

STEER MARKET ACTIVE

RECEIPTS LIGHT, DEMAND BRISK AND PRICES ADVANCE

BEST BEEVES OFFERED, \$8.50

Cows and Heifers Met Active Inquiry, Prices 10c to 15c Higher—Bulls Firm—Calves Weak—Stockers Steady.

There was a firm tone to the fat cattle trade and stronger prices were realized on all desirable grades. The bullish factor underlying the market was the light run in sight at the leading western markets.

The following prices are quotable on the St. Joseph market today: Choice to prime steers, \$8.00 to \$8.75; good to choice, \$7.50 to \$8.00; fair to good steers, \$7.00 to \$7.50.

COWS, BULLS AND MIXED.

The supply of butcher classes was not large today, around 15 loads being included. The market was strong and there was a broad demand from all classes of buyers for anything useful.

The following quotations are current on the local market: Choice to prime cows, \$5.25 to \$7.25; good to choice cows, \$4.50 to \$6.25.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for various grades of cows and calves.

STATE HAS HERD OF COWS

New York Governor Appoints Committee to Look After "Bossies."

Albany, May 13.—The herd of twenty-five cows which graze daily on the Windgate prison site will not be neglected.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for various grades of calves.

HOG MARKET LOWER

PRICES RANGED GENERALLY A DIME LOWER THAN SATURDAY'S AVERAGE.

QUALITY WAS FAIR TO GOOD

Best Hogs Sold at \$7.82 1/2. With the Bulk of Sales Listed in a Range of \$7.60 to \$7.75.

Sellers of live pork faced a combination of circumstances today that were anything but conducive to an active and higher market. Receipts, both locally and at the five markets, showed a substantial increase over the corresponding day of the previous week.

Prices ranged from \$7.40 to \$7.75, with the bulk selling at \$7.60 to \$7.75.

Representative Hog Sales.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for various grades of hogs.

Packers' Hog Purchases.

Table with columns: Firm Name, Price. Lists purchases from Swift & Co., Hammond Packing Co., Morris & Co.

Range of Hog Prices.

Table with columns: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Lists daily price ranges.

OTHER LIVE STOCK MARKETS

CHICAGO Union Stock Yards, Ill., May 13.—The Live Stock Market reports: Cattle—Receipts, 11,500. Market 10 to 25c higher, top \$9.20.

Hogs—Receipts, 45,000. Market opened 10c lower, bulk \$7.40 to \$7.50.

Sheep—Receipts, 18,000. Market largely steady, top shorn lambs \$9.25, top woolled \$10.00, shorn wethers \$6.55.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 13.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers' Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 7000. Market opened steady to strong, closed slow.

Hogs—Receipts, 7000. Market opened weak to 5c lower, closed 5c to 10c lower, top \$7.82 1/2, bulk \$7.45 to \$7.50.

Sheep—Receipts, 12,000. Market steady, lambs \$9.75.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., May 13.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers' Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2200. Market strong to 10c higher, top \$8.40.

Hogs—Receipts, 7100. Market 5c lower, top \$7.60, bulk \$7.35 to \$7.50.

Sheep—Receipts, 2500. Market active, higher.

EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock

LIVE STOCK RECEIPTS

Today's Receipts, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Horses.

RECEIPTS BY CARS

The following table shows the number of cars of stock handled today by railroads centering at the local yards today.

Table with columns: C. & O., C. & M., C. & N., C. & S., C. & W., C. & R., C. & I., C. & G., C. & F., C. & E., C. & D., C. & C., C. & B., C. & A.

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BEST LAMBS HIGHER

PRICES ON BEST WOOLLED OFFERINGS GO UP A FLAT QUARTER.

BEST LAMBS SOLD AT \$9.75

Shorn Sheep and Lambs Meet With Slow Demand and Prices Remain Unchanged.

Opening day of the week witnessed a substantial increase in sheep supplies at this point, as compared with the same day of the previous week.

Early estimates called for 2,000, but after subtracting around 1,500 Texas sheep consigned direct to local packers, supply on sale dwindled down to about 1,700.

Under the influence of a broad demand generally trade opened at a comparatively early hour.

Buyers were hesitant about placing their bids on the shorn lamb delinquency and no business of consequence was done with this class of goods until a late hour.

Sellers insisted on placing their shorn offerings on the basis of the advance noted on woolled lambs, but they failed to get buyers to operate on that basis.

Buyers were finally forced to let go at prices about steady with last week's close.

Many sheep, which were in scant supply, changed hands without appreciable change in the price list as compared with last week's windup.

Trade, as a whole, was slow and uninteresting, and at noon a considerable share of the day's crop were still in hand.

Choice to prime fed western lambs are quoted at \$9.85 to \$9.90; fair to good fed western lambs, \$9.50 to \$9.85.

Western wethers, \$8.75 to \$9.00; fed western wethers, \$7.50 to \$7.75; fed western yearlings, \$8.00 to \$8.50.

Shorn lambs, \$8.50 to \$9.00; shorn wethers, \$8.50 to \$9.00; shorn yearlings, \$7.50 to \$8.25.

240 Colorado lambs, \$7.95 to \$8.25; 230 Colorado lambs, \$7.95 to \$8.25.

19 Spring lambs, \$7.95 to \$8.00; 178 Western lambs, shorn, \$7.95 to \$8.00.

61 Texas lambs, shorn, \$8.40 to \$8.50; 10 Colorado lambs, shorn, \$8.40 to \$8.50.

229 Texas ewes and yearlings, \$8.25 to \$8.50.

PACKERS' SHEEP PURCHASES. Swift & Co., \$1,800; Hammond Packing Co., 250; Morris & Co., 215.

ST. JOSEPH HAY MARKET. Local Quotations Corrected to Date by Local Dealers.

The following quotations are furnished daily by the St. Joseph Hay Recivers and Shippers association for the benefit of Stock Yards Daily Journal readers.

Options—Choice, \$28; No. 1, \$24; No. 2, \$21; No. 3, \$18; No. 4, \$15.

Clover mixed—Choice, \$25; No. 1, \$22; No. 2, \$20; No. 3, \$18; No. 4, \$15.

Since last fall the mules of one division have broken and packed 500 acres of ground previously in cultivation and harrowed the same twice.

They have broken 500 additional acres of new sod and packed and harrowed it.

They have drilled in 300 acres of wheat, disked forty acres, plowed a 100-acre orchard two ways, hauled feed from 150 acres, hauled 70 bales of cotton to the gin and 120 bales to the depot.

In addition they have hauled the mesquite grubs (which, by the way, are very small in this country) from 1,500 acres, hauled six carloads of posts and wires from the depot to the toolhouse and have done chores on the farm too numerous to mention, and yet they are fat and sleek and ready for work.

In harrowing, 20-foot harrows are used and the forty mules harrow on an average 300 acres a day.

Judge L. Gough, who is in charge of this immense farm, probably the largest in the southwest, is an expert farmer and has his work on the basis of the immense business which it is.

He has weekly meetings with his division foremen, in which he discusses the principles which he is putting into practice and accounts them with what he expects of each.

He has figured out the amount of ground each of the different farm implements should be able to handle in a foreman can readily estimate the amount of ground actually worked during the day by his teams, and he is expected to deliver 90 per cent of the efficiency.

MISSING MAN FOUND. Brother of Missourian, Considered Dead, Found in Texas.

King City, Mo., May 13.—Forty-two years ago Joseph A. Wrightman left the vicinity of King City, then a struggling prairie town in a sparsely settled section of the Empire Prairie, and started for California.

For four years Wrightman was not heard of by his relatives and friends living here, and then came a letter saying that he had joined the United States army at Houston, Tex., and that as soon as he could close up his affairs he will return to King City to make his home.

The letter received from Wrightman by last week was the first word that had come from him for more than thirty-eight years.

AMUSEMENTS. At the Tootle—Russian Symphony Orchestra, Wednesday, May 15.

NEW PROJECT PLANNED

ARRANGEMENTS BEING MADE TO MAKE CITY WOOL MARKET.

TO SHEAR SHEEP HERE

Advantageous Rate Recently Obtained, Will Contribute Much to Success of New Industry.

Before today closes, arrangements will probably be effected whereby St. Joseph will be put in a way to become the largest wool market of any town on the Missouri river or the middle west, perhaps.

For weeks men have been working on the plan which will in all probability be consummated today which means that the big pens and yards for shearing sheep are to be erected in South St. Joseph and that wool will then be taken from the live sheep's back, instead of the wool on fall or even partly fleeced sheep being pulled after the hide has gone through a semi-decay after the animal has been butchered.

Ground is to be leased of the Union Terminal company or the St. Joseph Stock Yards company, north of the packing houses, near the St. Joseph tannery plant, in which the sheep that are to be sheared will be unloaded.

Near this site are now located feeding pens for sheep where as many as 2,000 are sometimes quartered for further fattening after being kept in a wool market. The activity here is not an experiment by any means in the vicinity of other packing centers.

This company is to be organized today does not expect to do much business during the summer but will be prepared with the coming of fall to shear all the sheep that are received here as a wool market. The activity here is not an experiment by any means in the vicinity of other packing centers.

The action of the Western Freight association in offering in a wool market rate for St. Joseph, which has been worked for by the Commerce club and the St. Joseph Stock Yards company to put St. Joseph on the map as a wool market, is now being worked for by the shearing pens and the securing of the wool transit rate, which allows wool to be stored here and then to be reshipped to the through railroads from the point of origin, all followed the success of George Darlene Buell, formerly a manager of the Buell woolen mills, in organizing a big wool market here.

This concern is now temporarily located in the old Garvey Machine company building on South Fifth street, but a new building is being erected a big storage warehouse this fall. Already with the advantageous wool rates secured for St. Joseph, this concern is doing a big business, and with the wool market here it is expected it will have another source of supply to draw upon aside from the sheep ranches of the west, where great quantities of wool are already being shipped to St. Joseph.

Champion Feed saves corn. R. L. Caruthers, of Ft. Worth, Tex., was among those who had sheep in for today's market.

The stock yards lunch at Trans-Atlantic House Cafe, best meal in the city for the money.

R. Adams, a big rancher and cattle raiser of Shelbyville, Tex., marketed four cars of cattle here today.

Try Hilgert's 35c merchants lunch and you will be the best in the city, 207 So. 6th St.

Great Western Sugar Co., of Ft. Morgan, Colo., who have contributed heavily to the local receipts for some time past, had a shipment of six cars of pulp-fed steers here today.

PACKERS' SHEEP PURCHASES. Swift & Co., \$1,800; Hammond Packing Co., 250; Morris & Co., 215.

PIMBLEY PAINT AND GLASS CO., 213 South Sixth street, St. Joseph, Mo.

USE ONLY MULE POWER. 10,000 Acres in Texas Have Not Felt Invasion of Traction Motor.

Crosbyton, Tex., May 13.—Mules furnish the motive power for putting 10,000 acres of small grain through the plains of Texas—the "llano estacado" of the old days.

One company here has a farm of 10,000 acres. This is separated into divisions, each division having a "team" of forty mules.

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HE FED MOLASSES MEAL. Well-Known Kansans Farmer Says It Is a Fat Producer.

Kansas City Drivers Telegram, May 8.—G. W. Schmidt, of Junction City, Kan., smiled today after selling a carload of heifers of the same age at good prices. The steers weighed 1,667 pounds and brought \$3.15, the heifers sold for \$7.60 and weighed 899 pounds.

"I attribute my success with these cattle to the fact that I used a new ration in fattening them," said Mr. Schmidt, "I fed them seven pounds a day of molasses meal, with some alfalfa and corn. It was my first experience, but I shall not attempt to feed cattle again in any other way." They showed a gain of four pounds a day while they were fed on this ration. The molasses seems to act as an appetizer and at the same time keeps them drinking freely.

Mr. Schmidt refers to Champion Molasses Feed, which he purchased from the Champion Feed Company, Tarkio, Missouri.

WEATHER FORECAST. For Missouri: Fair tonight with probably light frost in extreme north portion; Tuesday increasing cloudiness.

Kansas: Cloudy with probably rain tonight or Tuesday.

Nebraska: Cloudy in southern portion with rain or snow tonight or Tuesday; generally fair in northern portion tonight and Tuesday, with frost tonight in northern and western portions.

Iowa: Generally fair tonight and Tuesday; continued cool with frost tonight.



STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

The St. Joseph Journal Publishing Co., Publishers.

W. E. WARRICK, Editor and Manager.

Largest 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: Daily, per year \$1.00; Daily, six months .60; Daily, three months .35; Daily, one month .15; Tri-Weekly, per year .75; Semi-Weekly, per year .50; Weekly, per year .30.

In asking change of address, please state your former postoffice. State whether your paper is Daily, Tri-Weekly, Semi-Weekly or Weekly. State whether you pay for it, or some live stock commission firm, and if the latter, the name of the firm.

Country subscriptions are payable in advance. Do not send checks on country banks. Remit with postal order or draft, payable to St. Joseph Journal Publishing Company.

If you do not receive your paper regularly, notify this office or your commission firm, at once, as the matter may be regulated without delay.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

Send 25 per cent commission allowed postmasters, who are authorized to take subscriptions.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Circuit Judge. I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination, on the Democratic ticket, for the office of Judge of Division No. 2 of the Circuit Court of Buchanan County, Missouri, subject to the decision of the voters at primary, to be held August 5, 1912.

FARMER'S WIFE AND HER HOME.

It is a well known fact that the women are responsible, largely, for the movement from the country to the town. They grew morbid in the solitude and staid with the monotony. The work on the farm—work in which they often failed to procure assistance—was bitterly hard, and it held no vacations. They often were the victims of mortgages, which, like Tomson's brook, went on forever, and increased prosperity frequently meant only a further accumulation of more acre instead of a mitigation of domestic hardships.

But there were a number of other elements of dissatisfaction. Some of them were realized, others were not. Undoubtedly one of the chief of these was the inability of many farm women to take pride in their homes. They could not do it because there was nothing to be proud of. The home represented the necessities, and when once the grim objects of domestic use could not do it because there was done to the house. Whereas the village woman or the city woman of very moderate means might indulge in fresh wall paper and gay printed hangings, the farm woman of a certain circumstance looked year in and year out upon the same hard, white plastering, which gathered to itself additional smoke and cracks, but offered nothing upon which the imagination could feed. There might be a picture or two on the walls, but these grew as familiar and as hateful as the paling around the pig pen.

There were no magazines, or at best only a farm journal and a denominational paper; there was no music save the droning of the choir on Sundays; there was no surprise, no gaiety, no anticipation, says the Chicago Tribune. Life, really, when you come to think of it, is something like a motor-cycle. It proceeds by a series of explosions. Let these explosions be too slow or too feeble, the machine will not run. Let them be too violent and too swift, and disaster is possible. But the farm woman of the drudge and grind variety ran down for lack of interruptions—or in other words, explosion. She perished of unusualness, was slain by the expected. Monotony was the deadly upas tree beneath which she slept, and in the anguish of her face, which aged in youth, one read that terrible inscription—defeat of purpose.

It is getting different now. The automobiles race from the villages to the farms, and giving the horses a rest on Sunday doesn't mean that the family has to stay at home and mope. Mortgages, they say, are nowadays quite frequently paid up; the blithe Victrola brings "Caruso's argent voice" into the remotest homes; the telephone establishes communication between the farms, and the arduous spring house cleaning now includes spring decorating, too. The parcels post, when it comes, will be another means of giving the farm dweller the conveniences of city life, making it easier and cheaper for the housewife to shop as her sister of the city does.

But while we are congratulating ourselves on the changed fortunes of the farm women, let us not forget that there are thousands and thousands of the old time, as hopeless, as helpless, as sullen as any that ever lived. In these days when feminine revolt is so fashionable, it should be the missionary task of the sisters of such to arouse them to a wholesome revolt.

Daddy's Bedtime Story

Poor Shep Is Watching Still For His Master



The Dog Meets Every Train.

THE round of good nights ended with a parting hug or pat for Sheppie, who always followed the children to the foot of the stairs.

"I wonder if Sheppie would forget us if we moved away like that horrid Moore family and left him behind without a home as they did that poor doggie of theirs?" Evelyn said.

"How can you talk so?" Jack exclaimed indignantly. "We would never do such a thing to Sheppie. We love our Sheppie."

"Oh, of course!" replied Evelyn impatiently. "I'm only s'posing."

"Dogs sometimes remember even unkind masters longer than they are worth," daddy said. "In a Michigan town is a dog that has been waiting the return of a thoughtless master for two years."

"The dog's name is Shep too. One day his master went away from the town. The dog followed him affectionately to the station and saw him off on the train. Then the poor creature waited for his master to return. The master never came back."

"Every train that comes into the town is met by the faithful dog. He looks anxiously into the face of every stranger."

"He has a welcome for every one, but he goes away sadly, only to meet the next train with shining eyes and wagging tail."

"Every one in the town knows Shep's story and is sorry for him. There are no back doors closed in his face, and every porch in the place is his when he wishes to take a nap."

"For Shep, when the news of his cruel desertion got abroad, found kind friends who would have gladly given him a home had he been willing to stay with them. But Shep will not adopt any family, although he accepts the meals and pettings of all."

"Shep knows the time when every train is due at the station. He never misses one. He is always there waiting when the trainmen jump to the platform to help passengers off the trains. They all know the big dog with the wistful eyes and the friendly manner. Many is the tidbit which they hand out to him from their lunch baskets, and the station master is one of the dog's best friends."

"This is dog friendship, a friendship that is worth remembering when we are tempted to forget our four footed companions and speak of them as 'only dogs.'"

"So you see that people who carelessly go off and leave their pets homeless, saying, 'Oh, they'll get another home' are really doing a very thoughtless and cruel thing, for animals often suffer bitterly in being parted from even the worthless master they have learned to love."

RAINS FALL AT RIGHT TIME

Crop Conditions Excellent Throughout Southwest and Texas.

San Antonio, Tex., May 11.—This has been one of the finest seasons ever known throughout southwest and south Texas. The long winter kept vegetation back and gave the farmers opportunity to prepare the soil thoroughly. Rains fell just at the right time to give the crops a fine start and splendid rains that have fallen during the last week have come as needed to push the growing plants ahead. For the most part the rain fell gently and was followed by bright sunshine, and farmers throughout this territory are feeling happy over the prospects.

BUTTER VALUE \$405,000,000

Farms Produce 996,001,000 Pounds and Factories 624,765,000.

Washington, May 11.—The butter production in the United States, according to statistics made public by the census bureau, was 1,620,766,000 pounds in 1909, valued at \$405,000,000. The quantity produced on farms that year was 996,001,000 pounds, valued at \$295,567,000, in factories and 27,165,000 pounds, valued at \$5,981,000, on farms.

The state of Iowa, second with 127,262,000 pounds, valued at \$32,496,000; Minnesota third, with a total production of 75,180,000 pounds, valued at \$33,180,000; Pennsylvania fourth; Michigan fifth, with \$5,917,000 pounds, valued at \$11,834,000; Ohio sixth; Illinois seventh, with 1,181,000 pounds, valued at \$11,578,000; New York eighth, with 54,894,000 pounds, valued at \$12,784,000. Illinois and Indiana show a much greater farm production than factory output.

WED YOUNG AND BE HAPPY

Fewer Divorces Follow Early Unions, a Medical Expert Says—Most Separation After.

Cambridge, Mass.—"Men should marry young," said Dr. William F. Boos, the Harvard Medical expert. He added: "Statistics show clearly the great benefits of an early union. An important feature is the better health. The offspring of youthful marriages as a rule inherit greater mental and physical well-being."

"Our ideas on the subject of the marriageable age and the requirements for the union are all wrong. A father, instead of opposing a youthful marriage, should encourage. Statistics show marriages that usually end in divorce are contracted by people more than thirty years old."

NEW YORK IS POLYGLOT CITY

Less Than Fifth of People Born of American Parents—Yiddish is Mother Tongue of 1,265,000.

New York.—That New York, in addition to being the largest city in the country and the second largest in the world, is now the second largest Italian city, the largest Yiddish-speaking city, and that less than one-fifth of its population is accounted for by persons born of American parents, are some of the interesting facts made public by

LUCKY ACCIDENT FOR MINER

What at First Seemed Adverse Stroke of Fate Turned Out a Caprice of Fortune.

Where hundreds of men are "prospecting" one of them is liable, of course, to stumble upon a ledge that "pans out" in paying gold or silver. That lucky "find" gives birth to a dozen stories about millionaires who have become "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" by some fortunate accident. The following story is such a one.

A miner named Adams was prospecting in a northwestern state. While trudging along, one hot day, through a gulch, where the sun had a good chance at his back, he suddenly smelled smoke. He glanced quickly in every direction to ascertain the origin of the smoke, but seeing nothing resumed his journey. A moment later the smell returned stronger than ever. A light wreath of vapor curled about his ears and gave him to understand that his haversack was on fire. Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining the specimens of the sand in his pan and the truth flashed upon him. For want of room he had hung the glass on the outside and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his haversack, which was thus set on fire. As among its contents were 12 or 15 pounds of powder he lost no time in dropping the burden.

The haversack fell between two huge stones, out of sight. Adams reached a safe distance and watched the smoke rising from his worldly possessions. Suddenly there was a deafening report. The ground trembled and Adams dodged behind a huge stone. Rising, he went to the spot to gather up what he could find, when his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glittering with gold. His powder had done better on his own account than it had ever done on his, and had literally blown open a gold mine for his benefit. He was made a rich man and named his mine the "Nick o' Time."

The Child's Toys.

Cloaked under a pretense of making the children happy, our sins have been many. In the first place, we have been giving them too many toys and have made the recipients blasé and unappreciative. One at a time is enough. In our secret souls most of us have been conscious of that mistake. In the second place, in our desire to produce something new and wonderful at frequent intervals, something that would do us credit in the eyes of our young admirers, we have been getting the wrong kinds. The imported mechanical toys upon which we have fallen with gusto and played happily ourselves until obliged to hand them over are far better for us, it seems, than for them. They do the work for the child instead of making him do it.

Here we have in a nutshell the main principle underlying the selection of toys. The child's toys should stimulate his imagination and make him work. If he has too many he has nothing left to imagine; if they respond to the magic of a key, he can only stand by and watch.—Martha Cutler, in Harper's Bazar.

PREFERS DEATH TO NEW BABY

Laborer's Wife Attempts to Kill Herself Rather Than Add Another to Family.

New York.—Having borne to her husband, a railroad laborer, twenty-three children since their marriage twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Agnes Racita decided to end her part in race production by suicide.

Help came before she could accomplish her purpose. She will get well in the Jersey City hospital and return in a few days to her burden at home, unless she has to go to jail in punishment for her crime. She is forty-eight years old.

Only seven of the children are living, all under sixteen. When she had packed them off to school yesterday morning, a racita having gone to work, she built a crude altar in her parlor at 548 Grove street, Jersey City, and, it is believed, said prayers for her soul before it. Then she drank a bottle of turpentine.

The pain was so agonizing that she screamed. Neighbors ran in and in a few minutes an ambulance surgeon had administered first aid, which left her in collapse, but in no immediate danger.

"I didn't want to bring more children into the world," she sobbed at the hospital, when further relief put her in condition to talk. "We are poor people and cannot afford to keep on having babies."

"For a long time I thought of this and it made me sad. So I prayed for guidance and the answer came that I would be better off dead than alive."

"My husband and children are good, but I could not bear to go on as we were doing. Now I suppose there is no help for it, but I wish I had died."

Long Sermons. Of one of the sermons, preached by Dr. Samuel Parr in 1800, the lord mayor for the year is said to have remarked to the preacher that there were four things in the sermon which he had been very sorry to hear. "Dear, dear, my lord," exclaimed the doctor, anxiously, "what were they?" "Sir," was the reply, "I mean the quarters struck by the church clock."

New guild in the banking business, bankers whose business runs well over \$100,000,000 annually and whose success is largely due to the faithful and thoughtful attention given each serious inquiry or request for advice. If you can save and command \$100 or more each year you can command the best financial brains in America.—Leslie's.

Fatal French Blank Cartridge.

A strange and sad accident occurred in the course of drill maneuvers at Montreuil-sous-Bois, in the suburbs of Paris, where a soldier was killed by a blank cartridge discharged at him by a fellow soldier. A company of the Thirty-first regiment was taken out to Montreuil in the afternoon. The lieutenant in command decided to order a sham attack on a fort, which his soldiers were to storm. Some of the soldiers were posted as sentries, and the others were told that in storming the imaginary fort they were to try specially to take the sentries prisoners, but a formal order was given to the soldiers that they were not to load their rifles. In spite of this a shot was suddenly heard, and a soldier fell with a groan. He was a young recruit called Laurent, and near him stood another soldier who had acted as sentry and was completely dumfounded by what had happened. Either he did not know that there was a cartridge in the weapon or he fired thinking that it was only a part of the sham fighting. Laurent was taken to the hospital at Begin, and soon afterward expired. He had been killed by the packing of the blank cartridge, which, being fired within only a yard or two of him, acted like a bullet. The unfortunate soldier was the eldest son of a widow, who has three smaller children to bring up.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

Sidelight on Lloyd-George.

On the day Lloyd-George became chancellor of the exchequer he left the house with a friend of his boyhood (and his love of old friends is not the least attractive phase of his character). As they talked of his advancement he said: "In all my career I do not remember a hand being held out to me from above and a voice saying: 'Bring it fnyonyama' (climb thou up here). But don't misunderstand me," he went on, "there have been thousands of hands which have pushed me up from behind." He does not forget these hands. He does not forget from whence comes his authority and his commission. There have been times when one has feared—times when his light anchorage seemed in danger of yielding to the impact of opportunism. But that memory of his own people, that loyalty to the inspiration of the mountains and the simple traditions of his fathers has saved him and will save him.—London Daily News.

EXCHANGE DIRECTORY.

Following is a list of the commission firms and stock cattle dealers engaged in business at the St. Joseph stock yards:

- Butler, James H., rooms 327-32. Byers Bros. & Co., rooms 202-204. Clay, Robinson & Co., rooms 329-32. Crider Bros. & Co., rooms 302-307. Daily, C. M. & Co., rooms 317-19. Davis & Son, rooms 206-17. Deinkard, Emmert & Co., rooms 309-15. Emmert Com. Co., rooms 302-4. Kansas City Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 229-32. Knollin Sheep Commission Co., rooms 219-23. Lee Live Stock Commission Co., rooms 210-15. Missouri Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 201-203. National Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 333-40. Nichols, Blanchard & Gilchrist, rooms 326-28. Prey Bros. & Cooper, rooms 318-22. Stewart & Co., rooms 226-28. St. Joseph Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 212-14. Shaw, R. O., Commission Co., rooms 205-207. Wood Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 312-14.

Officers of Exchange. The officers of the St. Joseph Live Stock Exchange are as follows: President, A. F. Daily, vice-president, W. True Davis; sec'y-treas., E. F. Erwin. The board of directors is composed of A. H. Baker, M. W. Wyatt, J. G. Adams, L. E. Cooper, M. F. Blanchard, R. G. Denham and M. K. Stewart.

Stock Cattle Brokers. Atkins, J. V. & Co., room 301. Adcock, George, room 302. Baker, Joseph, & Son, room 319. Baker, James, room 316. Dawson & Reynolds, room 261. Gillette, M. H., room 318. Maxwell, Spayde & Co., rooms 306-8. Morlock, W. H., rooms 234-36. Milby, John, room 319. Roundtree, W. R., room 314. Rockwood, Geo., room 319. Timmerman, W. O. Stock, James. Wright, Perry. Sheep Dealers. Lyon, J. E., room 219. Order Buyers. Morlock, W. H., rooms 234-34. Maxwell, Spayde & Co., rooms 306-8.

Brady's May Sale

Is Especially Interesting This Week. Our May Sale has been wonderfully successful for the past two weeks. There is still ample time to secure some of these bargains, and remember, you have unrestricted choice of our magnificent spring stock. Let us figure with you on your window shades.

Floor Shine Enamels Make Fine Floors—Sold Here

Bargains in Made-Up Rugs. We have 100 Rugs made up from our remnants and odd borders in Brussels, Velvet and Axminster, in all sizes, at 65c on the dollar. 8-3x10-6 Brussels Rugs, regular \$15.00, now \$10.00. 8-3x10-6 Axminster Rugs, regular \$22.50, now \$15.00. 10-6x12 Axminster Rugs, regular \$30.00, now \$20.00. 10-6x12 Axminster Rugs, regular \$32.50, now \$22.50. 10-6x12 Brussels Rugs, regular \$22.50, now \$15.00.

Read This Special Offering for This Week

Axminster Rugs, 11-3x12 feet, an extra large size, in floral or Oriental styles, sold everywhere at \$85.00. Our price this week \$25.00.

Wilton Velvet Hall and Stair Carpets to Match

Several choice styles in red, tan and brown shades, in excellent quality Wilton Velvet Hall and Stair Carpets, regular \$1.10 grade. This week, yard \$90c.

Lace Curtain Specials

- 75c Nottingham Curtains, 36 inches wide, 2-1-2 yds. long, in white, per pair. 50c. \$2.50 Cable Net Curtains in Cluny effects, Arab color, per pair. \$1.75. \$1.50 Nottingham Curtains, 45 inches wide, 3 yards long, white or Arab, per pair. \$1.00. \$3.00 Curtains, made of heavy Egyptian yarn, novelty styles, per pair. \$2.25. \$2.00 Nottingham Curtains, 50 inches wide, 3 yards long, splendid value, per pair. \$1.50. \$4.00 Curtains, handsome parlor styles, very fine. This week, per pair. \$3.00.

The Brady Carpet & Drapery Company

Missouri's Only Exclusive Dealers in Carpets, Rugs, Draperies. Members Retail Merchants' Association Railroad Fare Rebated.

Have You

Ever drank MILLER'S MILWAUKEE HIGH LIFE BEER? The superior of many competitors for table and family use. None but the choicest brewing materials used which insures its high grade qualities as a mild stimulant and delicious beverage. 2 Doz. Qts, per case \$3.75. 3 Doz. Pts, per case 3.75. Rebate \$1.25 for empty cases returned.



Self & Binswanger THE FINE WHISKEY FOLLOWS 427 Edmond St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Blair Horse and Mule Co.

Stock Yards, St. Joseph, Mo. Auction Every Friday Private Sales Daily. All Stock Sold With a Full Guarantee to Be as Represented. Large Selection of Horses and Mules Always on Hand. Consign Your Horses and Mules to Us.

CHINESE PHYSICIAN

DR. MON FUNG YOUNG. Uses only the roots, herbs, barks, leaves, etc. 410 I-2 Francis St. St. Joseph, Mo.

Advertise in "The Journal." It Pays

EMMETT F. COOK, M. D. SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISEASES OF MEN AND WOMEN. LONG BLDG. 710 FELIX ST., ST. JOSEPH, MO. Call or Write. C. F. Rock Plumbing & Heating Co. MODERN PLUMBING, STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING. Telephone 899. 115 North Third Street.



LETITIA'S LICENSE

By MOLLY McMASTER

The Rev. Samuel Durand strolled leisurely through the park. It was not often that the young minister had the time to stroll, but even ministers find that all work and no play makes a tiresome pilgrimage through life.

His eyes glanced ahead through the labyrinth of glistening trees and the winding path below. A few yards beyond, in the middle of that wide path, lay a long envelope, and when the minister reached the spot he stopped and picked it up.

But the park was deserted save for the sparrows and the little begging squirrels that sat up with forepaws against their breasts in mute appeal.

When his pockets were emptied his mind returned to the legal looking document he had picked up from the path.

"A marriage license! Now what man could be so careless as to lose so precious a thing?"

"If the minister's eyes were watery, if the right girl had ever come into my life and had registered her name with mine—I think I would not let go the paper in a hurry."

He scanned the document for the names of the couple. "Letitia Larken and Harold Dwyer."

The minister repeated the last name and a thoughtful line drew between his eyes. He stepped still in the path and probed his memory.

"Harold Dwyer? Where have I seen—Ah!" He continued his walk, but the puzzled frown only deepened.

"I married Harold Dwyer to—Rose Lange five—four—years ago."

And during the remainder of his walk back to the hotel the Rev. Mr. Durand was lost in thought. There might easily be two Harold Dwyers and yet something told the minister that it was not so in this case.

He suddenly felt as if his trip to the east, his walk in the park, and in fact his whole life had been a preparation for the finding of this marriage license.

Argument whispered to him that Harold Dwyer may have lost his first wife, but wisdom told him that such was not the case.

"In any event, I will take the license to the girl," he decided and wondered why he sought the girl rather than the man.

Yet instinct told him that the man could not be trusted and that the girl was in need of warning.

It was toward the late afternoon when the young minister made his way to the home of Letitia Larken. Somehow he had had a presentiment that the girl would be living in a boarding house.

Yes, she did live in one of those domiciles for the homeless in the big city. A slovenly but affable maid led the young minister into the front room with the information that Miss Larken was engaged with the ladies' guild, but that she would bring her down from the top floor.

Lost in wonderment as to why the parlors of boarding houses invariably contained a plush album and a table with a marble top the minister did not hear the soft entrance of Letitia Larken. When he did catch sight of her he arose quickly to his feet with a

quickly indrawn breath. He had not prepared himself for the big innocent eyes of Letitia or the demure smile on Letitia's lips or the smooth shining braids on Letitia's head, or in fact any of the manifold charms that made up the entire Letitia. He only looked at her and gripped himself the harder because of the pain he felt he was about to inflict.

She drew nearer and held out a steady, cordial hand. Any member of the clergy was always welcome to Letitia and she supposed he was one who had learned of her little odds and ends of charity work.

The girl's eyelashes swept quickly down when she felt the warm, protecting pressure of the minister's hand. Then she looked up and said: "Won't you be seated?"

"I have come on a rather peculiar errand." The minister spoke with a touch of gravity. "I found this." He held out the marriage license and saw the quick color flame into Letitia's cheeks.

"Oh! Thank you so much, Harold—Mr. Dwyer must have lost it." "I found it in Central park," the clergyman said and waited until the color had receded from the girl's face.

"I could have mailed the document but I used to know a Harold Dwyer—in fact—the Rev. Mr. Durand hesitated for the fraction of a minute then went bravely on, 'I married a Mr. Harold Dwyer four years ago. His wife was a dear friend of mine.'"

The minister watched the girl's face. It had grown a shade paler and a startled look had come into her eyes. She regained her composure almost immediately and laughed a pretty, ringing laugh.

"Why is it," she asked with a not quite steady voice, "that one always jumps to conclusions? The world is certainly large enough to contain two or even three Harold Dwyers."

There was a sudden silence in the room while a glance fraught with fear and a newborn understanding passed between the minister and the girl. The minister was the first to speak and he strove to make his tone light.

"Then you are the first to venture with your Mr. Dwyer into the land of matrimony?" "Yes," said the girl, imitating his tone, but underneath there was a vague feeling of disquiet.

The room seemed suddenly to be peopled with strange and ugly shapes. The girl turned toward the window as if to escape some hidden pressure.

"Here is Mr. Dwyer now," she said, but in a dull monotone. The Rev. Mr. Durand had caught a fleeting glimpse of the man who was then entering the house, and he took up a position well in the center so that Dwyer might see him to best advantage.

The minister was conscious of heavily beating pulses when he heard the man's entrance and felt him glance into the front room. Then he heard a smothered exclamation and realized that Harold Dwyer had fled precipitately from the life of Letitia Larken.

The girl realized everything in a flash of intuition. She smiled a half-wistful little smile and because she was adorably feminine she hid that which was expected of her and fainted into the minister's arms. When she opened her eyes he was gazing down at her with an expression that brought all the color back into Letitia's cheeks.

"It was good of you to save me," she said demurely. "I couldn't do less," the minister told her. "And I thank my good memory for names," he added.

Letitia was slowly tearing the license to bits. "You can get another one—some day," the Rev. Durand said, half in earnest.

Letitia blushed for she caught the serious meaning beneath the jest. And when she did get another marriage license the big minister accompanied her to take charge of it—and her.

ONE OF NATURE'S FIRST LAWS

Digestive Organs Must Be Given Time to Do Their Work if Good Health is Desired.

A certain fundamental law of nature if it were written out would read: Thou shalt not eat in any manner of food until that which thou didst eat aforetime shall have been fully digested.

And he that eateth before his peptic glands are ready shall pay the penalty. The law is mandatory. Although I do not find it written "in the tables of the law" as one of the ten commandments, yet it is written among the laws of nature, and judgments innumerable have been rendered sustaining it.

The underlying principle is that the operation of digestion is not a continuous performance. What boots it when or how a law was given, as long as it contains the steam-roller truth? Many an unfortunate who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly violated this law has been rolled out into this layer of uncomfortable indolence or groaning incapacity.

His Record. "I always heard that Robbins was an arrant coward, but he is continually boasting while in the Philippines all the Moros he beat in battle."

"Nonsense! If ever he did get into a battle he never beat anything but a retreat."

On a Common Plane. "Strange how classes far apart sometimes meet on common ground." "How so?"

"Look at a philosopher and a sneak thief, for example. They both take an abstract view of things."

NO WEEK END VISIT FOR HIM

How O. Henry Diplomatically Evaded Trip That Was Not to His Liking.

Wherever one goes, one hears a new story of O. Henry. Every one in magazine circle knows him, and most had had a personal experience of two. Somehow, every story illuminates the man. They are not merely humorous tales, but through them one catches a glimpse of his characteristics—his broad humanity, or his generosity, or his love of the city.

Here is the ad that wrecked their happiness: FOR SALE—Furniture, entire furnishings of six-room flat, everything new and in first-class condition, including a piano-player. Call Sunday, between 3 a. m. and 9 p. m., at 481 West Van Buren street. No reasonable offer refused.

The Joleens knew nothing about it. They were serenely happy. The groom was showing his bride the cozy corners of their nest.

"How do you like it, my darling?" he inquired anxiously. "Oh, Nels, it's just too—"

Mrs. Joleen's reply was interrupted by a hammering at the door. "Hey! What'll you take for the planer?" asked a man when the door was opened.

"Don't want to sell it. Good day," said Joleen. Again he turned to his bride. Again a knock on the door.

"I see your ad in the paper," said another prospective buyer. "No, you didn't. I didn't have any ad. I don't want to sell anything. I'm busy. Good day," replied Joleen.

All day long Joleen and his wife answered the bell and knocks at the door and turned away the would-be buyers of furniture and piano-players.

About 6 o'clock in the evening it suddenly dawned upon them that the friends whose rice and old shoes they had dodged by leaving the church where they were married through a side entrance after the ceremony, had persevered in their joking and had won.

The groom grinned sheepishly, then called a taxicab. The only quiet moments the couple had during the day were spent at a downtown hotel.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mother of Twenty-one Grown Sons.

At a recent performance in a Kensington, South London, England, theater, 22 of the 33 seats representing the third row of the dress circle were bespoken for the occasion by a Lincolnshire lady and her 21 stalwart sons, the eldest of whom is a man of forty-eight, who recently arrived from Australia.

The mother and this son, who were the first to arrive, were soon joined by a succession of finely built fellows, who filed along at short intervals, in twos and threes, and took their seats alongside their mother. The family resemblance soon became apparent to those in the vicinity.

Some of the men were bearded, some wore moustaches, and others were clean-shaven, but all bore a marked resemblance to the gentle little widow. The further arrival in the dress circle of four splendid burly men wearing the King's uniform, representing the Lancos, the Army Service Corps, and other branches of the service, kindled a still livelier interest.

Two more men were a moment later added to the party, having fresh ly landed from their fruit farm in Western Canada. The mother is a native of the Orkneys. All her children are alive—all boys, and eight of them are in the King's service. The sons had arrived from all parts of the Colonies to celebrate their mother's birthday.

Collecting Horse Hair a Fad. There was a somewhat unpleasant incident at the Yarmouth race meeting caused by a curious hobby which is growing increasingly popular among lovers of race horses.

A horse suddenly lashed out with its heels, and a man who was behind it narrowly escaped injury. The trainer spoke to the man angrily, and when asked to explain the incident the trainer said that the man had been trying to pull hairs from the horse's tail. He added that many people made collections of the hairs from famous horses.

It appears that there are many such collections, and one of them recently changed hands for \$100. Such a price is above the average, but this collection contained sixty hairs, three from each of the tails of twenty winners of classic races, among them being Gasolin, Ormande, Flying Fox, Scepter, Ard Patrick, Rock Sand, Pretty Polly and Spearpoint, the genuineness being vouched for by letters from the various owners and trainers.—London Standard.

Social Centers. In Milwaukee the establishment of social centers is coming to be taken as a part of the municipality's concern. A faculty for such an institution has been appointed by the appointment committee of the school board, and as soon as the matter has been experimented with a little further, three more social centers will be opened, all three having been recently authorized by the board.

Miss Julia Welch has been chosen as assistant director of the Fourth Street institution. A great deal of public interest has been enlisted in the social center idea, not only in Milwaukee, but all over the country. Club women particularly have become keen over the possibilities that are opening up along this line.

GOT EVEN WITH NEWLYWEDS

Friends Inserted Small "Ad" in Newspaper, and Seekers After Bargains Did the Rest.

Bright dreams of wedded bliss were shattered by a tiny want ad. Instead of a day all by themselves, as they had planned, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Joleen, newlyweds, spent eight strenuous hours receiving strangers, who wanted to buy the brand-new furnishings of their cozy flat at No. 481 West Van Buren street.

Here is the ad that wrecked their happiness: FOR SALE—Furniture, entire furnishings of six-room flat, everything new and in first-class condition, including a piano-player. Call Sunday, between 3 a. m. and 9 p. m., at 481 West Van Buren street. No reasonable offer refused.

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Nature Student.

"The bat, when winter comes," said a nature student, "folds his long ears against his sides, shuts off his heart and, hanging head down from some black corner of barn or smokehouse, hibernates till spring. In March he begins to wake up."

Lizards and snakes hibernate underground. Frogs hibernate in the frozen mud at the bottom of their ponds. It's nothing to them that they freeze stiff. A frog so stiff frozen in February that you could break him like a soda cracker will thaw out in a warm March as chipper as you please.

Rats and mice don't hibernate. They come indoors. They leave their cold fields and sewers and they take up their quarters in our nice, warm, steam-heated houses. There it's jolly plenty to eat, no snow, no sleet, no biting March winds.

The winter season makes no difference to the rats and mice, save that, while always marrying and giving in marriage, they marry and give in marriage more than ever in our comfortable houses, rearing, at our expense and on our food, litters that in their vast numbers would content even a rat Roosevelt."

Honest Pharmacist.

That "honesty is the best policy" is an axiom that has not been received with entire favor in France may be inferred from the following: Last November a Paris pharmacist who had made a blunder in a medicine that he had prepared discovered soon after delivering it to an unknown woman that he had put into it a most dangerous poison. He inserted in a number of daily papers a notice warning the unknown customer not to use the medicine.

This conscientious publication has had a disagreeable result for the pharmacist. He was hunted out by the police for having delivered a poisonous substance without a physician's prescription. He has just settled by paying a fine of 100 francs.

But the customer had not remained unknown or undiscovered. The police had found her. She had not seen any of the notices the pharmacist had put in the papers. But dowered with an excellent scent she had not used the medicine "because it did not seem quite right."

Oriental Metaphor.

The Oriental speaks naturally in metaphor. Even the children continually use figures of speech which are often poetical and always suggestive. The Washington Star thus quotes Bishop Oldham, a missionary bishop of the Methodist church. He writes from Singapore.

"I wish you could hear some of the expressive phrases of the native boys. A lad the other day was describing to me the abstemiousness of his father. 'Oh, he is content with very little,' he said. 'Such a very little!' Here he pointed to the ground. 'No more than the water in the holes made by a chicken's feet.'"

"He smiled and resumed: 'He eats nothing. A grain or two of rice contents him. You should see him at his meals. He is like a bound munching rice.'"

Diplomatic. "How did you get your wife to forego her desire for that expensive evening gown?" "Told her it was just the thing a plain woman needed."—Judge.

HE LEFT BUSYBODY THINKING

Urchin's Line of Fun With Man Who Needs Must Pity Into Other People's Business.

The small urchin climbed up the car steps and wormed himself into a seat beside the Busybody. The basket he was carrying the youngster fixed carefully between his feet, with several anxious glances in the process.

"What have you in that basket, my boy?" asked his neighbor, bending over confidentially. "I noticed how careful you were of it. It must be something quite valuable. Isn't it?" "Ye're hep, old sport. It's something that's worth a whole heap."

"Well, won't you tell me what it is?" "Not on yer life! Thing I want to get pinched?"

This was too much for the Busybody. His curiosity, heretofore merely casual, grew suddenly pointed, and he bit.

"Well, sonny, I've a notion that if I gave you a nickel you'd tell me what you had in that basket." "Make it a dime, and I'll do it!" whispered the boy. "Only ye've got to promise not to give me away to de cop."

"Why, of course I'll promise." The boy pocketed the coin. "Well, sport, dey's a baby in dere. I hooked 'im, an' put 'im inside when dey wasn't nobody lookin'. Now I'll get a reward for returnin' 'im."

"Why, you young villain! Do you mean to say you have a baby in that basket? Lying in that thing will kill it. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I picked it up in front o' one o' dem big stores. It was all alone, so I jus' took it. I guess it won't be missed, an' I wanted one, any way."

"Not be missed! See here, you young blackguard! Do you mean to say that its mother had deserted it?" "Sure! Its mudder wasn't nowhere round."

"How old is it?" "Oh, a few months, I guess. Big enough to squeal—so I tied a rag round its mouf."

"Well, lift up the cover and let me see how it looks." "Hol' on, ol' top. You promised not to give me away."

"Yes, but I didn't expect—" and he lifted the cover and glanced at what was underneath. Curled up on an old cloth, and sleeping comfortably, was in insignificant looking yellow puppy.

The boy jumped up and grinned. "Well, here's where I get off. Thanks for de dime. An' say, I'll tell ye one ten times as good as that for a quarter. Come an' see me some time at me sallong on Pitt' Avenoo! So long!"

Little Basques' Responsibilities.

In "Children at Play and Other Sketches," by Rose M. Bradley, we are introduced to the sunny little Basque boys and girls, playing hide and seek games late into the summer nights, says the London Queen. It seems that the Basque lads have to learn French twice over: they are taught in school the first time, but such is their patriotic independence (or is it the line of least resistance?) that they lose what they have learned, and the penalty of this "deliberate forgetfulness" is that in their conscript days they have the mortification and pain of learning it all over again! But, pleasure seekers as the young natives may be, there are duties also for even babes to perform. It may seem incredible that a little barelegged boy of 8 or 9 should be the trusted lamplighter of the district, yet so it is, and it is far more astounding to read of a "railway official" of 4 or 5, who may be seen "seated upon a minute chair on the platform grasping a red flag, which it is his business to wave when a train approaches, presumably as a warning to his brethren and the chickens who play unconcernedly upon the rails. . . . He feels that the responsibility of the traffic of the whole line to Bayonne rests upon his little shoulders."

Guayule, the Rubber Plant. Guayule was for years overlooked or despised; its rubber content was considered of little or no value, and when at last acknowledged this was said to be inferior to other rubber because it did not come from the tropics. Yet in spite of all guayule has become an important source of rubber supply, millions of dollars have been invested in the industry, factories have been erected close to the guayule fields and towns have grown up for the operatives and field laborers.

Every process of the production of rubber from the plant has been developed into a system; even gathering the shrub receives more care than at first; but the essence of the whole problem, that is, the propagation of guayule so that a continuous supply may be assured, is as yet unsolved, and if once the land is completely cleared and the chances of renewal lost the industry will wither and die, and the busy areas of today will become depopulated and revert to the wilderness.

What Ailed Him. "I want you to tell me plainly, doctor," said the man with the fat government position, "what is the matter with me?" "Well, sir," answered the old doctor, leaning back in his chair and looking at his beefy, red-faced patient, "you are suffering from underwork and overpay."

In the Eye. "That man is very much in the public eye." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "he is as irritating as a cinder from a locomotive."

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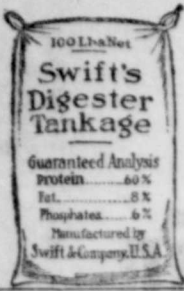
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**GIVEN A NEW BRAIN**

**Delicate Organ Is Grafted Into Man's Skull.**

**Dr. Harry Cushing, Noted Specialist, Performs Marvelous Operation Successfully at Baltimore Hospital—Patient Is Recovering.**

Baltimore, Md.—An operation that in the history of science has never had a parallel, either in delicacy or in skill, was performed the other day for the second time in the Johns Hopkins hospital by Dr. Harvey Cushing, the world-renowned brain specialist, and the patient, as a result, is on the road to recovery. It is believed the operation, which until a month ago was thought impossible by the best authorities on brain disorders, will prove a success.

The patient, William Buckner of Cincinnati, came to Baltimore November 23, suffering with a peculiar affection of the brain. For weeks before his arrival he had been in a state of semi-coma, except at intervals. He was placed under the care of Dr. Cushing. His case was a puzzling one, and after a number of X-ray examinations, during which photographs of the brain were taken, Dr. Cushing discovered that a portion of the brain had decayed and frayed tissues were causing the healthy section gradually to become affected.

Dr. Cushing's conception was this: To procure the brain of another patient as soon after death as possible and to transplant a portion of it into the skull of Buckner. The brain had to be healthy and from as young a person as possible. The transplantation of the dead brain and the procuring of it were two widely different things, however, and this was the difficulty confronting the physician, when one of his colleagues casually mentioned that a child had been born dead in one of the wards.

Here was the opportunity. Dr. Cushing hurried to the ward and extracted the brain from the dead child before the body was cold. Meanwhile Buckner had been prepared for the ordeal.

Then in view of about a score of professors and students, Dr. Cushing performed his greatest operation.

He chiseled away the back of Buckner's skull and with great care removed the entire brain, which was laid on a piece of linen beside the head, and could clearly be seen to quiver as each pulsation of the patient's heart was noted. The diseased portion was then severed from the minor brain and while Dr. Cushing was severing the diseased section another surgeon was transplanting the infant's brain.

The major brain was left untouched. After the transplantation the member was restored to its former position and the section of the skull which had been cut out also was replaced.

Buckner stood the operation exceedingly well, and it was later thought that he was well enough to leave the institution. With his wife at his side he was removed to the home of relatives in Charlottesville, Va., but a few days ago his condition became grave and he was sent back to the hospital. Dr. Cushing again performed an operation on the brain and replanted the tissues of the newly inserted member. Buckner was said to have been considerably improved.

**SUN ECLIPSE WIRELESS TEST**

One to Be Tried in Paris to Find Out Something About Violet Rays.

New York—A series of notable experiments in wireless telegraphy is to be tried in Paris April 22 during an eclipse of the sun, which will obscure four-fifths of its rays. It has been noticed by scientists that the distance over which wireless messages can be dispatched varies greatly, according to the time of day and the direction. A message sent by rapid vibrations which will not carry more than 700 miles during the day, can be sent two or three times that distance at sunset, especially toward the south. When slower vibrations were used it can be transmitted further during the day.

It is believed that these curious facts are due to the activity of the so-called ultraviolet rays of the sun, the theory being that these rays are a powerful factor in the energy of the hertzian waves. The eclipse, when a great part of these rays will be suddenly cut off, will be an ideal occasion for decisive tests, and the wireless station on the Eiffel tower will send messages continuously from a little before the eclipse until a little after it in several directions.

**TO CUT UP FARM BONANZA**

Place on Which Chinese Made \$20,000 a Year to Go Into Building Lots.

Long Island City, N. Y.—A thirty-acre farm here, which for ten years has been devoted exclusively to raising Chinese vegetables for the restaurants in New York's Chinatown, is to be cut up into building lots. The proprietor of the farm, Louis Sun, has cleared nearly \$20,000 a year on his garden, which is the only one of its kind in the east.

His accumulated profits have been carefully invested and he will retire to pass his declining years on a small suburban estate near here.

**FOE OF INDIANS IS DEAD**

Many Fell by the Avenging Rifle of a Hermit Veteran—His Children Slain by Redmen.

Omaha, Neb.—Indian braves who might wander off the reservation may now pass along the banks of the Missouri river where it crosses the boundary between Nebraska and South Dakota and not be troubled by bullets from a hostile gun. Hansen Wiseman, sworn foe to the redman and slayer of many of them, is dead. The rough board house, with barred windows, in which he kept guard for many years is unoccupied, and the many weapons with which he had provided himself have passed into the hands of others.

Wiseman, after he had fought in the Civil war, returned to his home to find that Ponca Indians had slain his children in the absence of his wife. On the graves he took a vow of vengeance and there is plenty of evidence that he kept it. None of the neighboring Indians, while they roamed about before the days of the reservation ventured anywhere near the fortress in which the veteran and his wife lived. The Poncas suffered much from the sure rifle of Wiseman. When the government moved them away tradition has it that Wiseman killed many in canoes that were proceeding down the river.

A geologist who dug in the bluff under which the Wiseman children were buried, some years ago discovered the skeletons of 24 Indians. He believed he had made a scientific find of importance as showing a way in which the Indians buried their dead, but residents of the neighborhood pointed out the bullet holes in the skulls of many of them and it was decided that this was Wiseman's private burial ground.

The man was never prosecuted, because the government and state officials felt that they could not get a jury to convict him even if the killing of the Indians were proved against him. So he was permitted to live on his land in the years since the Indians have moved away. His property, which is now valuable, has passed to relatives.

**FELL 75 FEET, BUT WAS COOL**

Lad Directed Boys Who Aided Him and Thought of His Mother.

New York—Philip Plevcke, sixteen years old, of 229 East Twenty-eighth street, an apprentice in a garage, was playing with other boys on the roof of his home when he fell over into the street. He struck a fire escape platform five floors below and bounced off, landing finally in the paved area way 75 feet below the roof.

Just across the street, in the yard of public school No. 14, 200 children were at play and many of them saw the boy fall. His hand crashed through a window pane and blood was spurting from the cut when help reached him.

"Get my handkerchiefs out of my hip pocket," the lad said to Amiel Monso, who had been on the roof with him, "and tie it around my wrist." Amiel made the tourniquet.

"Now straighten out my legs. I can't move them." Amiel did as directed. "Now please go tell my mother that I fell, but am not much hurt," said Philip after his legs were straightened out. "If she hears I tumbled off the roof she will be frightened to death."

By this time Doctor Anderson had arrived from Bellevue. He examined the boy and said that although no bones were broken he was suffering from shock and probably internal injuries. At Bellevue the boy's condition is said to be serious.

**WORD OMITTED LOSES SUIT**

Decree Is Reversed Because of Neglect to Say Beating and Choking Was "Wrongfully" Inflicted.

Sacramento, Cal.—Mrs. Anna May Nelson, to whom the Sonoma county superior court granted an interlocutory decree of divorce on her setting forth that her husband, James I. Nelson, choked, struck her and abused her with vile language, neglected to say that he did this wrongfully. For this reason the Third district court of appeals has reversed the decision of the lower court.

Justice Burnett, in writing the opinion, in which the two other justices concurred, said in part:

"It would, of course, be unreasonable to hold that any infliction of grievous bodily injury or mental suffering should be ground for divorce. Such injury might result from the inadvertent or justifiable conduct of the other party to the marital relation.

"The law does not, manifestly, contemplate such a contingency, but properly demands that the deprecated act be wrongful."

**VANDERBILT LAWN IN PERIL**

Family Will Build a \$50,000 Breakwater to Protect Cliff Walk at Newport, R. I.

Newport, R. I.—Determined to lose none of her estate in the sea, Mrs. Vanderbilt has ordered a massive breakwater, to cost \$50,000, built near the Breakers, on the cliffs. The work will begin at once.

In the last few years the sea has greatly undermined the famous Cliff Walk, and now threatens the valuable lawn. Mr. Robert Goelet lost many feet spring three years ago, and the next spring part of Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly's lawn dropped into the sea.

**TO OPEN ARCHIVES**

Change Made in Rules Governing Military Records.

Regulation Inaugurated by General Ainsworth Prevented Profitable Investigation of Valuable Papers in Files at Washington.

Washington—Within a few days the military archives housed in the war department in Washington will be made accessible to students and investigators—a step which students and investigators for years have been endeavoring to have the government take.

Pending the issuance of the new regulations, the authorities in charge have let it be known that those desiring to consult the archives may obtain permission at the office of Secretary of War Stimson.

The significance of this revolutionary change can best be appreciated by reference to a report made to the president in 1908 on the historical documents of the United States and signed by Messrs. Worthington C. Ford, Charles Francis Adams, Charles M. Andrews, William A. Dunning, Albert Bushnell Hart, Andrew C. McLaughlin, Alfred T. Mahan, Frederick J. Turner and J. Franklin Jameson.

They said, speaking particularly of the acts of congress of July 27, 1892, and August 18, 1894, which provided that all military records of the revolution and the war of 1812 should be transferred to the war department and there properly indexed and arranged for use, that "under existing conditions at the war department their effect has been to make these materials entirely inaccessible to historians, as may be seen by a perusal of the regulations of 1897 and still in force.

"Those regulations provide for proper supply of information to persons seeking pensions or admissions to 'patriotic-hereditary societies,' but close the archives of the war department absolutely to American historical investigators."

The "regulations of 1897" which thus clapped the lid on these public documents is a long and elaborate piece of literature. It is signed by Daniel S. Lamont, as secretary of war, and specifies as the chief reason why the records cannot be used "for the compilation of statistical and other data" the fact that "the limited clerical force allowed by law is insufficient to enable the department to comply with such requests without serious interference with more important current work."

On the face of it, this appears plausible enough, but there is a reason within the reason advanced. In short, General Ainsworth, lately put on the retired list, consistently advocated before congress the necessity of cutting down this very clerical force, and as consistently and regularly discouraged any historical students from inspecting the records.

There are those in Washington who say that General Ainsworth's resignation has cleared the way for the new order of things about to be inaugurated. At any rate, the records hereafter will be open.

It will be difficult to estimate what an enormous loss to American history these regulations have entailed. The military archives of the United States contain much else than simply the records of military operations. As one man has put it:

"The army was so largely the advance guard of American civilization in its westward march across the continent that the archives contain a great wealth of material for the understanding of pioneer conditions and the early history of all parts of the United States but the Atlantic seaboard."

**PAY OF BRITISH AMBASSADOR**

English Diplomats Get From \$25,000 to \$57,500 a Year, While Ours Get \$17,500.

London—Some particulars concerning the salaries of American, British and French ambassadors are contained in a parliamentary paper which has been issued by the government.

The salaries of British ambassadors abroad are: Austria-Hungary, £8,000; France, £11,500; Germany, £8,000; Italy, £7,000; Japan, £5,000; Russia, £8,000; Spain, £5,500; Turkey, £8,000, and the United States, £10,000. Residences are provided at the public expense.

The United States of America is represented by ambassadors in London, Vienna, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Tokio, Constantinople, Rio de Janeiro, and Mexico, with salaries of \$17,500 a year. French ambassadors on the active list have yearly salaries of \$8,000, with allowances.

**"BOBBIES" FOR NEW YORK**

Gotham Property Owners Hire Special Police Garbed Like London Officers.

New York—Special policemen uniformed exactly like the London "bobbies" will within a few weeks patrol Fifth avenue as representatives of the Fifth Avenue association, an organization of property owners. The private officers are to act as detectives and watchmen for merchants and householders along the thoroughfare. The uniform adopted includes a tight-fitting light blue coat, trousers faced with braid and the helmet and chin strap of the London "bobby."

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**MATHEMATICS.**  
 The reason why mathematics has so long held and still retains its prominent place in the training of American military and naval officers is indicated in a new bulletin entitled "Mathematics at West Point and Annapolis," just issued for free distribution by the United States bureau of education. The writers of the bulletin also point out that the document likewise contains matter "suggestive to all teachers not only in details of class organization, but in the general handling of subject matter to serve a definite purpose."

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