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**SKEPTICAL ABOUT HOG SERUM.**

Kansas is one state where the immunization of hogs against cholera has been reduced to low cost. By making serum in large quantities the Kansas authorities have reduced cost of inoculation to 25c per pig. "And yet a surprisingly large number of farmers risk losing their entire herd rather than pay 25 cents or 50 cents a head to vaccinate them," said Dr. F. S. Schoenleber, state veterinarian at the agricultural college. "Cholera still is doing its ravaging work among herds that have not been vaccinated. The loss in this state will not be so great as last year, but still it will be large. I estimate it at \$2,000,000. The disease is as general this year, but not so virulent as in 1911. When serum doesn't prevent cholera, it is because it is not used properly or at the right time."  
 Other states have not made the same progress as Kansas in cheapening cost of immunization. It is certainly not to the credit of Sunflower state growers that they are not availing themselves of the opportunity.  
 The fact of the matter is, many growers are skeptical of the efficacy of the serum method and before its adoption can become general much work of an educational nature must be done.—Live Stock World.

**A MISSOURI BEEF CLUB.**

Eight farm families in Central Missouri have been operating a "beef club" for nearly ten years. During the fall, winter and spring seasons each family gets one-eighth of a beef every Saturday. Once in eight weeks each member of the club furnishes the beef. Every member knows when he is to have a beef ready and has a fatted animal finished on scheduled time.  
 The members take turns in receiving different portions of the animals, so that by the end of eight weeks each family will have had a whole beef. The animals are slaughtered by a professional killer of beefs, and by him cut in eight different pieces. He keeps track of the number of pounds and of the kind of meat each member receives and assigns the portions in regular rotation. For his services he receives the hides and tallow from all the animals slaughtered.  
 Each animal is weighed before being slaughtered and its former owner credited with the proper amount. If he has furnished a larger animal than the other members of the club, he has something coming at settlement. At the close of the season the accounts are balanced and the differences adjusted.  
 The beef club is deservedly popular with its members and there are always applicants for membership when anyone drops out of the club. The plan furnishes the members with good beef all the time, and at a minimum cost. The advantages and success of this plan warrants its use in a large number of farm communities.—Missouri Ruralist.

**Ancient Egyptian.**

The question, "Of what race were the ancient Egyptians?" has never been satisfactorily disposed of, but we may be sure that they were not negroes. They were not black, nor was their hair "kinky"—therefore, they belonged to some other than the Negro race. They certainly were not Caucasians, nor were they of the Mongolian or yellow breed of man. The builders of the pyramids were probably of Arabic stock or stock in which Arabic predominated. Although, as has been intimated, it is by no means settled as yet as to just where the old Egyptians are to be placed in the human scale.

**"Votes for Women" on Checks.**

Newport—In order to advertise the outrage cause, Mrs. O. N. P. Belmont has had "votes for women" stamped on all her bank checks.



**Daddy's Bedtime Story**  
 Santa Claus Takes A Flier In His New Machine

Santa Was Worried, Then Frightened.  
 "I wonder if we're going to have a white Christmas?" he said.  
 "What's that?" asked Jack and Evelyn.  
 "A Christmas with snow on the ground, of course," answered daddy. "And that's the nicest kind of Christmas. Don't you think so?"  
 Jack and Evelyn nodded, and daddy went on.  
 "Of course it isn't like it used to be, when Santa depended on his sleigh and reindeer to go about on Christmas night. Now he has his wonderful big automobile and his flying machines."  
 "Santa had had a bad dream the other night that really quite worried him. Never mind how I know about the dream. This was the dream:  
 "He had all his toys ready to take round on Christmas eve. He had the nicest things he had ever made, and he thought he would be able to get round to more houses than he had done because of the new flying machine.  
 "There were so many shining knobs and cranks and levers that Santa was a good deal worried for fear when he started he would forget the uses of each and get into trouble. So he had his son, little Kriss, print the names of each on paper and paste them over the proper part of the machine.  
 "Now, it happened that little Kriss when he pasted the names in place was in a hurry. He was anxious to go out coasting on the north pole with his pet polar bear. So, of course, he got some of the labels on wrong.  
 "Mrs. Santa insisted that the old gentleman should take a good nap and go to bed to rest the day before Christmas. About dusk he got up, and she had a fine warm supper ready for him before he went out to the shed where the flying machine packed full of toys was waiting for him.  
 "He stepped in and waved her a kiss of goodby. 'I'll be sure to be home early this time,' he said. Then he touched the knob marked 'start.'  
 "The machine began going up. It kept going higher and higher until it passed the clouds and got so high in the air that the north pole looked like a mere speck and by and by couldn't be seen at all. Santa was worried and then frightened. By and by Santa was able to land. And where do you think he found himself? On one of the highest mountains of the moon. The man in the moon had seen him coming and rushed up, followed by his wife.  
 "They were much pleased to see company and invited Santa down to their house, and he said he couldn't possibly visit them because he had to fill the earth children's stockings. So they worked away trying to help him with his machine, but it was Christmas morning before Santa found out what was the trouble and how to make it go. Then, of course, it was too late to fill stockings. Yes, and it was the day after Christmas night before he got home."

**TREE THAT EXHIBITS ANGER**

In Idaho a Species Quakes and Emits an Unpleasant Odor When Disturbed.  
 In Idaho there exists a species of the acacia tree which is entitled to be classed as one of the wonders of plant life. This tree, Harper's Weekly states, attains a height of about eight feet. When full grown it closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset and curls its twigs to the shape of pig tails. When the tree has thus settled itself for its night's sleep it is said that if touched it will flutter as if agitated or impatient at the disturbance. The oftener it is touched, the foliage is motioned, the more violent will become the shaking of the branches. Finally, it is further alleged, if the shaking be continued, the tree will at length emit a nauseating odor quite sufficient to induce a headache in the case of the person disturbing the tree.  
 In Idaho it is called the "angry tree" and it is said that it was discovered by men who, on making camp for the night, placed one end of a canvas covering over one of the sensitive branches, using it for a support. Immediately the tree began to jerk its branches sharply. The motion continued, with increasing "nervousness," until at last came a sickening odor that drove the tired campers to a more friendly location.  
 Curiosity prompted an investigation. One of the "angry trees" was dug up and thrown to one side. Immediately upon being removed from the ground it is said that the tree opened its leaves, its twigs lost their pig tails and for something over an hour and a half the outraged branches showed their indignation by a series of quakings, which grew weaker and weaker and ceased when the foliage had become limp and withered.

**AIR SCOUT IS PRISONER**

Turks Capture Italian Flyer When Dead Motor Causes Descent in Hostile Country.  
 Tripoli—The Turks, who on several occasions have tried vainly to smuggle into Tripoli an aeroplane for scouting purposes, are at last in possession of a machine through a mishap to Captain Moizo of the Italian army. Captain Moizo was making a flight from Zouara to Tripoli when the motor of his machine stopped and he was obliged to descend in a hostile country. He was made prisoner.  
 Peninsular War Centenary.  
 Mr. Arthur Keyser, the British consul for Seville, in his annual report, says: During the Napoleonic wars Cadiz was the only town in Spain which successfully resisted the French invaders, and when at last a parliament was constituted in 1812 it assembled in this town, where it was proclaimed constitutional, thus ending the period of absolute rule. In commemoration of this event and in fulfillment of a promise then made by the government, which owed its existence to the patriotism of Cadiz inhabitants to Spain by the British and Portuguese armies under Wellington, congress has decided to devote the sum of 1,500,000 pesetas (\$250,000) to erecting a monument in honor of the allies and to defraying the cost of centenary celebration of an international nature. Half the above amount will cover the cost of the monument, and the remainder will be applied to festivities to which representatives of the United Kingdom, Portugal and South American Republics will be invited.

**His Wishes Carried Out.**

Old Porgien, the Scotch judge, died in 1727. Dr. Clerk, who attended his patient the day he died, was admitted by the judge's old servant and clerk, David Reed. "How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor. "I houp he's well!" responded the old man, whose voice and manner at once explained his meaning. With tears streaming down his face, he conducted Dr. Clerk into a room where there two dozen bottles of wine underneath the table. Other gentlemen presently arrived, and having partaken of a glass or two of wine, while they listened to David's account of his master's last hours, they all rose to depart. "No, gentlemen; not so," said the old factotum, "it was the express of the deceased that I should fill ye 'a' fous, and I maun fulfill the will o' the dead." Dr. Clerk used to add, when relating the story, "and, indeed, he did fulfill the will of the dead, for before the end o' there was nae one of us able to bite his ain thumb!"

**Fortunate Liechtenstein.**

Liechtenstein, the smallest of Europe's sovereign states, has a monarch, a parliament, but no taxes and no army. It is preparing to celebrate the second century of its independence. Prince John II. provides its finances, and in return nominates three of its 15 members of parliament.

**Can Pig Be Mailed? Query**

Kansas City Postmaster Gets Some Inquiries as to Parcels Post Rules.  
 Kansas City, Mo.—How will the postoffice department transport eggs, butter, cheese, a pig in a crate and a goose in a basket, which the farmers expect to send by mail as soon as the

**DEER SOME FIGHTER**

Truthful Tale Told by Veracious Wes Peterson.

Deer Was Killing the Stage Driver When Horse Kicks Him (Deer) to Death—Extra Ration For Horse as Reward.

Ukiah—Here is the gold medal deer story of the season.  
 It is the tale of Wes Peterson, the amiable stage driver of Anderson valley, who has a scrupulous regard for the game law and a kind heart for all deer—out of season—and of Wes' dapper bay mare, Diana, who loves her master with deep affection and cares naught for the fact that deer are immune from the death penalty after August 31.  
 As Peterson was driving his stage near Philo he espied two deer in the road ahead of his team. Evidently the deer knew that they were protected by law, for they made no effort to flee before the stage. Wes had his trusty rifle with him, but he is a conscientious stage driver and would not succumb to temptation, as many another man in the remote fastnesses of Anderson valley might. He merely said "Bo" to the deer, or "Get thee behind me, Satan," or words to that effect.  
 When the deer had grown tired of tantalizing the law abiding Wes they turned from the road and leaped up an embankment. A wire fence was strung along at the edge of the bank, and this the deer sought to clear. One of the animals hurdled the fence without difficulty, but the buck, who carried a heavy head of horns, became entangled in the wire and could not extricate itself.

Peterson could not bear to see the deer in anguish and left the stage, intending to free the animal and start it off happily on its journey with its mate.  
 He had no difficulty in extricating the deer, but there was no reward for him. Instead of showing gratitude, the deer turned savagely with its horns and attacked its liberator, sinking the prongs into the stage driver's body. Wes wished that the legislature had taken pains to pass a closed season law for men, but it was too late then to call an extra session. He must fight for his life with the ungrateful and infuriated beast. He grappled with the animal, clutching its head and a foot to save himself from the horns and sharp hoofs. Together the two rolled down the embankment to where the team was standing.  
 Peterson thought that the deer would become frightened by the proximity of the team, but this wasn't that kind of a deer.  
 Mr. Buck backed off a few paces and prepared to charge Peterson, who had fallen exhausted to the road.  
 With head bent low and its horns at charge, the graceless brute plunged toward Wes. But it did not count on Diana, the game bay mare.  
 As the deer leaped by the team, and just as it was about on top of the prone stage driver, Diana kicked over her foot and caught the deer where it would do the most harm, breaking the neck. The deer fell dead with its horns just touching Peterson's body.  
 Peterson was badly cut up by the deer, but his injuries are not serious. His faithful horse will be rewarded with an extra ration of oats each day. The authorities say there is no law to punish a horse for killing a deer out of season, so venison is enjoyed in Anderson valley in an aroma of arnica and to the tune of high praise for the game mare Diana.

**SEES GROWTH OF LUNACY**

Dr. Forbes Winslow Declares There Will Be More Insane Than Sane in 300 Years.  
 London—There will be more lunatics in the world than sane people three hundred years hence, was the prophecy Dr. Forbes Winslow made. This prophecy is based upon the present rate of the growth of lunacy as revealed by recent returns.  
 Doctor Winslow expressed strong disagreement with the statement made at the Eugenics congress by Doctor Mott to the effect that increase in lunacy was more apparent that real, and told a press representative that in making such a statement Doctor Mott apparently referred to London only. Dr. Forbes Winslow said that from his knowledge of the progress of lunacy in all parts of the world he had come to the conclusion that "we are rapidly approaching a mad world." He added: "In every part of the world civilization is advancing, and so insanity is also bound to advance. There were 36,762 registered lunatics in 1859, but 135,000 at the present day. That showed the alarming increase."  
 If Doctor Mott's theory is accepted, we shall wake up when it is too late to prevent a further increase. What happened to the pauper class in London, as an alleged proof against the real increase of lunacy, was very much beside the question, taken as a whole. Fifty years ago there was one lunatic in 575 of the population, but now one in 235. At that rate of progress, he said, in three hundred years' time there would be more lunatics in the world than sane people.

**FRAUD OF OBESE MILKMAN**

Water From Cow Puzzles Paris Inspectors Until Secret Is Discovered.  
 Paris—For many weeks complaints have been received that the milk sold by a Paris dairyman was too thin; samples were taken by the police, and on each occasion the milk was found to contain a large proportion of water. Despite this, the man vehemently protested his innocence and invited the police to visit his dairy at any time to see the cows milked. Two inspectors did so, and after witnessing the milking carried away the milk, which on examination was found to contain a large proportion of water. The visits were repeated, but each time the milk which came straight from the cow was found to be too thin.  
 The police were much puzzled until one day Inspector Debout noticed that the milkman, who was very fat, milked with only one hand. Another curious point was that he also seemed to grow thinner as the milk pail grew fuller. Inspector Debout at once ordered the milkman to undo his waistcoat, when two indiarubber bladders and a system of piping were revealed. One bladder contain air and the other water. By pressing the air bladder the milkman caused the water to trickle out of the water bladder through a pipe into the milk pail, the operation being concealed by his artificial obesity.

**TAKES UP PROSECUTOR'S BET**

Husband Accepts Wager of \$5 That There is an Affinity in Case.  
 Washington, D. C.—George Hamil, a clerk in a big department store and living in Kennelwood, D. C., who, according to his wife's charge, does not properly clothe her, is being shadowed constantly by the corporation counsel's office in consequence of his wager of \$5 with Assistant Corporation Counsel George that there is not another woman in the case.  
 "Who is the other girl?" asked the prosecutor after the wife, Mary, had related her story of alleged neglect.  
 "There is none," the husband replied.  
 "Oh, yes, there is; I'll bet \$5 on it."  
 "You're on!" snapped Hamil as he accepted the bet. He said he earned only \$20 a week, but Mrs. Hamil was certain that he received more.  
 "I am going to have you watched," said Mr. George, "and if I catch you with an affinity it will go mighty hard with you."

**SNAKES IN MRS. M'ATEE'S BED**

This Time a Blacksnake; 20 Years Ago It Was a Rattlesnake.  
 Meyersdale, Pa.—Going into her "spare room" Mrs. Carrie McAtee found the bed occupied by a big blacksnake, which sprang past her and disappeared. A few hours later she tipped her way to the spare room and there the snake again was curled up on the bed. This time Mrs. McAtee chopped off the blacksnake's head with a hoe.  
 About 20 years ago a big rattlesnake got into bed with Mrs. McAtee and her grandmother. Mrs. McAtee discovered the reptile's presence when her bare feet touched its clammy body. When she turned back the bed covers she was horrified to see a glistening snake with 13 rattles. She and her grandmother succeeded in leaving the bed without being bitten and the snake was killed.

**Hat May Cost \$611.90.**

San Francisco—Six hundred and eleven dollars for a bit of dainty headgear that Mrs. "Tiny" Holmes, the wife of a tobaccoist, describes as a "peach of a hat," may have to be paid by her husband if the court decides against him. Mrs. Holmes bought the hat at the price of \$30, but Mr. Holmes refused to pay the bill. The milliner sued. She won, but Holmes appealed and again appealed when judgment went against him for the second time. Attorneys' fees and costs have piled up until the amount due is \$611.90. Holmes will keep on appealing, he says, no matter if the cost of the hat runs into the millions.

**Rips Off Woman's Corset.**

Springfield, O.—A bolt of lightning here ripped off Mrs. Roy Foster's corset as she was at work in her kitchen. She was uninjured.

**ALL FOR THE SAKE OF BETSY**

When Col. J. J. Astor Jeopardized His Yacht and Passengers for a Dog.  
 Some years ago Col. J. J. Astor and his yacht Nourmahal and his son, Vincent, were reported lost at sea, the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star recalls. Every one got excited about it—especially in New York newspaper offices. It was a New York newspaper, you may remember, which ran this headline over the story of the wreck of the Titanic: "Col. John Jacob Astor Lost at Sea; Two Thousand Others Also Drowned."  
 The Astor part of the headline was in very large pink letters and the rest was comparatively modest type. When the Nourmahal was reported lost the papers began to talk about sending out searching expeditions. The government dispatched a cruiser to search for Astor. Now Richard Barry tells the story of that episode for the first time. "Astor was very fond of his pet dog," says Barry. "The pet dog hated the sea. The second day out on the cruise the dog began to mope. Astor told the captain of the yacht to point her nose for shore. 'I'll take Betsy off and give her a run,' said the master of millions.  
 "They landed that day on the Carolina shore and Betsy got her run. But one run wasn't enough for her. Each day, as they voyaged south, Betsy was taken on land to stretch her legs. Finally they were off the Honduras coast, and Betsy began to howl for a frolic. The captain protested that the coast line was insufficiently charted, and that the Nourmahal was in danger of being wrecked if he was obliged to run in too near."  
 "No matter," said Astor. "Betsy isn't happy."  
 "So they put in, and shelled the Nourmahal on a rock, and every one north of Panama became violently excited because it wasn't possible to hear from the Astors, and it cost the yacht owner a good many dollars to get her off. But he didn't care. He was fond of Betsy—and Betsy had her run."  
 "Time-Telling Made Easy."  
 Though comparatively few of the natives of Turkey own watches, yet they have an ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass, and then, holding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shadow cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between.

**GIRL HAS \$1,100 WEDDING**

Kansas City Laborer Spends Years' Savings as Daughter Is Married.  
 Kansas City, Mo.—Eleven hundred dollars, the savings of a dozen years, was spent by Giuseppe Anello, a laborer in the employ of the Kansas City street department, when his daughter, Mary, 16, became the bride of Vito Campanello, 19. Fifty-nine motor cars hired by Anello whirled the wedding guests on a long tour over the city's boulevards and the festivities ended with an elaborate banquet and ball at a hall in "Little Italy." Anello said he had been saving for the event since Mary was a little girl in Cicely.

**Husband Is Too 'Spongy.'**

Fort Worth, Tex.—"A month of spooning after marriage is enough," avers Mrs. Laura Seaman in her suit for divorce filed against Arthur Seaman, to whom she was married July 10 last. "My husband hugged me with such frequency and so often in view of the public," she adds, "that his demonstrative affection became embarrassing. He showed anger when I protested."

**CLASSIFIED BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

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**Bowsher Geared Mill**

2 and 4 Horses  
 Unequaled in capacity, draft or ease of operation. Warranted capacity, four horses; 18 bus ear corn, 25 bus wheat; 40 bus shelled corn, 30 bus snapped corn. Grinds head kafir corn in large quantities.  
 Not a miserable little coffee mill to turn out feed by the spoonful.  
 Not a toy, made of pot metal, to go quickly to pieces.  
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 Put a successful machine.

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**SAM KAHN**

THE STETSON HAT STORE  
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do in order to get a wife is to induce a girl to uncover her face. The agent had proposed in the usual way—and been accepted.  
 In vain did the agent plead that he already had a wife in the east; there was only one way to get out of it. It cost him the equivalent of fourteen ponies to persuade the Indian girl's father to take her back again.

**Cloves Main Source of Income.**

Nine-tenths of the world's supply of cloves comes from the island of Zanzibar, a British protectorate, on the east coast of Africa. The government receives as a tax one bale out of each five. As many as 200,000 bales have been produced in a season. The industry, which has long been the salvation of the little island, with its scant population, really had its beginning in 1850, when an Arab planted 200 shrubs. Said Burghash, sultan of the island, saw the commercial possibilities of the plant and caused cloves to be set out by his people. A cyclone in 1872 devastated the island and uprooted the trees, but within a short time the sultan had them replaced. Since then the industry has grown steadily.

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**"A Bird that can sing, and won't sing must be made to sing," said the ready-made philosopher.**

"Yes," replied the practical person, "but anybody would be satisfied with the result of that experiment must have a mighty poor ear for music."

ST. JOSEPH HAY MARKET. Local Quotations Corrected to Date by Local Dealers. The following quotations are furnished daily by the St. Joseph Hay Recyclers and Shippers association...

ST. JOSEPH HAY AND FEED. When you want to buy or sell hay write or wire J. L. Frederick Grain & Hay Co. Office, 1011-12 Overby-Townsend Bldg. Phone 1245. St. Joseph, Mo. Warehouse, 7th and Olive Sts.

KANSAS CITY HAY AND GRAIN. The following quotations are furnished daily by the Kansas City Recyclers and Shippers association for the benefit of Stock Yards Daily Journal readers and advertisements following are reliable Kansas City hay and grain merchants who solicit your consignments or orders.

KANSAS CITY HAY AND FEED. THE BEST WAY To Dispose of Your ALFALFA HAY is to Write PRODUCERS HAY CO. KANSAS CITY, MO. HAY Clark Wyrick & Co. Live Stock Exchange Bldg. Room 756 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Hay Wanted! Will purchase on your track or handle on commission. Write us what you have. NORTH BROTHERS 508-51 Live Stock Ex. Kansas City, Mo. SWAN ROCK WHISKY DISTILLED FOR MEDICAL USE M. J. SHERIDAN, PROPRIETOR. St. Joseph, Mo. Importers and Dealers in WINES and LIQUORS Established 1876.

WANTED TO BUY Horses, Mares and Mules from 4 to 8 years old. Stock must be fat and broken to work. High cash price paid. We carry a nice line of young mules for farmers. JOHN HANN 1024 South 8th St. Northwest Corner Pattee Park, St. Joseph, Mo. NELS A. ANDERSON, FARRAQUOT, IOWA Breeder of Percherons, Shire and German Coach stallions and mares. Has for sale one Percheron stallion, 6 years old, weighing 2,100 lbs. Reason for sale is I raised him and had him in service four years. For price and information write or call, Nels A. Anderson, graduate of the Graham Scientific Breeding School, of Kansas City, Mo.

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BASCOM'S EXHIBITION His Production Proved a Money Winner.

By ARCHIBALD WINFIELD HASTINGS. "Can he paint?" "Houses, yes," with a light laugh. "Pictures?"

"Wait, the exhibition is to come later." Under the deafening clatter of tea cups and chatter of light-hearted voices the conversation was unnoted, and yet a man's heart and ambition were at stake.

For years Kerle Bascom had aimed to be an artist, but many things had stood in his way, principally the lack of money; but six months before an uncle had died, leaving him and his sister a modest sum, and Kerle had commenced to study art. He had taken lessons, then started off on a sketching trip through the south, for it was then winter. On his return he rented a studio, devoted himself to his art, painting steadily for a week. No one, not even his sister or The Girl had been admitted. Now he was giving a house warming, and behind an embroidered silk curtain was the result of his efforts.

"What's the subject of your picture?" asked the one who thought he might make good on houses. She knew that real estate had formerly been Kerle's business.

"I'm keeping it a secret," he returned gravely, and Gerty, his sister, chimed in:

"Yes, a really and truly secret. Why, not even Dorothy has wormed it out of him," and all the company present realized that if Dorothy Ferrers could not make him tell, no one could, for she was The Girl, a fact which every one, including Dorothy herself, knew very well. As yet Kerle had not had the courage to tell her, so he did not know whether he was The Man or not.

"Tell us. Put an end to the misery," suggested the young man who had asked if Kerle could paint, and the tea and sandwiches being all consumed, Kerle walked slowly across the



There Was Silence—it Was Awful.

floor to the silk curtain. Pausing an instant, the young man viewed the crowd. He saw Dorothy, of course, but was delighted to notice Squires. He was art critic on the Courier, and Kerle felt he needed the good will of those who might not appreciate his artistic efforts. To tell the truth, though, Squires was there because Gerty was. He would have sacrificed himself much more than this for her sake.

"Artist, artist, artist," Dorothy cried, clapping her hands. Kerle flushed crimson, but managed to bow without upsetting anything, and clearing his throat, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and honored critic," remembering Squires just in time.

"Charmed," Squires returned, bowing almost to the floor.

Kerle scarcely appreciated the interruption, but did not dare frown, and continued:

"I am glad to meet you there, I would say greet you here, I mean beat you where. Really, I mean you are welcome," and he polished off his face with a paint rag, hastily caught up, thereby decorating his face in a manner more startling than becoming.

"Hear, hear," Squires said in a low, deep tone.

"Yes, you are welcome, I'm welcome, Squires is welcome, and we're all welcome," he managed to get out.

"Let's welcome each other," murmured Squires, and then stopped, touched by Gerty's appealing eyes.

"Yes, of course, we are all welcome," Kerle floundered, but Dorothy helped him out by suggesting:

"Show us the picture."

"To be sure, the picture. I'll show it to you and you'll see then whether or not I'm an artist—if I'm not an artist," and Kerle beamed, flourishing the paint rag.

"Yes?" Squires said in a low, deep tone.

"I am an artist, and while I appreciate the fact I'm no Gibson, or Fisher, or Remington, or something like that, still I know a good thing when I see it, and I've got it

"Produce the it," Squires suggested. "I will if you can keep quiet long enough," Kerle cried, forgetting his longing for favorable press notices. "I got my models first hand. I studied two characters and made lots of studies of them. In fact I didn't make sketches of anyone else, I was so interested in them."

"Two models! Oh, the depravity of him!" Squires whispered in a loud aside.

"Yes, I had two. I had to, for I have two figures in my picture. I believe in having a model for each figure. It would not have done to have just one for both, as you will see when I draw the veil."

"Draw a veil over your speech," Squires suggested. Really, he was becoming annoying.

"I call my picture 'A Quiet Gossip,'" Kerle continued, suddenly drawing the curtain.

There was silence, then Dorothy gave a sob. It was awful. The coloring was not bad, Kerle having made a fairly good blend of the primary colors so as to produce the most vivid effects, but the figures were terrible. Gerty saw immediately what a caricature it was, and she strove to save the situation. With a hysterical laugh she sprang forward, saying excitedly:

"Isn't Kerle a dear to plant such a joke for us?" and she tried to convey her meaning to her brother, but he only stood gazing stupidly at them all, wondering at their lack of congratulations.

"They are all jealous," he told himself; but when his sister repeated her sentence, he asked heavily:

"A joke?"

"Of course, a joke. If you keep on you will be our leading caricaturist, won't he, Horace?" unconsciously calling Squires by his first name.

Before he could gather himself together sufficient to reply, Kerle said angrily:

"This is no caricature at all. I saw these two old women every day all the time I was away. They used to spend hours this way, Aunt Susan sitting paring potatoes, and Aunt Hannah standing in front of her dipper in hand. Aunt Hannah had a fine spring on her place and she would bring water over to her friend, and then become so interested in Aunt Susan's gossip that she would stay on endlessly. I don't care if none of you appreciate it. I know it's true art," and Kerle turned away with a break in his voice.

Women can always be counted upon to rise to the occasion. The picture was terrible, but Kerle was not, at least to Dorothy. She knew, even if she had not yet found out that he was The Man for her, that he was, and regarding the rest, she slipped up to him, and laying her hand on his arm, said bravely:

"I think it is a wonderful picture, Kerle. I'm awfully proud to know the artist who painted it."

"We all are," Squires broke in, feeling the pathos of the situation, and especially Gerty's grief.

Kerle was not fooled, however. Dropping the curtain he said brokenly:

"I see how it is. I'm ahead of my time. People haven't learned yet to see things as they really are, and his party broke up hurriedly. However, one lingered, and when they were alone, Kerle asked:

"Honestly, do you like this picture, Dorothy?"

"For an instant she tried to say she did, but knowing its awfulness, she broke down, and between her sobs managed to say:

"No, I can't, but I do like you."

This helped "right smart," as Kerle had heard them say while he was south, and with Dorothy's soft young cheek pressed against his own, and her hand in his, he promised to try and forgive them all for not being truly artistic, and that very day, with Dorothy's kisses still warm on his lips, he signed a contract with a patent medicine house to go on the road. As he scrawled his name at the bottom, he said sadly:

"I had hoped to put my name to different things than this."

The president of the concern, who knew of Kerle's artistic aspirations, asked him about the outcome of his venture, and was so interested that he asked for and was given a private view. After looking at it, the president had it lugged off to his office where he submitted it to his plate man. Discovering it would reproduce, he asked the bewildered Kerle:

"Can you paint other pictures, keeping to these two characters?"

"To be sure; I have no other sketches."

"I'll give you a hundred for it and any others like it. It will make a dandy advertisement for our Dipper Rheumatism Tea."

Kerle accepted, for he wanted to be married at the same time Gerty and Squires were, but he has never given up his notion that he is producing masterpieces that some day the world will recognize. At any rate Dorothy is worth all kinds of sacrifices, at least Kerle thinks so.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Ins and Outs. Orville Wright was condemning, at a picnic near Dayton, a crank type of monoplane.

"This machine isn't safe," he said, "and in flying safety is, above all things, essential."

"It's machines of this type that give rise to such a dialogue as I once overheard in a New York hotel between two young millionaires.

"Ever got in for flying?" said the first.

"Yes, once," the other answered.

"How did you come out?"

IMMIGRANT IS 7 FT. 2 INCHES Ship Has to Provide a Special Berth for Giant Pole, Twenty-Two Years Old.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Ignatius Ziemazus, who arrived here with 514 other immigrants on the Prinz Adalbert of the Hamburg-American line, from Hamburg, came to the United States to grow up with the country.

His ambition would seem to be doomed to disappointment, for Ignatius, who is twenty-two years old, has thriven so well in his native land that he stands seven feet two inches above the earth.

Ziemazus comes from Poland, and is a farmer. He had to occupy a special berth because of his size, and at table no one could sit opposite him because of the length of his legs.

To the immigration inspectors he said he would go west to purchase a farm, and if he met a suitable young woman he would make her his wife. Ziemazus was well supplied with money.

Had weather been chronicled for nearly every day of the voyage in the log of the Adalbert, which arrived one day late. Its 138 cabin passengers, mostly tourists returning home after a sojourn in Europe, remained below decks during a greater part of the passage.

The dark hold of the big liner was a veritable child's toyland, there being nearly three hundred big cases filled with playthings.

BOY PROVES GOOD SLEEPER He Does Not Awaken When Thrown From Wagon Into an Automobile.

Columbus, Ohio.—Ye wild-eyed victims of insomnia, who woo the soothing goddess sleep by all the means which fertile minds suggest, read this unadorned tale of an every-day event and wonder.

The strange phenomenon of an automobile running at a rapid rate, hitting the rear end of a vegetable wagon, lifting a sleeping boy out of the rear of the wagon, tossing him into the machine, which sped on for a distance, all without awakening the boy, occurred here.

The boy was Stanley Cramer, living fourteen miles northeast of the city. The automobile belonged to Walter J. Jeffrey, a local manufacturer. It was not known at first that the boy had been transferred to the automobile unharmed, and pedestrians rushed to the demolished wagon, expecting to find the boy dead and a search was commenced of nearby alleys and streets. In about an hour the boy returned and told of how he had awakened to find himself in a rapidly moving automobile.

TRUANT GOLDFISH IN RIVER Pair 10 Years Old and 17 Inches Long Escape From Garden During a Flood.

London.—For five months now two monster Twickenham goldfish have had a lease of freedom in the Thames. They are the property of George Beale and his brother, of Stoneygeep house, who, since their disappearance, have offered £2 reward for the return of either of them.

"About a fortnight ago," Mrs. Beale said today, "a boy caught one of the pair. He grasped it and was startled beyond measure when he saw what a monster it was. Just then a policeman appeared and the boy, thinking he had done wrong, returned it to the water."

The goldfish swam away from home when the river overflowed into Mr. Beale's garden, where they had lived for many years.

INDIANS ADOPT BRIDAL PAIR Journalist and Wife Are Remarkably Blackfoot Chief in Glacier National Park.

St. Paul, Minn.—Robert Heintz, correspondent of Leslie's Weekly, and his bride of a few days, formerly Miss Helen Corbin of Indiana, were married again by Chief Three Bears of the Blackfoot Indians while the couple were honeymooning in Glacier National Park. The strange wedding, which means the adoption by the Blackfoot tribe of the "pale faces," was witnessed by about 100 tourists, including several from the old world. The name bestowed upon Mr. Heintz is "Black Eagle" and his bride was named "Smallwoman."

IS TORTURE FOR OYSTERS Dr. Harvey W. Wiley Hereafter Will Kill His Bivalves as Quickly as Possible.

Washington.—"Oysters on the half shell suffer untold agony when eaten," said Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

"They suffer the most excruciating pains when you jab them with a fork. It is true that they are a very low order of life, but as they eat and drink they must be live animals and have feeling."

"However, this will not deter me from indulging in the delicious half shell habit. I am going to eat each of my oysters in such a way as to save it pain. One jab with a fork, put the sauce on quickly, and then gobble it."

Blames Insane Wife. New York.—Complaining that his wife, who is now in an insane asylum at Middletown, got him to marry her through fraud, Alfred Kopetke is now asking for a divorce.

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LAND BACK TO U. S. Stock Yards Daily Journal Bureau of Information Where the Best to Buy

COAL PROPERTY IN COLORADO WORTH \$2,000,000 REVERTS TO GOVERNMENT. LAND OFFICE IS REVERSED. Government Alleges Filings in Question Illegal, Which Is Denied, and Appeal May Be Taken.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 13.—On allegations of a tacit agreement to work the property jointly, in violation of federal law, \$2,000,000 worth of coal lands near Paonia revert to the government through a decision just reached by the General Land Office at Washington, which reverses the decree of the total land office at Montrose.

The case, which will be appealed to Secretary of the Interior Fisher by the coal men, involves 1129 acres of the choicest coal land existing. The coal on the land is pronounced by experts to be hard and of fine quality, running 100 feet thick in some places. The value of the coal in the property involved is estimated by M. D. McEniry, chief of the fifth field division, at \$2,000,000 on a basis of 80 cents a ton.

The lowest price the government puts on this land, when classified for sale, varies from \$359 to \$425 an acre, averaging \$400. The fields lie in the western part of Gunnison and the eastern part of Delta counties, township 13 south, range 90 west, being the description of the land affected by the decision.

The Land Office decision covers about seven years of effort to clear title to the land by William H. Shoecraft, J. A. Beckman, David J. MacWatters, William F. Ryan, George E. Simonton, L. F. Linney and Charles Gagner of the Cripple Creek district, Colorado Springs and Denver.

The men went to some financial outlay and have expended about \$15,000 already in an effort to secure the titles. The case was brought before the Montrose land office, which decided that no evidence of a conspiracy to break the statutes existed and held that the seven distinct titles were valid.

George E. Trowbridge of the forest service and Eugene B. Lacy, representing the United States district attorney's office, contended that there was a tacit understanding between the seven men and Porter to the effect that when the titles were cleared the men would combine in operating the coal lands.

Porter will lay his appeal before Secretary Fisher on the ground that there is no evidence to point to an agreement. The investors expect a reversal, as they maintain their action was made for convenience and they have no intention to secure corporate holdings illegally.

A SURPRISE FOR THE CABMAN. A zealous philanthropist, who had handed her fare to the cab-driver she saw that he was wet and cold after the long drive in the pouring rain.

"Do you ever take anything when you get chilled and soaked through like this?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cab-man with humility. "I generally do."

"Well, wait here in the meantime a moment," said the philanthropist as she opened the door her house and vanished to reappear a moment later.

"Here, my poor man," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills; you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."

Corn will dry out better if the sheaves are kept down to a reasonable size.

MORRIS & COMPANY. Supreme Hams, Supreme Bacon, Supreme Lard, Supreme Sausage, Supreme Dried Beef and Supreme Canned Meats. MORRIS & COMPANY. CHICAGO ST. JOSEPH KANSAS CITY ST. LOUIS

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Wanted—Men to learn barber trade by our new method of free practice. Hundreds of graduates depending upon us for barbers. Terms unlimited. Wages while learning. Tools given. Write today—Moler Barber College, Kansas City, Mo.

Cheap Corn and High Hogs

now offer an unusual chance for Big Profits in the hog business. Full rations of corn with one-half pound per day of

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(60 per cent Protein) will produce maximum gains and the grade of hogs that will top the market. Makes Big Gains, Strong Bone, Firm Flesh and the Best Finish.

For prices and a free sample, write Swift & Company, Chicago

Mistletoe advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and the text 'MISTLETOE SOLD BY The Hammond Packing Co. St. Joseph, Mo.'

VARICOCELE CURED IN 5 DAYS advertisement with an illustration of a man and text 'Without Knife, Pain or Danger'.

I. T. KEYWOOD advertisement for whisky, '401 Illinois Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.' and 'PUBLICITY PAYS Try an Advertisement in THE JOURNAL'

LINK POPE TO HOME

Sisters Often Present When He Takes Midday Meal.

Energetic Niece Shields Them From Inquisition—Are Belegged by Pilgrims—Lead Simple Lives—Cling to Black Vells.

Rome—Signorina Rosa Sarto, the eldest sister of Pius X., who two months ago had a slight stroke of paralysis, has now quite recovered. Her speech, which was affected, is normal again, and she is able to walk as usual. The other day she went on a visit to her brother in the Vatican.

The second sister, Maria, has just returned after a three weeks' visit to the pontiff's native country, Venezia, where she stayed first at his birthplace, Riese, among his more immediate relatives, and later with another sister, Teresa, and her son, Don Giovanni Battista, who is arch-priest at Possagno, twenty miles from Riese.

She brought back to the pope many messages and recollections of the old and intimate family life which he loved so well. She left behind, for the time, her niece, Gilda Parolin, who lives almost constantly with her aunts in Rome, and who, being young and more vivacious than they, acts as their interpreter; at some times as their protector, dispersing the swarms of pilgrims, foreigners, journalists and photographers, who watch their every movement, and constantly seek to come in contact with them and ask questions—often very indiscreet questions—of these near relatives of the pontiff, who, they think, must know all the secrets of the Vatican.

The sisters Sarto and their niece are usually received by the pontiff twice a week, on Thursdays and Sundays. They are sometimes present when he takes his simple midday dinner, and are even occasionally admitted to share his meal.

Since the time of Urban VIII, in the seventeenth century, it had been the unbroken rule for the pope to take all meals in solitary state, waited on by a special attendant, called "Lo Scalo Segreto" (the secret carver), generally a member of the aristocracy, with whom he occasionally talked.

Great was the surprise at the Vatican when, in the early days of his pontificate, Pius X. invited his private secretaries, Mgrs. Bressan and Pechel, and others of his more intimate friends, to eat with him.

When the master of ceremonies ventured respectfully to mention the subject to him, Pius X., after inquiring which pope it was who had made the rule, tranquilly remarked that if Urban VIII had exercised his right to establish the custom, he (Pius X.) intended to exercise his right to abolish it.

The Sarto sisters, when they first came to the Eternal City, had it delicately intimated to them that a black lace veil was not the headgear for people in their position, to which they replied that they assumed no "position," and that it was useless to speak of hats, as they had no use for them.

To reinforce their attitude they applied to the pontiff, which showed them to be less simple than they were judged, as he sternly sets his face against anything which may even seem like pretending to be what you are not. But as usual, time and experience worked wonders, and one fine day the faithful, who were gathered for a papal ceremony, saw three modest black hats in the box set apart for the family of the pontiff and wondered who the wearers were, and if the sisters were ill. It was no mystery, however. They had themselves become convinced that to avoid comment they must "do as the Romans do," and hence the hats.

The report shows that lightning strikes in the Colorado plateau region more often than anywhere else in the country, and asserts that lightning is a prolific source of fires in the forests of the west.

Washington—The department of agriculture made public the results of an exhaustive investigation of lightning strokes throughout the country. The report disposes of the belief of the ancient philosophers that certain kinds of trees, the laurel, aspen and beech, were never struck by lightning, with the statement that "any kind of tree is likely to be struck."

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New York Pawnbrokers Make This Requirement When Mechanic Pledges Tools.

New York—A new ruling, put into effect by members of the New York Pawnbrokers' association, provides that hereafter when any mechanic brings in a set of tools to pledge he must show his union card.

Sentenced to Shake Hands. Muncie, Ind.—When Ada Steed and Clara Tartar appeared in city court, where each had filed several charges against the other, growing out of a quarrel, L. E. Starr, acting as special judge, sentenced the two women to shake hands and forget their differences. This they did. "City court is no place for women, especially good-looking ones, like you," said the judge.

FOOLS TWO SPOUSES

Woman Divided Time Between First and Second Husbands.

Wife of One Switchman Meets Another, Likes His Playing on Harmonica and Wades Him—Keeps It Up Two Months.

Chicago, Ill.—A wife who for two months divided her time between two husbands, fooling both of them by naming her mother as an alibi when she returned late to either home, was found in the person of Mrs. Stella Carabine-Galley, according to James E. Carabine, who says he is the original husband, and had the wife arrested as a bigamist.

Both husbands are switchmen, and out of the city about half of the time. Mrs. Carabine-Galley is twenty-four years of age and rather pretty.

Oscar Galley, the second husband, was also in a cell, charged with marrying a woman while he had knowledge of a prior husband. He told the police he understood the woman had obtained a divorce from Carabine.

Everybody involved is agreed on some facts, namely: Carabine lost his job a few months ago and the wife, who had to go out to work in a hotel, heard Galley playing on a harmonica, liked the music and married him.

Carabine said he married his wife six years ago and lived happily until he took sick last spring and lost his place. He was hunting work when the wife volunteered to go out and earn the family living for a time. When she found work in a hotel, Carabine stored the furniture. He regained his health and found a new job.

Meanwhile, he said, Galley and the harmonica had interested the wife. The second marriage took place March 9 last in Great Bend, Ind. During the following two months the wife, according to Carabine, was kept busy fooling her two husbands.

Then he found out about Galley, and there was a quarrel over Galley, whom Carabine looked upon as a suitor more or less harmless. The wife left Carabine, who some time later learned of her second marriage. Carabine searched for the wife for four months.

He had stored his furniture in a storagehouse, and it was there Galley was arrested, when, representing himself as Carabine, he attempted to obtain possession of the household goods. The woman was arrested while waiting for Galley to appear with the furniture to fix up a flat.

The police today permitted Galley to amuse himself in jail with the harmonica. Mrs. Carabine-Galley could hear the seductive music in her distant cell.

OBJECT TO WEARING CLOTHES

Governor of British Province Has Great Trouble After Ordering Reform in Garb.

London—The difficulties of the clergymen and social reformers of some enlightened countries in their efforts to compel the fair sex to put more cloth into their skirts pale into insignificance beside the troubles of the local governor of Inhambane, British East Africa, who has almost caused a war by ordering the native maidens to attire themselves in European garb.

The order particularly insisted that the native women should not appear in public without skirts under pain of some grave penalty not specified.

Never was an apparently innocent summary law received with such an outburst of rebellion. The commercial Indian storekeepers who deal in the articles of attire favored by the native ladies threatened to shut up shop in protest. The native belles took even more drastic action by refusing to come near Inhambane at all, with the result that the town was soon in danger of a famine in vegetables, eggs, poultry and other necessary food supplies. The women who lived in town prepared to leave.

The opposition became too hot for the governor, who withdrew the obnoxious decree, and the belles of Inhambane again go about in their scant native costumes.

BIGGER HOSE FOR OUR WOMEN

Outdoor Exercise Develops Legs and Feet of Fair Americans, Says Authority.

Boston—Outdoor sports and athletic exercises have so developed the American woman of today that she has bigger legs and feet than her mothers and aunts, according to the American Wool and Cotton Reporter of this city, the official organ of the textile industries of the country.

The trade paper avers that the big hosiery mills have given orders for the construction of new looms for the production of hose in sizes larger than have ever been placed on the counters for milady's inspection.

The new looms are the result of official "tips" given to the textile mill officials by the hosiery buyers.

"It is these buyers, too," adds the paper, "who, of all others, have the best opportunity of noting the rapid and marvelous progress being made of late years toward the development of the real ideal figure. This is the natural result of our women resorting to every outdoor sport and athletic exercise which were for so long enjoyed only by the other sex."

Corset manufacturers, it is said, have been similarly "tipped off" by the buyers in their line.

Some Saddle—Right Price Weight, 35 Pounds 17-Inch Bulge \$32.50. Features of This Saddle: The Weight, 35 Pounds; 17-Inch Swell Bulge; the Price, \$32.50. ORDER NOW—THE PRICE IS RIGHT—DON'T DELAY. H. & M. Harness Shop, STOCK YARDS, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

SEA SERPENT REAL

Hiram Maxim Is Firm Believer in Monster. Famous Scientist and Inventor Thinks Time Has Come When Monstrous Creatures Should Be Credited—Two Kinds Seen.

London—Sir Hiram Maxim is a firm believer in the sea serpent. The other day he gave out this interview: "I think the time has arrived when we must submit that there are certain large animals living in the sea that are not described in any works on natural history. Messrs. C. A. Nichols & Co., Springfield, Mass., published in 1882 a very remarkable work. In this I find that in 1881, and for some years following, the sea serpent, or sea serpents, appeared very often off the New England coast.

"It appears that there were two kinds of these monsters. On one occasion the animal that was seen had a fishlike head, very large eyes, gills, and a continuous fin extending the whole length of its back supported by numerous spines, after the manner of a stickleback. It was simply a very large fish of an unknown variety.

"The monster that was seen a great number of times by numerous people had a body from eighty to ninety feet long, and about the diameter of a large cask, with a head closely resembling that of a snake.

"According to these witnesses, the monster was from eighty to ninety feet long, his head usually carried about two feet above the water; of a dark brown color, the body with thirty or more protuberances, compared by some to four-gallon kegs, by others to a string of buoys, and called by several persons bunches on the back; motion very rapid, faster than that of a whale, swimming a mile in three minutes, and sometimes more, leaving a wake behind him; chasing mackerel, herrings, and other fish, which were soon jumping out of the water fifty at a time as he approached."

"It has been suggested that this creature is a mammal. If so, it would have warm blood, and would have to breathe at least as often as a whale, but it remains below the water for days and weeks at a time, it is safe to say that it has cold blood, and is probably some kind of a snake."

CHICAGO WOMEN NOW CHEW

Kansas City Girls Also Have Passed the Cigar Habit—Use Popular Brands.

St. Louis—Kansas City and Chicago women who have taken up the cigar smoking habit are noticed in the nicotine line, according to local tobaccoists. The women in this city, according to the same authorities, have passed the cigar stage, and are now going in for chewing.

"Ware I to give you the names of several of the West End women and girls to whom we sell tobacco as regularly as we do to any of our men customers you would be tempted to discredit me," one dealer said.

"Do you have to carry a particularly mild brand of chewing tobacco for the women users of the weed?"

"No indeed, the women folk can gnaw off a chew from a plug of any of the popular brands, and do it in a businesslike way."

PUT ON ICE; ASKS \$15,000

Boy Says He Contracted St. Vitus Dance on Being Forcibly Confined in Icebox.

Louisville, Ky.—Morris Brown, under fourteen years of age, alleging that he has contracted St. Vitus dance as a result of being forcibly confined at numerous times in an icebox, filed suit against Joseph Weisberger for \$15,000 damages. Young Brown charges that on several occasions Weisberger placed him in a huge refrigerator, thereby greatly frightening him and finally resulting in his prostration.

The petition states Weisberger threatened bodily harm to Brown should he tell of his enforced imprisonment.

HIGH COURT GETS \$4 SUIT

Telephone Company Appeals Service Case to Supreme Court of United States.

Little Rock, Ark.—Having lost once in the circuit court and twice in the Arkansas supreme court, the Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone company has appealed to the Supreme court of the United States in a suit originally involving only four dollars.

It was for rent for two months' telephone service. The case presents some unique features, having been in the local courts for the last four years. It involves the question of penalty for nonservice and the constitutionality of the statute of 1885 is involved.

HALF OF RUSSIA'S BABES DIE

Americans Considered the Best Baby Raisers by Leading Russian Philanthropists.

St. Petersburg—Americans are to be invited to take part in the Infant Mortality Conference to be held here in the late fall. There are 4,000,000 children born in Russia each year, and 2,000,000 of them die as babies. An exhibition of children of all nations will be held at the end of the conference, children up to seven years being eligible.

Last year's conference, held in Berlin, gave Hungary the world's championship for fighting infant mortality, as all children under 14 years who are orphans or have had parents, come under state protection. The government bears the entire burden of 54,000 homeless children. But leading Russian philanthropists declare the Americans to be the best child rearers in the world.

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