

ST. JOSEPH HAY MARKET.

Local Quotations Corrected to Date by Local Dealers.

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

Timothy—Choice, \$21@22; No. 1, \$19.50@20.50; No. 2, \$18@19; No. 3, \$17.50@18.50. Clover mixed—Choice, \$20@21; No. 1, \$18.50@19.50; No. 2, \$17@18; No. 3, \$16.50@17.50. Prairie—Choice, \$14.50@15.50; No. 1, \$13@14; No. 2, \$12@13; No. 3, \$11@12. Alfalfa—Fancy, \$14; choice, \$12.50@13.50; No. 1, \$11@12; No. 2, \$9@10; No. 3, \$8@9. Straw—\$6.50@7. Packing—\$4@5.

ST. JOSEPH HAY AND FEED.

When you want to buy or sell Hay write or wire

J. L. Frederick Grain & Hay Co.

Office, 1011-13 Corby-Forsen Bldg. Warehouse, 7th and Olive Sts. We make shipments of straight and mixed cars of mill feeds, oil meal, cotton-seed meal and alfalfa dairy products and cattle fattening. Don't fail to get our prices before buying.

KANSAS CITY HAY AND GRAIN.



The following quotations are furnished daily by the Kansas City Receivers and Shippers Association for the benefit of Stock Yards Daily Journal readers and advertisements following are reliable Kansas City hay and grain merchants who solicit your consignments or orders:

Timothy—Choice, \$21@22; No. 1, \$19.50@20.50; No. 2, \$18@19; No. 3, \$17.50@18.50. Clover mixed—Choice, \$20@21; No. 1, \$18.50@19.50; No. 2, \$17@18; No. 3, \$16.50@17.50. Prairie—Choice, \$14.50@15.50; No. 1, \$13@14; No. 2, \$12@13; No. 3, \$11@12. Alfalfa—Fancy, \$14; choice, \$12.50@13.50; No. 1, \$11@12; No. 2, \$9@10; No. 3, \$8@9. Straw—\$6.50@7. Packing—\$4@5.

KANSAS CITY HAY AND FEED.

WE HANDLE

Alfalfa Hay

MARKET REPORTS FREE

PRODUCERS HAY CO.

748 Live Stock Exchange

KANSAS CITY - MO.

ENNIS HAY CO.

Thomas Ennis, formerly of Ennis & Funk.

Will handle your hay on commission or buy on your track. All orders promptly filled.

12 Years Experience On This Market.

753 Live Stock Ex., Kansas City, Mo.

CARLISLE COMMISSION CO.

736-749 Live Stock Exch. Bldg. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Buy and sell all kinds of HAY.

Wire, write or telephone us any time you need the services of a good hay firm. 23 years experience.

WE WANT HAY

Write us what you have. Will inspect and buy on your track or handle on a commission.

BRUCE & DYER,

750 Live Stock Exchange Bldg. STOCK YARDS STA., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Southwestern

Hay & Grain Co.

RECEIVERS and SHIPPERS

WE BUY YOUR HAY ON TRACK

Members National Hay Association, K. C. Hay Dealers Association

When you want to buy or sell write us.

701 B Live Stock Ex., Kansas City, Mo.

The Kansas City

Hay

Co.

Buy

&

Sell Hay.

HAY Clark Wyrick & Co.

1313 B West 11th St. KANSAS CITY, MO.

When shipping to Kansas City give us a trial. Liberal advances, quick returns.

We solicit correspondents. Established 1887.

Hay Wanted!

Will purchase on your track or handle on commission.

Write us what you have.

NORTH BROTHERS

756-57 Live Stock Ex., Kansas City, Mo.

ASK FOR CATALOGUE

AUTO-FEDAN SAVES A MAN

AUTO-FEDAN HAY PRESS

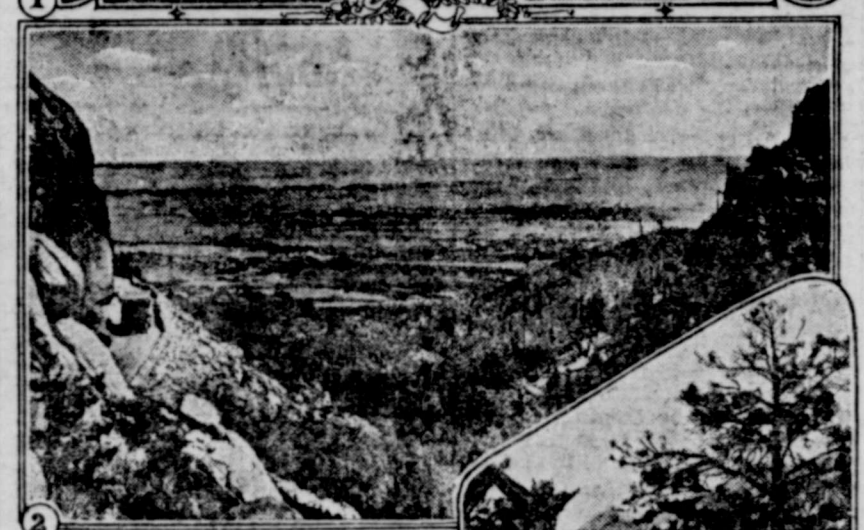
Only successful self-feed. 2 men can operate it. Record run, 3 tons in one hour; 20 per cent less to operate; lighter model, the Auto-Fedan B Presser press. Two-stroke horse and gas-horse press.

THE AUTO-FEDAN HAY PRESS CO.

1530 W. 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Journal Advertising Pay

FOLLOWING THE SKY LINE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS



1—Sky Line Drive, Canon City, Colo., Showing Upper Part of the Arkansas Valley, and a Portion of the Rocky Mountain Range. This Drive is Built Along a "Hop-Back," or High Ridge, of the Foothills. 2—Crystal Park Auto Road, Overlooking Colorado Springs in the Pike's Peak Region. 3—Penetrating the Mountain Fastnesses From Boulder, Colorado.



Long's Peak From Deer Mountain Drive, in Estes Park, Colo.

son, Golden, Boulder, Longmont, Loveland, and Fort Collins, the tourist can quickly penetrate with an automobile the mountain fastnesses and view grand and picturesque scenery which is not surpassed in the world. In the Pike Peak region in the vicinity of Colorado Springs and Manitou, and in Estes Park in the Long's Peak region, are some of the finest automobile roads in the world. The scenery in these sections inspires the traveler with the "See America First" spirit, and if he be one who has visited the mountain resorts of the Old World, he is sure to declare that he has seen nothing to equal the grandeur of the Rocky mountains of his own native America. The trip from Denver to Estes Park and return can be made easily in a day in an auto, but to exhaust the scenic possibilities of the roads through the park and its environs requires weeks of time. But this is only a beginning. From Colorado Springs one can travel westward into the very heart of the Rockies by way of Ute Pass to Cascade, Green Mountain Falls, Hartzel,

WHY BABIES DIE

Woman Charges Kindness Kills Many of Them.

Mrs. L. S. B. Robinson in Address Declares Infants Would Thrive on Care Given to High Breed of Puppies.

St. Paul.—"If we thought half as much of our babies as the breeders of thoroughbred puppies do of their animals we would not tolerate the shaking, fondling and cuddling with which we seek to quiet and amuse them," said Mrs. L. S. B. Robinson of the Baby Welfare association, at a meeting of the Bethel Woman's club.

"No man who has high grade puppies will allow any one to fondle or fuss with them. The father who tosses his baby up to the ceiling and makes him laugh until he gets fairly hysterical is responsible for much of the chronic nervousness which develops as the child grows up."

"It is a crime to bounce and toss a baby until the food in its stomach is so shaken up it cannot be digested. The tendency to shake our babies is due to American nervousness. The babies cry and we do not know what to do for them. It is far better to put them on the bed and let them cry. If they are comfortable and are not hungry, it will do them no harm, whatever, and it will be better for them. Babies are very easily trained."

"It is often a sacrilegious statement to say when a baby dies that 'God took it'; it died through the fault of the mother, who will not do what she should for the baby. More babies are killed by kindness than anything else. The mother does everything the neighbors, friends and relatives tell her. America has the highest infant mortality rate of all the better governed countries. One baby in every five dies before it reaches the age of one year. Food is the most important thing to the young baby, and it should not be fed too much or too often. We need a city ice company which would furnish the poor families with a few cents' worth of ice each day, for ice is an absolute necessity. Milk which has been exposed to the warm air becomes poisonous."

"Then flies are the cause of much sickness to babies and to adults. If the fly does not fall into the milk and drown, to be fished out, it crawls along the edge of the pitcher, and then the milk is poured out over the germs it leaves. If we cannot afford screens we can at least afford netting, and this will keep out the flies. Better go without a new hat and let the children go without new clothes and get some screens."

"Don't wait for your babies to get sick before you seek advice. Weigh them once a week, and if they lose weight you may know that something is wrong. The baby welfare clinics are held for the purpose of giving mothers advice and furnishing them with formulas for proper food."

SUFFERS REMORSE FOR THEFT

Theft Committed 20 Years Ago Man Writes to Storekeeper, Asking Forgiveness.

Devil's Lake, N. D.—Remorse for having stolen an apple from the quality department store of this city 20 years ago, when she was a school girl, caused a St. Paul woman, who signed her name as "Mrs. F. C." of Dayton's Bluff, St. Paul, to send the local merchant a letter asking forgiveness.

The owners of the store say they know who the woman is, but refuse to disclose her identity. "More than twenty years ago," says the St. Paul woman, "I was a school girl living in Dakota, and you were running the store at the trading point, now Devil's Lake. While on my way to school one day I saw that no one was looking and I took a big apple from a basket in front of your piece of business. I was converted last Friday night in a revival meeting being held in one of the churches in this vicinity and I want to make my wrong right both with you and my maker."

The woman explains in the letter she is the mother of several children and that she is afraid unless she makes everything right they will have the same instinct that prompted her to steal the apple, and they possibly may develop into men who will be a menace to society. The owners of the store have mailed the woman a letter granting full forgiveness for taking the fruit.

WIRELESS FOR ARMY FLIERS

Instruments for Aeroplanes Use Invented by Officer Weighs Only 25 Pounds.

Washington.—Probably the smallest wireless telegraph set ever made has just been perfected by the officers in the army signal corps laboratory here, and has been sent to New York for the aeronautical show which is to be held there. The receiving and transmitting apparatus weighs only 25 1/2 pounds, and is confined within a box 15 inches square and 16 inches deep. The generator from which the apparatus derives its power adds an additional 26 pounds.

The machine is the result of the efforts of the army signal officers under the direction of Maj. Charles McK. Saltzman, to perfect the lightest machine possible for use in the "fifth military arm," or the aeronautical division.

Where the Best to Buy

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

COUPON form with lists of items to check and fields for name, address, and owner/renter information.

The Stock Yards Daily Journal

Mistletoe advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text for Hammond Packing Co.

St. Joseph Stock Yards Co. advertisement with text: 'We Are in the Market Every day for Cattle Hogs and Sheep.'

Cancer advertisement for Oliver Visible Typewriter.

Morris & Company advertisement for various meats and specialties.

Pigs Make Hogs and Hogs Make Money

They will make you 1/3 more money

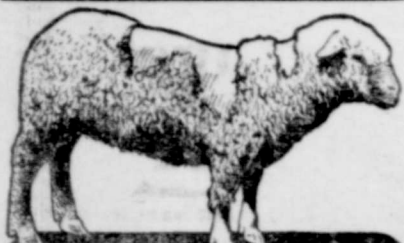
IF Swift's Digester Tankage

is used to balance your home-grown feeds. For swine of all ages. Fed up to 1/2 pound per head per day. Insures rapid economical gains and profitable returns.

For particulars, price and sample, address Swift & Company Chicago

Kansas City St. Louis St. Paul Omaha St. Joseph Fort Worth Harrison Station Newark, N.J.

Be sure you get the genuine Swift's Digester Tankage



Kresol Dip No. 1 CURES SCAB

A DIP THAT DOES THE WORK WITHOUT INJURY TO THE ANIMAL OR FLEECE. NO BURNING OF THE FIBRES; NO STAINING; NO POISONING; NO SICKENING. WHY USE DIPS THAT HAVE THESE DANGEROUS AND DANGEROUS QUALITIES? WHY EXPERIMENT WITH UNKNOWN PREPARATIONS?



SHAMROCK WHISKY DISTILLED FOR MEDICAL USE. 10 YEARS OLD. M.J. SHERIDAN PROPRIETOR. ST. JOSEPH, MO. Importers and Dealers in WINES and LIQUORS. Established 1874.

Par Gallon Shamrock Whisky, Jugs or bottles... \$4.50. Tennessee Whisky, Jugs or bottles... \$3.50. Maryland Whisky, Jugs or bottles... \$3.50. Kentucky Bourbon Whisky... \$3.50. Highland Glen, Jugs or bottles... \$3.00. Brandy, grape, apple, peach... \$3.00 to \$4.00. Port Wine... \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 4.00. Cherry Wine... \$1.45, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00 and 4.00. Agnolico Wine... \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

SAM KAHN THE STETSON HAT STORE

515 FELIX STREET ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

Weak Man Receipt Free

Any man who suffers with nervous debility, loss of natural power, weak back, falling memory or deficient manhood, brought on by excesses, dissipation, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, may cure himself at home with a simple prescription that I will gladly send free, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man who will write for it. Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4696 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich.

MEN of ill-health, who have none inventive ability, please write to GEELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D.C.

PUBLICITY PAYS Try an Advertisement in THE JOURNAL

Under Her Bonnet

By Molly McMaster (Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

John Muller entered the suburban train bound cityward and took the seat nearest the rear door. His reason for taking that particular seat was specific; he believed he saw his sister-in-law in the seat just ahead and John's greatest delight was teasing. His brother's wife had not seen him enter and he slipped quietly into his seat.

John Muller had supposed that the feminine world kept its new Easter bonnet carefully wrapped in tissue paper until Easter Sunday morning. Evidently his sister-in-law did not. This was most certainly the new bonnet she had brought out for his masculine admiration not two days before. John had recognized the hat because there was nothing else visible—not even one shining black curl. But the long green tweed coat he also recognized. Jean had been sporting that since her honeymoon trip to Scotland.

John eyed the little gold tassel that swayed with the movement of the train close to where Jean's ear must be. He could not see the ear under the poke bonnet.

Jean's brother-in-law started, with soft little jerks at the gold tassel. No response. He gave another tug, a trifle more definite.

Still no response from beneath the Easter bonnet.

John became annoyed at his own futile efforts and pulled the golden tassel with an imperious jerk. At the same time leaning forward and crying, "Ding ding!"

He started back suddenly as the girl turned and flashed a wrathful glance at him.

The face under the bonnet was not that of his sister-in-law! He caught his breath and would have apologized but the indignant young woman had arisen angrily from her seat and had taken another.

Feeling very uncomfortable at his own awful mistake, yet irritated that she turned with a wrathful glance.



She Turned With a Wrathful Glance.

The young woman had not been willing to listen to his apology, John spent an uncomfortable fifteen minutes while the train pulled in at Jamaica.

Taking the bull by the horns, he attempted, when the passengers got off the train, to make one more attempt to right himself in the eyes of the girl. That he was suspected of being a common flirt was not pleasant.

When the train stopped, Muller went out just behind the girl and, raising his hat, said politely, "I beg your pardon, but—"

The girl in the Easter bonnet turned swiftly and two crimson spots burned in her cheeks. "Sir, if you do not cease to annoy me I will call an officer!" She went hurriedly into the train for the Pennsylvania station, and with many muttered words of short, decided nature Muller stamped into the Flatbush avenue car.

The incident turned his whole day to gloom. He was annoyed at his sister-in-law for buying a hat and cloak identically like that of my other woman. He resolved then and there that if he ever had the privilege of writing checks for feminine apparel he would stipulate exclusive style in those garments.

Muller smiled with a touch of malice. Jean's hat was far more becoming to her than the same hat was to the wrathful girl of the train.

John Muller tried to remember the color of the girl's eyes, but nothing save the outraged expression of her face had impressed itself on his mind. Storm, havoc and thunder were all that he could see when he attempted to recall the girl's face.

If Muller's day was filled with gloom Wren Davis was not. Her day of shopping in the big city had scarcely been marred by its unpleasant beginning. If the goodlooking face of her annoy had crossed her mind during the day she did not let it trouble her.

FLOWER MAIDENS

By PHILIP KEAN (Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Everybody laughs at us," said Violet. "Well, why shouldn't they?" Lily, who was big, black-haired and red-cheeked, demanded. "Could there possibly be anything more incongruous than our names? The idea of your being Violet when you have boyish tastes and red hair and hate clinging, droopy, feminine things. As for me, I am more like a cabbage than a Lily, and Rose is plain and practical and not a bit of a beauty, and Pansy isn't a bit thoughtful—she's like you—she cares more for the out-of-doors and horseback and tennis than for anything housewifely."

"Iris is the only one whose name fits her," said Violet, slowly. "She's so tall and stately, and she dresses to suit her name—she looks so well in her lavender and purples."

"Yes, she does," said Lily, without enthusiasm, "but she gets them at the expense of all the rest of us. Vi."

Vi nodded. "She has a new mauve chiffon for the Country club dance. It's a lovely thing, with a purple velvet panel and some touches of silver green. She is a perfect reproduction of her name flower in it."

"The rest of us will go in old gowns," said Lily, bitterly. "I don't care for myself—but you are the youngest, Vi, and you haven't had your chance."

"Don't worry about me," said Vi, bravely. "I'll wear my old green silk. And I have mother's pearls."

"Poor mother," said Lily, slowly. "How all of her plans for us have failed! When she married a man named Flower, she made up her mind that if there was ever a girl baby it should be called by a blossom name. And there were five of us, and I was the first and we are all so plain, and her sense of eternal fitness is only satisfied by Iris's beauty—but she loves us—dear mother."

The little woman who came in at this moment had an appealing look in her eyes. "What shall you wear to the dance, Violet?" she asked.

"My green silk," said Vi, "and Lily's going to make over her old white lace."

"I am sure you will look very nice," the mother said. Then with some hesitation: "I was sorry to give Iris the only new gown, but she really needed it, didn't she?"

In the face of that wistful appeal the two girls gasped hastily. "Of course!"

"Poor dear," said Violet as the little woman went wearily on her way. "Iris positively holds her up for new clothes."

"Did you know," said Lily, slowly, "that Bob Taylor will be at the dance?"

Violet whirled around. "He is home from the Philippines? Oh, Lily, who told you?"

"He called up. He wanted to see you. I answered the phone and told him you were at Lancaster and wouldn't be back until today. And then Iris said she wanted to talk to him, and he came over Sunday."

"And he's going to take her?" Violet demanded.

"Yes—that's the reason for the new gown."

"I see." There was silence after that, and presently the sisters kissed and separated. But the kiss was the token of their understanding.

"It's a shame," Lily confided later to Pansy, "Bob has always liked Vi best. But Iris—oh, you know Iris. She makes all the rest of us seem rough and rude by comparison."

"Perhaps we are," said Pansy, cheerfully, "perhaps it wouldn't hurt us to mend our manners, Lily."

"Perhaps not," Lily was absorbed in her argument, "but he likes Vi's breeziness, and now—oh, if Iris breaks this up, I'll feel as if I couldn't forgive her."

"She doesn't understand," said Pansy, gently, "what it means to feel deeply—and perhaps we have all made her selfish. Lily. We just let her have things and she doesn't realize that we go without."

"Well, if she butts in with Bob and Vi," said Lily, slantly, "I shan't forgive her in a minute."

"If Bob lets her break it off," said plain Rose, who was sewing placidly by the window of the little sitting-room, "he won't be worth keeping."

"That's so," said Pansy. The night of the Country club dance Vi wore her old silk. The cut was somewhat out of date, so that her slender figure looked bulky when compared to the modish silhouettes about her. Iris, graceful and ethereal, was the best dressed woman in the room.

Lily, raving, sat out a dance in the palm room with Bob Taylor. "I'm going to tell you all about it," she almost sobbed. "Vi had to come in that old dress, because Iris was so selfish. The rest of us always wear old things. Iris has the best."

Bob, being a gentleman, hated family quarrels. Hence he defended Iris. "She makes her gowns, she tells me," he said, "and thus reduces the expense."

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"That's so," said Pansy. The night of the Country club dance Vi wore her old silk. The cut was somewhat out of date, so that her slender figure looked bulky when compared to the modish silhouettes about her. Iris, graceful and ethereal, was the best dressed woman in the room.

Lily, raving, sat out a dance in the palm room with Bob Taylor. "I'm going to tell you all about it," she almost sobbed. "Vi had to come in that old dress, because Iris was so selfish. The rest of us always wear old things. Iris has the best."

Bob, being a gentleman, hated family quarrels. Hence he defended Iris. "She makes her gowns, she tells me," he said, "and thus reduces the expense."



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