



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 43 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 77 NO. 16,729.

MR. RYAN'S BULL.



BEFORE he sailed for Europe Thomas F. Ryan bought a Jersey bull for \$11,500. The bull's name is Stockwell, bred on the Island of Jersey, sired by Oxford Lad out of Flying Fox.

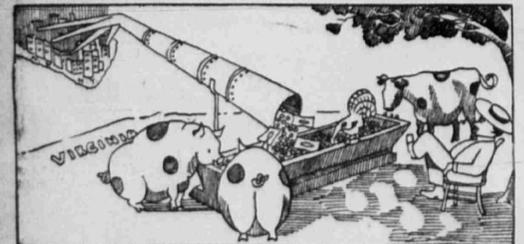
At the sale it was given out that this is the highest price ever paid for a bull. This was promptly corrected by cable from London. A British earl claims the record with a purchase at \$35,000.

The reason a Jersey bull is worth so much money is because its progeny will produce more butter and cream than ordinary cows for the same amount of feed.

This value is both in the richness and quality of the milk and in its quantity. An ordinary cow with good care and feeding will give three thousand quarts of milk a year, for which the farmer gets two cents a quart, or \$60, or about what her feed costs.



A fine Jersey cow such as Mr. Ryan's bull should produce gives about three times as much milk a year as a scrub cow, and that milk will contain a higher percentage of butter fat.



Unfortunately, Mr. Ryan's stock farm is in Virginia, some five hundred miles from New York, far away from the milk trains which supply the people here.

Suppose that Mr. Ryan should get a philanthropic attack and start a series of big milk farms in Rockland and Orange counties and be content to deliver pure milk in New York City for five cents a quart.

Letters from the People.

The "Smoke" nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World: In reply to Virgilium who suggests smoking-cure for Subway and west side "L" trains, I would say, Why not give up your bad habit of smoking, instead of seeking greater opportunities to inhale it?

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 58—KITCHENER, the Hero of the Soudan.

SOME twenty-six years ago one Mohammed Achmet, son of a Dongola carpenter, announced that he was El Mahdi (the Redeemer), for whose coming the Mohammedan world had for centuries waited.

The Soudan (or Black Country) is a rich province, 2,000,000 square miles in area, with a population of about 15,000,000, and lying just south of the Sahara Desert.

Scarcely was his back turned when everything went back to its former wretched state. In the midst of the resulting chaos El Mahdi began his rebellion. The wild desert tribes flocked to his standard.

El Mahdi and the "Holy War" and Turkey. Soon he was at the head of a vast horde of fanatics and had declared a "Holy War" on all who were not Moslems.

Little by little Kitchener made his plans. Like Von Moltke, he "fought by the book of arithmetic." He had no idea of making furious, ill-adviced dashes into a hostile country, only to be ambushed and cut to pieces as Hicks and his army had been.

El Mahdi, in spite of his claims to immortality, had died. His forces now came under the command of another so-called Prophet known as the Khalifa (Successor).

The victor was made a Baron and England's Parliament voted him \$150,000. His next exploit occurred two years later in the Boer War.

Therefore no man of them could be considered a hero. Such men make dangerous opponents. It was due to this recklessness of life that they had so long held supreme sway in the Soudan.

The Woman Who Is of No Use.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"MY idea of the rich has always been that they have nothing at all to do, and I want always to have something to do." This is the unusually sensible wish of Mrs. George Grant Mason, of Mason City, Ia., whose husband recently inherited the greater portion of the late "Bent" Smith's millions.

Calamity Jane

By W. J. Steinigans



The Streets of New York.

By J. Alexander Patten, An Old New Yorker.

No. 6—Broadway Seventy-five Years Ago.

IF OFTEN think in passing some of the modern office buildings near Trinity Church, which are higher than its steeple, when I used to go up to the winding stone steps in that steeple to the highest windows to obtain a view of the city and bay.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A NY man can marry an heiress—in a novel. It's hard for the indifferent lover to say soft nothings. Bookkeepers for ice companies make a lot of cold calculations.