

STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

The St. Joseph Journal Publishing Co., Publishers.

W. E. WARRICK, Editor and Manager.

Largest Outside Circulation of Any Paper Published in Buchanan County, Mo.

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

Subscription Rates table with columns for Daily, Semi-Weekly, and Weekly rates for one, three, and six months.

In asking change of address, please state your former postoffice. State whether you pay for it, or some like stock commission firm, and if the latter, the name of the firm.

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

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU SELL.

Owners of good grade heifers or young cows would do well to consider the prospect for increased values of this kind of stock before they turn them off at common beef prices, says the Twentieth Century Farmer.

In times of great scarcity, when the tide seems to favor depletion rather than building up and adding to, it is time for those whose interests and attention, capital and investment is involved in the industry to weigh carefully the situation and be ready to act promptly in laying the foundation for business and trade.

It is an old saying that "one of the impossibilities with nature is the creation of a 3-year-old steer in a minute." The best cattle authorities in the country think that they see in the not very distant future a period in which it will be supplied under the present system of creation.

THE POOR CROP AVERAGES. There is no getting away from the fact that the per capita production of wheat in this country has steadily declined until it is now only one bushel above consumptive requirements after seed has been deducted, says Field and Farm.

This description exactly fits the British officer for whom Scotland Yard was asked to search eighteen months ago. Dr. Woodward found him stranded, so grave being paid for a lodging over night, and secured him a position on D. H. Sullivan's sheep ranch, ninety miles southwest of Clearmont, Wyo.

TELLS HOW TO TREAT NEGRO Dawson Writes Book in French Telling of Ethiopian. Paris, April 13.—Warrington Dawson, a young American author, whose novels dealing with the negro problem from the Southern point of view have been widely read, has written a book in French on the same subject. It is to be published in a few days. The work is particularly interesting to those who are interested in the negro in America.

PHONED OUT OF FIERY HOME Directing Child by Wire, Neighbor Saves Little Brood. Williamsport, Pa., April 15.—When the home of William Day, a tenant farmer several miles above the city, took fire, a 12-year-old daughter was in charge of four young brothers and sisters. She called up a neighboring farm house to give the alarm. Already the way of escaping seemed to be cut off.

KNOWS 5 LANGUAGES AT 16 Massachusetts Youth Has Been in America Only Since September. Brockton, Mass., April 16.—Teachers in Brockton High School declare that Morris L. Caust, aged 16, son of Mr. and Mrs. Judah Caust of No. 53 Otis street, is an unusual student. Coming to this country from Russia last September without any knowledge whatever of the English language, young Caust was admitted to the non-English class at Sprague School and became so proficient in learning the new tongue that he has been admitted to the third-year class in the high school. He now speaks five languages—French, German, Russian, Yiddish and English.

Daddy's Bedtime

The Little Boy Who Didn't Like Marching



Teacher Took Tom by the Shoulders.

MARCHING was enjoyed by the children in Jack and Evelyn's school. The teacher taught them all kinds of fancy marches, and on days when the weather was warm enough to allow them to march on the playground they sometimes had drills to which the parents were invited.

"I should like to go to a school like that," daddy said as Jack and Evelyn told him how they did certain difficult parts of a new flag drill. "I hope you will always take an interest in the marching. Little Tommy, a boy I have heard about, did not care to march. He was fat and would rather sit still than run about."

"Tommy's mother had told the teacher that he must take part in the marching or any exercises that might take some of the extra fat off his lazy bones. So the teacher tried her best to get Tommy interested in marching. He was a new boy in her class.

"But one morning when Tommy had missed a good many words in spelling and had not had the right answer to many of his arithmetic questions he was a bit sulky. Instead of blaming the mistakes on his own carelessness he was vexed with the teacher and cross with the children who had done their work right. It was very silly of Tommy.

"And when the teacher threw up the windows and said, 'Now the class will stand up, ready for the march,' Tommy planted his feet stubbornly on the floor and settled back in his seat. The teacher looked surprised when Tommy did not rise with the others. She said: 'Tommy, please rise. You know we are going to march now.'

"But Tommy growled, 'I don't want to march.' The little girl at the piano began playing the march. The other children stepped briskly around the room, and when the last child passed Tommy's desk the teacher was behind him. She whisked Tommy out of his seat and, with her hands under his shoulders, pushed him into place and walked him around the room with the rest of the children.

"At first Tommy was too taken back to object, but when he found himself being marched around the room against his will he squirmed and struggled so much that the rest of the children who had been trying to keep sober burst out laughing.

"Don't you think you could march by yourself now?" whispered the teacher, and Tommy murmured, 'Yes.'

"With his eyes on the ground he tramped briskly after the other children, and from that day to this the teacher has had no trouble in getting Tommy to join in the marching."

every farmer, to produce thirty bushels. This is only one instance of many.

There is now an organization known as the Boys' Corn Clubs throughout the middle west and south, each member of which is pledged to raise one acre of corn under scientific instruction. Last season these kids made records of from fifty to 200 bushels of corn to the acre, while the farmers' average for the United States was 25.9 bushels. In one district where the average was twenty bushels, the boys averaged seventy-four bushels an acre. One boy raised 152 1/2 bushels of corn on a measured acre while the record is 224 bushels grown the year before by a Yankee kid. We must either do better farming or quit trying for we are only wasting our energies and squandering our resources.

MISSING HEIR MAY BE FOUND Frederick Hesketh, On a Ranch in Wyoming, Is Reported.

Cheyenne, Wyo., April 16.—Dr. B. P. Woodward of Gillette, Wyo., thinks he has found Frederick Fermor Hesketh, son of Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh, a lieutenant in the British Ninth Lancers, who has been missing since Oct. 30, 1910, and for whom Scotland Yard detectives have been hunting in every part of the world. He has confirmed his identification Dr. Woodward has communicated with the young man's family.

Lady Hesketh, "the missing man's mother," Flora Sharon of San Francisco, a daughter of Senator Sharon, owner of the Comstock Lode and builder of the Palace Hotel, Lieut. Hesketh was last seen by his oldest brother, who lives on the pier at Kings-town, Ireland.

A few days ago Dr. Woodward, while in Fremont, Mont., accidentally met a man who seemed slightly demoralized. He thus describes him: "A man of about 30 years of age, black, curly hair, slightly gray; blue eyes; six feet tall, of the name of Frederick Fermor Hesketh, of military bearing, and highly cultured." This description exactly fits the British officer for whom Scotland Yard was asked to search eighteen months ago.

Dr. Woodward found him stranded, so grave being paid for a lodging over night, and secured him a position on D. H. Sullivan's sheep ranch, ninety miles southwest of Clearmont, Wyo. A curious series of misfortunes and tragedies has followed the Sharon millions. No less than four murders, three suicides, and two disappearances are on the list of dramatic events surrounding the founding of the fortune of the Sharon family.

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DEATH TOLL IS GREAT

Continued from Page One.

the great secret of the liner's death was about to be given up, midnight came and went and the night began to grow old—and still the word had not been spoken.

Carefully compiling the available lists, the record of the named survivors of the disaster stands significantly thus: Men, 79; women, 233; children, 16; total, 328. Of the remaining 540 known survivors, it is estimated that not more than 100 were seamen, required to man the boats. This would leave approximately 440 and in the ordinary proportions of women and children in the steerage, where the passengers in the Titanic's case numbered 719, it seems probable that the greater part of these 440 were women and their little ones.

Nothing could show more plainly the heroism of the crew and the men passengers who stood by the doomed ship, facing practically inevitable death, and sent the women and children away in the life boats. Some would have to be left; that was a certainty. Hundreds, in fact, were left behind to die. The men were left standing behind deliberately, calmly stepping aside to let the weaker ones, those to whom they owed protection, take their way to safety.

"Sinking by the head. Have cleared boats and filled them with women and children. The final message those brave men sent the world, for it was directly afterward that their wireless signals sputtered and then stopped altogether. Only a faint hope remains that any of the passengers and crew of the Titanic who are not aboard the Carpathia may have been picked up by other trans-Atlantic liners. The Carpathia has aboard 768 survivors. This leaves a total of 1,312 unaccounted for, according to the latest and most accurate figures emanating from the White Star offices.

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BADLY HURT BY STALLION

Horse Fights Off Those Who Would Rescue Keeper.

Mound City, Mo., April 16.—While attempting to feed a vicious stallion Sunday afternoon, Charles Harris was perhaps fatally injured by the enraged animal. The stallion attacked Harris and kicked him in the head and struck and bite him. Patterson went to the aid of the keeper, who was then being shaken by the stallion as he fought his way to the door. Harris succeeded in getting Harris out of the horse's reach when the animal again started the attack and drove Patterson away and began a long time to bite and paw Harris. Harris' injuries are frightful. Flesh is torn from his arms and neck and he has several deep cuts on his head and limbs. Medical treatment was secured for the injured man a few minutes after the accident happened.

COW EATS WIRE; NOW DEAD

Baled Hay Appetizing, but Piece of Rod Pierces Animals Heart.

Chehalis, Wash., April 16.—Because some alfalfa hay-baling outfit, east of the town in Southwestern Washington, developed the fact that a piece of baling wire about 6 inches long had pierced her heart. A feed-cutter at the school is used in chopping up the alfalfa, and it is believed that the wire ran through the cutter and was later swallowed by the cow while eating alfalfa. Pieces of baling wire have been found here from time to time baled into alfalfa from east of the mountains.

MAN SLEEPS FOR A YEAR.

Prisoner Falls in Court and Is Kept Alive by Artificial Means.

Berlin, April 15.—A remarkable case of lethargy is reported from one of the town in Southern England. Certain Molossynko was put on his trial in March of last year on the charge of having committed an armed robbery in the middle of the proceedings he dropped to the floor in what was supposed at the time to be a fainting fit, but which afterwards proved to be a case of complete unconsciousness. The prisoner has lain over a year, until a few days ago. He has evidently been all the time in complete possession of his wits, but was unable to move a limb, open his eyes or take food. When his eyelids were raised the pupils could not be seen, and his face had the appearance of a normal and healthy man.

'HOPPERS IN POTATO BIN.

Rockport Farmer Discovers Hundreds of the Pests.

Rockport, Mo., April 16.—The Graham man who is hatching grasshoppers in an incubator to feed to his young chickens, has nothing on a Rockport farmer, who, while sorting out his seed potatoes found that the potato bin had proven to be an incubator for grasshoppers, hundreds of which were found in the potatoes. At first the farmer thought that he had imbibed too much at a Rockport drug store three days previous on his visit of terror brought his wife, who assured him that it was no hallucination, but real live grasshoppers that had hatched out of the dirt that clung to the potatoes when they were dug last fall.

Milk is easily fattened by exposure to four air, and butter becomes rancid much sooner when exposed to the air than when packed airtight.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Celery Cream Soup.—Four cups of celery, washed and cut up, 1 cup white soup stock, 1 slice onion, bit of bay leaf, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, a sprig parsley, 1 cup rich milk cream, egg yolks. Put celery stock and seasoning in the kettle. Bring to boiling point; thicken with the flour and butter; rub together and add to the soup. Heat in water, heated to boiling point, in cooker; put in soup and let cook 45 minutes. Remove and add egg yolks beaten into cream; let reheat; strain; season to taste and serve.

Smothered Chicken.—One 3-pound chicken; salt and pepper; 4 tablespoons of butter or bacon fat, 4 tablespoons of flour, about 3 cups stock, 2 cups green peas, sprigs of dried mint. Clean and dress chicken as usual, stuffing if desired. Put in large receptacle; dredge with salt, pepper and flour, and rub together, having stone above and below at 425 degrees. Let roast 45 minutes; remove receptacle and add stock; thicken with bacon fat and flour, rubbed together, and add the green peas and mint. Season to taste. Put in casserole; let boil and set on the stove already in cooker. Cook 1 1/2 hours longer, serve from casserole.

Boston Bread.—Two cups sour milk, 3/4 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon warm water, 2 cups granulated corn meal, 1 cup rye meal, 1 cup rye meal, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix together dry ingredients without sifting and put sour milk and molasses together, with one egg, and mix thoroughly, and add the green peas and mint. Season to taste. Put in casserole; let boil and set on the stove already in cooker. Cook 1 1/2 hours longer, serve from casserole.

Boiled Potatoes.—Wash and pare as usual; put into boiling salted water; set stone underneath and boil 45 minutes. Drain; add a little salt and shake over hot till fluffy.

Lettuce Salad.—Wash and drain the best parts of two heads of lettuce, and chop up into small pieces. Wrap in damp cloth and set on ice or put in air-tight utensil to crisp. Serve in salad bowl or individually with French pepper dressing.

Pound Cake.—Two cups sugar, 3/4 cup washed butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon mace or any desired flavoring, 2 3/4 cups pastry flour mixed and sifted with three-fourths teaspoon of baking powder. Wash butter in cold water, slapping it hard to remove water. Cream butter; beat sugar in a little at a time till very creamy. Add eggs, one at a time unbeaten, creaming each one in a well-oiled pan and set in wire basket. Put a stone heated to 225 degrees in compartment, set in wire basket and close; let cook 15 minutes, open cover to let steam escape, and close instantly. At the end of 25 minutes have second stone heated to 200 degrees, set it in place over cake and bake the remainder of an hour. When it seems to be done do not remove from cooker till test, bumpers a clean broom corn through meshes of basket. If necessary cook longer.

Maple Parfait.—Four egg yolks, 2 cups maple syrup, 2 cups heavy cream, Beat egg yolks till light and lemon colored, then stir into them the hot sirup. Pour into double boiler top steadily till a coating shows on the spoon. Remove and cool. Then beat cream solid and stir in half. Cut and fold in the remainder. Rinse the mold with cold water and pour in mixture. Put a piece of paraffine paper over top and set cover in place. Make a layer of equal parts of ice and salt in bottom of a fireless cooker kettle. Set in 6 inches deep. Set in mold right side up. Continue packing until receptacle is filled. Set cover in place and set away in cooker to ripen for four hours.

MAKE WORLD'S BIGGEST MAP

London County Council Drawing City On a Great Scale.

London, April 17.—If all goes well and there are no serious delays, three or four years hence the London county council will have completed what is believed will be the most wonderful map in the whole world. Seventeen years have already been consumed in a preparation and £5,000 has been expended on research and labor connected with it. A further expenditure of about \$25,000 is looked forward to with equanimity by the authorities.

The great map will really constitute a twentieth century London edition of Engliana, a famous Doomsday Book. It will show practically every building in the 116 square miles that go to make up greater London, setting forth, as far as possible, the more important owners. It has often been said that London was owned by a few great landlords, such as the Duke of Westminster, Lord Howland, Lord Cadogan, the Duke of Bedford, and the Duke of Norfolk. That is, of course, true in a general way, but this map shows that there are no fewer than 36,990 private owners who each possess enough property to make a noticeable showing on its face.

The map will not be issued to the public, but is really being prepared for the use of the county council itself. Although its cost has been large, it has already paid for itself by providing immediate data in street widening and improvement cases in which the county council was concerned. It is drawn to the scale of five square feet to the square mile, so that the completed map, which, of course, will be made in sections, will measure 580 feet by 580 feet, or one-eighty-second of a square mile in area.

The county council has met with considerable opposition from many property owners in collecting data, so much so that the latter became late because of the attitude of the present liberal government towards land (with which, of course, the L. C. C. has nothing to do). The council has in every official inquiry a new attempt of Lloyd-George to put the screws on them still further.

GIRL ON WHALING TRIP.

Father Has Captured 15,000 and She Prepares to Go With Him.

Christiania, Norway, April 17.—When the pioneers of women's freedom started out to win sex equality they did not reckon whale hunting among the pursuits suitable for feminine aspirants to independence. That is why Miss Hjordis Jugebrigtisen is ahead of the feminist game. She has been a whale-hunter since 1886. His record of captures runs to close on 15,000 whales, and his name is known among hunting men from the North Cape to Portuguese South Africa.

In the latter section of the earth his son has been domiciled for three years. Now Miss Jugebrigtisen is going with her father on a whaling expedition in that region as a regular member of the hunting party. She has passed her apprenticeship, for several times she has accompanied her father and has become an expert shot. Up to now she has merely assisted the men, but her skill has now matured so that she herself will fire the deadly harpoon against the monsters of the deep.

WYOMING ELK WELL FED.

Herds Supported in Part on Hay Supplied by Government.

Cheyenne, Wyo., April 17.—State Game Warden Hudson is in Cheyenne en route to his home after a two months' visit to the Jackson's Hole game country, where he superintended the work of feeding several thousand elk, the hay being purchased with funds appropriated by congress and the Wyoming legislature. Game wintered much better than for many years, despite the deep snow. Large herds of elk have migrated northward and are now feeding within nine miles of Lander, in Fremont county.

The animals are becoming so tame that they permit of close inspection, and at Dubois elk frequently enter the corrals with horses and cattle, while one animal, more domesticated than the rest, roams up and down the main streets, the children feeding it hay and grain.

PIG WITH NO HEAD.

Freak, Born on Minnesota Farm, Lived Several Hours.

Perham, Minn., April 16.—A pig with no head was born on the farm of Theodore Matz in a litter of healthy normal pigs. It lived a few hours then dropped dead. The freak was

brought in to Dr. Newman who placed it in a preservative for keeping. The pig was perfectly formed with the exception of the head. In place of the usual equipment the pig had nothing but a pair of ears sticking out from a hump on the end of the spine. Eyes, mouth or snout were not developed. The freak is one of the strangest discovered among the many in the animal kingdom.

HERD OF HELEFORDS SOLD. Salina, Kan., April 15.—The largest sale of thoroughbred Hereford cattle ever made in Kansas was that of the Oakview Stockfarm's herd of 148 animals, which were sold to C. C. Bowen of Mancos, Cal., for \$10,520. They were all registered animals and have been shipped to California for breeding.

EXCHANGE DIRECTORY.

- Following is a list of the commission firms and stock cattle dealers engaged in business at the St. Joseph stock yards: Commission Firms. Butler, James H., rooms 327-33. Byers Bros. & Co., rooms 242-244. Clay, Robinson & Co., rooms 329-33. Crier Bros. & Co., rooms 303-307. Dally, C. M. & Co., rooms 317-19. Davis & Gray, room 206-7. Drinkard, Emmert & Co., rooms 309-15. Emmert Com. Co., rooms 302-4. Kansas City Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 229-231. Knollin Sheep Commission Co., rooms 219-23. Lee Live Stock Commission Co., rooms 210-13. Missouri Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 201-203. National Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 232-46. Nichols, Blanchard & Gilchrist, rooms 226-28. Prey Bros. & Cooper, rooms 318-22. Stewart & Co., rooms 225-28. St. Joseph Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 212-14. Shay, R. O., Commission Co., rooms 205-207. Wood Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 312-14.

Officers of Exchange. The officers of the St. Joseph Live Stock Exchange are as follows: President, A. F. Dally; vice-president, W. True Davis; sec'y-treas., E. F. Erwin. The board of directors is composed of A. H. Baker, M. W. Wyatt, J. G. Adams, L. E. Cooper, M. F. Steward, R. G. Denham and M. K. Blanchard. Stock Cattle Brokers. Aikins, J. V. & Co., rooms 391. Adcock, George, room 302. Baker, Joseph, & Son, room 310. Baker, James, room 316. Davidson, Reynolds, room 215. Gillette, M. H., room 318. Maxwell, Spayde & Co., rooms 308-9. Morlock, W. H., rooms 234-36. Myers, John, room 217. Roundtree, W. R., room 514. Rockwood, Geo., room 219. Timmerman, W. O. Street, rooms 306-8. Wright, Perry. Sheep Dealers. Lyon, J. E., room 219. Maxwell, Spayde & Co., rooms 308-9. Morlock, W. H., rooms 234-36. Maxwell, Spayde & Co., rooms 306-8.

California Northwest \$25 And the Northwest \$25 Tickets on Sale Daily to April 15. LIBERAL STOPOVERS. HARVEY MEALS. Inexpensive side trip to the Grand Canyon. Through Tourist Sleepers. Arrange for your berth now. Santa Fe. George Butterly, C. P. A. Santa Fe Railway. 114 So. 5th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

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

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MURPHY'S MOBILIZATION
By Charles Fordham

"How would it do for me to create a nobility, adopt you and make you a prince?" suggested Murphy, obviously pleased at the idea.

Clemford groaned. "Unless you also can create a titled ancestry for some 600 years back I'm afraid it won't do," he said. "You see Mrs. Hubbard would rather have a penniless duke the 20th of his line than a millionaire baronet yesterday. She turned down Goskins because his father had been in the pork butchering business and was knighted because of his liberal contributions to royal charities. She is able to pay and she wants the real thing."

"If she doesn't like you why did she put you in charge of the Carabaya estates?" queried Murphy.

"For the simple reason that Carabaya is hundreds of miles removed from her daughter," laughed Clemford.

"Yet she brings her daughter on this inspection," persisted Murphy.

"For the self same reason that then her daughter would be some hundreds of miles from Goskins."

"She loves him, then?"

"No. The old lady is afraid that she might. I think she has the idea that if Miss Hubbard sees me as a mere underling, an employe of her mother, the old love will die. She will not have an opportunity to fall in love with the pork butcher's son and will go back to the States fancy free and ready to marry the first blown-in-the-bottle title her mother has a chance to buy."

"We shall outwit her," declared Murphy. "I know not how, but—I am Murphy."

"Long live Murphy!" cried Clemford.

Murphy's mother had been a Spaniard with a long line of governors in her ancestry, who had lost her heart to the glib-tongued soldier of fortune who had come to South America because here he could always be reasonably certain of a fight.

From his mother, Murphy had inherited the courtliness of his Castilian forebears. From his father he had received the wit and daring of the Celt.

To Clemford Murphy confided all his ambitions, and to him in turn Clemford had come when a cable-

"I could not wait for the formality of your visit," he explained to the fascinated matron. "Those worthy of Clem's friendship are those whom I seek. You will dine at the palace, yes?"

"Palace" won the day. Mrs. Hubbard gave a gracious assent.

As a result he was in no pleasant mood that evening. The Hubbard millions were numbered by tens instead of units. They would be most welcome to the state of Percardy.

His evil humor was a perfect foil to Murphy with his Spanish stateliness and his Irish humor. He devoted himself to Elna until even Clemford was astonished and the prince was furious, but when over the bottles when the ladies had retired, Murphy pressed his hand and whispered that all was going well, Clemford was satisfied.

But the prince found less pleasure in developments, and it was not until they had started for the vast plantation up the river that he recovered his assurance. With only a plain American to combat he felt sure of his ground, and a dozen times a day Clemford would have willingly given up his place for the privilege of kicking him overboard.

Then came a letter from Murphy which seemed to pour oil on the troubled waters, and for a day or so all was well. Clemford was positively genial under the prince's insults, and Mrs. Hubbard smiled. At last, she concluded, Clemford had learned his place.

She was gloating over her triumph in her room one evening when, without warning, there came the sharp crack of musketry. She sprang to her feet and peered out of the window. Over by the laborers' barracks she could see the flash through the trees, and presently there came an answer from the barracks. She rushed into the hall in her dressing gown. Elna was already there, and so was the prince in a pink silk lounging robe beneath the edge of which showed blue silk pajamas.

"It is one of the revolutions," he cried in alarm. "We shall be killed."

"Nonsense," was the sharp response. "No one ever is killed in these revolutions. Where is Mr. Clemford?" she added, turning to Elna.

"He has gone to take charge of the men," she answered. "He is afraid that the attack is a blind to draw the men from the house, and he has gone to get them to come up here."

"I should think you might go, too," suggested Mrs. Hubbard, turning to the trembling prince.

"I long to," he gasped, "but cannot you see the consequences? I, a prince of Percardy, to fight on foreign soil? It would be to draw down upon my beloved country the invasion of this rabble."

"I don't think they will invade Europe because you have done your duty in protecting two women. If you are afraid you had better go to your room."

"Afraid!" he gasped. "I, Emile of Percardy, afraid! We of the blood royal are sadly misjudged by those who cannot be aware of the responsibilities we have to carry."

"I think you are afraid," she said bluntly.

He was about to reply when the shooting broke forth afresh and this time about the house. With one look of anguish he bade farewell to his hopes of an alliance and rushed to his room.

Half an hour later, Clemford coming upstairs to reassure the two women, looked into the room and saw the prince under the bed.

"You can come out," he said sternly. "We have beaten them off. They will not attack again before morning."

Whereat the prince suddenly became brave and emerged from his hiding place.

Briefly, Clemford explained that there had been a night attack of a large force. He could not understand the reason for the appearance of a body of armed marauders, but he had telegraphed to the capital and had no doubt that through the day some help would arrive.

Murphy took breakfast with them and over the table made merry at the expense of the prince.

"It was what you call a mobilization of the forces," he explained. "I supposed Senior Clemford had received my letter—which he did not," with a grave wink at Clem. "My force was to be the besieged party. We did not arrive in time, and the prompt repulse convinced them that we were here. The senior prince ran from blank cartridges."

"Then we killed poor, innocent men?" gasped Elna.

"The last shells I sent," explained Murphy, "were blank. I forgot to send others. There were no fatalities upon either side unless the prince's reputation as a hero may be considered."

"I could not embroil Percardy," lamely protested the unfortunate.

"At luncheon the prince announced that he had decided to go down the river with the gunboats on the following day."

"That is unfortunate," lamented Murphy. Clemford stared. Any retreat of his excellency was to be halted with joy.

"You see," went on Murphy, "you will not be able to be present at the nuptials of Mrs. Hubbard and myself."

"You marry her?" gasped the prince. "I thought you were after Miss Hubbard."

"The senorita and the Senior Clemford have been betrothed a long time," explained Murphy. "They will doubtless be married at the same time that we are."

Emil, for the second time that day, died ingloriously.

THE SEEDING OF COWPEAS
WILL YIELD GOOD RETURNS IN FEED AND BUILD UP LAND.

Prof. M. F. Miller, College of Agriculture, University of Missouri.

The great value of cowpeas as a feed and as a soil renovating crop should give them a more important place in Missouri agriculture. The short period of growth also makes it possible to use them to great advantage as a catch crop between the regular crops in the rotation, either for hay, for pasture, or for turning under. They are, therefore, especially suited to the man who wishes to build up land rapidly while he is at the same time securing returns from it in feed. The crop is one which will undoubtedly become of much greater importance in Missouri as the land is farmed more intensively.

There is a wide range in the time at which cowpeas may be sown, even in the same locality. In Central Missouri the best time to sow them for hay or seed is about the first of June. A mistake is frequently made in sowing them early in May, since a period of a few cool days after they are up is sure to stunt them and prevent the best growth. The ground should be warm before they are put in. They may be sown as late as the first week in July in Central Missouri, while in the extreme southern part of the state peas sown the middle of July will usually give fair results. As a general rule they should be sown in most parts of the state between the first and fifteenth of June.

The method of seeding peas depends upon the use which is to be made of them. For hay they should, as a rule, be sown with a grain drill at the rate of four to five pecks per acre. Some men put in as much as two bushels, and, while this gives a finer texture to the hay, it usually reduces the amount of seed formed. On the other hand, they are often sown at the rate of three pecks per acre, but excepting for seed purposes, or on land particularly adapted to the crop, such as the lowlands of Southeast Missouri, this is rarely enough.

For seed purposes, cowpeas are best sown somewhat thinner than for hay, three pecks usually being better than five. They should not be broadcast either for hay or for seed on the uplands of the state. They may also be sown for seed with the corn planter and cultivated, making the rows the same distance apart as for corn, or the rows may be placed at half the distance of corn rows, by going over the land twice and straddling every row. In this case it is usually necessary to take off one shovel on each gang of a six-shovel cultivator, and if the axle is adjustable to set the wheels as to avoid running on two rows while cultivating a third.

Peas sown at the usual rate for hay generally make a good yield of seed in favorable seasons. As a matter of fact, the yield of threshed peas depends not only upon the season, but also upon the soil and the variety. A medium to thin soil will produce more seed than a rich soil, and a sandy soil more than a clay soil as a rule. Varieties like the New Era, which is early and which has little tendency to vine, will yield more peas than a later vining variety like the Clay.

Another method of putting in peas in rows is by means of a grain drill where a part of the holes are stopped. Where every third hole is allowed to run and care is taken in driving, the rows can be placed about 32 inches apart, which is a good distance.

Cowpeas may be seeded in the corn at the last cultivation, or they may be put in the row when the corn is planted.

In the first case they are best drilled in with a one-horse drill at the rate of two or three pecks per acre when the corn is laid by. To be sure of a stand, it is best to lay by the corn a little earlier than usual. This method is best broadcast and plowed in, but this method is not so sure of securing a stand as is the method of drilling them. In drilling it is best to remove the two outer hoes or discs, putting three rows in each middle.

Where planted in the row, the best plan is to use a special cowpea planting attachment on the corn planter. These attachments are now on the market. In this case it is usually recommended to sow such an amount of peas that about one and one-half pecks will be dropped for each kernel of corn. The difficulty in putting peas in the row is that corn is usually planted about two weeks before it is entirely safe to sow cowpeas. This plan is very commonly practiced, however, although a good many men postpone the planting of the corn when cowpeas are to be planted with it. Peas planted in this way will make more seed than where they are sown at the last cultivation, and they are especially valuable for hog pasture. The New Era or Whippoorwill varieties may be used where they are to be hogged down, although the Black is to be preferred if it can be secured. Where one wishes to cut up the corn and peas together it is best to use a vining variety like the Clay, which will twine about the stalks.

The planting of peas with the corn for hogging down is one of the cheapest methods of making pork, and is coming into wider use each year. Sheep are also pastured on cowpeas and corn sown together in this way. The sheep will clean up the peas and the blades of corn to the ears without seriously damaging the corn otherwise.

For hay the Whippoorwill, the Clay and the New Era varieties are commonly used. The New Era is an early variety and is best where they are put in as a catch crop rather late. Both the Whippoorwill and the New Era produce a good amount of seed, although the New Era is usually the higher yielder. The Black pea is a good general purpose pea resembling the Whippoorwill somewhat in character of growth, but producing more seed. The Clay is a later vining variety good for forage, but not a heavy seed producer under Missouri conditions.

Seed is available in Missouri through the seed companies or through various dealers in the Southeast Missouri lowland counties where most Missouri-grown seed is produced.

LARGE PHOSPHORUS SUPPLY
IMPORTANCE OF MAINTAINING THIS ELEMENT IN THE SOIL.

M. F. Miller, Professor of Agronomy, University of Missouri.

The careful farmer need seldom or never use commercial nitrogen on his soils. He can put it there more cheaply by using legume crops. Unfortunately, no such simple means is available for supplying phosphorus to soils. Soils contain certain definite quantities of this element, and when it is removed from the soil by crops there is no means of replenishing this supply except by feeding the crops and returning the manure, or by buying the phosphorus in commercial form. Moreover, it is this element which, together with nitrogen, is most strikingly deficient in Missouri soils. Unfortunately, too, the grain of our common crops contains the largest proportion of phosphorus in the plant, so that when grain is sold from the farm the soil is being depleted of an element in which it is most deficient.

The loss of total plant food from a soil is not the most immediate cause of unproductiveness, but the continued removal of phosphorus from soils after a few years has the effect of producing a decreased yield. It is therefore highly important that Missouri farmers learn the methods of maintaining not only the available supply, but the total supply of this element in the soil.

The feeding back of crops is one of the easiest methods of preventing the loss of excessive quantities of phosphorus from the land, but reference to a table on fertilizing constituents recovered in manure will show that of the three main elements phosphorus shows the least percentage return.

This is due to the fact that a considerable part of the phosphorus, especially in all but mature animals, is fixed within the bones of the carcass. Such phosphorus comes on the market later as bone meal to be purchased by land owners and returned to the soil. In spite of one's best efforts to save the phosphorus by feeding the crops on the place, there is still an appreciable loss and one which will ultimately be felt unless phosphorus is brought on the farm from without, either in the form of fertilizer or of purchased feed. Naturally, the loss in this case is much slower than where the crops are sold, and if the humus is maintained many years will elapse before the effect of the slowly waning phosphorus supply will be felt. With the low actual content of phosphorus in most Missouri soils, coupled with the low humus supply for keeping this available, the need for phosphorus is becoming strongly felt over a great deal of Missouri today.

It remains, therefore, for the farmer to supply either phosphorus through commercial fertilizers or to build up the humus supply of his soil. The wise farmer will build up the humus supply and in addition he will seek to prevent the loss of phosphorus from the land in so far as possible. He will also accompany his efforts in this line by the return from outside sources, either in feed or commercial phosphates of a sufficient amount of phosphorus to at least balance the loss.

GOTHAM HAS BIG COAL BILL
Nearly 19,000,000 Tons Are Burned to Keep the Eastern City Warm During Blizzards Season.

New York.—Having their estimates on the unusually cold weather which railed this city during the month of January, experts now predict that Father Knickerbocker's coal bill for the year 1912 will exceed the enormous figure of \$100,000,000, figured on the prices paid by consumers, thus exceeding even the record-breaking figure for 1911, which have just been compiled.

New York has an unenviable right to the claim that it is the greatest coal-consuming municipality in the world. No other city at home or abroad has so high a consumption of fuel to the unit of population.

If this city's supply of coal for a 12-month were loaded in 50-ton cars, they would stretch from here to Salt Lake City, 2,462 miles.

The amount of coal consumed and distributed within the city bounds last year was almost 19,000,000 tons. Dwelling houses, stores, theaters, halls, public and private institutions, consumption, 10,000,000 tons a year. Factories and gas and electric companies consume 5,000,000 tons a year, and steamships buy at this port almost 5,000,000 tons a year.

That the ashes resulting from this enormous consumption would make a very fair sized mountain is evidenced by the fact that in the last ten years they have been sufficient to fill in 25 square miles of marsh and low-lying lands in this vicinity.

YELL OPENS CHURCH SERVICE
Choir Boys Whistle Hymns and Invocation Is Pronounced a Success in New Jersey.

Hillsdale, N. J.—Church services, opened with an excellent imitation of a college yell and interspersed by music from a choir of whistling boys, is the novel winter program at the Methodist church here, of which the Rev. William Bird is pastor. The experiment was tried for the first time last night, and is pronounced a complete success by the minister.

The choir of boys lined up on the platform at the opening of the services and gave their "club yell," which is as follows:

Say, my friend—
Have you seen—
Second Timothy—
Two fifteen?—
First Thesalonians—
Five twenty-two—
Tells you exactly—
What to do.

Then they whistled "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Wonderful Words of Life" and other popular hymns.

NO USE FOR CITY MARSHAL
"Golden Rule" Policy of a Kansas Mayor Brings Clean Streets to Town.

Peabody, Kan.—Two months ago Peabody with its 1,800 inhabitants dispensed with its city marshal, because Mayor Sulphin had adopted a "golden rule" policy in dealing with the men given to indulging in drinking parties that caused about all the lawlessness the officer was called upon to quell. Today the absence of the marshal is not felt.

When William Sulphin became mayor he called the town's troublemakers before him.

"You can buy liquor in gallon packages if you want to," the mayor told them, "but you shall not get your friends drunk. Drink your stuff at home, if you will, but drink it all yourself. Now, do by me as you would be done by."

The plea was successful. Instead of paying out good money to a city marshal who has nothing to do, it is being spent to keep the streets clean.

TWO INDIANS AWAKE RICH
Girl May Get \$160,000 From Estate in Kansas City—Oil Found on Farm of Redman.

Yenice, Cal.—There is much rejoicing in the camp of the Indians of a Wild West show which is wintering here. Through a search now being made by the attorneys of the estate of the late Nathaniel P. Simpson, who died in Kansas City three weeks ago, it is believed Mary Simpson, a half-breed, will share his fortune of \$322,000. Provision was made in his will for "an Indian maiden," said to be Mary Simpson, who was to receive \$100,000 as her share, it being claimed she is an issue of his marriage with an Indian.

Dick Little Soldier, another Indian in the camp, awoke to learn that oil had been found in large quantities on his land in Oklahoma, and that he would have an income of \$200 a day.

Invents a "Frost Alarm."
San Francisco.—Warning of approaching frost is to be given by an ingenious device invented by Prof. A. G. McArdie, chief of the local weather bureau. Prof. McArdie is in receipt of news from Washington that a patent for the contrivance has been granted. The inventor has been at work on the "frost alarm" for fifteen years, and has brought it to a state of practical perfection.

The inventor asserts it will mean the saving of many millions of dollars annually to fruit growers.

The instrument records varying humidity in connection with the temperature.

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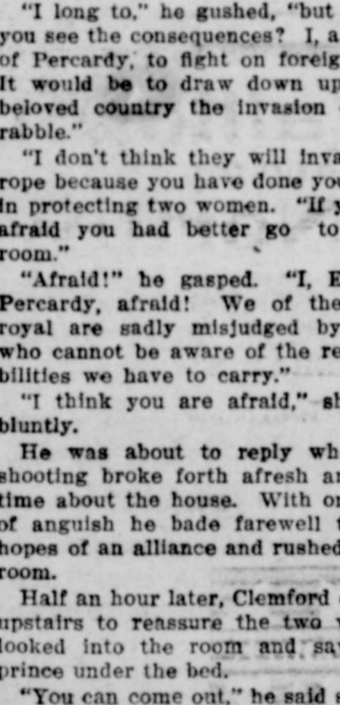
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COTTON ACREAGE REDUCED.
 Casa, Ark., April 16.—After a two-day session the Perry County Farmers' Union decided to reduce the cotton acreage. J. H. Payne of Jonesboro, State Secretary of the Union, made an address on the subject of reduced cotton acreage and diversified crops.

STRAWBERRY PROSPECTS GOOD.
 Judsonia, Ark., April 16.—Prospects were never better for a big crop of strawberries, and growers expect to make their first shipment May 7. The vines are heavy with blooms, and many carloads will be marketed from the vicinity.

HAS WEATHER NOTES

Philadelphian Has Records For 122 Years.

Family Diary Shows Temperature Kept by Each Generation, Along With Daily Chronicle of Other Events.

Philadelphia.—One hundred and twenty-two years of weather records, kept by three generations of the same family, side by side with comments on men and things long ago passed from memory, form the interesting contents of a large library of diaries, the property of Jacob R. Elfreth. True to the tradition of his Quaker forbears, this seventy-year-old chronicler of the weather since 1870 has written in black and white the story of the mercury's vagaries as he observed them, and his records stand against the hazy contentions of any "oldest inhabitant" who may venture flippant tales of how cold it used to be.

The story of the curious diaries which make up this interesting weather history is bound up with the growth of Philadelphia. From 1789 to 1850 Caleb Pierce, a native of Chester county, kept the first records. He was the maternal grandfather of Mr. Elfreth. His diaries were not so complete as those of his son and grandson, but their interest and worth are enhanced by antiquity.

Most of these writings were done at his home, Seventh and Arch streets, where he lived while the Quaker town was booming into her early twenties. He kept a hardware store in Market street above Second, but before he dodged along the cobble stones of a cold winter's morning to open up the little shop he recorded the temperature.

Long before he gave up the writing of his diary Jacob R. Elfreth, Sr., took up the work in 1812. Sixty-eight volumes of nearly uniform size, painstakingly relating the happenings of those often troublous times, are now in the possession of the aged son.

To J. R. Elfreth Jr. the task of keeping these records was then assigned, and he has kept them faithfully since 1870. They, together with the others, will be given to the Friends' Historical society when the last entry has been made, for the present writer is the last in the direct line of ancestry.

Not infrequently he is a historical contributor to the local newspapers; in the Darby Progress he recently published a statement showing that January, 1912, was the coldest within the span of the family records. Among other things he states that the average temperature at 6 a. m. has been 18 degrees. On the 13th the mercury was 8 degrees below zero. On the 14th 6 below; on the 16th, zero.

The years 1815, 1820, 1821, 1832, 1840, 1844, 1857, 1866 and 1881, he states, were especially cold during this month. The coldest days of which he has record, in succession, were February 19 to 15, 1899. The coldest record was New Year's, 1881, which was 22 degrees below.

WOMAN KEPT UP THE LIGHTS
 Braved Seas to Bring Husband Aid in Lighthouse and Then Found Him Lifeless.

Snow Hill, Md.—Weeks of insolation in an icebound lighthouse, hunger, a woman's heroic battle with an ugly sea, the lonely death of a husband while at prayer, and a wife's self-sacrificing devotion to duty after the body had been taken to shore are elements of a story that came to light in this city.

William Taylor and his wife were keepers of a lighthouse on the shoals of Chincoteague. Broken and jagged blocks of ice that had piled up during the cold weather shut them off from land. To venture out in a boat seemed like tempting death. For weeks Mr. and Mrs. Taylor remained at their post. Finally the husband fell sick. Supplies were running low. For the husband to attempt to go ashore in his weakened condition would have meant certain death. The wife volunteered to go to the mainland in a gasoline launch for supplies. She succeeded but that night she noticed the lamp in the lighthouse tower was not burning.

Forgetting her former rough experience, she boarded her launch and made a return voyage. First she lighted the lamp, then she sought her husband but found him dead, kneeling at the side of his bed in the attitude of prayer. Help was summoned and the body taken ashore, but the wife remained through the night keeping her vigil over the lights.

Toss of Coin Settles Fate.
 Springfield, O.—Deciding by a toss of a coin that he would lose in his trial for several robberies, Gus Schreiber, sent for detectives and made a complete confession. He implicated Charles Faudree, who was arraigned. In his confession he stated that he and Faudree made a solemn vow, with revolvers pointed at each other's heads, that whoever told on the other should suffer death.

Stays on the "Water Wagon."
 Cleveland.—"A cigar for mine," said Harry Hurdie, former circus performer released from the workhouse two years ago to take the drink cure, when he returned worth \$100,000. He inherited the money from his mother.

FAILS TO WED; LOSES WEALTH

Charles F. Corbin Refused to Marry Within Year and Loses Big Share of Father's Estate.

Meriden, Conn.—Given the preference between single-blessedness and marriage with a large financial reward, Charles F. Corbin, son of the late Philip Corbin, president of the American Hardware Corporation, chose the former state and sacrificed \$75,000. The last opportunity for Mr. Corbin to decide whether he would agree to a clause in his father's will and take \$150,000 in cash, or remain single and worry along on half that amount came when the executors met in the New Britain probate court to distribute the elder Mr. Corbin's estate, estimated at \$1,850,000.

A year ago, when Mr. Corbin died, his will was found to contain this clause: "If within one year from my death Charles Corbin, my son, shall be legally married he shall receive \$150,000 in cash. If he is not legally married he shall receive \$75,000."

This clause held up the distribution of the estate and directed much public attention to young Mr. Corbin. The fact that a divorce had been obtained from him by Mrs. Lillian Blakeslee Corbin in 1908 was commented upon, and rumors were started that a reconciliation might take place and that before the expiration of the year a second marriage ceremony might be performed. Many assurances were conveyed to Mr. Corbin that if he had other matrimonial plans he would not have difficulty in finding a life partner among Connecticut's fair daughters.

But Mr. Corbin dashed many budding hopes when he announced flatly that the financial inducements were not sufficient to make him take another chance at matrimony.

Up to the last moment friends of Mr. Corbin were hopeful that he would marry within the time limit. When the executors met they learned that Mr. Corbin had failed to win the additional \$75,000 and they added this amount to the total, which was distributed among the other beneficiaries.

WILD FOWL RACE WITH TRAIN

Flock of Geese and Ducks Show Their Speed for Ten Miles, Then Return to Starting Point.

Clarksville, Tenn.—A flock of wild geese and ducks raced ten miles with a fast passenger train on the Louisville & Nashville railroad west of this city, being easy winners in the contest.

The geese rose from the backwater at the head of Palmyra island and started with the train. A few miles further on they were joined by the ducks. Mile after mile they chased the train, holding their own with ease, apparently pausing when the train stopped at Hematite and Steel Springs.

The passengers and train crew were much interested in the race, watching the feathered racers as they winged their way at 35 miles an hour. The race was not given up by them until the train neared the Cumberland river bridge. When in sight of the city they paused, then turned and started back.

LYNCH LAW THEIR PROTEST

Missouri Judge Calls Courts Only a Place to Win the Game—Justices Are Merely Umpires.

Columbia, Mo.—Speaking to a mass meeting of students, Judge John D. Lawson, who announced his retirement as dean of the law school of the University of Missouri, said that lynch law had become our national disgrace, but that it is "the protest of a people ordinarily law abiding against a condition that, because of lax enforcement of the criminal laws, has become intolerable.

"In America we still cling to technicalities," he said, "and court procedure has become not a place to secure justice but a place to win the game. Our judges become mere umpires, who cannot search independently for truth and justice. The same conservatism, if you please to call it that, in other practical affairs, would mean that we should be using the sedan chair instead of the automobile."

BODY IN COFFIN NOT WIFE'S

Last Look at Dead Brings Joy to Maiden (Mass.) Home—Similarity of Names Caused Mistake.

Malden, Mass.—Abraham Levine and his three children were weeping over the coffin bought for Mrs. Levine, the wife and mother, when Abraham, opening the coffin for one last look at his wife, discovered that the body was not hers.

Mrs. Levine had been a patient at the Tewksbury hospital and Abraham had received word that she was dead. Investigation showed that his wife is alive, and that the mistake had been due to the fact that the name of the dead woman was somewhat similar.

Town Owns His Wooden Leg.

Manchester, Conn.—The selection of this town after much discussion, has purchased a wooden leg for William Armstrong, a pauper, and on it have placed this inscription: "This leg is the property of the town of Manchester, loaned to William Armstrong, and is not to be hocked, sold or exchanged without a majority vote of the board of selectmen." The selectmen say that they have had a great deal of trouble from paupers who sawned their artificial limbs.

WOMAN A BAD LOSER

Wall Street Brokers Draw the Sex Line.

New York Consolidated Exchange Firm Likely to Be Disciplined by Board for Its Violation—Unwritten Rule Exists.

New York.—A Wall street brokerage firm has got itself into trouble and may be suspended by the Consolidated stock exchange because it recently opened a women's department, fitted up with a few rocking chairs, had a woman in a white sweater stationed at the ticker to read the quotations and allowed woman speculators to come down and bring their young ones with them if they cared to—which they did, in some cases. This is a punishable offense in the street. Not the children, but their mothers are the ones placed to. There are no cries of Place aux dames! in the stock market zone.

The establishment with the nursery attachment to its women's department is on New street, just a block away from the exchange of which the firm is a member. It had really only just begun to build up the new branch of its business when the exchange heard of it and signaled the call to arms of the board of governors. This had the effect of clearing the women's room of all children and of all but two women, while the person in the white sweater who had been fingering many yards of ticker tape was supplanted by a man.

You may search the rule book of the Consolidated from cover to cover for an article or a by-law forbidding women to come down and trade in stocks like the men, and to bring their youngsters along with them, as now and then a proud father has done on a half-holiday, but you will not find what you are looking for. The rule exists, none the less. It simply isn't printed. The nearest thing to it in print is a rule prohibiting "acts detrimental to the exchange" on the part of its members, which, as one of the board of governors pointed out, might be made to cover any number of things. Among them is the catering to feminine speculators, he said. The fact that a sort of kindergarten annex went with the women's department had nothing to do with the case.

Wall street half expects to see the proprietors of the New street rocking chair trading club and day nursery punished in some way—by suspension from the exchange, possibly. It is pretty certain that the club and the nursery will go out of existence. It will have to. Women who want to dabble in stocks are as unwelcome as a crook behind the "dead line." All this in spite of the fact that only a few weeks ago Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst told Wall street any number of stories about women who had gone into business and made a success of it.

"It's the experience of hundreds of stock brokers that the woman who comes down here to speculate is a bad loser," said one officer of the Consolidated recently. "Say what you please about this being the day of equality, but deep down in our hearts we feel that there is a difference. Stock gambling is a man's game. We don't want women breaking in."

This man was inclined to excuse the New street brokers on the ground that the firm had been a member of the exchange less than two years, and perhaps did not know better. If that were the case the alarms sounded by the board of governors when they heard of the women's department and its nursery annex had evidently taught the young firm a lesson. A visitor dropped in to see the feminine speculators in action with their young ones romping in the shadow of the quotation board and the ticker basket, but there was none of that to be seen.

"When a woman makes something on the market," said one broker of thirty years' experience in the street, "she takes the credit of it all to herself. It was she who did it. When she loses, it was her broker's fault. He deceived her. And a peculiar trait is that in losing she cannot quite clear her mind of the suspicion that what she lost the broker gained."

WILLS ALL TO HER PET DOG

Hungarian Woman's Estate to Be Subject of Contest With Pampered Canine as Defendant.

Vienna.—The pet dog of a lady who died here is to be the "defendant" in an interesting claim about a will.

The lady, Frau Bela Czabo, widow of a Hungarian official, was found dead from heart disease in her flat. She left a will bequeathing all her possessions, including \$5,000 in cash, to her pet dog, which had a luxurious private room in the flat, with mirrors and silk brocaded furniture, and was fed on delicacies, from partridges to spring chickens.

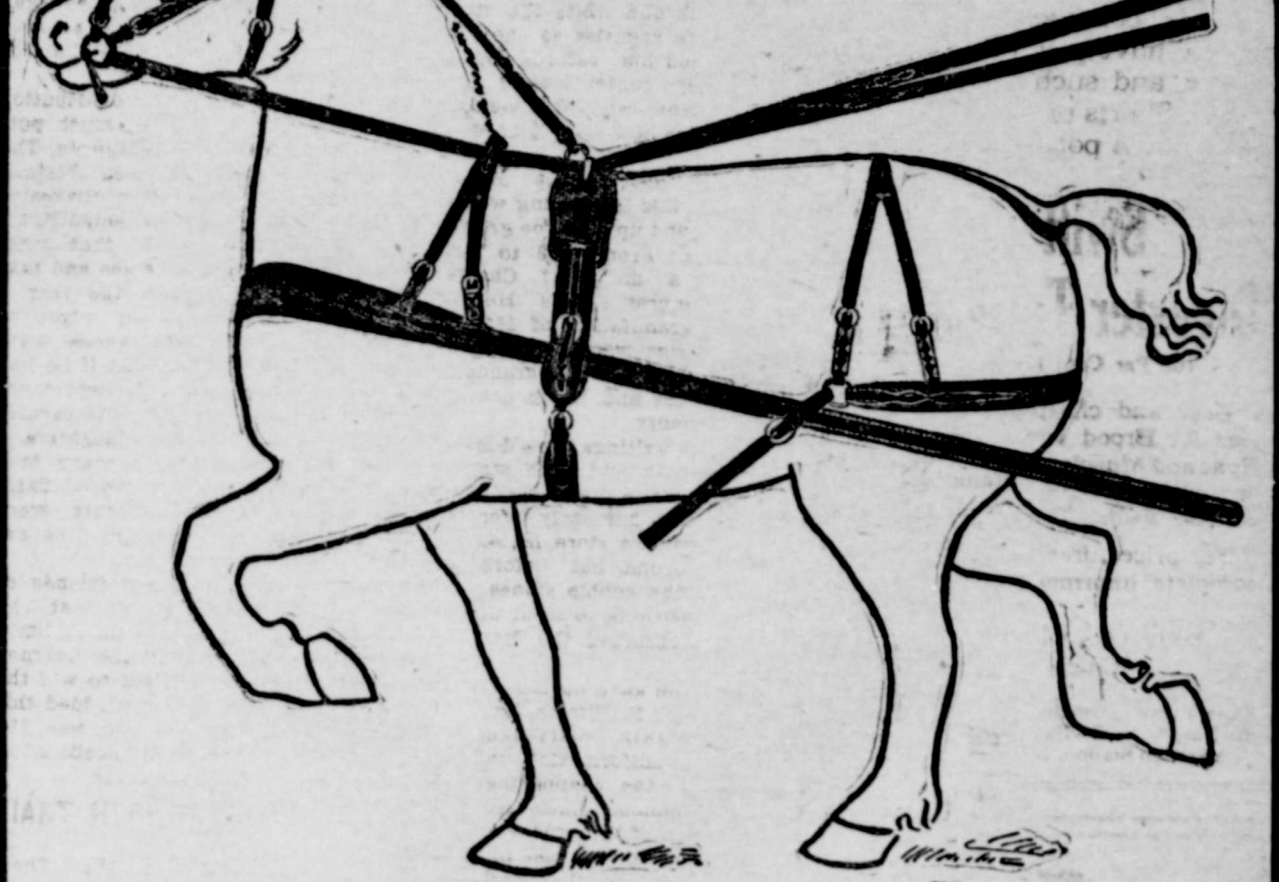
Relatives of Frau Czabo intend to contest the will.

Joy Kills Pardon Convict.

Philadelphia.—Angelo Tomasco dropped dead in the Eastern penitentiary when informed he had been granted a pardon and that he was free to leave the prison walls. When Warden McKentry read the pardon Tomasco threw up his hands, and with a moan fell forward. Physicians said joy killed him. Tomasco has been in the Eastern penitentiary since 1908, when he killed a fellow countryman.

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BRECKING, 13-4 inch, 1x1 5/8-inch scalloped, doubled and stitched turnback with crupper sewed on, hip straps 3-4-inch, forked, side straps 1-inch, box loop buckle tugs, scalloped layer.

BELLY BANDS, Swelled, "Griffith," doubled and stitched, with 1-inch wrap strap.

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