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KANSAS AND THE MILK COW

Almost 1 Million Dairy Cows in the State Now

Kansas has almost 1 million dairy cows. Four years ago the Kansas Agricultural College sent out a special dairy train over some of the Kansas railroads, in which lecturers told the farmers that a silo and a few old cows would produce real money every day of the year and would be found to be the most regular and profitable business on any farm. That was something new to Kansas.

Just at that time the farmers were ready to try the advice of these experts. The dairy train came just when Kansas was experiencing the worst drought in thirty years. The corn had been burned up and only the sorghums made crops.

In the last five years the number of milk cows in Kansas has increased almost 50 per cent. According to the returns of the assessors to the state board of agriculture there were 641,570 milk cows in the state last year. In 1915 there were 961,281, an increase of more than three hundred thousand.

No statistics were available until 1915 on the number of cream separators in the state. In that year the assessors were required to learn the number. They found a little more than seventy thousand. The returns already reported indicate that there will be more than eighty thousand cream separators this year.

"Dairying is only in its infancy in Kansas now," said S. C. Mohler, secretary of the state board of agriculture. "It is only in the last few years the farmers have learned of the never ending income from a few cows. Inquiries as to where to obtain good dairy cattle have increased so much in the last ten months we have directed the county assessors in every Kansas county to report to this department a list of farmers with pure bred dairy cattle for sale. We made the same inquiry in regard to beef cattle, but there has not been the same demand for information on beef cattle as there has been for milk breeds."

The above, from the Kansas City Star, ought to be an eye opener for our people. If Kansas can make money out of milk and beef cattle, McNairy county can. We are glad to note a few of the live farmers are going into the business. Why not a great number? The more engaged in such an industry, the better for all.

Delegates From McNairy County to Farmers Institute at Jackson Sept. 6, 7, 8

J. E. Mitchell, Earl Davis, D. M. Baker, J. W. Robinson, Geo. Prather, Terry Dillon, Marvin Jones, J. C. Mullins, Mrs. P. H. Thrasher, P. H. Thrasher, J. W. Purviance, W. P. Surratt, Jessie Pettie, Almer Pettie, D. C. Griswell, R. M. Houston, W. E. Sharp, W. A. Dillon, J. T. Gage, James Willbanks, Thomas Crooksey, John Crooksey, W. J. Maxedon, J. D. Maxedon, J. C. Robinson, Scott Robinson, Frank Lipford, Miss Margie Lipford, S. S. Brooks, C. R. Gage, H. D. Gage, H. D. Baker, P. A. Williams, D. H. Wilson, Jack Etheridge, Joe Etheridge, Sam Henry, George Henry, G. W. Duggan, A. C. Henry, M. T. Inman, Will White, Mrs. Will White, J. A. Houston, Clarence Robertson, J. T. Williams, J. W. Hodges, Mrs. J. E. Hooker, J. E. Dunaway, F. M. Hester, J. H. Moss, J. E. Dillon, J. E. Ward, W. A. Gage, J. C. Wagoner, C. A. Morris, R. S. Miller, W. H. Wilson, W. E. Tedford, Frank Deaton, Frank Pittman, P. A. Hopkins, R. S. Leonard, T. J. Surratt, R. A. Carothers, J. C. Bolding, W. C. Hollin, Ollie Willbanks, J. B. Huggins, Joe Henry, H. D. Maxedon, S. B. Maxedon, Pearl Dollar, C. H. Henry, J. B. Kernodle, H. T. Ingle, Robert Wagoner, J. C. Wagoner, Miss Lula Wilson, Mrs. Jessie Smith, Mrs. J. W. Henry, Mrs. Flora Henry, John Wilson, J. J. Salth, Mrs. Mollie Lipford, Miss Martha Dillon, Tiller Armstrong.

NEW YORK LETTER

The theatrical element in New York is a small world within itself, embracing numberless places of amusement, ranging from the nickel-movie to the great Metropolitan Grand Opera House, where last winter they wanted, at the lowest price, six dollars a seat to hear the real big things that were given; such as Wagner's operas.

This is the place where the big attractions come first, and a reputation made here means a national reputation. To say that a play ran 100 nights in New York is enough to stamp it as something extraordinary, but not necessarily very good, from a moral standpoint. New York loves to laugh, and can stand some pretty tough performances, if they are only funny, but there is such a thing as police censorship here, and a play or picture that is too much off color will be put down pretty quick. To know just how far to go in that respect is a science of itself.

I have seen and heard two of the greatest stage stars that ever played in this country: The American, Joe Jefferson, and the Frenchwoman, Sarah Bernhardt. I saw Jefferson in his favorite play of "Rip Van Winkle," in Washington city, a good many years ago, but the impression he made upon me is fresh to-day. My father, mother and I went to see him. They both said the same thing of him, and I thought it was the best criticism I ever heard of an actor: You forgot that he was acting, and it seemed as though Old Rip himself were there, and that what you saw before you was an actual bit of life. You forgot the stage and the curtain, and the theater itself, and saw only the drowsy little town, or the mountain nook up in the Catskills, where Rip slept for twenty years. It took a lot of science to dress Rip in such flimsy rags in a way to keep them from falling off him. In spite of the rags and the decrepit age that came over Rip during his two decades of slumber, you could recognize the same old easy-going, happy-go-lucky loafer that his wife had driven away so long ago. His voice seemed to come from a toothless mouth (these great actors do not forget anything that goes to make their art perfect), but you could tell it was Rip speaking. Jefferson was the son and grandson of an actor, and was practically raised on the stage. That, and his great native talent for the stage, made him perhaps the greatest American actor since the days of Edwin Booth.

It will be remembered that John Wilkes Booth, who killed Abraham Lincoln, was a brother of the celebrated Edwin, and that their father, Junius Brutus Booth, was one of the early glories of the American stage. The miserable assassin did the deed in Ford's Theater, on Tenth street, in Washington, a building I have often seen. The shot was fired on April 14, 1865, and from that date, the great actor Edwin Booth never appeared in Washington. He held his superb place on the stage for many years, and his acting of Shakespeare's Hamlet is said never to have been surpassed. No doubt the deep sorrow of his brother's infamy made the role of the melancholy Dane peculiarly appropriate to him.

It was with a good deal of curiosity that I awaited an opportunity to see Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest living actress. I saw her at a Baltimore theater five years ago, in her favorite play of "Camille." It is not a nice story: A fallen woman, who had lost all heart, apparently, for everything that was good and holy, fell in love with a man named Armand, one of her chance acquaintances. His family disowned him when they found out the romance, but he returned her love, however, which was cut short by her early death from consumption. The play, which was written by Alexander Dumas the Younger, throws a glamor of poetry and nobility over a very sordid life, and is decidedly and peculiarly French, but when played by Sarah Bernhardt it became a work of the highest art, and one could see only the better spirit of the poor lost girl who died giving at last a pure love to

the man she could not marry.

When I saw her, Sarah Bernhardt was over sixty-five years old, and I had always read that she was thin and skinny in appearance. You can imagine my surprise when she stepped on the stage looking like a girl of twenty, not only young and fresh and spry, but plump and even rather fat. I was near enough to the stage to catch every word she said. The play was in French from beginning to end, but so crystal-clear was the pronunciation of the great actress and her talented players that even a moderate knowledge of the language would enable one to follow the play. It was with great interest that I noticed the manner in which this supreme artist handled her native language, and to see just how she acted. She had appeared in this one play perhaps a thousand times, and her acting was very much like that of Jefferson, so unstudied and matter-of-fact that it seemed as though it had always been just that way, and could be no other way.

Sarah's eyes struck me with wonderment. They were shaded under the lower lids in a way to make them look much larger than ordinary eyes; I never saw eyes like that before or since. It looked uncanny at first. Occasionally there was that little hacking cough of consumption, and an increasing languor of manner and movement in the suffering woman, who, however, still kept up her spirits and only at the very last gave up hope. Sarah would be talking in an ordinary tone, lounging in a lovely evening gown in her garden; suddenly she would spit out some word in a manner that reminded one of a tiger or of a great, spiteful cat; so unexpected and unlikely that it was startling; then it was all playful smiles and sweet words again. I loved to hear Sarah say the word "maintenant" (meaning "now" in French, the last syllable ending in a sound of very nasal character, totally unlike English): the first syllable came out slowly as usual but the end of the word came as quick as the crack of a whip; and to hear her pronounce the name of St. Gaudens, one of the characters, was a study in itself. French is a beautiful, musical language, but after thirty years' practice in France, many Americans have been unable to master all the intricacies of the accent and pronunciation. It is far more perfect than English in its capacity for expressing human thought, but hardly has the vigor of English. The editor of the New York Telegram told me recently that when he was in Paris some months ago he was startled by hearing some one in the office of the War Department swearing in English. Then he discovered that it was the French War Minister himself, who apologized and said that no language under the sun was so well adapted to swearing as the English; and he had enough to make him "cuss" every hour of the day. Sarah Bernhardt had a clear, musical voice, and exactly the manners and movements of a girl of twenty or a little over, although she had a grandson nearly grown.

I saw pictures of Sarah Bernhardt taken last year, after she had lost a leg from blood-poisoning. She acted for a moving picture, and it was so arranged that she never had to stand alone, but was mostly shown sitting down. Just why a woman who has made millions of dollars should still, in her old and suffering age, want to act for money, is hard to understand, except for the passion, which is strong until death with some people, to be gathering in gold.

The stage, like everything else in the fine arts, seems to have degenerated to a dead level of mediocrity. Nobody ever plays any more for the sake of art; the dollar is the only inspiring spirit, and that of course means that the heart is not touched nor the mind illumined, as in the days of Garrick, Siddons, Booth and Jefferson. It is the same with poets, musicians and writers of books. Possibly the great war in Europe will reveal great minds and great artists. The world needs them as never before in history.

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

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BUCK SNORT

Tells of Old-Time Music and Dancing

Say, Tobe, don't you remember the tunes they used to play? I shore haint heard sich music fer many and many a day. Have you forgot them frolics, when all the gals and boys Was dancin by the board-light and makin sich a noise Till the old folks couldnt sleep none, and we went out to the barn? Fer this here modern music, I wouldnt give a darn. We had a blind old nigger that died before the war. The folks, to hear him fiddle would, come from near and far. I would go without my supper ruther than miss his playin: As plain as any talkin, that fiddle was a-sayin:

"First upon the heel-tap and then upon the toe, Every time I turn around I jump Jim Crow".

Then come the Arkansas Traveler, a-rumblin on the bass: "Big Butch, Little Butch, Stump and Old Case."

Then a tune of the plantation would fetch me every time; It shore was purty music, though it wasnt much fer rime: "Old Sicky Blueskin, what ye got fer supper? Chicken foot, sparrow grass, hominy and butter."

Another was my favorite, a regular nigger tune; They dancin it in the medder, under the summer moon: "O come along, Jim along Josie, O Jim along, come along Joë.

Ole Massa Joe Aint wuffah cent; Drudder be a niggah dan a po white man."

I was fond of still another, the old Virginia reel; When that was started up, it put fever in my heel: "Who's been here since I been gone? Purty little gal with a red dress on. Look to the east and look to the west; Choose the one that you love best."

There was one about Dan Tucker; now, how did that oue go? Now I hant heard that fiddled for forty years or so. "Old Dan Tucker come to town With one leg up and tother down."

Our dancin days are over; our joints are stiff and sore; They dont have no sich dancin and sich fiddlin any more. If I had that blind old nigger to give us a tune or two, I'd crack my heels together and show you what I could do!

I hant much hope of heaven, fer I've been purty bad: (I've cussed and drunk hard cider!) but if I only had The hope that when I'm laid out, my soul will come once more Back to the town of Purdy, as it was in fifty-four! Jist let me hear that fiddlin; see the gals in calico And the boys in homespun, dancin, jist like the long ago!— The harps of gold and angels would be mighty nice to see— Jist give me back old Purdy—that would be heaven fer me!

Hickory Holler, Tenn, late in July, 1916.

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