





A JOYOUS SUMMER BY THE SEASHORE

Hanscombe Proved to Be a Good Captain in Rough Weather.

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

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For one moment Hanscombe lost his head.

"It's been a joyous summer, girlie, and there's another one ahead of us. I'll try to come back."

He was lying full length at her feet on the shore. Nan hardly noticed him. Her face was turned down toward the point. Something of the sunset glory seemed to linger on his girlish contour, but her eyes were full of latent mischief.

"It's so nice of you even to promise that, Mr. Hanscombe," she murmured. "Mother'll be glad."

"Won't you?"

"I won't be here."

Hanscombe sat up.

"Not if I should ask you to be here?"

Nan laughed and bit her lip.

"You always seem like a funny, overgrown boy to me when you try to be earnest."

"I'm not trying, Nan. You've known all along just what I've meant."

"It's a good thing for me that I have," laughed Nan. "Oh, don't protest, now, and try to make good at the last minute. You don't have to with me. You came down here with Hal—"

"He told me about you before I came, and that's why."

"He's awfully prejudiced."

Hanscombe kicked a bit of driftwood half buried in the sand, and frowned. Fate was leading him into a snare. He knew when he reached the danger point, and always moved along at the right moment. He didn't want to marry any girl. He had come to Point of Pines purely out of curiosity to see Pen Phillips because Hal had said she was the "bulliest" girl in the world.

Across the bay he could see the white spot of the tents even in the deepening twilight. To-morrow he would be on the train bound for the west. And Hal would be over there in the tent, with Nan in the cottage up in the pines, only a few hundred yards away.

"Won't you miss me a bit, Nan?"

"Lots." Nan's tone was perfectly matter of fact. "You're a dandy bass catcher."

"I can't seem to catch anything else," said Hanscombe cheerlessly. "What's the matter with me, Nan?"

"Matter? How? Guilelessly."

"Don't you like me?"

"Very much. So does mother."

"Are you sorry you kissed me?"



Once She Turned and Looked Out to Sea.

savagely as a last chance at stirring up emotion.

"Which time?"

"Have you got them all tabulated for future reference? Nan, didn't you care at all?"

"Yes, I almost think I did." For the first time Nan's voice was a little unsteady. She still watched the far-off point jutting out like a long nose into the sea. "But I don't care now. I suppose that's the last test, isn't it? When you know that everything is going to end, and you just don't care?"

"Would you go with me?" Hanscombe's face was a study in conflicting impressions. It was not an invitation he gave, merely one of his speculative flyers in love, and Nan knew it. She laughed, and shook her head.

"It would be a pretty hard sentence, wouldn't it? For both of us? No, thank you, kind sir, not to-day."

Hanscombe studied her for a minute in silence. He did not know this mood. Vaguely he realized that Nan was, as the boys would call it, "kiddin' him." It was not pleasant to be a 8-foot, 170-pound halfback and be "kidded," especially by the girl he had been gracefully trying to depart from without breaking her heart. Watching the little reddish curls that snuggled against the tanned throat, he wondered what the next ten minutes held for him. All at once he knew that Nan Phillips held his heart and future very nearly balanced on her strong little pink palm. And there was Hal.

"You see, Bob, you're nice to have around—"

"Like a hammock or cake of ice," growled Hanscombe. "Go on."

"But I don't believe you'd make a good captain in rough weather, and we get a lot of that sort through life, don't you know it? You're a good pal to talk to, and all that, but—"

She stopped suddenly and stood up. He saw in a moment what had happened. Drifting rapidly out to the open sea was their motor boat. A couple of miles across the bay was the little summer camp on the point. And they were on an island in midchannel, with no chance of a steamer passing before the city boat in the morning. Hanscombe kicked off his shoes.

"You're not going to try and swi maffer it?" Nan demanded incredulously.

"I'm going to the point," he retorted deliberately. "I'll get Hal's boat and come after you. Don't get rattled now. I won't be long."

"There are cross currents out there—"

"So there are here," he said, grimly. "Better take my matchbox and get some driftwood together for a fire in case I give out. Hal will see it, and know there's trouble. Goodby."

"Why don't you wait and see if we aren't missed?"

"Just to show I can be a rough weather captain, I guess," he laughed. "Rustle after the driftwood, mate. I have to get into swimming gear."

Slowly she turned and went back over the winding shore, through the little path of sword grass and white clover. Once, at the top of a hummock, she turned and looked out to sea. It was a shadowy violet haze. His head looked like brown seaweed floating with the tide, far from the shore. Nan watched it with keen, half-closed eyes until it disappeared, the little silver matchbox pressed to her cheek unconsciously.

All her life she had lived at the Point. She knew every swirling current out in midstream beyond the island. Night after night she had gone out with Hal while he hung a red lantern of warning on the piling that marked the steamer channel. And now Hanscombe, careless, indolent, city-bred Hanscombe, was out there fighting the sea just to make good in her eyes that he was no coward.

She gathered the driftwood into a heap, and set fire to it, not to warn Hal, but to give some cheer to the man out in the water in the darkness. She knew in her heart she had cared for him from his first few days at the Point. Hal was dear, but he was just a big brother. The very faults of Hanscombe made her indignant against him because she reasoned he was too idle to put up his own good fight with fate and fortune. And she had made up her mind to let him go.

Once she put her hands to her lips and called him to come back, but there was no answer, and as the night closed in, she sat on one of the tall sand dunes, her face buried on her arms and sobbing until suddenly she felt Hanscombe's arms close about her.

"Dear, don't do that," he said with a new, masterful touch in his tone. "Hal started after us—saw the fire, I think. When I caught sight of his boat pulling out, I turned and came back. What's the matter?"

Nan kept her face hidden against his cheek.

"Why didn't you come right away?"

"I had to dress and put out the fire so it wouldn't spread in this wind, Nan?" He forced her to face him there in the semi-darkness. "Nan, you didn't care a rap, did you, on the level, whether I came back or not?"

Nan hesitated, and whispered very softly.

"I didn't want the ship left without a captain."

The Finish Fight.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet, playwright and philosopher, is to box for charity's sake in Paris. A Chicagoan said of this the other day: "Maeterlinck is a robust. He should box well. I have often met him on the Riviera. He has a villa at Grasse, and he spends the whole winter exercising out of doors in the dazzling Riviera sunshine."

"He talks excellent English, and at a luncheon at the Grand hotel in Grasse I once heard an American girl ask him:

"I see that pugilists fight in a ring. What kind of a ring is it, Mr. Maeterlinck? You are an athlete, and so you ought to know."

"The poet, pushing back his thick, pepper-and-salt hair, smiled and replied:

"In the ordinary sparring match, limited to seven or eight rounds, an ordinary ring is used, but when it's a fight to a finish they always employ a wedding ring."

The Aeroplane's Record.

Though still an "enfant terrible," the aeroplane has achieved excellent records. It has attained a speed of 104 miles an hour in a closed circuit, has flown nearly 14,000 feet high and has carried 13 passengers at once, their weight aggregating 1,440 pounds. It has flown through storm clouds, over mountains, seas and continents. It has voyaged by compass over inhospitable routes, from city to city, faster than the eagle or the railway locomotive.—Popular Mechanics.

Hubby Was Stingy.

"Hubby, we must give a reception."

"It will cost too much."

"Oh, no. I can rent some plants and some dishes and some palms."

"But you can't rent the sandwiches and the ice cream."

GREAT COLORADO RIVER.

Powerful Stream With Enormous Flow Came Near Making Inland Sea.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 5.—For some 2999 miles the great Colorado river sweeps diagonally across the country from the high mountain plateau of Wyoming and Colorado to the farther southwest corner of the United States. The basin drained by the Colorado and its tributaries is about 399,999 square miles in area, and much of it is of high industrial and scenic interest.

The Colorado basin comprises two distinct portions. The lower third is bounded on the north by a line of cliffs which present a bold and in many places vertical step of hundreds or thousands of feet to the table land above. The upper two-thirds of the basin stands from 4999 to 8999 feet above sea level and is bordered on the east, west and north by ranges of snow-clad mountains which attain altitudes ranging from 9999 to 13999 feet. Through this plateau the Colorado and its tributaries have cut narrow gorges or canyons in which they flow at almost inaccessible depths. At points where lateral streams enter, the canyons are broken by narrow transverse valleys. The whole upper basin of the Colorado is traversed by a labyrinth of these canyons, many of which are dry during the greater portion of the year and carry water only during the thaws of the snow and the brief periods of the autumnal and spring rains.

In the lower portion the river strongly resembles the Nile, having annual floods which inundate the adjoining lands and render them as fertile as those in the historic valley of North Africa. The Colorado and its tributaries are not only of value for irrigation, but, depending in steep channels, they present abundant opportunities for the development of water power. Power has been developed at a few points but the resources of the Colorado basin are in this respect yet practically untouched.

In a basin so liberally provided with natural resources it is a fundamental necessity, in planning for the utilization of the river, to ascertain the amount of water available in the main stream and its principal tributaries, so that future developments as well as those now under construction, can be suitably restricted in type and capacity. For a long period of years the United States geological survey has been making observations and measurements at many points in the Colorado basin, and the latest published information on the subject is contained in Water-Supply Paper 251, entitled "Statistics of the neers W. B. Freeman, E. C. LaRue and H. D. Padgett, which is a progress report of river-flow measurements in this area made by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, contract for six Pacific type passenger locomotives at a cost of \$25,000 each, to be delivered early in January, 1912.

These locomotives are much larger than any before used in passenger service on the Rio Grande, will haul trains about 50 per cent heavier and make much faster time. Some interesting data in connection with the new engines follow:

Cylinders, 24x24 inches.

Drivers, 67 inches in diameter.

Working pressure, 135 pounds.

Boilers, 76 inches in diameter, extended water-top type.

Equipped with Schmidt high-degree super heater.

Weight on drivers, 162,000 pounds.

Total weight of engine, 262,000 pounds.

Weight of tender, 175,899 pounds.

Water capacity of tender, 9,999 gallons.

Fuel capacity, 14 tons.

Tractive power, 42,999 pounds.

These latest-type engines will be used in the growing passenger service between Denver and Pueblo and supplement the order for thirty freight locomotives recently given by that company.

AWARDS ENGINE CONTRACTS

Six Big Passenger Moguls, Costing \$25,000 Each Ordered by Rio Grande.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 5.—Vice-President Brown, of the Denver & Rio Grande, yesterday awarded to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, contract for six Pacific type passenger locomotives at a cost of \$25,000 each, to be delivered early in January, 1912.

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U. S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

First Meeting of Organization Scheduled for January.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 5.—The first annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will be held in this city during the week beginning January 29, 1913. This was decided upon by a board of directors in Boston, Seventeen states are present to discuss the affairs of the national chamber. All unfinished legislation submitted to the commercial organizations of the nation. The directors remained in Boston to participate in the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce. The directors will next meet in St. Louis, Mo., November 19, to arrange the program of the January meeting.

The third issue of the nation's business, published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States for the use of editorial writers and of commercial organizations will appear October 21 and will furnish a full list of unfinished business legislation of the 61st Congress. It will also deal with the general subject of Porto Rico development, since the administration of the affairs of the Island passed into American hands.

CHANGE IN CLASSIFICATIONS

New Change Made by Railroad Important to Iowa Breeders.

Wallace's Farmer: The principal railroads which operate in Iowa have filed a petition with the state board of railroad commissioners in which the commissioners are asked to make a change in the items in the Iowa classification which deal with the rate to be paid on single animals. In the Iowa classification the rate on one horse is the first class rate for the distance shipped, but the rate on a pair of horses is one and one-half times the first class rate and the rate on a colt under the year of age is one and one-half, the rate on sheep in crates is one and a half, hogs in crates one and a half and the rate on stallions or jugs, with a minimum of 3,000 pounds, is the first class rate. Under the Iowa code, no contract, receipt, rule or regulation shall exempt any railway corporation engaged in transporting persons or property from the liability of a common carrier, or carrier of passengers, which would exist had no contract, receipt, rule or regulation been made or entered into. In view of this provision of the code the railroad commissioners when fixing the rate for single animals, omitted any reference as to the valuation of each animal.

The petition which has been filed with the commission recently, asks that the Iowa classification be changed to conform to the western classification so that the Iowa local rates and the rates appearing in the western classification schedule will be uniform, and the rates on live stock will bear some relation to the value of the animals transported. The western classification provides limited rates for different animals. The value on each horse or pony, including gelding, mare or stallion, mule, jack or jennet, is fixed at \$100 per cent, \$50; each ox, bull or steer, \$50; each cow, \$30; each calf, \$10; each hog, \$10; each sheep or goat, \$3. Under this table of valuation appears the following:

"Where the declared value exceeds the above, an addition of ten per cent will be made to the rate on 100 pounds or car for each 100 per cent or fraction thereof, of additional declared value per head; animals exceeding in value \$100 and under \$200 when no value is given, subject to regulations and rates in tariffs of the individual carriers."

This seems to be a clever way of evading the provision of the code that

we have heretofore quoted. If the change should be made as requested, shippers of improved live stock would be limited to the values noted in case of damage, or if they should declare the value at the time of shipment, would be required to pay a largely increased rate. The Corn Belt Meat Producers' association has filed a request with the commission asking that the hearing which was set for October 2 be postponed until the breeders of improved stock in Iowa should have an opportunity to present their side of the case. They should lose no time in getting together and appearing before the commission. While all live stock breeders have a direct interest in the matter, it is of especial importance to breeders of horses and beef and dairy cattle. Protest should be filed with the secretary of the board of railroad commissioners, Des Moines, Ia.

WOMEN LOWER FOOD PRICES

Silesia Residents Threaten to Boycott Tradespeople.

Berlin, Oct. 4.—While others are spending much time in discussing the causes of dearer food, the housewives of Silesia have decided to take matters into their own hands, and like the Frenchwomen last year, they have waived all questions of theory, threatening the market women with choice between boycott and destruction if they do not bring down their prices.

The first attempt at the new style of bargaining was made during the last two or three days over the prices of dairy produce. The broad allegation of the housewives is that the farmers have prematurely raised their prices in expectation of unusually severe conditions this winter. At Glogau, a question of theory, and elsewhere the first announcement of the prices was met with jeers and stolid refusal to pay.

In several places after refusal of the market women to bring down their prices their stalls were attacked by the angered housewives. Baskets of eggs were overturned, butter boxes were filled with sand and pots of butter and lumps of cheese were freely used as missiles on either side. In one or two instances the attacking women were aided by their husbands, who utterly destroyed several of the stalls.

The general result has been that prices have been lowered by from 15 to 20 per cent. Butter sold a week ago at 34 cents per 17 ounces has now been brought down to 23 cents.

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I am interested in and intend to purchase within a reasonable time, the machines and articles checked below and will be glad to receive information concerning the same:

CHECK HERE

..... Acetylene Lighting Plants

..... Automobiles

..... Builders' Hardware

..... Building Material

..... Buggy

..... Cattle Foods

..... Churn

..... Cook Stove

..... Corn Sheller

..... Corn Shredder

..... Corn Cutter

..... Cream Separator

..... Cultivator

..... Drill

..... Drain Tile

..... Ensilage Cutter

..... Fanning Mill

..... Glass

..... Gasoline Stove

..... Gasoline Engine

..... Gasoline Engine (for binder)

..... Grain Bins—Steel

..... Gate (farm)

..... Groceries—Send us your list, stating how many pounds or quantities of each item, or we cannot quote you prices.

..... Grain Drill

..... Grain Binder

..... Harrow

..... Hay Forks

..... Hay Slings

..... Hay Loaders

..... Hay Presses

..... Hay Rakes

..... Hay Stackers

..... Heating Stoves

..... Hot Water Heating Plants

CHECK HERE

..... Irrigation Plants

..... Lace Curtains

..... Land Roller or Packer

..... Lighting Systems and Gas for Cooking

..... Lightning Rods

..... Lumber

..... Manure Spreader

..... Mowers

..... Nail, keg lots

..... Paint

..... Pea Huller

..... Piano

..... Power Sprayer

..... Plows

..... Potato Digger

..... Potato Planter

..... Pumps

..... Red or white cedar posts

..... Roofing (metal or comp.)

..... Sash, doors and mouldings

..... Scales

..... Silo (wood or brick)

..... Stock Tanks

..... Sprayers

..... Stations or Jacks

..... Stock Tonic

..... Stock Foods

..... Tanks

..... Tank—compressed air

..... Thrashing Machine

..... Traction Engine

..... Violin

..... Wagon

..... Washing Machine

..... Water Works Systems and Supplies for Country Homes

..... Windmill

..... Wire Fencing

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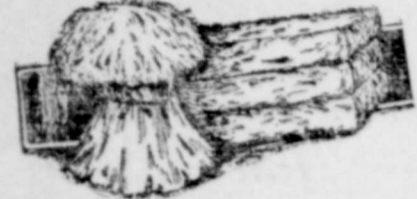
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TRAIN WAR EAGLES

Ferocious Birds Are Used in Fighting Airships.

Men in Aeroplanes Helpless When Attacked—Unique Methods of Teaching Warfare Now Being Demonstrated in France.

Paris, France.—A new and more terrifying phase of aerial warfare is promised. French officers are training eagles to attack aeroplanes in the air and bring them crashing to the ground.

Experts have concluded that it will be extremely difficult to hit a flying aeroplane, although several special weapons have been devised for this purpose. Under present conditions apparently an army must either fight aeroplanes with aeroplanes or permit them to fly away untouched after doing all the harm they can and after spying out the army's dispositions.

Even with the pursuing aeroplanes disaster is more probable than success to the pursuer. But it has been found that a slight injury to the driver of an aeroplane will destroy his control and send him toppling to his death. The late Calbraith Rogers, a brilliant aviator, is said to have met his death because a seagull accidentally flew against him and disturbed his control of his machine.

If such a modest sized bird as a seagull could wreck an aviator, what could an eagle do? We all know something of the power of these tremendous birds. In the Alps they frequently carry off young sheep and beat off men who attempt to interfere with them. A few days ago an eagle near Washington, Conn., attempted to carry off a baby, the child of a farmer named Matthew J. Crowley. It required the combined efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Crowley and several other persons to save the baby.

The Swiss eagle is more powerful than any American bird. The French aviator officers stationed at Nice, which is within a few miles of the Alpine home of eagles, have trained six great eagles. The officers have constructed machines resembling aeroplanes in shape, but supported by balloons. To these they attach chickens, mice and all sorts of live prey that the eagles love.

The aeroplane balloons are then sent up and the eagles are let loose. With fierce cries and flapping of their wings they attack an aeroplane and tear the living prey from it. In their eagerness they fight one another, and the aeroplane is sometimes turned upside down in their struggles. It is inconceivable that any men in an aeroplane, even if there were three or four of them, could retain control of their machine in the face of such an attack.

One after another the eagles attack all the aeroplane balloons until they are wrecked. Their trainers feel certain that they will now attack real aeroplanes with men in them with the same ferocity.

No one who has watched an eagle only on the ground can have any conception of its power. The bird is at a disadvantage on the ground, because it was made to fly and not to walk, and because it does not develop the full power of its tremendous wings until it has had space in which to rise from the ground. Like a great ship, it needs room in which to maneuver.

But in its natural realm, the upper air, the eagle will be capable of upsetting any flying machine. It can fight with its beak, claws and wings at once.

WANTED TO SEE THE ENGINE

Boy Desirous of Excitement Gets It in Boston—Fire Caused \$50,000 Loss.

Boston, Mass.—Because a small boy wanted "to see the engine come," the police allege, damage estimated at \$50,000 was done by fire in the Charlestown district. The Boston & Maine railroad warehouse No. 25, filled with hay, was destroyed and the wagon and carriage stock factory of E. A. Gillett & Sons was badly damaged.

The firemen had a hard fight to prevent a conflagration, as the roofs of numerous wooden dwellings in the vicinity frequently caught fire, and other nearby factories were endangered.

James Welch, 10 years old, was arrested, and the police say that on being questioned he confessed he started the fire by throwing a lighted firecracker into the hay in the warehouse. He was placed under charge of a probation officer.

PLANS BIG BIRD PRESERVE

E. A. McIlhenny of Louisiana Buys Island in General Scheme of Conservation.

New Orleans, La.—Marsh island, containing about 74,000 acres, has been bought by E. A. McIlhenny of Avery Island and will be added, it is understood, to 18,000 acres deeded a few months ago to the state by Mr. McIlhenny and others to form a great preserve for wild birds. The purchase price was \$146,000. Several easterners are said to be associated with Mr. McIlhenny in the enterprise.

The plan of conservationists is to establish throughout the Mississippi valley a chain of preserves for wild birds.

RETURNED EVIL FOR GOOD

Tramp Carred for by Clergyman for Three Years Robs His Benefactor—Is Now in Jail.

Detroit.—Rev. C. L. Arnold, head of the Arnold home, a charitable institution, is seeking the imprisonment for a long term of Claude Cameron, the clergyman and his wife had befriended Cameron and given him a chance to lead an honest life only to be subjected to robbery several times and finally assault when Cameron tried to shoot them.

"I first met the fellow three years ago," said Mr. Arnold, "when he came to the Arnold home looking like a tramp after having beaten his way from Toledo. He asked for something to eat and I gave him his dinner and a bath, afterward getting him a job. He stayed at the home and shortly after I got him the job he took the key to my house, which I kept at the home, went there and stole \$90. He then calmly went back to the home, put back the key and left. He returned later and I decided to forget the theft and give him another trial.

"I got him another job as night watchman for the Pere Marquette railroad, and for awhile he behaved himself. After three months, however, he broke into my house again and stole \$45. "About three months afterward he sat in the alley beside my house one night while people were passing along the nearby avenue, and removed a pane of glass without breaking it. All he got for his trouble was Mrs. Arnold's watch and a dollar's worth of stamps. When on the night of his last visit I found the screen tampered with I knew that Cameron was back again, and made up my mind to catch him."

Mr. Arnold notified the police of his suspicions and asked that his house be watched. That night the couple, who are well past middle life, looked over their house before going to bed, but somehow missed the spare bedroom. Cameron was there hiding. He heard them check up some accounts of the Arnold home and speak of \$75 that the minister had with him.

After the couple had gone to bed Cameron entered their room, and Mrs. Arnold awoke to find a revolver pointed at her. She screamed, and Mr. Arnold bounded out of bed and fought the intruder. The minister forced up the revolver and held it up while Cameron fired two shots. Mrs. Arnold finally got hold of a gold-headed cane belonging to her husband, and with this beat all the fight out of the man. Neighbors had heard the shots, and they and the police came after Cameron had been secured. The fellow was taken to jail, and is awaiting trial on several accounts that would keep him in a cell for life if he should get the full penalties.

ODD GAME OF MARBLES

Physician Defeats a Judge in a Contest at a Picnic Held at Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta.—Small boys and grown-up ones, too, ceased all their games at the Second Baptist picnic at Mount Gilburt to witness an exciting game of ring marbles between Judge John T. Pendleton and Dr. E. L. Connally. "Judge, I have considerable misgivings about this game," said Dr. Connally. "I understand that you have practiced it only forty years ago, and it seems I am handicapped."

Notwithstanding this, however, Judge Pendleton didn't have a look in. The match was for the best four out of seven games, and all that the judge got was just one game. Dr. Connally believed he was lucky at that.

The way Dr. Connally shot marbles was a delight to the younger generation. Skill and luck seemed to combine for his benefit, and the judge was left the difficult shots to make.

USE CHAIN TO HOLD MANIAC

Handcuffs Useless in Effort to Restrain Lunatic While on Board Ship.

Pensacola, Fla.—When the British steamer August Belmont entered port here, a maniac, chained to the deck, was the first sight that greeted the customs officers.

The man—a sailor—was stricken during the voyage and when he became violent he was handcuffed. He broke one pair of cuffs and picked the lock of another, freeing himself. A Yale lock had no better effect, for he picked that lock, and then it became necessary to chain him to the deck by both hands and feet. The ship's papers show the man signed as an American citizen.

OFFERS \$1,000 FOR BODY

Mrs. Paul Rathmann of Grand Rapids Mich., Seeks Husband's Corpse.

New York.—A reward of \$1,000 was offered by Mrs. Paul Rathmann of Grand Rapids, Mich., for the recovery of the body of her husband who leaped overboard from the liner Kaiser Wilhelm II. shortly after leaving Cherbourg, France, for New York.

Mrs. Rathmann arrived here on the liner prostrated by the death of her husband. Mr. Rathmann had been ill for a long time and went to Bad Nauheim to take treatment for heart disease. He was sixty-five years old and his wife is sixty.

Old Men Must Not Flirt.

Chicago.—Judge Goodnow has decided to give Frank Hughes, 61 years old, another chance. In the court of domestic relations Mrs. Hughes testified her husband took girls out riding in his automobile, one named "Tootsie" being a frequent occupant of the car. While the judge remarked that "there is no fool like an old fool," he did not feel like sending Hughes to the bridge and let him go, with an admonition to cease flirting.

CHIEF OF CRIMINALS

"Lupo the Wolf," Closely Guarded in Federal Jail.

Authorities at Penitentiary in Atlanta, Ga., Believe Prisoner is Planning to Slay Sleuths Responsible for His Capture.

Atlanta, Ga.—"Lupo the Wolf," leader of the most daring band of criminals in America, is the most thoroughly guarded prisoner in the federal penitentiary in Atlanta since the discovery of two attempts of confederates to communicate with him in his cell, planning, it is said, the assassination of the detectives who ran him down.

Warden Meyer has been warned that Lupo and his band of assassins are plotting to take revenge upon Detectives William J. Flynn, District Attorney Smith, United States Judge George Ray and half a dozen others instrumental in sending him to prison.

Lupo has yet twenty-three years of a twenty-five year term to serve. In another cell is his chief lieutenant, Giuseppe Morrello. The prison authorities know that determined and persistent efforts will be made by the hundred-old members of the gang still at liberty to get them out.

Dispatches from New York say that Lupo's friends are bent upon revenge for his conviction while awaiting an opportunity to secure his release. Lupo on his way to Atlanta vowed that before he died he would "get" Flynn, who, with a score of subordinates, arrested him at a farmhouse at Highland, N. Y., where he was engaged in counterfeiting.

When Morrello was nabbed a little later, after a desperate battle in a New York den, he, too, vowed vengeance on Flynn and the secret service men who tore the gun and knives from his hands and dragged him unconscious to the Tombs.

More than all, Lupo wants revenge upon the spies who got into the councils of the Mafia band.

The prison authorities have taken precautions that no one shall see Lupo in prison who might even inadvertently carry some communication to him from the outside world. He is never allowed to speak to any one, especially Morrello, unless a guard is with him. His letters to and from the prison are carefully scanned. Every moment of his days and nights in prison he will be closely guarded and watched.

Meanwhile, biding his time, somewhere in this country is a Sicilian who has sworn to have the life of Lupo the Wolf the moment the Mafia chief quits the Atlanta prison. Lupo killed this man's brother in Sicily twelve years ago for refusing to join Lupo's foreign vendetta, and then fled to this country. It is said that this Sicilian has told friends that he will come to Atlanta in the hope of finding an opportunity to slay Lupo in prison.

SAYS BOY FIRED HER DRESS

Elsie Wolstater, Seven, in Hospital in a Serious Condition—Her Story Doubled by Police.

New York.—Elsie Wolstater, seven years-old, was taken to the Reception hospital and later transferred to the Metropolitan hospital on Blackwell's island, suffering from severe burns on the arms, legs and body. She declared that an unidentified boy had held a match to her dress in the ground floor hallway of her home at 244 East Seventy-seventh street.

Before she was taken away the girl declared she had never seen the boy before and that he ran from the yard of the tenement to where she was carrying a chair from the Wolstater apartment, on the third floor, to her parents, who were sitting on the stoop.

She said he struck a match and deliberately held it under her dress until it caught fire. Detectives questioned children in the neighborhood. They said they had seen no strange boy around and ventured the opinion that Elsie had been striking matches while coming down the stairs and had set her own clothes afire. The halls of the house were not lighted at the time.

APPLES ON GRAPE VINES

Hastings-on-Hudson Man Has Strange Hybrid Fruit.

New York, Oct. 5.—William H. Steckert, a former trustee of Hastings-on-Hudson, besides raising plentiful crops of Concord grapes on vines surrounding his Maple avenue residence, will enjoy an abundant supply of a hybrid fruit resembling a crab apple produced on the same vines.

The hybrid has a delicious taste, but how it became grafted upon his grape vines is a mystery to Steckert. The two fruits have no relation whatever.

The value of the total mineral output of Alaska in 1911 is estimated at \$29,370,500, compared with \$16,884,478 in 1910.

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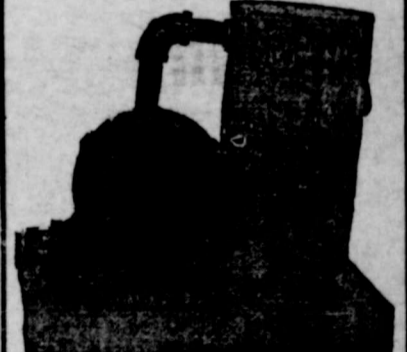
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