

CATTLE RECEIPTS LIGHT

USUAL SCANT WEEK-END DELEGATION SOLD AT STEADY PRICES.

BEST STEERS CLOSE STEADY

Plain and Medium Grades Closing 10@15c Lower—Mixed Yearlings and Heifers Down 25@35c for the Week.

There was the usual light Saturday run of cattle on sale today and for the few lots here the market was unchanged.

The tone to the fat cattle market for the week has been somewhat irregular with a tendency towards lower prices on everything...

The following prices are quotable on the St. Joseph market today: Choice to prime yearlings, \$8.00@8.75; good to choice, \$7.50@8.00; fat to good steers, \$7.00@7.50; common to fat, \$5.50@7.00; good to fancy yearlings, \$6.75@8.10.

COWS, MILKS AND MIXED. Trade in butter classes was of small volume, owing to light receipts, and a clearance was soon effected at unchanged prices.

A hearty trade has prevailed in the market for cows and heifers this week, with the general run of heifers stock under heavy pressure by packers.

The following quotations are current on the local market: Choice to prime cows, \$6.25@7.25; good to choice cows, \$5.50@6.25; medium to fair cows, \$4.50@5.40; canners and cutters, \$4.10@5.10; choice to prime heifers, \$7.00@7.75; good to choice heifers, \$5.00@6.75; common to good heifers, \$3.25@5.00; good to choice bulls, \$6.00@7.10; choice to prime bulls, \$4.50@5.40; veal calves, \$6.50@7.00; medium calves, \$5.25@6.50; common and heavy calves, \$4.50@5.00.

STOCKERS AND FEEDERS. The usual week-end conditions were dominant in this department today. Practically nothing in the way of fresh supplies were available and trade was barren and nominally steady.

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CONCENTRATED STOCK FOODS. Quotations on Cornmeal, Linseed and Alfalfa Products: Ko-Pre-Ko-Kake—Carlots, per ton, \$28; ton lots, \$28. Cottonseed meal—Carlots, per ton, \$31.50; ton lots, \$32.50. Alfalfa meal—Per ton, choice, \$27.50@28.50; No. 1, \$26@27; No. 2, \$24@25.50; standard, \$21@23.50. Linseed meal—Carlots, per ton, \$35.50; ton lots, \$36; 1,000 lb. lots, \$38; less quantities, \$2 per 100 lb.

OTHER LIVE STOCK MARKETS

CHICAGO. CHICAGO Union Stock Yards, Ill., May 11.—The Live Stock World reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2000. Market unchanged. Hogs—Receipts, 8000. Market opened shade higher, closed weak. Top \$7.90, bulk \$7.65@7.80. Sheep—Receipts, 2000. Market higher, Colorado clipper \$9.15.

KANSAS CITY. KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 11.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1000. Market nominal. Hogs—Receipts, 1500. Market mostly 10c lower. Top \$7.85, bulk \$7.40@7.75. No sheep.

SOUTH OMAHA. SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., May 11.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Journal-Stockman reports: Cattle—Receipts, 200. Market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 9500. Market 5@10c lower. Top \$7.65, bulk \$7.40@7.55. Sheep—Receipts, 100. Market steady.

EAST ST. LOUIS. EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock Yards, Ill., May 11.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 200. Market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 2500. Market 5@10c higher. Top \$8.00, bulk \$7.50@7.90. Sheep—Receipts, 1500. Market steady.

FORT WORTH. FT. WORTH, Tex., May 11.—Special to The Journal: The Daily Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1000. Market nominal. Hogs—Receipts, 400. Market weak common. Sheep—Receipts, 3100. Market steady.

ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET. ST. JOSEPH'S cash values: Receipts: wheat, 7 cars; corn, 14 cars; oats, 0 cars. Wheat: No. 2 red, 1.19 @ 1.19 1/2; No. 3 red, 1.16 @ 1.18; No. 2 hard, 1.12 @ 1.16; No. 3 hard, 1.11 @ 1.14 1/2.

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS. The following Chicago board of trade quotations are furnished by T. P. Gordon, 1005-1008 New Corby-Forsace Building, St. Joseph, Mo.: Corn—No. 2 white, 57 @ 57 1/2; No. 3 white, 57 @ 57 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 56 3/4 @ 57 1/4; No. 3 mixed, 56 1/4 @ 57; No. 4 mixed, 56 1/4 @ 57; No. 2 yellow, 56 1/2 @ 57 1/4; No. 3 yellow, 56 1/4 @ 57; No. 4 yellow, 56 1/4 @ 57 1/4.

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HOG PRICES DROP

LIBERAL WEEK-END RUN RESULTS IN SLOW ACTING, LOWER MARKET.

QUALITY WAS FAIR TO GOOD

Market Opened Generally a Nickel Lower, But Closes a Dime Under Yesterday's Average.

About two thousand more hogs arrived for the final day of the week than was generally expected. Receipts were estimated at 3,000, but unexpected arrivals boosted this up to 5,000, a total that was made up largely of mixed and light hogs, including comparatively few select heavy offerings.

Prices ranged from \$7.50@7.85, with the bulk selling at \$7.70@7.80. The bulk yesterday sold at \$7.75@7.90, a week ago at \$7.50@7.85, a month ago at \$8.05@8.12 1/2, two years ago at \$9.45@9.50, three years ago at \$7.00@7.20, and four years ago at \$5.25@5.55.

Representative Hog Sales. No. Av. Shtk. Price No. Av. Shtk. Price: 49... 221... 7.85 47... 255... 8.0 7.75; 78... 280... 7.85 78... 331... 7.75; 68... 240... 7.85 78... 331... 7.75; 55... 305... 8.0 7.85 80... 222... 7.75; 70... 245... 8.3 7.85 80... 213... 4.7 7.5; 65... 280... 7.85 82... 212... 8.0 7.75; 74... 208... 8.0 82... 81... 217... 8.0 7.75; 64... 247... 120... 7.80 72... 225... 20... 7.25; 51... 246... 7.80 79... 238... 7.75; 67... 217... 7.80 76... 233... 8.3 7.75; 62... 244... 8.0 82... 212... 8.0 7.75; 62... 240... 7.80 76... 238... 7.70; 40... 212... 8.0 7.80 88... 228... 7.70; 67... 217... 7.80 76... 233... 8.3 7.75; 62... 244... 8.0 82... 212... 8.0 7.75; 68... 250... 8.0 7.80 65... 219... 7.70; 65... 244... 8.0 7.80 10... 213... 4.0 7.70; 57... 203... 210... 7.80 72... 214... 7.70; 69... 240... 8.0 82... 212... 8.0 7.75; 142... 203... 180... 7.80 62... 234... 7.70; 32... 229... 7.77 73... 213... 160... 7.70; 62... 238... 7.77 70... 213... 160... 7.70; 75... 232... 8.0 7.75 70... 215... 4.0 7.70; 73... 234... 7.77 73... 213... 160... 7.70; 77... 209... 8.0 7.77 62... 213... 7.65; 70... 228... 7.77 62... 207... 160... 7.65; 81... 228... 7.75 71... 232... 120... 7.65; 70... 228... 7.75 73... 208... 160... 7.65; 73... 240... 160... 7.75 66... 188... 7.60; 81... 213... 7.75 70... 215... 4.0 7.70; 65... 208... 8.0 7.75 65... 226... 160... 7.60; 86... 215... 7.75 85... 188... 7.55; 82... 227... 8.0 7.75 35... 188... 7.55; 78... 240... 8.0 7.75 70... 215... 4.0 7.70; 70... 200... 4.0 7.75 4.0 140... 7.10

Pigs—125 Pounds and Under. 6... 117... 6.60 3... 96... 6.75; 7... 118... 6.40 18... 89... 6.50; 14... 102... 6.60 23... 67... 6.50

Odds, Ends and Wagon Hogs. 17... 305... 7.85 2... 290... 7.65; 19... 275... 7.85 1... 175... 7.65; 1... 270... 7.75 1... 200... 80... 7.50; 2... 280... 7.75 3... 386... 7.50; 8... 281... 7.70 4... 382... 7.40; 14... 258... 7.70

Packers' Hog Purchases. Swift & Co... 1,800; Hammond Packing Co... 1,300; Morris & Co... 1,000; Shippers... 450; Total... 4,750

Range of Hog Prices. This Week Last Week: Monday... \$7.40 @ \$7.70 \$7.25 @ \$8.03; Tuesday... \$7.40 @ \$7.75 \$7.50 @ \$8.03; Wednesday... \$7.60 @ \$7.75 \$7.40 @ \$8.53; Thursday... \$7.60 @ \$7.90 \$7.40 @ \$8.53; Friday... \$7.45 @ \$7.75 \$7.40 @ \$8.53; Saturday... \$7.50 @ \$7.85 \$7.35 @ \$7.70

WHOLESALE BEEF PRICES. Following are today's wholesale prices for beef cuts as given out by Swift & Company: Dressed Beef, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. Ribs... 17 c 13 c 10 1/2 c; Loins... 19 c 14 c 12 c; Cocks... 11 1/2 c 10 1/2 c 9 1/2 c; Chucks... 9 c 8 c 7 c; Plates... 8 c 7 c 6 c

CONVICTS TO WORK ROADS. Missouri Will Try An Experiment on Public Thoroughfares. Jefferson City, May 11.—The first trial in this state of employing convicts on the public roads will be made next Tuesday about one mile east of the limits of this city. 7500 convicts were completed yesterday between Warden Andra and the county court of Cole county to this end. The test will be made with twenty-five convicts and if the experiment proves satisfactory, as Governor Hadley and the prison officials believe it will, additional convicts will be added.

WANTED MORE GOWNS. Texas Cattleman's Daughter Gets Divorce From Army Officer. Leavenworth, Kan., May 11.—Mrs. Maryland Watson, wife of Capt. James T. Watson, Seventh Infantry, was granted a divorce in the district court yesterday. Captain Watson did not contest the suit.

WEATHER FORECAST. For Missouri: Cloudy and colder tonight; Sunday generally fair with warmer in west portion; high northwest wind.

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LIVE STOCK RECEIPTS

Today's Receipts. Cattle... 173,257; Hogs... 87,115; Sheep... 287,332.

RECEIPTS FROM JAN. 1 TO DATE

The following table shows the local receipts from January 1, 1912, and receipts for the corresponding time in 1911: 1912 1911 Dec. Inc. Cattle... 173,257 118,233 55,024; Hogs... 87,115 68,694 18,421; Sheep... 287,332 275,211 12,121.

RECEIPTS BY CARS. The following shows the number of cars of stock handled today by railroads centering at the local yards today: C. & O. west... 10; C. B. & Q. east... 12; C. R. I. P... 13; Great Western... 5; Missouri Pacific... 9; St. Joseph & Grand Island... 9; A. T. & S. F... 4; Total... 74

MORE MEN WANTED FOR ARMY. Orders Issued Detailing Officers For Recruiting Service. San Antonio, Tex., May 11.—More men are wanted for the United States army. Orders were issued recently in Washington detailing many officers for recruiting service.

SHOULD CLIP HORSES. Well Known Writer Shows the Advantage to the Animal. In winter the horse has a heavy coat of hair. If left to itself it gradually sheds, but meanwhile the animal must struggle with the winter coat during the warm days of spring when he is called upon to do the strenuous work of plowing and seeding.

DIWA FRUIT LOOKING FINE. Warm Rains and Sunshine Are Proving Beneficial. Glenwood, Ia., May 11.—Under the influence of the warm rains and sunny days the orchards in Mills county are bursting into bloom and in another week will be dressed in all the beauty of their spring blossoms.

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NO SHEEP ON OFFER

FOUR DECKS OF FRESH ARRIVALS BILLED DIRECT TO LOCAL PACKER.

MARKET CLOSING STEADY

Little Change in Values As Compared With Last Week's Windup—Best Lambs at \$9.50.

Nothing was offered for sale in this division today. Three decks of Texas sheep arrived, but were consigned direct to a local packer, and trade was barren and quoted nominally steady.

CHOICE TO PRIME FEED WESTERN LAMBS ARE QUOTABLE AT \$9.85@10.00; FAIR TO GOOD FEED WESTERN LAMBS, \$9.50@9.85; FEED WESTERN WEANERS, \$8.75@9.10; FEED WESTERN YEARLINGS, \$8.00@8.50; SHORN LAMBS, \$5.50@6.00; SHORN WEANERS, \$5.50@6.00; SHORN YEARLINGS, \$7.50@8.25.

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ITEMS IN BRIEF

S. H. Smith, a prominent farmer and live stock shipper of Crete, Neb., has been today with a two-car shipment of hogs.

R. C. Dyas, of Jewell City, Kan., who markets here quite regularly, had a car of hogs on today's market.

J. M. Walsh, of Douglas, Neb., accompanied a one-car consignment of hogs to the local market today. Wm. Krueger, of Hollenberg, Kan., had a car of hogs of his own feeding on today's market.

For the best values in whiskeys, try Hilgert's, 297 So. 6th St. C. H. Craig, who operates around Endicot, Neb., disposed of a car of hogs to the local market today.

In need of feed, call on our agent, Ed Edwards, Room 316, Exchange Building, So. St. Joseph. CHAMPION FEED CO., TARKIO, MO. J. R. Williams, of Davenport, Neb., contributed a car of hogs to today's market.

Champion Molasses Feed shortens feeding period, increases gain, reduces cost per pound of gain, equally good with ensilage. Peter Meyer, one of the largest shippers of hogs to this market, had a car of hogs on sale today.

Excello Cattle Fatener has proven a great success. The cheapest and best feed that can be fed with corn. Increases the gain, shortens time of feeding. J. H. Cain, of Beattie, Kan., increased today's hog receipts with a one-car consignment.

Champion Feed saves corn. Oneda, Kan., was represented on today's market by A. G. McCoy, who marketed a car of hogs. Try the stock yards lunch at Transit House Cafe. Best meal in the city for the money.

G. H. Swaney, of Pickering, Mo., who markets here at least once a week, came in today with a car of porkers. Try Hilgert's 25c merchant lunch and be convinced it's the best in the city, 297 So. 6th St.

Wm. Price, of Graviy, Ia., one of the large farmers and feeders of that section, marketed a car of hogs today.

Why hold your wool? We pay cash and guarantee prompt returns. Send for quotations and circulars. St. Joseph Wool Co., 718 So. 4th St. The new Airflow will open Sunday afternoon with a class including the favorite McConnell sisters, the graceful eccentric singers and dancers who captivated St. Joseph a few seasons ago. Let us attend the Grand Opera and the Thriller, a European novelty entitled a Sindy in Rags.

For Sale—Membership in St. Joseph Live Stock Exchange, address Box 126, South St. Joseph, Mo. MORE CATTLE ASSURED. Figures For Missouri Are Somewhat of a Surprise.

Jefferson City, Mo., May 11.—According to assessors' returns there are 100,000 more head of live stock in Missouri this year than there were in 1911. This statement comes as a surprise since it is hardly borne out by the showing receipts at market. Neither is it substantiated by reports from shippers and feeders throughout the county of the late, men who are close acquainted with the live stock situation. However, it might be possible that assessors made a more thorough canvass of the live stock situation this year, which accounts for the apparent increased supply.

Although there are 100,000 more cattle in Missouri now than in 1911 they were assessed at approximately \$1,000,000 less in 1912. The total valuation fixed by the state board of equalization was \$23,224,176.

The cattle were assessed at approximately \$12 per head, a total of 8,333,797 being assessed at \$23,224,176. Missouri's 987,288 sheep were assessed at \$15.68, or about \$1.59 a head. The 3,395,260 hogs were assessed at \$6.37, or approximately \$1.26 a head.

Nodaway leads in cattle with 44,243. Saline ranks second with 31,328. Following in the standing of a few of the leading counties upon cattle: Sullivan 31,352; Harrison 29,849; Putnam 26,647; Lafayette 25,629; Marion 25,451.

Johnson county ranks first in the number of hogs, returning for taxation 22,237. St. Louis city reported 15,488; Nodaway 14,281; Harrison 13,939; Vernon 14,424; Green 14,699; Cass 13,318.

Schuyler ranks first in sheep, reporting 42,815 for taxation. Monroe returned 27,482; Wright 22,444; Harrison 23,978; Linn 20,253; Davies 21,908; Callaway 18,427; Johnson 17,502. Nodaway leads also on hogs, reporting 44,638 for taxation. Texas reported 38,754; Johnson 36,586; Saline 36,160; Atchison 35,092; Harrison 34,333; Cass 33,544.

Missouri has 915,656 horses, assessed at \$4.78, an average value of \$38. The 314,095 mules in Missouri were assessed at \$12,823,038, an average taxable valuation of \$43. The assessors' returns show a decrease in the total acreage of Missouri, aggregating 22,649. The figures of 1911 give 42,965,865 acres and 1912 42,943,226. This land was assessed at \$24,879,954, an average value of \$5.78.

There are 47,738 fewer city lots this year than in 1911. The assessors reported 745,137 in 1911 and but 697,399 in 1912. These were valued at \$733,892,246.

Callaway takes second place in the number of mules produced. Saline county passed Callaway last year, a total of 6,949 being returned for taxes. Callaway reported 6,654; Cooper 5,320; Carroll 5,277; Audrain 5,256; Jackson 4,180; Vernon 4,122 and Monroe 4,822.

AMUSEMENTS. At the Tomars-Russian Symphony Orchestra, Wednesday, May 15. The matter with men—Women.

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.

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Advertising Rates: 20¢ per cent commission allowed postmasters, who are authorized to take subscriptions.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Circuit Judge. I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination, on the Democratic ticket, for the office of Judge of the Circuit Court of Buchanan County, Missouri.

DON'T BE LATE AT MEALS

It is the Cause of Much Hardship in the Kitchen.

Manhattan, Kan., May 10.—Why is it that farmers usually are late at meals? No matter how early a farmer rises, and how soon he begins his morning chores, something always makes him late.

Breakfast is all ready for the table, and he knows it, but that makes no difference. The biscuits burn and the eggs get cold and leathery, and the coffee goes too long, and the farmer's wife goes to the barn, but still he doesn't come.

She can't start any other work, for as soon as it is well begun in would come Mr. Farmer grumbling, "Isn't breakfast ready yet?" And when they sit down to the belated meal, his ten to one he will say the biscuits aren't like mother used to make.

The other meals are no better attended. Out in the field, something about the machinery breaks just before noon, and of course the repairing could take half an hour.

There really is no valid reason against having supper before the milking in the evening. It would enable the farmer to get out of the kitchen a few minutes before bedtime.

The movement to make farm life attractive is an excellent thing. Clubs for farm women, electric lights and bath rooms are all very well in their way, but having regular hours for quilting work and being on time to meals would go farther toward making life easy for your women folk than all the hot water pipes and electricity ever invented.

NEW BUTTER FAT RECORD Ohio Cow Averages Nine Gallons of Milk a Day.

Columbus, O., May 10.—The dairy department of the Ohio state university has completed a test which fixes a new world's record for butter fat production. The new record holder is Banostine Belle De Koj, a 5-year-old Holstein-Friesian cow.

The cow was tested by nine different persons, who watched the animal day and night, and the records are fully verified.

The cow produced during the year 27,494.2 pounds of milk, testing 3.86 per cent fat. This means over nine gallons of milk a day, or enough to supply thirty-six families each with a quart of milk daily.

During the time that Banostine Belle De Koj was in test she received nearly, if not all the time, more or less ensilage and alfalfa. When available she received roots and a mixed grain ration. The foundation of which was bran and oats.

She was also fed some dried beet pulp, especially when fresh roots were not available. Her grain ration from the first was gradually increased to 25 pounds or a little more, but later reduced to as low as 9 pounds a day.

As near as can be estimated the average amount of grain fed was 12 to 14 pounds daily. She also received, when it was available, green corn with the stalks, and also green clover and any other green feed that might be available, including feed from the pasture.

Banostine Belle De Koj has given birth to three heifer calves, this record having been made after the birth of the third calf.

Lime don't cost much, nor does carbolic acid, but both are worth much about the hog trough and pen, the chicken house and the cellar.



Daddy's Bedtime Story

The Story of Little Skipping Rope Mary

A Small Girl at the Rope.

DADDY began with a sigh, one of those loud make-believe sighs that made Jack and Evelyn sit up and take notice.

"It's skipping rope time now, isn't it?" daddy began, with a glance at Evelyn.

"Very well," daddy went on, "I think I will tell you a little story about Skipping Rope Mary."

"Mary could skip the rope forward and backward, with her arms crossed or held in many other queer ways. Mary could skip on one foot or on two feet, and the persons who watched her often wondered why Mary needed any feet at all, her toes were so seldom on the ground."

"When other little girls turned the rope Mary was almost always the skipper. The rule of the game is, you know, that one may skip until she misses."

"So Mary could seldom get two little girls willing to stand and turn the ends of the rope till she got tired. Mary sometimes could skip over very small girls to turn an end of the rope, and she would tie the other to the fence."

"Mary's mother did not like her little girl to skip the rope too much. The doctor had said that too much of it was bad for the health. Besides, Mary's shoes wore out so rapidly that she seldom had a neat looking pair on her feet."

"So one day after talking it over with grandma Mary's mother said: 'Now, Mary, a new pair of shoes every week is too much to ask of me. You must wear your shoes for a month at least. Not often than that can you have them. If your shoes wear out before you must stand the consequences.'

"Consequences is a big word, but Mary learned what it meant when in about a week she had skipped the soles loose and knocked the toes out of her nice new shoes."

"Mother simply wouldn't buy Mary another pair till the month was up, and the little girl had to go to school and church with her toes out and her soles flapping. Mary didn't like that."

"Besides, you can't jump so well with flapping soles, and so Mary had to cut out some of her skipping. When she did get the new shoes she took better care of them, and, while Mary now isn't known among the little girls of her acquaintance as the best rope skipper in the block, they know her feet are more neatly shod and older folks do not say, 'What shabby shoes that little girl has!'"

HOW TO DRESS CALVES. Expert Advice For the Slaughter at the Farm.

Calves from three to six weeks old, and weighing about one hundred pounds, or say from eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds, are the most desirable weights for shipment.

The head should be cut off, so as to leave the hide of the head on the skin. The legs should be cut off at the knee joint. The entrails should all be removed, excepting the kidneys; the liver, lights and heart should be taken out.

Cut the carcass open from the neck through the entire length—from head to hams. If this is done they are not so apt to sour and spoil during hot weather. Many a fine carcass has spoiled in hot weather because of not being cut open. Don't wash the carcass out with water, but wipe out with a dry cloth.

Don't ship until the animal meat is entirely out of the body, and never tie the carcass up in a bag that keeps the air from circulating and makes the meat more liable to become tainted.

It is very essential that the directions for dressing calves be followed, especially in regard to letting the calves cool off properly before shipping in hot weather, as hundreds of calves are received in bad order and are being sold for less than their value.

The best selling days for calves are Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday morning. The first and last days of the week there is not much demand, and after Friday morning—that is, Friday afternoon and Saturday—there is generally heavy demand.

Calves under fifty pounds should not be shipped and are liable to be condemned by the health officers as grass-fed. Merchants, too, are liable to be fined, if found selling these stinks, for violation of the law.

Very heavy calves such as have been fed on milk, never get so fat as those on the market—they are neither well nor beef.

AN EXPERIMENT STATION.

The Kitchen is Situated Midway Between the Cradle and Grave.

The kitchen is an experiment station for young wives, and is situated midway between the cradle and the grave. It is used for preparing food, but is sometimes connected up by mistake with several varieties of pole-vaulting stomachache, writes Howard L. Rahn.

The kitchen used to be a popular place of resort for women who were married to an appetite which never said die or diet, but nowadays the only articles of furniture to be found in the kitchen are a steel range with the asthma, a portable pantry made out of soap premiums, and a hired girl, armed with the deadly sponge cake.

Very few housewives loiter around the kitchen to any extent these days. Some of our best known society women don't know which end of the kitchen is in, and seldom enter it except to chasten a chambermaid who wants to eat at the table.

Kitchens are usually located next to the dining room, so as to enable the languorous breath of the boiled cabbage to flit from guest to guest and creep up the back stairs into the spare bedroom.

Entrance to the kitchen is ordinarily made through a swing door, which destroys several thousand perfectly good teeth fillings every year.

This accursed device should give way to the department store turnstile, through which the serving girl can chase a soup tureen without being jolted into the china closet.

Every kitchen is equipped with a large quantity of hardware in the form of can openers, egg beaters, coffee percolators and the slowly strangling gas stove, which in the agonies of death throws off a very vile and pervasive aroma.

BOY HAD BEEN REASONING

His Brothers' Names Supplied With Extensions, He Provided One for Himself.

Gabrielle E. Jackson tells the following story in her book for girls, "Peggy Stewart."

Peggy's father has just returned from an extended absence and his daughter is showing him over the estate. They come to one of the cabins in which lives the family of Joshua Jozadak Jubal Jones.

"I want you to see this family," explained Peggy to her father. "They might all be of one age, but they are not—quite. Come here, boys, and see Master Captain," called Peggy to the three pickaninnies who were peeping around the corner of the cottage.

"Hello, boys. Whose sons are you? Miss Peggy tells me you are brothers."

"Yes, sir, we is. We's Joshua Jozadak Jubal Jones' boys. Ise Gus, de o'es."

"And how old are you?" "Ise nine, I reckons."

"And what is your name?" "My name? Gus, sah."

"That's only half a name. Your whole name is really Augustus, remember." The "Massa" Captain's voice boomed with the sound of the sea.

"And your name?" continued the questioner, pointing at number two. "Ise jist Jule, sah," was the shy reply.

"That's a nickname, too. I can't have such slipshod, no account names for my hands' children. It isn't dignified. It isn't respectful. It's a disgrace, Miss Peggy. Do you hear?"

"Yes, yas, sir, we hears," answered the little darkies in chorus.

"Please, sah, wa's his name of 'tain't Jule?" Augustus plucked up heart of grace to ask.

"He is Julius, Juh-us; do you understand?" "Yes, sir; yes, sir." Another dime helped the memory.

"And your name?" asked the "Massa Captain" of the quaking number three.

There was a long, significant pause, then contortions. At length, after two of three futile attempts, he blurted out: "Ise—Ise Biliyus, sah!"

There was an explosion of laughter. Then Nell Stewart tossed the redoubtable Biliyus a quarter, crying, "You win," and walked away with Peggy, his laughter now and then borne back to his beneficiaries.

Radiates Good Humor.

There is a certain submerged book-keeper, a man whose work is but a bit of routine, not vital to any process of the complicated corporate machine which pays his wage.

But this obscure copyist of accounts is valuable; he has not forgotten, and lets no one who knows him forget, something most of us lose early—that life is intended to be rich in jolly moments.

Business itself cannot quench him, and if you hunt him out at his desk he will glance up at you with a blink of his tired eyes, and immediately there will come over his queer face that look of roguery, so delicate an expression of unconquerable glee, that you have to smile vigorously to forestall an outburst of apparently meaningless laughter, an appalling thing in the quiet of a room where fifty clerks are somberly crouched above their scratching pens.

Wherever you meet him he will endanger your reputation for sanity. He sees life as a pageant of preposterous episodes, and his lean, dry face assumes such subtly absurd expressions, and he emits such odd intonations, that he will victimize and reduce to maudlin mirth the gravest of men, and send him buoyantly upon his way.—Atlantic Monthly.

Birds as Gem Finders.

Attracted by the glitter, many a hen has picked up a diamond lost from a ring, and it is a well-known fact that crows will take big risks of losing their heads in order to steal a gold thimble or a shining locket.

A young woman of Newburg, N. Y., Miss Sophie Alexander, not long ago lost the solitaire from her engagement ring. Hunts were made, rewards offered and suspected servants put through the third degree. Finally time eased her grief. And then a pigeon, a pet of the family, died. Miss Alexander had the bird's body mounted by a taxidermist, and lo! in the pigeon's crop was the solitaire.

In Lakewood a little time ago a man saw one of his hens choking over a string that hung from its beak. He went to the aid of his egg supply and found the "string" was a thin gold chain. On the end of it was a beautiful shiny pebble that Mrs. Hen had swallowed to aid digestion. In consequence, a certain society woman recovered her diamond lavaliers lost at a dance.

Sovereigns as Collectors.

The ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid had in his palace the finest collection of precious stones ever brought together, some of which were recently sold in Paris. The tastes of the Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria run in the same direction. His collection of diamonds, sapphires and emeralds is estimated to be worth £600,000.

The Kaiser, we are told, has a passion for old uniforms and boots and shoes of antiquity. Bavaria's regent has a love for old beer pitchers, especially those of his own country of the middle ages.

The late King of Sweden possessed a magnificent collection of rare books, engravings and medals, while Ludwig I of Bavaria rejoiced in a collection of umbrellas.

SOUNDED LIKE IT.

"Doctor, I see by the clock that I was under the influence of chloroform more than an hour. Did you have anything to do besides resetting that broken bone?"

"Nothing but a little supplementary operation or two."

"Supplementary? Great Scott? Did you cut out my appendix?"

DID HIS WORK THOROUGHLY

Central African Explorer Well Equipped to Make Lasting Record of His Journey.

To make an accurate description of the route taken through an unknown country requires an amount of hard and incessant labor of which few persons have any conception. An instance in point may be taken from the explorations of William Junker in Central Africa.

This man, a Russian by birth, spent five years endeavoring to trace the course of the River Welle, which lies between the headwaters of the Nile and the Congo, with a view to determining the position of the watershed between the two rivers.

When actually on the march he wore a coat designed by himself, having numerous large and small pockets especially arranged for the handy use of his watch, compass, aneroid, thermometer and note books. From one of its buttons hung three pencils; one red for marking his route, another blue for noting the rivers and streams, the third black for recording the times of starting and halting, together with all the more notable incidents of the day's march.

In a little notebook, ruled for the purpose, the exact time of starting was put down, thereafter, at the end of every five minutes the direction in which he was proceeding was determined by a glance at the compass and carefully noted, while occasionally the readings of the aneroid and the thermometer were taken.

A brook crosses the path. With the blue pencil it is instantly designated, as well as the direction of its current and its estimated breadth and depth. Every change in the character of the country is entered, as from wooded to grass lands, or from desert to fertile soil.

The prominent objects encountered on the way, with their apparent height and distance, are all indicated. So also are the names of the tribes, and any local information that may have been obtained.

The time and duration of every halt is carefully kept, as it is necessary to know the actual marching time in order to calculate the distance gone. Doctor Junker's uniform rate was a little over three miles an hour.

When the night camp was reached the first duty of the explorer, after supper, was to copy all the notes made during the day into a large book; one page generally, though sometimes two, being used to record a day's march. If the night were clear the traveler's work would end with an observation for determining the position of the camp. This done, he felt that he had earned his right to rest.

In this manner Junker traveled on foot 4,000 miles through a country a large part of which had never before been visited by a white man.—Harper's Weekly.

Found Bones of Soldiers.

During the recent excavations in the historic ground of Abbey lane, Athlone, Ireland, for the commonplace purpose of constructing a sewer, some remarkable finds were made by the excavating party. Not far beneath the soil they came in contact with a large quantity of human remains. There were no symptoms of coffins, but several skulls and bones were thrown up. Evidences of a very substantial foundation which were also unearthed, four feet under the surface, and the human remains buried apparently in a trench in the immediate vicinity, gave rise to the supposition that the skeletons were those of the Irish soldiers who fought in the sieges near the famous old bridge of Athlone. The Abbey was founded by Cistercian monks the same year that the site of the castle was taken over by King John, with other lands adjoining, which belonged to the monks; and in exchange the king gave to the monastery the lands known today as Monksland, on the borders of the town. A holy water fount was also unearthed.

Hogs Loose and on Rampage.

The sleeping citizens on a certain street in Rochester, N. Y., were awakened the other morning before daylight by an unusual noise. What the awakened people saw was a strange sight when they shivered their way to the windows and looked into the street. The roadway was filled with a drove of hogs, whose gruntings and squealings had joined to cause the disturbance. A short time before they had been snugly packed in live stock cars on the railroad. But there had been a wreck and thousands of hogs were released from their prisons. They invaded the town and started immediately on the chief business of their existence, the acquirement and disposal of food. Some householders sought the morning paper only to find a disconsolate hog sitting on the doorstep, but many others were startled from time to time by noisy visits to the garbage pails in the alley. And the garbage collectors' wagons were the leaders of processions. It was well into the day before the swine had been rounded up and again put into strong captivity.

Here is a Real Wit.

The town council held a big banquet. One of the councilors came arrayed in a tartan waistcoat. He was subjected to a great number of curious looks. At length one of his brother councilors, unable to restrain his curiosity, remarked:

"I say, what possessed you to come in a tartan waistcoat?"

"Well," came the witty answer, "I'm not like some of you. Always when I dine I like to keep a check over my stomach."

LANGE BEER. A cool, easily digested, nourishing drink is best for you—that's just what you get when you order. As good as it tastes. Call either phone 168 and have a case delivered to your home. ST. JOSEPH BREWING COMPANY.

The Biggest Show on Earth for the Money. 2,000 SEATS AT 10c. AT THE NEW AIRDOME. JUST BACK OF BIRCH BROS. STORE. 3 BIG ACTS 3. 3 FIRST RUN MOTION PICTURES 3. 2,000 SEATS AT 10c. The Biggest Show on Earth for the Money.

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 337-38. Byers Bros. & Co., rooms 202-204. Clay, Robinson & Co., rooms 329-331. Crider Bros. & Co., rooms 303-307. Dally, C. M. & Co., rooms 317-119. Davis & Son, rooms 206-17. Drinkard, Emmert & Co., rooms 309-15. Emmert Com. Co., rooms 302-4. Kansas City Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 229-32. Knollin Sheep Commission Co., rooms 219-23. Lee Live Stock Commission Co., rooms 210-13. Missouri Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 261-263. National Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 333-40. Nichols, Blanchard & Gilchrist, rooms 325-28. Frey Bros. & Cooper, rooms 318-27. Stewart & Co., rooms 226-28. St. Joseph Live Stock Com. Co., rooms 212-14. Shav, 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; secretary, E. F. Erwin. The board of directors is composed of A. H. Baker, M. W. Wyatt, J. G. Adams, L. E. Cooper, M. F. Blanchard, R. G. Denham and M. K. Stewart, Stock Cattle Brokers: Aikins, J. V. & Co., room 311. Adcock, George, room 302. Baker, Joseph, & Son, room 319. Baker, James, room 316. Dawson & Reynolds, room 201. Gillette, M. H., room 318. Maxwell, Spayde & Co., rooms 306-8. Morlock, W. H., rooms 234-36. Milby, John, room 319. Roundtree, W. R., room 316. Rockwood, Geo., room 319. Timmerman, W. O. Stock Dealers: Lyon, J. E., room 219. Order Buyers: Morlock, W. H., rooms 236-34. Maxwell, Spayde & Co., rooms 306-8. Milton's Foresight Good. John Milton wrote (prophetically, we grant) as follows regarding the teaching of the classics in some modern institutions: "And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only."

Weak Man Receipt Free. Any man who suffers with nervous debility, loss of natural power, weak back, falling memory, or deficient method, brought on by excesses, dissipation, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, may cure himself at home with a simple prescription that I will gladly send free, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man who will write for it. Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4696 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich. SAM KAHN THE STETSON HAT STORE 215 FELIX STREET ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI Oliver Visible Typewriter for sale cheap. Perfect condition and does splendid writing. Could ship on approval and trial. Write to CHARLES N. RICKART, Reedville, Kan. To make a floor polisher from an ordinary mop buy 15 cents' worth of paraffin oil and soak the mop in it until it is thoroughly saturated. This one application of the oil should last for several months, then treat the mop as before. This will keep the floors in good condition.

The Nurse's Story

By Temple Bailey

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When I went to take charge of Mrs. Darrell's case, I was tired and half sick. I had been up for nights with a pneumonia patient. I tried to beg off, when Dr. Hearn telephoned that he wanted me, but he was insistent.

"No one else will do," he said. "I need some one who has imagination." I saw his reasons for wanting me as soon as I came into the big room and looked at the little woman lying among the pillows.

The bed was so big and she was so tiny that she was almost lost in all the whiteness. There were pink silk curtains coming down from the mahogany canopy, but even these gave no color to the thin face with the big eyes.

"He doesn't love me any more," was the statement made by the pale lips, as I bent over her. "Oh, I'm very sure he does," I said soothingly, "but he can't tell you."

"Can't he?" she asked eagerly. "How do you know?" "The fairies told me," I said, "now you go to sleep and don't think any more about it."

I saw at once that she was like a child, and so I talked more about fairies, and how they always made everything come out right, and at last I saw her eyes close, and when Dr. Hearn came she was asleep.

"How did you do it?" he demanded. "She needed comforting," I said. "Is it her husband?" The doctor nodded. "I can't make it out. He seems to be perfectly devoted, but she says that he's hiding something from her. And she isn't very strong. She is in a neuroasthenic condition, and I thought your whole-ness was what she needed. That's why I got you here."

I saw the husband that night. He was tall and dark and strong, and when he bent over my little pale lady and kissed her it seemed as if she

then he said, somewhat haughtily, "Why should I tell you?" "Because I am here to help cure your wife, and I cannot cure her until I know the truth."

He gripped the arms of his chair with tense fingers. "I haven't told a soul," he said, "but every one will know, presently. I am a ruined man."

"You mean that you have lost your money?" "Yes." "Go to her tomorrow morning, and tell her," I said.

"And kill her? She has never known what it was to live without luxury. And when the truth comes out, I shan't have a cent."

"You have youth and strength," I said. He drew a long breath, as if he squared his shoulders to meet the future. "And you have love," I continued.

"But you won't have love long unless you tell your wife the truth." "You think—?" "I know," I said firmly. "She loves you too much not to suspect that you are hiding something from her. She fancies that you have lost your love for her—and it is killing her."

He began to defend himself eagerly. "But it would kill her to know the truth. Why, she's always had everything she wanted. How can I ask her to share poverty—she'd better die."

I saw then to what a pass things had come with him. "She is going to live," I said, "because you are going to believe her something better than you think her now. She knows that you have been worried—that you have shut her out. Is it any wonder that she has broken down under the strain of doubt?"

The next morning my patient was awake early. "Do you think it will really break the charm if I kiss him three times?" was the first question she asked as I bent over the bed. "Surely. And now while I am combing your hair I will tell you a story."

She had wonderful hair, fair and rippling, like ripe wheat in a field when the wind blows over it. I put it up for her in soft puffs and tied a ribbon around it of palest pink, and while I worked I talked.

COON HUNTING ON DECLINE

Owners of Trees Object to Destruction of Property and Sport is Almost a Thing of the Past.

Coon hunting is on the decline over in southern Indiana, according to a report from Owensville, because the farmers and land owners have become timber conservationists and refuse to allow their trees to be cut.

It used to be that a coon hunt was not a success unless the coon was treed in a monarch of the forest, the tree subsequently being cut down by the ready axes of the hunters to effect the capture of the game.

In the good old days an incalculable amount of good timber was destroyed in this way. It was not missed at the time, for trees grew almost everywhere, and lumber was not so much of an item as it is at present.

The forests had to go in order to blaze the way for agricultural development. There was no special demand for timber, and vast areas of it were cut down and burned.

Formerly when a man wished to keep his seat in a crowded car he tactfully held his newspaper before him or fixed his steadfast gaze upon an imaginary dog fight two blocks back.

Formerly when a man wished to take a bribe he tactfully went through a heartrending struggle. He took out his conscience, looked it over in a kindly way, fondled it, talked to it softly and finally convinced it that a bribe was the best thing for it.

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TRICKS PLAYED BY DYNAMITE

Dangerous Stuff to Handle at All Times—Accidents Often Result of Carelessness.

"It is generally supposed that when a charge of dynamite has exploded it is over—that the entire charge has been consumed," said a "hard rock" man who has worked in mines, in river tunnels and other places where high explosives are used.

"This supposition, however, is not correct," he continued. "Sometimes particles of dynamite will be blown out with the broken rock. Then it becomes a menace to the workmen. It is a favorite practice of men who are waiting or resting to sit on a pile of muck, as the broken rock is called, and to jab into it with a pick or a candlestick or some other steel thing, much the same as a Yankee will while he talks or thinks. If the steel strikes one of these bits of dynamite that has not gone off, because the glycerine in it has started to run or because a fragment of it has been crystallized, there will be an explosion.

The chances are that not one out of the group of men sitting around will escape injury. "Another frequent cause of accidents is that sometimes when the dynamite explodes and tears out the rock a small quantity of it will be left in the bottom of the drill hole, unaffected by the shock. If the drill hole that remains happens to be pointed in the right direction a lazy drill runner is likely to take advantage of it and start his new hole in the old one in order to make a record or save time. The instant his drill commences to thud on the unexploded dynamite it goes off. The steel is driven back through the barrel of the machine, wrecking it and usually killing the drill runner.

This explains many mysterious deaths that have been attributed to "missed shots." These accidents are more frequent in New York, where more dynamite is used in building operations than anywhere else in the United States, because the men who handle the explosives there are not so well acquainted with its peculiarities as they are in the mining camps."

It Looks Easy. There were a couple of men on the car who were abusing the rich in a general way, when the man in the corner spoke up and said: "It's entirely your fault that you are not rich men yourselves. If others have taken advantage of the opportunities you have neglected they are not to be blamed."

"Where in blazes have been your opportunities?" demanded one of the pair. "Have you dug a hole in the ground and advertised it as an oil well?" "No."

"You might have made a million apiece out of it. Ever wash a bar of brass over and sell it for a gold brick?" "Of course not!"

"Ten thousand dollars a year are made at it, and you run no risk whatever. It's a profession that is looked up to these days. How about the green goods business?" "Do you mean to insult us, sir?" "Not at all. I'm simply showing you how to get rich. Ever go into a merger?" "No, sir."

"Simplest thing in the world. You merge with the other fellow and he has nothing and you have it all after a bit. An industrious man can lay the foundation of a fortune by highway robbery, and if you divvy with a politician you are safer than winning at poker in a mixed crowd. Gentlemen, all around you are golden opportunities awaiting you, and—"

BLUE LIGHT AN ANESTHETIC

Eastern Scientist Has Demonstrated the Fact in a Thorough Series of Experiments.

"One of the most remarkable actions of light has recently come to our attention," says the editor of the Journal of Surgery. "In an address before the Boston Physio-Therapeutic society Dr. E. C. Titus has demonstrated that blue light possessed remarkable anesthetic power.

"In his experiments he used a series of slender glass rods about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, placed side by side and tied together so as to form a kind of flexible mat which will adapt itself to various parts of the body. The glass mat is of cobalt blue and transmits no red rays, this being a very important point. The rods are to be placed upon the area to be anesthetized, and some form of white light, preferably a tungsten lamp, brought as closely as possible without causing discomfort.

"Strange to relate, in twenty minutes the part becomes insensitive, so that superficial and even deep incisions or punctures are no longer felt. This anesthesia lasts for one-half hour or more, and has occurred so constantly that there is no reason to believe that it is the result of suggestion or accident. Minor surgical operations have been performed under this method and without the least pain or discomfort, and there seems to be enough in it to merit attention.

"More than thirty years ago there prevailed what was afterwards termed the blue glass craze. All sorts of ailments were thought to be amenable to the action of blue light, and the newspapers were filled with glowing accounts of cures. Enthusiasm ran riot for a time and then the matter dropped out of sight.

"Some time later there was a revival of interest in phototherapy when Finzen demonstrated the curative properties of the ultra-violet ray in various affections, especially lupus. Since then the physiological action of light has been carefully investigated and although much remains to be learned, there can be no doubt that we are nearer to an appreciation of its possibilities in the treatment of disease."

Our Life's Story. Very often the success which attended our early efforts turns its back upon us in later years, and while for a time we may try to continue in detail the story of our alternate hopes and fears, our victories and our defeats, we soon realize that the record is a sorry one, and we feel ashamed to continue its recital. We forget the early promises we made to be sincere in the matter of making up our record, and because the story is not one of unalloyed success and prosperity we grow disloyal to our better selves and believe that by making no further entries in our diaries we bring them to a close. Just as we recall to memory in later years, however, the small volumes of our early youth, with their interrupted stories, we are prone also to look deeply into the record we have written in the real diary of life. It was Barrie who said that "the life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another, and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it."

We cannot release ourselves from the obligation of writing the diary of our lives. We make the records whether we are willing or not, and for each hour and day of the year of life given to us here on earth there is a faithful entry made.—Charleston News and Courier.

British Island Reclaimed by Dutch. Canvey Island, which is again coming into prominence in connection with the proposal to establish a great wharf there, is one of the pieces of England which were reclaimed for the Dutch. At one period the island was covered with water at high tide, but early in the seventeenth century Cornelius Vermuyden, the famous Dutch engineer, who was afterward knighted by Charles I, reclaimed several thousand acres by the construction of a system of seawalls. The walls are still there, but where are the Dutchmen who made them? Cornelius Vermuyden brought over workmen from Holland and many are known to have stayed here, but now their names have disappeared entirely, from Canvey at least.—Westminster Gazette.

The Aftermath. The great ball had been given, and Mrs. Noovo was running over the bills with her husband. When it was found that they totaled \$10,000 Mr. Noovo winced. "By gincof Maria!" he ejaculated, "ten thousand dollars is a pile of money."

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must gain help from his vivid personality. But she turned from him. "Please don't," she wailed. He drew back and I saw the desperation in his eyes. "What shall I do with her, nurse?" was the question those eyes seemed to ask, though his lips did not move.

For a moment he stared at me, and

and he

and he

and he

and he

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BIG LOSS BY STRIKES

Gigantic Turmoil of 1902 Cost Country \$100,000,000.

Efforts for Bigger Pay—What Has Been Effected in the Struggles Which Have Taken Place Since 1900.
 Philadelphia, Pa.—The suspension of coal mining in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania is the fourth general labor disturbance in the industry in 12 years. In 1900, the miners struck six weeks; in 1902 they were out five and a half months and in 1906 they again suspended work for six weeks. In the 1900 and 1902 strikes the coal diggers, through the United Mine Workers of America, won an increase in wages and a readjustment of working conditions. In neither struggle, however, did the organization obtain what it has in some of the bituminous fields—straightout recognition of the union.

In the following year there was no general movement, but 102 separate strikes were recorded during the year. The 1902 strike was the greatest in the history of the country. The union asked for a 20 per cent. increase in wages, a reduction in hours from ten to eight a day and recognition of the union. The strike lasted from May 12 to October 23. Nearly 147,000 workers were idle and thousands of railroad and other workers were thrown out of employment. The entire national guard of Pennsylvania, about 10,000 men, were called into service before the struggle came to an end.

Loss Was Over \$100,000,000.
 President Roosevelt was instrumental in bringing the two sides together and to agreeing to the appointing of the anthracite coal strike commission to arbitrate the differences. The commission visited many mines and examined 558 witnesses between October, 1902, and February, 1903. It awarded a 10 per cent. increase in wages to miners and reduced the hours of the men from ten to nine a day. It also created the board of conciliation, to which has been referred most of the grievances that have arisen since the commission's awards were made. The commission estimated the losses occasioned by that strike as follows: Decrease in coal production, 24,604,482 tons. Decrease in receipts of coal companies, \$18,100,000. Wages lost by men, \$25,000,000. Miners' relief fund, \$1,500,000. Decrease in coal freight, \$28,000,000.
 The award of the strike commission remained in force three years until 1906, when it was renewed for another period of three years after the miners had suspended work for about six weeks. When this agreement expired on March 31, 1909, the miners did not stop, but agreed to continue operations pending the negotiations of a working arrangement. After conferring until 29 days after the agreement of 1906 had expired, the commission award was again put into effect for another three years.
 The anthracite miners began to prepare for the present trouble last fall, when they held a convention at Pottsville, Pa., and formulated demands.

THUG IS DOWNED BY GIRL
 She Feints With Her Left and Swings a Hard Right to the Point of His Jaw.
 Walla Walla, Wash.—When a well-dressed thug stepped from behind a tree on Thayer avenue at night and seized Georgia McManus, a college student, by the arm, she joined with her left and then swung a heavy right to the point of his jaw and he went down. And he stayed down, too, until Miss McManus was out of striking distance.

Miss McManus has had experience with the gloves, it is stated, and takes gymnasium lessons at the college. When the thug grabbed her he made the mistake of trying to hold her left arm, leaving her right arm free. Miss McManus has a good right, as the thug ascertained, and she caught him unprepared for such a vigorous resistance, and sent him down for the count.
 She had just passed Clinton street and the darkness is emphasized there by tall locust trees. When the man, who appeared to be well dressed, stepped out and reached for her arm, she lost no time but struck, and struck forcibly.
 No clue to the assailant was found, as it was so dark Miss McManus could not see his face and she did not wait for him to recover from the shock.

BOY OF 11 IS LIFE SAVER
 Trenton (N. J.) Lad Jumps Into Creek and Rescues Drowning Playmate.
 Trenton, N. J.—Raymond Morton, eleven years old, son of Clarence Morton of Clay street, proved himself a hero when he jumped into the Assanpink creek here and rescued his playmate, Norwood Skinner, ten years old, from drowning.
 Skinner fell in but could not swim, and immediately sank. Morton, realizing the danger of his playmate, jumped in after him, and after a few minutes' struggle succeeded in rescuing his friend. Two other boys who witnessed the struggle carried the young hero home on their shoulders.

ILL-LUCK OF NAUNDORFFS

"Prince de Bourbon" of France Is Sued by a Widow of Eighty-Two.

Paris.—Although the French senate declined recently to recognize the Naundorffs as the descendants of the Little Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI, nevertheless the ill luck of the Royal Bourbons seems to pursue the head of the pretenders who, while calling himself in society Prince de Bourbon, keeps a dressmaking establishment under the name of M. Chaigneau. He has just been sued by an ancient widow named Mme. Postel, aged eighty-two, for the recovery of money collected.
 A few years ago Mme. Postel gave a considerable sum to an orphanage in the neighborhood of Metz. Finding that she had donated more than she could afford, even at her advanced age, she instructed M. Chaigneau to recover a portion. This he did to the amount of \$12,000 in the form of four promissory notes for \$3,000 each. Some of the notes, it is understood, have been paid, but so far the widow alleges she has seen nought of the money.
 M. Chaigneau explained to the court as follows: He had collected one note. Half he kept for expenses; half he turned over to Mme. Postel, together with the three remaining notes. He was astonished, but more grieved than astonished, that Mme. Postel should believe him capable of wrongdoing. As for the business part of the transaction, \$1,500 was not too great a commission, and it was, moreover, customary for the agent to take his commission from the first payment made. The court agreed with him and the case was dismissed, with the costs on the aged plaintiff.

"KILLED" MAN WHO IS ALIVE
 Preacher in Prison Three Years as Murderer, His Supposed Victim Appears.
 Suffolk, Va.—The fallibility of courts, the unreliability of circumstantial evidence and the depravity of perjured witnesses all figure with peculiar force in a court drama which had its denouement here recently.
 A man for whose murder another man already has served three years in prison on an eighteen year sentence suddenly appeared and had his identity clearly established by dozens of reliable witnesses. Both principals are preachers and both are negroes.
 Rev. Ernest Lyons confessed to the murder of Rev. James Larry Smith, the man who apparently sprang from the tomb to face those who had sent Rev. Mr. Lyons to prison. The reason for the confession was disclosed by the county clerk, George E. Bunting, who was a neighbor of Lyons at Reid's Ferry and knew him well. Lyons did not confess until after his conviction. He told Mr. Bunting before being taken to prison that his confession was a fabrication, but that he made it in a spirit of revenge, acknowledging falsely that he had killed Smith, but implicating others whom he accused of trying to swear away his life.

SEEK MEDALS FOR WOMEN
 One Rescued Father From Vicious Steer and the Other Saved Her Husband.
 Topeka, Kan.—Because of heroism displayed by Mary Boughton, aged fourteen, of Hamilton county, and Mrs. Nora Munday of Gray county, in saving lives in western Kansas during recent snowstorms, friends of the two have started a movement to obtain for them Carnegie hero medals.
 While rounding up cattle before a blizzard, Mary Boughton's father was attacked by a vicious steer. He was thrown from his horse and the animal was about to gore him when the girl, mounted upon a cow pony, drove the steer away. A few days later a rural mail carrier became lost in a storm. Mary Boughton found him, dug him out of a drift and saved him from freezing.
 Mrs. Nora Munday, wife of S. P. Munday, who lives near Cimarron, Kan., when her husband failed to reach home after a heavy snowstorm March 14, started in search of him. For miles over the prairie she followed an almost obliterated trail and found her husband in a deserted hut almost frozen. Both Mrs. Munday's hands and both her feet were frozen.

CUT HIS BEARD; UNKNOWN
 Postoffice Clerk Didn't Know Rossetter, Who Shaved When Vow Was Fulfilled.
 Hartford, Conn.—Back in 1908, during the hot, dry spell, when beer tasted better and was surely as wholesome as the doubtful city water, Charles Rossetter, a well known business man, vowed that never should a razor touch his cheeks until Hartford was assured an adequate supply of good water.
 The other day he received this assurance and, after he had had his first vycrappie and massage in nearly four years, he lit a cigar and went to the postoffice for his mail.
 He was politely refused and told that if he wanted any Rossetter mail he must present the autograph order of Charles Rossetter himself. In vain he argued with the grinning mail clerk that he was Rossetter and had only shaved his beard off.
 "That's fine stuff," laughed the clerk. "There's no beard in town in Rossetter's class, and he's never going to tip a barber again."
 Finally, Rossetter went to his store and got one of his clerks, who identified the boss. Then the mail clerk apologized and delivered the evening's letters.
 Rossetter feels sure that Hartford will not want for a supply of good water again since the first spadeful of earth was turned in the \$6,000,000 storage reservoir system in the Ne-paug valley.

PAIR BETROTHED FIFTY YEARS.
 London.—A pathetic story of a daughter's devotion to her mother is recalled by the death of an octogenarian, Miss M. T. Turner at Farnham St. Martin, Suffolk. As a young girl she became engaged, but refused to marry while her mother was alive. Fifty years later the couple were still engaged and the mother was still alive. Then Mr. Farrant, Miss Turner's sweetheart, became ill and died, Miss Turner nursing him till the end.

BIG POTASH DEPOSIT

From Six to Ten Million Tons Found in Mojave Desert.

Washington.—Following the announcement by the geological survey that a survey party in connection with a party from the department of agriculture had located a potash deposit in the Mojave desert, the agricultural department tells more about the deposit and the circumstances under which it exists.
 The department states that a pocket has been found down in the Mojave desert in southern California containing from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons, so far as can be ascertained now. The prospect is that it will last twenty or thirty years and tide the country over till a more thorough search can be made.
 The deposit was struck simultaneously by the two searching parties in the Borax lake region of the Mojave. This section, like most of this southwestern country, is an old lake bed. The borings for potash were made in a section of playa or hard desert sand.
 The region that has been investigated is underlaid by a big body of natural brine that comes to the surface in the form of wells when borings are made.
 Borax lake, or Searle lake, is one of the many lakes or intermittently wet and dry lakes common throughout the arid regions of the west. It lies between the Argus and Slate ranges, in the Mojave desert. Borax lake was the original scene of famous borax mines. The lake or flat is about ten miles long and five miles wide and has received the drainage from the surrounding hills for many thousands of years, vast quantities of dissolved minerals being thus concentrated in it. The water has been evaporated under the intense heat of the long, hot seasons, but the salts have remained, so that for most of the year, in fact often throughout the year, the bed is a glistening plain of white salts, in attempting to cross which under a brazen sun men have lost their lives.
 The mirage plays its strange tricks here, and at the driest places the traveler can generally see what appears to be a broad expanse of water covering the bed a little way ahead—always a little distance off, until he approaches the shore of Borax lake. Then when he looks behind him he sees the water apparently covering the ground over which he has just come. The lake occupies a valley made by faults—breaks and slips in the earth's crust—where a great area has been dropped down.
 The salts are not evenly distributed over the surface of the lake. Borax is found plentifully over about three square miles, common salt is everywhere, and sodium carbonate and sodium sulphate are widely distributed. One boring is said to have passed through 28 feet of solid trona (hydrous carbonate of soda) of great purity. At other places there is 25 feet of solid mixed sulphate and carbonate of soda, with smaller quantities of other salts.
 Several years ago an English company attempted to work the soda deposits on an extensive scale, but for some reasons the project has not been pushed.

HUNGRY PAIR DESERT ISLE
 London Phosphate Company's Care-taker Gives Up the Job After Six Years' Service.
 San Francisco.—Gustav Schultz and Daria Pinzen, caretakers for a London phosphate company on the Clipperton islands, a small group 600 miles southwest of Acapulco, who arrived here on the steamer Newport, told of having lived three months on fish and sea fowl when the steamer Russia, sent by the government, failed to arrive with supplies.
 Schultz and his housekeeper, who called themselves king and queen, have lived on one of the islands six years, and in that time have seen no one until their departure a month ago except the Mexican garrison of ten soldiers and the crew of the supply steamer.
 Schultz and "Senora" Pinzen are awaiting the settlement of the ownership of the islands in April, when Victor Emmanuel of Italy will arbitrate a dispute between France and Mexico concerning them.

WINS GIRL IN EIGHT DAYS
 Couple Married at Midnight and Leave to Ask Bride's Father to Forgive Them.
 New York.—After a whirlwind courtship lasting only eight days, Miss Maude C. Eddy, who has many friends among the younger society women in New York, was secretly married at midnight in Hoboken, N. J., to John L. Martin of this city. They left afterward for Grand Rapids, Mich., to make peace with the bride's father. Mr. Martin is a son of the late John F. Martin, banker and broker.

HAS PENSIONS FOR MOTHERS

French Government's Scheme to Solve Birth Rate Problem—Priest on Marriage.

Paris.—Although its enemies designate it as "an attempt to blackmail nature," much support, both journalistic and legislative, is being given the petition now before the senate to pension the French mother for every child to the extent of 20 francs (\$4) a year during the child's minority. More than this, under the same measure, the mother of eight children would receive a medal corresponding to the medallie militaire granted in recognition of valor. The measure will probably become a law, as the senate committee appointed to report on the matter has signified its approval of the scheme to the ministry of the interior.
 Another interesting occurrence on a similar subject was the first of a series of lectures by the well-known priest, Mgr. Bolo, on "The Marriages of the Future," in which the ecclesiastical speaker took a view quite advanced for his profession.
 "Not only are there more bachelors, but they are becoming systematic," he said. "No longer do they render homage to matrimony by regretting that they are bachelors because they cannot do better. Theirs is the philosophy of the good man to whom some one said, 'Your son is not old enough to marry; you ought to wait till he knows what he is doing,' to which this good man replied: 'You are mistaken, for if my son grows wiser he will never marry.'"
 Mgr. Bolo continues by upbraiding the men of today for their hesitancy in the matter of marriage. "If you wish me to use the proper word, allow me to utter it in an attenuated and inoffensive sense: I will say that you have become cowards. You are afraid. Being rich, you fear that if you marry you will have to work. Being a workman, you are afraid that you will have to do without tobacco and absinthe. With a modest pay you prefer to give no thought to healthy happiness and to the pride of taking your revenge on a hard life by the success of your children, and you do not care to risk years of difficulty or criticism of the landlords, who have no liking for children."

SAW KISS THROUGH WINDOW
 Chauffeur Couldn't Restrain Himself and Climbed in to Upbraid Fickle One.
 New York.—Joseph Hains, a young chauffeur of 106 West Ninetieth street, was arraigned in the West side court for unlawful entry, but Magistrate Herrman changed the charge to disorderly conduct and then let Hains go on his promise to be good, after hearing his story. Hains said he fell in love two years ago with a sister-in-law of his employer and that recently she had neglected him for a musician. On Friday Hains saw the young woman and the musician enter the house of a dressmaker at 325 West Thirty-fourth street.
 He went around on Thirty-fifth street and from a rear roof saw into a room of the dressmaker's house, where were several persons, including his former sweetheart and her escort. He got into the yard of the Thirty-fourth street house and climbed up to a parlor floor window. He created consternation when he entered the room and the police took him away.
 He told the magistrate that he saw his former sweetheart being kissed and could not restrain himself. He just had to climb in the window to upbraid her for her fickleness.
 "Another case of Romeo and Juliet," said the magistrate when the story was unfolded. He warned the chauffeur against entering houses by windows and discharged the complainant.

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