





STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL
405 W. Illinois Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
City Office—Rooms 2 and 3, Rock Island Building, corner Sixth and Edmond streets.

The St. Joseph Journal Publishing Co., Publishers.

W. E. WARRICK, Editor and Manager.
Largest Outside Circulation of Any Paper Published in Buchanan County, Mo.

Entered at the Postoffice in St. Joseph, Mo., as Second Class Matter, September 3, 1897.

Subscription Rates table with columns for Daily, Weekly, Monthly, and Yearly rates.

In asking change of address, please state your former address.
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Circuit Clerk.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for Circuit Clerk of Buchanan County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, Aug. 2, 1910.

For State Senator.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for State Senator, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, August 2, 1910.

For State Senator.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for State Senator, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, August 2, 1910.

For Presiding Judge.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of presiding judge, county court, of Buchanan County, Missouri, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary to be held Aug. 2, 1910.

MOVE MILLS WEST.

Journal Stockman: Sentiment in favor of western woolen mills to manufacture western wools into cloth is rapidly growing and taking definite form in several sections of the country.

A BIG CORN CROP NEEDED.

This is a year when a big corn crop will be needed. With increased acreage over last year a good season thus far it is estimated that the crop will be considerably increased, but that is no indication that prices will be much lower.

THE GROUND MOLE.

The mole is a stout, thick-set insect-eating animal, living underground, where it burrows with wonderful facility and constructs galleries of great extent and complexity.

SPRAYING FRUIT.

Spraying is a preventive and not a remedy. There are a few fungous diseases that can be destroyed by spraying, but they can also be prevented by the same operation.

MUST REVISE METHODS.

The restriction of the extensive range breeding operations, that have furnished a great share of the feeders and grass-fat cattle for the last few years, comes at a time when farmers seem increasingly disposed to veal their young calves.

Daddy's Bedtime Story

King Alfred and the Cakes



She scolded the King

LONG, long time ago, more than a thousand years ago, said daddy to Evelyn and Jack one evening, "There was a great king in England named Alfred. He was a good man and very great and wise, so they called him Alfred the Great. The people loved him because he was good to them."

IN WOMAN'S REALM

A shortage of western pastures promises to afford eastern feeders a fair supply of thin steers this year, but the scarcity and high prices last spring of steers suited to grazing leave no doubt that the relief is only temporary.

BREAKFAST HELPS.

Maple Syrup—A good substitute for maple syrup is made by using brown sugar (any amount desired). Cover with enough water to dissolve and boil until it starts to thicken.

DROPPED BISCUITS.

At night make up the dough in the usual way for light bread and let it rise over night. In the morning, before kneading it, break off a piece of the dough which you think would be sufficiently large to supply the necessary wants and roll it out the same as you would for the regular yeast powder biscuits.

ASPARAGUS.

Asparagus in Ambush—Scrape out eight or nine rolls or plate biscuits, cutting off the tops to serve as covers. Set open in an oven to crisp. Heat two cups of milk, pour it over four beaten eggs, stir over the fire until it thickens, and add one tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour.

TESTED RECIPES.

Graham Fruit Pudding—Stir into a quart of slightly salted water one and one-half teaspoonfuls of coarse granulated flour. Boil twenty-five minutes; then stir into it one-fourth teaspoonful of condensed cream and one teaspoonful of seeded and chopped dates or figs.

Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade.

Take three pounds each of ripe plantain and sugar, grated peel of two oranges and the pulp of four, one pound of raisins cut coarse. Boil twenty minutes. This makes eleven glasses at a cost of five cents a glass.

Pimento Salad.

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter cupful of cold water and dissolve in one cupful of boiling water. Then add one-half cupful each of sugar and vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of salt. Strain and cool, and when beginning to stiffen add one cupful of celery cut in small pieces, one-half cupful of finely shredded cabbage, one can pimentos cut in fine pieces. Turn into mold. Serve with thick mayonnaise dressing.

The import value of the foreign cotton brought into the United States in the last twenty years was \$156,252,855.

Around the Bend

By Alice Cameron

Ralph Hurbit leaned back in unaccustomed idleness and let the canoe float down stream. The sense of having nothing to do, nothing to worry about, on this glorious June morning, filled him with a dreamy content.

He was on the first vacation he had taken since college days. The last few years had been strenuous ones for the keen young business man. Mind and body had been worked hard.

As the canoe swept down stream, Ralph Hurbit was conscious of an exhilarating excitement. His imagination pictured a dozen adventures, but one image persisted, and at last drove the others away. Ralph's youth was asserting itself. He hoped he might find her sitting on the bank or walking beneath the willows; a dream girl with the gray eyes and the sweet mouth of the woman he could love.

As he neared the turn in the stream, his odd imagining became almost real to him. It possessed his mind wholly. He could even see the gown she would wear: blue, soft, with perhaps some white fluffy stuff on it like clouds on a June sky. He gazed with a boyish eagerness toward the bend that hid her.

A few more vigorous strokes and the canoe swung dizzily around the curve and glided into the unknown part of the stream. The trees were fewer here. There were flowers near the banks. He gazed quickly about. No one was in sight. All was peaceful and quite deserted.

A deep disappointment came over him, a feeling stronger than the cause seemed to warrant. He tried to laugh it off. "Here I am mooning like an idiot!" he exclaimed, disgustedly. "I imagine a thing and then complain because it is not real." But the disappointment and the eager longing persisted.

He steadied the canoe and looked around once more. A white patch on the left bank attracted his attention. He could not see what it was, and in



"I'll find your answer for you, little dove!"

pursuit, idly paddled to the shore. He drew his canoe up on the bank and placed the object. It was a little white silk glove, long and small in hand, the fingers still curled naturally as if by rosy living fingers were within them. He smoothed it out on his palm. The tips were soiled a trifle.

Ralph smiled down at the dainty thing. "I'll find your answer for you, little dove," he said, putting it into his pocket.

Far up the road, to his left, he caught sight of a moving patch of blue—a blue dress, a white hat! Immediately he ran up the bank and started along the road.

Before he could reach her, the wearer of the blue dress turned into a narrow path leading to the only house in sight. When Ralph arrived at the path he could see her knocking at a side door. Her back was turned to him as she pounded vigorously. Ralph waited, walking slowly up and down. The blue dress evidently had a determined owner. Ralph thought she would never cease knocking. He had his first misgiving when she shook the door. Finally when she began to kick strenuously at the panels, he began to see that Fate had, perhaps, been misleading him.

At this moment the woman made up her mind that no one was at home. She turned away and came down the path toward Ralph, walking with impatient strides. A basket hung on her arm.

She looked about fifty years old, extremely gaunt and remarkably bad-tempered. One glance, and the fact that he had followed this person in a romantic mood, carrying her glove over his heart, moved Ralph to a fit of laughter. While she walked toward him, staring angrily, he rocked to and fro in paroxysms of mirth. The woman came almost up to him, and was about to say something in no gentle tone—to judge by her expression—when she suddenly tripped on a stone, and catching at Ralph for support, let her heavy basket fall at his feet. His coat was torn with a long, rending sound and the woman sat down heavily in a crumpled heap. The cream in a glass bottle in the basket splashed lightly over Ralph, and eggs covered his shoes with a yellow coating.

he noted each new phase of the catastrophe he burst into another roar of laughter. His companion sat in the road and regarded him stonily. Finally, Ralph saw that her face was growing very pale, and at the idea that she might really be hurt, his laughter subsided. He gently tried to help her up. She struck at him awkwardly, her eyes flashing, but said nothing. Ralph was really alarmed for by this time her face was very white. "Are you hurt, madam?" he asked, anxiously. No answer. He began to talk, hoping that she would break her angry silence. "I hope you will forgive me for laughing. You see I thought you were—er, some one else. And I was so surprised I could not help laughing. Tell me whether you are hurt. Let me help you." His face looked so handsome and so appealing that the stony expression of the woman softened a trifle.

"Well, the least you can do is to help me home," she said, gruffly. "I'm all shook up." She evidently blamed him for her fall. He raised her, and she leaned on him, grunting and groaning.

As they hobbled down the road, Ralph restraining his mirth with difficulty at the contrast of his dreams—his torn and spotted coat, his yellow shoes, and the woman leaning heavily on his arm.

He glanced at her from time to time and saw that her normal color had returned and that the fall seemed to have done her very little harm. He believed she had sprained her ankle.

They walked on. She said nothing. Finally he began to be unpleasantly aware of her weight. His arm seemed almost paralyzed and drops of perspiration came out on his forehead. He stood still a moment in the road. "Would you mind changing to the other side? I could support you with my right arm. This one is getting a little tired." The long lips set into a grim line. "Can't," responded the woman. "My other arm's hurt too bad."

He wondered vaguely how her arm could possibly be hurt, but said nothing. The woman urged him on, it seemed to Ralph interminably. Her weight seemed greater each moment. His breath began to come in short gasps. He knew that he had practically carried her the whole distance.

She did not speak except to urge him to walk faster. Finally, they made one last turn and came within sight of a small gray house set well back from the road in a garden of roses. Red ramblers climbed over fence and porch.

As the two drew near, a young girl arose from the steps and hurried toward the gate. "Oh! are you hurt? Are you hurt?" she exclaimed, breathlessly to the woman. The latter put out her "injured" arm and opened the gate with a bang. "No! I fell down but I won't hurt a mite. Would have been home an hour ago only I wanted to teach some smart fools a lesson. She strode up the walk and into the house, letting the screen door slam after her.

Again the helpless fit of laughter came upon Ralph. He leaned against the gate, rubbing his numb arm and shouting with mirth. This time he had a sweet echo, and looked into a rosy face dimpled with fun, for after one blank moment, and a glance at the state of his attire, the girl had seemed to divine all, in a flash.

The young man looked down somewhat ruefully at his coat and shoes. "I seem to have received the worst of it," he said.

The girl looked up with a trace of shyness. "You could come in and clean up. Do not mind her, she's peculiar, but—"

He broke in with a question. "Any relation?" he asked. What if she should be the mother!

"No! Oh, no! We are boarding here—my mother and I. Mrs. Thurston takes boarders every summer."

She started toward the house, and Ralph followed. Mrs. Thurston met them at the door. She led the young man to a room, supplied him with water and clean towels in grim silence. But as she was leaving she paused. "Gimme that coat." Ralph handed it to her, and she disappeared.

Presently she brought back the coat. The long rlip was neatly mended. "Guess this'll do till you can see a tailor. Dinner ready in half an hour."

That dinner was a memorable event. It was a well-cooked meal, served in the long bay windows where the ramblers climbed in over the sill. Mrs. Thurston lost some of her grimness, and even smiled once or twice. Mrs. Farrand, the girl's mother, was very gracious.

And the girl herself? She sat by the open window, not in the blue dress he had pictured, but in snowy white. In her eyes were the lights and shadows the expressions he had seen in the eyes of the Dream Girl around the bend in the stream. His wonderful vacation had, indeed begun.

Afterward, he saw her alone for a moment on the porch. The glove lay in his pocket. He was afraid to ask her about it. Suppose it should not be hers. He drew it out slowly. The light from the window shone upon it. The girl reached up and took it from his hand.

"Why, you found my glove!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, I'm so glad! It is not very pleasant for one not to have a mite." He looked down at her.

"In finding that out, too," he murmured.

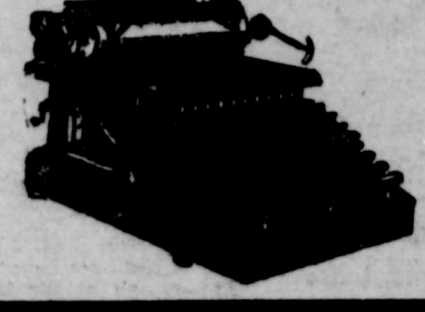
He moved a step nearer. "Good night." He pressed the little soft hand in both his own for a moment. "I'll see you tomorrow morning," he said. "I've arranged with Mrs. Thurston to come here to board."

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SOFT-WINGED PEACE

ONCE MORE BROODED OVER CLABBER HOUSEHOLD.

Head of the Family Arises and Declares Himself—Moral Contained in This Story Not Hard to Perceive.

Mr. Clabber had stood all the rest with as much equanimity as he could muster. But when Mrs. Clabber began to sniff and sniff just because he was smoking his old briar pipe—then indeed Mr. Clabber stood up for his rights as a sovereign man.

"Mrs. Clabber," said he, arising and speaking with much dignity, "ever since I came home this evening from a hard day's work in the marts of trade you have sought every reasonable and unreasonable opportunity to aggravate, irritate and otherwise annoy me. You have frowned and scowled and your conversation has been confined to monosyllables. You have burned the steak and you have undercooked the potatoes. Knowing that I like my rice pudding soft, you have let it cook hard. You have mislaid my slippers and have lost the evening paper. Knowing that I like to play with the canary, you have put him to bed.

"Nor, madam, is this all. You have growled and you have growled. I repeat it, madam; you have growled. You left your sewing in my easy chair. You opened a window so that the draft nearly blew my head off. You are wearing that old Persian wrapper, which you know I dislike, and you have referred to my family four times—each time in disrespectful terms. You have snifed when I have gently remonstrated with you or worse yet—you have either remained truculently silent or you have banged a door. Not only have you banged doors, but you have banged plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, windows and overdoors. And now, Mrs. Clabber, when I light my pipe you begin to sniff in such a manner that I can stand it no longer. What, madam—what is the reason of all this? Oh! You are out of sorts, are you?"

"I see! Out of sorts! Permit me to suggest, Mrs. Clabber, the strong advisability of laying in an early supply of 'sorts.' Your present paucity of 'sorts' is wearying and distressing to a degree. It threatens the happiness—the life happiness, Mrs. Clabber—of two human beings. I do not know where sorts are to be had, but let me suggest that you apply there, wherever it is, as soon as possible for a generous stock. Sorts are evidently necessary to your wellbeing and happiness and I think it would be advisable for you to lay in enough sorts to last you over an emergency. You, being out of sorts, have used all mine and I find out that I am out of sorts myself. That is why I am putting on my hat, Mrs. Clabber. That is why I am putting on my coat and taking my pipe with me. I am going out to see if I can accumulate a few choice sorts and bring them back with me. Perhaps when I return you will have found a few available sorts and—What? You think you have scraped a few together now?"

"Well, well! This is encouraging news, Mrs. Clabber. I see, too, that you have recovered that pleasing smile which was ever your dearest charm. And so, madam, I will take off my hat. You may hang it on the rack. And here is my coat. I think that now you can even find my slippers. And my tobacco jar. Bless her heart! And now I know she is going to sit on the arm of my old armchair and light my old briar pipe. Ah, yes! It is very evident that we have all sorts of the very finest sorts back in stock again, Mrs. C. Out of sorts, indeed!"

The After Dinner Smoke. Mr. Gladstone was one who cherished the old view that women and tobacco ought not to be brought into association. Sir Edward Hamilton records that he would recall a dictum of the fourth marquis of Londonderry, a magnate of fashion in Gladstone's earlier days, that no man ought to enter the society of ladies until four hours had elapsed after he had smoked a cigar. This was one reason why Gladstone hated the modern fashion of smoking after dinner, though his own dislike of the smell may have counted for a good deal.

Big Tim Requested "No Flowers." Among the thousand or so persons who sailed from New York a few days ago were Big Tim Sullivan, of the state senate and the Bowery, William Randolph Hearst and Prince Tokugawa Iwasato of Japan.

Big Tim earnestly asked his friends to please omit flowers. Said Mr. Sullivan: "I'm no opera singer or titled gentleman, but plain Timothy D. Sullivan." Nevertheless, Big Tim's crowd of followers was so large that the leader could not go on board the ship until a few minutes before sailing time, so in haste were they on shaking hands. There were no flowers, as requested, but the hire of three brass bands and the parting shouts fully made up for this deficiency.

COULDN'T TRIFLE WITH ART

Mr. Davis Learns a Lesson as the Result of Trying to Do His Own Whitewashing.

"Pay a man to dab a little whitewash on a fence!" Mr. Davis snorted indignantly.

"If I couldn't do fool work like that I'd sell out," he said. Mrs. Davis sighed, bringing up the sigh from the deep well of experience.

"You'll mussy yourself all up," she protested, "and it will hurt your back." Mr. Davis laughed scornfully.

"Just you watch me," he said, with confidence. Then he went out and bought a whitewash brush. He paid a quarter for it, and the dealer had tried to make him buy one for 75 cents.

"Seventy-five cents for a whitewash brush!" Mr. Davis was so angry he steamed.

Then he bought a bushel of lime and went home. The lime was a fine powder when it came and when mixed with water became a watery fluid with flakes of white on top. The lime stayed in the bottom of the tub.

When he used the new brush it shed hairs like a setter dog in summer and, being wet, showed that it possessed two thin rows of hairs on either side and none in the middle. Also, when the whitewashing dried the fence looked in no wise different from its former ugliness. Mr. Davis considered. His back hurt. There was lime in his eyes and he was mad clear through.

He went into the house and found Mrs. Davis preparing to go down town, so he went back to his work.

As soon as she was safely out of sight he headed for a negro shack he knew and resurrected Uncle Peter, who was 76 years old and had been whitewashing and doing odd jobs for 70 years.

He turned the job over to Uncle Peter, who threw his brush into the alley, emptied the whitewash and procured \$2 from him.

With a wheelbarrow Uncle Peter disappeared and shortly returned with a barrowful of lump lime and a brush and set to work. Mr. Davis sat on the steps with his pipe and watched him work.

When Mrs. Davis returned her husband was glistening white.

"Why, you did do it!" she said. Her evident surprise nettled her husband.

"Of course I did," he said; "I do all I set out to do."

"All by yourself?" inquired Mrs. Davis, admiringly.

"Well," confessed Mr. Davis, "I got Uncle Peter to sorter help me."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Davis, and went in to take off her hat.—Galveston News.

REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT

Information From All Over the Agricultural Domain for the Benefit of Prospective Land Buyers and Farm Hunters.

CHANGING SWAMPS.

While Government is Watering Deserts Are Draining Marshes.

Washington, D. C., July 15.—While the federal government is engaged in adding an area twice as big as the state of Virginia to the farming land of the United States through the reclamation of arid lands in the west, the states themselves are tackling the problem of adding a much larger area to their farm lands through draining swamps.

The actual work of this drainage has been entrusted by the government to individuals and private parties as the nature of the problems is different from the reclamation of arid lands out of the work of investigating and finding what lands are susceptible of this employment has been turned over to the department of agriculture.

The work was begun by the geological survey some years ago, but it has now been turned over to a special bureau in the department of agriculture.

Parties have been sent out this year and will be in the field all summer. The whole area to be investigated is larger than the area susceptible of irrigation, and the cost probably will be less. There is the additional advantage that the lands as a rule are in the center of a market population and it does not require a long move to get settlers on the land.

The lands are productive when reclaimed, and while their value as farm lands is raised from nothing to a high figure, the health of the community is improved at the same time.

Swamp Area 80,000,000 Acres. There are about 80,000,000 acres of swamp land in the several states. This includes lands that are permanently swampy, those that are available for growing lands at certain seasons, and those that are worked as farms except in times of high water, when they are always overflowed. There is still another and much larger class that comes within the scope of the drainage investigations. These are lands that are worked as farms at all seasons, but whose production would be increased 20 percent by efficient drainage.

The lands that are to be drained are wholly in the hands of the states or of private individuals. By a law passed in 1850 the federal government made over to the states all lands that were known as swamp or overflowed lands. Much of the swamp land was already in private ownership, so that the final reclamation will be largely state and private work.

BUY GOLD BRICKS IN KANSAS

Bank Commissioner Says State is Swindlers' Mark.

Topeka, Kan., July 14.—The swindling of Kansas people by sales of worthless stock, lightning rods, or gold bricks receives official notice in the quarterly report of State Bank Commissioner J. N. Dolley just issued.

"I regret to say," says Commissioner Dolley, "that the Kansas people in this, their day of prosperity, are easily swindled by the confidence and blue sky merchants and they are paying an enormous tribute each year for worthless stock and absolutely worthless investments, and I am certain that I am safe in saying that of all the millions and tens of millions that have gone out of Kansas in the last few years through these lines 98 per cent of it has been absolutely lost to the investor."

"I advise the Kansas people to invest their money in Kansas undertakings. There are plenty of opportunities for them within our state, and they should cease to contribute their hard earned money to the fakers from whom they never receive any returns."

Shrinkage of Deposits. Regarding the condition of the banks, the commissioner finds a shrinkage of deposits. The increase for the quarter is more than \$3,000,000, but is explained as natural. The report says:

"There is a shrinkage in deposits from the date of the last call, April 1, 1910, of \$8,454,106.52. We expect this shrinkage in deposits. It is largely due to the demand of the farmer on account of putting in his crops, expense of harvest, and quite a portion of it was used for the payment of land purchase contracts that matured in March and April. This is the season of the year when the deposits naturally decrease."

"I expect the deposits to increase materially from now on and am quite confident that we will finish the year with a larger line of bank deposits than in 1909."

Crops Exceed Expectations. The wheat harvest is exceeding expectations. The condition of the corn crop at this time is promising indeed. Kansas pastures are well stocked with cattle that will begin to move to market during August. Prospects for remunerative prices are excellent and the general business conditions of Kansas at this time are satisfactory."

THE CORN CROP OF 1910. Wallace Farmer: The prosperity of the entire United States next year depends very largely on the magnitude and quality of the corn crop of 1910. The magnitude and quality of all crops depend especially on three things: the physical condition of the soil, the temperature and the rainfall. Other important items enter in, for example, the quality of the seed,

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FIT FOR COMMAND

AN ORIENTAL TALE WITH A MORAL.

Dainese General Who Taught Soldiers to Obey Orders and Won De-severed Recognition of Merit From His King.

Ho Lu said to Sun Tzu: "I have carefully perused your 13 chapters. May I submit your theory of managing soldiers to a slight test?" Sun Tzu replied: "You may."

Now the king of Wu was watching the scene from the top of the raised pavilion, and when he saw that his favorite concubines were about to be executed he was greatly alarmed and hurriedly sent down the following message: "We are now quite satisfied as to our general's ability to handle troops. If we are bereft of these two concubines our meat and drink will lose their savor. It is our wish that they shall not be beheaded."

A Disappointing Discovery. Any one who imagines that life is lacking in amenities among the newsboys in the big city should listen occasionally to their talk, says the Youth's Companion.

Flour From Beets. A Belgian farmer announced some time ago that he had invented a process by which beets could be ground into flour, but there is nothing to show up to this time that he has been able to put it into practical application.

The Intellectual Eater. The truly intellectual eater never asks the price of his victuals. He orders freely, and as his fancy dictates, of wild duck, terrapin, pinnac-hase, herring or venison, and after he has eaten as much as he wants and gone to sleep his secretary pays the bill, says the Baltimore Sun.

SOME IDEAS ON HYPNOTISM

Results Achieved by Touching the Bumps on the Head of a Prepared Subject.

"There is one curious phenomenon in hypnotism which I have never been able to explain satisfactorily and which seems to be ignored by the modern hypnotist," says a writer in the Metropolitan.

"As far as I know it has never received serious consideration from scientists, perhaps because based on two theories that modern science has not yet accepted: first, that there is such a thing as animal magnetism and, secondly, that the phrenologists have correctly located the faculties on the human head.

"Thus if you touch combativeness the subject is very apt to square off and strike some one or speak of war or a drum. If you touch veneration he is very apt to lift his eyes and pray. I have heard a very eloquent sermon thus inspired in a subject who was gifted with a ready tongue.

The Long Bow.

James A. Patten, the millionaire cotton speculator, was talking in a Chicago club about his recent trip to England.

"The English," Mr. Patten said, "take a great interest in self-made men. Every English reporter who interviewed me asked for a sketch of my life, and in each of their articles they dwelt on my humble beginning."

"Well, you weren't ashamed of it, were you?" one of his listeners asked. "Neither ashamed nor unduly proud of it," Mr. Patten answered.

"To amount to anything in the long run," said my friend, "economy and a sense of order are absolutely necessary. Why, when I was your age, young man, I possessed but one brush for my clothes, my teeth and my shoes."

Odd Job for Carpenters.

"What do you think of this for a specialty?" said a man who knows the ins and outs of Long Acre square. "There are carpenter shops in this neighborhood where the chief source of income is boxing chorus girls' hats. It's become pretty much of an industry since the hats grew so large that they couldn't be tucked into trunks. The girls when they were about to start on the road used to drift into express offices with bandboxes under their arms and ask to have them shipped just as they were. But the express companies can't accept packages so flimsily hung together. The agent would direct the girl to a nearby carpenter shop to have the box crated and that's how the business grew. Oh, the carpenters get about 50 cents a job and in the course of a week those half-dollars make quite a neat pile."

Flour From Beets.

A Belgian farmer announced some time ago that he had invented a process by which beets could be ground into flour, but there is nothing to show up to this time that he has been able to put it into practical application. He said that the beet flour made excellent feed for horses and cattle and that it had also proved highly successful for making fine pastry.

According to one report it was said that large beet growers not only in Belgium, but in certain districts of Germany, were preparing to open mills for the grinding of beet into flour. So far as can be learned the process is a well-guarded secret.

Kelly Has Reached London.

For 2 hours and 59 minutes and 45 seconds Prof. L. L. Dea had been lecturing upon the burning questions affecting political economy.

"And now," he concluded, glancing at his chronometer, "I should just like one of the students to state concisely what he considers to be the greatest question at present occupying the minds of men in this country." From a far corner of the auditorium, uttering the proverbial hush like the proverbial knife, came the response, clear and concise: "Has any one here seen Kelly?"

ESKIMOS' OWN LAND

EUROPEANS CANNOT COMPETE WITH THEM IN ARCTIC.

Agile and Fearless, the Native Will Easily Scale Icy Heights Where Explorer Pursues Way With the Utmost Difficulty.

"In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than in Ellesmere Land," writes Harry Whitney of Cook-Pearry fame. "Ordinarily I should have believed these mountain sides, with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of hard ice and snow, quite unscalable.

"In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm set boulders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

"In this his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His lifetime of experience has taught him to scale these ice-clad heights with a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain sheep is not his superior as a climber.

"As if by magic, and with little apparent effort, the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath.

"I was astonished even at my own progress, and when I paused to glance behind me I felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back and one look robbed me of any desire to try it.

"The Eskimo has no conception of distance. He is endowed with certain instincts which enable him to draw a fairly good map of a coast line, but he cannot tell you how far it is from one point of land to another. Often when they told me a place we were bound for was very close at hand it developed that we were far from it. This they are never sure of and cannot indicate.

"The Eskimos have a white man 'stung to death' from every point of view. They not only can go to sleep promptly but sleep soundly and well as they travel, when circumstances permit. They get sustenance, too, by eating hard frozen walrus and seal meat or blubber. This I could never do, for it is so strong in flavor that it invariably nauseated me, though I did succeed very well with raw hare or deer's meat when I had it."—Outing Magazine.

John's Chocolates.

The office force of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway company at Eighth and Master streets had a good laugh on John, one of the clerks, the other morning, says the Philadelphia Times. He was telling his companions of a girl he was going to call upon that evening. All went well until after luncheon, when a package, very neatly done up, arrived for John. That got the boys; they had to see what was in it. When John went out they opened it and found it contained chocolates. These they took out and replaced with coal.

In the evening John called on his fair one and presented her with what he thought was chocolates. Of course she went on saying, "Oh, John, what did you bring these for?"

At the same time, glad he did so, she opened the box, took one out, and put it in her mouth. All of a sudden she said: "Why, John, that's awfully funny candy."

After lighting the gas she discovered it was coal. John made all kinds of excuses, but failed.

Auction Sale on Large Scale.

The old adage that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives applies in a measure to the fact that there were sold by auction in New York last week between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 worth of carpets and rugs, the product of a big carpet mill at Yonkers, N. Y. The sale was conducted on the upper floor of one of the big buildings along Fifth avenue in the wholesale district, and continued from Monday morning, when it opened, until Saturday evening at 7:30. It was attended by buyers from all over the country, who spent the entire day in the auction room, taking only a brief respite at noon time for luncheon. The luncheon was provided at the salesroom, so that the buyers did not have to leave the building and consisted of a supply daily of 5,000 sandwiches, 30 gallons of coffee, 20 gallons of consommé and 500 bottles of beer. On Friday fish was served to those who do not eat meat.

Restrained by Modesty.

Lisa Cipriani, the well-known Italian writer, told at a dinner in New York an amusing story of her little brother: "Ritchie, when angered, used to say, 'I am going to run away.' Then my mother would answer, 'All right, run away; but your clothes are mine. You came to us naked and naked you shall leave us.' "And Ritchie would plead, 'One little pair of trousers!' " "No, my mother would reply, 'It is not good for you to run away, and I can't let you have even one little old pair of trousers for such a purpose.' " "Ritchie would plead again, 'One little old pair of trousers!' " "But his mother was firm and, thanks to her firmness, Ritchie never ran away."

COMING OF WIRELESS PHONES

Some Recent Experiments Have Proven it a Practical and Wonderful Invention.

The Japanese have been the first nation to officially recognize the wireless telephone. The Occidentals are setting the pace for the world. Uncle Sam is not far behind, for congress has appropriated \$50,000 this year for wireless telephones for the army and Rear Admiral Cowles, chief of the bureau of equipment of the United States navy, has submitted to congress a plan for equipping the vessels with wireless phones.

The inventor, Mr. Collins, is an alumnus of the old University of Chicago, and has been experimenting with wireless telephony since 1889. He patented his invention just after the dawn of the twentieth century and continued to develop and improve it until in July, 1908, he made his longest distance test from his laboratory in Newark, N. J., to Philadelphia, Pa., where another instrument was located in the Land Title building.

Since that time the growth of the wireless telephone idea has been phenomenal. Mr. Collins has perfected a tuning device that insures secrecy of conversation. He has improved the entire system until today his wireless telephone is ready for general commercial use.

The most notable tests of the Collins wireless telephone were made by the inventor in July, 1908, as above stated. The Scientific American states:

"The longest distance wireless telephone tests yet made on this side of the Atlantic were between Newark N. J., and Philadelphia, Pa., a distance of 81 miles, as wireless waves travel.

"The system by which this has been accomplished is due to A. Frederick Collins, a pioneer in the wireless telephone field. The first of his series of tests took place between his laboratory in Newark, where he has a high-power sending station, and the Singer building in New York city, about twelve miles away, when spoken words were clearly and loudly transmitted across the intervening space. The following day the distance was increased to 35 miles, when the receiving station was located at Mr. Collins' country home at Congers, N. Y., and then, amplifying the power of the sending station and bringing the instruments into sharp resonance, the Newark-Philadelphia tests were made the following Tuesday at midnight, from the top of the Land Title building."

A CLEVER MOTHER'S METHOD

Seems to Have Found Ideal Way of Correcting Mistakes and Retaining Child's Confidence.

My children always meet me with a full account of their doings on my return from a day of shopping or visiting, says a mother, writing for the Boston Herald. They had usually had a glorious time, among legitimate amusements, working in one or more "stunts" which I would not wish again enjoyed. I made a habit of forbidding at once a recurrence of the objectionable pastime.

One day I overheard a child say: "I shan't tell mother things any more. She says every time we mustn't do it again, and if she did not know we could keep right on." Nowhere is knowledge power more truly than between parents and children, so I set about finding a way to correct my mistakes and keep the children's confidences.

Now, when they come prancing to meet me with a glowing account of hide and go seek out and in the closet where hang my "best clothes," I force a cheerful smile and a day or two later incidentally remark that, for various reasons, I don't wish that closet door opened. The situation requires diplomacy and it is not always easy to wait until a more convenient season for prohibition, but I am sure it pays. A day or two ago I found such a child had attempted candy-making in my absence.

The results were trying, but I did not find fault at the time. Later in the week I explained the cost of materials wasted if one cooked carelessly, and am certain it will not happen again. Justice, patience, kindness and absolute sincerity in a mother will do much toward curing a child of untruthfulness.

TO GET ANSWER TO LETTER

Simple Plan That is Not Only Effective But Really a Requirement of Courtesy.

You may have occasion often to write a letter of inquiry to a stranger who is under no obligation whatever to answer your question unless he shall see fit to do so out of kindness or fellow feeling. How are you to make reasonably certain of a reply? It is taken for granted that your inquiry is reasonable and in good taste and judgment. You have something to ask as a favor. You should make that request as simple of answer as possible. You should make your question as brief as you can.

To this end leave at the end of your written query enough space blank on which the person addressed can fill in answers fully and without formality, and call his attention to the fact. Enclose with your query an envelope addressed to yourself stamped and ready for the mails. Here is the philosophy of the plan: Many persons are inclined to put off letter writing of any kind. They must be in the mood for it. They "owe"

letters to some of their best friends. Letter writing, anyhow, is a bore. But even to the person in this position a query with a blank space for answer at the bottom of the sheet, the envelope addressed and stamped, makes it doubly easy for the writer to scribble at once with lead pencil the answer, refold the sheet, put it in the envelope, and post it. Try it. You'll get results.

Women War on Disease.

If exophthalmic goitre, the origin of which has up to the present baffled the medical world, is ever proved to be a microbe disease, a great portion of the credit for the discovery, says the London Mail, will be due to the women workers in the laboratories of the Royal hospital in Gray's Inn road.

In recent years the surgeons of the Royal Free hospital have made a special study of goitre cases from the operative standpoint, and from the material thus gained the laboratory staff have been able to go thoroughly into the numerous theories current as to its cause. As a result microscopic changes in the tissues of goitres have been observed which almost conclusively prove that some as yet undiscovered microbe is the active cause of the disease.

The success of the experiment of having women on the house staff, begun in 1901, is shown in the annual increase in the number of patients treated since that date. At the annual meeting, it was stated that more than 100,000 out-patients had been treated in the past year.

Permanently Scoured.

The lawyer was examining the ventricleman as to his qualifications to sit on the jury.

"You know, Mr. Swaddeford," he said, "the meaning of the phrase, 'reasonable doubt,' do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"If the testimony in this case should cause you to entertain a doubt as to the guilt of the defendant do you think you could give him the benefit of it?"

"No, sir; I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir," snapped the ventricleman, "I've been givin' old Doc Cook the benefit of all the doubts and when I found out he's the worst faker in the business I ain't got no patience with nobody! That's why."

"That is all, Mr. Swaddeford."

"You may stand aside," said the court.

Servants in Nobleman's Clothes.

Mr. W. M. Webb explained how fashions were perpetuated by the gradual acquisition of a gentleman's castoff clothes by his servants. A powdered footman of today was wearing the costume of a gentleman of George II's time, and the lord mayor's coachman now was dressed exactly like a nobleman of the time of George III. A page boy, with his three rows of buttons, wore what was known in the early years of last century as the "Dutch skeleton dress," a very fashionable suit for sons of the upper classes.—London Standard.

Languages of the World.

Statisticians who have delved into the subject of languages tell us that there are approximately 2,750 now in use throughout the world. To give absolutely the number of tongues would be manifestly impossible, for the reason that there are still unexplored parts of the world where tribes are known to exist.

Until ethnological surveys are made of every nook and cranny of this old world it will be impossible to classify all of the languages employed.

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