



STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

The St. Joseph Journal Publishing Co., Publishers.

W. E. WARRICK, Editor and Manager.

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Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

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MAN'S WORK IN PRODUCTION.

In an effort to discredit science and to disprove progressive methods of farm management, nature, in all her wisdom and prodigality, is often cited as being opposed, sometimes insulted at man's new ways of growing crops and raising animals, says Farm, Ranch and Home.

MISSOURI CAN BE MADE FAR MORE PRODUCTIVE THAN IT IS.

The poorest county of the state would support a big and prosperous population of European farmers. Missouri can be made far more productive than it is.

SPEED VS. HUMAN LIFE.

All the civilized world bows its head in grief over the most appalling sea tragedy the ages have ever known. From latest accounts the giant Titanic, the biggest ship that ever plowed the sea, on her maiden voyage, endeavoring to break the record for quick passage across the Atlantic, struck an iceberg off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and sank before help, summoned by wireless, could reach her.

BETTER FARM PRODUCTION.

The idea that "anybody can run a farm" is perhaps as responsible as much as anything is for the poor financial showing that so many farms make, says the Kansas City Star.

DRY FARMERS STILL HOPEFUL.

Omaha Journal-Stockman: Two seasons of crop failures have apparently not entirely disheartened the dry farmers of the northwest and where they have survived the disasters of 1910 and 1911 they are preparing to try it again this year in the hope that the exceptionally severe and snowy winter means a season of sufficient moisture to mature crops.

APRIL 30 IS RAISIN DAY.

Many Posters, Post Cards and Stickers to Advertise Affair.

San Francisco, April 16.—Fresno raisin men and Southern Pacific officials have decided that California raisin day, inaugurated three years ago, should be celebrated again this year on April 30.

There will be, no doubt, plenty of the Pettis farmers who will not desire Mr. Jordan's advice. They will think it "all foolishness" to depart from the old, established ways of skinning the soil.



Daddy's Bedtime Story—How Little Dolly Made Her Cake

EVELYN was going to learn to bake a cake. Dinah had promised to teach her. Jack was very kind and polite to Evelyn, for he hoped that when the cake was baked Evelyn would give him a nice big piece.

NO DOUBLE STOCK DAMAGE

The Arkansas Law is Held to Be Unconstitutional.

Washington, April 18.—The Arkansas statute, making railroads liable for double the value for stock killed along its tracks if claims are not settled in thirty days, has been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court of the United States.

PAINTER IN HIS OLD AGE

Retired Rear Admiral Wins Distinction With His Landscapes Done in Water Colors.

Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis, who retired from active service in the United States navy four years ago, has thirty-two paintings on exhibition in the Corcoran Art gallery at Washington, D. C.

UNITED DOCTORS GIVE EVIDENCE

THAT RHEUMATISM CAN BE PERMANENTLY CURED.

NO INCURABLES ACCEPTED

They Do Not Simply Treat the Symptoms—But Remove the Cause of the Disease.

Independent Beggar.

William E. Kilgannon, clerk of the juvenile court, found out Saturday afternoon that some men beg because they do not wish to work.

How She Got Fresh Eggs.

A young lady living in a small city had impaired her health by too confining work in a city office.

German Working Girls.

Late statistics give a good idea of how the increasingly large number of country girls who go to the larger cities from villages and small towns in Germany earn their daily bread.

ONE AMERICAN AMONG THEM

Clement Shorter Names Thomas A. Edison as One of Ten Greatest Men of Age.

"Doubtless," writes Clement Shorter, in the Strand, "there are many great men living in the world today—men with prospective greatness, that is, or even achieved greatness—but only time can decide. In my judgment, there is no man in the world today who is great in any walk of life in so striking a way that his contemporaries can unhesitatingly proclaim him great."

PLANNING BIG CANAL.

Germany Project to Cost Upward of Fifty-Seven Millions.

Berlin, April 18.—The project for building a canal, which will give the traffic of the Rhine an outlet on the German coast of the North sea at Emden, is taking practical shape.

VITRIOL KILLS THREE HORSES

Six Burned by Acid Poured on Dump in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 17.—Three valuable horses were killed and a fourth is dying as the result of terrible burns inflicted upon them by vitriol thrown on a dump on Toga street, between Tulip street and Aramingo avenue.

EXCHANGE DIRECTORY.

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

Special Attention Diseases of Women

CALL OR WRITE DR. A. E. HOLLEY

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

THE "DUTTON WAY" MAKES IT POSSIBLE. Absolutely Painless Extraction of Teeth and Nerves.

DUTTON BROS., DENTISTS

412 Felix Street St. Joseph, Mo. Retail Mercantile Ass'n Rebates carpenters' railroad fares.

Guaranteed Seed Corn

to test 90 per cent or better. All home grown. Write for catalog.

SEED CORN

Yellow Dent, Hand Picked; \$2.50 a Bu. Geo N. Harney, Henry, Illinois

Oliver Visible Typewriter

for sale cheap. Perfect condition and does splendid writing. Could ship on approval and trial. Write to CHARLES W. RICHART, Rosedale, Kan.

HOW HE WAS HURT.

Sunday School Teacher. And when the prodigal son came home, what happened, Tommy?

Tommy.—His father ran to meet him and hurt himself.

FREE FOR THE POSTAGE

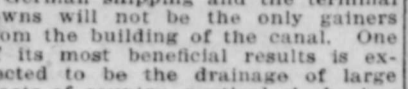
a four (4) ounce bottle of ILLER'S PURE MALT WHISKEY The first ever sold in full quarts

We want you to try the best malt whiskey that has ever been produced, and if you will send us 20c in stamps for carrying charges we will send you a 4 oz. bottle (3 big drinks) express prepaid.

The contents of our free trial bottle of Iller's Pure Malt Whiskey is exactly like the contents of every full quart bottle of Iller's Pure Malt Whiskey and is guaranteed, under the pure food and drugs act, by a distiller that pays three million dollars of government tax a year, to be perfectly pure whiskey distilled from the best selected malted grain and aged in government bonded warehouses.

Iller's Pure Malt Whiskey, being aged in the wood has a mellowness not found in inferior whiskeys. It is exceptionally palatable and has high medicinal qualities.

If you will order four (4) quarts immediately send us four dollars (\$4.00) and we will include a Free sample bottle of Iller's Pure Rye, bottled in bond, also a novelty whiskey glass and pocket corkscrew, all charges prepaid. If you want this glass, sample, and corkscrew ACT QUICKLY, for the supply is limited.



The Hiller Co. 1336 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb.

St. Joseph Stock Yards Co.

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 packers furnish a daily market for all kinds of cattle, ranging from Cannors to Export Cattle. Look up your R. R. connections, you will find them in our favor.

DR. MON FUNG YOUNG

Roots, Barks and Herb Remedies

Successfully treats the following diseases: Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Lung; Liver, Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chills and Fever, Sick Headache, Bright's Disease, Urinary Diseases, Female Complaints and Skin Troubles.

EXAMINATION FREE. 410 Francis St. St. Joseph, Mo. Office Hours 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

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Sunday School Teacher. And when the prodigal son came home, what happened, Tommy?

Tommy.—His father ran to meet him and hurt himself.

# Peggy Poynter

By Catherine Coope

Jane Harding gazed idly through the columns of the Daily Tattler. The paper was particularly interesting and it was in a semi-conscious way that her eyes traveled over a pictured face.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright. She was staring at her own picture there in the columns of a daily paper. Jane drew a sharp breath and the hot color flamed into her cheeks.

Her picture was accompanying an article entitled "The Lover's Nook," by Peggy Poynter, and her own picture was supposed to be that of the person who gave free advice to lovers.

Jane sat in angry silence wondering in what possible manner such a mistake could have been made in a reputable paper. Finally, curiosity got the better of her anger and she read the column: A large sub-head informed the public that Peggy Poynter would each night give her advice to lovers.

"Well! She certainly will not!" Jane Harding informed the paper. "At least she won't with my picture attached to it. Miss Poynter is probably some hideous old maid who is ashamed of her own face," Jane thought vindictively and cast a smiling glance at her own wonderful likeness.

Jane remembered in a dark moment that she had once, in the dim past, given her photograph to an enthusiastic reporter who had talked her into it in spite of her better judgment. She had been a participant in a harmless academy escapade and had often been sorry that she had given her very best photograph in the hands of the newspaper.

The longer Jane looked at the supposed portrait of the author of "The Lover's Nook" the greater became her wrath.

She would go down to the Tattler office and demand an explanation. She would not have her picture appearing in the columns of the daily papers. Jane had visions of herself in a large case of H-bell or suit for damages or something. Jane's ideas were rather vague on the subject of lawsuits, but she felt very much like starting something of that order.

Perhaps her belligerent mood prompted Jane to use all her weapons of war, which proved to be an irre-

parable effect in dull greens. Jane's eyes looked out from beneath a sweeping plume like twin seas in a storm and her cheeks were crimson.

When she was ready to start down town for the Tattler office the telephone rang.

Jane stamped an angry little foot as she hung up the receiver. Jack Robinson had called up to congratulate her upon her advent into the literary world. "That, Peggy Poynter, is a tricky nom de plume," he had said. Jane smiled in spite of herself and before she left the house two telegrams and three more telephone calls were added to her list of congratulations.

When the elevator took her up to the editorial rooms of the Tattler, Jane felt that her every heart beat could be counted by the elevator boy. The course with which she had been brimming over before leaving the house had vanished and she had resolved to let Peggy Poynter appear in every edition of the paper without her saying nay.

But alas, the elevator had stopped and Jane found that she was standing in the hall and that she was asking to see Peggy Poynter.

A very small boy in a very large uniform looked up at her and grinned. Jane felt her color rising under that fleeting glimpse of recognition in the office boy's eyes. He turned on his heel and Jane braced herself to face the woman who was ashamed to use her own photograph.

"This way."

Jane caught her breath and followed the office boy into a glass partitioned room.

She swept through the door with her head held high and panic seized her. She was standing before perhaps 30 men all of whom looked up and remained looking up—for Jane was beautiful.

She stood, seemingly rooted to the spot and scarcely realising that a very deep voice had addressed her.

# Col. Graham's Umbrella

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

Col. Charles Graham, retired and a widower, and also the father of Miss Maude Graham, was walking the floor in one of his tantrums. The colonel was a man of tantrums. He had them every hour of the day if there was the least excuse for it, and he had been known to get up four times during the night to yell at passersby, who were talking, whistling or singing.

The colonel had small tantrums and large tantrums. A small tantrum was discharging the cook after dinner and hiring her over again before breakfast. A large tantrum consisted of striding up and down, waving his arms, kicking at chairs, and exclaiming at his daughter:

"By the blood of Bunker Hill, but I won't stand it—I won't stand it! Do you hear what I say!"

"Yes, father."

"After 14 battles and 22 skirmishes I will not put up with such things. I will appeal to the world! I will appeal to the law! Why, dem it, girl, 'Til—'Til—"

And he'd go off to take something from a bottle and smoke a cigar and forget all about it. This tantrum was the champion tantrum of weeks. He sat Maude down in a chair, and after drawing a long breath and pounding on the wall with his fist he roared:

"It was your fault—all your fault!"

"No, you don't see how. You never see how! You will never see how till I am dead. Wasn't there a special sale of umbrellas advertised?"

"Yes, father."

"And didn't I go to town to buy one?"

"You did."

"And wasn't it a regular five-dollar umbrella at \$3.25?"

"It was."

"And I had had it but a week when I had to go uptown again. You said I had better take the umbrella along as it looked like rain. Don't dispute me!"

"Yes, I said so."

"And I was fool enough to do it, and where is that demdition umbrella now—where—where?"

"And you left it on the train."

"And if you hadn't advised me to take it would I have taken it? And if I hadn't taken it would it have been

lost? And now—now I am without a silk umbrella! After 14 battles and 22 skirmishes and an unblemished record of 40 years I have no umbrella! Think of it! Think of it!"

"But, father, if you hadn't left it on the train," softly answered Miss Maude.

"But I never left it on the train. Some thief among the passengers took it, and I'll run him to earth if it takes ten years! I may have said I thought I left it on the train, but now I know I didn't. I know it was stolen. You advised me to carry it, and it was stolen! A court-martial would convict you in five minutes."

The colonel advertised for the lost or stolen umbrella. He advertised that he would give a reward of \$10 to learn the identity of the thief. When he had discovered it he was going to do things with that thief to make the tortures of the inquisition seem a farce by comparison. He never expected the advertisement to be answered, but he patted himself on the back after his insertion. He had shown the public that he was no worm to be walked on.

When the colonel had purchased the umbrella he had had his initials "C. G." engraved on the handle. He had given them in his ad. Three days later, as he stood at his gate wondering who he could pick a row with, along came a middle-aged man with an umbrella in his hand.

"Ha!" called the man of war.

"Ha! your self!" replied the other.

"You are the man that advertised a stolen umbrella, aren't you?"

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"You go slow, sir! I bought this

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1 cent per word first insertion; 1/2 cent per word each subsequent insertion. Cash, money order or check must accompany the order. Write for sample copies of THE STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL.

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Stockmen's Stationery, Bank Outfitters and Lithographers. A complete stock of Type, writers, factory rebuilt—low prices. Send for our catalogue.

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**LAURENCE O. WEAKLEY**  
312-315 Corby-Forsue Bldg. St. Joseph, Missouri. In-Office Phone, Old. Sures in 799, Residence. Best companies. Phone, Old. dent, health, automobile, bicycle, liability, burglary, plate glass and surety bonds.

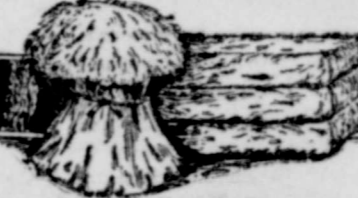
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**Freeman's Cafe**  
11th and Edmond  
Open All Night.  
After Theater Parties Served in Carte.  
Tables Reserved for Ladies

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**J. C. HEDENBERG**  
413 Francis St., St. Joseph, Mo. Telephone 357.  
Abstract of Title and Buchanna County.  
Subscribe for The Journal.

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Prairie—Choice, \$29.75 @ 21; No. 1, \$19.50 @ 20.50; No. 2, \$18 @ 19.25; No. 3, \$15.50 @ 17.50; packing, \$8 @ 14.  
Timothy—Choice, \$25 @ 26; No. 1, \$23.50 @ 24.50; No. 2, \$22 @ 23; No. 3, \$19 @ 21.50.  
Clover mixed—Choice, \$25 @ 26; No. 1, \$23.50 @ 24.50; No. 2, \$22 @ 23; No. 3, \$19 @ 21.50.  
Clover—Choice, \$22; No. 1, \$20 @ 21.50; No. 2, \$17 @ 19.50.  
Alfalfa—Fancy, \$25; choice, \$24 @ 24.50; No. 1, \$22 @ 23.50; No. 2, \$20 @ 21.50; No. 3, \$17.50 @ 19.50.  
Straw—Wheat or oats, \$8 @ 8.50.

### KANSAS CITY HAY AND FEED.

**The Kansas City Hay Co. Buy & Sell Hay.**

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**HAY** Clark Wyrick & Co.  
1313 E. West 11th St. KANSAS CITY, MO.  
When shipping to Kansas City give us a trial. Liberal advance, quick returns. We solicit correspondence. Established 1888

## Consign Your HAY

of all kinds to us and get the best results.

**Carlisle Com. Co.**  
Rooms 748-49 Live Stock Ex. Kansas City, Mo.  
SELLERS GET OUR BIDS

## Hay Wanted!

Will purchase on your track or handle on commission. Write us what you have.

**NORTH BROTHERS**  
755-57 Live Stock Ex., Kansas City, Mo.  
You see this adv. So will others see yours.

## MATERNITY IS A PRIVILEGE

Little Lecture on Marriage and Divorce That May Interest Some Modern Parents.

"Some folks wonder at the miracles in the Good Book, but God did the biggest and most unexplainable thing when he gave woman the privilege of being a mother. You might marry another man some time, but there's something you'd never forget, and that is that Perk is the father of Lucille and Mary Jane. It's something that demands from you a lot of forgiveness, if need be, for whatever he does. I don't think there's any divorce that God's a-goin' to recognize which separates fathers and mothers. He might overlook their livin' apart from each other if things went too far crosswise, but I doubt if he's goin' to fix affairs up in heaven after the judgment day by sayin' 'Mr. Smith, the courts down there in the U. S. A. says you ain't got no right to call this woman your wife and so I'm givin' her to Mr. Jones, who married her three years after she got her decree. He'll take care of your angel children and you'll have to go way back and sit down.' I say I don't think he's goin' to do it that way."—"Mary Jane's Pa." in the Novelization by Norman Way.

### Musio as a Municipal Asset.

The deep wave of enthusiasm for music is in the country; the crest of the wave is in the cities. Every metropolis—we have more than one—is a mammoth conservatory. Six cities support symphony orchestras of the first rank. They are Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis. A symphony orchestra, be it known, is the ne plus ultra of a music-center. To support such a luxury is impossible save with the help of many well-to-do John Stones. It is also impossible without a solid foundation of music-lovers—enough to fill the hall nearly every time. The city that has one has something that its commercial association can use with large effect in advertising literature. For it has come to be recognized in the west that musical achievement is a municipal asset. The "boosters" of a city now call attention to its banks, its newspapers, its wharves, its factories—and its symphony orchestra.—Metropolitan Magazine.

### Tactful Request.

"Dobbiegh was a confirmed borrower, and what was worse, he seldom returned the borrowed articles. He had held on to Whibley's umbrella, for instance, for nearly a year. "And I'm blest if I know how I am ever going to get it back," said Whibley. "Easy," said Hickenlooper. "Call a messenger and send Dobbiegh this note." And he scribbled off the following: "Dear Dobbiegh: If you can spare it I'd like to borrow that umbrella of mine for a couple of days. Can you oblige me?"—Harper's Weekly.

### Out of Mouths of Babies.

Little Harold, aged five, helped his grandfather last summer setting out fruit trees, and was telling his father about it the other night. "Thinking to improve the opportunity of pointing a moral, father asked: "Who made the trees, son?" The kid thought for a moment, then his face lit up with a knowing smile. "I guess God made the trees," he said. "But grandpa stood 'em up."—Milwaukee Free Press.

### Dark Thoughts.

"I can read your mind. I see there in dark thoughts." "Yes, I was wondering when we would get our coal."

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"Ha!" called the man of war.

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 Tennessee White Corn Whiskey, 3.00  
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 Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey, 2.25  
 Holland Gin, Jugs or bottles, \$1.00 to \$1.50  
 Brandy, grape, apple, peach, \$1.00 to \$4.00  
 Port Wine, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 4.00  
 Sherry Wine, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and 4.00  
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 This is an old, responsible house  
 with orders shipped promptly. Remit  
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 carry a nice line of young mules for farmers.  
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**MEN** of whom have some inventive ability  
 please write GREGORY & WENTZ,  
 Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.  
 You see this adv. So will others see

**THE UNDERWORLD OF LONDON**  
 Realm of Feasting Unrest for Which  
 There is No Peace and  
 No Hope.

A dreadful, fearful underworld. A wilderness of sin infested with crawling atomies as with vermin. A gloomy realm of festering unrest for which there is no peace, no hope, no relief, no salvation. A place of darkness, in which children awake in the night to grapple with the unclean thing. And that is what all the poor lost souls down there are doing, all night long and every night, but not by days, because there is no day in that foul Tophet. Down there it is all darkness and a nightmare of haunting forms and faces. Faces and forms made visible in the darkness by the phosphorescence of their own corruption. The old, old faces of little children. The hideous childlike of senility. They gibber at you as you pass, and fount and mook you in your dreams afterward, all dabbled with tears and sweat and contorted with pain, yet bursting and swollen with evil mirth at the sight of one another's misery and suffering. They loom through the driving reek, pale, spectral, floating on the unclean wind that forever drifts through these malodorous steves of infamy in a never-ending succession of ogling death-masks. Women's faces drift along with these others, weeping with an infantile abandon, making an ugly mouth and letting the big glittering drops ooze from their sunken or rheumy eyes and trickle down their bloated or hollow cheeks. Young men's faces, perplexed and frowning, that should be gay or resolute.

The sky above that intorted maze of charnel-houses is red as if with the vital stream of life as it ebbs out with the dying day. Night comes down as if God frowned.—Forum.

**SHIP GETS STRANGE ORDER**  
 Obeys Mysterious Message on Slate  
 and Rescues People From  
 Sinking Vessel.

Robert Dale Owen is our authority for the following story:  
 "The mate of a bark which was sailing southwestwards across the banks of Newfoundland was in the cabin working out the vessel's course when he noticed a man sitting at the other end of the table busy writing on a slate. Thinking it was the captain, he paid no further attention, but presently, looking up from his calculation, he saw the man suddenly disappear.  
 "Startled, he went across, picked up the slate, and found written on it, 'Steer to the northwest.'  
 "He called the captain. The writing was certainly not that of any of the crew, and eventually it was decided to obey the strange order. The vessel was put in a nor-westerly course and a man stationed at the masthead to keep a sharp lookout.  
 "In a few hours they sighted ice, and amongst it, in an almost sinking condition, a big ship. They reached her just in time to save her people. Among them was a passenger whom the mate recognized as the stranger who had written on the slate.  
 "According to the other passengers, this man had been in a deep sleep or trance at the hour at which the incident had taken place."

**His Money's Worth.**

A man with a long but scanty beard and a gimlet eye came into Cyrus Teed's general store, in a little New Hampshire town, and called for five cents worth of peanuts. Cyrus measured out a pint and handed the bag over. The man weighed it in his hand and looked more discontented than ever.  
 "There ain't many there, be they?" he asked querulously. "Ain't it kinder small measure?"  
 "Regular full pint, what I always give for a nickel!" snapped Cyrus, who knew his customer well.  
 "Why, when I was down in Boston," argued the bearded man, "there was a place there where I could get twice as many peanuts as this for five cents."  
 "Well," said Mr. Teed, definitely, "the round trip to Boston is only \$2.50. Why don't ye go down to Boston and get your money's worth?"  
 This closed the incident.—Youth's Companion.

**Nuts That Give Light.**

Seeds of two very remarkable trees have recently come to the government plant bureau through the hands of our agricultural explorers. Both of them might be called light bearers, though in ways somewhat different.  
 One of them is the "Tili" nut tree, which grows in the southern part of the island of Luzon, and nowhere else in the Philippines. It is quite a large tree, and its seed is described as extraordinarily rich in flavor. All the Americans in the Philippines think it the finest nut grown. When the nuts are roasted, if a lighted match be touched to one of them, it will "burn like a lamp" so rich is it in oil.

**Baltimore a Convention City.**  
 Down to the civil war period, Baltimore was a favorite place for national conventions. Candidates for president nominated there by all parties, beginning with 1832, include Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor, Lewis Cass, Franklin Pierce, General Scott, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge, John Bell and Abraham Lincoln in 1864.

**MONGOLS LIVE IN SADDLE**  
 Russia's New Protoges Are Likely to  
 Become Nation of Legless  
 People.

The Mongols, Russia's new protoges and subjects to be, are quite a different race of mankind from the Chinese, Manchus, Russians or Japanese, says the Manchester (England) Guardian.  
 Every Mongol (even the women, who all ride astride) is a horseman, and so used is he to spending his whole active life on horseback that practically he has lost the use of his legs for walking purposes, and shuffles along only a few yards at a time, encumbered by his heavy skin clothing, on limbs shriveled by disuse and by grasping the horse and crooked from the habit of riding extremely high in very short stirrups.  
 The Chinese have always applied the graphic terms "horseback states" to the Huns, Turks, Avars and Mongols, who are practically all varieties of one people, and have always extended from the Yalu to the Volga.  
 They are, and always have been, nomads. Grass and water are their only "property" and absolute need, for they are, tribe for tribe, invariably accompanied on the move after pasture by thousands of horses, cattle, goats, sheep, camels—never pigs.  
 Thus from ancient times they have always been in a position to send 200,000 to 500,000 horsemen rapidly to any point; mountains and big rivers are the only serious obstacles; at a pinch raw meat enough for ten days' campaign can be "cooked" on the rapid march by placing it between the saddle and the sweating horse. If this vast movable force should be civilized again under Russian supremacy there are those who say that nothing in Asia can resist it.

**SOMETHING NEW IN FINANCE**  
 Incident That Proves That the South-  
 ern Negro Has a Good Head  
 for Business.

George M. Bailey, whose editorial paragraphs in the Houston Post are known all over the country, believes that the southern negro has a good head for business and finance.  
 "Rastus," said Bailey, in upholding his claim, "was an old darky who worked two acres of land on a big plantation, and got his foodstuffs from the big commissary which supplied everything to the tenants. Rastus, having poor land as his share, was continually in debt, because he could never raise enough cotton to pay off his bill at the store. There came a season, however, when cotton grew and flourished on Rastus' acres, and when the storekeeper measured up the cotton he told Rastus:  
 "'You've got nine dollars coming to you.'  
 "'Look hyuh, white man!' exclaimed Rastus. 'Go back dar an' look at dem books agin. You don' owe me no nine dollars.'  
 "The clerk complied, and returned with the statement that he had been mistaken, and that Rastus still owed the store nine dollars.  
 "'Now you talkin' sense,' said Rastus contentedly. 'Come on back hyuh an' give me a strip ob bacon.'  
 "You see," explained Bailey, "that old fellow knew that as long as he kept in debt to the store they would give him credit, and he was afraid that if he ever got out of debt the store might refuse him credit the next time he asked for it. Hence his pleasure because of his financial difficulty." —Popular Magazine.

**Masterpiece Gone to Waste.**

The very seedy looking young man made his way with difficulty down the corridor on the ninth floor of one of New York's best hotels, says the Popular Magazine, and knocked loudly at his friend's door. Anguish was written on his face and wrinkles on his clothes. He was a walking sign of what it meant to spend a hard night.  
 "What's the matter?" called out the sleepy friend.  
 "Matter? It's a tragedy, a death, the end of all things—ruination and grief!"  
 "Well, what it is?" lazily inquired the drowsy man, without opening the door.  
 Whereupon the seedy-looking young man, leaning against the door and lifting his voice to a howl, replied:  
 "I called up my wife on the long-distance telephone last night and told her why I had not returned. I gave her a perfectly good reason. And now I can't remember what it was!"

**Cruelty to Animals.**

Brian G. Hughes, whose practical jokes so often delight New York, said at a recent dinner at the Plaza: "I don't mind practical jokes on human beings, but when it comes to animals I draw the line."  
 "Two artists were once bragging to each other. 'I painted up a lump of pig iron to look like cork,' said the first artist, 'and, by Jove, when I threw it in the East river it floated.'  
 "No," said Mr. Hughes, "there was no harm in that. But listen to the second artist. He said, with a cruel, unfeeling laugh; 'I painted a lump of pig iron once to look like a roast of beef, and my dog ate three quarters of it before he discovered his mistake.'"  
 Even if it isn't Leap Year.  
 "Where is the Isle of Man, pa?"  
 "I'm not sure, my son, but I know that the aisle of woman is the one by which she drags a man up to the altar."

**Consignment  
 HIDES STEADY**

There is no special change in the hide market since our prices went to press a week ago and we leave quotations the same for another week. Prices in general fairly steady and we think they will be pretty well sustained.

SALT CURED HIDES		No. 1		No. 2	
Natives	120		110		
Side brands, over 40 flat	110				
Side brands, under 40 flat	100				
Bulls and stags	95c		85c		
Bulls, side branded flat	8c				
Green salt cured glue flat	60c				
Green salt cured deacons, each	50c@35c				
Slunks, each	25c@15c				
Green uncured hides 15c less than same grade cured. Green frozen hides bought as No. 2's.					
Green half cured 3-4c less cured.					
Horse hides, green, No. 1	\$3.50@3.00				
Horse hides, No. 2	\$2.50@2.00				
Green pony hides and glue	\$1.50@75c				
Sheep pelts, green	\$1.00@25c				
Dry, according to wool, per pound	9c@7c				

FURS		FURS		FURS	
No. 1, large	\$7.50@6.00	No. 1, muskrat—Continued		No. 2, Wild	\$1.00@75c
No. 1, medium	\$6.00@4.50	No. 2, muskrat	30c@19c	No. 3, Wild	25c@20c
No. 1, small	\$4.00@2.50	No. 3, muskrat	10c@5c	No. 4, Wild	20c@15c
No. 2, large	\$5.00@3.50	No. 4, muskrat	8c@4c	No. 1, House, large, black	20c@15c
No. 2, medium	\$3.00@1.50	No. 1, large, Red and grey	\$7.00@5.00	No. 1, House, medium, colors	18c@12c
No. 2, small	\$2.00@1.00	No. 1, medium, Red	\$5.00@3.00		
No. 3, large	\$3.50@2.00	No. 1, small, Red	\$3.00@1.50		
No. 3, medium	\$2.50@1.00	No. 2, Red	\$3.00@1.50		
No. 3, small	\$1.50@1.00	No. 3, Red	\$1.50@1.00		
No. 4, large	\$2.50@1.50	No. 4, Red	\$1.50@1.00		
No. 4, medium	\$1.50@1.00	No. 1, large, Grey	\$1.75@1.40		
No. 4, small	\$1.00@.75c	No. 1, medium, Grey	\$1.25@1.00		
No. 5, large	\$1.50@1.00	No. 1, small, Grey	75c@50c		
No. 5, medium	\$1.00@.75c	No. 2, Grey	75c@50c		
No. 5, small	50c@35c	No. 3, Grey	50c@35c		
No. 6, large	\$1.00@.75c	No. 4, Grey	50c@35c		
No. 6, medium	\$1.00@.75c				
No. 6, small	50c@35c				
No. 7, large	\$1.00@.75c				
No. 7, medium	\$1.00@.75c				
No. 7, small	50c@35c				
No. 8, large	\$1.00@.75c				
No. 8, medium	\$1.00@.75c				
No. 8, small	50c@35c				

TALLOW		CAT—Continued	
Tallow, No. 1	5@5 1/2c	No. 1, large	50c@35c
Tallow, No. 2	4@4 1/2c	No. 1, medium	50c@35c
Beeswax	15@20c	No. 1, small	50c@35c

MINK—Central		FOX—Red and grey		CIVET—Central	
No. 1, large	\$7.50@6.00	No. 1, large, Red	\$7.00@5.00	No. 1, large	50c@35c
No. 1, medium	\$6.00@4.50	No. 1, medium, Red	\$5.00@3.00	No. 1, medium	50c@35c
No. 1, small	\$4.00@2.50	No. 1, small, Red	\$3.00@1.50	No. 1, small	50c@35c
No. 2, large	\$5.00@3.50	No. 2, Red	\$3.00@1.50	No. 2, large	50c@35c
No. 2, medium	\$3.00@1.50	No. 3, Red	\$1.50@1.00	No. 2, medium	50c@35c
No. 2, small	\$2.00@1.00	No. 4, Red	\$1.50@1.00	No. 2, small	50c@35c
No. 3, large	\$3.50@2.00	No. 1, large, Grey	\$1.75@1.40	No. 3, large	50c@35c
No. 3, medium	\$2.50@1.00	No. 1, medium, Grey	\$1.25@1.00	No. 3, medium	50c@35c
No. 3, small	\$1.50@1.00	No. 1, small, Grey	75c@50c	No. 3, small	50c@35c
No. 4, large	\$2.50@1.50	No. 2, Grey	75c@50c	No. 4, large	50c@35c
No. 4, medium	\$1.50@1.00	No. 3, Grey	50c@35c	No. 4, medium	50c@35c
No. 4, small	\$1.00@.75c	No. 4, Grey	50c@35c	No. 4, small	50c@35c

SKUNK—Central		WOLF—Prairie and Timber		BEAVER—Central	
Black prime	\$1.75@1.75	No. 1, Prairie, large	\$4.00@2.75	No. 1, large	\$6.00@5.00
Short prime	\$1.25@1.25	No. 1, Prairie, medium	\$3.00@1.75	No. 1, medium	\$4.50@3.50
Narrow prime	\$1.00@1.00	No. 1, Prairie, small	\$1.50@1.25	No. 1, small	\$3.00@2.50
Broad prime	\$1.00@1.00	No. 2, Prairie	\$1.00@.75c	No. 2, large	\$3.00@2.50
Best upprime	\$1.00@.50c	No. 3, Prairie	\$1.00@.75c	No. 2, medium	\$2.50@2.00
Poor upprime	50c@.50c	No. 4, Prairie	75c@.50c	No. 2, small	\$2.00@1.50
		No. 1, Timber, large	\$4.00@2.75	No. 3, large	\$3.00@2.50
		No. 1, Timber, medium	\$3.00@1.75	No. 3, medium	\$2.50@2.00
		No. 1, Timber, small	\$1.50@1.25	No. 3, small	\$2.00@1.50
		No. 2, Timber	\$1.00@.75c	No. 4, large	\$3.00@2.50
		No. 3, Timber	\$1.00@.75c	No. 4, medium	\$2.50@2.00
		No. 4, Timber	75c@.50c	No. 4, small	\$2.00@1.50
		No. 1, Wild, large	\$3.00@2.00		
		No. 1, Wild, medium	\$2.00@1.50		
		No. 1, Wild, small	\$1.50@1.25		

**James C. Smith Hide Co.**  
 St. Joseph, Mo. Bell Phone 995  
 Branches: Wichita, Kan.; Topeka, Kan.; Grand Island, Neb., and Joplin, Mo.

**IS FULL OF COMPLEXITIES**  
 Drawback to the Much Vaunted Simple Life is That it is Not Simple.

The real drawback to "the simple life" is that it is not simple. If you are living it, you positively can do nothing else. There is no time. For the simple life demands virtually that there shall be no specialization. The hausfrau who is living the simple life must, after all, sweep, scour, wash and mend. She must also cook; from that even Battle Creek cannot save her.  
 She may dream sternly of Margaret Fuller, who read Plato while she pared apples; but in her secret heart she knows that either Plato or the apples suffered. And from what point of view is it simpler to have a maid of all work than to indulge one's self in liveried lackeys? Not, obviously, for the mistress; and it is surely simpler to be an adequate second footman than to be an adequate bonne a tout faire.  
 We should really simplify life by having more servants rather than fewer; more luxury instead of less. The smoothest machinery is the most complicated; and which of us wants to stink the Mauretania and go back to Robert Fulton's steamboat? One would think that the decision would be made naturally for one by one's income. But it is the triumph of the new paradox that this is not so.  
 Thousands of people seem to be infected with the idea that by doing more themselves, they bestow leisure on others; that by wearing shabby clothes they somehow make it possible for others to dress better—though they thus admit tacitly that leisure and elegance are not evil things.—K. F. Gerould in Atlantic Monthly.

**GENUINE TRIBUTE TO WOMAN**  
 Robert G. Ingersoll's Eloquent Appreciation of the Qualities of the Gentler Sex.

It takes 100 men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the

lowest depths. It forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

**Legislative Optimist.**  
 A novel description of an optimist was given recently by a congressman who had suffered an onslaught of popular protest in "appeals" from his district. He insisted that an optimist was a man who could make "nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of the yellow, sour things called 'lemons' that have been handed him."  
 "That," he said, with a grimace, "is what I call an optimist." May it not also be true, as one of his companions suggested, that some of the sweetest things in life owe much of their attractiveness to the subacid, aromatic influence of this same sour "lemon" which is so frequently "handed" political leaders?  
 The joke was repeated in the presence of an attaché of a foreign delegation, who thought it so good that he wanted to pass it on, but he failed to catch the full significance of the phrase "handed a lemon," so he changed the expression to "making nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of yellow added eggs thrown at him, you know," and when there was a smile he retorted hastily: "Oh—perhaps I've got the yellow eggs broke?"—National Magazine.

**Got Even With Critic.**

The Abbe d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' silence, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed!" To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism: "I do not quarrel with the Abbe d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbe to write such a tragedy."

**Avoid Blends! Send us your order for Hayner BOTTLED-IN-BOND Whiskey**  
 You KNOW it is good and pure—the Government's Green Stamp over the cork is your protection.

**NO MATTER** what others may promise—no matter how tempting their offers may seem—see if they offer Bottled-in-Bond whiskey—and remember—there is only one way you can be sure of getting pure, straight whiskey—and that is to insist on Bottled-in-Bond.

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