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The Umpire.

A fool there was, and he took a chance
(Even as you or I)
In a bunch of baseball disputants,
With all of an umpire's arrogance,
And a mask to cover his countenance
(Even as you or I).

The fool he called a batter out,
And the crowd held him to blame,
While the batter batted him over the
head.
And jumped on his chest, and left him
for dead.
(Which you will allow was not well-bred).
And that was the end of the game.
—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Toggs' Generosity

Mr. Toggs was peculiar; but every one is peculiar who is assertive and does not think in all things just as we do.

Mr. Toggs was not considered a generous man; but then the standard for generosity varies so that we cannot always accept even the judgment of friends.

Mr. Toggs was generous with himself. This was unquestionably conceded. In dress he was generous to prodigality. The appearance of his well-developed 6 feet 2 of physical manhood, from the luster of his high top hat and immaculate linen to the sheen of his No. 10s was faultless.

It was in his family relations that Madam Gossip charged him most unsparringly. She said that he kept no servant for his wife; that he never allowed her family to visit her on account of the added expense that would be incurred; that while he was clothed faultlessly, she was—but why should we be rummaging in other folks' closets to display their family skeletons, when the very thought starts a commotion in dark recesses nearer home.

Remember, Mrs. Toggs never complained; not she. Had she not promised at the sacred altar to love, worship—cherish, I mean—and obey? And she did it so thoroughly that all independence of thought and action was lost in her devotion to her over-towering spouse.

Mr. Toggs fell ill. He had been exceedingly generous with himself, and had indulged in a late banquet at the Ego club. He awakened early in the morning with a most pronounced attack of indigestion.

Mr. Toggs declared that he had swallowed the larger part of a millstone, and that it lay with its crushing weight just below his diaphragm. Then he felt like the Spartan youth who concealed the stolen fox under his toga, and he experienced the burnings of a thousand pitiless flames as they ate their way into his vitals.

During the first hour's torture Mr. Toggs groaned and moaned and expressed himself in language that was as forcible as the conditions demanded.

Mrs. Toggs, without any undue display of alarm, gave him the full ser-



Became a lamb.

vice of her devoted nature. He had been sick once with rheumatism, and she had witnessed a display of the back of all Christian graces in the nature of Mr. Toggs when sick, so she was not apprehensive.

Indigestion may effect a complete transformation in its victim. It will make either a saint or a demon of the

worst or best of men, or change a lion into a lamb. Mr. Toggs, after a few hours' torture, became a lamb.

He uncomplainingly swallowed pearls of scalding hot water. He chewed peptin tablets without a murmur. He swallowed Dr. Kille's remedies faithfully, and submitted to applications of mustard plasters until the outer surface of his body had every appearance of being parboiled.

Through it all not one word of complaint or rebellion escaped Mr. Toggs' lips, and Mrs. Toggs was somewhat alarmed.

As day and night in regular order succeeded each other until five revolutions of the earth on its axis had been completed, and Mr. Toggs avowed that the millstone was growing heavier, the fox was unwearied in his endeavors to claw out his vitals, and the inextinguishable fires burned with increasing fury, and in the face of all he was growing more and more lamblike, Mrs. Toggs became correspondingly more alarmed. This complete change could presage only one thing—the coming end.

"Dear!" gasped the tortured Mr. Toggs, as he turned a look of intense longing upon his unfeeling wife and noted her anxious face, "won't you send for Elizabeth to come and assist you? You are overdoing yourself."

Poor Mrs. Toggs could scarcely restrain herself until she hastened from the room, when she burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Toggs was certainly mortally ill. In all their twenty-three years of conjugal relations, he had never before applied to her so precious an epithet, and for the first time he seemed concerned about her personal comfort. And he had broken his oft-declared law that there would be no visiting relations of either side allowed in his home.

Elizabeth had a reputation for being an exceptional nurse, and an expert in the knowledge of family remedies. So upon her arrival there was a resumption, or rather addition, of operations. The indigestion loosened its hold somewhat, and Mr. Toggs was grateful.

"Clarissa, dear," he said assuringly, as he lay bolstered up in a large rocker. "I feel much better, and if I continue to improve, and am well tomorrow, I'll give you \$5 for your nursing and care of me."

Mrs. Toggs hastened from the room the picture of despair. She was sure he was dying, and when she returned to his side, closely followed by the faithful Elizabeth, she manifested no sign of joy at her husband's assertion of marked improvement.

"Elizabeth," and Mr. Toggs' voice grew stronger, "I'll give you \$5, too, if I am well to-morrow!"

Then Mrs. Toggs had a presentiment by a rattling in the chest that he was marked for death, and her little body stooped in anticipation of the crushing blow.

By noon Mr. Toggs declared that he felt well enough to go out for a walk about the block. As he was adjusting his lustrous high-top hat, he said, "If you'll give me the money I'll settle the account for the medicines at the druggist's."

Mr. Toggs never liked bills to hang. Mrs. Toggs handed her departing lord and master a shining gold eagle—a part of her week's allowance for all household expenses.

The druggist claimed half of the gold, and Mr. Toggs tucked the change in his lower right-side waistcoat pocket. But feeling a suspicious sensation that prophesied a return of the tortures, he hastened home and calmly submitted to the untiring efforts of his faithful nurses for relief.

That night Mr. Toggs fell into a refreshing sleep and awoke in the

morning a completely delivered man. "Here, dear, is that \$5 I promised you," and his thumb and index finger went down into the lower pocket of the right side of his waistcoat, and he laid a \$5 bill on the bureau.

Mrs. Toggs murmured her thanks between stifled sobs, but refrained from touching the sacred testimony of his dying love. For, surely, Mr. Toggs was nearing the end of his earthly career, and his avowed improvement was only a delusion. She gazed upon him in helpless abandonment to the inevitable.

Mr. Toggs proceeded with his toilet and when it was completed he turned suddenly toward the bureau and, picking up the money he had shortly before laid there, said in his old way:

"I think, Mrs. Toggs, you saved this much on me in household expenses for I have not partaken of a single meal while I have been sick. I may as well pay Elizabeth with it."

And he hastened to find Elizabeth. As Mr. Toggs left the room, his wife experienced a sensation of joy Mr. Toggs was better. He was his old self again. She was relieved of the dread that hung over her and she was happy.

"Here's the five dollars I promised you," Mr. Toggs said to Elizabeth, who was busy preparing the morning meal. He laid the bill upon the sideboard in the diningroom and strode away.

Mrs. Toggs and Elizabeth were so happy that they could only gaze in admiration at Mr. Toggs as they sat at the table, while he ate sparingly of the morning repast.

Happy Mrs. Toggs stood with Mr. Toggs' lustrous high-top hat in his hand when Mr. Toggs appeared ready to leave for his office. After he had taken a last reassuring look at himself in the hall mirror, he went to the diningroom, and said to Elizabeth, as he took the \$5 bill from the sideboard:

"I think your board has been worth this much for the time you have been with us as our guest."

Mrs. Toggs never questioned her husband's intentions. It was enough that he was well once more, and she was happy.

What Elizabeth thought and said as she journeyed homeward would not be complimentary as an epitaph.

All that day Mr. Toggs' countenance was lighted with a complacent smile.



Hastened from the room, a picture of despair. He was a man well satisfied with himself.—Frank E. Graff in Boston Globe.

WOULDN'T STOP TO LISTEN.

Conversation Natural Result of Meeting of Two Women.

They met down on Twenty-third street the other morning. Each had a bundle and each looked happy. After a few introductory remarks, just enough to impress each other that they were glad they had met, this conversation ensued:

"Yes, Mollie is down with—"

"Oh, you don't say so?"

"She was taken with—"

"The poor girl!"

"As I was going to say, Mollie is—"

"And she always was delicate."

"Yes; but as I was going to say—"

"Give her my love and tell her I hope she will soon be out."

"Pardon me, my dear; but as I was going to say—"

"Who's your doctor?"

"Pardon me again; but as I started to say—"

"Oh, you did start to say something; I beg your pardon."

"As I started to say, Mollie is down with her aunt in Hackensack. She was taken with a desire to get to the country, and went yesterday."

And then both went back to the bargain counters.—New York Times.

She Was a Surprise.

"Name this child," said the Southern bishop who was baptizing a small scrap of "poor white" humanity.

"Onyx."

"Onyx?"

"Onyx."

"How in the world did you ever hit upon the name of Onyx?" asked the clergyman after the service.

"Why, because she came so onyx-pected," drawled the parents in all seriousness.



DAIRY

A Permanent Creamery at Purdue.

Beginning early in May, Purdue University will operate the creamery equipment of its Dairy Department on a commercial basis, securing milk regularly from farmers in the vicinity. This step was prompted by the difficulty experienced in securing a temporary supply of milk at such times as it was needed for use of the students. The equipment includes the latest styles of separators, combined churns, vats and cream ripeners. This equipment, with a supply of milk, regularly, will make possible the study of many questions not heretofore touched on by the work of the Indiana Experiment Station. Prof. H. E. Van Norman has secured H. N. Slater of Fairmount, Minn., as assistant in the creamery work of his department. Mr. Slater is a creamery butter maker of wide experience, a graduate of the Minnesota Dairy School, and has served as instructor in the Starter and Cream Ripening Work at Minnesota. He was also an instructor in the Creamery Course at Purdue this past winter. Indiana dairy men, butter makers and dairymen should take advantage of the establishment of a well-equipped dairy department at Purdue by calling upon them for such information and assistance as they can render, feeling sure it will be cheerfully given.

Know About the Cows.

It is astonishing how little most cow owners know about their animals. One man will have a lot of good, average and poor cows, and yet have very little conception of their real or relative value. To demonstrate this, one has but to go out to buy a cow, and inquire as to milking capacity of any one of them at any farm. He is told that such and such a cow gives a "pailful" of milk twice a day, and that it is very rich. Not infrequently he is told that the cow gives ten quarts of milk morning and night, with the inference that this rate of milk giving is continued the year around. But the scales and the test change all these opinions. The cow that was reported to be giving about 40 pounds per day is found to be giving about one-third of that on an average. The other rate would have given over 14,000 pounds of milk per year and cows giving that amount are not too numerous. The man that buys cows to put into a dairy is coming to demand a very complete knowledge of them. He wants a yearly knowledge of weight of milk produced, as well as richness tests throughout the milking period. He will not, if he is wise, trust the hired man's or any one else's guess as to how much milk a cow can give.

Cow Capacity.

In the selection of a milch cow for the farm some attention should be paid to her capacity to produce milk. There are on American farms altogether too many cows that give only 3,000 or 4,000 pounds of milk per year. The 5,000 pounds of milk mark is a good one to strive for, and if a man can get together a herd of cows that can average that amount he is about sure to make money out of them. But this milk should be above the average in richness, say 4 per cent. There are indeed numerous cows that give as high as 12,000 pounds of milk per year, but they form but a small per cent of the whole. At the present time an average of even 5,000 pounds of a per cent milk is something to look forward to. It is to be regretted that in the past there has not been more method in breeding up and selection. Cows have been retained in the herd without much regard for their real capabilities, and ones that have been sent to the butcher have also been little understood. Some of our best strains as well as some of the poorest have gone to the abattoirs; and this process continued year after year has been to the detriment of our herds.

Cream for the Creamery.

There are a good many things that our creameries will have to do before they succeed in getting first-class cream for use in making butter, especially when the gathered cream system is followed. One manager suggests that every creamery should furnish the haulers with canvas covers for their cans to keep out the dust that so often gets into the cream where the covers fit in and are afterward rinsed out with the cream when it is poured from the cans. He also suggests that it would be a paying investment to furnish the haulers with soap-stone stoves or some other kind of heaters in winter, so that the cream will not freeze, as it is not possible to make first-class butter from frozen cream. In the summer time haulers of cream should be required to be at the creamery at a certain time, as several hours unnecessary exposure of cream to the sun's heat is likely to injuriously affect its quality.



POULTRY

Exhibition Ducks.

From Farmers' Review: I exhibit each year at our annual local show, but I make no more effort to prepare the birds for exhibition than that made to have good breeding birds. If I know of anyone showing better birds than I have I patronize him for eggs to the extent of my means. In that way I have greatly improved my stock. I always take first premium at our local shows, but I must say there is slender competition. However, my stock serves well. I have free range for my ducklings and generally manage to feed them once a day after they are feathered. Previous to that I keep them closer and feed liberally. I do not think ducks receive half the attention they merit, and some of these days when I have time, I mean to start a boom, with the aid of obliging editors, in the Pekin duck industry. I would like to hear more quacks from the duck row in the show room. As a matter of fact we can sell all the good breeding ducks we raise, and eggs are much in demand, but no one seems particularly interested in our show record. The size of the ducks is well looked after by buyers, and there are so many questions about broilers. We do not know a thing about broilers, as all our business has been to raise and sell the nicest breeding stock we knew how to raise. Once a year we picked out some large well-shaped ducks and took them to our exhibition and won a blue ribbon, while most of our competitors had their birds disqualified for black spots on beaks. It is not that we are such ignoramuses about everything that anyone showing should not know that black spots in the beak of a Pekin duck disqualifies, but just gross carelessness. Even the judges say ducks are just a market bird, as much as to say, not worthy of exhibiting. Now I am very proud of my big Pekins and some of these days when the children are grown up I'll be able to tell you all about exhibiting them. In the meantime I'll have to be satisfied to show them at our local show only, and devote all my spare time to raising and improving them. pending that time when I can leave to go to all the big shows.—Hattie Byfield, Red Willow County, Nebraska.

Planting Roses.

Best time is after danger of frosts is past in the spring, says Geo. J. Kellogg. If your roses are budded it is necessary to incline them at an angle of forty-five degrees in the direction you wish to lay them down for winter; there is danger of breaking off the top where budded—set them so this connection will be four inches below the surface. Roses on their own roots are much the best, and, too, they will be easier put down for winter if properly inclined. If budded roses are planted, watch for the sprouts that come below the bud; you will need to dig down and tear them out to prevent their sprouting again. If allowed to grow, they will rob the bud or grafted bush, which will die. Many a bush has been broken off at the bud and the root has sprouted, and the wonder is, "Why does not my rose bloom?" The fact is, you have nothing but the wild stock, some of which never bloom. Some dealers grow all roses on their own roots, others bud nearly everything. In planting, be sure to place the roots in natural position and press the earth firmly to the roots; water well and if the plants are in leaf, shade from the hot sun for a few days.

International Live Stock Exposition Association.

Last week a large number of live stock breeders met at the Record building at the Union stockyards, Chicago, for the purpose of completing the organization of the above mentioned association. The reorganization committee submitted the by-laws, which were adopted. Twenty-one directors were chosen. Prof. C. F. Curtis was elected director at large. At a meeting of the directors, following the general meeting, the following officers were chosen: President, John A. Spoor, Chicago; first vice president, A. H. Sanders, Chicago; second vice president, A. J. Lovejoy, Roscoe, Ill.; secretary, Mortimer Levering, Indianapolis, Ind.; treasurer, S. R. Flynn, Chicago; general manager, W. E. Skinner, Chicago.

In many cases in New England, New York and perhaps Pennsylvania, well-fixed types have been established by growing one kind of corn for a long period of years on the same farm without any change of seed. These varieties are frequently designated by the name of the family by whom they have been grown, as "Doc little" corn and "Warren" field corn. Not infrequently some particular kind of corn has been grown on the same farm for several generations of a family, without new seed being introduced.—The Book of Corn.



FARM

Value of Pasture for Pigs.

A recent bulletin of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture quotes G. W. Waters as follows:

"We will now state two propositions bearing on economy of production. First, while the pig is not considered primarily a grazing animal, from the fact that he cannot be expected to make gains and grow fat if turned onto common pasture grass like cattle, sheep or mules, yet, as a matter of fact the pig will make better returns for the amount of grass eaten than any other farm animal. Moreover, the pasture will increase the efficiency and value of the grain fed in connection with it. The second proposition is this: The pig is a grass feeder and will eat too much of rich feeds, as grain, more than he can use economically, more than he can digest well, consequently greater gains from a given amount of corn are obtained if the pig is fed less than he can or will eat. This statement applies with especial force in cases of a long feeding period. The two propositions just announced, are brought out in the following report of tests made at the Wisconsin station, six lots of pigs being used:

"Lot 1, full fed, in a dry lot, gained 1.15 pounds per day and used 587 pounds of corn in making 100 pounds of gain.

"Lot 2, full fed, on clover pasture, gained 1.30 pounds per day, and used 417 pounds of corn in making 100 pounds of gain.

"Lot 3, three-fourths full, on clover pasture, gained 1.20 per day and used 377 pounds of corn in making 100 pounds of gain.

"Lot 4, one-half full, clover pasture, gained .87 pounds per day and required 352 pounds of corn to make 100 pounds of gain.

"Lot 5, one-fourth full, clover pasture, gained .64 pounds per day, and required 243 pounds of corn to make 100 pounds of gain.

"Lot 5, no gain, clover pasture, gained .36 pounds per day.

"In lot 2 there is a sudden drop over lot 1 in the amount of corn required. But in lot 3 there is a still larger drop. Nearly three bushels less of corn is required to produce 100 pounds of gain over dry lot feeding. For growing hogs a still larger reduction of corn is advisable. The rate of gain is slower, but it is vastly cheaper. It is however wise practice to full feed for the last 30 days before marketing."

A Requisite in Poultry Raising.

All classes of people may go into the raising of poultry and do it successfully. Sex is no bar to success. In fact very many of our most successful poultry raisers are women. Some are semi-invalids who have given up the great lines of business and have been told by their family physician to get into something where they can be out of doors a great deal, but where the amount of manual labor will not be large. These and others may succeed, but there is one requisite for all and that is interest in the business. The writer has known of people intending to go into the poultry business, when they hated the sight of a live hen. Asked as to their reason for making the venture they replied that they had been told there was money in it. The invariable advice given by the writer in such cases is for the would-be investor to keep out of the business. Longfellow says "the heart giveth grace unto every art." The person that has a deep interest in poultry can make a success of raising any kind of fowls, for he will not be stopped by the obstacles that are certain to be discovered in the way. The number of people that dislike to have poultry around is very large. But there are those that find great pleasure in caring for fowls. Sometimes it is one breed that strikes their fancy and sometimes another, but whatever it be, they can see beauty in it. The man that has a real interest in fowls will make a success of raising them, if conditions be at all favorable, but the fowl-hater is about sure to fail.

Warm Shoes.

From the Farmers' Review: Women suffering from cold feet could make for themselves warm and comfortable footwear by getting boys' felt boots and then purchasing broad soled slippers to fit over them. Usually it is necessary to split the slipper down to the toe, then make holes with an awl and lace with a shoe string. The slipper should be 1½ size larger than the shoe. For wear away from home, get an arctic one-half size larger than the shoe. Warm feet are essential to health and happiness and would lengthen the lives of many women who suffer from cold, especially those afflicted with lung troubles.—Mrs. Astall.