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PRACTICAL FARM WORK.

Kansans Interested in County Farm Expert Idea.

Topeka, July 25.—If a bill now pending before the national house of representatives, after having passed the senate, becomes a law practical farm demonstration work will be undertaken in several Kansas counties next year. The work will be undertaken in the counties where poor crops were raised this year and last year.

The bill that has been passed by the senate and is now up to the house is the regular agricultural college appropriation bill but it has an amendment attached to it carrying a big appropriation for farm demonstration work in the different states. If it becomes a law Kansas will receive a fund of \$30,000 to be used next year.

A big mail order house in Chicago has offered \$1,000 for each county in Kansas to be used in carrying on farm demonstration work. Henry J. Waters, president of the state agricultural college, believes that with the government fund and the fund offered by the Chicago house the demonstration work could be carried on without a great deal of expense to the farmers in the different counties.

It would cost about \$2,000 a year for each county where demonstrations were carried on. The Chicago house would furnish \$1,000, the government would furnish \$1,000 and it would be up to the county to furnish the remainder. President Waters believes the farmers of the counties where the work would be done would more than get their money back in one year.

According to President Waters the first work would be done where there have been poor crops for several years. In most of these counties the principal crop is wheat and "agriculturalists" say the conditions are such that these counties are not properly adapted to wheat growing. The demonstrator who would be placed in such a county would prove to the farmers the proper kind of crop to grow. There is considerable territory in Kansas that is not farmed successfully and experts say it is because the farmers do not know what to raise in the ground successfully. It would be the duty of the demonstrator to show what crops could be raised most successfully and to show why certain crops could not be grown successfully.

This work will be carried on under the direction of the state agricultural college and President Waters believes it will be one of the most profitable things from a practical standpoint that the college has ever tried.

ANOTHER FORWARDING DEAL

Kansas Wanted \$6.50 for Steers Here—Sell in K. C. at \$6.25.

Tuesday of this week Denton & Son, of Grenola, Kan., were on the market here with a load of plain light steers. The owners had their ideas set pretty high and refused to consider anything less than \$6.50 in the way of offers from local packers. The cattle were forwarded to Kansas City and it was announced today that they had sold there at \$6.25 on a higher market.

The New Manager

By Mary Barrett Howard

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mrs. Amos Rood was bustling happily about her neat kitchen, her pleasant face even more beaming than usual.

"Amos is sixty years old today," she explained to the milkman from whom she bought a half-pint of cream besides the customary pint of milk, "an' I'm goin' to get an extra nice dinner."

The 12 o'clock whistle had sounded. The peach meringue pie which was to be the crowning touch of the feast had been brought from the pantry and set upon a side table; the roast chicken was done to a turn; the tomato bisque was ready to pour into the tureen, and as every housewife knows, tomato bisque will curdle if allowed to stand.

"I do wish Amos would come," the little woman fluttered. "That cream o' tomato won't be fit to eat."

Glancing uneasily out of the window she started at sight of a curiously familiar, yet unfamiliar, figure coming slowly up the street. Sure that bowed, bent old man could not be Amos! He had never looked like that, even when his rheumatism was at its worst. But the next instant she had flung open the door and was running down the garden walk.

"Oh, what is it—what ails you, Amos?" she cried, putting her arms about him to help him up the steps.

"Don't be scared, Lucy—I ain't sick," the man said, with a brave attempt at a reassuring smile.

But once under the shelter of his own roof, safe from prying or pitying neighborly eyes, Amos Rood broke down altogether. Sinking into a chair he dropped his head upon the little table, so gayly decked in honor of the day with tea-roses and hellebore from the garden beds, and Mrs. Rood's



Found the Solitude He Craved.

cherished "wedding" china, and his big, shrunken frame shook with a man's painful, tearless sobs.

His wife silently unclasped his clenched fingers from a letter which bore the seal of a great corporation, and as she swiftly scanned the few curt lines it contained she wailed aghast:

"O Amos, it must be a mistake! The company wouldn't take your pension from you just because you are able to earn a little something extra, now and then?"

"It's the new manager, Lucy," Amos Rood responded dully. "He's trying to cut expenses, and he says it's no part of the company's policy to pension able-bodied men."

"Able-bodied!" the little woman echoed, with a hysterical laugh. "I guess I know what you suffer, Amos, even on your best days. But don't you worry, dear—we'll get old Dr. Moore to write that new manager a letter that will make him ashamed of himself."

"It wouldn't do a mite of good, Lucy," the man said, shaking his head. "He says he's got proof I can earn a good living if I'm a mind to—but I'm afraid I can't. I'm pretty good at figurin', and when the merchants here get their accounts balled up they're apt to send for me to straighten 'em out, but it's hard for a man of my age to get a steady job, even if I could keep it up day in and day out. Perhaps I was foolish to snap up those chances to add a little to our income. And yet," he added with a sigh, "that pension wasn't a very big one for two people to live on."

"I should say it wasn't!" agreed Mrs. Rood vehemently. "I call it pretty doin'!" she went on fiercely. "Here's you all broken down, and all those years your salary was so small that though I've been as saving as I know how, we've just managed to pay for this place and put a few hundred dollars in the bank."

"We'd never have done that much if it hadn't been for you, Lucy," her husband said gratefully. "You're a master hand at contriving. But it ain't the company's fault that I got all crippled up with rheumatism, so's I couldn't do my work."

"I'd like to know if it ain't, Amos Rood!" she flashed. "I'd like to know if you won't keep all those years in a damp, underground office and not allowed half the help you'd ought to have had?"

"Well, well, Lucy," the man said pacifically. "The company was good to me that time I had typhoid, ten years ago. Didn't I get three months' leave of absence with full pay and passes for us both so we could take a nice trip?"

"Three months' leave in twenty-five years!" moaned Mrs. Rood. "And now that new manager's going to take away your pension. Oh, I know you think I'm awful, Amos, but I just hate that grasping, greedy old company that works its men to death just the way it does its poor horses, so's to save a little more money!"

"It hurts me to hear you talk like that, Lucy," Amos Rood protested loyally. "The company does the best it can—it has troubles of its own."

"Well, I won't say another word if you don't want I should, Amos," the little woman promised, brushing the angry tears from her eyes. "I ain't afraid but we'll get along some way. It just made me mad to think how little the company seemed to appreciate how honest and faithful you've been. Now you come and wash up and eat your birthday dinner before it's all spoiled."

But though Amos Rood valiantly attempted to do justice to the little feast, it was evident to the anxious wife who watched him that the dainty viands that she had prepared with such care were as dust and ashes to his palate. He looked stunned and bewildered by the unexpected blow which had been dealt him, and as he pushed back his chair from the table, he said slowly:

"I'd calculated to finish up that job of Brown's this afternoon, but when I got that letter I sent 'em word not to expect me—I didn't feel equal to takin' figures today. But I'll paint them storm-doors you wanted done, Lucy. It'll be quiet out there in the barn, and I—I want to think things over."

Mrs. Rood looked after him wistfully. "I guess maybe he would be better by himself," she thought humbly. "I wouldn't wonder if my everlasting gabble bothered him some when he's got things he wants to think over. Well, I'll fly around and straighten up so't will look pleasant to him when he comes in, an' maybe if I was to fix that chicken into a scallop he'd relish it for supper. He didn't eat scarcely a mite o' dinner."

But although Amos Rood had found the solitude he craved, there was something terrifying to him in the emptiness of the great barn, and as he resolutely set himself to the task of painting the "storm doors" he had mentioned, he began to wish vaguely that old Dolly were still alive to stamp her iron shod feet and to nicker to him socially from her stall.

Then, with a sudden pang, he realized that he was glad that the old horse who had been his and Lucy's friend and companion for so many years, had died last month, for how could he have brought himself to sell her when their little home was broken up? The brush dropped from his nerveless hand as he muttered, yes, it would come to that!

Lucy said that they would manage some way, but Lucy, with all her cheery common sense and thrift, had a woman's ignorance of the grim fact that two and two always make four, and never by any chance five or six.

Perhaps, by selling their little place and living on the proceeds they might manage to keep together for a few years more, but the end was inevitable. Sooner or later Lucy would be obliged to go to the well-to-do sister who had never attempted to conceal her conviction that the pretty, energetic girl might have done better than to marry Amos Rood.

As for him, there would be nothing left but the shelter of the county poor house.

Something seemed to snap in the man's brain. Why shouldn't he quietly get out of it all, while there was still something to keep Lucy from entire dependence on a woman like prosperous, self-satisfied Jane Thorn? She would mourn for him he knew, but death is easier to bear than some other things.

Suddenly he paused, arrested in his grim preparations for the deed on which he was resolved.

"Amos! Amos!" his wife was calling.

Then, yes, five moments more and he would have been forever deaf to that tender voice, and Lucy would have come and found him—he shuddered with a sick repulsion. He had been selfish—cowardly—mad! But Lucy's light feet were running along the garden paths and she was calling again: "Amos! Oh, Amos, do please hurry!"

The man stumbled blindly to the door. The next instant he was standing in the warm sunlight he had never thought to feel again, with Lucy's arms about his neck; her happy tears upon his cheek.

"Oh, Amos," she was bubbling joyously, "the general superintendent himself is in the house! It's perfectly lovely to hear him swear. He says the new manager has exceeded his authority altogether, and that the company does know how to appreciate faithful service such as yours has been! And only think, instead of taking away your pension, he intends to increase it! Why, Amos, we'll be rich!"

Acme of Enjoyment. "Jimmy, what would you do if you was rich?" "I'd have pie for dinner every day."

"Anything else?" "Yes, I'd have a scoreboard in doin' room, wit' de butler marking up de scores from all parts of de country while I eat!"

HIS THEORIES ON WEATHER

Algernon Explains What May Be Expected After the Earth Gets "Het Up."

"Yo' cayn' 'spec' no standin' w'e'der, sah," said Algernon, as Mr. Topfloor came in drenched after an experience with the weather the other evening. "till a'er de full moon in May."

"So it seems," replied Mr. Topfloor as dryly as he could under the circumstances. "While de's all de flyin' clouds 'round, der's l'ible to be win' an' rain, sah. Sometime de win' git beidin' a bunch ob dem clouds an' blow 'em all o'vah, an' e'lder dey t'uns to rain, or else it jes' win'. But a'er de full moon in May de yarth git het up—"

"By what?" asked Mr. Topfloor shivering. "By de sun, sah. It's mos in its elemen' by dat time, 'way 'roun by de 'quator. Down Souf, w'e'r I comes fom, dey says w'en de sun git 'roun dere it complete a cycle. 'Wot's a cycle, sah? Well, dis de way I 'splains it: W'en I takes de elebater up an' den takes it down, dat complete de cycle. But, sah," as the dripping Mr. Topfloor stepped off the elevator, "ef yo' l'ibes, an' I hopes yo' may, I gwine tell yo' mo' 'bout dat."

GREAT AUK'S VALUABLE EGG

One Recently Sold at Auction in London for \$1,500—Bird Is Now Extinct.

An egg of the great auk, or gannet, a bird now extinct, was sold at auction in London for a sum equivalent to \$1,500.

Not all great auk's eggs are alike. In length they vary from four and one-eighth inches to five inches. The greater number found have a white ground, but others are of various shades of buff. In some cases the markings are spots, shown in blotches or lines.

It is said that no living auk has been seen since 1844. The birds were exterminated by the ruthless traffic in their eggs and skins, although their numbers, especially on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts, where once they were very numerous, were greatly reduced by their wholesale slaughter for food.

The most remarkable characteristic of the great auk was its inability to fly. Its wings were scarcely more than fins, which aided the bird in swimming.

Doubtful Success.

Much excitement was caused a few weeks ago in Calcutta by a particularly insubstantial and evil-smelling tank suddenly changing to a perfumed one, giving off the refreshing smell of lemon.

To the natives this portended the coming of a great Indian goddess, who would arise out of the water; so the pilgrims gathered in thousands to have their sins washed away and diseases cured. A guileless youth also had been selling this holy water at five rupees per bottle, which is equal to 6s. 8d.

But soon afterward it was discovered that a large consignment of essential oils, belonging to a firm of perfumers close by, had got smashed, and afterward leaked into the tank. The natives now feel rather uncomfortable at the thought of having drunk the dirty water. It is to be hoped that they will know the smell of holy water next time they meet near a perfumer's work.—Answers.

Woman Boss of Lumbermen.

Mrs. Mary Gregory of Damariscotta, Me., is the first woman to have charge of a gang of lumbermen. She is the mother of six children and until a few months ago did all the work of cooking and caring for a gang of 22 woodsmen besides her own family. Finding that she had still many idle hours on her hands, she applied for work as woodchopper. She soon proved herself such an expert chopper and sawyer that a few weeks ago she plied herself against the best two men of the camp. She not only did more work than either of them, but more than both together. It was soon after this that the owner of the lumber camps appointed her boss of one of his largest gangs of lumbermen.

Sculptor's Rise to Fame.

August Rodin, president of the Society of Sculptors and Painters of Paris, which recently sent a traveling collection to this country, is of peasant stock and has been compelled to fight the academic art schools every inch of the way to his present place as the most famous contemporary sculptor. He studied drawing in a private school, but was unable to gain admission to the Ecole des Beaux Arts because of his unacademic methods. He worked away in a dingy apology for a studio in a stable. After years of trial and struggle his "Age of Bronze" was finally accepted by the salon, leading eventually to fame.

To Open New Motor Paradise.

Motorists have a great treat in store three years hence, when one of the most beautiful Alpine routes—that connecting the Lake of Geneva with the Mediterranean—will be open. The traffic thus created will, moreover, be of the greatest benefit in many of the regions traversed, the present poverty and solitude of which will be considerably relieved by the new activity introduced in their midst. Some of them are already pathetically looking forward to a golden era.—The Queen.

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.

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NOTED OLD RANCHES

San Joaquin Valley Acres Now in Business Hands.

Tejon Ranches, With More Than 276,000 Acres of Land, Constitutes One of the Very Few Great Tracts Left.

Los Angeles, Cal.—One by one the great ranches of old California, the immense grants of early days, the lordly domains of wheat and barley magnates, have melted away before the relentless sweep of progress.

Between Los Angeles and San Francisco, here and there in the mighty reaches of the San Joaquin valley, and interspersed like exaggerated white squares on the curious checkerboard whose black squares, representing acres of something that perchance may be called "intensive" agriculture, development, greatly predominate, may still be found a few of the oldest ranches of old days.

Now, every week and almost every daily in Kansas is talking about wheat crop. Counties are beginning to vie with one another over wheat yields.

Of course the average yield per acre for the state is not going to be anything like that large. Fifteen or twenty bushels for the state would be a good yield.

Wheat, Minn., July 26.—Barley and oats are about harvested by this time, and will yield from thirty-five to forty-five bushels an acre.

The name of Gen. Beale, scholar, warrior, gentleman—the companion of Kit Carson in the lively days of the southwest, and the greatest of all the survivors of transcontinental roads—is indissolubly linked with the history of California.

Vienna Hears of Plot to Unite Archipelago Under the Duke of the Abruzzi.

Vienna.—There is a strange story in circulation to the effect that the recent assassination of Kostas Efendi, the prince governor of the island of Samos, and the present agitation in Crete are the result of a scheme concocted in Rome.

Washington, July 25.—President Taft has indicated to the Republican leaders in the senate a wish to know their views about repealing the Canadian reciprocity act.

"Custard" Pie Condemned. Sacramento, Cal.—When is a custard pie not a custard pie? When it has corn starch in it, answers the city board of health.

Mr. Taft will not withdraw his own support of Canadian reciprocity as a principle, it is understood, but will take the position that the United States should not continue an offer that Canada refuses to accept.

APECULIAR KANSAS, THIS

Refuses to Accept Money Willed Him By Foster Father.

Hutchinson, Kan., July 26.—A man has been found who refuses to accept money as a gift.

There is a state law which provides that in case a legatee cannot be found the money bequeathed shall go to the state school fund.

Today Judge F. L. Martin, as counsel for the executor, filed a suit in the district court, charging the whole matter up to Judge Branine.

The judge is to decide whether this \$226.09 shall go to the county treasury for the common school fund, or whether Mr. Powell can be forced to accept it.

PLENTY OF WHEAT NOW.

Kansas Yields Throughout State Proving a Surprise.

Topeka, July 26.—Six weeks ago the newspapers over Kansas were saying mighty little about the wheat crop and the few that were talking were saying nothing very flattering about it.

Now, every week and almost every daily in Kansas is talking about wheat crop. Counties are beginning to vie with one another over wheat yields.

Of course the average yield per acre for the state is not going to be anything like that large. Fifteen or twenty bushels for the state would be a good yield.

HARVEST IS BEGUN.

Conditions in Various Sections of Minnesota Are Fine.

Wheat, Minn., July 26.—Barley and oats are about harvested by this time, and will yield from thirty-five to forty-five bushels an acre.

Washington, D. C., July 25.—Education in American standards of living is being given by the immigrants of Buffalo by a group of 11 women, working under the Buffalo committee of the North American Civic League for Immigrants.

More for your money. The "Dutton Way" makes it possible. Absolutely Painless Extraction of Teeth and Nerves.

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cured of a serious sprain simply by a poultice of tobacco leaves. As an external remedy for wounds and bruises, and sprains a wet tobacco poultice is commonly used in all countries where tobacco is grown.

Consignment Hides Steady

THE hide market remains in a waiting condition with tanners still out of the market, expecting for short-haired hides. Prices are steady on same basis as last week and we make no changes in quotations.

Below Prices Are Guaranteed for the Week Ending August 3

Table with columns: SALT CURED HIDES, DRY HIDES, TALLOW. Lists various hide types and prices.

Table with column: WOOL. Lists wool types (Missouri, Iowa, etc.) and prices.

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