

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Wandering Girl of Eighteen Is Taken as a Vagrant

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Marie Smith, eighteen years old, of Monica, Ill., described by the police as a "girl hobo," was a few days ago held in the central district matron's room while her only outfit of clothing was being washed.

The matron sent a garment at a time to the laundry in a progressive effort to improve the girl's personal appearance so that she might look for work without being arrested as a vagrant.

Miss Smith was taken in custody at Union station at 1:15 a. m., after she had alighted from a Frisco passenger train. One of the station ushers, who noticed that she had no baggage and that her clothing was soiled and wrinkled, asked her where she was going.

"Up on Olive street," she replied. The usher called a policeman, who took her to central district station. There the young woman told the police that she was one of eight children and that her mother, a widow, found it hard to support the family.

"Two years ago I decided to start out and look for work," she said. "I walked twenty-nine miles to Peoria and worked in a laundry there about four months. Then one night I crawled into a box car and beat my way to Chicago. After staying there eight months I came to St. Louis. I worked for a while as a nurse-girl for a Mrs. Dean of 2901 Minnesota avenue. I also worked in a laundry."

"I just couldn't keep from traveling. I met a young man here and he proposed marriage, but I didn't love him and I decided to go away."

"I went to Tower Grove station ten days ago and a Frisco freight conductor agreed to let me ride in a caboose to Carthage, Mo. From there I rode on a freight train to Joplin."

"They arrested me for vagrancy in Joplin and I was fined \$25, but the matron had the fine stayed. Then I beat my way on a freight train to Monett. There I pawned a ring and bought a passenger ticket to St. Louis. It was the first time I ever rode on a passenger train."

Miss Smith is of the rugged country girl type and has black hair and blue eyes.

Strange Garb Startles San Francisco Dancers

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The last Monday night affair of the Impromptu club, an exclusive dancing organization, whose members comprise men prominent in the business and financial world, and their wives, was marked by an incident which will live long in the memory of those who attended.

When the waltzing of Terpalchero through the medium of the tango, was at its height the gay revelers were startled by the appearance of a figure, which, after some moments of investigation, developed into that of Rearden T. Lyons, clubman and star billiardist, and known in the realms of business as the manager of the Frank Wood trust. Lyons was attired in an array of garments far removed from the conventional dress. Over his glistening white shirt he wore a ragged jumper, many sizes too big for him, and the hat, which he doffed, was a strange relic of a past dynasty.

Everybody at the dance while Rearden, with much wrath, explained. It appeared that earlier in the evening he told his wife over the phone that he would go to the club direct, making up for the period which he would occupy in the overrush of work, with his six-cylinder. En route, in the vicinity of California and Montgomery streets, a tire went flat, and the clubman, removing his overcoat, in which he had just invested \$65, and one of those thoroughly up-to-the-minute green knickerbockers—and making the customary remarks—was soon busily engaged in remedying the puncture.

While this was going on a walt of the light slunk upon the scene and made himself the possessor of the overcoats and the hat. Rearden had to get to the club, at least in time to escort his wife home, and so in one of those lofty buildings down in "the street," he petitioned a friendly janitor to help him out.

Widow Buys House at Auction Sale for \$3.50

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A picturesque group of men and women gathered on a hillside near Thirty-first street and Colorado avenue the other morning. They were there for house bargains the city auctioned off to make way for the extension of Lincoln boulevard.

M. Stern, as the auctioneer, represented the majesty of the law. A wave of his arm and a deal was made.

Perhaps one of the most interesting sales was that made to Mrs. Mattie Price, a "squatter," who lives in a shack near Thirty-first street and Brighton avenue. She bought a house for \$3.50. She is a widow and lives alone in her little hillside home.

When M. Stern put the house up for a bid she offered \$3.50. She looked apprehensively to see if her bid was going to be raised. It was all she could afford to pay for a home. One man was ready to bid \$25, when he noticed his competitor for the house. The auctioneer looked at him inquiringly.

"No, I don't want it," he said.

"That was the sentiment of the little crowd of bidders. Three times the auctioneer called for higher bids, but got no response.

"Sold," the auctioneer finally said, and the old woman's face beamed as she handed him the money.

"What are you going to do with the house?" Mrs. Price was asked.

"A man is going to move it for me over there on the hill," she answered, pointing eastward. "He isn't going to charge me anything for the work. You see, I haven't a lot, so I'll put it where anyone will let me. I live alone, as my husband died of heart disease several years ago."

Mrs. Price did not know how old she was. "Pretty near fifty," she believed. She looked to be well past seventy years.

Naming of Babies Reduced to an Exact Science

NEW YORK.—Names are no longer to be applied by chance. Mother and father should not argue whether the little "what is it" is to be plain "John" or "Clarence De Fuyter." Mrs. Aso-Neth-Neype-Cochran has it all reduced to an exact science.

"The Author, Founder and Teacher of the Aso-Neth-Neype-Cochran Science of Numbers and Letters."

So her business cards. To a caller in her University Heights flat Mrs. Cochran explained it all. The sexes are suspended between the nebulous peaks of the two exterminities by a certain geometrical sign or symbol. This sign is expressed by a digit number.

The digit numbers exclude nine, said Mrs. Cochran, for nine is simply a number one with a zero riding on its back. Nine begins and ends a cycle.

Every digit has its own individuality, characteristic and temperamental musical tone. Find the tone and learn your being.

Life harmony consists in adjusting one's being, one's cosmic urges to vibrations which give forth a concord instead of a discord. If the vibration number of your name and your birth date form a harmony—if they coincide—you'll be happy. If they form a discord you will be wretched while others are gay.

Mrs. Cochran looked fairly happy and prosperous. She evidently was in harmony. She said she could find a name for anybody and was naming thousands of children every year.

CRIMINAL CAREER OF FRANCISCO VILLA

Murders, Massacres, Tortures and Robberies Perpetrated by the Commander of the Constitutionalist Forces in Northern Mexico.

A biography of Villa compiled by the Boston Transcript and read by Senator Lodge in the United States senate supplies the following facts:

Francisco Villa was born at Las Nieves in the state of Durango about the year 1868. He is wholly uneducated, being unable to read and barely able to sign his name. About the year 1882, when only fourteen years of age, he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for cattle stealing. On his discharge he settled in the mining camp of Guacave, where a few months later he underwent another sentence of imprisonment for homicide. When he came out of prison for the second time he organized a band of robbers, which had their headquarters in the mountainous region of "Petrico" in the state of Durango, and were the terror of all that district.

In the year 1907 he was in partnership with one Francisco Reza, stealing cattle in Chihuahua and selling them in the United States, and then stealing mules and horses in the United States, and selling them in Chihuahua. In consequence of some disagreement he shot and killed Reza in broad daylight, while sitting in the plaza in the City of Chihuahua. During the early part of November, 1910, he attacked the factory of a Mr. Soto, in Allende, state of Chihuahua, and killed the owner. By threatening the latter's daughter he forced her to show where she had hidden a sum of \$11,000, which he stole and used for arming a considerable force. He then joined Madero's revolution, uniting his band with Urbina's column. In January, 1911, he was at Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, where he killed Carlos Alatorre and Luis Ortiz for refusing to pay him the money he demanded for their ransom. At Batopilas, state of Chihuahua, in February of the same year he tortured a lady named Senora Maria de la Luz Gomez until he made her pay him \$20,000. She died from the effects of the barbarous treatment she received.

Outrages at Juarez. When Ciudad Juarez was taken from the federals in May, 1913, he killed Senor Ignacio Gomez Oyola, a man of over sixty years of age, under the following circumstances: Having sent for him, Villa asked whether he had any arms in his house, and on saying he had not, Villa, "who was seated on a table," drew his revolver and shot him dead. After rifling the corpse of money and valuables it was thrown into the street.

After the triumph of the revolution, Villa, in November, 1911, obtained a monopoly from the then governor of Chihuahua for the sale of meat in the city of Chihuahua, which he procured by stealing cattle from the neighboring farms. Suspecting one of his subordinates, Cristobal Juarez, of stealing on his own account, he killed him one night in the latter part of November in the Calle de la Libertad.

In the early part of May, 1912, Villa, with 75 men, assaulted a train at Baeza, state of Chihuahua, that was carrying bars of gold and silver valued at 100,000 pesos, killing the crew and several passengers, including Messrs. Carvantes and Senor Isaac Herrero of Ciudad Guerrero.

Murders in Cold Blood. Late in the same month he entered the town of San Andres, Chihuahua, and assaulted the hacienda of Senor Sabas Murga an hacendado, who, with his two sons, tried to defend themselves. Two of his nephews were killed, but the Murgas got away. Villa then got hold of two sons-in-law of Murga who had not taken any part in the fight, and after torturing them to say where their father-in-law had hidden his money, he had them killed.

Towards the end of the month Villa's band took the town of Sta. Rosalia, Chihuahua, shooting all prisoners and treating the principal officers with terrible cruelty. Colonel Puchocchia was shot and his body dragged along the streets of the town. The commercial houses of Messrs. Visconti, Saril, Cia Harinera, Sordo y Blanco (Spaniards) and many others were totally sacked. Many private persons were murdered, one of the worst cases being that of a Spaniard, Senor Montilla, cashier of the house of Cordo y Blanco, who was shot over the head of his wife, who tried to defend him. Villa personally kicked her in the face as she lay on the dead body of her husband. He also himself killed a Senor Ramos, secretary of the court of first instance.

Massacre at Casas Grandes. In July, 1913, Villa took Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, and shot more than 80 noncombatants, violating several young girls, amongst them two young ladies named Castillo.

He attacked and took the town of San Andres, which was held by the federals, in September, 1913, shooting

POTATO CULTURE IN KENTUCKY NOT SUFFICIENT TO SUPPLY DEMAND

Blue Grass State Produces Annually Only 5,500,000 Bushels, About Two-thirds of Annual Consumption—Kentucky Has Numerous Advantages for Potato Crop

(H. B. Hendrick, Department of Agronomy, Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The so-called Irish potato (Solanum tuberosum) is a native of America, and next to rice is the most extensively grown and most valuable crop in the world. The total annual yield is about 5,000,000,000 bushels. Of this the United States produced during the five-year period, 1908-1912, an average of 343,587,000 bushels annually. The annual consumption of the United States, as a food product, is about 300,000,000 bushels, or three and one-half bushels per capita.

Its decay furnishes a liberal supply of nitrogen to the soil. Potato land should be plowed to a good depth so as to provide a deep, loose bed for the formation of the tubers. Since the potato is an intensive crop, one can afford to use commercial fertilizers in its production. Fertilizers low in nitrogen, medium in phosphoric acid, and high in potash are best. The grades commonly used for tobacco are suitable for potatoes.

In growing potatoes for the early northern market, the soil should be thoroughly worked up in the spring as soon as it is tillable, and the planting should be done when the danger to the plants from frost is thought to be past. First-class seed is very essential. Smooth, medium-sized potatoes, free from scab, are best. In order that the potato crops may not deteriorate in yield and quality, it is necessary that one crop each year be planted from northern-grown seed. It is probably best to use northern seed for the second crop. Potatoes should be planted from three to five inches deep, in rows from three to three and a half feet apart, while the hills from twelve to eighteen inches apart in the row. Thorough, shallow cultivation should be practiced, and there is great economy of labor in using a weeder or harrow two or three times before the potatoes come up.

The first crop of potatoes can be removed and marketed about July first. The ground, if not replanted to potatoes, can be sown to clover for a hay crop, or it can be made ready for the sowing of clover or alfalfa, which should be put in about August 15th.

The total cost of producing a crop of potatoes, including rental of land, tilling, fertilizers, seed, planting, harvesting, and marketing, is about \$50 per acre. The average production for the United States for the past ten years has been 98 bushels. It is easily possible for a potato grower in Kentucky, with right conditions, to produce 200 bushels per acre. In some potato experiments conducted by the Kentucky Station as early as 1889, the average yield of the best varieties considerably exceeded 200 bushels per acre. The average farm price for potatoes for the past ten years in Kentucky has been 65 cents per bushel. A yield of 200 bushels at 65 cents per bushel would bring \$130, or a net profit of \$80 over the cost of production. With modern potato machinery, one man and team can grow and handle at least 20 acres of potatoes, except at digging time, when some extra help would be needed.

In many parts of Kentucky the labor problem makes it difficult to grow tobacco in connection with general farming. With machinery for cutting potato seed, and the horse-power implements for planting and digging, it is the opinion of the writer that the potato crop fits better into the labor system of the farm than tobacco. The potato crop also requires less labor per acre than the tobacco crop; draws no heavier on the fertility of the soil; demands less child labor, and provides a splendid money crop early in the season.

MULE'S FIRM PLACE IN WAR

What the Missouri Animal Has Done to Secure Victories in Various Lands.

You may have noticed that the army mule has arrived in Vera Cruz, a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger remarks. The correspondents say he kicked up his heels when he walked off the boat. It was the mule's way of expressing his delight at reaching "the front."

Lincoln's comment that while he had no difficulty in creating brigadier generals, he couldn't make army mules, had in it a book full of wisdom. Wherever there is a war there is a mule.

A naval battle without ships would be no stranger sight than an American army on the move without its mule. The mule carries the load. He feeds the army. He helps drag the big guns. He brings up the ammunition. He hauls the tents. He carries away the wounded.

The mule is sure footed as a fly. He rivals the camel in ability to endure without water. He is a Mrs. Pankwick when it comes to fasting.

Julius Caesar knew the mule, but he never saw such as are bred in Champ Clark's "houn dawg" state. Missouri mules helped the English to lick the Boers, they went with the allied armies to Peking, they followed our flag to the land of the savage Moros and if need be he will be one of the first to set foot on the wide thoroughfares of Mexico City.

Hamlet might remark out of the play, but the mule can't stay away from war.

Balzac in Wall Street. Two stock traders, sitting in a customer's room in a brokerage house in Wall street, were discussing the various authors.

"I think," said the first trader, "that Balzac was the most forceful writer. He is my favorite author."

The second trader started in to criticize some of the Balzac works and boast those of some of the other writers. A general argument was under way when a third party entered the door, a gentleman known for shrewd investments.

"Ah, here comes Jones," said the first trader. "We'll leave the question to him." Then: "Hello, Jones. Say, I was just boasting Balzac, and our friend here has taken the other side. Now we're going to leave it to you. What's your opinion?"

Jones' face took on a puzzled expression and, with his thumbs placed under his arm-pits, he answered: "You've got the wrong party, boys. I never bought a share of mining stocks in my life."—Popular Magazine.

No Chance to Signal. "You and Mrs. Jones almost invariably win at bridge. How did you happen to lose today?" "Well, you see, we played at a strange place, and the table was a little too wide."—New York World.

A Good Reason. Visitor—My good man, why are you here? Convict—Chiefly 'cause they hain't jined the open door movement here yet.

Invasion of Seals. The longest memory in Milford Haven fails to find a parallel to the spectacle now to be seen in the harbor—an invasion of seals, though the seal frequents the western coast of Newfoundland under normal conditions, and has been known to enter Milford Haven on occasion. The creatures in great numbers have made their way up the River Cleddon from the fishing station of Llangwn, where Sebern it arduous

HIS COGNIZANT SISTER

By HARRY PAYNE.

"Er," said young Pankwick, pausing in the door after he had left the breakfast table. He appeared confused. "Did you say something, Algy?" inquired his sister with a start.

"Oh, no!" answered young Pankwick, with great carelessness. He cleared his throat and caressed the door paneling with one hand. "That is—say, the dance was great last night, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes!" agreed his sister, in some surprise, looking up from her letters. "Quite a pretty little affair. Rather stupid, though, because there weren't enough men!"

"Oh, weren't there?" echoed her brother, a trifle blankly. "I didn't notice—lots of pretty girls there, though, don't you think?"

His sister laid down her letters and stared at him. "What's the matter with you, Algy?" she inquired smoothly. "You'll rub a hole in that door if you don't look out!"

"Oh, I beg pardon!" her brother said nervously. "Say, wasn't that Miss Dally a peach?"

His sister wrinkled her brows: "Dally? Dally?" she repeated.

Young Pankwick came back into the room and sat down, such was his disgust.

"You don't mean," he got out, "that you didn't see that girl? Why, she was a perfect stunner! Just the right height and size and complexion that would knock the spots off a rose; and her eyes! Say, honest, did you ever see anything like her eyelashes?"

"I gather," said his sister, "that you were somewhat impressed with the lady's looks, Algy! Do you mean the girl who came with Phil? She had on a blue gown."

"Pink," corrected Algy promptly. "With fluffy doodles on it—you know."

A NEW LIVE-STOCK EXCHANGE AT EXPERIMENT STATION

(T. R. Bryant, Superintendent of Agricultural Extension, Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station.)

When stock that have been listed with this exchange have been disposed of by any means, the one who originally listed them will be required to notify the station, otherwise he will not be allowed to list stock thereafter.

The proposed exchange will handle horses, beef and dairy cattle, sheep and swine.

Communications with this department should be frequent, as permanent advertisement is not the object of the exchange, but rather the selling of certain individual animals listed as described.

In case this service works satisfactorily, it is hoped later to add a department for the exchange of implements and sundry appliances, also to act as a medium for getting prospective tenants and landlords together.

Nearly every profession and industry except farming have effective working organizations, these being local, county and state, or even nation-wide. Any agency that will facilitate the prompt exchange of live stock and other farm necessities should be a great convenience to the farming public. The Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station is the first servant of the Kentucky farmer, and, if rightly used, he can get more assistance there than from any other source.

AFFECTED WITH LEAF SPOTS.

Some fields of alfalfa are infested with a disease the symptoms of which are numerous small brown or black roundish spots on the upper surfaces of the leaves, which spread and cause the leaves to wither, turn brown and drop. Its effects are likely to show at this season of the year when healthy plants make a prompt growth, while those badly injured fail to start, or else show an unhealthy appearance of the leafage.

No satisfactory remedy for the disease is known, but this bulletin is published to warn farmers of the danger of using soil from infested fields to inoculate others. Such soil is likely to convey the fungus, and is likely to convey other pests as well, including weeds. If soil is used, one should first make sure that the land from which it is taken is not infested with diseases or pests to which alfalfa is subject.

The safest way to inoculate is to apply pure cultures to the seeds. Such cultures may now be obtained from the Division of Entomology and Botany of the Experiment Station.

Signs of Reality.

Crawford—"Is he really so rich Crabshaw?"—There's no doubt of it when he sued his wife for divorce papers in the case were withheld from public scrutiny, and when there was suicide in the family the coroner office decided it was an accident. Puck.

Silence.

A noiseless French novel went in for falling pl

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.



Irish Cobbler, an excellent early variety.

Kentucky, with a population of 2,289,905 in 1910, is producing annually a little less than 5,500,000 bushels of potatoes, while the annual consumption of the state is about 7,500,000 bushels, making it necessary that 2,000,000 bushels of potatoes be shipped into our state each year.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

The potato has become so adapted to varying conditions of soil and climate that it is now grown in almost all parts of the civilized world. The soils and climate of Kentucky are sufficiently favorable to the growing of the potato that it should not only be grown to supply home consumption, but it should be profitably produced as a paying marketable crop as well.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

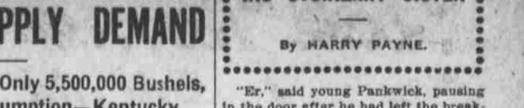
Some of the advantages which Kentucky has for the production of potatoes are:

1. Two crops can be grown in one season on the same piece of ground.
2. It is the most easily grown and marketed of the so-called intensive crops.
3. It fits readily into cropping systems and leaves the ground in good condition for fall seeding of wheat, rye, or barley.
4. It does not draw heavily upon the fertility of the soil. A 300-bushel crop of potatoes requires 63 pounds of nitrogen, 13 pounds of phosphorus, and 90 pounds of potassium, while a 100-bushel crop of corn requires 148 pounds of nitrogen, 23 pounds of phosphorus, and 71 pounds of potassium.
5. It is a good money crop. The labor of one man and team in growing potatoes will produce a greater profit, one year with another, than will the same labor produce in growing tobacco.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

The soil best adapted to potatoes is a sandy loam. River and creek bottom lands when well drained are very suitable. The Kentucky clay loams, when well supplied with humus, are good for this crop. The best preparation for the early crop of potatoes is made by plowing under, in the fall, red clover or some other legume crop, which in

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.



"Lots of Pretty Girls There."

Why, a piece of that tulle scarf of hers got wound around my neck while I was dancing with some one else and that's how I first saw her. Phil introduced us."

"Crude work, my dear Watson," murmured his sister. "Couldn't she have managed it any other way?"

"You're entirely mistaken!" said young Pankwick hotly. "She isn't a bit like that! She is just as shy and retiring! Of course, I don't mean that I was especially interested in her—only I wondered if you saw her."

"I think I saw her," said his sister, pouring herself more coffee.

Young Pankwick watched her with an irritated frown. "I think women are cats mostly," he growled. "One of them wouldn't get enthusiastic over another girl if she died for it! Just plain downright jealous I call it! She—"

"My goodness, Algy!" interrupted his sister. "What do you want me to do? Go into hysterics and burst into rapturous tears over her beauty? Let her be beautiful for all of me! I've troubles enough of my own! You're silly!"

"Well, you might—that is, say something!" grumbled her brother. "You needn't be so self-satisfied."

"Well, you couldn't precisely re- yourself an old acquaintance," mused his sister sweetly.

Young Pankwick blushed. "I suppose if you're going to be disagreeable, you will," he said loftily, arising from his chair. "It was just mentioning that I had met her and then you have to go and talk as though—"

"As though what?"

"Oh, I haven't time to waste," young Pankwick growled. "I've got to catch that train."

"I thought you wanted to ask me something," suggested his sister.

Young Pankwick shook his head coldly. "No, thank you," he said curtly. Then he paused. "If you were like other sisters," he muttered, "I'd—that is, I don't see why you couldn't go call on Miss Dally and ask her in next Sunday night with the crowd—but, of course—"

"Algy, my infant brother," said his sister in the tones of a dove, "I've known Miss Dally for some time after seeing you make a spectacle of yourself tagging around last night. It occurred to me you might like to know her better—so I asked her of the spot and she's coming Sunday with the others!"

"Oh-h-h!" gasped young Pankwick. "If you can't string a fellow! So—I'd hate to be the unfortunate me who marries you! You're a brick!" Chicago Daily News.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

There should be plenty of clean fresh water in the pens or runs where fowls can have access to it every minute in the day.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

One of the successful ways to grub out white grubs in old sod ground is to enlist a drove of active pigs in the good work.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

Every little weed in the seed grain has a big field before it.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

With the plowing well done the harvest is half begun.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

A good feed or raw onions is a tonic and an appetizer for fowls. Feed them in the mash if the fowls refuse them alone.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

Sharpened disks pay for the sharpening the first day afield.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

When the sow begins to carry straw it's time to put her in comfortable quarters and to watch for the litter to come.

IRISH COBBLER, AN EXCELLENT EARLY VARIETY.

Blacksmith bills are cheaper than horseflesh.