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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "WONDERS IN THE HEAVENS AND IN THE EARTH."

Text from the Second Chapter of Joel  
—The World Constantly Advancing in the Right Direction—The Triumph of Christianity Over Infidelity.

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Washington, Dec. 8.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage recites some great events and shows that the world is advancing in the right direction; text, Joel II., 30, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

There were more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last 20 years eclipse any preceding 20. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time we must cry out, in the words of the text, "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth—convulsion after convulsion; frost pounding it with sledge hammer of iceberg and fires melting it with furnaces seven times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the majestic and the St. Paul and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great bulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition.

But it seems to us as if the last hundred years were especially characterized by disaster—volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at 1 o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, Europe and America feeling the throb—1,500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed!

But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake, in 1882 in Chile 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation. In 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857, Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian Islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1872, California in 1872, San Salvador in 1873, while in 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8,000 merrymakers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many of them, as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping, where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down and city after city until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produced the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying dead!

But look at the disasters cyclonic. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa! Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic! Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? It is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers. If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the ocean, what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the lifeboats men hovering around Goodwin sands and the Skerries! The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of the hotels at Brighton Beach backward 100 yards from where they once stood a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls today where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills geologists now find three-quarters under the water or altogether submerged. The sea, having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas, wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic. Alas for Galveston and other cities almost drowned!

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm tree amid the night shades and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing—blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived, with his 950 years, and Methuselah lived his 969 years.

Blessings of intelligence! If the philosophers of a hundred years ago were called up to recite in a class with our boys and girls, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and circles of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them or sit down at them.

Blessings of quick information! Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast table and through the newspaper at the tea table.

Blessings of gospel proclamation! While infidelity is dwindling the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. A few years ago in six weeks more than 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament purchased—not given away, but purchased—because the world will have it. The most popular book today is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the church, and the greatest name among the nations and more honored than any is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice! All for Christ! Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime and sound all the organs in one diapason and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one "Gloria in Excelsis." Mighty camp meetings! Mighty Ocean Groves! Mighty Chautauquus! Mighty conventions of Christian workers! Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian church! Mighty conferences of the Methodist church! Mighty associations of the Baptist church! Mighty conventions of the Episcopal church! There may be many years of hard work yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphal flight in this day's sunset or if tomorrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet to proclaim universal dominion.

All dead churches, wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in! Morning for the land! Morning for the sea! Morning of light and love and peace! Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate.

These things I say because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or pleasing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break and in girths that cannot slip and in buckles that cannot loosen and are driven by reins they must answer.

So I rejoice day by day. Work for all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents. But there is the tracks laid so long ago no one remembers it—laid by the hand of the Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along the track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence and unfaithfulness God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith and hold fast.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived awhile when he was moving through the land incognito and in workman's dress that he might learn ship carpentry, by which he could supply the needs of his people. A stranger was visiting at that house. "What's in that box?" The owner said: "I don't know. That box was there when I got the house, and it was there when my father got it. We haven't had any curiosity to look at it. I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you £2 for it." "Well, done," the £2 was paid, and the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for \$50,000. In it the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are the events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they incense treasures of Divine Providence and eternities of meaning which after awhile God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value.

When Titans pitch quoits, they pitch mountains, but who owns these gigantic natural forces we are constantly reading about? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot, suddenly planted on the footstool, makes the continents quiver? God! I must be at peace with him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ, this God is mine and he is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on one side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of you who are in midlife may well thank God that you have seen so many wondrous things, but there are people alive today who may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world uplifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed and Morse and Bell and Edison have brought under complete control, has greater wonders to reveal. Whether here or departed this life, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint, the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

Years ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said, "We are expecting the Arizona tonight." I said, "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said, "Yes, I never make a mistake. Before I see the hulls I often know them by the masts. I know them all—I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long absent ones! So today we take our stand in the watch-tower, and through the glass of inspiration we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top gallants. That is the ship of the church, mark of salt water high upon the smokestack, showing she has had rough weather, but the captain of Salvation commands her, and all is well with her. The ship of heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours. They went out from our own households. Ours! Hail, hail! Put off the black and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot.

Now the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf, and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the plank. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost friends, for you had and give way until other millions come aboard her. Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! "Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city."

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

#### "Keeping Tab."

(From the Farmers' Review.)  
One of the most successful farmers it was ever the good fortune of the writer to become acquainted with was considered a "crank" and much too book learned by his neighbors for the simple reason that he carried on his large farming business in a perfectly business-like way. To be sure, he did carry things to an extreme in some respects, as, for instance, the opening of a complete double-entry ledger account with each field upon his large farm. In this he would charge against the field each load of manure hauled upon it and also the expense for work of man and team and similarly record every penny of expense on one side and against it the gains of the field not only in actual crops grown and sold, but in accrued gain of fertilizing matter held over from one crop to the next and of new manure produced from the waste products of the field. Such a man would be generally expected to fall on the basis of the old idea that "he who stops to count the cost will never put hand to plow." This idea of not counting the cost is absurd and erroneous; it is behind the times and misleading, however trite and apparently wise it may look to the thoughtless who do not want to bother with figures. We need to count the cost nowadays. We need to follow the example of this man who kept such an elaborate set of books, in principle at least if not in fact. We need to "keep tab" of every operation of the farm, and nowhere is this more necessary than upon the farm where a herd of swine is kept. Annually there is great loss of pigs and consequently of profit by failing to keep tab of the date of service of each sow. A ledger account should be opened with each pedigreed sow, at least, even if the fields are not so dealt with. On one side of this account should be set down the cost price of the sow and all expenses included in purchase, etc. Here, too, a record should be kept of her time of service and opposite it in good season the returns from that service in number of pigs and later on the returns from the sale of those pigs. By so doing it is possible to detect at a glance how a sow is breeding and paying for her board and at the same time to decide which sow is the most profitable in amounts obtained for products which indicate, unless pedigreed, the weight of the hogs sold from her and the price obtained for those products. It will also appear whether she is a shy or steady breeder. In a large herd such facts are soon lost sight of unless some such record is kept, and without it sows are liable to bring forth their pigs when not expected and in places where many succumb to the rigors of inclement weather or the attacks of other swine. By the keeping of a record the pedigrees of swine are easily kept track of, for it is always better to know just where facts are to be found in writing than to attempt to record them merely in the mind; a great knowledge of science is impossible unless a man can remember just where to lay hands on a book in his library which contains the facts he requires to consult. But there is another fine point to be mentioned in this matter of keeping tab. It does not so much concern the figures of profits as the record of results in product of pork or weight at selling time, and after all that is but another form of dollars and cents. We refer to the keeping of what may be termed the "experiment record." Here should be set down each week or month a correct account of the feeding operations going on at the time. Each lot of hogs should be weighed and close track kept of the amount and kind of food consumed by each. The work should be patterned after that so well done at every one of the agricultural experiment stations throughout the country and will show at the end of the year or feeding period exactly how a lot of hogs have been fed, what gains have been made from the feeding and what profits have been made from the sale of the products. If every hog raiser were to keep tab in this way of at least a "check lot" of feeding hogs he would have a safe guide to follow yearly, and by changing his methods and again keeping tab would be able in time to tell exactly for his special location and circumstances the method of feeding which was the most profitable. The principle of keeping tab is what we desire to urge in this short article. It cannot be fully elaborated here; what we have said may be sufficient to set the hog man thinking, and that is the main object of this column of the paper.

Roosters Crow for Prizes.  
Roosters that crow for prizes are familiar sights to the residents of various sections of Belgium, notably the Liège district. The Belgian arti-

san in his leisure moments breeds a special cock for crowing, and that which can outcrow his fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The plan adopted is to place the cages containing the roosters in a long row, for it appears that proximity creates that spirit of emulation without which the proceedings would fall flat. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible, in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the cock which scores the highest number of points in the allotted time.

Some Wheat.  
Joseph, son of Jacob, had to warehouse a good deal of wheat in the seven fat years to carry the Egyptians through the seven lean ones. The American farmers produced enough in 1898 to make Joseph's little stock look like a pea in a tub. If it had all been piled in form on the plain of Gizeh it would have made nine pyramids the size of the pyramids of Cheops, and with the surplus another could have been reared four-fifths as large. That was the biggest American wheat crop ever recorded. It amounted to 675,148,705 bushels, grown on 44,045,278 acres of land, says Ainsley's Magazine. Next year the yield was lighter and the Americans only turned off seven and nine-tenths pyramids of wheat. In 1900 they even fell short of that, producing only a paltry seven and a half pyramids. Still, that would have been a comfortable addition to Joseph's stock, and considering that it was grown on a smaller acreage than the crop of 1899 was a rather creditable performance. The deficiency was made up with a two-billion bushel corn crop, and 210,000,000 bushels of potatoes.

#### A Matter of Education.

At the Iowa dairy convention a member of Congress made the suggestion that the dairymen should educate the labor unions and the cattle producers as to the real facts in the case of oleomargarine. The suggestion is a good one. There is strong reason to believe that both classes are laboring under a misapprehension in the matter. Certain it is that laborers in the city are at present against the dairymen. One laborer said to the writer: "The dairymen wish to prevent the manufacture of oleomargarine so we will have to pay them at least 35 cents a pound for butter the year around." The argument is a strong one and very effective in keeping the city laborers on the side of oleo. Let the dairymen send a few missionaries among the laborers to prove two things: That butter will not sell at an exorbitant price if oleo is not colored, and that they are now buying oleo at butter prices and not at oleo prices. The cattle men should be made to understand that they are not getting "\$4 per head more" on account of oleo being colored to resemble butter.

#### The Question of Protein.

Professor Haecker of the Minnesota experiment station shows a decided inclination to set aside as worthless all that has been taught as to the make-up of feeds for dairy cows. Really, the professor does not greatly disagree with the teachings of the so-called feeding tables, he claiming that the amount of protein required in a ration is only 60 per cent of the amount as hitherto specified. But those people that do not carefully follow the figures as set forth by him will most certainly report Professor Haecker as declaring that protein is unnecessary in a ration. This will be unfortunate. The present estimates of proportion of protein needed are the result of the investigations by many scientists. Who shall judge between them and Professor Haecker? Are the many wrong and the one right, or are the many right and the one wrong? Up to the present time the preponderance of testimony is not with Professor Haecker.

#### A Swan Song.

A doting East End papa has a new story to tell about his little girl. According to his tale, the child, with her mother, was walking through Wade Park when she saw a number of swans in the pond. "What are those, mamma?" inquired the little girl. "Those? Why, they are swans," was the reply. A silence of more than a minute followed the reply, when the little girl again broke out. "If those are swans, mamma," said she, "this must be the Swan's River that papa sings about so much."

#### The Incomprehensible.

"Brown doesn't spell correctly."  
"Yes." "Is fearfully absent-minded."  
"Quite true." "No business ability."  
"None at all." "Writes an unreadable hand."  
"True again." "And I don't know what to make of him!" "My dear friend, what on earth can you expect of a great genius?"—Atlanta Constitution.

## Dairy Notes.

An original scheme to get a big attendance at a dairymen's convention was tried at Palmyra, Missouri. Those people that attended the convention from points other than Palmyra were very much surprised at the large local attendance. Men, women and children seemed to take an extraordinary interest in dairying, as shown by their presence in the assembly room and the overflow into the corridors. On Friday one of the potent causes for the large attendance came to light in the awarding of a 10-year-old boy outside of the hall of a Jersey calf. A local dairymen had offered the calf as a premium to the boy under 15 years of age who would secure the most names of people that would agree to be present at the dairymen's convention at least once. Four boys entered the contest. The prize was won by Elmer Young, who secured over 1,300 names.

"Buff Jersey" uses the stave silo, and likes it. He covers the staves with coal tar, doing this work before the staves are set up. His method of coating the staves is to lay them down side by side and go over them with a broom dipped in tar. When the staves have dried on one side he turns them over and treats the other sides in the same way. The edges are treated the same as the sides. He says that previous to this summer he never has been fortunate enough to have silage for summer use, and that there was never a time when he needed it more. He found it to be superior to grass for the production of milk, and even on grass at its best he fed the cows a ration of silage.

At the Missouri dairymen's convention the questions of pasturing and soiling were incidentally discussed. It is evident that both systems are good, the one to be adopted in any locality depending on the particular conditions existing there. Some of the Missouri farmers say that pasturage is cheaper for them than to soil; and probably they are right. Buff Jersey, living on high-priced land in Illinois, says that he cannot afford to devote land to pasture purposes, but finds soiling more profitable; and he is right. The value of land has much to do with the solution of the problem.

## Chicken Notes.

In cold weather keep your eyes open and the cracks in the hen house closed. Too many chickens in one flock afford a favorable field for disease.

Give the moulting hens plenty of oats with sharp grit.

Have your poultry house so well made that artificial heat is not needed.

During the summer and fall it is well to look ahead and provide a supply of vegetables for the poultry during the winter. Onions are a tonic for the fowls. Sugar beets are fine, so are carrots, mangos, rutabagas and other vegetables. Cabbage is always appreciated, and the chickens will not fuss if the heads are not all sound. They will eat melons, pumpkins and squash, and jump all day at a sunflower hung just above their heads on the wall.

To pick ducks, place an inch of water in a large tin vessel over a hot fire. Lay two small sticks of wood two inches high in the vessel. When the water boils place the fowl on the sticks, cover, and steam two minutes. Both feathers and down will come off easily and without the least injury from the steam.

## Price of Milk to the Farmer.

In the creamery business there is nothing of greater importance than the price the farmer is to receive for his milk. Instead of trying to pay as little as possible for milk, the creamery managers should try to pay as much as possible. It is essential that the farmer make money out of the creamery business, else he will lose enthusiasm in the business of milk producing. A good price for his milk stimulates the farmer to produce more milk, which in turn increases the profits of the creamery, as no increase of investment is required to enable it to handle the larger amount of milk. When a farmer gets dissatisfied with the price he is receiving for milk he goes to disposing of it in some other way or gives up entirely the production of milk.

## Success in Swine Raising.

Any man that expects to succeed in the business of hog raising must have a good foundation on which to start. The man that builds a house on a poor foundation is sure to have abundant cause to regret it in the years to come. The same is true of the man that tries to build up a hog-raising industry on anything but a firm foundation. Good foundation stock costs something, but it is a cost that cannot be avoided. Right feeding and right breeding are essentials after the good foundation is secured. Some men take good hogs and make a success with them, while others will take just as good animals and make a failure with them. To succeed, it is necessary to learn how.

A girl goes to lots of trouble to capture a husband, but after the capture she doesn't go to as much trouble to hold him.