

STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL.

A Daily Commercial Newspaper for Modern Farmers and Stockmen and an Advertising Medium that Reaches the Buyers

Vol. XII, No. 66.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1908

LAST EDITION.

TERMS: SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS PER YEAR, \$4.00.

DAILY MARKETS

Official Receipts, 62 Cars, 1,802 Cattle; 99 Cars, 8,196 Hogs; 9 Cars, 1,943 Sheep.

SNAPPY TRADE IN STEERS

A Larger Showing of Natives Noted—Market in Strong Tone.

TOP STEERS SELL AT \$6.70

She Stuff Continues in Active Demand. Values Stronger—Bull Market Unchanged—Calf Trade Ruled Strong—Feeders Sold Higher; Stockers Moved Freely—Live Pork Values Steady to Nickel Lower on Increased Supplies—Sheep Hold Steady But Lambs Sell Higher; No Fed Stock Coming.

RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 1, 1908.

	1908	1907	Dec.	Inc.
Cattle	481,206	553,384	73,718	332,008
Hogs	2,016,65	1,687,367	329,008	5,609
Sheep	529,139	718,169	189,038	5,409
Horses	20,799	26,214	5,415	...

LIVE STOCK IN SIGHT.

	Cattle	Hogs	Sheep
Chicago	6,000	23,000	12,000
Kansas City	2,000	15,000	5,000
South Omaha	2,000	5,000	4,100
St. Joseph	1,800	8,200	3,900
Month ago	25,400	61,400	45,700
Year ago	20,400	72,400	24,000

RECEIPTS BY CARS.

	Cattle	Hogs	Sheep
C. B. & Q., west	81
C. B. & Q., east	56
C. & O.	18
Great Western	21
Missouri Pacific	6
St. Joseph & Grand Island	6
A. T. & S. F.	20
Total	161

CATTLE.

Better Showing of Fat Steers Meets Ready Demand.

The best fat cattle seen at this market during the week were here today and there were more really attractive heaves than have been seen at this market for some time. In fact, the bulk of the steer supply was made up of fat to good quality. There was a ready demand for cattle and advances recently quoted were readily sustained for all useful offerings.

The supplies for the week show a sharp falling off, the local run falling down about 6,000 while five points indicate a shortage of 200,000. There is no doubt that this falling off has been the stimulating factor in the market and largely increased supplies in the near future would be apt to cause a reaction in trade conditions. The packers have large stocks of beef in refrigeration and the poultry trade at this season of year may have some effect as it usually does just prior to and during the Thanksgiving period.

Steers here today sold strong on recent advances and 20¢ to 40¢ cents higher than at low time of last week. The best steers here were some well fattened medium weight that sold at \$6.70, the highest price of the week at this point. Other good kinds of steers sold at \$5.75 to \$6.25 and showed full strength of the market while common to fair light and medium weight dressed beef and butcher steers sold in a range of \$4.50 to \$5.50. There was good movement to the trade and a clearance was readily made.

Dressed Beef and Shipping Steers.

33UBD1329	6 70	10	1157	4 75	
28UBD1333	6 70	1	1200	4 75	
48	1273	6 45	44	1158	4 70
59UBD1333	6 25	13	1161	4 35	
1	1170	5 50	25	1107	4 05
21	1230	5 15	1	850	3 50
16	1234	5 00	

COWS, BULLS AND MIXED.

There was no let-up in the active demand that has prevailed for cows and heifers all week and moderate supplies today moved freely with prices showing a stronger tendency. The market from start to finish was full of snap and values were generally considered strong with yesterday's average, with spots fully 10¢ higher. There was a fair sprinkling of the better kinds of cows and heifers, more, in fact than for some little time. However bulk of offerings graded common to medium, canners and cutters being plentiful. A few good dressed beef cows sold at \$2.50 to \$4.00 but bulk of the useful killers went in a range of \$2.85 to \$3.55. For canners and cutters it was mainly a \$2.15 to \$2.75 deal. Best heifers offered sold at \$3.60 to \$4.25, although anything choice would be at \$4.75 or better.

QUARANTINE DIVISION.

Three cars of steers offered on the quarantine side today sold on a strong basis at \$4.10, averaging 966 lbs.

Packers' Cattle Purchases.

Hammond Packing Co.	700
Swift and Company	500
Morris Packing Co.	400
Total	1,600

Packers' Purchases Yesterday.

	Cattle	Hogs	Sheep
Swift & Co.	700	2,517	572
Hammond	210	1,633	207
Morris	290	1,710	344
Total	1,200	5,860	1,123

Stock Cattle Purchases Yesterday.

Maxwell, Spayde & Co.	124
George Spencer & Co.	70
J. V. Atkins	57
W. R. Roundtree	30
B. Maxwell	7
Charles Tramp	4
W. E. Kennedy	2
M. F. Donegan	2
P. S. Wright	2
Country and order buyers	197
Total	495

HOGS.

Trade Lower at Start, But Firms Up a Little Later.

Opening reports were not favorable to further advances in hog prices and the local buying interests went out to fill orders on a lower basis. They started in bidding \$9.19 cents under average prices of the previous day, but sellers were not prepared to operate on a basis of this decline. Toward noon there was some business being done at prices steady to around 5 cents lower than the bulk business of yesterday or close to steady with the extreme close of that day and later there was an indication of firmness in the trade tone. Pigs were a trifle higher with pretty good buying orders on hand.

The volume of hogs is still running under last week at all leading centers but there is a tendency to increase in the number being sent forward and it is not improbable that next week may see considerable increase. Hogs do not show any material improvement in quality, although it is getting time of year that improvement should begin to appear.

Prices ranged from \$5.35 to \$6.10, with the bulk selling at \$5.80 to \$6.05, a week ago at \$5.49 to \$5.45, a month ago at \$5.85 to \$6.25, a year ago at \$4.50 to \$4.70, two years ago at \$6.05 to \$6.25, three years ago at \$4.80 to \$4.90, four years ago at \$4.90 to \$5.15.

Pigs and Lights—99 lbs. and Under.

No.	Av. Sbk. Price	No.	Av. Sbk. Price
67	197	92	195
71	197	93	195
68	197	94	195
91	182	95	179
84	197	96	179
87	197	97	179
102	197	98	179
118	187	99	179
88	179	100	179
93	182	101	179
95	182	102	179
76	193	103	179
120	177	104	179
77	197	105	179
75	182	106	179
61	182	107	179
91	182	108	179
139	174	109	179
85	174	110	179

Heavy and Mixed—99 lbs. and Upward.

No.	Av. Sbk. Price	No.	Av. Sbk. Price
71	271	107	204
68	291	108	204
35	274	109	204
81	270	110	204
74	270	111	204
71	229	112	204
79	229	113	204
55	225	114	204
61	283	115	204
90	233	116	204
83	231	117	204
92	221	118	204
72	249	119	204
70	251	120	204
75	245	121	204
73	251	122	204
89	202	123	204
69	211	124	204
55	218	125	204
65	227	126	204
45	247	127	204
69	207	128	204

Odd, Ends and Wagon Hogs.

1	280	15	70	4 00
1	360	80	50	3 80
1	390	80	50	3 90
14	29	4	10	3 90
11	39	4	14	3 90
12	82	4	10	3 90
7	88	4	10	3 85
7	75	4	10	3 85
7	80	4	10	3 85

Packers' Hog Purchases.

Swift and Company	3,075
Morris Packing Co.	2,401
Hammond Packing Co.	2,051
Total	7,527

Range of Prices.

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
\$5.20	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00
\$6.50	\$6.15	\$6.15	\$6.15	\$6.15	\$6.15
\$7.00	\$6.75	\$6.75	\$6.75	\$6.75	\$6.75

Average Weight.

Oct. 27	177	Oct. 31	199
Oct. 28	168	Nov. 2	234
Oct. 29	191	Nov. 3	185
Oct. 30	199	Nov. 4	194

SHEEP.

Lamb Values Advanced 10¢—Sheep Held About Steady.

Receipts were advanced of moderate proportions, both locally and in the five point aggregate. Total supplies showed a falling off of approximately 20,000 compared with last Thursday. The market ruled active for all desirable killing material. Lamb prices were strong to 10¢ higher, a string of Wyoming's selling at \$5.45 against \$5.35 yesterday. On the other hand sheep from the same range sold at \$4.25, duplicating yesterday's price. A lot of ruff-ruff from local territory was included in receipts. This met an indifferent outlet at uneven prices. Old, common ewes, "alligator hilt" as they are called in stock yard circles, sold at \$1.00 to \$2.25 per cwt. Traahy native lambs went around \$2.00. There is a good reliable call here

for desirable killing stock and packers were disappointed in the meager receipts today.

468 Wyo. lambs	69	5 45
291 Wyo. lambs	62	5 00
804 Wyo. lambs	63	4 90
298 Wyo. lambs	64	4 90
100 nat lambs	64	4 85
494 Wyo. sheep	100	4 25
35 nat yrls.	94	4 00
2 nat ewes	115	3 75
10 nat lambs	62	3 50
11 Wyo. lambs	61	3 25
107 Wyo. sheep	66	3 35
52 west sheep	55	3 00
27 nat lambs	67	3 00
75 west ewes	69	2 25
30 west ewes	62	1 50
58 west ewes	61	1 25
15 west ewes	61	1 00
41 west ewes	64	1 00

Packers' Sheep Purchases.

Swift and Company	952
Morris Packing Co.	307
Total	1,259

OTHER LIVESTOCK MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Union Stock Yards, Ill., Nov. 5.—The Live Stock World reports: Hogs—Receipts, 6,000. Market 10¢ to 15¢ higher; cows 10¢ higher; feeders strong.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,900. Market like yesterday's average; top, \$6.40; bulk, \$5.85 to \$6.25.

Sheep—Receipts, 12,000. Market 10¢ to 20¢ higher.

KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 5.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 7,000. Market steady to 10¢ higher; top, \$7.05; cows and heifers steady to strong; stockers steady; calves strong.

Hogs—Receipts, 3,000. Market opened weak to 10¢ lower, closed strong; top, \$6.17; bulk, \$5.60 to \$6.05.

Sheep—Receipts, 5,000. Market strong to 15¢ higher; lambs \$5.75.

SOUTH OMAHA.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 5.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,900. Market strong to 10¢ higher.

Hogs—Receipts, 5,600. Market 5¢ lower; top, \$6.22; bulk, \$5.90 to \$5.90.

Sheep—Receipts, 4,100. Market stronger.

EAST ST. LOUIS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock Yards, Ill., Nov. 5.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 4,000, including 3,000 Texas. Market steady to strong; Texas \$5.00, natives \$7.00.

Hogs—Receipts, 9,000. Market 5¢ lower; top, \$6.22; bulk, \$5.90 to \$5.90.

Sheep—Receipts, 3,150. Market 10¢ to 15¢ higher.

ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET.

Today's cash values: Receipts, wheat, 11 cars; corn, 0 car; oats, 0 car.

No.	Red	White	Yellow
No. 2 red	1 03 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 02
No. 3 red	97	99	91
No. 4 red	97	99	91
No. 2 hard	94	96	91
No. 3 hard	92 1/2	98	96
No. 4 hard	89	96	96

Corn.

No. 2 white	63	63 1/2
No. 3 white	62 1/2	63
No. 4 white	59	60
No. 2 corn	60	62 1/2
No. 3 corn	59	62
No. 4 corn	57	58

Oats.

No. 2 white	48	50
No. 3 white	47	48
No. 2 oats	47	48
No. 3 oats	46	47
Brn	41	42
Corn chops	1 20	1 24
Shorts	1 05	1 15

The above cash quotations are based on actual sales each day and are furnished by T. P. Gordon, Board of Trade building, St. Joseph, Mo.

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

The following Chicago board of trade quotations are furnished by T. P. Gordon, Board of Trade building, St. Joseph, Mo.

Wheat	Open	High	Low	Close
Dec	100	100 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2
May	103	103 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2

CORN.

Dec	62 1/2	62 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2
May	62 1/2	62 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2

OATS.

Dec	45 1/2	45 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2
May	50 1/2	50 1/2	49 1/2	49 1/2

PORK.

Jan	16 22	16 22	16 00	16 20
May	16 10	16 10	15 02	15 07

LARD.

Jan	9 42	9 42	9 32	9 40
May	9 50	9 50	9 40	9 47

RIBS.

Jan	8 52	8 52	8 42	8 50
May	8 57	8 57	8 55	8 60

CATER TO FARMER

Railroads Court Favor of Agriculturalists—Interests Are Identical.

WERE ONCE ANTAGONISTIC

But Road Has Been Great Factor in Prosperity of Modern Farmer.

RAILROADS AS LAND AGENTS

Thirty Years Ago There Was No Such Thing as Agricultural Exhibit Car

Touring Country to Show Advantages of Certain Sections of Country—Today They Are Big Factor in Development of New Countries—Problem of Railroad Today Is Building Up of Its Contiguous Territory.

Time was only a little while ago when the martinet of all village life was the railroad station agent. As telegrapher, ticket agent, baggage man and freight agent for his particular road in his town of 3,000 to 5,000 population he was spokesman for a great monopoly. His voice was final in everything. If you wanted to ride forty miles down the road—the ticket office didn't open until just twenty minutes before train time; you could walk if you preferred! As to some trunk, which you had called for and found smashed in and battered out of all shape—well, he didn't know anything about it and cared less, writes Ben Burbanks in *Workers Magazine*.

Inevitably in those days was taken for granted as the uniform of the railroad man in general. He was loud and overbearing in manner, curt in his answers to civil questions on the part of the road's patrons, and ready for controversy at the drop of a hat.

But what a change has come over the attitude of the great railroad company toward its shipping, traveling constituency. No longer bullying the patrons of the road has gone into the business of inducing new populations to move into cities, towns and farming communities contiguous to its lines and has come to look upon the average farmer as family settled within hauling distance of its tracks as a cash asset of the road, lumped as he is with the city and expert owners man "dicker" and have much to say about the price they will take.

What has been said about Short-horns will apply as aptly to other beef breeds, to dairy cattle, to horses and other live stock.

Farm, Stock and Home began the agitation of this system some years ago, not much progress has been made yet, along the lines suggested. It takes time to reform deeply rooted wrongs, or to change customs fixed by years of usage, but time, aided by persistent agitation and work, will uproot the wrongs and change the customs. Some day live stock will be grown as heretofore indicated, because it is the best way; and when the time comes this journal will take much pleasure in saying: "We told you so," and in remembering that it had some part in inaugurating the better method.

THE STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

405 West Illinois Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

The Saint Joseph Journal Publishing Company, PUBLISHER.

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

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

Subscription Rates table with columns for rate type (Daily, Weekly, etc.) and price.

In asking change of address, please state your former postoffice. State whether your paper is Daily, Tri-Weekly, Semi-Weekly or Weekly.

Country subscriptions are payable in advance. Remit with postal order or draft payable to St. Joseph Journal Publishing Company.

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

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

Usual 20 per cent commission allowed postmasters, who are authorized to take subscriptions.

POULTRY WILL BE HIGH.

Ordinarily the yellow-legged chicken, the big tom turkey and the waddling goose are brought into the spot-light about this time of year as a bear argument on the live beef, pork and mutton market.

A CONCRETE VIADUCT.

A reinforced concrete viaduct, 1,841 feet long, and 60 feet high, is being built at Harrisburg, Pa., to carry the heavy traffic from the central part of the city across the Paxton Creek Valley and the tracks of the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading railroads.

TYPHOID GERMS IN MILK.

Milk has been declared to be a source of typhoid fever. Heretofore it has been believed that this disease has lurked almost entirely in impure water. But a recent epidemic of typhoid in Washington, D. C., could not be accounted for in this way and was finally traced to milk which was found to abound with the malicious bacilli.

FARMER AND NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

While the government has undertaken the gigantic task of inquiring into and devising schemes and theories for the improvement of conditions of life on the farm, there is one factor in which the farmer has not been making the most of his opportunities.

VARIETIES OF COWPEAS.

Only a Few of Fifty Kinds Are Extensively Cultivated.

There are about 50 varieties of cowpeas, but only a few of the best of these are extensively cultivated. The varieties differ in such characters as habit, size, earliness, prolificness, disease resistance, and especially in the color of the seeds.

For table use the varieties with white or nearly white seeds are preferred, as they make a more attractive dish. The habit of growth of the table peas is of little direct concern, and, as a matter of fact, none of them is very satisfactory for forage purposes.

For forage purposes the most desirable varieties are those which have a fairly upright habit, grow to large size, hold their leaves well, and produce an abundance of pods.

The Whippoorwill variety is known under several other names, such as Running Speckled, Bunch Speckled, and Shinney. It may be considered the standard of all field cowpeas. It is suitable either for hay or grain production, or both.

The Unknown, or Wonderful, cowpea is another field variety which is grown to a large extent. It is the largest growing and most vigorous of the cowpeas, but it late in maturing.

The New Era is the smallest seeded of the cowpeas that have found a wide use. The seed is bluish in color, owing to the innumerable minute blue specks on a gray ground.

The variety known as the Groat has been much confused with the New Era cowpea. In habit the two are much alike, but the Groat is a little superior, as it makes a larger growth and fruits more heavily.

The Iron variety is coming rapidly into prominence. In its habit it is only slightly different from the Unknown, though it is not quite as vigorous or as large.

Regardless of its resistance to these diseases it is a valuable variety under nearly all conditions, being vigorous, prolific, and quite erect. The seed is hard and retains its vitality better than that of most varieties.

The Clay cowpea is more variable in its habit than any of the foregoing varieties. It is the most pronounced trailer of any of the peas grown quite largely, and is consequently in very slight favor where the pea crop is handled by machinery.

The Black cowpea is used to a considerable extent in the sandy coastal plain soils of Virginia and North Carolina. On heavy clay land this variety makes a very heavy growth of vine, but produces very little seed.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

Care of Baby When Traveling. I find a compact carrier for folded diapers when traveling with a baby is to take an old unused hot water bottle, cut off top, inclose in outer bag made of some pretty material, and finish with drawing so that bottle can be taken out for airing.

To Save Baby's Laundry. If help is scarce, do not put on baby's dress for the day till after he has had his nap following his bath. By doing this I have been able to do nicely on one dress each day, and have also had many compliments on my dainty baby. I feed my babies at regular intervals, allowing twenty minutes to each meal.

Destroy Tactic for Buttons. When my baby boy was about 1 1/2 years old he seemed possessed to put every button and other equally dangerous article in his mouth, thus keeping us always on the alert to keep him from being choked to death. I determined to break him of the desire, so put everything of the kind securely away, excepting several which I immersed in a solution of quinine and placed them conveniently for him to find.

Cough Syrup. Put a large lemon in the oven and allow it to remain until thoroughly baked. When done it will be soft all the way through. Add enough honey to the pulp to make a thick sirup. Keep the sirup warm and take a teaspoonful every half hour.

Care of Invalid's Hair. When caring for a patient with long heavy hair, arrange it in two firm braids. Fastening two long soft ribbons, or strips of cloth, at the top of a braid. Wind it closely to the end, again securing the strips carefully.

Mend Bachelors' Clothes. Miss Gertrude Barnum, president of the Women's League of Chicago, has opened a shop where bachelors may have all their mending done. The idea of the shop is to furnish working girls out of employment with work. Bachelors are told that "we would be pleased to keep your wardrobe in shipshape order."

Why Umbrella Was Returned. Something of a joke on the Late Henry Ward Beecher. Among the financial friends of the great preacher was one old broker in New York—an aggressive Unitarian, which sect he often said bore "the trade mark of honesty."

Feeding Sheep in Panhandle. Clarendon Banner-Stockman: Douley county will be a sheep county yet if the lead of some of our new Colorado citizens be followed up. On Wednesday of last week Henry Spotts and H. W. Brownell unloaded at Groom about 6,000 head of the wools which were brought down to Southard and distributed among several parties.

Tunes Fail to Kill; May Buy. Aged Flute Player Makes Sure by Trying Score of Pieces. A little old man entered a large music shop and asked the assistant to show him a book of flute music.

dollar, seeing it contains no fewer than 50 airs." The old man took the book, opened it, and laid it on a shelf. Then he took his flute out of his coat pocket, screwed it together and began to play softly the first tune in the book.

When he had finished the first tune he turned the page and played the second. Then he played the third. The assistant thought it was time to hurry him up a bit.

"Well, sir," he said, "do you think the book will suit you?" "I like those so far very much, thank you," said the old man, putting his instrument to his lips again, "but I have only played half the tunes so far."

Decent That Led to Good. Bismarck vowed that after passing a competitive examination a man was never any good, that the strain wrecked him. Still it was cramping the cramping of the ingenious mind of Lord Chesterfield which brought about the reform of the calendar.

Preferred a Prison. Mrs. Mary Leigh, one of the London suffragettes, who was one of the participants in a recent street demonstration, has been convicted and sentenced to prison for three months.

Taking Care of the Piano. The dusting and polishing of the piano, whether it be a new and valuable baby grand or the humble and more costly upright, should never be left to the maid, but should be done by the daughter of the house herself.

Cloudy spots are best removed by pouring a few drops of benzine on the dust cloth, and then rubbing lightly and in the same direction till they disappear. The carved legs should be dusted with a soft brush, as should also the rack and other ornament trimmings.

Emeralds. At the present day most of the emeralds that come into the market are obtained from the famous mines of Muzo, in the Columbian province of Boyaca. These workings are situated on the eastern slope of the Andes, about 70 miles to the north-west of the town of Santa Fe de Bogota.

Autumn in the Ozarks. Many objections are raised against sleeping with bedroom windows open at night. The most common of these are made with reference to the night air, draughts, cold and dampness.

Hot Springs Arkansas. The health-year around health resort and great mid-continental play ground.

October has been recommended as the best month to take the baths.

MISSOURI PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN. Get a copy of our new book on Hot Springs and investigate our service.

For full particulars call on or address C. F. LECHLER, P. and T. A. 426 Edmond Street St. Joseph, Mo.

AMUSEMENTS BIJOU DREAM COR. FOURTH & EDMOND STS. New and Cosy MOVING PICTURES Produced with life-giving effects; 1 1/2 hour program. 10 Cents Children 5c

POPULAR ADVERTISING J. C. HEDENBERG 418 Francis St. ST. JOSEPH, MO. Abstract of Title of the City of St. Joseph and Buchanan County. Telephone No. 887.

BELTING! For the Best write to LEWIS SUPPLY CO. 115 S. 4th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

BEECH-KEEVER GRAIN CO. Consignments of Grain and OPTION ORDERS At Kansas City Mo.

KODAKS Write for Catalogue KODAK FINISHING W. F. UHLMAN, 718 Francis St. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

STOCKMEN, TAKE NOTICE! The place to Eat and Drink KEYWOOD'S CAFE Cor. Lake and Illinois Aves. Headquarters for Good Good South St. Joseph, Mo.

Chasnoff D. G. Co. CONTINUOUS SALE NOW IN FULL SWING See Bargains Every Day 317 Felix Street

33 1/3% More Pigs More Pork More Profit

When Swift's Digester Tankage is used to balance rations for Swine

Guaranteed Protein, 60% Analysis Phosphates, 6% Fat, 8%

For swine of all ages, fed up to one-half pound per head per day, costing less than one cent.

For Particulars Address Swift & Company Chicago Kansas City St. Louis St. Paul Omaha St. Joseph Ft. Worth

Advertise in The Journal

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK ST. JOSEPH, MO. UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY YOUR MONEY If you deposit your money with this bank you will join the thousands of men and women who have had banking relations with this institution during the fourteen years of its successful experience.

Seaman & Schuske Metal Works Company SHEET METAL CORNICES AND SKY LIGHTS FIRE DOORS AND SHUTTERS. Hot Air Furnaces and Steel Ceilings, Tin, Slate, Tile, Gravel and Ready Roofing Telephone 427, Old and New 1404 Frederick Avenue. Saint Joseph, Missouri.

RIEGER'S Monogram Whiskey

Purity and age guarantee (Good Whiskey). Rieger's Monogram is absolutely pure and wholesome. Guaranteed under the Pure Food Laws. Its exquisite, smooth, mellow flavor has made it a lasting favorite with over 100,000 satisfied customers. We are U. S. Registered Distillers (Distillery No. 26, 6th Dist. of Ky.). Why pay exorbitant prices, when you can buy Rieger's Monogram Whiskey at the regular wholesale dealer's price and save money by ordering your goods shipped direct.

WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES

8 Qts. RIEGER'S MONOGRAM PRIVATE STOCK \$5.00 **FREE WITH EACH ORDER**

4 Qts. RIEGER'S MONOGRAM EXTRA FINE \$3.00

No Marks on Packages to Indicate Contents

Send us an order and when you get the Whiskey, test it for flavor, smoothness, and all the essentials of GOOD Whiskey. Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good as any Whiskey you ever drank return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

1315 Congress Street
J. RIEGER & CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.

FINE OLD WHISKIES

GOOD WHISKEY properly distilled, filtered and aged, is invaluable to the sick room and an invigorating beverage for pleasurable drinking. You have every assurance and every protection that you are buying good dependable whiskies when you buy either of these brands. They are now pleasing thousands of people, and are guaranteed under the Pure Food Laws. Do not spend your money for rectified or compounded goods when for the same price you can buy a good article.

"Old Joel" "Our Choice"

Finest Money Can Buy

Per Quart \$1 4 Full Quarts \$3

6 Full Quarts \$5 8 Full Quarts \$5

Express Prepaid Express Prepaid

NO MARKS ON BOX TO INDICATE CONTENTS

We want your judgment on these brands. Send us an order and give it a good test. Taste it, compare it with any Whiskey you have, and then, if not satisfied, send it back and we will cheerfully refund your money.

CUT THIS AD OUT AND SEND IT WITH YOUR ORDER AND WE WILL ENCLOSE A BOTTLE OF WINE FREE. SEND FOR PRICE LISTS ON WHISKEY, WINE AND BEER. S. J.

D. FELTENSTEIN 315-317 EDMOND ST. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Buy Your Liquors at Wholesale

Fine BONDED WHISKIES and PURE CALIFORNIA WINES by the Quart or Gallon at WHOLESALE PRICES.

Shippers to the Saint Joseph Market

Are Cordially Invited to Call and Inspect Our Stock when in the City. Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

Great Western Liquor Co.

116 Blocks East of Exchange Building. Illinois Avenue. Opposite Transit House.

SHAMROCK WHISKEY

In Distilled for Medicinal Purposes From Rye and Barley Malt.

Age, ten years. No fill oil, no drugs. Price, \$1 per quart, \$10 per doz., \$5 per half dozen quart bottles, or \$1 per gal. Freight paid to any railroad station on receipt of price. For will ship C. O. D. Write for complete price list. Business record 25 years. Reference, National Bank of St. Joseph.

Cor. Sixth and Spruce Streets. ST. JOSEPH, MO. **M. J. SHERIDAN,** New Telephone 340. Importer and Dealer in Wines and Liquors.

JAMES KERSEY,

Stock Yards, Southwest Corner Illinois and Lake Avenues, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS Old Telephone No. 165. SOUTH ST. JOSEPH, MO.

ST. JOSEPH STOCK YARDS COMPANY

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

We are in the Market every day for Cattle, Hogs and Sheep

We are especially bidding for Range Cattle and Sheep, both for slaughter and feeding. Located on fourteen railroads, and in the center of the best corn and live stock district in the United States, we are prepared to furnish a good market for all kinds of live stock. Our charges for yardage and feed are:

YARDAGE

Cattle, per head.....50 | Horses, per head.....50
Hogs, per head.....50 | Sheep, per head.....50

FEED

Corn, per bushel.....95 | Hay, per 100 lbs.....90

Our packers furnish a daily market for all kinds of Cattle, ranging from Canners to Export Cattle. Look up your railroad connections, and you will find them in our favor.

FOR BROKEN HEART

VARYING LAWS IN BREACH OF PROMISE CASES.

Not Easy for Jilted Damsel to Recover Damages from Faithless Swain—Practical Arrangement Prevails in Germany.

England is the best place—from the plaintiff's point of view—for a breach of promise action. All other countries seem to regard with grave suspicion any attempt to recover monetary compensation for the loss of a prospective husband, and unless the plaintiff has a strong case indeed it is never worth her while to carry her grief into the law courts, says Tit-Bits.

In France breach of promise cases are rare for the simple reason that the law requires the plaintiff to prove that she has suffered pecuniary loss. Now this is not an easy thing to do on the part of the lady, especially in a country where a girl without a dot—that is a marriage portion—has a poor chance of finding a husband. Holland and Austria have adopted the French system, and the result has been about the same. Breach actions are rare, the injured damsels or their relatives usually taking the law into their own hands.

Practical Germany, as might be expected, has perhaps the best method for solving this problem. When a young couple become engaged they have to go through a public betrothal ceremony that ought to knock all the shyness out of them. In the local town hall the pair declare their affection, willingness to marry, etc., ending by signing a collection of documents that apparently leave no loophole for escape.

But if either party to the contract wishes to withdraw another journey is undertaken to the town hall and another collection of documents signed, witnessed and sealed. Then the authorities determine the question of compensation—should it be claimed. In this connection it may be said that the man can, and often does, claim a solatium for his wounded feelings. The usual award is one-fifth of the marriage dowry. It is easy to understand, when all this is remembered, how loath the young people of Germany are to break their betrothal oaths.

As the law of Italy offers little or no protection whatever to jilted damsels and swains it is not surprising that the stiletto should be the favorite mode of deciding breach of promise cases. The Italian law demands that the person suing for "breach" shall produce a written promise to marry from the defendant; otherwise the action cannot proceed. This difficulty is almost insurmountable, and the Italian judges are seldom troubled to adjudicate between one-time lovers.

To bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against a reigning monarch is an achievement, but it has been done, and by an English lady. It is now 15 years since Miss Jenny Mighell sued the sultan of Johore, and as there was a doubt whether the dusky one was actually a reigning monarch the case was allowed to come into court. But the judge quickly disposed of the action by ruling it inadmissible for the reason referred to and Miss Mighell was nonsuited.

It is remarkable that one of the two actions which have brought verdicts of £10,000 each to plaintiffs should have had for its defendant the editor of a matrimonial paper. The second case was between a well-known actress and the eldest son of an earl.

Hawk's Fight for Young.

When Christian Lehms, superintendent of the Egg Harbor cemetery, entered the grounds recently he heard a noise in one of the lots surrounded by cedars.

Investigating, he was attacked by a large chicken hawk, which was feeding five young ones. With no weapons to protect himself, Lehms was compelled to flee, but he came to town and got his gun. When he returned the hawk and its young had disappeared.

Later in the afternoon he again came across the hawk family, and the old bird charged him again, but this time he was prepared and killed it. The hawk was a large specimen, measuring four feet across the wings. —Egg Harbor City Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Couldn't Believe It.

"Er—er—er—this can't be the place," stammered the city visitor, as he dropped his bags on the platform and hurriedly wiped his glasses. "Here, my good man, is this Caryville and is that magnificent building up there among those trees the Caryl house?"

"Wal, I guess as how you've got it about right, stranger. What's bitin' you?" answered the native, with true country curiosity.

"Oh, I was sure I made a mistake," said the visitor, laughing hysterically, "because those buildings and the scenery tally exactly with the descriptions and pictures in the Summer Vacationists' Catalogue."—Puck.

Optional.

Professional Wanderer—Sonny, is this here town one of them local-option towns?

Boy—Yes, sir; I guess so, sir. You can get it either at the drug store or the grocery.—Bellman.

Space and Matter.

"One body cannot occupy more than one place at the same time."

"Huh! Jever see a fat woman in a street car?"—Puck.

Aunt Lilly

By ROBERT H. LANGFORD

(Copyright, by Short-story Pub. Co.)

An old, crooked, shrunken, black woman, half bent under a load of "white folk's clo'es," shuffled and plowed her way along through the deep, yellow dust of the big road that led to the river bottom. The sweat fell from her narrow, wrinkled face in great drops, and she stuck her claw-like hands into the heavy bundle of clothes to keep it from falling off of her head to the ground. She straightened her back but once during the last half mile to her cabin (which stood in the edge of the Great Cane Brake), and looked keenly ahead down the road. "De Gawd know, I know widout lookin'," she said fiercely, under her breath.

She plodded on, never raising her head again, but she muttered strangely and menacingly, and a quiver shot through her and she drew her breath shudderingly as she passed across the shadow cast by the dead tree. A long time ago—years before—she had followed a body of men, a grim, silent, terrible, masked band of Ku Klux, down the big road to this tree and had, alternately, shrieked her prayers and curses, while they hanged by his long, yellow neck the only child she had ever had. The boy had borne an unmistakable stamp—he was tall and well-featured, quick to think and to act, rebellious and devilish in both. But the mother love was all the deeper and more vehement because of what she alone knew—his pitiable beginning, and his ruthless, well-nigh inevitable ending. Therefore she had grown to hate the ruling race with a passion almost demoniacal in its bitter intensity.

When she at last reached the shade of the beech tree that stood in her cleanly swept yard, and had sucked long from the gourd of cold water from her well—that was also beneath the tree—she sat down on a bench, almost spent, too tired to open the bank of smoldering embers beside a halflog at the corner of the cabin and cook a corn-pone and "brile a strip o' middlin'."

When she had been sitting on the bench a while she turned around and looked furtively toward the cane brake that grew clear up to the garden fence. After a long survey of the thick, lush cane, she seemed to be satisfied. Then she looked quickly up and down the road, untied the faded red turban on her head and extracted several small pieces of money from the closely folded rim. These she counted, again and again, and at last sure that her calculations were correct, untied a second handkerchief from her head, a black silk one that had belonged to her son—one that she always wore under the red turban. It was curiously quilted and stitched until it was stiff with coins—a few of them gold—the accumulation of years of her hard earnings and rigid self-denial. She added the money she had just counted, and taking a threaded needle from her hair, sewed it into the handkerchief securely. Then she tied both handkerchiefs back on her head, turban fashion, as they were before.

Taking up a slip of green cane she leaned forward and began to scratch on the hard ground in front of her. After awhile the scratches took the form of a rude obelisk.

"Dat's 'bout de way ole Moster's is—on dat's 'bout de way I'm gwine hab his'n. Jes' as big, an' jes' as white—an' ebbery bit as gran' lookin'—cas'n, cas'n, 'o' de Gawd dat know it oughter be!"

For years and years all her life interest had centered around what she had at last accomplished—the accumulation of enough money to place at the head of the lone, shunned grave back in the little clearing, that bordered the roadside above her cabin, a tombstone that should be in every way the counterpart of her "ole Moster's," Judge Jacob Morton. Aunt Lilly sat there and furrowed the earth with her cane until the sun was sinking down below the tall trees of the swamp behind her, and the air was becoming heavy with the odors of the marsh blooms and vegetation—mingled with the scent of cypress burning somewhere across the lake.

The old woman had added by slow degrees to the fund in the curiously stitched handkerchief. Trudging back and forth, back and forth, with indomitable persistence, laden with chickens, or carrying pail after pail of luscious blackberries from the swamp—or a market basket filled with old-time ginger-cakes on one arm and her demijohn full of sweet cider swinging from the other—to be sold from the courthouse steps on "First Monday."

In winter, the pails held lye, hominy and various toothsome things made out of the fat, mast-fed hogs of hers that lived in the bottom. Countless were the pones of corn-lightbread she had baked and shoaf's she had barbecued, for the back roads of boys who came out to the river on Saturday afternoon with cases of beer. Many were the bundles of clothes she had brought the three miles from

town—miles that of late years had seemed to grow longer and wearier of progress—and had carried back in a long split basket, white as snow, sweet-smelling, creaseless, except for the dainty crimping of the ruffles that only old-fashioned darkies cling to and new-fashioned ones turn up their noses at as waste of time.

And now it was ended—this labor of love for the memory of the child she had loved with a proud, worshipful love. No need for the smoke to curl steadily heavenward from the stick-and-dirt chimney when snow covered the ground, or to float slowly over the thick-leaved swamp when summer time came again. Her work was finished—her hour of triumph was at hand. Before sun-up to-morrow she would be on her way to the town, where already, in the rear of a small shop, crowded with blocks of marble and finished and unfinished grave-stones, there towered above the rest, gleaming, white and beautiful, one bearing the name "Freeman (was he not born out of slavery?) Morton."

"When dey rides by, gwine on down de big road, an' sees dat—den dey'll know how my Freeman was lubbed by his ole mammy."

She closed her eyes and leaned her turbaned head back against the smooth, spotted bark of the beech tree. She was living over again, as she had done many times, the deep joy of satisfaction that follows the accomplishment of something that would have dismayed and discouraged a soul less brave.

A red-and-white spotted cow came up the road from the bottom and stood patiently outside the gate, rattling her bell now and then as she threw her head backward to lick a thorn wound on her flank. But the old woman gazed unseeingly out, across and beyond the clearing, where the lone grave was—pride and triumph possessing her. The elements of her face. She moved her hands in quick decisive gestures, and her lips moved, now and then, convulsively.

So intent was she that she did not see, or soeeling, did not heed, the man—scarce more than a boy—who vaulted the rail fence and, rapidly crossing the clearing, ran towards the cabin, excitement in every movement. He came around the corner of the cabin before her gestures ceased. Then she became as rigid as a part of her rude bench. "Hell's to pay!" he said, roughly, a weak, drunken smile fixing itself on his white, dissipated face.

"Cap' Morton, scapegoat—with all that the name implies—drunkard, gambler, and worse—the grandson of old Judge Morton, the last of an old and wealthy family, a boy who had, to use vernacular, "th'owed hisse' away"—was the only human being who demanded friendship of Aunt Lilly. Her bitterness had not inspired him with fear when she had nursed him through his babyhood. He clung to her regardless, and all along the way he had confided his childish, boyish troubles and the devilment of his later years, to her irresponsible ear; never knowing, caring, or perhaps noticing, whether she condemned or sympathized. Time and time again he had fled to her cabin when parental doors were closed, and she had nursed him, stolidly—undoubtedly unwillingly—through certain spruces that had grown to be periodical.

"For God's sake, Mam' Lilly," he commanded, "get up! Help me to hide—they'll be after me any minute!" "I've—I've," he raised his arm to the side of the cabin door as he went inside, and bowed his head against it. "Good God! I've shot a woman—and killed her!"

The old negro got up and followed him into the cabin. He put his hand on the foot of a bed—seeking a hiding place—and then, wheeling suddenly, he went to the fireplace, and holding to the rude mantelpiece, set his foot firmly in a niche, where a brick was missing and pulled himself up until he could slip his fingers over a loose board in the ceiling, pushing it aside, and then, quickly moving several others, he climbed into the loft.

"Give me a quilt and a pillow—they'll never think about looking up here! Remember the time Freeman set me up here, when me and Pompey were playing hidin'g? Pompey never did find me."

An expression of pain shot over the old woman's face at the careless mention of her son. She handed him the quilt and pillow—but when she stepped down out of the chair and mechanically pushed it back against the wall there was a look of hatred on her face, so terrible, so intense, that her features were livid. She went to the door and stood for a long time looking out toward the grave in the clearing. Finally the man recalled her.

"Mam' hurry up and fix me something to eat—and a cup of good strong coffee. Had nothing since last night!"

As the sun went down and the cypress knots blazed up the old woman moved about the fire in the yard, preparing supper. There was something indefinable in her manner—something akin to the fierce, tense control of the cat species when about to spring—or the smooth glide of a deadly snake in ambush. Now and then she looked down the road, and strained her ear to listen. Once she went to the gate and leaned far over, looking beyond the alders and sumac in the fence corners, to catch a glimpse of the black outline of the dead tree which stood between her and the last streak of light in the west. Then her fingers clung nervously, and a fenshish, malicious smile relaxed her face. She trod softly—once more—back and forth between the cabin and the fire in the yard—only a flapping sole of her worn-out shoes disturbing the silence. After a while she said to the boy in the loft:

"Supper's raidy—ye might as well come on down on eat—don't seem lak dey's comin' dis way or dey'd done been heah! I'll watch at de gate."

"Good thing for me there ain't any Ku Klux these days, Mam'," Cap Morton said, stretching himself as he stepped out into the yard. "Woods be full of them by now! Po' old Freeman didn't have 'much show, did he? They'll never take me alive!"

A sharp spasm crossed the worn old face at the gate as she turned from her post to look at the speaker.

His long young body curved like a lithe willow switch as he bent over the table and ravenously devoured the appetizing food. The silhouette of a beautiful profile, a well-shaped brow—a fine, straight nose—short upper lip and strong chin stood out in relief against the flaring cypress knots behind him. She watched him with intense concentration—the quick, nervous movements of his slim hands as he passed them about the table—the peculiarly graceful turn of his arched foot. For a long time she watched him as he ate. Then she bowed her head on the gate, listening intently. Yes—unmistakably—she heard the sound of horses coming—coming—in the distance. They were coming swiftly, too!

A thrill shot through her! With vicious realism she foresaw the brutal scene that the next half-hour would bring.

Suddenly the boy, straightening his body, threw his chin up and addressed her. She did not hear what he said. In a maze she gazed, bewildered by the overwhelming emotion that that quick movement of the figure and toss of the chin brought to her. It was an odd trick that the Morton family had possessed.

Ah, the familiarity of the loved gesture, and what it recalled to her! Vividly she remembered the same tense stiffening of the long, lithe body—the same imperious tilt of the chin—of her own son, when he dropped lightly from the leafy branches of that same beech tree in answer to the call: "No use, Freeman, we know you're up there," and, with oath for oath, had faced undaunted to the last the hideous, masked band of Ku Klux that filled the cleanly-swept yard and surrounded the cabin. The remembrance beat on her brain that "Cap' Morton's father had (with trembling eagerness—a vent to his long pent-up hate) slipped the noose about her son's neck!"

With a sickening gasp for breath, she wavered, and then, throwing up her hands in warning, she slid to the side of the boy, who bounded from the table: "Uncle Dan!" she said.

In a few seconds they had disappeared in the thick, green cane that bordered the garden fence and that grew a tangled, well-nigh impenetrable brake for miles and miles up and down the river.

"Uncle Dan"—a name that sent uncontrollable terror to the hearts of children, white and black—was an old hermit, a hood-doo, a witch, a half-savage, half-human creature, who dwelt—no white man knew where, nor for how long, somewhere in the cane-brake—or in the swamp beyond—or somewhere up or down the river—and whose cunning wisdom and lore of woods could foil man or beast, and to whose care before sun-up Aunt Lilly, winding slowly, patiently in and out along hidden paths—had entrusted her charge!

When she came home about dawn the chickens were fluttering in a preparatory way amongst the peach and plum trees. The cabin door was ajar, the table, the food just as she had left it. The outer gate was closed. Poking up at the smoldering embers she sat down on the bench and placed her feet close to the live coals, to dry.

"Don' look lak nobody been heah," she said, wearily. "Wonder if dat was Mist' Geawge Estes gwine fox huntin' lak night?"

Later on, the chickens flew down and, slipping through the garden pailing, shied around and around the table, until finally, the boldest flew up and, snatching a piece of bread, ran snawking away, followed by the rest of the hungry brood.

Emmet Carter, the sheriff, with several deputies, came on down the road and passed under the dead tree, where, from the topmost branches, a hawk perched and silently watched the broken iron pot, where the old hen still hovered over her chicks.

"Don't see why we didn't think of coming here first," said the sheriff, as he sprang from his horse and went into the yard. "Bet it's right where 'Cap' is—or was!"

The sun was above the rank growth of the swamp by that time and the first rays, stealing underneath the low branches of the beech tree, fell on Aunt Lilly's face.

The faded red turban had slipped down across her shoulders. The curiously stitched and quilted handkerchief she had tremblingly stuffed in the pocket of the fugitive when she left him at Uncle Dan's camp. Her white, woolly hair was in strange contrast to her small, shriveled black face—a face that looked like some curious ebony image, carved in fine lines—a masterpiece from a hand that had wrought with marvelous, divine skill, his conception of love and compassion—the powerful beauty of which God himself had enhanced by setting a seal—his greatest, one that is bestowed on the soul that, suffering cruelest wrong and bitterest injustice, is still great enough to forgive—his seal of peace!

Emmet Carter instinctively took off his hat as he looked down.

Pulp Made from Cord of Wood.

A cord of wood ordinarily yields about one ton of mechanical pulp or about one-half ton of chemical pulp.

HAD TO SURRENDER

YOUNG MAN'S STRENUOUS WOODING IRRESISTIBLE.

As Mr. Johnson Himself Said, When He Had His Mind Made Up There Was Nothing That Could Stop Him.

"Have you ever experienced the feeling, Mr. Johnson," said a young lady, softly, "that some great opportunity was within your grasp, but you had hardly the presence of mind, the—the courtesy, as it were, to avail yourself of it?"

"Why—er—yes, Miss Stevens, I have at times had that kind of feeling."

Miss Stevens sighed dreamily, and then there was a pause, during which the young couple sat in the semidarkness of the parlor in profound silence. He sat down and looked helplessly at the glowing coals in the grate, with the feeling that every breath he drew was a mortifying and ghastly blunder.

"As you were about to say, Mr. Johnson," resumed the young lady, "there are times when it seems to all of us we must speak what is in our minds."

"Yes," vaguely answered the bewildered youth, as he tried to remember when he had begun to say anything of the kind. "Yes, of course."

"And while I am not so sure I ought to listen to you, Mr. Johnson," she said, with downcast eyes, "when you speak to me in this—this personal matter, yet—"

The young man could feel his pulse beat a tattoo on the drums of his ears, but he sat like a boy with his master's eye upon him and said nothing.

"By the way," exclaimed Miss Stevens, presently, "I have a new book of engravings, Mr. Johnson, that I am sure you will enjoy seeing. It is a large book, and you'll have to move your chair. Yes, you can sit here with me on the sofa. I never thought of that."

The pictures danced before the eyes of the young man in blurred, confused images.

"Isn't this engraving of the 'Courtship of Florence Dombey and Walter Gay' perfectly lovely?"

"Wh-which is Walter?" he gasped.

"There! Look closer! Don't you see him?"

"Wh-who's he courting?"

"You'll have to come closer, Mr. Johnson. I declare, though—and she looked archly at the trembling youth—"I am almost afraid to let you come any nearer. You look exactly like Walter in the picture."

And then the arm of the helpless young man stole in a timid, apologetic, sneaking way round the waist of the charming Miss Stevens, her head sank upon his shoulder and the book of engravings fell neglected to the floor.

"Samuel," she said an hour later, as she toyed with the button of his coat, "you bold boy! How on earth did you ever muster courage to ask me to become your wife? You know well enough I never gave you a particle of encouragement."

The young man patted her condescendingly on the head, and then said proudly with the voice of an Ajax defying the lightning:

"When I make up my mind to do anything, Selma, no obstacle on earth can stop me."

They were married just three months after this glad and joyful night; and, we are pleased to add, are very happy together.—New York Telegraph.

Orange Rind as a Malaria Cure.

The Tampa Times, in an editorial on the commercial discovery of a new kind of orange on account of the medicinal value of the rind in malarial diseases, makes a suggestion. "This is reminiscent of the orange leaf tea used by the housewives of Florida in the earlier days as a corrective for malaria. There is no doubt of its excellence as a tonic, and it is quite possible that the rind of the sour and wild oranges might be made useful along the same line. Tea made from the fresh leaves of lemon sprouts is of most excellent effect as a tonic and anti-periodic, and steps ought to be taken to provide supplies of it for the public." Those who have once experienced the benefit of this old-time household remedy are aware of its value. It is a pity that its efficiency should not be more widely known.—Palm Beach News.

No Orator.

Booker T. Washington, at a dinner in Cleveland during the National Educational association's convention, was complimented by a clergyman on his eloquence.

Mr. Washington, in reply, told a story of a southern minister who could not have been very eloquent.

"One Sunday morning," he said, "in the midst of this minister's sermon, a head poked itself through the door of the vestry, and a low and tremulous voice said:

"Parson, the church is on fire."

"Very well, Brother Springfield," the minister answered. "I will retire. Perhaps you'd better wake up the congregation."

Just What He Meant.

"Yes," said Popely, "my baby's got hair like I'm pretty sure to have some day."

"Ha! ha! You mean the baby's pretty sure to have hair some day like you've got."

"I mean what I said. The baby's bald."

BANQUET JONES

Man of Buffalo Fame to Be Given an Ovation in Western Kansas Town.

WILL BE GUEST OF HONOR

Camp Fire Club to Be Host at December Function--Noted Hunters to Be There.

Garden City, Nov. 5.—The Campfire club of New York City, composed of naturalists, hunters, sportsmen, nature-lovers, writers, artists and wealthy men, the best known organization of a semi-social nature among naturalists, has arranged for a "Buffalo" Jones dinner for January 9, 1909, and two very fine letters have come to him here concerning the matter.

Edmund Seymour, a banker at 45 Wall street, is treasurer of this club, and Mr. Jones received a long and very enthusiastic letter from him.

This morning Mr. Jones received another letter from Dr. William T. Hornaday, curator of the New York Zoological gardens, known all over the world as the "Bronx zoo," which is probably the most important zoological park in the world. Dr. Hornaday says it has been his idea that the club should honor Mr. Jones, hence the action taken.

The letters from both these men indicate the regard in which "Buffalo" Jones is held among the naturalists. The Gray referred to is Zane Grey, the writer, who has written a life of Mr. Jones and has offered to take him with him to Africa next year. Dr. Hornaday is head of the "Bronx zoo." Ernest Thompson-Seton is an author and naturalist known the world over. Dan Beard is the famous cartoonist. It puts "Buffalo" Jones in a big class, and they themselves say this is where he belongs.

Mr. Jones will be going east soon, and will tell these men personally in New York how he appreciates their invitation, and the exact date will likely be fixed then for the Campfire dinner.

Dr. Hornaday says in his letter to Mr. Jones: "It is proposed to devote practically the whole evening to Buffalo Jones," but, incidentally, the club would be glad to have you, when your turn comes to say something, show some of your moving pictures. This, however, is not a scheme to secure your picture exhibit; but the picture exhibit would make the most fitting finish for the occasion.

"I will not attempt at this time to tell you all that we have in mind; but it is our purpose to give every member of the Campfire club—and incidentally a great many others—a chance to fully appreciate "Buffalo Jones" while that distinguished individual is still in the land of the living.

"One reason why we are rather anxious to have you here on January 9 is that we wish to have Ernest Thompson-Seton speak regarding your work in the Arctic regions, and tell about the wolf skeletons that he found at your camping-place where you and Ken had one of your great fights with the mad wolves. Seton, however, cannot be here in February, because he leaves about the middle of January to go to England to deliver a course of lectures. We should wish to have Zane Grey there to participate in the exercises, and I would expect to say something myself."

Excerpts from M. Seymour's letter to Mr. Jones follow: "Mr. Hornaday then spoke up and said that he considered you were one of the most wonderful men alive and it would have been a great error to have had you withdraw, and that he thought you were in a class all by yourself. That he not only admired you personally as a man and a thoroughbred, but thought your achievements were wonderful. He then went on to state more at length his impressions of Mr. Grey's book and pointed out many of the matters mentioned therein, especially the roping of the buffalo calves, killing of the nine wolves and so on.

"Then Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton spoke up and said that he had stood on your old camp and he had counted nine skeletons of wolves and had brought back several of the skulls and he could vouch personally for the truth of that story—not that he ever doubted it, but he was glad to confirm the fact from his personal experience.

"Then your old friend, Dan Beard, said he thought you had not been sufficiently recognized in the club; that you had some wonderful pictures; that you were a fine speaker; that you were one of the headlight of the club, and he thought we ought to have a 'Buffalo Jones Night' this coming winter. The treasurer's report was here forgotten and a general discussion followed by the different members, all in favor of a 'Buffalo Jones night,' or a dinner in honor of 'Buffalo' Jones, and that point was argued quite a little. It was proposed to have Mr. Grey make an address and Mr. Seton tell about the wolves' skeletons and bring out other objects of interest in your varied and interesting career. Finally, on motion of Mr. Hill, Mr. Hornaday was appointed a committee to write you and to arrange this matter.

"I want to add that I have just finished reading the book and have read it with a great deal of interest. It is a good, clean story—good for any man or boy to read, written by a lover of nature and by a man who admires and knows how to describe bold deeds in simple and elegant language. You selected a good man for your author and you are both to be congratulated.

"I shall preserve the book as a valuable addition to my library, and one that I will be very glad to have my children read."

CATER TO FARMER

Continued from Page One.

ter, asking why he has lost interest. More reading matter may be sent to him and unless the second letter brings out a definite statement that he has dropped the whole idea, John is in for three months of carefully considered correspondence designed to waken him up again.

If Smith does rise to the occasion seeking facts in his contemplated new field, the road proceeds to put him in personal touch with well known residents of the particular section who are prepared to answer concrete questions bearing on Smith lines of interest.

With these questions answered and Smith's purpose holding, he is in line for a home-seekers' trip for a personal inspection of the country.

In making up one of these trips along the lines of the Rock-Island-Frisco systems, Kansas City is an assembling point for trains. At certain seasons one of these excursions may include as many as six or seven trains averaging 850 persons to the train.

Six sections of passenger train moving one after the other over the rails is a disconcerting proposition. It is impossible that regular freight and passenger schedules be interfered with, but it is quite as impossible that these home-seekers' excursion trains be "laid out" along the route.

The result of all this is a congestion threatening traffic over several hundred miles of roadbed. This congesting cause of itself scarcely pays its way from a passenger traffic point of view, and as it becomes an obstacle to the handling of regular traffic, may be a losing venture altogether for the time being.

Hill, the Pioneer Promoter. But, slowly as the idea may have evolved with the railroad, it has been established as a business principle, and today the railroad is working no less toward accommodating the traffic it already has, than it is working to build up a future traffic which it reasonably may expect.

James J. Hill may be looked upon as one of the pioneers in this movement for making two steers grow where only one had grown before. Mr. Hill's far seeing policy as a railroad builder prompted him long ago to do thinking and planning for the farmer settled along his Great Northern lines. Where for years the small plains cat hog flourished in diminutive sizes, Hill's importations of blooded stock have changed the whole character of the live stock output.

In the manner Hill's common sense policy has brought about wonderful changes in the wheat harvest of the northwest country. Advancing the date of the good seed, he has run his "good seed trains" to every part of the system and has taught principles of seeding and harvesting which have enriched men who otherwise might have floundered for years in the old rut as "daddy did."

How the modern railroad takes advantage of opportunity for putting two settlers where only one had been before, is illustrated in an incident affecting the Rock Island within the last few years.

Over in Kansas is a station named Plains. To be facetious, it was plains and nothing but plains ages before the Rock Island ever made a survey. But with Plains, Kan., as a station and postoffice on the line, the road took full cognizance of it and of its future importance.

"Plains" Man "Land Poor." Living near Plains was a man owning 28,000 acres of wheat land, which he felt was more a burden than he cared to carry longer. To an emissary of the road one day he declared that he was more than willing to sell off his land if he could.

"How willing are you to sell?" was the question of the railroad. "Well," said the ranchman, "I'm so willing to sell that I'll advance to decent settlers the horses, farming tools, seed, and everything necessary for putting in the crop and I'll give every mother's son of 'em ten years in which to make payment for the land."

"We'll take you up on that," responded the road, with the result that 300 families have been moved in from all parts of the country and are now farming that 28,000 acres of land as it never was farmed before.

Occasionally some individual settler somewhere finds that he is not succeeding as he might at crop growing. Thirty years ago a farmer anywhere in the United States would as readily have asked the question for his neighbors as of a railroad company having a right of way six miles distant. But today a serious request of that solitary farmer made of his contiguous road may bring to him from miles away a trained expert in the employ of the company, merely that this employe may help the farmer out of his dilemma.

Farmer a Cash Asset. Why? Simply because the railroad is learning that an industrious farmer contiguous to its lines anywhere is a cash asset to that road. It has learned that there is no element in that farmer's prosperity which the road does not share alike with him. If the farmer doubles his output of grain and stock the railroad has double the outward shipments of these products, while under these conditions the farmer requires probably a double quantity of supplies shipped in to him by the same line.

Last year C. B. Schmidt of the Rock Island immigration department went over to Europe. In Italy he found the government opposed to the drain of immigration, but he found also many Italians versed in agriculture anxious to come to the United States. The result of that visit is a colony of Italian immigrants established at Tomball, Tex., where the road is looking to wonderful development to be brought about by these agriculturists—strong, law-abiding, and industrious to a marked degree.

USED CHURCH AS SCHOOLROOM

Proceedings That Somewhat Astonished the Sexton.

The sexton of one church that keeps open doors all day long did not know whether to regard the matter in the light of a desecration or a devotional exercise. He paid no attention when the three women, watched by a man who stood at the lower end of the aisle, walked the length of the church and back again. Even when they made the trip a second time he scarcely gave them a thought, but when the trio started around the church a third time and the man called out, "Step a little more briskly, please," he began to wonder, and presently made inquiry.

"I hope you won't be offended," the man replied. "I am a physical culture instructor. I am teaching these young ladies to walk. I have already taught them to walk in the street, and in the drawing room, in the theater and every place else they are likely to find themselves. I am now teaching them to walk in church. Very few women can walk there properly. Some lope, some swagger, some skip, others adopt a mincing gait. All these styles are very inappropriate for church. A dignified, subdued gait alone is suitable for devotional purposes. Church is the best place for pupils in walking to receive practical instruction, therefore I have brought them here."

"Great fathers!" gasped the sexton. "What next?"

But he said no more till the walking exercise was ended. Then he followed the class to the door.

"I hope," he said, "you will practice the lesson learned to-day by coming here to church once in a while."

REFUSED TO GIVE TESTIMONY. Youngster's Attitude Put Mother in Something of a Dilemma.

On Frank's fifth birthday his mother told him solemnly that henceforward he must be a man. He must be kind and gentle, and above all, must be perfectly truthful, etc. A few days later on entering the children's playground she caught her younger son, Robert, in the act of striking Frank a blow in the face.

"Why do you strike Frank, Robert?" the mother asked.

"He hit me first," answered Robert hotly.

"Did you, Frank?" she inquired.

"No, I didn't," asserted Frank.

"See here, Frank," said she sorrowfully, "don't you remember what I told you—now you are five years old—that you must be a man, and must never tell a lie—tell me—did you strike him? Now remember, the Lord sees and hears everything you do and say and—"

"Does He know?" interrupted Frank, "whether I struck Robert or not, mother?"

"Yes, my son, He knows."

"Well, you just ask the Lord if I did, will you?"

The Beam and the Mote. Little Dick, the village "bad boy," was wading through a shallow swamp catching frogs with a small landing-net. It was slow work, for the frogs were nimble and exceedingly shy, but whenever he succeeded in capturing one he made sure that it did not get away by putting it in a tin bucket that had a perforated lid. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady, who was out for a walk, happened along.

"Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's very cruel to catch those poor little froggies?"

ROMANCE OF YOUNG CATTLEMAN

It was, but still more interesting was the fact that the quarter-section concerning it on the south had been taken up and a comfortable small house built upon it. To make the acquaintance of his new neighbors, Mr. Raulstone rode up to the door and was welcomed by a young man and a moment later introduced to the young man's pretty sister.

The young man was Frank Forker, formerly a teacher in a business college in Grove City, Pa., where his sister Jessie had been a teacher in the public schools. Tired of eastern civilization, the two had gone to New Mexico and settled on two adjoining quarter-sections, which had made them neighbors to the unknown and wholly unexpected Mr. Raulstone.

But to Mr. Raulstone, used to the rough surroundings of the cattleman bachelor, the atmosphere of the Forker cottage was especially delightful. Everywhere through it were the evidences of the refined woman and there presiding over these things was the refined young woman herself.

What could have been more natural or inevitable than the wedding card which has been quoted, according to the map of the government surveyor? And the Forker's brother and sister had been attracted to New Mexico by railroad literature.

"This leaves us with another obligation resting upon us," said a Rock Island official. "There is young Forker, with his quarter section and house of his own, now robbed of his housekeeper. We shall be satisfied only when we have taken some pretty young woman into that country who will undertake to take care of Mr. Forker as well as his sister had done, of better. Can you dispute that the fulfillment of the obligation would be in line with good business principles, even for a great railroad system?"

Permanent Rose Scent. A word about the making of rose paste. Steep the petals in water until they are soft enough to be macerated easily. Mix in a few drops of attar of rose and a little gum.

This is a very suitable mixture to inclose in amulets or charms, for it is sweet but not sticky, and it keeps its sweetness, and, if run into a little fancy mold while soft and allowed to set and harden there, when turned out it will make an ornamental as well as an effectual perfume for a box of handkerchiefs or some of our pet possessions.—Girl's Realm.

Coal Cheapest "a la Carte." An English tinner boasts the possession of a coal tender who knows some French. He is not sure of it, but his pride in it is prodigious. Little Gallic phrases keep slipping into his casual speech, and they light it with a quaint charm. As, for instance, when he was asked his prices for coal by a woman customer. "Well, madam," he replied, "if you take it 'a la carte' it's 20 shillings the ton, but if you take it 'cul-de-sac' it's a shilling extra for the bags."

Exercise is necessary to make her and her progeny strong and healthy.

HORSES AND MULES

JACKS AND JENNETS FOR SALE—Home-raised on our Cherry Grove Stock Farm. All in extra good serviceable condition. Will bear close inspection. All are bred right. Prices reasonable. Also head of young mules. C. M. DAILY & SON, Savannah, Mo.

FOR SALE Registered Shropshire sheep, yearlings and ram lambs for sale. Also limited number of ewes. Also high class Jacks and Jennets and young mules in carload lots or by pairs. South St. Joseph, Mo. Telephone 102 South 11 rings. Advertise in The Journal.

Banking Business at the St. Joseph Stock Yards. THE ST. JOSEPH STOCK YARDS BANK. Live Stock Exchange Building SOUTH ST. JOSEPH, MO.

HAMMOND'S "MISTLETOE" Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Lard and Canned Meats. Hammond Packing Co. Chicago, Ill. St. Joseph, Mo.

Blacklegoids Simplest, Safest, Surest Vaccination for the prevention of BLACKLEG IN CATTLE. PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

MORRIS & COMPANY Supreme Hams, Supreme Bacon, Supreme Lard, Supreme Sausage, Supreme Dried Beef, Lion Brand Canned Meats. CHICAGO ST. JOSEPH KANSAS CITY ST. LOUIS

TRANSIT HOUSE ST. JOSEPH STOCK YARDS, ST. JOSEPH, MO. FINEST STOCKMEN'S HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY. A. W. KOHLER, Manager.

Schlitz Cafe 5th and Edmond, St. Joseph, Mo. MRS. TOM FOLEY, Manager.

H. O. SIDENFADEN Undertaker and Embalmer With Lady Attendant. C. F. Rock Plumbing & Heating Co. Modern Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating.

STOCKS OF PROVISIONS. The following shows the stocks of provisions in South St. Joseph at close of business October 31, 1908, as officially reported to The Stock Yards Daily Journal.