

STEERS CLOSE HIGHER

PRICES SHOW 10@50c ADVANCE COMPARED WITH LOW TIME LAST WEEK.

HEAVY GRADES GAIN MOST

Cows and Heifers 15@16c Higher Than Close of Last Week—Stock and Feeder Values Steady to Easy.

Only a handful of cattle arrived at the yards today and the market was restricted non-linear character in all branches of the trade.

The market for beef steers has traveled an altogether different route this week as compared with last week.

The market opened Monday at a 10@15c higher range, again advanced 10@20c on Tuesday and about a dime on Thursday.

Butchers' stock shared liberally in the week's advance in killing cattle, prices at the market showing a higher than the somewhat improved close a week ago.

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HOGS RANGED LOWER

DOWNWARD REVISION OF PRICES GENERAL AT ALL POINTS TODAY.

VALUES HERE OFF 10 TO 15c

Dime Measured Decline in Most Instances—Top \$7.30, With Bulk of Sales at \$7.10@7.25.

Weakness shown in the hog market yesterday was intensified today, a fairly heavy Saturday supply at all markets giving buyers an opportunity to bear down on prices.

For the week local receipts of hogs aggregate 24,700 head as compared with 23,213 last week, 35,819 a month ago, 43,546 a year ago, 19,510 two years ago, 22,579 three years ago and 41,115 four years ago.

Prices ranged from \$7.00@7.30, with the bulk selling at \$7.10@7.25.

According to J. S. Hamm, a successful farmer and stockgrower of Page county, Iowa, his locality is short on both cattle and hogs.

French Writer Declares Ass Is Next to Dog in Intelligence.

Paris, Dec. 27.—"Stupid as an ass," according to M. Cunisset-Carnot, the well-informed natural history writer, is a quite unmerited libel on the donkey.

Convicts to Build Roads

Five Hundred Prisoners Needed for Oklahoma System.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Dec. 28.—A plan to have 2400 miles of good roads built by prisoners serving sentences in the penitentiary of the state was outlined by State Highway Commissioner Sidney Suggs at a meeting of the county commissioners of Oklahoma held in this city.

Plan Simple Inaugural

Ceremonies in Past Too Pretentious, Thinks President Elect Wilson.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Inauguration ceremonies in the past have been too spectacular and pretentious, in the opinion of President Elect Woodrow Wilson, who wants his inauguration to be as simple as possible.

Weather Forecast

For Missouri: Fair tonight and Sunday; warmer in south portion tonight.

Kansas and Nebraska: Fair tonight and Sunday; moderate temperature.

Iowa: Fair tonight and Sunday; warmer in east portion tonight.

A little clover or alfalfa mixed with the silage when filling the silo will prove a profitable mixture.

GOOD GAINS IN SHEEP

LAMBS CLOSING 50@60c HIGHER THAN WEEK AGO—SHEEP UP 25@40 CENTS.

SHORT SUPPLY A STIMULUS

Advance Carried Market to Highest Level Since Last June—Today's Trade Nominally Steady.

A single flock of mixed native sheep and lambs was the extent of arrivals in this department of the trade today.

The following shows the local receipts from January 1, 1912, and receipts for the corresponding time in 1911:

Table with columns: 1912, 1911, Inc. Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Horses.

Receipts by Cars

Table with columns: Cattle, Hogs, Sheep. Locations: C. B. & Q. west, Rock Island, Great Western, Missouri Pacific, Grand Island, Santa Fe.

ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET

Table with columns: No. of bushels, Price. Items: Wheat, Corn, Oats.

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS

Table with columns: Options, High, Low, Close, Yr. Closes. Items: Wheat, Corn, Oats.

WATER AT PANAMA HOT

Uncomfortable for Bathing and Fish May Not Live in Canal.

Gatun, Panama, Dec. 28.—If any one should happen to fall overboard from a ship in the Panama Canal he will be in no danger of freezing being rescued.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 28.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 200. Market nominal.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 28.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 100. Market steady.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill., Dec. 28.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 200. Market steady.

ITEMS IN BRIEF

L. G. Blakslee, of Taylor county, Iowa, was on today's market with one load of hogs.

Riggs Bros., of Union county, Iowa, were represented in today's trade by sending in one load of hogs.

Listed among those having in hogs from Taylor county, Iowa, were the following: H. B. Foster, E. Dougherty, J. F. Jones, Wallace & Chandler, W. H. Scane and W. R. Rice, each marketing one load.

Nodaway county, Missouri, was represented in today's receipts by Phillip Stough and M. B. Sherlock, each disposing of one load of swine.

McBride & Hornbuckle sent in one load of hogs for today's market from Nodaway county, Missouri.

The following stockmen of Holt county, Missouri, sent in hogs for today's trading: W. S. DeWitt, E. Meyer, B. Goodpasture and W. H. Huntsman, each marketing one load except Mr. Huntsman, who had two loads.

O. P. Wilson, of Atchison county, Missouri, sent in one load of hogs today.

J. A. Karko and Hill & Co. were in the market today with hogs from Page county, Iowa.

Champion Molasses Feed, cattle like it, cattle feeders like it, because it makes them money.

Champion Feed Co., Tarkio, Mo.—Adv. P. L. Price contributed one load of hogs for today's market.

Try Hilgert's 35c merchants lunch and be convinced its the best in the city.

Anderson & Son shipped one load of hogs to the local market today.

Champion Molasses Feed shortens feeding period, increases gain, reduces cost per pound of gain, equally good with ensilage.—Adv.

Rankin & Lynn, large feeders who operate in Atchison county, Missouri, had one load of hogs on today's market.

Champion Feed saves corn.—Adv. R. Gillespie contributed the only consignment of sheep received at the local yards today.

New Woodland Hotel, 3rd and J., formerly Metropole Annex. Rates to stockmen. Cars to door.—Adv.

Peter Berny shipped in a mixed load of stock for today's market.

Try the stock yards lunch at Transit House Cafe. Best meal in the city for the money.—Adv.

The Heiliger Live Stock Co., of Jefferson county, Nebraska, heavy shippers to this market, sent in a load of hogs which sold here today.

Excelsior Cattle Fattener has proven a great success. The cheapest and best feed that can be fed with corn. Increases the gain, shortens time of feeding.—Adv.

C. M. Samms also sent in one load of hogs from Jefferson county, Nebraska today.

Affaifs, J. S. Timothy and clover meal, \$4.50 per ton for sale and rent on crop payments. J. Mulhair, Sioux City, Ia.

Among those having stock on sale today were L. S. Wohletz and Frank Chubb, each sending in a mixed load from Atchison county, Kansas.

Traveling Men Guests of Sales-manager Bielman Today.

A score or more of traveling salesmen of the Hammond plant of the Elks Club Packing Company, gathered at the plant today for the sixteenth semi-annual business and social session.

Local Official Admits Plan

That the compensation plan has been under consideration for some time, was stated last night by a Swift & Co. official, who said that he did not know when it was to be made applicable to local employees of the company, about eighteen hundred in number.

Keene Seriously Ill

Well Known Horseman Is Confined to New York Hotel.

New York, Dec. 28.—James R. Keene, who has not been in good health for a long time, is reported to be in a worse condition than at any time since he returned from abroad several months ago.

Buchanan County to Have Agricultural Advisor Soon.

At a meeting of the officers and directors of the Commerce club yesterday President C. D. Morris was authorized to enter into a contract with the county court for the employment of a farm expert for three years, the Commerce club to arrange for the payment of his salary for the first year. The state agricultural college at Columbia is to provide the expert but has not named the man yet.

Theatrical Amusements

At The Lyceum—Four days, starting with matinee Christmas, "Bugsy Lay".

QUEER OLD MINES

THE ORPIMENT WORKINGS IN THE SNOW CLAD HIMALAYAS.

DAZZLING BLAZE OF COLOR

Splendors of the Mineral Pits as They Sparkle in a Brilliant Mosaic of Gold and Rubies.

High on the flanks of Tirich Mir, one of the snow clad giant Himalayas of Chitral, are the old mines where orpiment is found.

"On my arrival five or six men with bloodshot eyes and faces covered with yellow dust crawled out. Although not injurious to health, the orpiment, I was told, affected the hands of the miners in a peculiar way.

"In the farther corner there was what looked like a well, and towards this my guide led me. Following his example, I sat on the floor and let my self down feet foremost into this dark and narrow hole.

"After descending some twenty feet I felt my legs swelling in space, a hand grasped one foot, and I felt it was easier to descend than a factory chimney, for here and there were projecting ledges on which you could rest your toes.

"Here at last was the orpiment, and it was almost worth the trouble of coming to the mine. Except where the roof was blackened by oil, the walls of the mine were a dazzling, scintillating mass of yellow and red.

"The orpiment, which was composed of brilliant, crystalline particles of orpiment, was intermingled to form an indescribable blaze of color.

"After admiring the fascinating sight of mineral ore, I was changing a blaze of beautiful color in this play of subterranean splendor for awhile of breaking off a few specimens of various hues I began to long for the upper air, so I began the ascent from Avernus, which I was pleased to find considerably easier than the descent."

LOCAL MILLERS COMPLAIN

Dealers Say Discrimination Is Showed in Rates.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Complaint of discrimination against flour for export as compared with wheat for export in the rates from St. Joseph and other lower Missouri points to Gulf ports has been filled with the interstate commerce commission by the Kansas City Millers' Club, which is composed of millers at Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison and Leavenworth.

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, \$13@12.50; No. 1, \$11.50@12.50; No. 2, \$8.50@11; No. 3, \$5.50@8.

ST. JOSEPH HAY AND FEED. When you want to buy or sell Hay write or telegraph to L. L. Frederick Grain & Hay Co.

Office, 1011-12 Cozy-Forsge Bldg. Phone 1233 Main. St. Joseph, Mo. Warehouse, 7th and Olive Sts.

KANSAS CITY HAY AND GRAIN.

The following quotations are furnished daily by the Kansas City Hay Receivers 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:

Timothy—Choice, \$13@12.50; No. 1, \$11.50@12.50; No. 2, \$8.50@11; No. 3, \$5.50@8. Clover mixed—Choice, \$12.50@13; No. 1, \$11@12; No. 2, \$9@10.50; No. 3, \$6@8.50.

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. KANSAS CITY, MO.

When shipping to Kansas City give us a trial. Liberal advance and quick returns. We solicit correspondence. Established 1885.

Hay Wanted! Will purchase on your track or handle on commission. Write us what you have.

NORTH BROTHERS 122-27 Live Stock Ex., Kansas City, Mo.

SWAN ROCK WHISKY DISTILLED FOR MEDICAL USE 10 YEARS OLD ABSOLUTELY PURE M.J. SHERIDAN, PROPRIETOR, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Importers and Dealers in WINES and LIQUORS Established 1878.

Shamrock Whiskey, Jugs or bottles, \$4.00; Tennessee Hye, Jugs or bottles, \$3.50; Maryland Hye, Jugs or bottles, \$3.00; Tennessee White Corn Whiskey, \$3.00; Old Anderson Whiskey, \$3.00; Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey, \$3.00; Holland Gta. Jugs or bottles, \$5.00 to \$4.00; Rummy, grape, apple, peach, \$3.00 to \$4.00; Fruit Wine, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00; Cherry Wine, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and 3.00; Angelica Wine, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and 3.00. THIS IS AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE. Mail orders shipped promptly. Remit with order. We carry everything in the Wine and Liquor order. Price list mailed on application. Address: M. J. SHERIDAN, 602 South Sixth Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

WANTED TO BUY

Horses, Mares and Mules from 4 to 8 years old. Stock must be fat and broken to work. Highest cash price paid. We carry a nice line of young mules for farmers.

JOHN HANN Barn 1021 South 9th St., Northwest Corner Fifth Park, St. Joseph, Mo.

NELS A. ANDERSON, FARRIGUT, IOWA Breeder of Percherons, Shire and German Coach Stallions and Jacks. Has for sale one Percheron Stallion, 8 years old, weighing 2,100 lbs. sold 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.

CANCER TUMORS, FUZENA, FACIAL BLEMMISHES and SKIN DISEASES can be CURED without surgical operation or burning plaster. We have successfully treated these diseases for twenty years. Price reasonable. Write for FREE BOOK, address DR. G. W. ALLAMAN, Atchison, Kansas

FROM THE BIG SEA

Nora and Kitty Had Plenty to Talk About.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Jack Northrup turned the wheel and brought the nose of his swift little motor boat around toward the narrow opening of the bay. Once outside, the little craft rode the big waves easily.

"This is great!" ejaculated Jack, inhaling a deep breath of the fresh salt breeze. A crowded excursion steamer passed him and in response to his shrill siren call saluted with a throaty bass growl. Everybody laughed.

Jack turned and looked after the steamer. "I wonder if Nora is on board—she did say that she might come down on the excursion boat; well, I may as well finish my run and it is very likely that she and Kitty will have plenty to talk about—they won't miss me."

Across the heaving wake left by the steamer darted the motor boat. The opposite shore grew more distinct for he was nearing Sea Island—an unfriendly group of rocks and sand like a bit broken from the mainland. Here Jack loved to come and swim in the sheltered cove on the south side of the island and it was usually his goal on short motor trips.

This afternoon the island lay a golden spot under the leveling rays of the dropping sun. A few pine trees huddled near the shore, while the rocky center arose to a rugged height of perhaps fifty feet. Once Jack had climbed to the very top of the rock to find that it was a cup-like hollow filled with pine needles wafted from the trees below.

"Some night I shall stay up there and watch the stars swing through their courses," he promised himself as he steered toward the entrance to the little cove.

Once inside it was only a hundred feet to the curving yellow beach where the Gull nosed up the sand while Jack tossed an anchor overboard as an extra precaution.

"If Nora had not said she might come down today I'd stay here to-night," he said with a wistful glance up the steep, rocky path that led to the summit.

His eyes fell to the sand, and there he saw impressed the print of a small foot—a little, bare foot. Next he saw a small boat lying keel up against the rocky wall. This was drift from the ocean.

He walked up to it and made a very examination. The craft was the brief last thing in luxurious ship building—a small, dainty yacht's tender, a masterpiece of inlaid wood and polished brass. Her engine was useless and she had no oars. On her bow she bore a name in small brass letters.

"Blauine," he repeated, when all at once he remembered the tiny footprint in the sand and he wondered, staring first at the curve of bare beach, that was washed at both ends by the hungry tide and at the only safe spot on the island—the rocky summit.

In a few seconds he was scaling the steep path and when he reached the top so that his eyes could look down into the cup-like hollow of the pinnacle rock, he almost lost his hold on the brim, so great was his amazement at what he saw.

Curled up on the thick bed of pine needles was a girl fast asleep, the prettiest Jack had ever seen, not even excepting Nora Smith, with whom he was supposed to be in love. He identified her at once as the maker of the footprint on the sand, for not only were there a dainty pair of shoes and stockings, primly placed beside her, but from beneath the skirt of her blue serge sailor frock peeped a bare and rosy foot.

Jack gazed in awed delight and wonderment at the long, curved lashes against her pink cheek; he wondered what color were the eyes hidden beneath the white lids.

"Don't be frightened," Jack said hastily. "I found a boat down on the beach and I came up here to see if I could not find its owner. It is rather unusual to land here, you know—a bit risky at high tide." He smiled pleasantly.

The girl looked relieved. "I didn't come here from choice," she explained soberly. "You don't mean that you were washed ashore—shipwrecked?" She nodded. "It happened yesterday. I was on the yacht Blauine—she belongs to my father. At dusk last night a sudden squall struck us and I was washed overboard. I can swim, but it was dark and the waves were choppy. I heard my father ordering a boat overboard and a couple of sailors rescued me with the aid of the tender. We were on the way back to the yacht when a big wave struck us and the tender capsized, throwing all three of us into the water.

"I'm ashamed to say the sailors swam off and left me clinging to the boat. I managed to turn it over and climb in, but I had drifted around so that I could not locate the yacht. I could hear the whistle blowing all night and I screamed and called. Just before dawn the tender floated into quiet water and drifted up on the beach below.

"I remained on the beach until daylight, then beached the boat and found this place. I was so exhausted that I fell asleep and you have just awakened me."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jack. "What an experience you've been through. Why, you must be plucky to have stood all that hardship—and still—be able to talk about it!" "My father has taught me that men and women who go down to the sea in ships must have a due respect for their wilder moods and be prepared to meet them," she said quietly.

"You must be very hungry," suggested Jack tactfully. "My launch is always provided for emergencies and I can give you a sandwich and a cup of hot beef tea."

"I am hungry," she acknowledged, "and it is very kind of you." Jack held up a restraining hand. "If your father told you always to be prepared for emergencies at sea he also told you always to have a helping hand for the stranded mariner—eh?" he smiled.

"Yes," she smiled too and her face was wonderfully sweet. Jack disappeared from the rock and went down to the boat where he busied himself in preparing something to eat for the girl. Presently she came down the rocky path and stood beside him.

"I will take you to Snug Harbor—our cottage is there and my sister, Mrs. Frame, will take excellent care of you. Of course you will want to communicate with your father at once."

"He can be reached by wireless from the nearest station. My father is Arthur Debrys," she said as she sipped the hot beef tea.

"Arthur Debrys!" Jack stared—if this girl was Penelope Debrys she was one of the richest girls in the land. He had heard about her. He told her who he was and all about the little island which he had luckily visited that afternoon. It was so seldom visited that if he had not arrived she might have starved there unless she had set a signal of distress flying.

They started for Snug Harbor towing the Blauine's tender. The wind blew up cold and Jack insisted upon putting his coat around her shoulders. It thrilled him to see her snuggling under its warmth. Already he was in love with her and there was something in her eyes that seemed to tell that she, too, had found some new emotion.

But there was Nora Smith, with whom he was supposed to be in love. Nora was a born flirt and exacted this devotion from all her male friends. But Jack had qualms of conscience—he had been serious about Nora at one time, but Nora was years older than he. Still he might ask Nora.

The eyes of Penelope Debrys met his and she smiled. "Ah, this is my girl—I saved her from the sea—she belongs to each other," he told himself recklessly.

When he led this strange young woman into the living room of the Sea Shell Mrs. Frame started up in surprise. "You poor child," she cried after they had told the story, "come with me and get into some dry clothing while Jack tries to communicate with your father. Jack, there's a telegram on the table for you."

Jack was alone when he read the message. "Married to Tony Pike this morning. Congratulations to both. Nora Smith."

KNOW WHAT YOUR IDEAL IS

First Step to Real Success, Though Few Seem to Realize Its Importance.

Several years ago when I filled a position which brought me many visitors each day, and many more letters in the same time, I was overburdened with requests for advice from persons who wished "to succeed," "to accomplish," "to attain." But, as strange as the statement may seem to you, I can truthfully say that not one per cent—not one in a hundred of these earnest seekers was able to state exactly what he or she really wanted.

They were dissatisfied and discontented, and felt the vague urge of unrest pushing them forward to further endeavor and attainment—but it stopped right there. Ninety-nine out of every hundred did not know what they wanted. They asked not only for advice regarding the means of accomplishment and attainment, but also for information as to what they should really desire.

"Silly," you exclaim. Not a bit of it. I venture to say to you—yes, you who are now reading these lines, are not much better off regarding clear-cut ideas and ideals. You want, and want and want, of course—but just what do you want? Have you a clearly defined idea, and a clear-cut ideal of the object of your desire? Honor bright now, have you?—William Walker Atkinson, in the Nautilus.

GOOD WORD FOR THE WASP

In Industry He is on a Par With the Bee, Though Not of So Much Value to World.

Wasps appear to be well-nigh as industrious as ants or bees. One authority has declared that the cardinal doctrine of wasps is: "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat." Division of labor is clearly seen in the wasp's nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers, others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as papermakers and masons. Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey. Toward the end of summer, as all beekeepers know, they will force their way into beehives and carry off by force as much as they can gorge of their winged neighbors' honey. The drones of the wasp world, instead of being idle and luxurious, are sober, industrious and well-behaved members of the community. They clear the streets of their town with exemplary diligence, acting as public scavengers and sanitary officers. And they have their reward, for, unlike the bee drones, they live their allotted life in peace and quietness until winter involves them and their maiden sisters in one common cataclysm of death and destruction.—Harper's Weekly.

Pianola Within Rat.

The wonders of science will never cease. Paris has received a delicate jolt by the exhibition of a rat which carries around a pianola in its internal organism. A touch of its tail produces airs from the opera. M. Bertrand Lebaudy, the French zoological expert and savant, discovered that the ribs of the rat give out rhythmic tones when properly tickled. Making experiments, he found that these tones could be regulated by nerve pressure from an electric battery. The nerves of a rat led to its sensitive tail, which does many duties besides acting as whisk broom in rat land. He tamed a fine specimen of the regular Parisian rodent, got it so that it would answer to his least command, fed it on a special diet and then charged its nerves from an electric battery. The rat became exceedingly sensitive and the notes from its body when tweaked by the tail quite audible. This story did not originate in Winsted, Conn., but came from a Paris correspondent.

Marshmallows.

In a mountain camp this summer the cream ran short. The campers simply couldn't get it. They didn't even have the canned variety. A box of marshmallows was on the table when the campers sat down to lunch and one of the women looking into her cup of chocolate minus cream, began to eat a mallow. It didn't exactly go to the spot. Neither did the watery chocolate. In disgust she put the two together. The marshmallow went floating in the cup of chocolate, when, presto! there was something white and foaming! There was cream! Necessity and accident are indeed the mother and the father of invention. Those people learned before their lunch was over that marshmallows take the place of cream. They do! They do indeed!

Stranded.

A negro, with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon, stood on the incline of Capitol hill, in Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms in January.

The old man huddled in his rabbit-skin cap, shivering; the mule was trembling with the cold. According to Everybody's Magazine, two congressmen, waiting for a belated car, were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the negro made no effort to depart, what ailed the old fellow.

One of the congressmen walked over and said, "Why don't you move on, uncle?" The old negro pointed a trembling finger at his "team" and replied, "Cause dis yere mule won't go 'ter I whistle at him, and it's so cold I cain't whistle!"

The Crocodile Wrench. An Ideal Farm Wrench. Six Handy Farm Tools in One. Drop forged from the finest tool steel, scientifically tempered. Every wrench guaranteed against breakage. A pipe wrench, a nut wrench, a screw driver, and three dies for cleaning up and re-threading rusted and battered threads. Dies fit all standard bolts used on standard farm machinery. Requires no adjustments; never slips; simple and always ready for use. Will work in closer quarters than any other wrench. Has handsome, blued finish. Every farmer should carry one of these handy little wrenches on a binder, reaper, mower, etc. They are light, strong, compact and easily carried in the hip pocket. The Crocodile is also a handy household tool. Enclose \$2.00 for six months' subscription to Stock Yards Daily Journal and wrench will be sent you free of charge.

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KANSAS

960 acres in Marshall Co., Kan., good bottom, second bottom and fine upland, can be divided in three tracts, 3 miles from town, two A No. 1 set of improvements. Price \$67.50 per acre if taken before Dec. 1, 1912. Present owner wants to retire; good terms can be had. Pralle Bros. Realty Co., Bremen, Kansas.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the St. Joseph Cattle Loan Company will be held and convened at the office of said bank, located in the Live Stock Exchange Building, on the property of the St. Joseph Stock Yards Company, south of the City of St. Joseph, in the County of Buchanan, State of Missouri, on Monday, January 13th, 1913, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year, or until their successors are duly qualified, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before such meeting.

IRVING A. VANT, President. J. A. GREENFIELD, JR., Secretary.

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IRVING A. VANT, President. J. A. GREENFIELD, JR., Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Missouri Live Stock Commission Co. will be held at its office, in Rooms 202 and 203, Exchange Building in South St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 4th day of January, 1913, to convene at 9 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing directors and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

J. W. BENNETT, Secretary.

Send or bring \$3.00 to L. T. KEYWOOD 401 Illinois Ave., St. Joseph, Mo. and get 4 full quarts of Old McCormick whiskey, the best you ever had at any price. Send today.

Stock Yards Daily Journal Bureau of Information

Where the Best to Buy

You want to buy goods, as far as possible, from firms who deal directly with farmers or who have their agents in your locality. You want to deal with reliable firms. You want to save unnecessary writing to firms who do not handle what you are hunting for. These wants are reasonable, and to fill them the Stock Yards Daily Journal will help you—free. Look over the coupon in this advertisement and if it lists anything you are thinking of buying, check it, and mail the coupon, with your name and address plainly written and we will do the rest. Hundreds of readers should avail themselves of the Stock Yards Daily Journal's offer to give genuine help in buying. Mail this request before you forget it. This advertisement is designed to save you money, and its privileges are available only to our subscribers.

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I am interested in and intend to purchase within a reasonable time, the machines or articles checked below and will be glad to receive information concerning the same.

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SMALLNESS OF THE WORLD

How Grecian Currency Found Its Way to a Pigeon Loft in the City of Indianapolis.

Charles M. Cross took from his pocketbook a piece of thin yellow cardboard that looked something like the old-fashioned fractional United States currency—shin plasters.

"Where do you think I found this?" he asked, waving it at a group around him.

Of course nobody knew, but supposed that Mr. Cross had been digging in the family archives, and had come across a bit of money.

"My men have been tearing down the old Ritter house. Up in the loft they found a pigeon's nest. The house had been deserted, the windows broken, and the pigeons had taken possession. In use as a part of the nest was this money. You can see it is of Greek issue, as it is marked 'duo drachmae,' but how did it get into an Irvington house, and in a pigeon's nest?"

Demarchus C. Brown, one of the listeners, was showing increasing interest. "I think I have the mate to that piece of money," he said and he took from his pocketbook a duplicate.

"I believe, also, that I can unfold the mystery. Years ago, when teaching Greek at Butler college I had some Greek money that I had brought home from Athens. This money was exhibited in the classroom, and I gave a two drachma piece to a Greek student who was then living in the Ritter house. I have no doubt that it was left there and that the pigeons afterward appropriated it. That was a good many years ago, and it was a long ways from Athens, but it proves in another sense that the world isn't so big, after all."—Indianapolis News.

CUT GROUND UNDER BOOSTER

Exceedingly Neat Rejoinder Made by Salesman to His Puffed-Up Rival.

Rivalry among motor car manufacturers is acute, if good natured. At a dinner of manufacturers' representatives one guest dwelt at length on the remarkable popularity of his car and the wonderful organization of its selling force.

"Why, just think of it, gentlemen," said he, "last month our sales averaged a car every two minutes of each working day. There was never anything like it."

When he had concluded the representative of a rival factory arose and remarked: "With the last speaker's permission, I would like to offer my compliment on his statement that there's one of his cars sold every two minutes." Permission was granted. "I understood you to say that you call that good salesmanship. Am I right?"

"I certainly do," affirmed the previous speaker.

"Well, I don't think that's all. I call it mighty poor salesmanship."

"What do you mean?" demanded the booster. "A car every two minutes—"

"Poor salesmanship—there's no other name for it. The gentleman forgets that there's a sucker born every minute."

After which the next speaker was introduced.

Misjudged the Uniform.

During the war in the Philippines General Charles King, one day while resident in his uniform, which was made especially brilliant by several rows of new brass buttons, came upon a raw recruit. The latter was on post duty and failed to salute the general.

"Are you on duty here?" asked General King, with a show of anger.

"I guess so," said the recruit. "They sent me out here, anyway."

"Do you remember your general orders?" asked the general.

"I guess I do—some of them," said the raw recruit.

"Well," said the general, "don't you know that you are supposed to salute your officers? Don't you know I am the general of this brigade?"

"You the general?" said the new recruit. "Gosh, no; I didn't know it. I thought you was the chief of the fire department."—Kansas City Star.

First Use of Asphalt.

Asphalt, with which so many roads are paved, was found by accident. Many years ago, in Switzerland, natural rock asphalt was discovered, and for more than a century it was used for the purpose of extracting the rich stores of bitumen it contained.

In time it was noticed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagons and were crushed by the wheels formed a marvelously fine road surface when assisted by the heat of the sun. A proper road of asphalt rock was then made, following upon the discovery, and in 1854 an experimental roadway was laid in Paris. From that time the use of rock asphalt for the making of roads and pavements has increased and extended to many countries.

No Kiss With Alimony.

When a man has been divorced and ordered by the court to pay his wife alimony, the law does not require that he kiss her every time he makes his payments, according to a ruling made by Magistrate Morris of Denver. Mrs. Emathia Vincent, who recently got a divorce in the county court from Beau Vincent, a motorman, told Magistrate Morris that when she called on her former husband to collect her \$20 alimony he tendered her the money but refused to kiss her, and she refused the money.

BORROWING AS A FINE ART

Proof That This Bad Habit is Impoppable to Eradicate in Some People.

Day by day, as Mrs. Worth's household and kitchen furniture and groceries slowly disappeared, she saw that the moment approached when a final stand must be made. One morning, when Jimmy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash-boiler," Mrs. Worth determined to act.

"You tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed, I will lend her the boiler." In a little while Jimmy reappeared. "Ma wants to know what she borrowed."

"There is a quart of flour," began Mrs. Worth, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors"—she paused, recollecting—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and—"

But Jimmy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again.

"Ma says for you to write 'em down. I forgot some of 'em."

Mrs. Worth sat down with pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember.

Jimmy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more reappeared at the back door and announced:

"Ma says if you'll lend her the wash-boiler to carry 'em in, she'll bring 'em home."—Youth's Companion.

POETRY IN PAGAN LEGEND

According to This, Woman is Made Up of a Compound of Many Contradictory Things.

"Our fable of the creation of woman is more poetical than your Christian one, which forms woman out of a man's rib," said a Hindu. "Listen, and see if you don't agree with me."

"Twashtri, at the beginning of time, created the universe, and man, but when he came to create woman he found that he had exhausted his materials and no solid elements remained."

"Twashtri mused a while. Then an idea came to him, and in order to make the first woman he took moonlight and the undulations of the serpent, the slenderness of reeds and the soft movement in the wind, the tears of a raincloud, the velvet of flower petals, the grace of a roe, the tremor of grasses, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of the down on a dove's breast, the hardness of diamonds and the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger and the warmth of fire, the cold of snow, the chatter of a jay and the coo of a dove—and out of these things Twashtri created woman."

Glass Over Paintings.

Yielding to the criticism of artists and art experts, the authorities at the galleries of the Louvre have removed the glass that covered and was supposed to protect some famous pictures. A few, however, are yet inclosed in glass, and among these are the Antiope of Correggio, the Laura Dianti of Titian and the Concert Champetre of Giorgione. It is held that for all purposes of art, for study, for admiration, the canvasses should be naked, as under glass all the fine qualities of these great paintings are lost. Examination of the paintings from which the glass has been removed shows that a number of them, among which is Titian's famous Man With the Torn Glove, have been injured by moisture that formed under the glass; others are the Antiope of Correggio, the Country Concert of Giorgione and the Virgin on the Rocks, of Leonardo da Vinci. "All these deteriorations," says a critic, "have been without doubt accelerated by moisture inclosed by glass."

In Simple Language.

Beware of the habit of using big words. Like other habits, it grows upon its victim. A horrible example is instanced by the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The superintendent of a Sunday school in Philadelphia recently called upon a visitor to "say a few words" to the school, the members of which are mostly children of tender age. The visitor, a speaker well known for his verbose and circumlocutory manner of speech, began his address as follows:

"This morning, children, I purpose to offer you an epitome of the life of Saint Paul. It may be, perhaps, that there are among you some too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.' 'Epitome,' children, is in its signification 'synonymous with synopsis.'"

Bite of a Centipede.

Jeff Fitch has had about the closest call of his life the last few days. About one week ago, while sleeping in his bachelor quarters, he felt something bite him and after applying some turpentine he thought no more of it.

A day or two later the wound began to swell and in a short time Fitch was a very sick man. He was removed to the home of Chris Powell, where for a time it was feared he would not recover. A search of the room where Fitch had been sleeping revealed a dead centipede upon the floor back of the bed, where it had fallen when the awakened man had crushed his tormentor. Fitch is now said to be out of danger, although far from recovered.—Arizona Republican.

WELCOMED AN OLD FRIEND

John Burroughs Wrote of Pleasure Experienced on Hearing the Skylark in Honolulu.

One of my pleasant surprises in Honolulu—one that gave the touch of nature which made me feel less a stranger there, was learning that the European skylark had been introduced and was thriving on the grassy slopes back of the city. The mina, a species of starling from India as large as our robin and rather showily dressed, with a loud, strident voice, had seen and heard everywhere both in town and country, but he was a stranger and did not appeal to me. Yet the thought of the skylark brought Shelley and Wordsworth, and English downs and meadows, near to me at once, and I was eager to hear it. So early one morning we left Pleasanton, our tarrying place, and climbed the long, pastoral slope above the city, where cattle and horses were grazing, and listened for this minstrel from the motherland. We had not long to wait. Sure enough, not far from us there sprang from the turf Shelley's bird, and went climbing his invisible spiral toward the sky, pouring out those hurried, ecstatic notes, just as I had heard him above the South Downs of England. It was a moment of keen delight to me. The bird soared and hovered, drifting about, as it were, before the impetuous current of his song, with all the joy and abandon with which the poets have credited him. It was like a bit of English literature vocal in the air there above these alien scenes. Presently another went up, and then another, the singers behaving in every respect as they do by the Avon and the Tweed, and for a moment I breathed the air that Wordsworth and Shelley breathed.—From "Holidays in Hawaii," by John Burroughs, in the Century.

FATHER'S COMMON SENSE ANSWER

Should Have Driven Nonsense From the Mind of Son.

A certain well known actor—an established star of the first magnitude, in fact—has a son who has always given the father a great deal of trouble. Despite his inherited talent, which would insure him permanent employment on the stage, the son shows a fondness for living on the income of his parents. He can see no reason why both of them should work.

One time the father got tired of advancing money to the son. An estrangement had been threatening for a long time. Finally, the father sealed the climax when, in response to a written "touch" for \$50, he sent the boy a \$5 note, with the added advice that that was the last money he should ever advance to him. To this threat the son sent the following answer:

"If you do not send me the \$50 I requested I'll use this \$5 in the purchase of a revolver and blow my brains out." The father, in reply to this tragic note, sent back this one:

"I have told you time and again that you will have to quit wasting my money on useless luxuries. Don't spend that \$5 for a revolver. Come up to the house and I'll lend you mine."

REARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

The marriage or rather remarriage statistics in the marries of Paris made sad reading for the sentimentalists. Of 2,270 disconsolate widowers 148 remarry within a year. The defections increase with terrible rapidity in the second year, which sees 628 relapses from the ranks of mourners.

SOME HAND FOR A SICK MAN.

A certain man stayed out much later at night than his wife liked, and as he would never tell her where he had been she got their little boy to ask him.

One morning at breakfast the youngster said, "Dad, where wuz yer last night?"

"Never mind where I was," answered the father.

"But," insisted the boy, "where wuz yer?"

"Well, if you must know, I was sitting up with a sick friend."

"Oh, did yer sick friend die?"

"What an awful question! Of course he didn't die!"

"Oh, but did you hold yer sick friend's hand?"

"No," answered the father, "how foolish you are. Of course I didn't." And then he added, with a far away look in his eyes, "I wish to heaven I had. He held four acres!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SALARIED CAT.

The only salaried cat in the United States, so far as one can find out, has just died in New Orleans, and was given a proper burial. This was Old Tom, who for years had been carried on the board of trade as official rat catcher, with a salary of ten cents a day, and was never discharged, though in his later years he was a reluctant as other veteran office holders to get busy. But he had no enemies except of the feline sort, and his framed picture is to adorn the directors' room at the board of trade.—Springfield Republican.

DISINFECTING SILVER.

There is a lunch room in Fulton street where, honest Injun, they disinfect all the silver received over the cashier's counter. Tip has heard a good deal about removing the germs from currency, but this is the first time he ever saw it done. Over the counter slides the silver and into a big bowl of some sort of disinfectant it goes, plop. The pile of change was taking its alce, wholesome bath all the time Tip was in the place.—New York Press.

GIVES BACK WHAT IS GIVEN

Life, in the Main, is Just and Almost Inevitably Returns Good for Good.

The echo is the principle of life. You get back from the world the message you give it.

Neither this nor any other truth is true in all particulars; very often you receive evil for your good and good for your evil, harsh words when you sent forth only kindness, and injustice in return for your deeds honest and well meant, but like all truths it is true in general.

In fact, the essence of every truth is a generalization which the mind is able to pick from a mass of confusing particulars.

Is it a cold, hard-hearted, unfeeling world to you? Then I very much fear that you have given to it a selfish, narrow, egotistic heart.

Is it a tolerably good sort of place, and do you find men and women as a rule just and kindly disposed? You must have been yourself an honest and generous nature.

Haven't you had days when everything seemed wrong? You said you must get up out of bed with the wrong foot first. You have fumbled all you undertook, your fingers have been all thumbs, and everyone about you has seemed smitten with the grouse.

In all this you have been but seeing yourself as in a glass. It is your ugly mood that dims the shining surface of a really pleasant world.

Nothing is so unerring as the total universe. Time and nature seem now and then slipshod, and do things unjust and uncalled for, but they always make it up in the long run and pay every soul back a hundred cents on the dollar.—Woman's World.

NO NEED TO WASTE MONEY

Father's Common Sense Answer Should Have Driven Nonsense From the Mind of Son.

A certain well known actor—an established star of the first magnitude, in fact—has a son who has always given the father a great deal of trouble. Despite his inherited talent, which would insure him permanent employment on the stage, the son shows a fondness for living on the income of his parents. He can see no reason why both of them should work.

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OF COURSE HE MEANT THAT

Man With Hair Lip Had Rather the Better of the Bartender in This Particular Deal.

A man with a hair lip strolled into a saloon one day, ordered a drink and, after "putting it away," offered to match the bartender for the price of it. The bartender consented, and, taking out a coin, threw it into the air and told the hair-lip man to "call" it. The coin came down and the bartender's palm hid it from view on the counter.

"What do you cry?" he asked.

"Teah," said the man, making such a peculiar grunt that no one could have said whether he meant heads or tails.

"What?"

"Teah," again.

"Is that what you mean?" asked the bartender, lifting his hand, exposing the coin.

"Yeth," replied the man, and he walked out, leaving the bartender to figure out whether he'd been "done" or not.—New York World.

WHAT PERFUMES ARE MADE OF.

There are few perfumes today that cannot be made from chemicals, synthetically, as the chemists call it. Formerly all perfumes were extracted from flowers, fruits, spices, woods, or other vegetable and animal substances. The first perfume to be imitated was vanilla, in 1876. Heliotropine followed, being obtained by oxidation of a byproduct of camphor. Terpinol is one of the most freely used constituents of perfumes. This is a near relation of turpentine. With this, a little oil, and aqua fortis a chemist can produce a perfume that can scarcely be distinguished from those exhaled by the lily of the valley, lilac and Cape jessamine, varying according to the proportions in which the chemicals are blended. Artificial violet is a combination of citrol (an essence extracted from lemon), Indian

CRIBS FOR THE BABY GUESTS.

Among the luxuries, comforts and conveniences nowadays provided by the great hotel are cribs for the baby guests. Even in the finest hotels these are a comparatively recent addition to the house equipment.

Up to about five years ago when a separate bed was required for a baby's use a cot was put into the room and several persons traveling for the first time with a baby still ask for a cot. They are agreeably surprised when informed that a crib can be supplied if desired. In a big hotel there may now be kept ready for use a dozen cribs in the care of the housekeeper; cribs simple but of the latest style of construction, ready to be sent whenever they are wanted.

Buying Up-to-Date Goods

By SETH BROWN

No woman likes to feel that she is buying old, shopworn, out-of-date goods.

She wants goods which are new and fresh, especially in articles of wear and ornamentation.

The store in which you trade largely determines what kind of goods you are buying.

If you trade in stores which do a small amount of business, you may rest assured that your merchant is always carrying goods which are two or three seasons out-of-date.

Such a merchant depends upon people coming to his store and searching through the stock to find out what they want.

The bright advertising merchant goes at it in another way.

He doesn't wait for people to dig through the stock to find his goods, but he uses space in the newspapers to tell all the people about his goods.

Advertising makes it easy for them to know about his wares, brings him immediate buyers and he sells his stock over and over again.

It doesn't get a chance to get stale—out-of-date.

Therefore, if you want to feel that the goods you are buying are right in style, quality and price, you should patronize the merchants who advertise.

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