

THE HERALD.

By LYMAN W. MATTESON.

PHILLIPSBURG, KANSAS

The air cocktail is cheap. The headachelless feature also commends it.

What fun Japan is storing up for herself in "investigating" her heroes after the war is over!

Residents of Port Arthur can practice economy in one direction. They do not need to buy alarm clocks.

Among those who think a Derby isn't all they claim it to be is the lady whose beautiful train was stepped on.

There is a great deal of pretense in the culture of some people. They carry an imitation gold case in a chamois bag.

They are passing around the doctor of letters degree more freely than usual this season. It makes a very pretty boutonniere.

It's a queer thing that champion Jeffries, after surviving all the perils of championship prize fights, should be disabled at baseball.

"Does your lawn mower need sharpening?" asks an advertiser, in big, large type. Of course it does. All lawn mowers always do.

Mr. Carnegie declares that he has prospered because of his ability to employ men cleverer than himself. Such modesty seems too good to be true.

Miss Carl's portrait of Tsi An makes the dowager empress look quite young and handsome. This shows how kind-hearted a girl the young American artist is.

The pounding of the hammer and the scrape of the trowel and the clink of the riveter are the chief sounds that now greet the ears of visitors to Baltimore.

The Sultan of Turkey has received another protest from the powers in regard to the Armenian atrocities. Like the other 41,144 protests, it has been placed on file.

If the ministers of Cincinnati stick to their intention of telling the truth about the deceased in all cases, a good many of their fellow-citizens will be afraid to die.

Rear Admiral Sigsbee cabled from San Domingo to the navy department as follows: "Revolution now ended." He carelessly neglected, however, to mention which one.

One of the amiable professors of Chicago university announces that hell is not a fact, merely a condition. But when the condition is sizzling, what's the odds about the fact?

The newspaper correspondents in the field with the Japanese army have submitted a round-robin protest to the staff, and in all probability the staff knows precisely what to do with it.

Two New York amusement managers have just signed a contract with Edouard de Reszke for a tour of sixty concerts in this country next season, just as if they had never heard of Patti.

According to the pure food authorities, much of the raspberry jam of commerce is composed of syrup of apple cores, aniline dye and haysed. It is almost as base a deceiver as maple syrup.

The directors of the Yale library announce that they have a fragment of a lost tragedy by Aeschylus or Sophocles in a package of papyrus fragments lately found in Egypt. More trouble for the students.

An esteemed contemporary raises the question of how to distinguish between poison ivy and Virginia creeper. One sure way is to rub the face and hands thoroughly with the suspect and note results.

Perhaps in the scientific assertion that a man's beard is the home and haunt of countless harmful microbes there is some comfort for the youth who is trying desperately to raise a small mustache and can't.

According to a London newspaper "nothing remains for Kuropatkin but to stake his all upon one last wild fling of the iron dice." Previous to writing this the author must have taken one last wild fling at a dope bottle.

When the liberty bell was in Minneapolis the public schools were dismissed and the Rapid Transit company gave each of the 35,000 children a free ride to view the bell and return. That was better than any lesson in history that the children may have missed.

We read with delight that Alfred Austin anonymously sent a one-act play to a London theater-manager a while ago which the manager thought was capital and which he has accepted. It's such a pleasure to learn that Alfred can write something.

"Hereafter," says a contemporary, "the average man will examine the life rafts and life preservers before he trusts himself on an excursion steamer." Probably not. The careful man may do so, but the average man will continue to take things for granted.

LIVE STOCK



Fattening Cattle in the South.

Any man that travels through the South, especially if he is acquainted with the great stock raising districts of the West and Northwest, will be struck by the fewness of the beef cattle he sees on southern meadows. Here and there a family cow is to be seen, but, for the most-part, the beef animal is wanting. Yet the South needs live stock, and, on account of the mildness of the climate, live stock should be easily and cheaply raised. This is the view taken of the matter by some of the leading agriculturists of the South. As a demonstration of the ability of the southern states to fatten and market cattle of high quality the Louisiana station undertook the growing of 16 Angus calves which they purchased in November, 1901, in Illinois and immunized against the Texas fever. The calves were then taken to Louisiana and fed largely on by-products from the three great staples of that state, cotton seed oil, rice bran and molasses. This last winter the 16 steers were sold in the Chicago market at the top price for the week. The journey to Chicago required six days from Baton Rouge, and some severe weather was encountered during the trip. As the animals took the highest price for the week, the natural inference is that as good beef can be made on the by-products of Louisiana crops as on the corn of the corn belt; and the by-products of Louisiana are cheap in price, and labor is also cheap there. At Baton Rouge the calves were grazed on the pastures during the spring and fall, but received all the time an extra feed of the materials we have mentioned. This test was of calves born above the quarantine line. The station is now about to enter on another test of feeding calves born below the quarantine line, to demonstrate that it pays to raise beef in Louisiana as well as to feed them there.

A few tests of this kind will doubtless start the southern farmers to the growing and feeding of cattle. The great bugbear has been Texas fever, and it was supposed that no live stock industry could thrive below a certain badly defined line. If the South goes into stock raising, a new day will have dawned there, and agriculture in the South will receive a new impetus. There are northern stockmen who have been for ten years predicting that the farms of the Gulf States would yet carry great herds of well-bred cattle.

Pure-Bred Cattle in Argentina.

Americans are interested in the cattle conditions in Argentina for two reasons. One is that Argentina is a competitor of the American stockman in the English market, and the other is that the Argentine farmer is becoming a large buyer of blooded bulls. Whether these bulls are to come from England or the United States, the American stockman is interested. In either case it raises the price of American bulls, by drawing on the American supply or diverting the exportable English supply from the United States to Argentina. Just now the Argentine stockmen are making extraordinary efforts to improve the quality of their cattle, as is evidenced by the high prices they are paying for good bulls. Frank W. Bicknell, a special agent of the Department of Agriculture of the United States, says that the demand for Shorthorn bulls is increasing at a great rate. There is a better demand for young bulls of this breed than ever before. Every ranchman is endeavoring to raise up the standard of his herd. The aim is to produce steers for export of such fine finish that they will be able to compete successfully with the cattle being shipped from the United States. This demand for bulls has been stimulated by the planting of alfalfa on the great stock farms, for this has enormously increased the animal-carrying power of the ranches. In some cases three times as many animals can be kept as when the ranges were left to the native grasses. The English quarantine against Argentine cattle has rather helped than hindered the business, as it has determined the Argentine farmers to send out chilled meat, which costs only one-fourth as much to transport as did the live cattle, and sells for as much in the English market. Last November the highest price ever paid for a bull in Argentina was paid for an imported Shorthorn, the price being \$7,200. At the same time two other bulls were sold, one for \$3,960 and the other for \$3,080. It is evident that our stockbreeders have strong competitors to face in the stockmen of Argentina.

Question of Speed.

The general farmer has little or no interest in the trotting horse except in so far as he may be used to cross on slower horses to give their progeny enough speed to make them useful as carriage horses. The farmer cannot afford to waste his time trying to develop trotters. The trotting horse is not a farm horse, as his great speed can be of no use except as a means of gambling. Who wants to drive a carriage horse at the rate of a mile in two minutes? What we do want in horses for the farm is the speed that appears in the walking gait. If our fair managers wanted to really improve the speed of farm horses they could establish contests in walking.

See that the waste land is cleared up and put into service.



Weed Out the Poor Sheep.

Ewes intended to be used in the flock must be only of the best, wisely selected for the object in view, says W. W. Cooper. The flock is now well established, and should be kept well weeded out, only the best representatives of the breed being retained. This system wisely followed for a number of years will tend to establish in a higher degree the uniformity of the flock. The poorer ones may be culled out and fed for the block. In no case are they to be retained or sold for breeding purposes. Scrubs will appear in the best of flocks at intervals, through freaks in breeding; consequently, one requires to be ever on the watch. Much can be accomplished in the successful management of sheep along these lines. It is a matter of some importance to have your flock well at all times. Something can be done in this regard to add to their already good form, by dressing and trimming the wool from time to time. This remark applies more particularly to the Down breeds. A fine, smooth appearance is presented to the eye on the surface of back and sides. It is always to the advantage of a breeder to have his stock look well at all times and seasons of the year. A flock well kept is always to be preferred to one such as is too often seen, showing the appearance of neglect. Sheep are very unsightly when not cared for properly, but when in a healthy condition and well looked after there are no other animals of the farmyard more worthy of your profound admiration.

Good Breeding Stock.

Very few men can make money out of hogs if they have poor breeding stock. It may be that here and there a man can raise scrubs and make money out of them, but it has to be under conditions where the feed costs practically nothing. That is not the circumstances under which most of our readers are raising swine. With them the competition with other breeders is strong, and feed has to be purchased often at a very high price. This high-priced feed must be put into an animal that can make the most possible out of it in a short time, and this is the reason why good breeding stock only is safe for the farmer on high-priced land. Then the farmer must have good breeding swine because he wants animals that will give him numerous progeny. It is safe to buy sows from men that make a business of breeding and who consequently feed their animals in a way to give them both strong bone and muscle. Such animals have vitality and tend to produce a large number of pigs rather than the small litters that some are in the habit of bringing forth every year. It is no easy matter to secure the kind of stock a man needs. A good many herds will need to be looked over before the purchases are made. The good animals will cost considerably more than the poor ones, but, for the foundation of a herd, the expensive ones are likely to prove the cheapest in the long run.

Spraying a Preventive, Not a Cure.

The man that believes in spraying should spray whether there seems the least call for it or not. Spraying does not make up for losses already sustained from the attacks of fungi or insects. It will not cause new leaves to grow where the old ones have been eaten off, and it will not cause the fruit to improve after it has been shrunk by reason of being deprived of food that the leaves failed to elaborate, they having been destroyed by either insects or fungi. Some of our most enterprising horticulturists have accomplished wonders by simply spraying, on the principle that they would thus insure themselves against the presence of their enemies in the fruit orchard. Their trees have responded remarkably—so well indeed that they have been led to believe that previously their trees were assailed far more seriously by insects and fungous pests than had been supposed. There is no other way to spray successfully. The man that does not spray till the leaves of his trees are eaten up by insects, or till they have turned brown from the attacks of fungi, will pronounce spraying to be a failure.

Tests with Oats.

The Farm Crops Department of the Iowa Agricultural College is making a test on the College farm of 29 of the leading varieties of oats. In addition to the test, Prof. W. H. Olin of this Department, has arranged with Mr. A. E. Cook of the Brookmont Farm, Odebolt, Iowa, for a co-operative test on a large scale of three of the varieties of oats best adapted to Iowa conditions. Six hundred acres have been seeded to oats on the Brookmont Farm for this experiment. One variety has been selected as the best oats for feeding horses and as a heavy yielder. A second variety has been selected to meet the demands for a choice milling oats and samples of the crop will be submitted to the great oat meal combination to be tested for milling. A third variety was selected for good feeding qualities and high yields, it having shown a yield of 102 bushels per acre on large fields. Prof. Olin will make a careful study of the habits of growth of these varieties, their yield and adaptation to Iowa soils; and will report through press bulletins.



TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

Joy in Your Heart.
Just hum a chune as yer pluggin' along:
Joy in yer heart as ye carol yer song!
Sobs only jiggle de load on yer back!
Doan help ter lighten de weight o' yer pack!

No sense ter pine er be downcast 'th woe!
All folks got theys own gaden ter hoe!
Roll up yo eyes at de heavens o' blue—
This am de glory fer me and fer you!

Suggestive.
On our way downtown this morn-
ing we saw a doctor's sign. It read:
.....
Phil Graves, M. D.
.....

Now what do you think of that?

Traveling broadens the mind, edu-
cates it from exclusiveness and ego-
tism, and fills it with a storehouse of
knowledge. Travel wipes out false
imagination, gives reality and pro-
vides one with ever-ready and enter-
taining manners. Who would not
travel? Where are you going the
Fourth?

Testifying in her suit for breach of
promise a fair Kansas plaintiff said of
the cruel defendant's first kiss:
"When he kissed me for the first time
he said it was the sweetest kiss he
ever had. It took him about an hour
to kiss me." Mercy! but there was a
lot of fight in him, wasn't there?

In Detroit, says a local paper, the
fire plugs have been painted red. In
New York city roams and bays still
predominate, but there's sixty-four
white horses on the force and they
call for red bald accessories. Other-
wise Detroit leads!

Prominent church members of Har-
risburg, Pa., claim to have seen a
garter snake five feet long carrying a
butcher's carving knife between its
teeth and traveling at high speed. Go-
ing to carve out a name for itself,
probably.

The Summer Vacation.
Beside the billowed lake they lay—
O'erhead the glories of the skies—
Or, screened from view, as boarders pass,
They read love's answer in the eyes!
He holds her hand in warm caress,
The color surges in her cheeks—
Her gown is wrinkled in a mess
Beneath his arm, which waistward
seizes!

The sun sinks lowly to its bed,
The world is all a golden hue!
Upon his shoulder rests her head—
And oh! her eyes are blue and true!
Ah! gladome, joyous country days,
When willing Love the landlord pays!

Indiana society belles are making
their own gowns, and Pittsburg soci-
ety women are baking bread. Now, if
Illinois girls will begin to sew on but-
tons, we know of several susceptible
bachelors who may be hoodwinked!



TAKING A CHANCE.
Bath tubs are being imported from
Germany. What's the reason? Is not
the American make slippery enough?

The funny paragrapher was trying
to think up a few thoughtful thoughts
while enjoying a fifteen-cent course
dinner, when suddenly the fluffy-haired
waitress dropped a load of dishes. Hast-
ily yanking his notebook from an in-
side pocket the funny paragrapher
wrote as follows: "A waitress may not
know a club from a spade, but she can
easily raise the deuce by dropping a
tray."

A couple who were nigh on to four-
score years of age were wedded in an
up-state town recently, and the editor
of the local paper headed his account
of the event: "A Romantic Affair."
When he looked at the paper after the
edition had all been mailed he packed
up his grip and left for parts unknown.
The compositor had made it "A Rheu-
matic Affair."

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a Russian village passed,
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
"Tschereffitchskivotch."

And that's the end of the poem, be-
cause the Japs got him before he
reached the second stanza.

A Kansas editor died while building
the morning fire. This should be a
warning to despotic wives whose hus-
bands edit newspapers. They should
be more thoughtful of us, brethren,
for there are only a few of us left.

Stotts City (Mo.) Sunbeam: In-
spired by a peach tree in bloom in the
front yard a Pee Dee young woman
wrote a poem on "Spring" Monday.
That night her father went out and
chopped down the tree.

It was a Michigan editor who re-
ceived this notice: "Notice, I like Pick-
ins won't pa noe dets conetracted by
mi wif, Mary Pickins. She has quit
me cold an I ain't makin a bizness of
suportin skel wimen!"



TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

The Rose.
Oh, fragrant rose in pungent bed,
That bloometh redolent and red,
I would that I your secret knew—
Oh, rose, red rose, agint with dew!
If I but knew your charm to bloom
In soft and odoriferous perfume,
I too would make my fellows glad
By smiling where the path is bad!

Oh, fragrant rose, so brave and frail,
Lisp in my ear your secret tale,
That I may tell the world apart
And put your beauty in each heart!
Then human life could have no woe,
And each in fellow-love would glow!
Ah, rose! Red rose! Agint with dew,
I would that I your secret knew!

To-morrow.

The to-morrow of which we dream
never comes, but the real to-morrow,
upon arrival is merely a commonplace
to-day.

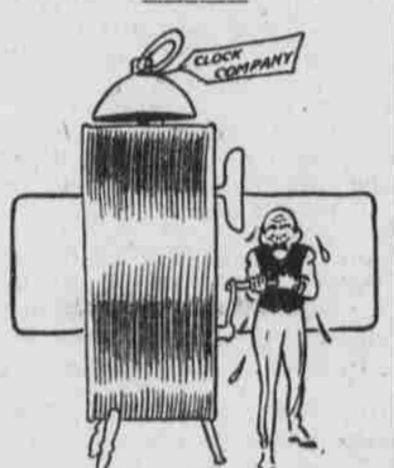
Do to-day the good things you have
planned. To-morrow to you may never
dawn.

Make to-day count! They may not
bite to-morrow.

What a happy world this would be
if people lived their pleasures to-day
instead of planning them for to-mor-
row!

"I will LIVE to-morrow," says the
fool. And for such as him, there is no
to-morrow.

If a man lived to be as old as Methu-
elah, he would still be planning on
the fortunes of to-morrow!



A CEASELESS ROUND.
The receiver had a hard time wind-
ing up the affairs of a bankrupt clock
store!

Suiting a Customer.
Jones usually orders his clothes of
a tailor and has strong convictions on
the matter, but it was warm the other
day and he stepped into a clothing
establishment to buy some linen trou-
sers.

The trousers fit well except in the
length. They were a trifle too short to
suit him, hence were left to be length-
ened. The next day they arrived and
Jones tried them on to find they were
a bit too long.

He was sorry, he said to the sales-
man, to cause so much trouble, but
those trousers were certainly too long
now.

The salesman was obliging and
promised to attend to the matter.
Jones left.

Now it so happened, through an
error, that the trousers had not been
altered in the first place, but were the
same length as when Jones pro-
nounced them too short. This the
salesman knew, and he smiled slightly
as he wrote an order to shorten the
trousers and pinned it to them.

But he did not send the garment to
the repair room. He merely kept the
pantalions another day, and returned
them without alteration.

Jones found the order, tried them
on for the third time and pronounced
them absolutely correct.

This is a funny world, isn't it?



A SUGAR BOWL HAIRCUT.
Many a man would give \$10,000 to-
day for one of mother's haircuts!
Peace to her memory!

Nothing and Something.
There's "nothing to do" for the sluggard
In all of this great, wide world!
Nothing to win in the battles
Of life, where the flag's unfurled!
"Nothing to do!"

But there's something to do for the work-
er
Who toils through the thick and thin!
Something to do in the charges
Of life, where the bravest win!
"Something to do!"

He had come on her dozing in a
hammock, and when she woke up she
accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well,"
he said, "I will admit that the tempta-
tion was too strong to be resisted. I
did steal one little kiss." "One!" she
exclaimed indignantly. "I counted
eight before I woke up."

THE ODD CORNER

The Busy Mosquito.

The mosquito has diligent habits, a fact
that is known far and wide.
For he makes no distinction of color in
his work on cutaneous hide.
He carries his rig about with him, and
as good prospectors will do,
He squats down in businesslike manner
and drills him a gusher or two.

We learn, though, from brain cells of
science, that this is not how it
should be.
Because when we speak of that insect we
should refer to it as "she."
Yet at the same time we are certain, no
great ever was such a shirk.
As to sit on a swamp bush and fiddle and
let his poor wife do the work.

But whether she nails us or he does, or
whether they both make assault,
If bumps of the sort that they leave us
be lady or gentleman's fault,
We're cheerfully guilty of murder; aye,
glory in crimes such as this,
And smash that drill rig that assaults us,
and don't give a hang whose it is.
—San Antonio Express.

Germans in New York State.
Hamburg contains 625,552 Germans.
New York contains nearly 800,000 who
read and speak German.

Future of the Dead Sea.
According to a German geologist,
the Dead sea will be one mass of
solid salt in less than 500 years.

Railroad Sells Its Junk.
An order has been received by the
railroad employees of the Boston &
Maine that all waste paper shall be
saved, packed into bags and at a cer-
tain time each month be shipped to
Boston, where it will be sold to junk
dealers. Lead car seals and brass lan-
tern burners have been so collected
for some time.

Frigate Bird is Tireless.

The frigate bird can feed, collect
material for its nest, and even sleep
on the wing. The spread of the fri-
gate bird's wings is very great, and it
can fly at a speed of ninety-six miles
an hour without seeming to move its
wings to any great degree. Mr. J.
Lancaster, an American naturalist, as-
serts that he has seen a frigate bird
on the wing a whole week, night and
day, without rest.

Horse Had to Be Sobered Up.

A horse got loose during the night
and was found the following morn-
ing at the bottom of a twelve-foot well
at Orange, Mass. A derrick was rigged
up to lift him out, and sympathizing
neighbors fed him two quarts of whis-
ky as a brace while awaiting the ar-
rival of a horse doctor from Athol.
When that functionary arrived he an-
nounced that it would be necessary to
sober up the animal before he could
successfully diagnose the case.

To go around the world in a barrel
is the latest enterprise of Felix Tan-
ner of fasting and parachute fame.
Mail advices from Wellington, N. Z.,
states that Tanner has built an "ark"
with which he proposes to surpass all
other sea voyages. The marine de-
partment of New Zealand has officially
surveyed the unique vessel.

The craft is barrel shaped and has
a stem attached. It is 9 feet long by
5 feet 6 inches wide, and is hooped
with iron. The bow and stern re-
semble those of an ordinary boat and
are bound together from end to end,
enclosing the body of the freak ves-
sel. There is a pump for use in an
emergency.

The vessel will carry a jib and main-
sail, with a square foresail, and Tan-
ner thinks she should be able to at-
tain fair speed. On the after deck is
a cockpit, from which the barrel boat
will be controlled. Tanner is con-
vinced he can circumnavigate the
globe in the barrel.

For Old and Young.

Romping uses muscles in an unsys-
tematic but a very thorough way.
You cannot go through a vigorous pil-
low fight or a game of horse without
using all the muscles of your body
more or less. Best of all, deep
breathing is prompted. You find your-
self out of breath, as you call it, the
lungs inhaling and exhaling in deep
breaths. This is excellent practice
for them. Many people breathe only
superficially.

The more you breathe deeply the
more you will do so. That is, if you
take a certain time each day to
breathe vigorously that deeper breath-
ing will soon become automatic, and
you will find that you are practicing
it when you do not intend to. The
lungs grow used to expanding, and
there is nothing they enjoy better
once they have learned the trick of it.
Soon you will see signs of the chest
expanding, the bust growing
higher and firmer.

Stopped by Eels.

On the Chattahoochee river, Georgia, are
large cotton factories which are run
by water power furnished by a tur-
bine water wheel. Not long ago the
superintendent of the factory found
that something had gone wrong with
the power, and the factory had to be
stopped to see what was the matter.
The water was shut off, the sluice
gates raised, the water drained from
the canal and pier-head and the wheel
box was opened. Inside were found an
enormous number of eels, which were
twisted and knotted around the shaft
and among the blades of the wheel
so as to make the force of the water,
although amounting to several hun-
dred horse power, insufficient to turn
the machinery.

When the eels were removed they
were found to number 160 and weighed
364 pounds, some of them scaling as
high as four pounds. The river has
long been celebrated for its eel fishing,
but this was an unusually large catch.