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STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

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HOLDING BACK THE THIN ONES.

Chicago Exchange: "We are holding back our light lambs this year and shipping as few thin sheep as possible," said an Idaho man. "Last year we had no alternative but order cars; this year feed is plentiful and if eastern finishers are under the impression that we intend to load a bargain counter they are mistaken." So far few feeding lambs have arrived and demand shows a disposition to pick up in consequence. Good feeders are now worth \$3.50 and should an effort be made to get many on that basis the price would be speedily marked up. A year ago this time 25-pound feeding lambs were taken out at \$6.85, but many Michigan feeders insist that they will stay out of the game this year unless they are able to fill up around \$3.50. Feeding sheep are a positive drug, for which the demoralized condition of the fat mutton market is mainly responsible.

HAY A GAMBLE.

Breeder's Gazette: Hay is somewhat of a gamble. The crop is decidedly short, but the quality is unprecedented. Prices are at so lofty a level that many farmers harked back to the old fable about a bird in the hand, and rushed such quantities to the southwestern markets, where the demand was keenest, as to break the price from \$2 to \$3 a ton. Every unloading of this kind, however, lessens the stocks on the farm and heightens the price toward spring—unless corn hay is liberally made. This is the saving clause. Economy enforced from high prices will doubtless cut down the demand, and if the cornfields and small grainfields give up forage for farm use, an unusual quantity of hay can be thrown on the market. If ever the preservation of all that giant grass called corn were demanded, it is this season. The fodder shredder should hum its song more universally over the cornbelt than ever before.

RESULTS THAT COUNT.

It is in years like this that the work of the trained agriculturist shows in strong contrast to that of the haphazard farmer, says the Kansas Farmer. The evidence is on every hand in the wheat field, the corn field, the potato patch, etc. The wheat and corn farmers have in years' past had the attention of the state agricultural college expert, but not until this year have the potato growers been given attention. J. R. Cooper, who has had charge of experimental plots of potatoes in the Kaw valley this summer, says that, although his tests are not all completed, he has learned enough to convince him the farmers can greatly increase their yield in the "spud belt." With potatoes yielding only \$6 to \$7 bushels to the acre in the Kaw valley this year. Mr. Cooper's experimental plot of 12 acres near Lawrence averaged more than 100 bushels to the acre. There is as yet no report on experimental plots near Lenape and Bonner Springs. The experiments included the use of fertilizers, sprays and other agencies that will show what is and what is not desirable in growing potatoes in the Kaw valley.

HEMP CULTURE INCREASING.

Exchange: The blue grass regions of Kentucky, in the center of which Lexington, raised about 29,000 acres of flax from which hemp is produced. The acreage devoted to hemp in other parts of the United States is very small—perhaps 600 acres around Lincoln, Neb., and an equal number in the lower Sacramento valley, California, with small experimental plantings in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Arkansas. All the hemp fiber produced in this country is used in the American mills, and, as increasing quantities are being imported a market for a larger production is offered.



The Old Lady Made the Chickens Carry Cards to Their Owner

Daddy's Bedtime Story

To Prove a Fib Is Not a Fib Is Hard For Daddy

"Daddy, it always pays to be polite, daddy," asked Jack one evening when the frogs began croaking "Goterbed, goterbed." "Surely," answered daddy. "If it wasn't for politeness everybody would go around the world squawking like an old wagon wheel with no axle grease on it. Why do you ask, Jack?" "Oh," replied the little boy, "it all seems like such an awful lot of fuss to me. And if you'll excuse me, daddy, it seems to me as if it meant the telling of a whole lot of fibs." "Oh, dear," sighed daddy; "now you've come to a question that has puzzled many older and wiser heads than yours or mine. Personally I believe that a fib if spoken with kindly intent is not a lie at all, but hundreds of thousands of good folks would say that I was wicked to even hint at such a thing." "Still, as I said before, my dears, that is one of the questions every one must sooner or later decide for herself or himself, and, besides, this seems to be more of a lecture than a story, so I'll have to tell you about a dear old lady who lived in our town who got the best of her neighbor, a crusty old church deacon, by deliberately but politely fibbing. "His chickens would keep going in her yard and spoiling her nice flowers, and every time she protested she would be met with growls and told to keep her fences mended. So one day she wrote a lot of cards and tied each of them with a long thread to a kernel of corn. They read something like this: "Dear Mr. Deacon—Please send your chickens over every day. They are such good company. "Dear Mr. Deacon—Your chickens have overlooked my new tulip bulbs. I'm afraid I planted them too deep for the dear little things. I shall have the bulbs spaded up today. "Dear Mr. Deacon—How much water shall I give your chickens for luncheon? My seeds must be very dry eating. "Now, the deacon was a deacon, and each card told a deliberate story, but he went over to the old lady's house that afternoon and apologized, with the first laugh anybody had seen on his face for years. "Doesn't politeness pay?" asked daddy. "Clever politeness does," answered Evelyn. "They were fibs just the same," insisted Jack. "Oh, my poor head!" said daddy.

HAD NEVER BEEN TEMPTED

Delegation of Citizens Looking for County Treasurer Decided Candidate Was Too Honest.

Upon a certain occasion an eminent citizen was approached by a delegation of other eminent citizens, the leader of whom proceeded to say: "Friend, it must be known to thee that we have had dishonest men in office and the taxpayers have suffered loss thereby?" "Truly, the facts have come to my ears," was the reply. "We would further state that we are a delegation looking for a new man to fill the position of county treasurer." "And in me you will find an honest one." "That is to say, thee wilt not graft?" "Not the value of a cent." "There will be much cash to handle." "But it will be safe with me." "And there will be constant temptations." "But I shall withstand them all." "Hast ever handled public funds?" "No, but I again assure thee of my honesty." "Friend," continued the speaker for the delegation, "thou art honest because thou hast never been tempted. We are now looking about ten per cent. by graft. Let the office be given to an honest man and he'll either take all or none, and the chances are about even up. We will pass on." Moral—The honest man of today is the rascal of tomorrow.

BEDOUIN IS SMALL EATER

He is Active and Martial, Yet He Subsists Easily on Very Little Food.

The Bedouins are a most alert and military race, and yet it is an undoubted fact that the quantity of food usually consumed by the greater part of them does not exceed six ounces a day. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter serve a man a whole day, and he esteems himself happy when he can add a small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice. In 1779 an Englishman describes the Russian grenadiers as follows: "They are the finest body of men I ever saw. Not a man is under six feet high. Their allowance consists of eight pounds of black bread, four pounds of oil, and one pound of salt per man for eight days." In 1854, when the Russians surprised the world by standing against the attack of the Allies, on the bloody battlefield of Alma, were found dead Russians with their provisions in their knapsacks, and these provisions were "black bread crumbs in oil." Dr. Hamlin, who has resided more than twenty years in Constantinople, says the Turkish porters in that city eat bread made from flour scarcely boiled, fruits, curried milk, of which they are very fond, rice cooked with some other vegetables, and about twice a week a little meat at dinner, which they eat soon after sunset. They never drink any sort of distilled or fermented liquor. Onions and garlic are largely consumed by the Turks.

REUNITED AFTER 45 YEARS

Brother and Sister, Long Separated, Meet Through Death of Sister—Believed Sister Dead.

New York.—After a separation of 45 years, Mrs. Bridget O'Leary of New Hampshire met her brother, James Pendergast of No. 61 Scotland street, Orange, N. J., at his home. The reunion was due in a measure to the death of a sister, Mrs. Margaret Thornton, of Cone street, Orange. A letter sent to her by Mrs. O'Leary reached the family home six months after she passed away. Mrs. Thornton's son opened the letter and turned it over to his uncle, Mr. Pendergast, who communicated with Mrs. O'Leary. The meeting the other day was a sequel.

After leaving England, Mrs. O'Leary resided in Orange for a short time, going thence to New England. Correspondence between brother and sister ceased about twenty-five years ago. Mr. Pendergast went to Orange from England and was surprised to find no trace of his sister. He made his home there and believed his sister no longer alive. Mrs. O'Leary's welcome was participated in by ten nieces and nephews she had never seen before.

From Panama Scrap Heap. "That beam might have been a steam shovel down on the Panama canal once upon a time," said a man the other day as he watched a big beam being strung into place on the new municipal building. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to know that most of the steel work in that big building was originally steam shovels, engines or car wheels down at the canal. "When Uncle Sam took charge down there he gathered into a heap some of the machinery used by the French and sold it to a Brooklyn junk man at auction for \$11 a ton. He resold it to the steel corporation for \$12 a ton. There was about 200,000 tons of it. It is shipped up here. Then it is reshipped to Pennsylvania, where it is made into girders for New York's sky-scrapers."—New York Sun.

Turtle Dies When Dead.

York, Pa.—Itemizing "snappers" under a too general classification as fish, an ally cat which investigated the contents of the Baughman house refuse can the other day made an unpleasant discovery. Half a dozen Chesapeake bay turtles had been cleaned in the hotel yard and the heads thrown into the can. Scenting fish, the cat pawed the contents of the can, and a moment later was performing convulsions all about the al. y, with a "snapper" head grubly fastened upon its right forepaw. Unable to free itself, the cat made a dash for the nearest fence and disappeared, with the head still hanging on.

Dream of Wealth Dispelled.

A sad but illuminating commentary on the futility of human hopes when applied to getting rich quick is furnished by an advertisement which recently appeared in one of the San Francisco daily newspapers in the classified columns. Here it is: "I will sell—I have 6,000 shares of a once well-known mining and leasing company; will exchange same for one setting hen and thirteen fresh eggs (Leghorn preferred); only permanent investors need apply. A. J. Moore, Rooms 20-21 Bacon Block, Oakland."

Mainz Cathedral in Danger.

The famous Mainz cathedral, one of the oldest and most interesting in Europe, is stated to be in serious danger, owing to the action of underground water. Special drainage operations have been carried out with a view to removing the danger, but apparently the results have not been lasting, water having again collected, and it is feared that the effects on the foundations of the cathedral will be disastrous. It is now proposed to proceed without delay with the work of strengthening the foundations, not only of the cathedral, but also of several other old buildings, including the dual castle.

THERE THE SAUSAGE IS HOLY

Highest Aim of Good German Is to Evolve a New Brand of "Wurst."

While in this country one may purchase many varieties of sausage, it is to Westphalia, Prussia, that we must look for the sausage in all its glory, says Harper's Weekly. There, it is said, a trader will name you no fewer than four hundred different kinds, and they present a bewildering array of diverse substances in their composition. At a German sausage exhibition held not so long ago at Borne, in Switzerland, there were displayed 1,785 kinds of sausage from various countries. It is said that a good German would rather invent a new sausage than anything else. At any rate there is told the story of the young Prussian who, though he had received an expensive training as a chemist, shut himself up in his laboratory and, instead of devising a new dye, safety match, motor engine, explosive, aeroplane or photographic lens, took pork, veal, olives, pepper, fennel, old wine, cheese, apples, cinnamon and herings' roes, and from them evolved a wonderful and totally original "wurst," the best of its kind. He has amassed a considerable fortune from its sale.

ROOM THAT IS SOUND-PROOF

Remarkable Chamber at University of Utrecht That Was Constructed for Scientific Experiments.

The Physiological institute of the University of Utrecht possesses one of the most remarkable rooms in the world, a chamber about seven and a half feet square, which is said to be absolutely noiseless, as far as the entrance of sounds from outside is concerned. This room is situated on the top story of a laboratory building, and is an inside room, but so arranged that it can be ventilated and illuminated with sunshine. The walls, floors and ceiling each consist of half a dozen layers of different substances, with air spaces and interstices filled with sound-deadening materials.

Some persons when in the room experience a peculiar sensation in the ears. While every effort has been made to exclude sounds that are not wanted, of course the object of constructing this singular room was to experiment with phenomena connected with sound. Some of the sounds employed are made in the room itself; others are introduced from outside by means of a copper tube, which is plugged with lead when not in use. To Live 140 Years. The natural term of man's life, according to the logic and evidence of comparative zoology, is 140 years—and even this is not the limit. Life is a promissory note due one day after date, payable on demand, but by right living we can defer payment almost indefinitely. Eminent scientists tell us that— The life of the bones is 5,000 years. The life of the lungs is 1,500 years. The life of the skin is 900 years. The life of the liver is 400 years. The life of the kidneys is 300 years. The life of the heart is 300 years. If 300 years is the life of the heart, then one could not have the heart to live after that.

The Hindus, in the development of the physical man, claim for him not only longevity, but immunity from disease. "They say to him: 'He is determined not to fall sick, and he never does. He lives long, a hundred years is nothing to him; he is quite young and fresh when he is 150.' "Hungry Boy. Mercy on us, hungry boy, what a blessing you enjoy with your sturdy little tum always eager for a crumb. What a privilege is yours, taking care of apple cores, carbohydrates, starches, etc., anything a fire can fry, any protein at all, so they make it a ball, in a dumpling or a cake such as mother used to make. May your stomach give you joy! I was once a hungry boy. Consequently, little man, do your feeding while you can. Eat your fill and sleep your sleep while your apparatus keeps smooth and working and your dreams, continues the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, are not frazzled at the seams. Not for long is that great joy, so go to it, hungry boy.

Sherbet at Its Best. A sherbet made of extract of violets was much esteemed in the east, and Mohammed is reported to have said of it that it surpassed all other extracts. In some parts of Europe it is customary to mingle violets, roses, and lime blossoms with preserves to add a flavor element to the fruitily flavor. In Egypt and Turkey violets are used in making sherbets as mint is employed in juleps in Kentucky.

Exegesis.

"My dog's nose now is what Mexico has just been." "How so?" "He can smell a storm coming up when the sun is shining." "I don't see the connection." "Why, isn't his nose a storm accent?"

That's the Question.

Mrs. Bacon—Look here! As true as I'm alive, there's a hair on your coat! Mr. Bacon—It's only a cat hair, my dear. "I have no doubt. Who was the cat's niece?"—Yonkers Statesman.

USEFUL ABOUT THE HOUSE

Ammonia Cleans Clothing and Paint and is Good for Numerous Other Purposes.

In housekeeping ammonia has many uses. It is an efficient help about the wardrobe. Black material, sponged with a cupful of water in which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been mixed, will renew its freshness, while black silk will lose its objectionable shininess by such a sponging. A little ammonia will remove grease from collars, and when rubbed over corsets will cleanse them to a nicety. When mixed with equal parts of turpentine, ammonia will remove paint stains from cloth. If the paint is stubborn it may require several applications before the work is done. Persevere. Nothing is so good for boys' tweed suits as to sponge them with the ammonia mixture. For toilet use, a small quantity will soften the water in which the hair is washed and aid in cleaning the scalp. It renders the bath delightful, and carpets, when thoroughly gone over with ammonia and water, are surprisingly restored to something like their original freshness. When mixed with white wax and turpentine it makes the best of polishes for the floor. To relieve the pain and prevent inflammation resulting from the bites and stings of summer insects ammonia ranks first as a cure.

CASTING ASIDE A FORTUNE

Declined to Swap an Old Vest for a Worn-Out Farm Full of Diamonds.

In this day of great fortunes it is not unusual to read in the daily news columns of great fortunes being lost and won in a day, and the following anecdote is quoted to illustrate how one man cast aside an opportunity to become many times a millionaire. Years ago a man named Saltzman owned an estate in Griqualand, and adjoining his property was an old worn down farm that had not been worked on account of its poor soil and the lack of necessary water. The owner of this farm met Herr Saltzman one day and offered to trade the farm for an old waistcoat he had seen him wearing. As Saltzman did not wish to burden himself with a piece of worthless land he kindly refused the offer. A few years later big clear diamonds were found on this waste stretch, and now millions of dollars could not purchase it.

The Brighter Side.

It was a beautiful barometer. It glistened from its splendid wooden case with a spick-and-spanness that boasted of its newness. Its rich framework clearly advertised the large price that had been paid for it. Its owner was justly proud. But it possessed one drawback—it wouldn't work. Ever since it had been purchased it had remained at "Set Fair" whatever the weather had happened to be. And the weather had happened to be particularly wet. At last its owner grew weary of its external beauty, and exasperated over its internal stupidity. One day, when the rain was pouring extra hard, he tore the weather indicator from the wall, and took it out into the road. "Now, then," he cried, shaking it angrily, "can't you see it's raining?" For a moment the needle hesitated. Then, as the raindrops began to dim the glass, it made up its mind and moved slowly round to "Very Dry."

Death the Great Democrat.

"The man willing to die becomes the master of the world. This is an overtone of universal emancipation; it excludes no one. The beginning of liberty is the discovery of the beautiful and the infinite succor of death. There can be no freedom among men who are afraid to die; and a people to whom success is necessary cannot build a city that is great. The cities of the world—New York, London, Paris—are provincial; we have yet to build a metropolis—a city of the soul—a city whose citizens are not afraid of death—a capital of democracy. Death is the revealer of the soul; therefore death is the great democrat."—Charles Ferguson.

Sure to Be a Success.

"I expect to make a fortune out of an invention that I have just completed." "What is it?" "A piano that can be folded up and used as a card table. It will be a great thing for flats."

Just the Thing.

"We are thinking of having a sack race for girls," said the manager of the excursion. "However, they are rather stale." "Right you are. Advertise a hobble Marathon."—Exchange.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

We take pleasure in informing our friends that Dr. E. P. Niles is now associated with the National Hog Cholera Serum Company and is now doing the scientific work for this company in the manufacturing of hog cholera serum. Dr. Niles was, for a period of years, in charge of the veterinary department of the Virginia agricultural college and ex-officio state veterinarian. He has been in the government service for the last nine years and recently resigned an important position to take up this wonderful work. It was Dr. Niles' brother who made the first noted hog cholera serum test at Kansas City and he has entire charge of the work at the government experiment station at Ames, Ia. We are producing the best serum that can be made and are selling it at the least possible price. If we can serve our friends in any way connected with the anti-hog cholera serum business it will please us to do so. Mason S. Peters, Manager National Hog Cholera Serum Company, 500 Live Stock Exchange Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SHAVE

Stock Yards Barber Shop, opposite Transit House. Try once, you'll go again. Frank P. Stuber, Proprietor.

His Heart's Desire

By PHILIP KEAN

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Did you have to give up anything to come to me?" asked Margrave's mother, anxiously.

"As if I would not give up everything to eat dinner here," said Margrave.

"But did you?"

"Well, yes."

"Who asked you?"

"Stokes was to have a stag affair and then there was Mrs. Pennington."

"Who is Mrs. Pennington?"

Margrave stretched his hands over his head. He looked like a giant in the low-ceiled room, with his long, loose figure and his broad shoulders.

"Mrs. Pennington is simply Mrs. Pennington. It is Miss Pennington who counts."

"Miss Pennington? Do you love her, Philip?"

He looked down at her and laughed. "If I say 'yes,' will it break your heart?"

She met his eyes bravely. "It isn't a thing to laugh about—but of course I have always expected that it would come some day."

He drew her to him and kissed her. "She is almost as nice as you are, Mumsie. But I don't dare to fall in love with her. She wouldn't look at me."

His little mother bridled. "Why not?"

"Oh—I'm poor, dearest, and her father owns half the world."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Of course you don't," he kissed her again; "you live up here in a pastoral democracy, where money doesn't count. But in the city Miss Pennington is a little princess—set high above the rest of us by her millions."

"Yet Mrs. Pennington invited you to dine?"

"Because I am the lion of the day—my book has waked people up—and they are talking about me and my theory."



Left Alone He Dreamed of Marthe.

ories. Mrs. Pennington displays me as the latest freak, exactly as she would display a vaudeville dancer—only she gets me free of charge."

"I shouldn't go under such conditions, if I were you."

"You would go—to see Marthe?"

"The desire of the moth for the star?"

"Perhaps. That is why I came up here. To get my balance. I want to think it over. To know what to say to Marthe."

"Then you are going to tell her?"

"Why not?"

"She will think you want her money."

"If she loves me she must come here with me—and live the life you have lived, mother."

Her face shone with an inner light. "All her millions could give her no more happiness than I have had."

They ate their dinner in a low, dim room where the portraits of men in knee breeches and of women in wide skirts hung in tarnished frames. Through the long windows they had a glimpse of the pink peach trees, with an amethyst evening sky beyond.

"If I could stay up here," Margrave said, and his eyes took in the beauty of it, "it might be great, some day. The city stifles me—I want to get out into the wide spaces."

"Then why not come?"

"Dearest, will you understand? I could live here only with the woman I love."

They talked about it, sitting in front of the fire, he in his dead father's great chair, she in a low rocker with faded cushions.

At last he sent her to bed. "I must think it over," he said, "but you must sleep, and, if you will, you may remember me in your white little prayers."

Left alone he dreamed of Marthe, sharing that flumined heartstone; of Marthe climbing the wide stairway—up and up, until she was lost in the shadows; of Marthe in the east room, where the dawn showed pink through the latticed windows, and where at night there was a drift of stars.

What would she think of it—this plain home of his forefathers? What would she think?

"Why not ask her—now—tonight?"

He looked at the clock. Eleven. The dinner guests would be gone—

The telephone was at his elbow. He picked up the receiver.

He got the house, her maid, and, at last, Marthe.

"I could not sleep," he told her, "without talking to you."

She, too, could not sleep, she said. She had missed him at dinner. Where was he?

"Ah," he drew his breath quickly, "if you could see this little house. It's gray outside, but within it is the heart of a rose. In the great fireplace a spark glows pink among the ashes like an opal; there are faded roses on the wallpaper, and the old carpet has big roses. And there's an old-fashioned piano—how I would like to hear the touch of your fingers on the tinkling keys, Marthe. And there's a broad hall and the stairway has two landings and a mahogany rail, and from the second landing you turn into the big rooms. One of them faces the river and the west, and at sunset it's as if the gates of heaven were opened wide! But I can't see you in that room, Marthe—there's another that faces the east and the hills, and when I was a boy I used to lie in my canopied bed and look at the little crescent moon above the peaks, and dream. And it is in this place of dreams that I see you—Marthe—"

The silence at the other end of the wire made him ask, quickly, "Are you there?"

"Oh, yes—"

"Shall I tell you more? Of the orchards bloom in pink and white? Of the dusky woods beyond? Of the river shining beneath the stars? My dear, perhaps you are asking why I should talk to you about these things. It is because I want you here, Marthe. I want to show you the river and the hills, the old books in the library, and the old pictures on the walls—and I want to show you the little moon from the window in the east room."

Again silence, and his question. "May I come to you in the morning?"

Faintly her response was wafted to him. "You have not said 'I love you.'"

"But you know it. And tomorrow, you will listen?"

He caught her whisper. "Yes."

"Then sleep well, dear heart, good-night."

After a time he crept to his mother's room. The moonlight made a band of silver across the bed. Her face was in the shadow, and at first he thought she was asleep. But when she spoke he came and knelt beside her.

"I have told her, mother."

"You wrote?"

"No, the night winds carried my message over the wire," his smiling eyes were on a level with hers. "So do the gods of today contribute to romance, Mumsie."

"And she listened?"

His hands went over hers, where they lay white in the moonlight.

"Yes. Some day I shall bring her here—to the east room."

She turned her thin fingers up to meet his strong ones. "Your father used to tell me of the west room—he spoke of the sunsets to me."

"And I speak to my love of the dawn." He stood up, radiant as a young god, fresh from Olympus. "But it is all the same," he cried, "for east or west, north or south, sunset or sunrise, it's each man to the woman he loves! My father in you attained his heart's desire, as, please God, tomorrow, I shall attain mine."

OLD HOME OF U. S. GRANT

Birthplace of Former President at Point Pleasant Suggested as Lighthouse Site.

"The house in which General Grant was born at Point Pleasant in Clermont county, Ohio, has long been torn away, but the site and the foundations are there," said Hugh Nichols, lieutenant-governor of Ohio.

General Corbin, also a native of Clermont, endeavored to persuade the government to erect a lighthouse on the site of the Grant birthplace, and name it after the great military hero.

The site of the Grant birthplace, and the river has been navigated by steamboats and coal tugs there has been a government lighthouse at Point Pleasant. Of course, it is not the actual lighthouse like you see on an ocean coast. Sometimes it is only a lantern on a stick. The keeper probably is paid \$20 a year. The lighthouse could be made a monument to the general without adding much to the actual expense of maintenance.

"General Grant always retained great interest in the scenes of his birth and boyhood. As a young man he lived at Georgetown, where his father had a tannery, and his early friend was Judge Loudon, who was always a welcome visitor at the Grant home in later years, whether that home was the White house or at Long Island or in New York. An old uncle, named Samuel Simpson, lived at Bantam, near my town, and survived his nephew, dying at the age of ninety. The father and mother and a sister of General Grant are buried in Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati. The sister, Caroline, never married. She died just before her brother took Richmond, and her dying prayer was that 'Lya,' as the family called him, might not fall, as many other generals had fallen in the eastern campaigns."

A Reader of Fiction.

"Willie, don't you know that it is a very bad habit to get finger marks on your copy book?"

"Yes'm," replied the small boy.

"I got to quit it. If the detectives ever get after me they are liable to recognize me by my thumb-prints."

Proper Rations for Cattle

Palatability of Feed Important

By F. B. Mumford, Director Agricultural College Experiment Station, University of Missouri.

The importance of having a ration for fattening cattle palatable is emphasized by investigations carried on at the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station.



CORN ALONE WILL NOT MAKE A FINISH LIKE THIS.

It is apparent that the greater the palatability the greater will be the consumption of food. The greater the rate of gain, and the shorter the period required for fattening the animals. The importance of palatability has been demonstrated by careful experiments, and the results have shown conclusively that a very palatable ration causes a greater secretion of digestive fluids, and consequently better digestion and absorption in the body of the animal. It requires a certain amount of feed for maintenance, their palatability is a factor of prime importance.

Four years experiments including 126 animals proved that the palatability of a ration of shelled corn was increased by the addition of cotton and linseed meals. The animals fed this mixed ration ate more, gained faster, and had a better finish than those on the straight corn ration. Gluten feed was not found to increase the palatability of shelled corn.

FEED BALANCED RATIONS

By C. H. Eckles, Professor of Dairying, College of Agriculture, University of Missouri.

The feeding of a ration not properly balanced is one of the most common mistakes made on the average farm in the corn belt, on account of the usual abundance and cheapness of corn, corn fodder, and timothy hay. This is especially true in the case of dairy cows.

All good rations contain substances which serve two quite distinct purposes when taken into the body. First, certain substances known as protein, which build up muscle, bone and hair, and also supply the material from which the curd of milk is made. Protein is found in almost all food, but in especially large quantities in alfalfa, clover, and cowpea hay, bran, cottonseed, linseed, and gluten meal; also in nearly a pure form in lean meat, the white of an egg, and curd in milk. No other element can take the place of protein.

Second, another class of substances supply heat to keep the body warm, fat to be stored in the tissues as body fat, or put into the milk as butter fat, and energy to keep up the functions of the body.

This class is represented by two kinds of material, different in character but serving largely the same purpose in the body, called carbohydrates and fats. The carbohydrates are present in large quantities in nearly all grains, such as corn, wheat and barley, and in corn fodder and timothy hay in the form of starch. In other plants, such as sorghum and sugar beets, it is found in the form of sugars. The fats are found in varying quantities in all common grains.

All properly balanced rations must contain protein, carbohydrates and fat, and no amount of carbohydrates and fat can take the place of the protein in the body.

A cow secreting milk must secrete substances in each of these classes. In one hundred pounds of average milk we find about 3.3 pounds of protein in the form of curd, five pounds of carbohydrates in the form of milk sugar, and four pounds of fat in the form of butter fat. Since these three kinds of solids must be present in order to form milk, it is necessary to furnish them in the ration and in about the proper proportion, so there will be no loss. When this is done, the ration is properly balanced.

If a cow be supplied with sufficient material in her feed to produce thirty pounds of milk per day, but on account of lacking protein produces but fifteen pounds, it is useless to further increase the fat producing material and expect the flow of milk to be increased. The surplus fat in the feed will not be put into the milk and makes it unusually rich. The results of numerous experiments carried on by many investigators show that as far as the practical feeder is concerned the proportion of butter fat in cow's milk can not be changed appreciably by the kind of feed given. The richness of a cow's milk is a natural characteristic.

Farmers who are planning to ship in their cattle on account of the shortage of feed should think several times before doing so. If all the available roughage is used for feed this winter, it will be possible to carry cattle over quite well. The wheat straw, of which there is so much this year, is more nourishing than usual. The cornstalks, many of which will not mature ears, contain more nutriment than in an ordinary year. Almost all of the food material that would have gone into the ears is already formed in the plant. If the ears are not formed, the stalk is very much richer. These stalks, then, will make excellent feed. The last great drought was in 1901, and it was noticed at that time all over the country that cattle wintered on these immature stalks did about as well as if they had received grain. It is almost too late to plant cowpeas now, but those farmers who put them in this season will have a large amount of forage from them.

In answer to an inquiry about the advisability of putting up silage this year, Mr. Demaree, agronomist to the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station, said: "I doubt very much if it will be advisable to put this poorly matured corn into the silo. The food materials in it are largely in the form of sugars and soluble materials, and while it will make excellent dry feed, if put into the silo it will become too sour for best results." However, if it is desired to put in a small amount of corn as silage, Mr. Demaree suggests that it may all be saved by cutting up wheat straw to make a layer ten to fourteen inches thick on top of the chopped corn. This should be wet down thoroughly and well packed. The straw will seal up the top without the customary spoiling of the first six inches.

SCOURS IN YOUNG PIGS

Caused by Bad Feeding and Unsanitary Conditions—Remedied by Removing the Cause.

Bad feeding and unsanitary conditions about the pig's quarters are responsible for scours in pigs. It runs, however, be caused within the first few days after birth by the feverish condition of the sow affecting the character of the milk. Sour slops, mouldy corn, etc., fed either to the sow or to the pigs, may also cause scours.

As this is a disease of feeding and sanitation more than anything else, the provision of clean quarters and good feed for both sow and pigs is necessary. If the scours are due to fever in the sow, she should be given a dose of castor oil. Some farmers feed slack coal, sulphur, copperas, alum water and various other remedies.

The advice of the Missouri Experiment Station, in an article by F. G. King, is to first look to the feeding. If the feed is poor, sour, or mouldy, it must be changed. If the scours continue after that, give a few drops of laudanum per pig, or one-half to one tablespoonful to the sow. The dose may be repeated if necessary.

It is found that pigs on rape pasture make almost exactly the same gains as those on alfalfa pasture, with the same amount of grain required to make a pound of gain.

Lice on hogs are prevented by the use of dips, coal oil, crude oil, etc., either sprayed upon the hogs, or by having the hogs dipped.

FEES FOR BRITISH DOCTORS

New Insurance Bill Provides \$21,000,000 for Medical Attendance in Domiciliary Use.

London.—From the time of its announcement British doctors have denounced David Lloyd-George's national insurance bill, so that a delegation of the British Medical association waited upon the chancellor of the exchequer to be enlightened. The result of the interview appears in the *Lancet*. It is in part as follows:

"Mr. Lloyd-George has provided a sum of \$21,000,000 for the provision of medical attendance, including drugs, dressings, and appliances used in domiciliary treatment. The calculation is that this will permit the average payment of a capitation fee estimated at \$1.50 per head for each person insured for medical attendance and the drugs, dressings, and appliances used in domiciliary treatment. The amount will be increased on the advice of the central insurance office in districts where the insurance commissioners are advised that sickness is excessive."

"In addition he has made arrangements to provide a sum of \$5,000,000 annually for the maintenance of sanatoriums and in that way removes from the scope of domiciliary treatment a considerable proportion of phthisical patients who would otherwise make serious calls upon the sum available for domiciliary medical attendance and provision of drugs. He has also provided an annual sum of \$7,500,000 for maternity benefit, and out of this it is roughly estimated that one-third will be paid to members of the medical profession."

"The chancellor of the exchequer recognizes the desirability of allowing some system of choice of medical men in the case of new participants in the scheme, and looks favorably upon the institution of a wide panel of local medical men willing to serve."

"The central insurance office, in giving its approval to arrangements proposed to be made by any approved society or health committee with medical men, and in other matters, will act on the advice of the advisory committee to be set up under the bill; the chancellor of the exchequer recognizes that on the advisory committee the representation of the medical profession must be adequate, or, as an alternative, that a special medical advisory committee should be constituted."

THEATER MORALS ARE LOW

Russell Sage Foundation Makes Report Criticizing Gotham Play Houses—Few Are of Value.

New York.—A severe arraignment of the moral and intellectual tone of theaters in this city is presented in a report issued under the auspices of the Russell Sage foundation. The vaudeville theaters and burlesque shows come in for especially harsh criticism. Compared with these shows the regular theaters are visited by a relatively small number of patrons.

The total number of theaters in Greater New York is given as 497. Those in Manhattan number 275, of which only thirty are rated as "first-class houses." The average weekly attendance at the 275 theaters is 1,750,000, only 160,000 of which represent visitors at the first-class houses. A total of nearly \$750,000 is spent weekly on theaters in this city.

Of the burlesque houses five-sixths are rated as "demoralizing" and one-sixth as "lowering." Of the vaudeville houses three-fourths are "not objectionable," one-fifth are "lowering" and only five per cent. are of "positive value."

The deductions from these data are in part as follows:

"The most striking characteristic of vaudeville is simple stupidity. The burlesque show is the most undesirable type of show, although it rarely sinks to the level of immorality or suggestiveness attained by occasional plays at high-priced theaters."

"The vaudeville mentality of the out-of-towner and hotel dweller sets a standard above which the theatrical manager cannot pass without endangering his hold on this sort of patronage. In a word, the high-priced theater is not offering to the well-to-do resident of New York what that clientele has a right to demand."

EVERY GIRL PERFECT BEAUTY

Greatest Collection of Pretty Women in Town of Scanno, a Town Innocent of Industry.

Rome.—Prof. Achille Lesla claims to have found the greatest collection of beautiful women in the little Italian town of Scanno, a place far distant from railways and innocent of industry.

"I have traveled the world over," he says, "and Scanno is the only place in the world where every woman and girl is a perfect beauty. They are of the most bewitching classic Greek type, with deep black eyes, fine shoulders, and well proportioned hands and feet, just such wonders of perfection as 30 years ago I found in the women of Barasa. That was before the commercial spirit was implanted there."

"For 25 years Barasa has been a center of lace-making and the women there now are hard featured, bony, sloopy and ugly. Before this town was cursed with industry, its women, though poor, were famous for their beauty of form and face and rich Italians used to hire nuns from that neighborhood. Today no one would look at a nurse a second time from that industry cursed town."

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A special bargain for some stock man in a fine ranch of 1,900 acres, well improved and lots of water; must be seen to be appreciated properly. If interested, write us at once. Limon Investment Co., Limon, Colo.

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We have a large list of Iowa and Nebraska farms, also acreage tracts in and around Council Bluffs. For further information call on, or write Smith-Magness Co., 504 W. Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

MISSOURI. For Trade, fine farms in Vernon county, Missouri; for merchandise, live stock or income property. Address W. S. Hale & Co., Nevada, Mo.

An Advertisement in The Journal Is a Business Getter

Investigate Lyon County, Kansas—Splendid crops of corn, wheat and alfalfa, this year, 229 acres improved stock and grain farm, 6 miles from Emporia, 1/2 mile to railroad station; only \$60 per acre.

800 acre ranch, good grass and never failing water, near town, in Greenwood county, Kan.; at a bargain, \$16.50 per acre. R. O. Morris, owner, Emporia, Kansas.

210 acres, 40 acres pasture, 12 acres mowland, about 4 acres orchard, balance in cultivation; buildings fair; 6-room house; barn for 19 horses; corn crib and granary; well and cistern at house; all fenced and cross-fenced; gas on farm; title O. K. Price \$25.00 per acre. A bargain. G. W. Young, Altona, Kansas.

1,650 acres, 5 miles from market; good grass; plenty of water; 100 acre in cultivation; good house and barn; Price \$20 per acre. McClure & Sutton, Moline, Kan.

Home-seekers, do you want good farm bargains in southeast Kansas, good terms to cash buyers, trades considered, real estate men take notice and write. Hight Realty Company, Thayer, Kansas.

We have listed with us, some fine farms, well improved, which can be bought on easy terms if taken soon. These are bargains and will not stand open long. J. F. McGaughey, Rose Hill, Butler county, Kansas.

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