "I'll expose him and run him out of town."



"Our astral guide, Saintess Iris, will favor us."

Absorbed in wondering contemplation of her remarkable beauty he paid no further attention to the vague vapors of the man and was unaware that the meeting was drawing to a close. It was only when she disappeared and her companion hurried down the aisle toward him that he realized he was caught. He met the beady, suspicious eyes of the man squarely, however, and coolly advanced toward him with outstretched hand. "Ah," said the lecturer as he took the proffered hand hesitatingly, "a stranger?" "Yes," answered John calmly. "I came with my friend," and he waved his hand indefinitely toward a nearby knot of men. The face of the questioner cleared. "Ah, yes," smiling unctuously, "you are a neophyte. What do you think of our doctrine?" "Sublime," replied John enthusiastically. "And Iris—say, old man, 'd like to sit at her feet and listen to the dissemination of your words of wisdom." The man stiffened perceptibly. "Young man, only the members of the Inner Circle hold communion with our gifted priestess." "Yes, certainly," agreed John basely. "Of course. I was hasty. How much to get into the Inner Circle?" And he displayed a plump and enticing roll of bills. The man's eyes sparkled greedily, but he drew back haughtily. "No, no," he exclaimed with assumed indignation. "You misunderstood. Our favor is not for sale. Of course," he added hastily, "if you wish to contribute for

running expenses, now that you are one of us, why—er—" "Surely," interrupted John, stripping off a bill, "will ten help any?" "Ah," said the man, pocketing the bill with a sigh of satisfaction, "you have a liberal heart. All things are possible to one like you." Then, placing his arm about John's shoulders cordially, "Develop your Ego. Surround yourself with harmonious conditions. Get away from the material, my son. Come to us often and, confidentially, you may soon attain to the graces of our saintly one." And with a fatherly pat he passed to a group of satellites. John looked after him disgustedly. So that was the bait. Perhaps she was a party to the scheme. He left the hall in a tumult of uncertainty. His instincts urged him to expose the fraud, yet his heart compelled him to silence. That silent appeal had kindled his chivalry. He resolved to give her the benefit of the doubt and not take any action which might work to her detriment. He found himself watching with feverish impatience for the appearance of the significant "personal," and when it appeared he was surprised at the weight that was lifted from his anxious mind. If he had entertained any doubts of the shrinking girl's abhorrence of the odious fraud, these doubts were dispelled on this evening. He longed to shield her from the brutal gaze of the vulgar audience. The intensity of his gaze again drew her eyes to his and then, reading the unmistakable admiration and pity there, she colored and hastily withdrew. "Ah, my boy," was the lecturer's greeting, "your interest encourages me. I hope that you are absorbing the beautiful and precious teachings of our sublime philosophy. Remember, Thoughts are Things." "Yes, yes," replied John, irritably, "but when—" The man interrupted him with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Ah, my dear young friend, you must control your impatience. Oh, the greatness of mortal passion," and he sighed sorrowfully. After the lapse of another seemingly never-ending week the summons was again issued, and John set out for the meeting place with a firm determination of forcing a meeting with Iris. But when he reached the rendezvous his expectations were dashed. The hall was dark and empty. Inquiries failed to elicit any satisfactory information. "Skipped, I guess," said the janitor. "The old geezer paid the rent for tonight, but I guess he got scared off. They've been a newspaper man nosin' round here for a couple of days." With his spirits thus at the lowest ebb, his hopes received sudden and unexpected animation. In reading the cult's customary and tormenting notice, his attention was arrested by a meaningless jumble at the end. It read thus: "Npjojb lhm." Evidently the phrase had been inserted for a purpose. He returned to the paper and studied it long and carefully. His efforts were unavailing, however, and he could make nothing out of the message, if message it was. Then he thought of Middleton, a friend of an investigating turn, with a hobby for ciphers. He went to him. Middleton glanced at the melange of letters and said: "Moenian hall. Does that convey anything?" "Does it?" cried John excitedly. "Why, old man, that means everything to me." His elation knew no bounds when he stepped into the dingy hall that evening and surprised a meeting of the society. He rejoiced in Iris' look of relief and satisfaction when she beheld him and when the meeting closed he advanced determinedly to the platform. "I want to see Iris," he demanded succinctly. He ignored the other's protestations and resolutely forced his way past the lecturer and into the little ante-room. As he closed the door behind him she advanced with a little cry of joy. "You saw it?" she questioned eagerly. His heart leaped. "Then—then it was for me?" he asked triumphantly. She nodded confusedly. "Why did you send for me?" he demanded. "I—I—" She faltered and stopped. "Why?" he insisted, and her heaving bosom and radiant eyes gave the answer. "Iris," he whispered, softly, "what is it?" "Oh, this loathsome trickery," she burst out vehemently. "Take me away from it; take me away." And she clung to him in a frenzy of weeping. "There, there," he assured her soothingly, "of course I will, and if that old duffer interferes, I'll punch his head." She laid a protesting hand upon his arm. "Don't," she pleaded. "He is my father." "Oh," he said, with sudden illumination, "that explains it." He wheeled and drew her closer to him as the door opened. He met her father's glance composedly and bore the man's trade of abuse calmly. "Old man," he said quietly when the other paused, "you're a fakir and I could run you out of town if I wished, but you're her father, so that lets you out. Go on with your sixth sense nonsense, if you want to, but you'll have to get a new priestess. Iris and I are going to start a little cult of our own."

ALL AUTHORS ARE TALKATIVE If You Know One, Be Tactful and Let Him Converse About His Work. I know nothing about really great authors, but I think I speak for a large number of the followers of the trade when I say that they like to talk about their work, one great reason being that writing is a lonely profession. If you write, as a rule you must do it by yourself; or if you do attempt it in company, you or the company will be sorry. Therefore, when the writing is done, and a sympathetic listener offers, the writer is glad to wipe out some of the lonely hours with a little conversation. So, if you know an author, don't be too breathless about his calling; treat him like a human being. Let him talk a little, and do not be shocked if he manages to keep the tears back when he tells you about his last short story. Only, be tactful. Do not say, as an eager acquaintance once said to me: "Oh, I do think it is so interesting to write. It must be just fascinating when your manuscripts come back!" I discovered afterward that she meant proofs instead of manuscripts, but the mistake of just that single word made me, who am usually so garrulous about my trade, feel for the time being that I really did not care ever to speak of it again. So I repeat, let the poor author talk, but be tactful—Atlantic Monthly. R. L. S. IN THE ADIRONACKS Stevenson, While Fighting Off Disease There, Seemed Indifferent to the Laws of Health. Robert Louis Stevenson, for so wise a man, seems to have been singularly unaware of, or indifferent to, the laws of health, but that, too, may have been part of his wisdom. He spent the winter of 1887 in the Adirondacks struggling against the disease which was not to subdue him for seven years. He lived in a little cottage that was much overheated and from which all ventilation was carefully excluded. The smoke of his incessant cigarettes obscured the atmosphere and perhaps helped to drive away the visitors who came to gaze upon him as one gazes at a lion in a den. Fashionable callers were specially unwelcome and Stevenson once remarked, according to an account in the Medical Record, that "it isn't the great unwashed which I dread, but the great washed." But whoever else was unwelcome there was always a greeting for Richard Mansfield. It is an impressive, almost a tremendous picture, that of the clouded room fitfully lit by the flames of the log fire and Stevenson huddled close to the warmth while Mansfield at the other end of the room gave his weird impersonation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It must have been like God looking upon his handiwork and finding it good. King's Watch in Pawn. A time-honored London tavern, the Castle, at the corner of Cowcross street, facing Farringdon street, enjoys the unique distinction of being also a fully-licensed pledge shop. Over a door in the bar, which gives access to the landlord's private room, and thrown into bold relief by the official document behind it, the historic three-sphere symbol is discernible. Anyone may here negotiate a loan upon his personal belongings without being under the necessity of first calling for refreshment. This strange combination of business dates from the reign of George IV, who, after attending a cock fight at Hockley-in-the-Hole, applied to the landlord of the castle for a temporary accommodation on the security of his watch and chain. By royal warrant a few days later he invested that obliging boniface with the right of advancing money on pledges, and from that time down to the present a pawnbroker's license has been annually granted to the Castle. This hostelry is mentioned once or twice by Dickens—Stray Stories. In Classic Boston. Signs seen in Boston, according to the Transcript: Piccard at a moving picture show: "Young children must have parents." In a barber shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back." Sign in a Tremont street store: "Empty boxes—suitable for Christmas gifts." In a tailor's shop: "We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?" In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands." A silversmith has a place next door to a restaurant. The former having put up a placard: "Jewelry of all kinds placed." The restaurant keeper followed with this: "Oysters and little neck clams plated." Dress for an Earthquake. An old lady was staying at a hotel at Nice at the time of the earthquake. "My dear," she was wont to say, "I was simply tumbled out of bed and the ceiling cracked. I threw on a fur cloak and unconsciously pulled on one long black suede glove, and when I got down to the hall and found all the other guests—my dear, I was the best dressed woman there!" Not as Bad as He Feared. "I will be your Nemesis!" she hissed. "All right," he sneered. "I was afraid you might take advantage of the fact that this is leap year and insist on being something else."

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MOLDING OF A CHARACTER

Matter of the Greatest Moment to Which Too Little Thought is Directed. To nothing in life, perhaps, is there directed so little thought as to the shaping of a career—the molding of a character. Thousands of men and women around us live their indifferent lives, and pass away without doing anything really worth while, failing to get out of life its best and most beautiful. We need not achieve wonderful things or become great personages high in the esteem of the world; it matters not whether we are king or peasant, the stamp of merit is placed on those who give their whole-hearted attention to whatever they undertake.

Let us not be afraid to examine our faults. It requires courage, certainly, to weigh our own defects and look them bravely in the face; but it is only by so doing that we may overcome them and cast them aside. Shall we be content to drift along without striving to rise above the level of those who do not care? Our character lies in our own hands. There is no one else in the world who can make or mar it.

OVERWORK IS GREAT FOLLY

Woman can rail at the folly of overwork and she gets scant heed. Here is what two prominent men have to say about it. Whether they practice as they preach is best known to themselves, but the sentiment is all right.

Chauncey Depew has said: "I do not believe in overwork, and the body can not endure it." Klirkham, in his "Resources," writes: "If we do not play enough it is because we are overfond of business and because the modern ideal is, not a well-rounded man of elevated mind, healthy body and diverse resources, but a rich man, a man of property—of one resource only. Another reason is, play implies leisure, and leisure is the cardinal heresy against the religion of trade, the dogma of business. The orthodox view is a life of constant effort, followed by retirement and rest.

The fruit of that doctrine is a host of prematurely old men, cynical, dyspeptic, nervous, depleted, without resources, but with money; that is to say, dead men."

Instead of nagging the worrying wife or mother has those two paragraphs stuck in the mirror of the man whose overwork is rankst folly, she may make an impression before the overstrain has earned its sure penalty of a bad breakdown.

Not the Real Thing. From a city apartment little Jack was going for the first time to spend Christmas at his grandfather's farm. As he ran up the steps of the old house his grandmother caught him up in her arms and put him down, rosy and laughing, before the great log fire in the living room.

"Isn't that fine, Jackie, boy?" she said. "You don't have big log fires like that in New York, do you?" The boy looked with wide-eyed delight at the huge logs as they hissed and crackled in the generous fire-place, but he was stanchly loyal to his "six rooms and bath."

"It's nice, grandma, but it's only an imitation gas log, isn't it? We have real ones in my house."—Lippincott's.

Disliked the Flavor. A kindergarten teacher in Philadelphia fell in love at first sight with a cherubic youth of four who was brought to her for instruction.

"Oh, what a dear!" exclaimed the young woman. "Have you any brothers like yourself?" "Yes'm," replied the cherub; "me and Tommy and Dick. I like Dick best."

"And why do you like Dick best?" "Cause he did me a great favor. He bit Tommy's leg."

"But, dearie," protested the teacher, "why should you want Dick to bite Tommy's leg?" "Cause I hate the taste of Tommy's leg," explained the cherub.

Snuff as an Eye Liniment. Snuff was once used as an eye liniment. "The Compleat Housewife, or Accomplish'd Gentlewoman's Companion," which had run into 16 editions by 1758, extols its virtues. Accomplish'd gentlewomen who find their sight failing with advancing years are advised to rub "the right sort of Portugal snuff into the eyes night and morning and take it also through the nose."

WEDDING LASTS SIX DAYS

Syrian Groom is Given a Bath and Shave by Men Guests at St. Paul Nuptials. St. Paul, Minn.—Amid the glare of 400 candles and facing a gathering of 800 guests, Moses G. Toby, son of George Toby, a Syrian wholesale merchant, married Victoria Zinnie of Butte, Mont., at his father's residence in this city. The ceremony itself was in progress for six days. Fellow countrymen and wives came from all parts of the United States to attend what they declare is the greatest Syrian wedding that has taken place in this country in twenty years. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Nicola E. Yannev, rector of St. George's Syrian Greek Orthodox church, Kearney, Neb., and was done in purely Syrian style. The pastor came here especially for the nuptials.

In accordance with the Syrian custom the groom was given a bath by the men guests at the wedding. Each held a wash cloth and in passing by dipped it in the water and applied it to the bridegroom. The bridegroom was then taken to the parlor to be shaved. He was lathered by the guests and each stroked the razor over portions of his face.

STATE HAS HEALTH EPIGRAMS

Kansas Board Issues Then in an Almanac—Plenty of Fresh Air Advised. Topeka, Kan.—A Kansas health almanac, patterned after patent medicine publications and containing information calculated to improve the health of Kansas people, was issued by the state board of health.

"An open window is better than an open grave. Warm rooms have killed more people than ever froze to death." "A stiff drink makes the stomach warm but the skin cold." "A mustard bath for the feet will do far more to ward off pneumonia than a gallon jug."

"A dirty well is more dangerous than a dirty kitchen." "It takes time to boil a baby's bottle, but it saves sorrow and sleepless nights."

"Flies in the kitchen may be almost as dangerous as rough on rats in the pantry." "If your milkman brings you warm milk make it hot for him."

STUDENTS WILL BE "JACKS"

University of Minnesota Course to Take Them Into the Woods for Training. Minneapolis, Minn.—Six weeks of actual work in a lumber camp getting the finishing touches of a lumberman's education is to be required of all students in the course of lumbering which is to be established at the agricultural school of the University of Minnesota next year.

To obtain a diploma each student must for a time do the work of a "lumberjack" and walking boss. Among the things which he will have to learn are: To "snako" logs with a yoke of oxen.

To fringe properly a pair of Mackinaw trousers. To eat beans three times a day with pleasure. To get up at 5:30 a. m.

The course will be under the direction of Prof. G. Cheyne of the forestry department, and lumber experts will be engaged as teachers.

BOY CONVERTS OLD FARMER

Youth Demonstrates Benefits of Shallow Plowing of Corn Furrows. Manhattan, Kan.—It took a boy 14 years old only a few minutes to convince a farmer three times his age that the old fashioned method of corn cultivation was wrong at Minersville, near here. The boy, William Linscott, had been taking the work of the extension department of the State Agricultural college and was explaining shallow cultivation at a community meeting of farmers.

When he had finished a farmer arose and told that he always plowed his corn deep, and demanded to know why the shallow method was better. On the blackboard William drew a cross section between two rows of corn. He showed how the roots were interwoven and how deep plowing would injure them. His explanation was so clear that the farmer immediately accepted the new method as better than the old fashioned way.

Quick Wit Saves His Life.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The quick wit of fifteen-year-old Francis Scott of Avoca saved his life. While walking on the Delaware and Hudson railway he stepped out of the way of one train directly in front of a freight train which was backing up. There was no time to jump aside, so he threw himself flat in the middle of the track and 15 freight cars and the locomotive passed over him. The trainmen, expecting to find him dead, were surprised when he sprang up. He was badly bruised and cut and his clothes were torn from him, but no bones were broken.

Must Keep Flats Warm.

New York.—The five justices of the appellate division of the supreme court have solemnly decided that a tenant cannot be sued for rent if the landlord failed to keep his apartments warm.

A HEART STIMULANT

Cures of An English Physician of Cases of English Muscular Dilation. Sugar has had its champions as well as its opponents. Its advocates have declared that, aside from its nourishing value, it carries with it a quick stimulation that is without perceptible reaction.

On the other side, says the Bakers Weekly, "we have had radical utterances connecting sugar with some of the most incurable of organic diseases. But an English physician recently contended that cane sugar is almost a specific in the treatment of certain diseases of the heart. Emphasis is laid upon cane sugar."

ONE TRICK OF THE TRADE

Old Meat Dealer's Method of Getting a Reputation for Giving Very Good Weight. The very latest trick of the trade was taught to the young butcher by the marketman who gave him his first employment. The old dealer pointed to trays of beef, lamb and pork trimmings beneath the counter.

"When customers ask to have all the waste that has been cut from their own meat wrapped up with their order be sure to put in a few of these trimmings besides," he said. "Most always they want the scraps sent home so they can weigh the whole business and find out whether they are getting full weight or not. Enough extra pieces to tip the scales half an ounce beyond the supposed weight won't hurt anybody and will give us a good name."

Shortly after that the new clerk heard one frugal housewife say to another: "Oh, why don't you trade at Blanks? He gives such good measure; often almost an ounce more than you pay for."

The clerk smiled. Authors and Their Books. At the dinner given by the Harper people to Arnold Bennett just before he sailed for England, a dinner which was attended by many of the literary lights that live in or near New York, a discussion came up as to whether in this day of the rapid output of literature a man could live by his books.

Mr. Bennett said he was sure that many authors could, and he instanced the case of a young author he knew in London who was so hard up that he could not get enough cash to pay for his dinner.

An idea struck him. He visited his publisher's and there asked for six copies of his latest novel, which was priced at five shillings, ordering that the books be charged to his account. This was done. With the volumes under his arm he visited a second-hand book dealer in the neighborhood, and, as the books were perfectly new, he managed to sell the six of them for ten shillings, with which sum he had a rattling good dinner and an evening at the theater.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bennett, "ever the humblest author can live by his books—if he has published any books."

Muffled Knocks.

"I don't wonder you keep your shapely arms bare, Mildred, even if they do look somewhat hairy." "I'm rather glad you dropped in, Doris; when a fellow feels blue and lonesome he's ready to welcome almost anybody."

"Yes, of course, I can recommend you for that position, McCorkle. Fortunately, perhaps, I don't know you very well."

"Your new job will take you out of the country for three or four years, will it, Bingley? Well, I'm glad you got it."

"I'm enjoying your call so much, Mr. Spurling, that I hate to remind you that the next car will pass here in about five minutes, and then there won't be another one for half an hour."

Street Car Repartes.

Mrs. Genthrie, a ladylike lady, was seated in the trolley car by the side of a perfect stranger (an almost perfectly perfect stranger), who was getting even by sitting by her side. And so Mrs. Genthrie, that ladylike imitation, she says to that stranger, says she: "What time is it by your watch, please?"

And the stranger, say he: "I don't know."

"Set you just looked at it," pursued our heroine.

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