

Cap 2

KANSAS FARMER

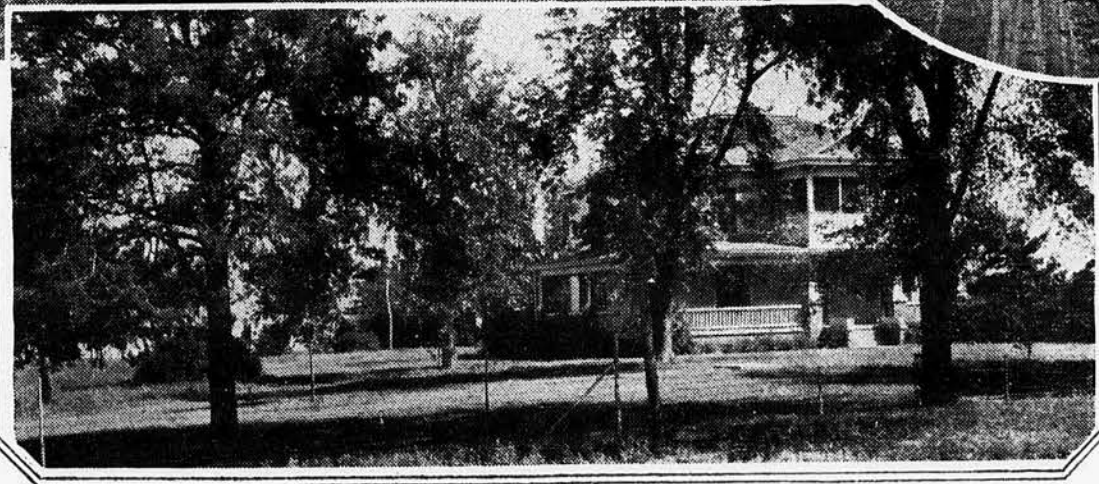
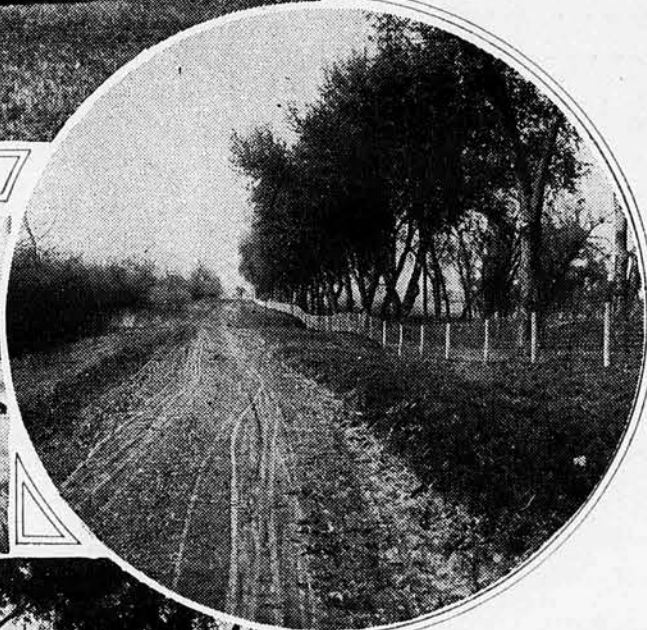
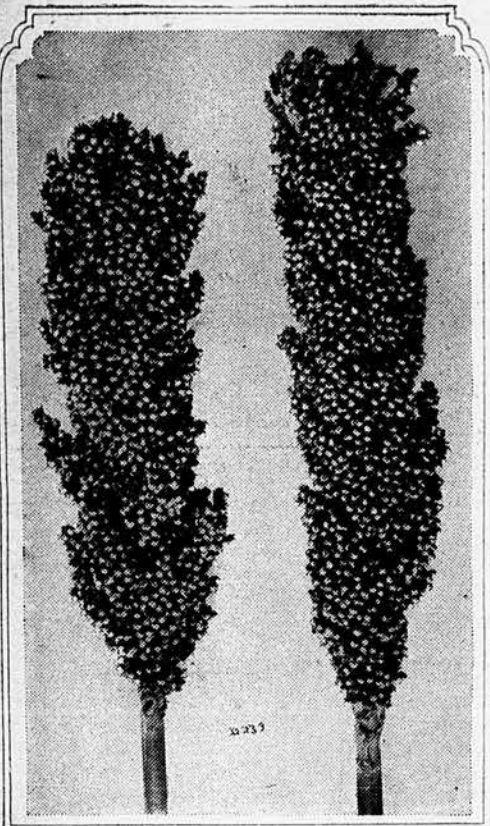
MAIL & BREEZE

Volume 65

December 31, 1927

Number 53

*On the Agronomy Farm of the
Kansas State Agricultural College*



Happy New Year! 1928!

May the coming New Year bring to you a greater measure of health, wealth and contentment than you have ever known before!

Note—We are planning a bigger and better service for you for 1928. Watch for our announcement in this paper each week.

Your "Farm Service"
Hardware Men

Your
**Farm
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Hardware
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Pledged to Render a
Real Farm Service.
as advertised in
KANSAS FARMER

'Twas a Pretty Good Season!

And May We Look for Still Further Improvement in Agricultural Affairs in 1928?

BY HARLEY HATCH

BY THE time you read this we will all be but a day or so from a new year. The old year has treated most of us here in Kansas pretty well; the low prices now being paid for many farm products are balanced by good yields. In Coffey county the corn crop of 1927 is virtually out of the fields; that is, with the exception of that now standing in the shocks. I have set the average yield for the county at 33 bushels. I think this a conservative estimate; for the fields which will make less than that amount there is as much acreage which will make more. Much of the best bottom corn is making 50 and up to 70 bushels. This is a good crop for the county, but is not the best we have raised in recent years. In both 1920 and 1924 I believe we had a larger yield, but the quality of the grain has never been better than has been raised this year. Kafir, however, seems to have made about the best yield ever recorded for the county. The reported yields equal or exceed corn, which is not often done in a good crop year. Wheat and oats made but an average yield here, but hay and forage crops were all that could be asked.

Good Poultry Feed, Anyway

I am not, and never have been, much of an advocate of kafir as a main farm crop for this part of Kansas. It may be all right to have 5 to 10 acres for poultry feed and to provide fodder to be fed early in the season. But as a crop to provide grain to be fed to cattle, hogs or horses, I much prefer corn, and for horses, oats. There are three crops against which I hold a strong prejudice, kafir, flax and rye. They are what I would call "skimmilk" crops, crops which in certain seasons may make a fair return, but which are either very poor in feeding value or which tend to take too much fertility from the soil. And yet I am ready to concede that kafir seldom gets a fair show. It usually is planted after the corn is in, and nearly always on the poorest soil on the farm, and if any crop is slighted in the tending it is kafir. It is perhaps for this reason that kafir yields so seldom equal corn here; corn gets the best land on which to grow, it gets the first start in planting and is seldom slighted in cultivation as kafir so often is. Despite all this I don't like kafir; I don't like the condition in which it leaves the ground for the next crop. I don't like to get it ready for the thrasher and I don't like the grain as stock feed. Aside from these objections I am ready to concede that kafir is all right.

Even Egg Prices Declined

The week before Christmas brought to the farmers of this part of Kansas a most unwelcome present in the form of reduced prices for nearly every production of the farm. Wheat, corn, hogs, cattle, sheep and poultry prices were all sharply lower; the only reason hay prices were not lowered in company is that hay is now so low that another reduction in price would make it so cheap that it would be more profitable to burn it, in a vain endeavor to heat the whole county, than it would be to load it on the cars to run the gauntlet of the Kansas City market. After being subjected to a continuous hammering for the last 90 days the hog market was hit another hard blow this week and another 40 cents a hundred loss in price registered. The cattle market also has been under heavy fire for a week or so and cattle feeders are fearful that what has happened to hog producers may happen to them. Cattle prices are yet profitable, but feeders don't like to see those 25-cent-a-day drops which have been so common during the last week.

Plenty of Pipes Now

Surveyors have been busy in this locality, running a line for what is said to be a 20-inch gas main from the Panhandle of Texas to Kansas City. The survey cuts across this farm north of

the buildings, going thru wheat and cornfields and pasture. Just south of the buildings there runs the pipe line of the Manhattan Oil Co., carrying oil from the Greenwood county fields to Kansas City. When the oil company laid their pipe they paid 75 cents a rod for the right of way and in addition paid for all damage to crops and fields and put the fences back. They also agreed to pay all damages which might accrue in the future from pipe line breaks; such a break might be serious if it happened near wells or along watercourses. This new line will make this farm well supplied with underground pipes. In addition, it is rumored that a location for an oil well has been made on the farm adjoining us on the west; if this be true, we will have plenty of oil and gas business in this neighborhood for the next three months. There is a slight income accruing to the land owner from these operations; not heavy, it is true, but enough to pay taxes and that is a help to many of us.

Cattle Feeders Help

Considerable corn has been sold from the farms here during the last two weeks at a price ranging from 60 to 65 cents a bushel. In Burlington territory virtually all the corn goes to the elevators; in what may be called the feeding territory of extreme western Coffey and eastern Greenwood counties the corn sold all goes to cattle feeders, who pay from 65 to 70 cents a bushel. As a rule, the farther one gets into Greenwood county the higher is the price of corn, and I have heard that one feeder near Madison is paying 75 cents a bushel for shelled corn of good quality. Much of this corn has to be sold because it is tax paying time; the last call for taxes is supposed to be December 20, but some provision seems to be made to extend that time until January 1, and that is always done in this county. It is generally thought that with tax paying and holiday time past there will be much less corn sold, especially when it no longer moves directly from the field. I have always disliked to see any corn move off the farm, but necessity has in the past compelled us at times to sell some corn. As a rule good corn in the crib is better than money in the bank, not only because it is safe but also because it is in a measure an insurance against the sacrifice of stock should the next season prove a poor crop year.

What About City Life?

My friend Ralph Tennial, of Sabetha, has had published in a Kansas City paper a series of articles in which he takes the ground, as a result of years of close experience, that our present school system educates our country youngsters away from the farm, and that the farmers are heavily taxed to provide this system that is taking the best of the young people to the cities and towns. Mr. Tennial takes exception to the efforts that are being made to destroy the country school and in its place build the consolidated school located in some town. Mr. Tennial would make the country school a center for country activities and would have it a meeting place for the neighborhood where they may get instruction and entertainment without going to town for it. He is a close observer, and with his observations I am in full accord. I believe that it is almost a crime to take many of our young people away from the farm to throw them into city life where not one in ten really succeeds. We have a literary school of mental lightweights in this country who picture the farm as a terrible place in which to live. This is a false view; farm life is for most of us better than city life; I have seen both and have lived in both town and country and, knowing what I do, if I had to make the choice between the city and the farm I would take the farm every time.

Kansas needs a larger acreage of alfalfa; let's plant it in 1928.



"Hogs brought me 45 Bushels per acre extra"

J. S. Caldwell, Vinton, Iowa, let the hogs follow the plow to clean up the grub worms in a well-fenced 10-acre clover pasture when he broke it up for corn. His crop ran 60 bushels to the acre at \$1.10, a total of \$660.00. On his other ten his fence was poor. Grubs got all but 150 bushels—a total loss of 45 bushels per acre that could have been saved with a hog-tight fence. "You can borrow \$1,000 at 7% but it's no fence and make money", says Mr. Caldwell. We claim

RED BRAND FENCE
"Galvanized"—Copper Bearing

is the best investment any farmer can make. A great many have proved this true. They know, from experience, that hogging down, pasturing after harvest and crop rotation will pay for RED BRAND FENCE in from 1 to 3 years. They know, too, that this real good, copper-bearing steel with its extra heavy zinc, galvanized coating keeps rust out; that these two things make RED BRAND cost less by lasting longer. Its stiff stays, well-crimped line wires, can't slip knots, help keep it straight, trim, hog-tight and bull-proof. The fence that will last the longest is the cheapest fence to buy.

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H. J. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.

KANSAS FARMER

By ARTHUR CAPPER

Volume 65

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Elkins' Farm Always Returns a Profit

The Home-Produced Livestock Is Fed Out on Home-Grown Rations

By Raymond H. Gilkeson

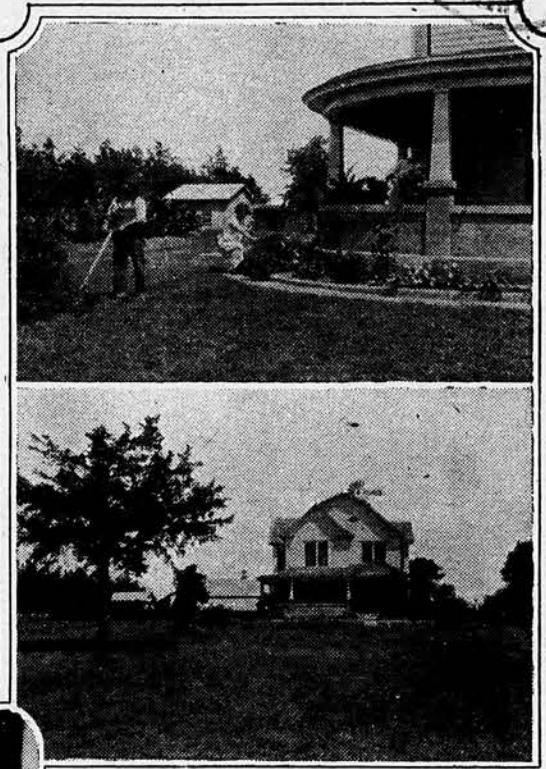
HOME produced baby beef and porkers fed out after a definite system on home grown feeds; a few good dairy animals, a carefully culled poultry flock, eggs graded for market; an excellent crop rotation, exacting seed selection, adequate seedbed preparation; conservation and building up of fertility, protection against disease and parasites; an unusually fine orchard, the best garden in the county; a fine modern home, surrounded by a choice selection of roses and other flowers on a well-landscaped lawn; active participation in community activities and farm organizations. All of these factors combine to make farm life for Eugene Elkins, and his family, Clay county, both profitable and desirable.

"My type of farming is not large," Mr. Elkins assured, "but it is safe, and always has shown a profit." There is character expressed in his next statement; it is truly Kansan. "I've made a million at it; however, only a small portion can be counted in dollars and cents. The balance is in the enjoyment I get from my family, my home, my neighbors, my flowers, my fields, my livestock and the services I may be able to perform for my community."

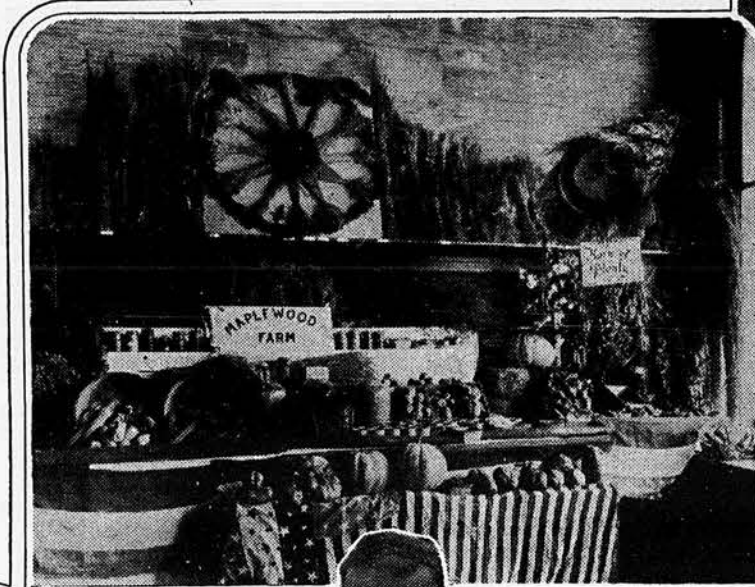
Twenty years before Mr. Elkins located on his present farm he was sure he wanted it. He remembered it from his boyhood as one of the best places he had seen. It was his ambition to own it. But what did years of renting do to "his" farm? It is sufficient to say that it has required careful work and planning, since Mr. Elkins moved on the place, to coax back lost fertility. His system is definite and efficient. He has a complete system of terraces to prevent washing, and he keeps the cultivated land clean. One piece of land, that had washed to a considerable extent, was terraced and seeded to alfalfa and then pastured with hogs. Mr. Elkins likes to keep his livestock out on the land as much as possible. It is good for the stock and saves work in hauling manure. But all of the home-produced fertility is used to good advantage on the crops where it is needed most. All straw used as bedding gets out on the land, and besides the cattle are allowed to pasture on straw stacks and stalk fields. The corrals washed badly, but Mr. Elkins prevented any fertilizer slipping away in that manner by building a manure trap. Other than in this trap, none of the manure is allowed to accumulate.

Legumes are brought into play for feed and fertility. About 20 acres of alfalfa,

The main "crop" on the farm is livestock. It consists of two carloads of hogs a year, and one carload of baby beef of the Shorthorn variety. Mr. Elkins produces his stock, and has been following this practice of finishing home-produced stock on home-grown feed for 30 years, so he should know its possibilities. "I start feeding the calves at 14 months old," he said. "They go on feed about September 1 to 15, and are fed until April 15. I can make more money from this method—and have for 30 years—than from any other. This way we never have more than two kinds of cattle on the place at one time, so we don't get the different ages mixed, and that saves a lot of grief and trouble. We had to buy a little corn last year, but it is very seldom that we don't produce enough for our needs. "To get the finish on the baby beeves we start them on snapped corn and oats. In the winter we feed shelled corn, and the last two months the corn is ground. The calves probably get as much good out of snapped corn as either the shelled or ground, but the change is what they like. The calves seem to take a new interest in their feed after a change and they eat more. In this way we just about double the weight of the calves in six months of finish feeding. We start them at 400 pounds and



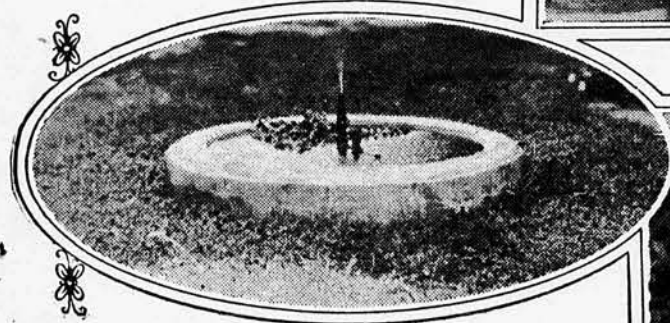
Mr. Elkins Was Caught Taking Some Good "After-Supper" Exercise, in the Top Picture. He is Mowing the Lawn, While His Daughter and Mrs. Elkins Lent a Hand With the Flowers. The Lower Picture Shows the Fine, Modern Home and the Spacious Lawn. The Large Photo Allows us to Peek Into the "Horn of Plenty" on the Elkins Farm. It Shows a Fair Display, Which Includes 110 Samples of 86 Distinct Varieties of Crops Grown by Mr. Elkins. Back of the Sign, "Maplewood Farm" Are Samples of the Season's Five Cuttings of Alfalfa



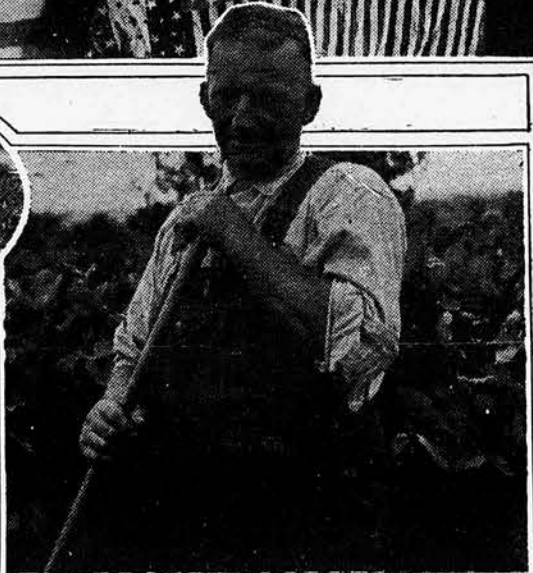
get them on the market at 800 pounds just before the spring work gets too stiff."

Every precaution is taken to start the Polands right. They are raised on worm-free ground and have the advantage of alfalfa pasture and a "hogging-down" combination of corn and soybeans. Spring pigs show up better than fall pigs as a rule, but Mr. Elkins gets September litters started well by winter. "One thing that pays with pigs," he asserted, "is the individual house system. There are a good many things one can do that yield more than a single profit. For example, hogging down the soybeans and corn. The hogs make a rapid gain, cut out any expense of harvesting that acreage, and the beans are good for the land." Incidentally, Mr. Elkins has been running a variety test on soybeans for the agricultural college. He has tried nine varieties for three years, and so far he picks out Manchus. He states that they are larger and earlier. In his marketing of livestock the shipping association to which he belongs sometimes is used. It helps especially in

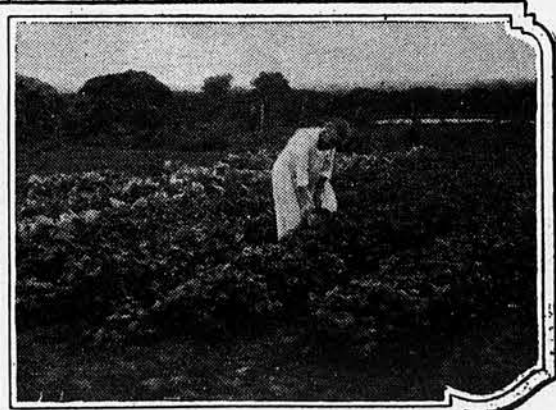
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The Fountain in the Oval Adds Interest to the Yard and Amuses Visiting Little Folks. Immediately at the Right We Introduce Mr. Elkins, Clay County. The Lower Pictures Show Mr. Elkins and a Friend Examining the Grapes, While Mrs. Elkins is Gathering Some Beans



6 acres of Sweet clover and 8 acres of soybeans are grown each year, and 5 to 10 acres of legumes are plowed under annually. Mr. Elkins likes to think of his crop rotation starting with alfalfa for hay for three to five years, and then hog pasture for two years, corn two to four years. "I always have a field of about 15 acres," Mr. Elkins said, "one-third planted to soybeans and two-thirds to corn. I turn my spring shotes in when fall comes, and in 60 to 70 days they are ready for market with a gain of about 150 pounds. I change the location of the beans each year for three years."



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Passing Comment

By T. A. McNeal

THESE may have been as revolting crimes as that committed in Los Angeles last week, but certainly it would be hard to imagine one more revolting or cruel. Here was a beautiful, innocent little girl, 12 years old, held for ransom. The fiend who kidnaped her received the money demanded and then threw out of the automobile, in which he was carrying it, the horribly mutilated form of the child. The whole nation was thrilled with pity and horror. Rewards aggregating more than \$100,000 were offered for the apprehension of the murderer. As I write this it is certain that the human fiend has been identified, altho not yet captured. I apprehend before this is printed he will be captured and probably will be dead.

What ought to be done with the murderer in a case of this kind? The natural impulse is to say that he should be tortured, roasted slowly, or plucked to bits with red hot pincers. If he is to be made to suffer in proportion to the enormity of his crime, then no punishment could be severe enough; but after all, is that the best way to deal with a criminal of this sort? The letting loose of the wild passions of a mob is brutalizing no matter how much provocation there may be for mob violence. So far as the victim of the mob is concerned, in all probability he very soon becomes insensible to pain and no longer suffers. To mutilate his body after he is dead inflicts no punishment on him, but does brutalize those who do the mutilating. It is almost impossible to believe that a man who commits so horrible a crime as this man committed is mentally responsible. But he is a menace to society and should be placed where he can never again be a menace.

I think he should first be unsexed and then shut up and never again permitted to have his liberty. If by any chance he is still normal to the point of responsibility then this punishment would be really worse than death. Thru all the years that he may live in solitary confinement he will certainly be confronted both in his waking hours and in his dreams by the face of the child he so cruelly murdered and mutilated. Life will be to him a living hell, and there would not be the brutalizing effect of a mad, frenzied mob.

I am guessing, however, as I write this, that before this is read the mob will have executed its vengeance unless he has the nerve to commit suicide.

Why Boys Leave the Farm

THE general trend of both boys and girls is still away from the farm and toward the larger cities and towns. Sometimes we get the impression that this inclination to leave the farm and go to the city is on the increase, but I doubt that. Conditions are growing more pleasant on the farm than they were years ago, but probably there is as much tendency to leave the farm as there was a quarter or half century ago, because the cities and towns have also grown more attractive.

A little more than 33 years ago, when the first number of the Mail and Breeze was issued, this question was being discussed as it is now. And in that first issue I find an editorial written by myself, commenting on an essay written by a young lady under the name of Ophelia. I am taking the liberty to reproduce it, altho it does not quite fit present conditions on the farm. It will be observed that I was using the editorial "we" at that time:

We have read your essay which you sent us, Ophelia, on the beauties of country life and your advice to boys to stay on the farm. It is good advice, Ophelia, and no doubt ought to be followed by the boys, but we take it, you have never been a farmer's boy, or you might take a different view of the general situation. We might illustrate what we mean by giving the experience of Erastus Smith. Erastus was an orphan on his father's and mother's side, or at least he might as well have been, and was gathered in by some charitable ladies of Chicago. Previous to this time he had not fared sumptuously, like a newspaper man, every day, nor was he clothed in purple and fine linen. A meal once in a while was all Erastus expected and a pile of shavings for a bed was luxury bordering on opulence. Erastus should have been very miserable under these conditions, but he wasn't. He managed, in fact, to get quite a good deal of fun out of existence, and on the question of whether school kept or not he exhibited a marked indifference.

He was not troubled about his personal appearance and only took a bath when he accidentally fell into the river or went swimming with the gang. When Erastus was taken into the home for friendless waifs and had a few spoonfuls of dirt dug out of his ears and a few layers of soil removed from his person, after which he was carried down with a crash towel, and clothed in a clean substantial suit of clothes which had been contributed to the "Home," and consequently did not fit Erastus just

as quick as they might, he should have felt gratified and happy, but he didn't. There was, as a matter of fact, but one feature of the whole business that secured the entire approval of Erastus, and that was the regularity and abundance of the grub. This thing of getting three meals a day was an agreeable surprise to the internal economy of Erastus, and reconciled him in large measure to several other regulations, such as washing three times a day, which he considered rank foolishness. After a certain period a home was found for Erastus in the country. He was told of the beauties of rural life, of the joy of tossing the new mown hay and driving home the lowing cows at evening. Erastus took in this sort of talk and believed it, and went out with the horny-handed agriculturist, who came to the home after him, with considerable satisfaction and with the anticipation of having more fun on the farm than an aggregation of monkeys. Erastus was somewhat mistaken in his calculations—there was not as much fun stacked around on the farm as he had anticipated. He was put to sleep in an upper chamber and it seemed to him, he had just got into a comfortable doze when he heard the voice of the agriculturist urging him to roll out and drive in the horses and cows.

It wasn't the snap Erastus had been looking for, but he rolled out, for the voice of the agriculturist was peremptory, and of considerable force and effect. He clawed around in the dark until he got part of his clothes on and turned out into the damp morning air. Erastus was given to understand that he must not only



bring up the cows but must milk them. He took his stool and pail and sat down. The cow was a nervous young creature of some 12 summers, and surprised Erastus by promptly kicking him in the stomach, knocking him some 13 feet and 6 inches. When he recovered consciousness, they told him he had sat down on the wrong side of the cow.

After breakfast Erastus was set to work plowing in the corn. The farmer who was giving Erastus a home plowed, too. The farmer was a kind man and occasionally proposed to Erastus that they take a rest. While they rested he sent Erastus a quarter of a mile after a jug of fresh water, and told him to be quick about it. The farmer waited under a tree for Erastus to return. And when Erastus did return the farmer permitted about a quart of the water to gurgle down his throat and then told the boy they would have to get a move on them to make up for lost time. They had been resting, and they did move out right lively till sundown, after which Erastus was directed to perform a few light chores, such as feeding and unharnessing the teams, and turning them out in the pasture, bringing in and milking some 14 head of cows, and carrying slop to some 75 head of eager-faced swine.

Maybe this sort of life ought to have agreed with Erastus, but some way it didn't. He ought to have been thankful that he was out in the country where he could breathe the pure air, hear the birds sing their praises, watch the lambs skip on the green and yank their little tails athwart the fresh air, but he wasn't. When he crawled into bed at 9 o'clock in the evening with a blister on his heel and galled places on various parts of his body, he didn't care whether the birds sang or another lamb ever yanked its tail again.

And so one night while the farmer and his family slept Erastus gathered what few belongings he had together and lit out for the bright lights of the city.

Opposed to the Debenture Plan

THE export debenture farm relief plan is proposed as a substitute for the McNary-Haugen idea. This plan should be thoroughly discussed and seriously considered by farmers. It should be carefully compared with the McNary-Haugen plan. The McNary-Haugen bill cannot be dismissed by saying that the President would again veto it. Its enactment is very possible. I believe any measure strongly supported by farmers will, if necessary, be passed over a Presidential veto.

The export debenture plan seems to me a radical farm relief measure. It is direct subsidy. The objection to this is not that the farmer is not en-

titled to it, but that its aid puts no responsibility upon him nor does it constructively help or encourage him to remedy the evils from which he suffers.

It makes no provision for checking or discouraging overproduction and, if it works, it will be price-fixing as much as any measure yet proposed.

To effect its purpose practically the same methods must be employed as in the McNary-Haugen bill, so far as the exported surplus is concerned. The surplus must be removed and more, if necessary, to prevent an understanding of grain men and millers from keeping the rise in price from affecting the whole crop. The price to which debentures must raise farm products must be determined, and the amount of debentures must be controlled. The question of vesting and administering the above powers must be settled. It all involves the same problems and principles as part of the McNary-Haugen bill, and is more radical, it seems to me. I do not think the farmer would have the part in its administration and in determining prices that he has under the McNary-Haugen plan. The attempt to regulate the stream of commerce is as patent as under the McNary-Haugen bill, and seems to me weaker. It depends on the export trade alone to do this and must go by a hard, inelastic standard of price fixing. The McNary-Haugen bill proposes that its administering board seek to influence prices according to their best judgment in the light of national and world business and crop conditions. They are given the choice of storing or selling, as they think best. They are allowed to administer the larger business affairs of the farmers with something of the latitude the directors of United States Steel have in managing their corporation. This seems to me a much more up-to-date and efficient method of attempting to raise domestic farm prices to an American level. It is in accord with the development of practice and experience in our modern business world.

I believe the successful application of the debenture plan might be difficult in the case of corn, where a very small part of the crop is exported, and of pork, where control of processing is highly centralized. Complications might arise here necessitating more Government interference.

However, for the sake of argument, let us suppose the debenture plan works and secures the prices determined on for the farmers. Practically all the arguments against the McNary-Haugen plan, save those directed at difficulties inherent in any plan that could be offered for farm relief, are based on the assumption either of maladministration or abuse of its provisions. Let us suppose both bills fairly administered and actually working according to their provisions.

I much prefer the McNary-Haugen plan to the other. Over production is a tendency that must be grappled with and controlled whatever is done. It is a menace under the present system of things, and there is absolutely no provision for controlling it. It will a difficulty under any plan of farm relief tried. The debenture plan puts no check on it. It does give a stimulus to it by increasing prices. As it increases world production, world prices will fall. An increasing volume of debentures must be issued to raise a greater repayment value to sustain the price on a greater number of bushels. This might prove impossible. I can only see increasing difficulty in handling overproduction under the debenture plan. Under this plan, too, a collapse would come at one stroke.

The McNary-Haugen plan presents the first straight-forward attempt offered to control overproduction. It puts the success or failure of its working on the farmers themselves—it puts the profit or loss on them—the best incentives to make themselves respecting and controlling, and self-administering as to their larger business affairs. Thru definite organization and control of farm business, it affords opportunity for organized educational influence, and pressure against overproduction. It penalizes directly and tangibly each producer for overproduction in his commodity, making the prevention of this a matter of common interest. Each producer knows that the other fellows are under control and penalization, and thus is encouraged to believe he will reap the fruits of controlling his own production. Penalization will be applied as the tendency to overproduction appears and will increase with its growth. This will guard against the sudden smash that is a danger under the debenture plan.

I believe that under the McNary-Haugen plan

production can and will be controlled. It must be controlled under some plan or the American farmer can never maintain his place in the American commonwealth.

The debenture plan does nothing to encourage or assist group organization of farmers. It does not provide them with unity of action and bargaining power. I do not believe any measure of farm relief can be satisfactory unless it does this.

It does not give the farmer equality under our present economic system. It simply furnishes a sop for some of the inequality from which he now suffers.

It is of the utmost importance in trying to help the farmer to first give him a fair start, and equality in the race with his competitors. This done, all the admonition to the farmer that his success depends upon himself—all the advice to him to manage better, farm better and economize is excellent and in point, but until then it is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. It would not remedy farm conditions if he took it all.

It is no less vital to encourage him to adjust himself to modern business procedure and the practices of group policy that prevail everywhere in industry today. It is necessary to give him power to compel the minority slacker who blocks his efforts to pay for the benefit he gets from them and a penalty for working counter to them. This is simply a principle of democratic government applied. Unless the will of the majority can be given fiat power, it will fall to the ground and there can be no greatest good for the greatest number.

The debenture plan does not interfere with existing marketing agencies. Neither does it give the farmer bargaining power by which he may be able to use these agencies to his advantage instead of having them manipulated against them, as is so often the case now.

William Allen White has said: "Democracy is institutionalized self-respect"—that is what we must give the farmer. Mr. White again says: "We must so improve the status of agriculture that the average man will thrive in farming. This is not socialism." Also "Foreclosure statistics indicate that the western farmer is falling behind. In another generation typically he will be a renter. He should be an owner."

Deflation was a terrible blow to the farmers, but most of them would have recovered from that and paid their debts had they had a fair chance. Freight rates are high, but the farmer could pay them were he on a price level with his competing groups. The same is true of taxes. Inefficiency is cried as a cause of present conditions. My observation has been that it is as often caused by insuperable handicaps and their cumulative effects resulting from fundamental economic disadvantages as by the fault of the farmer. Give the naturally efficient farmers a chance to thrive and the others need cause no worry. This can be done only by remedying this inequality, and that is what the McNary-Haugen plan aims to do. The debenture plan does not, except in-so-far as it seeks to remedy inequality resulting from the tariff, and its doing this would depend on its being administered along the lines, but in a weaker form, of the McNary-Haugen bill.

The McNary-Haugen bill aims to institutionalize self-respect for the farmer and to make it possi-

ble for the average man to thrive at farming. It purposes to make him self-supporting and directing and to give him fundamental equality under the American economic system with its other great industrial groups.

Hiawatha, Kan.

Hugh Craig.

Half to the Widow

A and B are husband and wife and both have children by a former marriage, all married and settled in their own homes. If A dies leaving B a widow would she come in for any of A's property, provided there is no will? And in case B should die could A's children come in for any of B's property in case there was no will?

In the event of A's death without will, one-half of all his property, real and personal, would descend to B, the widow. In case of B's death with-



Embarrassing Moments

out will none of her property would descend to A's children by a former marriage. All of her property would descend to her own children if any of her own children survived her. Or if any of her own children were dead but left children the children would inherit the parent's share of B's property.

Half to the Wife

I married my husband about nine years ago. He had been married before and had two children when I married him; he owned 80 acres before our marriage. I also owned some property and had no children. He inherited some land from his parents, and I also, but he has never taken a crop or accepted any of the crop share since his parents died. He says he will let his brothers and sis-

ters have it, as he has one child 21 years old who stays with them, and for her sake they may keep it. Can that be done, or will he be obliged to sell this share to make it lawful? I think he refuses his parents' land in order to keep me from getting any of it. My share from my parents' land is divided equally, and used in his home. The land is all in this state. What right would he have to let them have it? Am I to say nothing? Or can I keep my own share?

MRS. J. L.

So long as both you and your husband live you have an entire right to manage your own estates as you see proper. He may allow his brothers and sisters to take the product of his land and you may do the same thing. His obligation is to support you, and that you can require him to do. If it is necessary that the product of his land should be taken to support his family he can be compelled to do that.

When he dies, this estate of his, if he dies before you do, will half of it come to you. He cannot will that away from you. The same thing is true of your estate. If he survives you, one-half of your estate will go to him. In fact, it will all go to him unless you see fit to will part of it to someone else.

Needn't Pay the Note?

I insured my wheat in a mutual company. It gave me a slip of paper which gave me the right to cancel the contract by June 1 if the wheat would not give promise of making 5 bushels an acre by May 20. We had a dry spell which burned the wheat badly. I sent in for a cancellation. Before I heard from the company we had a hail storm, and I sent in my claim for loss. Later I received a letter stating they would send a man out to look at the wheat, and if I needed cancellation they would cancel. He never showed up. Now they are trying to collect the note.

O. S.

From your statement of the facts evidently the company has not fulfilled any of its part of the obligation. If that is the case they could not compel you to pay the note.

No and Yes the Answers

Would it be a violation of the anti-lottery law of Kansas to sell votes to be cast for the most popular young lady at a convention or meeting of any kind? Is it a violation of the lottery law to sell numbers and then draw for the lucky number which is to receive a prize?

P. B.

In answer to the first question, no. In answer to the second question, yes.

Not Since 1905!

If a woman 70 years old marries an old soldier at the present time will she continue to get part of his pension after he is dead?

B. W. R.

No. She would neither get part of his pension nor would she be entitled to a widow's pension unless she married this soldier prior to 1905.

Yeh, It's Double Taxation

I want to call your attention to the tax burden on poor people, which is unbearable and unfair. Many farmers here and also town home owners are mortgaged for more than their property is worth. They pay interest on, say, \$5,000 when their farm will not sell for \$5,000, and they pay taxes on the \$5,000 farm while the mortgage company pays taxes on this same \$5,000 mortgage. Why this double taxation?

A. N.

This is the old, old question of double taxation which has been up in every legislature for the last 50 years. So far the legislature has not found any way to remedy the wrong.

The New Year and What It Means to Us

ANOTHER year is just around the corner. Its advance notices are interesting. Nineteen-twenty-eight is coming well recommended. There have been doubts that 1928 would be as good a year as the year now passing out. These doubts have come from watchers on the towers of business, men we listen to. The falling off in business during the last half of the old year they believed meant that 1928 was going to let us down a little in commerce.

What we call prosperity comes in waves. Every wave has a peak and a trough. We have been passing thru one such trough. But in 1928 we are going into another peak, says Uncle Sam's Department of Commerce, and Uncle Sam's soothsayers do not tell our fortunes with coffee grounds, but base their predictions on ascertained facts. This department says 1928 will be a greater producing year than 1927. The outlook is for a steady expansion.

That should mean as good or better home markets for farmers in 1928, possibly some improvement in the general situation for that industry. However, it is conditions in Europe, in the Orient and in South America which set the American farmer's prices in the home market. His new year depends on something more than good times in the United States. This is the chief cause of his troubles, and this is what Washington must find a way to remedy.

However, it is good to know that finance and industry are to have fair sailing in 1928. That always makes the going somewhat better for the rest of us.

A tremendous economic change is sweeping the United States. Business and industry is being directed by fewer and fewer hands. That is the tendency. Chain stores, managed by small groups of men, transact business formerly owned and directed by thousands of independent dealers. Corporate business, always the foe of political social-

ism, seems turning itself into a semi-co-operative socialistic machine. The people share the profits as stockholders, and a few experts direct the business. One such corporation has more than 400,000 stockholders.

This is a world-wide tendency wherever there is a modern civilization. It is an evolution which at some distant day promises to reduce overhead—the cost of doing business—from which the world suffers almost as much as it suffers from preparing for and engaging in wars. When the expense of transporting and selling a product costs several times what it costs to create that product, it is costing too much. Today there is too much overhead and lost motion in business, and that means waste. In this, big business and the corporations are as much sinners as anybody. But, of course, there are shining exceptions, like Ford and a few others I could mention.

Luckily we have in America a David for this Goliath. Herbert Hoover has attacked this waste giant in a particularly practical and deadly manner thru the Department of Commerce and the Bureau of Standards. He has demonstrated to manufacturers how they can save by thoroughly standardizing their production and by eliminating entirely many patterns, designs or styles for which there is comparatively little demand.

One reason shoes cost so much more than they used to is that about a thousand styles are made and new ones are constantly being created. It is nonsense to say that a customer must have that many styles to select from, but highly expensive nonsense for which he pays and will continue to pay until common sense restricts styles in footwear to a reasonable number in quality and shape. As it is now shoe dealers have to carry too large and too varied a stock and some of the styles do not sell. That means a loss, ultimately paid for by the consumer.

This is just one example of the hundreds and

thousands of ways that the cost of doing business grows. Often the public shares in the guilt of creating these tremendously expensive wastes. In cities it is beginning to demand that its beef-steak be put up in fancy packages. The old straw-made butcher paper is not good enough.

It is a fine thing to know that we are seeing and attacking such evils and that one of the world's greatest engineers and administrators who is devoting much of his time and thought to it, lives in the United States and years ago appreciated the necessity of reducing the mounting costs of waste and distribution.

I believe the American people are making progress in even finer ways, altho in ways no more vital to their existence. Books treating of almost all branches of knowledge now rival the best sellers of fiction in number of sales. There is a wide and growing desire thruout the United States to obtain knowledge which shall give men and women broader views of the universe and its meaning, better understanding and kinder feeling and tolerance for others, based on new knowledge and inward growth. It is even as Jesus said, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Whatever the trials and problems of the American people, the new year finds them the happiest and best-conditioned people on the earth. Their government grew out of it and is based on the principles of the Christian Philosophy, the principles that are literally to save civilization and therefore the world if it is to be saved, and which should now lead us to conclude perpetual peace agreements with all other nations that are like-minded.

Arthur Capier

World Events in Pictures



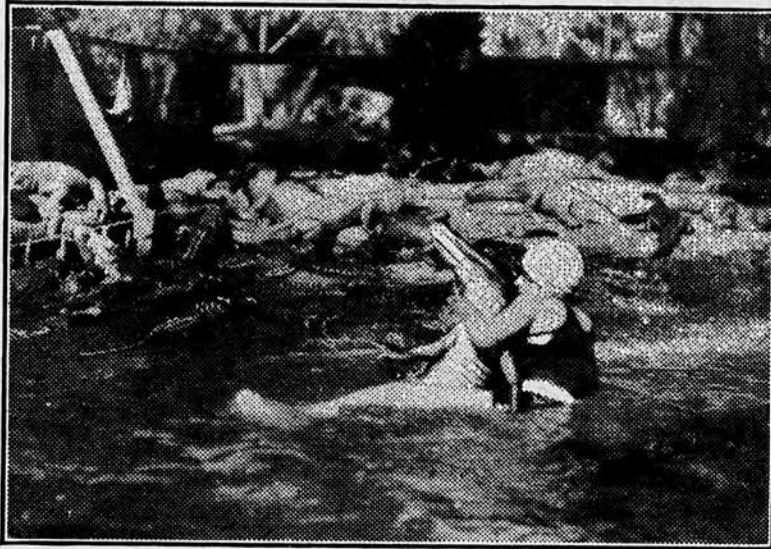
Brice Goldborough, Navigator and Co-pilot, Mrs. Frances W. Grayson and Oskar Omdal, the New Cold Weather Pilot, Before Taking off for a Fourth Atlantic Hop Attempt



A Quartet of Charmers Illustrating Leap Year with a Leap and a Bound. The Misses Edna Marion, Dorothy Coburn, Martha Sleeper and Viola Richard Wish Everybody a Snappy New Year. Well, the Eligible Young Men Probably Will Not "Leap" Away in the Event One of These Should Pop the Question



Sold! One Battleship. Shipbuilders Turn Over the U. S. S. Lexington, World's Largest and Fastest Airplane Carrier, to Admiral Andrews, Right, Who Delivered It to Captain Marshall, Left



Eleanor Link, 16-Year-Old Girl, Has an Unusual Pastime Wrestling with Lively Alligators. She Has Studied Their Habits and Treats Them Quite Familiarly But There Always is the Chance of One of the Saurians Mistaking Her for an Enemy. With the Result That There Might be a "Missing Link"

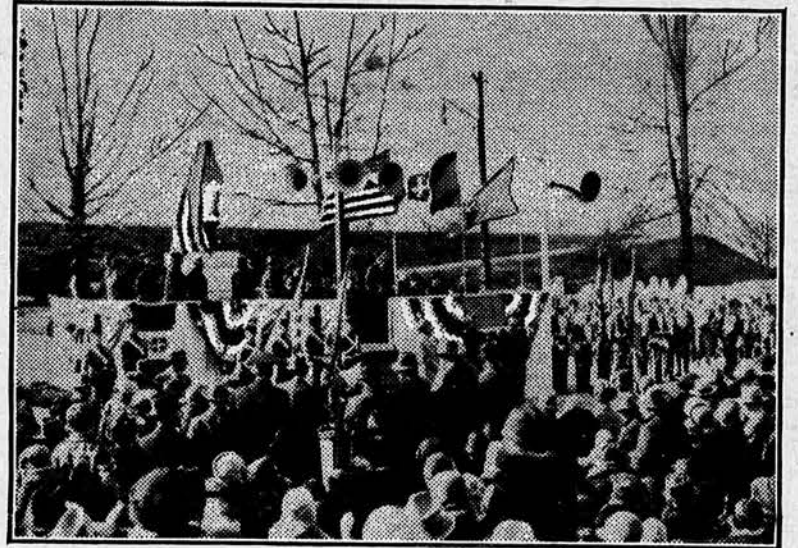
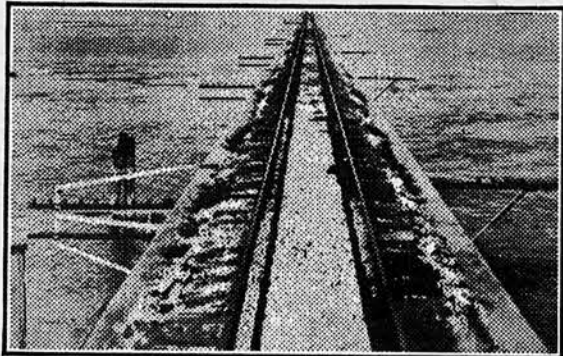


Photo Shows a View of the Crowd When Henry Caravati Presented on Behalf of Italian Citizens of Richmond, Va., the First Monument Erected in the South to Christopher Columbus. The Statute Was Presented to the City



Between the Devil and the Deep Sea! Kenneth Goodson, Auto Racer, Will Attempt to Drive a Motor Car at 42 Miles an Hour Over the Famous 125-Mile "Overseas" Railway Viaduct Between Miami and Key West. A Blowout Might—Well, Try It Yourself



Count Volpi, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Italy, in the Costume of His Ancestors, the Doges of Venice. He is Responsible for Putting Italy on a Sound Financial Basis

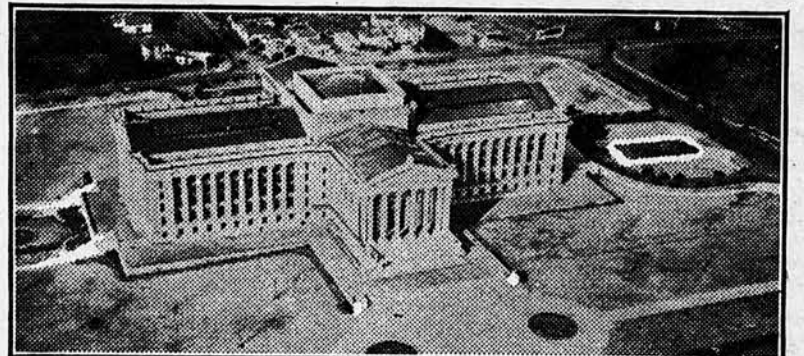


King Alfonso of Spain, Hunting on "Los Hoyuelos," the Estate of the Aristocratic Family of Gonzalez de Jonte, Near Madrid. The Man at the Right Seems to be the Royal High Chamberlain of the King's Hunting Seat



Here Are the Members of the "All Kansas" Tour of the East, at the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago, Just After They Had Finished an Inspection of the Show, Known Commonly as the "Supreme Court of the Livestock World." The Kansans Were Greatly Interested in This Exposition

Photographs Copyright 1927 and From Underwood & Underwood.



The Capitol of Oklahoma, Which Was Barricaded by the National Guards, Called Out by Governor Henry S. Johnson. The House of Representatives Had Planned to Convene in the Capitol to Impeach the Governor, But Governor Johnson Slipped One Over on the Solons by Callin the Guards to Prevent the Entry of the Politicians

What's the Price Trend With Sheep?

Would It Be Well for Farmers Who Are Thinking of Starting in This Line of Production to Delay Their Purchases for a Time?

By Gilbert Gusler

THE last six years constitute one of the most prosperous eras for the sheepman seen in the last two generations. The buying power of sheep when exchanged for feeds or for general commodities was higher than in any like interval in the last 60 years. While labor and taxes have been fairly high relative to lambs and wool, land values have been low.

Sooner or later, the increase in production stimulated by this long period of profitable returns is bound to lead to lower prices, especially for lambs. In fact, the peak probably was reached in 1925. The lamb crop of that year brought an average price of about \$12 a hundred pounds at the farm and ranch. The 1926 crop brought prices about 5 per cent less. Thus far, the 1927 crop has sold at the same price level as was paid for that of 1926. This comparison is likely to hold during the next five months when the remainder is coming to market. The weighted average price paid at the farm for wool, which was 38.5 cents in 1925, fell to 32.5 cents in 1926, and slightly under 31 cents in 1927.

The number of lambs and sheep slaughtered under federal inspection, which virtually comprises the commercial supply, increased from 10,929,000 in 1922 to 12,961,000 in 1926, a gain of 18 per cent. Slaughter in 1927 will total about the same as last year. The increase in the supply explains why market prices for lambs have taken a moderately downward trend.

The number of sheep and lambs on farms and ranches increased from 36,186,000 on January 1, 1922, to 41,909,000 at the start of 1927, or an average gain of 1,145,000 head a year. That another increase of 1,500,000 or more will be shown on January 1, 1928, is suggested by the estimated size of the 1927 lamb crop and the marketings to date. The 12 western states, including Texas, which have the bulk of the sheep population, increased from 23,827,000 in 1922 to 27,819,000 in 1927, a gain of 17 per cent.

Obviously, prices would have averaged considerably lower if these additional sheep and lambs had come to market instead of being held back to expand flocks. In the future, market receipts will be added to by the larger lamb crop produced by these larger flocks. Prices probably will work lower under these heavier marketings, and sheepmen will gradually become less eager to expand. Then, the full lamb crop will come to market and prices will go still lower. Ultimately, they will go so low that the tendency will be to reduce flocks, and market receipts will be augmented by liquidation of flocks of less efficient producers whose costs are high. After this stage is over, prices will be ready for another upswing.

Lamb Crop Was Reduced

How speedily these events will take place is uncertain. In the past, the low point of the cycle has been reached three to seven years after the high point. Assuming that 1925 was the high year, then the low point would be due about 1930, if events follow the average course.

An Irishman once said, "I don't believe there is one average man in fifty." So it is with these price cycles. Each one differs more or less from the average, hence it is impossible to tell just how they will work out.

Low points in previous cycles were reached in 1895-1896, in 1903-1904, in 1911-12 and in 1920-1921. The next one would be due about 1929-1930. Weather conditions, and the influence of tariffs, economic conditions and world production on wool prices are some of the factors which affect the regular course of these cycles. Thru such influences the decline might be slowed down so much that the bottom of the depression would not be reached before 1932.

The influence of weather on the lamb crop was illustrated in the last two years. The percentage of lambs saved in the western states in 1926 probably was the largest on record, and the total lamb crop was nearly 9 per cent greater than in 1925. Owing to unfavorable weather in the latter part of the lambing season in 1927, the number of lambs saved in the West fell off 1,300,000 head, or 8 per cent, despite an increase of 600,000 breeding ewes. In the so-called native states of the Corn Belt and Southeast, there was almost enough increase to offset the loss in the West, however, so that the total crop was practically the same as in 1926.

The change in the cattle situation in the last year may have an important bearing on lamb prices next year, since the tendency may be to expand cattle herds rather than flocks. This will

mean that practically all the lambs will be marketed—instead of farmers holding back a million head or more. In the last three or four years, many range cattlemen went into the sheep business after liquidating their herds. Demand for ewe lambs for this purpose has been a big factor in sustaining the lamb market. In 1926, ewe lambs brought a premium of 1½ cents over wether lambs on the western ranges. Reports indicate that young ewes this year, in some sections at least, are bringing the highest prices since 1920.

Owing to the expansion of flocks, the fleece wool clip increased from 223 million pounds in 1922 to 272 million pounds in 1927. Production of pulled wool amounts to about 50 million pounds annually,

SHEEP POPULATION AND SLAUGHTER									
POPULATION	SLAUGHTER	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927
40	20								
30	15								
20	10								
10	5								
0	0								

IN MILLIONS OF HEAD

The Number of Lambs and Sheep Slaughtered Annually Under Federal Inspection Increased 2 Million Head, or 18 Per Cent, From 1922 to 1927. Nevertheless, the Number Sold Averaged More Than a Million Head Below the Number Produced, the Remainder Being Used to Build Up Flocks. The Result Was an Increase of 5,700,000 in the Sheep Population. Larger Receipts and Lower Prices Are to be Expected When the Full Crop Comes to Market

making a total domestic supply of 322 million pounds. Practically all of this belongs to the combing and clothing types. Domestic consumption of these types runs from 450 to 500 million pounds. This means that a substantial quantity must still be imported every year over the tariff of 31 cents a scoured pound.

The world sheep population increased from 212 million head in 1923 to 240 million head in 1926. The world wool clip reached 3,024 million pounds in 1926, against 2,727 million pounds in 1923. Prices have receded compared with three or four years ago, but they still are high enough to stimulate production. Barring interruptions due to such factors as the drouth in Australia, which seriously reduced the clip this year, world wool prices are likely to work lower in the next few years.

The foregoing represents the long-term view of the industry. The nearby outlook involves considerations of a different sort. The number of lambs on feed is somewhat greater than a year ago, and they are distributed in a more normal way. The Corn Belt has fewer, especially east of the Missouri River. Colorado is feeding about the usual number, which is twice as many as last year. Some increase in Montana, Wyoming and Texas is reported, with a considerable decrease beyond the Continental Divide.

Late in 1926 and early in 1927, the markets were glutted by heavy receipts of half-finished lambs from the Corn Belt. Too many were placed on feed, and bad weather and poor feed made the results still worse. The small demand for feeders at that time aggravated the market situation. After the Corn Belt was thru, the small number fed in Colorado dominated the market supply, and prices were much more favorable from March to May. Owing to the change in distribution this year, higher prices during the early winter and lower prices during the late winter and spring than a year previous are probable.

With prospects of larger supplies of fed lambs next spring, prices for the early lambs from the new crop are likely to start off on a lower level than this year. What the average level for the 1928 crop will prove to be will depend on its size and the percentage marketed. The number of breeding ewes probably will be greater than last spring. The weather may or may not prove to be favorable. The chances are that producers will market more nearly the full crop and add fewer ewe lambs to their flocks than in the last two or three years. All told, some increase in the market supply in 1928 compared with the last two years seems probable.

Wool prices declined sharply from early in 1925 to the spring of 1927. World production had been increasing and seemed to have overtaken world consumption. Competition from other textiles and

changes in fashions were other influences which tended to give wool prices a downward slant. Since last spring, the market has strengthened. Owing to drouth, the Australian clip is about 12 per cent less than last year, or a reduction of 110 million pounds. The Argentine clip was reduced 6 per cent, or approximately 20 million pounds, by the same cause. The increase of 11 million pounds in the United States clip was much less important than these decreases. Cheaper wool and higher cotton changed the competitive situation and consumption increased. Good European demand, coupled with the lack of any excess in stocks and the decline in the world clip this year, pushed up the world price level. Domestic prices did not follow fully, so that imports in 1927 have been the smallest in a number of years.

Domestic prices have been creeping upward since last June, and at present are par to 12 per cent higher than a year ago, but they have not advanced enough to discount the strong domestic statistical situation. Boston quotations appear to be 10 to 30 cents a scoured pound below a full import parity. Unless world prices come down, Boston prices must advance further. If 1928 proves to a good year in general business, as is commonly expected, the next domestic clip should sell at better prices than the last one.

While increasing production is likely to reduce the cash returns of sheepmen in the course of the next few years, there are various symptoms that the depression will be much less severe than some of those experienced in the past. The change in the beef situation may turn attention to cattle on the range and prevent sheep production from getting out of hand. Scarcity of beef also should help demand for lamb. Then, the number of consumers is growing. In fact, from 1911 to 1914, when the ranges were going thru a period of liquidation an average of 14.4 million head of sheep and lambs were slaughtered annually under federal inspection. While prices of sheep on the farm and ranch were low at that compared with general commodities, it is hard to find evidence of depression in prices paid for fat lambs at Chicago. Despite the increase in the last few years, slaughter has not reached 13 million head, and the total number of possible consumers is 25 per cent greater than from 1911 to 1914.

So far as wool is concerned, production and world stocks on a per capita basis are moderate. The drouth in Australia not only reduced the current year's clip but also caused the loss of many sheep, which cannot be replaced for a year or two.

During the last 60 years, the purchasing power of sheep in terms of general commodities has been gradually rising. Sheep growing is primarily a frontier industry. Apparently, with the passing of the world frontier, higher prices in relation to other commodities have been necessary to call forth from the more settled regions the amount of production of wool and lamb that the world wanted. This force probably will continue to operate in favor of the sheep producer.

While such considerations indicate that the next depression in lamb and wool prices may be slow in arriving and rather mild when it appears, it still seems advisable for sheep producers to expect somewhat lower prices within another year or two. Larger returns should be sought thru stricter attention to economy of production and to improving the market quality of the product rather than thru further increases in size of flocks. Farmers who are thinking of going into sheep for the first time would do well to consider the disadvantage of getting their experience and taking depreciation with high-priced breeding stock at a time when market values of the product are likely to pursue a downward course.

The Winning of Mexico

IT WAS a popular recognition of the underlying purpose of Lindbergh's visit when, as the A.P. reports, "the huge audience at the Mexico City Stadium gave cheers for Lindbergh and for peace." The popular flier has heard plenty of cheering for Lindbergh, but it was a novelty to have peace attached to his name and personality. Notwithstanding that the Christmas holidays were on and the teachers were ordered to call off the holidays and pupils to report to their schools, the school children apparently had no objection. They went thru their songs, dances and drills and had a part in the celebration. The A. P. reported that all American flags had been sold out. Whether officials of both governments will be able to capitalize the new spirit in bringing about a satisfactory settlement of vexatious questions is to be seen.

Agriculture Improved in 1927

But Still the Crop Acreages Are Larger Than We Need to Meet Domestic Needs, and Farmers Are Reducing Them Very Slowly

MOST farmers had a better balance sheet at the end of 1927 than they could show a year before. A larger percentage of them are a safe number of jumps ahead of the sheriff, and it has become harder to tell them that they are broke. Virtually none of the major branches of agriculture were in the throes of severe price depression, and all branches were more nearly on a common level of economic well-being than in any year since 1920.

Beef cattle prices reached the prosperity phase of the cycle. Lambs and wool did their share to fill the cash register. Returns from dairy products continued the growth of recent years and reached a new high record. The rise in cotton, coupled with parsimony of expense at planting time, gave the South more clear money for its cotton crop than it had received for several years. A few spring wheat crop years like this one would justify a stock dividend. The states on the western fringe of the Corn Belt had big yields of both wheat and feed grains. The scare over the new corn crop made possible the marketing of the balance of the old one at good prices.

There are debit items to be entered, of course. Income from hogs was smaller than in 1926, and hog prices finished the year at a rather low level. Egg and chicken money was less plentiful. The eastern part of the Corn Belt harvested a very poor crop. Potato growers were rather severely penalized in price for a modest increase in production. Hay prices succumbed to a big crop and a small city demand. The rise in apple prices probably did no more than make up for the small yield. Farm prices for horses still register depression in that industry.

Gross income from all farm products, along with the principal groups, is shown on the accompanying chart. These figures, compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture, are on a crop-year basis, virtually from July to June, instead of on a calendar year basis to which the other comments made here apply. The total in the 1926-1927 crop year was 12,080 million dollars. Owing largely to the decline in cotton, this represented a loss of 590 million dollars from the preceding year. Otherwise, it was the largest since 1920-1921, and, costs of production considered, it was more profitable than that year. The 1927-1928 crop year probably will show a full recovery to the 1925-1926 level.

The relationship between prices of farm products and of industrial products changed to the farmer's advantage during the year. The index number of prices at the farm on November 15, 1927, was 138, or 38 per cent above pre-war, against 130 a year previous. The purchasing power of a unit of farm products in terms of wholesale prices of industrial goods on October 15, 1927, the latest available date, was 92, compared with 81 a year previous.

Exports Will Be Maintained?

The outlook for 1928 appears favorable. Agricultural income should continue the recovery which started in 1922. Unless there should be some windfall, however, such as good crops in this country with poor crops in other countries, the increase will be a modest one. It would take a bold man, indeed, to forecast an agricultural boom in the early future, or a return to the conditions of 1917 to 1919 without another great war to bring it about. While it is probable that the next few years will see gradual increase in farm income, the changes from year to year are likely to fall under 5 per cent.

Belief that 1928 will see agriculture a little farther along in its recovery to complete health is based on these indications:

1. That farmers will not plant an excessive acreage in the leading crops.
2. That domestic demand for foods and for cotton and woolen goods will be well sustained.
3. That there will be no marked loss in our foreign markets compared with 1927.

It is not extremely difficult to determine what volume of output of various farm products would be desirable in order to place prices on a profitable basis. Predictions as to what the production actually will be, however, must be given considerable latitude. This is chiefly because of the caprices of the weather. Frequently, the outstanding market developments of the year are due to climatic events which could not possibly have been foreseen on January 1. Corn Belt weather this year was a shining example of its vagaries. With a countrywide observation staff, a wealth of apparatus and much experience, fairly reliable weather forecasts can be made for a few hours ahead. Long distance weather forecasts, and, particularly, the

influence of the kind of weather indicated on agricultural production, have not been much more reliable than attempts to predict when a blowout would occur.

Weather has less influence on animal production than on crops, but it may cause more change than all other factors combined. In 1927, for example, the mild weather of last winter flooded the egg market. The severe storm in April on the range caused an 8 per cent decrease in the lamb crop, despite an increase of 600,000 ewes. The cold spring kept the poultry crop down to small size. Breeding hogs and shoters were rushed to market when delayed planting indicated a small corn crop, and they were held back when fall weather favored maturity. Dairy production was increased by lush pastures. Dry weather "down under" caused a 12 per cent reduction in wool in the world's chief producer. Certainly, predictions of the livestock

credit is cheap. The resumption of activity in the Ford plants is expected to stimulate industry. The railroads have been holding back equipment orders. Building is expected to come up to the 1927 volume. Public utilities and electrical companies are engaged in expansion programs. Highway construction probably will proceed rapidly. A conscious effort to fill the dinner pails by active industry may be made for political reasons.

There are a few Cassandras discoursing on the business situation, however. Some of the 4,400 million dollars of gold in this country is now going abroad. This gold has been the basis of easy credit for the last several years, and the recapitalization of America, as represented by the phenomenal rise in urban real estate and in stock market quotations. More than 100 million dollars has been shipped recently, and 74 million dollars, "ear-marked" for foreign owners is in Federal Reserve vaults. Most observers believe that the quantity taken will not be enough to seriously disturb credit conditions, but there is rather wide divergence of opinion as to how much could be spared before disturbance would occur.

Changes in demand for American farm products is harder to discern than the fluctuations at home. Both our competitors, such as other exporters of wheat, and importers must be considered. The economic tendency is toward decreasing dependence on the United States thru expanding production in both importing and other exporting countries. The change in any one year usually is not very large, and the normal tendencies may be overshadowed by variations in production caused by the weather.

Some comment on individual farm products is pertinent. Beef cattle prices are likely to stay on a rather lofty plane thru the year, altho the full upturn in the latter part of 1927 may not be maintained. Export demand for hog products probably will broaden by summer, and hog prices are likely to recover somewhat from the low point reached late in 1927, especially if the pig survey shows a tendency to curtail production. The 1928 wool clip should bring more than

the last one, but the lamb crop may sell for less. Wheat prices in the last three years have been high enough to stimulate both domestic and world acreage. A generally favorable season would lead to a huge world crop and a price depression. This year, the partial failure in Australia and Russia and the field damage to the crop of Western and Central Europe saved the situation. Corn and oats production will be larger next year unless there is another unfavorable season or growers voluntarily reduce acreage to avoid lower prices. No increase is needed to cover feeding requirements. Prices for these grains in the next five months probably will be higher than in the same period of 1927.

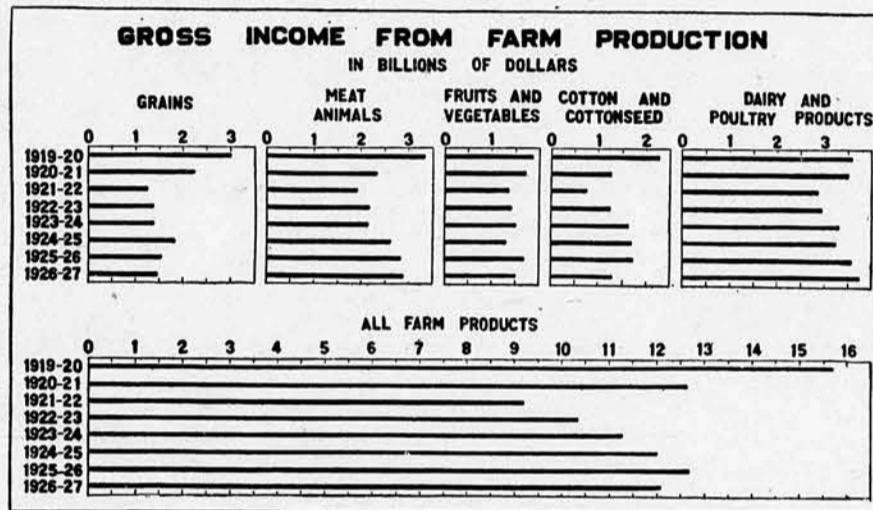
Cotton production fluctuates so much with the weather and insect damage that any view involving the next crop must be very tentative. Acreage is likely to be increased, but there will be a smaller carryover. If general business is active, domestic demand should be broad. Foreign demand also should be as keen as in 1927, except as it is restricted by higher prices.

The dairy outlook is as good as last year, altho it seems rash to predict a further gain in dairy income in 1928. Poultry and eggs are starting the new year in a stronger position than last year.

Potato prices in the first half of 1928 probably will remain lower than in 1927. Thereafter the new crop will control. Little change in acreage is probable which leaves any fluctuation in the size of the crop largely to providence. A larger apple crop and lower prices are probable next year, but total income may be greater.

Morse Salisbury to Radio Service

MORSE SALISBURY, now editor of the press bureau of the University of Wisconsin, has been appointed temporarily as chief of the radio service, United States Department of Agriculture, pending a new examination and certification of eligibles from it. Mr. Salisbury will take up his duties sometime in January. The position has been vacant for some months, since the resignation of Sam Pickard to become secretary, and later a member, of the Federal Radio Commission. Mr. Salisbury is trained in agriculture, journalism and radio work. He holds a bachelor's degree from the Kansas State Agricultural College, and will receive a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin this winter. He has had unusually varied experience, including farm work, management of a florist's establishment, reporting, editing, publicity work, radio broadcasting and some college teaching.



Gross Income From Farm Production Includes Products Used for Family Living, But Excludes Products Used for Feed and Seed or Wasted. After Four Years of Increase, It Decreased in 1926-1927, But Probably Will Show a Full Recovery in 1927-1928. Income From Dairy and Poultry Products Was the Highest on Record in the Last Crop Year, But All Other Groups Are Below Their Peaks. Income From Meat Animals Has Shown a Rather Consistent Growth Since the 1921-1922 Low Point. Production of Livestock Products Has Been Adjusted to Demand More Quickly Than Crop Production

outlook must leave room for fluctuations in output due to weather.

While the weather is a big factor, acreage in the long run is the most important influence in deciding the yield of farm crops. Perhaps the statement that farmers will not plant an excessive area in 1928 was too hopefully expressed. Last spring, for example, the planting intentions report indicated that farmers were preparing to seed the largest area of the 12 principal spring sown crops since 1918. They had increased winter wheat acreage 5 per cent in the preceding fall. Counting cotton, there was a prospect of practically the largest acreage on record in these crops, which represented about 90 per cent of the total area in all crops. Bad weather during the planting season did the good service of preventing many of the intended increases in acreage from being made.

Certainly, there was no economic justification for such expansion. What the industry needed and still needs is pinching down of acreage in order to eliminate or reduce troublesome surpluses. The practice of farmers is still dominated by the thought that abundance of crops is a blessing, as it was in the old days of the self-sufficient farm. Thanksgiving Day was established under that regime. Today it is hard to show why farmers should give thanks for a surplus, altho it is a good thing for consumers.

The inferences are plain enough. There should be no general expansion of acreage in 1928. Winter wheat acreage undoubtedly was increased last fall. The rise in cotton prices probably is a reliable barometer of a gain in cotton acreage. These changes will not be so bad, if other crops are reduced correspondingly. But, if the tendency is to expand all along the line and, if nature does not neutralize the folly, then there will be chastisement in the form of low prices next summer and fall. In this respect, nature is an unreliable guardian. She may augment any tendency to overplanting by providing an unusually favorable season.

Fluctuations in demand exercise much less influence on price levels for farm products and farm income than do variations in supply. Nevertheless, neither domestic nor foreign demand is entirely uniform. Virtually all of the leading business forecasters and bankers indicate that general business will improve in 1928. A moderate recession occurred in 1927, but it is believed to be near the lowest point, and the tendency will be toward increased activity, more complete employment and bigger industrial payrolls. Basic conditions appear healthy. Commodity prices are low, inventories are small, and

To Discuss 1928 Farming!

The Stockholders of Kansas' Biggest Business Will Meet January 11 in Topeka

THE stockholders of Kansas' biggest business will hold a meeting in Topeka when the 57th annual Kansas Farmers' Convention is called to order on the evening of Wednesday, January 11, 1928. Since 1871 this convention has been held under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture as a forum for the discussion of the problems of agriculture, for the crystallization of farm sentiment and for the development of sound farm policies.

While no question of importance to the agriculture of the state will be excluded from the discussions, topics of present interest and importance in the changing conditions of today have been assigned to leaders in thought and action in order that trained experience may help in the solution of our many problems.

Perhaps nothing in recent years has been so alarming to the agriculture of the United States as the invasion of the European corn borer, which has threatened the entire destruction of our greatest crop. Congress took action and appropriated 10 million dollars for its control and possible eradication. This was followed by state action, and vigorous measures were adopted in the infected and nearby states, but the borer is with us yet. Can this pest be exterminated or shall we have to fight it forever? Director L. E. Call of the Kansas Experiment Station will bring to bear an expert knowledge and a large experience in a discussion of this question.

Gained 36,000 Acres, Anyway

Kansas was once the premier alfalfa state, in both acres and tons, but it has now become third in rank. That it is beating back to its former state is shown by the increase of 36,000 acres in alfalfa in 1927, but there are yet difficulties in the way. Some of the new problems which confront the farmer in swinging back into his old stride as the nation's biggest grower of alfalfa will be presented by Prof. R. I. Throckmorton of the state agricultural college.

Producing more value than the wheat crop in four of the last six years, the livestock industry of Kansas is one of the big things in the agriculture of the state, and something to be specially fostered. Different opinions may be held as to best means and methods, according to the point of observation, and the view from the marketing side will be presented by F. Edson White, president of the Armour Packing Company, in order that a full view of the whole situation may be had.

With a dairy production of more than 37 million dollars in 1927, and with a gain of nearly a half million dollars over 1926, Kansas is rapidly taking rank as a dairy state. The dairy production of the state is larger in value than that of any single crop, excepting wheat and corn, and it exceeds the total value of all field crops in the state together, excepting wheat, corn, oats and hay. Just what this means to the state will be shown by A. J. Glover, editor of Hoard's Dairyman.

Conserving the rainfall for agriculture in ordinary seasons and protecting against floods when they do come has long been a problem in farming states, much emphasized by the great flood period of 1927. Both the conservation of the water resources of the state and its flood protection are of vital interest and value to the farmers, and while destructive floods may come but seldom, the preserving and utilizing of the water resources are a daily problem. Chief Engineer George S. Knapp of the Water Resources Division of the State Board of Agriculture will present this problem in its various phases.

Up to 754,000 Bushels Now

No political unit on earth produces as much hard winter wheat as Kansas, and the area suitable for this type of wheat is limited the world over. To conserve and utilize this rich heritage which Kansas enjoys in a soil and climate suited to this kind of wheat as but few others are, a campaign for better wheat was inaugurated to maintain quality and yield, and its third year has resulted in the distribution of 754,

000 bushels of quality seed in 1927, as compared with 50,000 bushels in 1924. What this campaign has done and is doing will be told by E. H. Hodgson of Little River.

Farmers generally have been criticized for devoting their energies to production, and less time and thought to the marketing side of their business, and the idea has grown that they, as a class, are less acute in business relations than are those who barter and sell for a living. The farmer also is criticized as belonging to the one great class which cannot get together in co-operation for the transaction of business. Such matters will come under the broad view of President C. E. Huff of the Kansas State Farmers' Union in his discussion of the farmer in his business relations.

It is perhaps true that no influence is greater among the rural population than the country newspaper. The daily may be available thru the rural route, but the local paper talks about home folks and everyday things, and thus holds an interest which cannot be supplanted. It is especially appropriate that "The Community and the Country Newspaper" should be discussed at this convention, and fortunately, by an able Kansas woman who has had a large experience in the editorial chair of such a paper. Mrs. Leslie Wallace of Larned, whose brilliance has earned for her a high place in the world of literature, will be listened to by all because of her direct knowledge of both the paper and its relations to the community.

Kansas ranks third among the states in number of cattle, and pastures large numbers that pause on the way from the great ranches of the Southwest to the market. The pasture grasses of Kansas are known far beyond state lines and produce a valuable revenue from land that is rough for the plow. How to care for and improve these pastures will be discussed by Prof. A. E. Aldous, in charge of pasture management investigations at the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Just Turn the Switch

Many of the conveniences of life come when electricity is available, and one of the problems by electrical engineers is how to make this agent of modern civilization available on the farm. H. S. Heinrichs is field engineer in charge of experiments and investigations which have been conducted in Kansas for some time, and will report progress at the convention. This will be followed by an address upon electric power and manufactures in prairie states, by C. L. Brown, president of the United Power and Light Corporation of Kansas.

An education is one of the most highly valued possessions of civilization, and possibly more money is spent for its attainment than for any other one thing in the United States. A belief in its value is general and money flows freely into the hands of the school board, but Dr. Thomas W. Butcher, president of the Kansas State Teachers' College at Emporia, is going to propound the question "Why Education?" in his address.

The first session of the State Farmers' Convention will be held on Wednesday evening, January 11, in connection with the annual get-acquainted dinner at which a special program will be provided, but the reduced railroad rates of one and a half fare for the round trip without certificates will be available for the entire week in order that the other meetings of Farmers' Week in Topeka may be attended as desired. These meetings will be held by the State Association of Kansas Fairs, January 10-11; Creamerymen and Field Superintendents, January 9-11; Kansas Agricultural Council, January 10; Kansas State Poultry Association and the State Poultry Show, January 9-14. Railroad tickets will be on sale on January 8, with a return limit of January 16, and all of the meetings are open for public participation.

A bill for political campaign expenses in Mexico would, no doubt, include principally ammunition.



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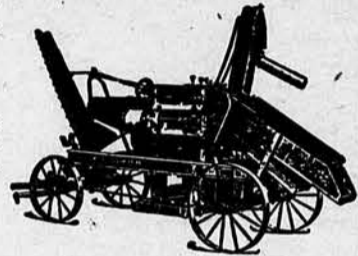
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Protective Service



This Traveling Chicken Thief From Illinois Will Serve a Term in Kansas State Penitentiary

ANOTHER chicken thief has learned that it is not safe to steal from farms where the Protective Service sign is posted. Joe Long, alias Jack Long, who says his home is at Macomb, Illinois, started west from that state in an old, dilapidated touring car with a woman who was said to be his wife. It was their plan to make their living by stealing from farm folks. Things seemed to go according to their plans until they reached Kansas.

Where They Made Mistake

They made the mistake of stealing chickens from Alden Stanwix, a member of the Protective Service who lives in Douglas county about 4 miles southwest of Lawrence. Sheriff Cummings caught Long with 60 chickens just as he was attempting to sell them to a poultry dealer. Judge Hugh Means put an end to Long's chicken stealing for a while by sentencing him to the Kansas state penitentiary for a term of 1 to 5 years. The Protective Ser-



Wm. J. Cummings, Sheriff of Douglas County, and Deputy George Reed Holding the .44 Caliber Rifle Taken from Joe Long

vice reward of \$50 has been forwarded to Sheriff Cummings, who will pay out the money to those who helped him capture Long and get his confession.

Well Laid Plans Fail

Long thought he was very clever. He probably was, as it is said he is a professional thief and has been in the habit of stealing chickens for a living. He drove into the North Lawrence tourist camp Sunday, December 4, in an old touring car bearing Illinois license No. 170-207. He spent the day at the camp. Monday morning Long and the woman who was with him drove southwest of Lawrence to pick out good places where they could steal chickens, according to the confession of the woman. Late in the afternoon Long and the woman returned to the tourist camp. They had gone about 12 miles south and west of Lawrence and evidently on this trip they had selected several places from which they believed they could safely steal chickens.

Monday, about midnight, Long left the camp, traveling alone in his old touring car. He went in the same direction, southwest of Lawrence, that he and the woman had gone during the day. In about three hours he returned with a load of poultry which he had stolen from Alex Stanwix and three other farmers.

Sheriff Trails the Thief

Long left the chickens in the car until about 8 o'clock the next morning. Then he went to look for a poultry dealer in Lawrence who would buy them. When Long drove into town Sheriff Cummings and Deputy George Reed picked up his trail and followed him. Long drove to the place of a poultry dealer where he asked the dealer to buy the 60 birds.

The dealer saw the Illinois license on the car and suspected Long of being a chicken thief. While he kept Long waiting he telephoned for Sheriff Cummings. But while the dealer was telephoning, Sheriff Cummings and Deputy Reed drove up. Long was taking the chickens from the car and putting them in coops so they could

be weighed. The woman remained in the car.

Sheriff Cummings walked up to Long and asked him where he was from.

"It is none of your business where I am from," said Long.

"I am the sheriff of this county and I am going to make it some of my business," was Mr. Cummings's reply.

"If you are the sheriff then that's different," said Long. "I live about 4 miles north of Ottawa."

"What's your name?" asked the sheriff. The thief said his name was Long. When Sheriff Cummings questioned him more closely about where he lived Long could not give a definite answer, but he went to the left side of the car.

Carried a Loaded Rifle

Sheriff Cummings and Deputy Reed followed Long, and as he climbed into the car the sheriff told him he was under arrest. Just as they reached the left side of the car the officers saw a rifle leaning against the seat beside the woman. Long reached for the rifle, but before he could get his hands on it Sheriff Cummings and Deputy Reed had him covered with their .45 caliber revolvers.

The officers told Long to come out of the car and his reply was that the car belonged to him and if he was going to jail he was going in his own car. Deputy Reed, who is about 6 feet tall and a pretty strong young man, grabbed Long by the coat collar and jerked him out of the car. He was not hard to handle after that.

The officers took charge of the rifle which was a .44 caliber repeating Winchester. It was fully loaded and there was a box of shells for the rifle on the floor of the car. Long and the woman were taken to jail.

At first the two refused to talk, but after a day in jail the woman confessed. She took officers to the farms southwest of Lawrence where the chickens were stolen. When Long learned she had told the whole story of their thefts he too confessed. It is said that Sheriff Cummings has learned that Long has a record as a thief and is out on \$1,000 bond awaiting trial in Illinois for stealing chickens.

Sent to Kansas Penitentiary

When taken before Judge Hugh Means of the Douglas county circuit court Long pleaded guilty. After hear-



Alden Stanwix, Whose Chickens Were Stolen and C. A. Muck, Representative of the Capper Publications in Douglas, Wabaunsee and Chase Counties

ing his story, Judge Means sentenced him to a term of 1 to 5 years in the Kansas state penitentiary at Lansing. The woman was released because of

Membership in the Protective Service is confined to Kansas Farmer subscribers. Free service is given to members consisting of adjustment of claims and advice on legal, marketing, insurance and investment questions, and protection against swindlers and thieves. If anything is stolen from your farm while you are a subscriber and the Protective Service sign is posted on your farm, we will pay a reward of \$50 for the capture and conviction of the thief. You get all this service by sending 10 cents for the Protective Service sign.

the evidence she had given against Long. She returned to her home at Rock Island, Ill. The chickens were returned to their rightful owners. None of them had missed the chickens, but when they learned of the woman's confession they were able to identify their birds at the poultry house.

Sheriff Cummings, his deputies and the others who helped in this case are to be congratulated on their good work in capturing and convicting this professional thief. Sheriff Cummings has captured more than 18 chicken thieves within the last three years. He is co-operating with the Protective Service in every way, and chicken thieves and others who steal from members of the Protective Service are going to have a pretty tough time in Douglas county from now on.

O.C. Thompson

A news item mentions the case of a New York man who started life as an errand boy and has now been made an editor. This just shows the danger of starting life as an errand boy.

Another Farm Drain

Predatory animals cost the farmers and stock raisers of the United States more than 10 million dollars every year. These animals are coyotes, wolves, wild cats, mountain lions, and a few bear, together with smaller animals commonly termed "vermin" which include foxes, weasels, mink, and skunks. Of these losses, the permittees grazing livestock on the national forests in 1926 lost more than 150,000 head of sheep and cattle, valued at more than 2 million dollars. This loss occurred despite constant warfare waged against the predatory animals by Federal and state officials, hunters, and trappers.

Kansan is Appointed

Kansas gets another bit of recognition in "official" circles with the appointment of Albert Denton, Arkansas City, as a member of the U. S. Shipping Board by President Coolidge. Like W. S. Hill, the man he succeeds, Mr. Denton is a Republican and a banker. He was indorsed by both Kansas senators.

Adventures of the Brown Family

BY JOHN FRANCIS CASE

No Clue to the Mysterious Gunman

TRAILED by Hal Brown and Juanita Fernandez, Jack Miller and Beth Brown, on the way to a moonlight picnic, are found on a by-road in Jack's car. They had stopped to talk over a business proposition made by Jack on behalf of his ward, but Hal's insinuations bring on a fight between the two young men. As they fight, two rifle shots are fired from ambush, each narrowly missing an intended victim. The shock stops hostilities and Beth seizes the opportunity to have Hal and Jack shake hands, apologize to each other, and be friends again.

"Who do you suppose it could have been?" Hal asked again as they excitedly talked over the recent happening. "Think it possible, Jack, that some hunter came along and just wanted to scare us?"

"No hunter would chance a rifle ball within a few inches of a fellow's head," replied Jack. "I'll always believe that fellow shot to kill. There's just two chances that I can see."

"Oh, who could it be?" cried Beth nervously. "Surely, Jack, neither you nor Hal have an enemy that would shoot you down in cold blood."

"Life is held mighty cheap by some men," answered Jack, "and the men who tried to take the gold away from old Captain Pettibone were desperate characters. They may be back again and after me because I am partly responsible for foiling them. They would know, too, that Hal is the kind of fellow who will fight to keep 'em off the farm. And who knows, they may still believe there's treasure there."

"Treasure there is," put in Juanita, "but it is the zinc mine and not in gold. Who else do you think would attempt such a thing?" It was Hal, not Jack Miller who answered: "Slippery Sam Jacks!" cried Hal. "That bozo is out on bail and he's a bad one. He'll never forget that I kicked him out of our house once when he tried to bribe me to throw a race. And you are the guy, Jack, who followed him to the shack where we caught him."

"Glad to hear you intimate that you don't think I was in on that colt stealing," said Jack. "I've felt pretty badly, Hal, over the charges you made then."

Hal flushed, stammered and again put out a hand. "Well, I was sore," Hal admitted, "and there are a lot of things, Jack, that you still must explain before we can be real friends again. But I should have sense enough not to charge you with horse stealing. Looks to me as if 'Slippery Sam' is most likely to be the guy trying to pot us, and he's probably hiding out somewhere around here in this rough country. If we can prove it on him we'll send him away for a long stretch. But proving it, that's another thing."

"I started to a moonlight picnic," said Juanita impatiently. "Hal, when are we going on?"

Despite the excitement of the last

half hour and the sombre menace of surrounding woods which still might hold unknown dangers. Beth Brown giggled at Juanita's question. Hal's nose was swollen, one eye was half closed, and his coat was torn. Jack Miller's bandaged forehead gave him a piratical appearance, and his clothing, too, was soiled and torn. As Hal had remarked, it had been "a peach of a scrap."

"I think we'd better all go home," said Beth. "Unless," she added, "you want to give the folks, at the picnic something to talk about. There certainly will be a sensation if Jack and Hal should show up looking this way. Here, Hal, look at that nose," and Beth tendered her vanity case. "Thunderation!" cried Hal gingerly fingering the damaged member. "Isn't that a beaut? Here, Jack, old top, have a look at yourself."

Jack Miller's grin lighted his boyish face, handsome despite the bloody bandage. "Unless we want to stage another Tunney-Dempsey scrap and charge admission," announced Jack, "we'd better stay away. I'm mighty sorry on the girls' account, but it would be foolish to go on. Suppose we drive back to Lone Oak Farm, Hal, and talk over the proposition with your father and mother that I'd already made Beth. It concerns a loan so that you can open the zinc mine."

"My father has already made an offer which Hal has accepted," cried Juanita. "He is going to lend money to operate the mine."

"He is not!" announced Beth emphatically. "Dad told Hal that we wouldn't accept the offer. I know that he will consider Jack's."

"I'll take you home, Nita," said Hal, "and then come back over. That is, unless you care to go home with us."

Juanita's dark eyes flashed. "I wanted to go to the moonlight picnic," she cried, "and now you not only disappoint me but make friends with our enemy. Take me home, Hal Brown. There are plenty of other fellows who would have been glad of my company tonight and I chose you! Don't you dare ever to speak to me again!" Juanita flounced into the car, and Hal stood with a downcast, troubled countenance. A fight, an attempted assassination and now a shattered romance, all in the short space of a few moments.

"Ain't girls the devil, Jack?" queried Hal in an undertone as he climbed in and took the wheel. "I'll be over home before very late. Don't hurry away."

"We'll go for a little spin in the new bus, anyway," said Jack as they reached the highway. "Beth, I'm too happy for words to know that Hal and I are friends again." A hand reached out and closed firmly over Beth's small one. But again there was pictured to Beth the dark beauty of a Spanish maid.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Just Folks," Like All of Us

Harvey Firestone Made a Real "Hit" with the Kansans Who Visited the "Rubber City"

BY F. B. NICHOLS

ONE of the highlights of the "All Kansas" tour of the East was the contact made with Harvey Firestone and the members of his organization at Akron, Ohio. This included a visit to the Firestone rubber plants, where Mr. Firestone has about 15,000 employes, a trip to one of his farms, with a view of his outstanding Holstein and Guernsey herds, and a banquet at the Akron Country Club, at which Mr. Firestone presided.

There is no question but what Mr. Firestone made a real "hit" with the Kansas farmers who were on this tour. As A. J. Valdois of Haven remarked, "Mr. Firestone is 'just folks,' like the rest of us." In his contact with the Kansas men Mr. Firestone lived up to his reputation of being one of the most delightfully human leaders in the industrial world of America.

No doubt part of Mr. Firestone's outstanding success is due to the sound attitude toward life which he got from his early farm training. During his address to the Kansans, Mr. Firestone told of many of these early experiences in agriculture, which included, by the way, the ownership of a farm near Clifton, Kan. He still owns and operates the home farm on which he was born, and the place near Akron, which the men on the tour visited. The milk produced on this farm is sold in Akron as Grade A raw milk, at 20 cents a quart. There also is a considerable income from the sale of breeding stock.

Mr. Firestone is engaged in rubber farming, in a wholesale way, in Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, where he owns 1 million acres, and has about 15,000 employes, or about the same number as at Akron. He has cleared more than 20,000 acres of the tropical jungle which covers this land, and has planted most of this acreage to rubber trees. He plans to develop this farm to the point where it will supply all the rubber used in his huge factories.

Owens 1 Million Acres

These factories, by the way, have been built on an extremely efficient basis, and equipped largely with machinery designed by his own engineers, which is in use at no other plants. In the Firestone plants, as at some of the other calls, such as in the motor car plants at Detroit and at the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., the Kansans had a splendid opportunity to see the basis for the success of modern industrial life. Everywhere with the big companies there is the maximum use of improved machinery and ample power. Employes are busy—they work hard. Efficiency has been developed to the nth degree. The natural result is production at a low unit cost.

And that is the basis of the success of American industrial life. More than 65 per cent of the rubber produced in the world is used in Akron, thousands of miles from the source of supply. This has come about from the fact that the folks there have been able to do a better job of handling the product than anyone else. And of all of the tens of thousands of folks there engaged in this business, Mr. Firestone, a farm boy, has been able to climb to his present outstanding position of leadership. He has done this by working hard, and knowing a little more about the business, from the production of the raw product on thru to the needs of the ultimate consumer, than his fellows.

A Vision of Growth

Constantly the cost of producing motor car tires has been reduced—this is, of course, the big part of the business. Apparently from the start of the development of the motor car, Mr. Firestone had a real vision of the great part which it would ultimately play in the transportation problems of the world. Constantly he has tried to make his plants function more efficiently in the whole program. His position of leadership in the rubber business of the world today is a fine testimony to the success of his efforts. Even in the early years of his suc-

cess, when he was trying so hard to improve his processes, Mr. Firestone was impressed with the importance of doing something about the control of the source of the raw materials his plants required, just as has been the case with some of the other great industrial leaders of the country, Henry Ford for example. Mr. Firestone obviously has a mind which is able to grasp business problems readily, and he knows that from the broad economic standpoint the undue influence which foreign governments have exerted over both the production and price of rubber is all wrong, from the standpoint of the producer, the manufacturer and the consumer. Forces over which he had no control were constantly throwing a monkey wrench into his business, just as they have done with every other rubber manufacturer in the United States. As a result the price of rubber has danced up and down on the scale much the same as

the mercury does in a thermometer outside a Kansas farm home in the course of a year.

And so he embarked in the "Liberia Adventure," which some other manufacturers were inclined at first to view with alarm, but which now gives every indication of "working out." Mr. Firestone will presently be growing all his own rubber, and be absolutely independent of the whims of folks who happen to be in temporary control of other nations. And when he reaches that point it would seem to me that as he looks back over the road he has traveled, it will be a great source of satisfaction to tell some of the foreigners exactly where to "get off."

From the standpoint of the Kansas consumer this should be "all to the good." The rubber experts of the world have agreed that conditions in Liberia are very favorable for the production of this commodity at a low cost. Mr. Firestone should be able to get his own rubber delivered to his factories on a basis which will make it possible to sell his product to the consumers at a price that will be even more "interesting" than that of today. It is quite evident that the Firestone organization has a tremendous future ahead of it, or at least that was the reaction of the Kansas folks who had the opportunity of making the visit to Akron.

"You Boys Can't Go Ashore!"

And So We Promptly Went Anyway—But Fortunately Not On Boat No. 14!

BY FRANCIS A. FLOOD

YOU boys can't go ashore here," Captain Phillips ordered Jim and me when the "West Humhaw" dropped anchor a half-mile off the surf-ridden beach at Winnebah, on the West African Gold Coast. There is no harbor at Winnebah. Our 200 tons of cargo for that port were to be landed in rearing, plunging surf boats manned by native boatmen from ashore.

"In the first place, you'd probably drown trying to get ashore thru that surf," explained the captain to pacify us, rebellious at being kept on board. "And you'd be even more likely to drown trying to come back to the ship. One out of every three boats that have tried to get thru this morning has capsized. Look! There goes one now."

Halfway to the beach a loaded surf boat was swept to the foamy crest of a galloping wall of water that had concealed it entirely a moment or two before. For an instant the boat careened drunkenly on the face of the racing comber and then rolled over on its side, the crew of yelling black men jumping in every direction. The cargo of crated gasoline and the boat itself would eventually drift ashore somewhere along the broad and shallow beach. The crew of a dozen blacks practically naked and as much at home in the water as in their boat, struck out in the rolling surf for shore.

"Hardly ever any casualties among those black boys," explained the captain. "They've been thru it too often. Once in a while a shark gets one of 'em, or the boat hits 'em on the head before they can jump clear, but that's about all. Of course," he continued,

"maybe you boys can swim a full quarter of a mile, with your clothes on and in surf like that with the undertow threatening to bury you in the sand. But, you'd lose your sun helmet and if you held your head out of water long enough to swim ashore the sun would get you.

Sometimes a Shark!

"They're liable to quit working the boats almost any time, too. If the surf gets much worse their headman will pound upon the sand with some sticks. Then if his ju-ju tells him that his god be angry, there'll be no more surf boats coming out to the ship for cargo today. And if you're on shore there you'll stay until the boat-boys' god quits being angry even if you have to wait till morning. There's no hotel either, and of course you can't sleep in the bush or you'd get yellow fever, malaria, ticks, typhoid fever, and everything else—except food and water. No. You'll have to stay on board here."

While the captain was describing the penalty and I was trying to imagine just how one would feel if all those calamities should strike him at once, boat No. 14 completed its loading and pulled away for shore.

The net result of the captain's convincing warnings was that, the minute he disappeared into his room, Jim and I strapped our cameras about our shoulders, climbed on to a sling full of gasoline cases and ordered the winch operator to lower us over the side into the next surf boat bound for shore. It had all sounded too good to be true, and if the captain was mistaken we

felt that someone should make the demonstration.

That was a wild ride! At first, well out from the beach, there was only the slow rise and fall of the boat from the rolling crests to the deep, deep valleys in between when the ship, the shore, and all except the moving hills of water above and all about us were shut off from view. Up and down, like a small boy in an elevator, and with much the same sensation in the stomach.

Jim and I huddled well up in the bow and faced the crew, six swarthy blacks on either side, all practically naked, swinging into the short, quick stroke of their paddles with a vicious rhythm as majestic as it was effective. The headman, perched high in the stern of our 25-foot boat, wielded his huge steering oar with the precision and confidence of a "bull fiddler" handling his bow.

Then Came the Surf!

He was clad only in a scanty, but vivid loin cloth, and a gold ring on one wet toe. Beneath his black skin, dripping wet and glistening in the sun, the muscles of his magnificent shoulders, arms, and even his black barrel of a chest, rippled and swelled like the waves they ruled. Now, an heroic giant in jet, he poised scowling in an instant's study of the next big wave. Done in ebony as he crouched there in the spray on the stern thwart of the boat, bending over his one long oar, he would have been a piece of noblest art indeed. Done, instead, simply in human clay, he was an obscure boatman battling for his daily bowl of rice and fish.

With each sharp stroke of their paddles there came, from somewhere down in the insides of our black crew, a meaty hiss, a sibilant sort of grunt, so exactly timed that I thought at first it was made by the paddles themselves as they slashed into the water, jerked, and then flashed out again like so many cams upon a shaft. We learned later that the boat boys make this popping hiss in imitation of a motor boat and believe it brings more power to their paddles.

Suddenly the stroke starboard paddler, a grinning blackamoor with filed teeth and a nose like a chocolate bon bon mashed and melted in the sun, began a rhythmic chant. He sang two lines in a swinging passionata, and on the final note the whole crew buried their paddles in the water and lent a mighty tug. Then the crew chimed in on a one-line chorus, punctuated by another vigorous jerk on the paddles. Two more lines by the stroke singer and again the chorus and the pull. Altogether it was a weird setting for those eerie surf-spirituals, wallowing down there at the bottom of the mounting waves or perched precariously on the very top of one, the 13 blacks straining at their paddles and their voices with equal determination.

Captain Helped, Anyway

Then we came to the surf!—and found that the early part of the trip had been nothing. Ahead of us raged the white-capped combers, each a mountain of water rolling toward the beach and piling up on itself until it became a perpendicular wall. Then, from sheer topheaviness, the great wave would fall forward with a roar, crashing down like a wall of water from a broken dam. Wave after wave, rank upon rank, sea upon sea, chased each other past our tossing boat—and eventually we were floundering in the midst of it all. Behind us charged a great comber, ahead lay three or four big rocks, now showing several feet into the air, now covered as far beneath the pounding waves.

"I hope those rocks move a little to one side," Jim chattered, for we were racing straight for the pile, riding the downhill of a big wave like a tumbleweed before the wind.

"I hope we miss most of 'em," I implored, gripping the gunwale like grim death and looking for a place to jump.

Our headman may have been expecting it all the time, but at any rate the next big wave tossed us over to one side of the rocks, and then sluiced us down toward the beach like a mill race on a drunk—and we were saved for some other death in the future.

The boat just ahead of us was not quite so fortunate. A whitecap had caught it a little too much on the side, and as it reared to the top of the wave,



Lunch Hour on the "West Humhaw." Where the Surroundings Were More Satisfactory Than Those Encountered in Running Thru the Surf Wall

(Continued on Page 15)



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Bertha Phillips

The Old and the New in Cakes

BY NELL B. NICHOLS

THOUSANDS of people will ring out the old year and ring in the glorious new one with cake. Refreshments at watch parties usually contain this favorite sweet. And wisely so, for there is no dessert more universally popular than luscious layers, or loaves, appropriately frosted.

A woman's culinary skill frequently is measured by her ability to bake cakes. If she can't fashion fine ones, her fame as a cook is not widespread. Perhaps this is one reason why most homemakers ever are striving for perfection in cake making. And most of us start the new year with the resolution to learn how to make some new cakes during the months of promise that are ahead.

Every household has a few choice cake recipes. Sometimes these have been treasured by several generations. What pictures you see if you try to conjure up all the folks who have been delighted by the sight and taste of layers made from these directions! Aged men liked them when they were schoolboys and grandmothers of courage find difficulty in keeping back tears when they recall the days when they made this cake for their little boys and girls. Cooking is not merely science. A cake is not only a cake. There is something woven into foods prepared by loving hands that is akin to romance, if it isn't wholly that.

I have a muchly fingered notebook in which I wrote cake recipes when a child—rather my mother has it. It is a record of a girl's development, if you read between the lines, for in it I began to write recipes when I was 9 years old, the time when I began to bake cakes. Some of the cake making directions that I have written in books because I consider them super-fine, are the following. But first, one suggestion. Why not have your small daughters write their methods of preparing certain dishes in notebooks? After they have grown and flown to homes of their own, it will be an autograph book of rare memories for you.

I am never satisfied with the cake recipes I have and am always looking for new ones. Is it not the same way with you? I think it would be a good plan to "swap" recipes and here's what I am going to suggest. Send your favorite cake recipes and let your daughters send in theirs so we can have a collection of cakes that are favorites with cooks of all ages. From those that make the very best cakes I will make a permanent collection and there will be a copy for every one who sends in a recipe. For the very best cake recipe there will be a prize of \$3 and \$1 will be paid for each recipe that I can use in the collection. Send your letters to Nell B. Nichols, care Home Department, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan., before January 16.

Tiny Chocolate Cakes

Break 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in small pieces and put in double boiler with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and 2 egg yolks. Cook, stirring all the time, until the mixture becomes thick and smooth. Remove from the stove and add 1 cup sugar and 3 tablespoons butter and alternately $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups ordinary bread flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk in which $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Beat thoroughly and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into muffin or small gem pans and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. Cover with cream frosting.

Cream Frosting

Beat 1 egg white until stiff, add 2 teaspoons cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and slowly, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered sugar, and more if needed to make of the right consistency to spread. Divide into several portions and color with a bit of color paste, pale pink, green, lavender and yellow.

Orange Cake

Beat together until thick 2 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated orange rind, 4 tablespoons orange juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon lemon juice. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar gradually, beating all the time with an egg beater. Fold in 2 egg whites, beaten stiff, and 1 cup pastry flour, sifted four times with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Grease a deep round tin or an angel cake pan and line the bottom with greased paper. Pour in cake batter and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Split, put Orange Filling between the layers and ice the top with Orange Frosting.

Orange Filling

Melt $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons cornstarch, and when mixed, add the grated rind of 1 orange, 1 cup orange juice and 1 cup sugar.

Bring to the boiling point, stirring continually. Cook 15 minutes over boiling water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice. Cool and fold in 1 cup cream whipped stiff.

Orange Frosting

Put 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water in a small pan. Stir until sugar is dissolved and boiling point is reached. Do not stir after it boils. Wash down sides of pan with a moistened cloth tied over the tines of a fork. This will prevent the formation of crystals. Cook until the sirup forms a 4-inch thread when held 8 inches above the pan. Pour slowly on to the yolks of 2 eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored. Beat constantly with the egg beater until the mixture will hold its shape. Then add a few gratings of orange rind and 2 teaspoons orange juice. Spread on the cake. Decorate the top, if desired with New Year's bells cut from orange peel.

Apple Sauce Cake

Mix together 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, 2 cups flour and 1 cup raisins. In a different bowl put 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream and 1 cup hot, sour apple sauce into which $1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons soda have been stirred. Beat in the flour mixture and bake in a paper lined tube pan for 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Frost with sour cream frosting.

Sour Cream Frosting

Boil $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sour cream with 2 cups sugar until the mixture threads when dropped from a spoon. Cool until tepid, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and beat until the mixture is creamy and thick enough to spread.

The Matter of Make-Up

BY HELEN JUNE DREW

THE use of make-up does not mean you have to paint yourself up to look like the side of a barn, or that you have to put up the appearance of a chorus girl. We all see so many women on the streets that would look so much better, healthier and more beautiful if they knew how to use make-up, and there is only one in a thousand who looks even passable without make-up!

A daring remark but true. There was never a woman who looked well with a shiny face as if she washed with soap and water without even bothering to rinse her face—with a gleaming protrusion for a nose.

We already know that the skin demands attention if only 5 minutes a day. That will be a good cold cream cleansing, morning and night to cleanse the pores thoroughly. It also gives an excellent base for your make-up.

Allow your face cream to remain on as long as you can—and if your skin is dry I have found wiping it off with a wet warm cloth leaves enough



"Come, Son, and Get Some Wood." That Dreaded Call is No Longer Heard, for Modern Invention Has at Last Come to the Rescue of That All Suffering Member of the Family and Now Dad or Big Brother Fills the Coal Box from Outside!

cream on the face to keep it soft looking all day. If you have an oily skin a dry cloth should be used to remove the cream. An old turkish towel is excellent for this purpose as the toweling is soft when old and yet rough enough to give a gentle sort of massage.

If you like a soft appearance around the eyes—leave a bit of cream, not too much, mind you, on the lids and around the under lid. Then apply your powder and be very sure you have a good powder as so many contain rice powder and other things that tend to clog the pores.

After you have applied face powder, wipe it off with your fingers so as not to have a white mask on your face. Then if you are naturally pale add rouge. I hate to see pale looking women, don't you? But if you have a nice rosy complexion and your cheeks flush of their own accord omit the rouge.

The proper application of rouge is—put a bit on your chin—and on your cheeks in a sort of triangular effect—starting at the outside of your cheek bone and coming down toward the nose to the end of the cheek bone, then back even with your ear lobe, being sure to reach the hair line. Do not apply it too thick. You can tell by blending it with

MARY ANN SAYS: Once upon a time I had a white voile nightie, and a lavender voile dress. The nightie wore out around the neck and the dress under the sleeves. One day a happy idea struck me. Why not combine the two and make teddies? That's just what I did, using the white voile for the body of the garment and the lavender for the trim, across the top and around the lower edge. To make it a bit prettier I had the lavender hem-stitched on. You can do likewise.



your complexion—if you are fair apply it delicately—if brunette a heavier shading of rouge is permissible. But remember too little rouge is far better than too much.

Next, the eyes must be considered. If you like a dark make-up on your lashes and brows, get a stick of India ink from your druggist and apply it by using a soft little brush—a baby's tooth brush is good—moisten and rub it on the India stick, then apply to your brows and lashes. This is harmless and most effective.

To stimulate the growth of brows and lashes make some very strong black tea and apply morning and night. This also makes the lashes and brows darker.

Next put another coat of powder over the cheek rouge and across the face and neck, being sure it is not too heavy so you will not look like a circus clown.

As a final gesture add lip stick. Any good lip stick that you like is all right. Personally I like the ones with the orange tint. They give a more natural appearance, and generally contain some oil so your lips do not become cracked after the rouge has been on a while.

May I warn you about applying lip stick. So many women with either very thin straight lips or very petulant full ones, apply the stick in a cupid bow effect, leaving the natural lip line showing. This looks very silly. Follow your natural lip line and only deviate where it doesn't show.

I think you get a better effect if you make up before you dress your hair—it helps to make your concept of how your hair will look easier and to give you a better effect in general. Do not, please, put on rouge in a bad light—that is dreadful—for daylight will make you look crudely made up and coarse.

This may all seem silly to you but really the correctness of street and home make-up is an art and if you would look your very best you will quite agree with me when you consider how much better you look when you give some serious thought to its proper application.

These beauty articles are only one feature of our beauty service conducted for the purpose of helping you with your problems. Refer any questions to Beauty Editor, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan., and inclose a stamped envelope with your letter.



On the Subject of Shoes

BY FLORENCE MILLER JOHNSON

IF THERE is one item of apparel above another that often spoils an otherwise perfect costume, it is shoes. Sometimes they don't match the outfit, and sometimes they're ill-fitting, but more often the heels and instep are run over because the shoe is so poorly made that the arches have no protection and ankles turn at the slightest mis-step. All of this could be avoided if folks would put as much time and thought on the selection of their foot gear as they do on their bonnets.

As to color, unless all the frocks and coats with which the shoes are to be worn are beige or brown, black is the safest to choose. It goes well with every other color and black shoes are always easy to clean and polish. To be sure that the shoes fit well, buy them from a reputable dealer whose clerks know something concerning their trade other than salesmanship, and then abide by the salesman's decision even tho you think you could wear a smaller shoe. What is still more important, don't buy cheap shoes. They never pay in the end. Good shoes, especially those with protected arches, are as shapely when worn out as when purchased, and they always look well.

Suede shoes are again coming into the limelight, and especially for dress, they have their good points. Often the suede is combined with kid which gives a pleasing effect. Because shades of brown and beige are so popular this season, one sees many brown suede shoes in the stores. These are in both strap and oxford styles.

As to hosiery, the darker shades are better for street wear with heavy coats or suits, but for dress, the lighter "nude" shades are still favored. One notices many novelty heels, sometimes in contrasting colors, which are chic when the wearer has retained her youthful figure, but are quite to the contrary otherwise. Altho the clerks will show you various makes of sheer, chiffon hosiery, what is called a service weight grade will be found much more serviceable and will be just as good looking, except, with a dainty party frock.

For sports wear and for motoring, there is a demand for novelty silk and wool, and lisle stockings. These are in plain colors or in checks and stripes. The school girl will find these practicable especially for the extra warmth they give.

Women's Service Corner

Our Service Corner is conducted for the purpose of helping our readers solve their puzzling problems. The editor is glad to answer your questions concerning house-keeping, home making, entertaining, cooking, sewing, beauty, and so on. Send a self addressed, stamped envelope to the Women's Service Corner, Kansas Farmer and a personal reply will be given.

A Recipe for Hominy

My family is very fond of hominy and I should like to make some while the weather is cold so it will keep, but do not have a recipe. Can you send me one?

Mrs. D. E. C.

I have had so many requests for this recipe that I am very glad to print it. Dissolve 4 tablespoons lye in 1 gallon boiling water. Boil the corn rapidly in this solution for 30 minutes. Then

drain and wash the kernels thoroly several times in cold water to remove the lye. Rub with the hands until the husks are removed. Then place the corn in an enamel kettle and boil in a little water until tender, wash again, pack in glass jars and sterilize by the cold pack method of canning.

To Clean Kitchen Walls

My kitchen is papered with oilcloth and needs washing very badly. I have tried various ways of washing it and have succeeded in washing off the color. Can you suggest any way of getting it clean?

Mrs. D. E.

The best way I know to wash oilcloth papered walls is with baking soda. Dampen a soft cloth and dip it into the soda. Rub this on the wall and wash off the loosened dirt with a cloth rung from clear warm water. I believe you will find this both satisfactory and quick.

Old Friends in Books

BY FRANCES H. RARIG

THE BOY of 10 is often not much of a reader, but during the winter when the days are short and the evenings long, and when the weather is often too stormy to allow him to play outdoors, the right book will pass many an otherwise restless hour and give the family a little peace.

The proof of a good child's book is whether the children of one generation after another read and like it. In the large cities the children's librarians will tell you that the books I am going to tell you about have been favorites from 25 to 80 years and are still going strong. If the boy does not seem interested at first, read two or three chapters aloud and he will then probably pick up the book for himself. If he particularly enjoys your reading aloud, you will find almost as much interest as he in reading any one of these books.

"The King of the Golden River, by John Ruskin, altho first published 84 years ago, is still beloved of children. In it there are three brothers: Gluck, a kindly, generous boy, and Hans and Schwartz who are just the opposite. Gluck is badly abused by the other two, but the South West Wind and The King of the Golden River come to his assistance. The story is a wholesome natural fairy tale about real kinds of people.

The Jungle Book, by Rudyard Kipling, which dates back to 1893, is a collection of stories about life and animals in India, written so that a child may understand them. In this book perhaps the best known and best liked story is Rikki-tikki-tavi, the story of a mongoose who kills a family of snakes

and saves his boy master. It might be well to read this story first and next go to Mowgli, the story of the wolf boy.

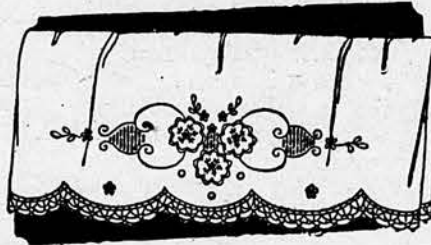
Nights with Uncle Remus, by Joel Chandler Harris, first published 46 years ago, is especially delightful when read aloud. In it an old Southern dandy tells stories to a little white boy as they sit in front of the fireplace in his cabin. Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit, Brer Wolf and Mr. Man all figure largely. The stories are short and nearly every one has a laugh in it. Some of them are all laugh!

Years ago a Belgian writer, Maurice Maeterlinck, wrote a story for grown-ups called "The Blue Bird of Happiness." His wife decided that with some changes it would make a good story for children, so she wrote it over as "The Children's Blue Bird" and it was translated into English. It is about two children, a boy and a girl, who hunt for the Blue Bird and have many adventures with a dog and a cat and with objects that come to life, such as bread, milk, fire and so on.

If you do not know where to get these books, I have filed a list of them and the names of their publishers with Florence G. Wells, Farm Home Editor, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. She will be glad to send you the list if you will write her and inclose a stamped self addressed envelope with your letter.

Household Linens Again

WITH the coming of New Year our minds turn back to the more serious routine of household problems. The chances are that the problem you will be meeting is that of replenishing the household linens. Maybe too that this Christmas caught you unawares and



you have resolved to begin right now on preparations for next. In either case the pillow cases No. 7839 may offer just the suggestion you are looking for.

This design comes stamped on 42-inch pillow tubing of a standard brand with scallops hemstitched for crochet. The design is to be worked in white buttonhole stitch with touches of any color desired. In the model which I



have, pale pink is used, but lavender, yellow or blue would be equally effective if those happen to be the colors used in your bedroom.

Price a pair with floss to match is \$1.70. In ordering be sure to mention color of floss desired. Address your letters to Fancywork Department, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan.

What's Doing on Our Farm

BY DORA L. THOMPSON

JANUARY and linens—the two are about as closely associated as the Fourth of July and fireworks! More than half of my work with bed linens is concerned with the supply in use. When sheets were made with a whipped seam down the center, our mothers used to expect to rip that seam and whip the two outer edges together for a center seam when the middle of the sheet showed signs of wear. There is "no law against" tearing a sheet down the center and sewing the outer edges together now. A seam in the center of the sheet works no hardship if it is laid flat and each edge stitched. I find sheets are less likely to wear thin in any given place if both ends are hemmed alike. If one wishes to mark head or foot for a time, she may make a few cross stitches at one end to mark it for the head. Long sheets are a saving in bed-making. A long sheet that may be easily wrapped under the mattress doesn't slip or wrinkle.

Comforts that are protected with an end cover do not show usage for a long time. A slip cover made of the same material as the comforter top and tied in place with three or four yarn ties is easily changed and less conspicuous than a white cover.

Recently I learned a new way of tying comforters. Instead of making the straight knot that requires moving the yarn from one hand to the other, I use a slip knot. As before, one takes a short stitch with darning needle, pulls the yarn up to within an inch of the end, then holds that end and the long needle yarn together with the left hand, swings the needle around the two and draws it up thru the loop thus made. But we all know how to make slip knots, no doubt. If there were some child nearby with shears to cut the threads when tied, one would not need to lay down the needle until the thread or yarn was gone. The work requires less than half the time required by the other method of tying.

There is a growing tendency toward buying blankets instead of making comforters. When all the materials for the comforter are bought there is not much difference in the cost of the two. The blanket has the advantage of more uses, of being more easily cleaned, and hence more sanitary, especially in a sick room. When comfort covers are made of pieces, this equality of prices does not exist.

The heavy spreads many of us possess, but would not buy again, may be dyed and made more usable. Laundering these spreads is certainly a heavy task. I think they must weigh 25 pounds or more when they are water soaked. The light spreads, so popular now, have many points in their favor. And if one is satisfied with the light, crinkly kind, she may get a set of four for the price of one of the old ones.

For Many Occasions

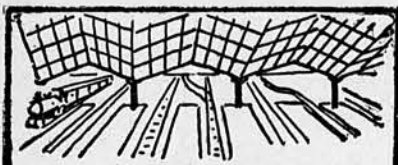


- 2502—Flared Skirt for Junior Miss. Sizes 6, 8 and 10 years.
- 3000—Kick Plait Beautifies Simple Afternoon Frock. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.
- 2847—Very Attractive Shirred Frock. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.
- 3061—Becoming Square Neck and Bow. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.
- 2165—Stylish Step-In Suit. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.
- 3010—Girlish Frock with Scalloped Jacket. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Any of these patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. The price is 15 cents each.

Fun With Puzzles and Riddles

Living Inventions by Gaylord Johnson



GLASS-ROOFED TRAIN SHED



UNDER SIDE OF VICTORIA REGIA'S LEAF

The "Girders" of Victoria Regia

Altho Nature offers so many examples of human devices anticipated by plants, insects and animals, it is very seldom that man has secured an invention directly from one of Nature's patterns.

This, however, did occur in the case of the building of the Crystal Palace in London—the first of the all steel-and-glass buildings that are now commonly used for factories, railroad sheds, and so on.

A vast building was required for the exhibition of 1851, and not an architect was able to supply a plan which did not have some objection. Suddenly a Mr. Paxton, who was a gardener, and not an architect, produced a rough plan of a building on a totally new principle. He had studied the enormous leaves of the Victoria Regia, the great water plant of which one leaf will support a fair-sized child, and had discovered the secret of the leaf's great supporting power.

Mr. Paxton simply copied in steel girders the arrangement of the ribs of the great round lily pads, added the familiar glass panes of his garden

"nursery frames," and the Crystal Palace was created. In recognition of his originality, the obscure gardener became Sir Joseph Paxton and an eminent architect.

Rover and Pep. I have one sister and two brothers. Their names are Florence, Garnet and George. I enjoy the Kansas Farmer. Howard Cook. Fowler, Kan.

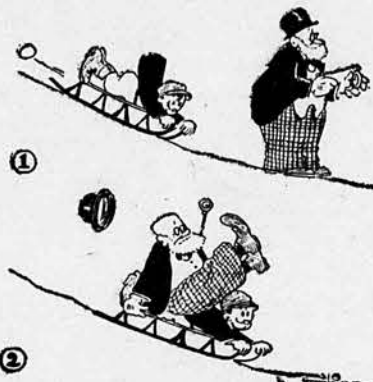
cut his head off his body you do not take it from the trunk. When do broken bones begin to make themselves useful? When they begin to knit.

Diamond Puzzle

1. — — — — —
2. — — — — —
3. — — — — —
4. — — — — —
5. — — — — —

1. Third letter in the alphabet; 2. An adjective; 3. A young person; 4. A tree; 5. A consonant.

From the definitions given fill in the dashes so that the diamond reads the same across and up and down. Send your answers to Leona Stahl, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. There will be a surprise gift each for the first 10 boys or girls sending correct answers.



"I'm Giving You a Dandy Sleigh Ride, Ain't I, Mister?"

Freida Writes to Us

I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Ingmire. I like her very much. I have five sisters and five brothers. Their names are Lena, Bertha, Josephine, Minnie, Marie, Alfred, Fred, Roy, John and Willie. Fred and Roy are twins. For pets I have a white cat named Irene and one sheep. I wish some of the boys and girls my age would write to me.

Freida Wafler.

White City, Kan.

Vona Writes to Us

I like to read the boys' and girls' page. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I live on a 240-acre farm. I have a brother and a sister. My brother's name is Junior. He is 5 years old. My sister's name is Alice. She is 3 years old. For pets I have a dog and two cats. I live 1/4 mile from school. I have to go up hill most of the way. Our school house is new. It was built 3 years ago. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Vona Mildred Haas.

Eskridge, Kan.

When Santa came to Jackie's
He left beside his
A lot of nice new toys
And, best of all, a

So Jackie went a-coasting,
And Whizz, the ^{new} went, too.
They slid so very fast,
It seemed they really flew.

And when the slide was over,
They stopped and stood quite still.
Whizz took the ^{new} between his
And pulled the ^{new} up hill.

Rover and Pep Are Pets

I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Flair. I go 1/2 mile to school. For pets I have a rabbit named Peter and a goose named Molly and my dogs' names are

Snowball is My Cat's Name

I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I go 2 1/2 miles to school. My teacher's name last year was Miss Tompson. I liked her very much. I live on a 320-acre farm. For pets I have a white cat named Snowball. I would like to hear from some of the boys and girls my age.

Vera Bernice Snodgrass.

Grenola, Kan.

Enjoys Young Folks' Page

I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. I have six brothers and five sisters. All my sisters and one brother are married. My brothers' names are Glen, Guy, Chester, Dale, Delbert and Claude. Guy and Glen are twins. My sisters' names are Florence, Jessie, Sadie, Opal and Agnes. Chester and Agnes are thru high school and Dale, 15 years old, is going to high school. My teacher's name is Miss George. I like her very much. I am the youngest one of our family. For pets I have two cats named Snow and Tom. I also have two Bantams. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Melba Fern Wardlaw.

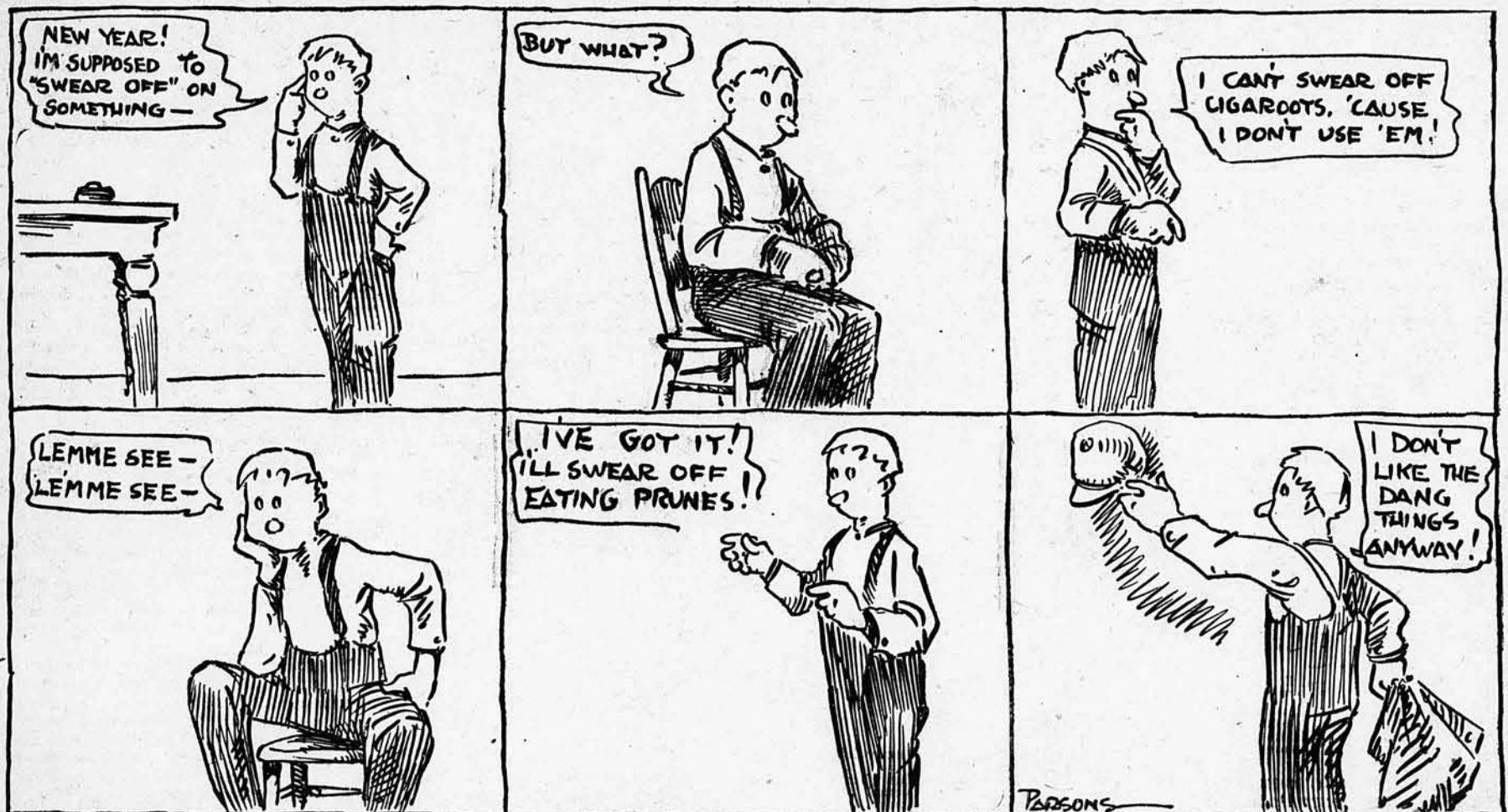
Alexander, Kan.

TURN-AROUND TALES TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES BY NELSON WHITE

This little duckling swims along—
Of happiness he's dreaming,
But turn him upside down and see



A rat with eyes a-gleaming.



The Hoovers—An Easy Job for Buddy



Rural Health

Dr. C.H. Lerrigo.

The Slogan of the Kansas State Board of Health is "Be Wise-Immunize!"

OF ALL methods and means of preventing disease there was none given more publicity or more widely discussed at the recent American Public Health Association meeting in Cincinnati than the present program to protect children against diphtheria," says Doctor J. Wallace, deputy commissioner of the State Department of Health of Iowa. "Many states have given the place of greatest prominence to this program, and have had remarkable success in carrying it out.

"The Cincinnati meeting brought out prominently the necessity of including in the program not only the school but also the pre-school child, as it was shown statistically that children receiving the toxin-antitoxin when they are between 6 months and 5 years develop an exceptionally high degree of immunity from the treatments. By testing out in New York state large numbers of children by the Schick test, it was found that 96 per cent of all children in this age group had been made immune by the treatments. In the age group from 5 to 10 years about 85 per cent were found to have developed immunity of the treatments. It is evident that about 90 per cent of all children treated develop a definite immunity by the one series of doses, and it was also stated that of the 10 per cent or less not developing immunity by the first series of doses that if any of them did contract diphtheria they had it in a much milder form than those who had received no toxin-antitoxin. Of course, any children tested by the Schick test after having received the toxin-antitoxin and found to be still positive should be given a second series of doses."

In Kansas the immunizing treatment against diphtheria has been given to nearly 100,000 children. In October Clay county immunized 2,600 children, Cherokee county 1,403, Woodson county, 300. Marshall county now has a total of 3,445 children who are immunized against diphtheria. Any county that immunizes its children against diphtheria so as to take in 80 per cent of children under 7 years old may feel safe against a diphtheria epidemic.

Get Some Good Help

My husband has asthma. Is there any cure for it and what? We live in Southeast Kansas. Would changing climate do any good? Will it develop into lung trouble if allowed to run on? He has tried smoking different prepared smokes, but the relief is only temporary. He takes one treatment a week. Will that help? Mrs. J. J.

Asthma is more a nervous trouble than a lung disease. Change to a bright, dry, sunny climate does help some cases, but there is no guarantee about it. Money spent on weekly "treatments" is wasted. The only sound plan is to have some good physician study the case carefully from top to bottom.

Needs Milk and Sleep

I am told that my little girl, 3 years old, needs special exercises to develop her chest because she is quite narrow-chested. Please advise me. T. N. T.

Special exercises should not be necessary in a child of that age. See that she gets a quart of milk a day, in addition to her other food. Have her sleep 12 or 14 hours of the 24 in the fresh air and have her play quietly in a natural way the rest of the time.

But Watch the Diet!

I am a bachelor, 46 years old. I have too much blood and am getting too fleshy. Am dieting, quit eating so much, eat very little supper. Am a farmer. Is there any medicine I could take to reduce the amount of blood? I have heard that vinegar would thin the blood. Would any harm result from drinking vinegar, or is there medicine that would be better to take? H. H.

How do you know that you have too much blood? You admit having too much flesh, but that is a different matter. It would be very foolish of you to drink vinegar or take medicine, either one. The only thing you need to do is to eat less, and be strict with yourself. Eat a lot of green vegetables and other "roughage," as this satisfies the stomach without making flesh. Cut out sugars, butter, cream and eggs, and

keep the starchy foods down as low as possible. Perhaps if you change your condition it will help you to get thin.

Ask Your Personal Doctor

Heart trouble of years standing makes my life miserable. Had rheumatism and some inflammation. I wish you would tell me what amount of work I dare do. T. L. B.

The only person competent to advise is a doctor who is watching your case. Such troubles make valvular leaks and patients always have to take life very carefully. Light exercise is possible but it must be very guarded.

Doesn't Indicate Paralysis

My hands get numb and at times my arms from elbows down, very easily. Does it indicate paralysis? K. M. S.

Such numbness as you mention is of no special significance. It seems to exist in some families as a family



SAID Daniel Webster: "Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades. Shoemakers hang out a gigantic shoe, jewelers an immense watch, even the dentist hangs out a gold tooth. But up in the Franconia Mountains God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that in New England He makes men." He was, of course, referring to the Great Stone Face, in his native New Hampshire. New England is a small section of the country, and has given to the nation many large souls. Palestine also is small, and has given more and greater men than New England. One of these was John the Baptist.

The reason why he made such a stir was two-fold. He appeared and acted like one of the old prophets, principally like Elijah; and he spoke with the authority of a mighty personal conviction. It is no wonder that people went out by the hundreds to hear him, and no wonder that they asked him, until he no doubt was tired of being asked, whether he was Elijah. The Jews always believed that Elijah would come back. I like the Jews for that. You can judge a man by the sort of people he admires. To make a national hero out of a man whose only capital was his fearless soul speaks well for his fellow countrymen. The heroes of Scripture are all religious men. And, if you think of it, most of the heroes in any nation's history who stand the acid test of time were men of character, and most of them openly religious men. Just now there is a phobia for muck-raking great men and idolizing knaves. One biographer tries to pull

trait. I have not found such persons predisposed to apoplexy or paralysis, for these are circulatory troubles, while this numbness is a nerve complaint.

Should Eat More Fruit!

I have been bothered with boils for two or three years, a new boil coming as soon as the old one disappeared. Last winter I was vaccinated for boils, and it seemed to help, until about a month ago they started to come again. What causes boils? W. V.

Boils are due to an infection from pus cocci to which evidently you have poor resistance. The vaccine stimulated your resistance temporarily. But now you have relapsed. Perhaps you need more rest, more green vegetables (spinach, for instance) and fruit in your diet. Perhaps you need to cut out cream and other fats. Build up your body and increase your resistance in every way.

See a Real Dentist

My gum above one of my teeth is torn loose and swelled. It has been in the same condition for a year, and doesn't seem to get better. Do you think it will cause trouble to my tooth later? I am 14 years old. What do you suggest for me to do? M. G.

Go to a good dentist. There is something wrong with the tooth or the gum would have healed. Strictly personal letters, like this, should be accompanied by a stamped envelope for a personal reply.

Washington down off his pedestal, and another makes Jesse James out to be a misunderstood hero, and a fund is being gathered to build him a monument. These writers are having fun, because they are doing something different. The high school senior loves to shock Aunt Jane. But this rebuilding of sawdust dolls into great men will have its day and pass on. Life insurance men say you can't beat the mortality tables. And you can't fool all the people all the time. Exit the debunkers. Great souls will continue to be recognized, at least after they are dead, and bandits will go to their own place.

Why did our hero live as he did? Why the odd clothes, and the abode in the desert? Was he looking for attention? Was he like Walt Whitman, who wore a flannel shirt, open at the neck, and a wide-brimmed hat? Or like the fellow who sat on top of a flag pole for two weeks, last summer? Or was this manner of life an expression of his character? The last is the answer. John believed—and lived—something that we find almost a strange language. He believed in self-discipline, for the good of his soul. Nor that alone, but he felt that only by living a life of simplicity, and severe self-discipline, could he attain that communion with God which he craved. I say, this is almost like a foreign language, now-a-days. We constantly use the word, "enjoy" in connection with religion. We do not enjoy the sermon, or we enjoy the anthem, or the church paper. That is well enough. But enjoyment stops where discipline and duty go on. "Our work

does not consist in enjoyment, but in work, in suffering and in love," says St. Teresa. "He who would see the face of that most powerful Wrestler, our boundless God, must first have wrestled with himself," says Orozco. "Endure hardness," says St. Paul. John the Baptist was willing to endure anything, that he might see the face of God. Signs are not wanting that we are returning to this view. The soul tires of an easy faith, as it does of a Santa Claus God. Farm homes continue to produce many preachers, and one reason is that they have been accustomed to hard work. Education has meant denial and self-discipline, and the ministry naturally does not look like a career of impossible difficulties. "The beginning of the good news of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." We are flooded with news. News jumps at us from the front page of the daily paper, and rains upon us from the air. We drive to town, and the billboards shout news at us. But much of it is not good news. At a murder trial a year ago, the amount of news printed concerning it in three weeks, was equal to 22 volumes of fiction (much of it was fiction). It was news, but not good news. Much that we read, however, is good news—there is a new variety of alfalfa, or taxes are to be lower. But this is not The Good News. The Good News is from God to man. It is very old, yet the freshest and most joyous news that ever fell on human ear. Believed in, it is transforming. Lived, it is transfiguring. And no substitute has ever been invented. Not all the rotogravure supplements in a year of Sundays can take its place. It is different news. The Good News of the Son of God.

When Jesus was baptized, he identified himself with his people. Baptism was for sinners, and all men are sinners! He was not a sinner, but he became as one, that he might be on the same level with those he came to teach.

Then, the voice, the dove. Apparently no one heard the voice but himself. He was open to the Infinite. He was ready, as the sensitive plate of the camera is ready, to receive impressions. His whole self was open toward God. He could see, hear, what the dulled souls of others could not.

Lesson for January 1, 1928—John Heralds the Mighty One. Mark 1:1 to 13. Golden Text—John 3:30.

"You Boys Can't Go Ashore"

(Continued from Page 11)

the boat reeled over and spewed cargo and crew into the striding waters. The blacks struck out deliberately for shore, leaving the boat and cased gasoline to drift up on the beach when it would. As we bounced past the upturned derelict I caught, thru the foam, its number. It was No. 14! The captain's speech had delayed us just enough so that we had missed it, and his warning had saved us after all. Good old captain!

Another toss and another rush and our bow slid into the sand on the belabored beach. Our singing "stroke" leaped out, up to his waist in water, and held out his arms to me like a mother to a babe. I perched on his shoulder, my heel gouging into his ribs, and he carried me ashore, high and dry. Jim followed astraddle the neck of another burly black—and we had arrived in Winnebah. I didn't care if we never went back to the ship, and we didn't get back that night either. Our experience in Winnebah will be described next week.

Happy Are the Birds

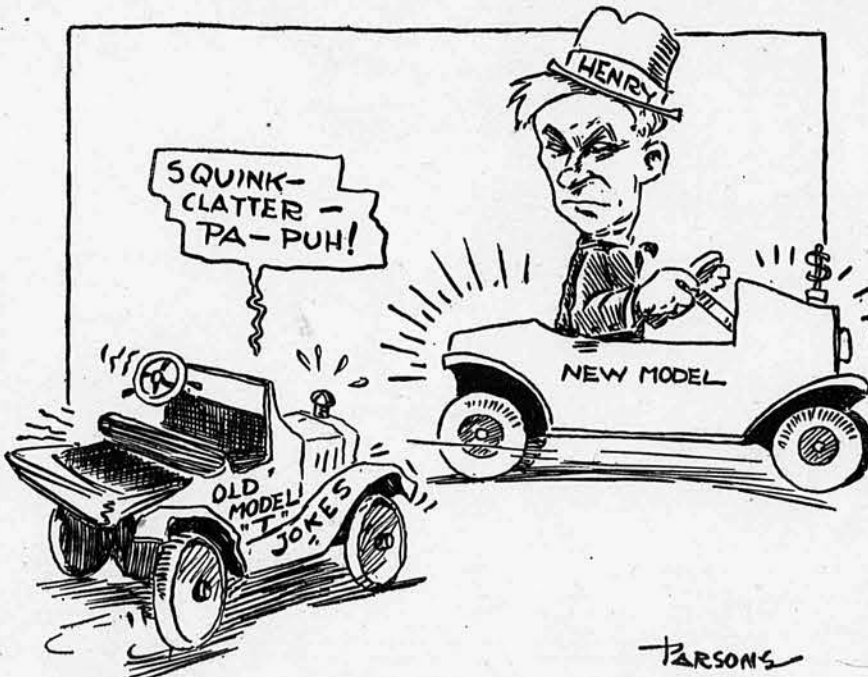
BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

How happy are the little birds That fly about together, And warble on a single bough Or nestle in cold weather! Not so, alas, with you and me, Girl who should be my bride, Between us rage the waters, Between us flows the tide. I say that you are fairer Than lilies in the sun, I say your voice is rarer Than seven harps played as one. I say the poets praise you That you are proud in pain, And may God bring you swiftly Back to my arms again!

A pacifist gentleman stopped to try to settle a juvenile row.

"My boy," he said to one of the combatants, "do you know what the Good Book says about fighting?"

"Aw!" snorted the youth, "fightin' ain't one of them things you kin get out of a book, mister."



PARSONS

Tophet at Trail's End By George Washington Ogden

HOW far is it from Ascalon to the river?" Morgan asked.

"Over two miles! And your hands tied!"

"You take it easy; they'll not leave Ascalon till Sol Drumm, their boss, comes back from Kansas City," the young man said. "We're layin' for him ourselves; we've got a bill against him."

"And we've got about as much show to collect it as we have to dip a hatful of stars out of the river," Stilwell added, turning gloomily from the door.

"We'll see about that!" the younger one returned, in high and defiant stubbornness.

"We've already lost upward of five hundred head of stock from that feller's trespass on our range," Stilwell explained. "That gang drove in here three weeks ago to rest and feed up for market, payin' no attention to anybody's range or anybody's warning to keep off. They had the men with them to go where they pleased. Them Texas cattle come up here loaded with fever ticks, and the bite of them little bugs means death to a northern herd. They sowed ticks all over my range. I'm still losin' cattle, and who knows where it will stop?"

"You've been working to get a quarantine law passed. I remember," Morgan said, feeling this outrage as if the cattle were his own.

"Yes, but Congress is asleep, and them fellers down in Texas never shut their eyes. I warned Drumm to keep off my range; asked him first like a gentleman, but he drove in one night between my pickets and mixed his poison cattle with mine out of pure cussedness. He claimed they got away, and him with fifteen or twenty men to ride herd! It's cost me ten thousand dollars, at the lowest figure already, and more goin'. It looks like it would clean me out."

"You ought to have some recourse against him in law," Morgan said.

"Yes, I thought so, too. I went to the county attorney and wanted to bring an attachment on Drumm's herd, but he told me there wasn't any law he could act under—it was anybody's range as much as mine, Texas fever or no Texas fever. I could sue him, he said, but it was a slim chance. Well, I'm goin' to see another lawyer—I'll take it up to Judge Thayer, and see what he can do."

"Drumm'll pay it, down to the last dime!" the young man declared.

"We can't hold him up and take it away from him, Fred," the older man replied. "That would be as big a crime as his."

"He'll pay it!" Fred repeated, with what Morgan thought to be admirable tenacity, even tho his means to the desired end might be hard to justify.

They helped Morgan to another room, where they outfitted him with clothing to replace his own shredded garments. Stilwell insisted that he remain as his guest until his hurts were mended, altho, he explained, he could not stay at home to keep him company. His wife and daughter would talk his arm off without help from the rest of the family. He would call them in and introduce them.

"My girl's got a new piano—lucky I sent for it before that Texas outfit struck this range—she can try it out on you," Stilwell said, a laugh still left in him for an amusing situation in spite of the ruin he faced.

Morgan could hear the girl and her mother talking in the kitchen, their voices quite distinct at times as they passed an open door that he could not see. Lame and aching, hands swollen and purple, he sat in a rocking chair by the open window, not so broken by his experiences nor so depressed by his pains but he yet had the pleasure of anticipation in meeting this girl. He had determined only a few hours ago that the country was not big enough to hide her from him. Now fate had jerked him with rough hands to the end of his quest before it was fairly begun.

As he thought this, Stilwell came back, conveying his ample red-faced wife, and almost as ample and quite as red-faced daughter. So, there must

have been more than one young lady after mail in Ascalon yesterday afternoon, thought Morgan, as he got up ruefully, with much pain in his feet and ankles, rather shamed and taken aback, and bowed the best way he could to this girl who was not his girl.

Farmers Had Failed

"Down here in the river-bottom, where the water rises close to the top of the ground, you can raise a little corn and stuff, but take it back on the prairie a little way and you can't make your seed back. Plenty of them have come here from the East and tried it—I suppose you must 'a' seen the traces of them scattered around as you come thru the country east of Ascalon."

Morgan admitted that he had seen such traces, melancholy records of failure that they were.

"It's all over this country the same way. It broke 'em as fast as they came, starved 'em and took the heart out of 'em and drove 'em away. You can't farm this country, Morgan; no man ever learnt anything out of a book that will make him master of these plains with a plow."

So spoke Stilwell, the cattleman, sitting at night before his long, low, L-shaped sod house with his guest, who had been dragged into his hospitality at the end of a rope. Eight days Morgan had been sequestered in that primitive home, which had many comforts in spite of the crudity of its exterior. His soreness had passed from the green and superficially painful stage to the deeper ache of bruised bones. He walked with a limp, stiff and stoved in his joints as a foundered horse. But his hands and arms had recovered their suppleness, and, like an overgrown fledgling at the edge of the nest, he was thinking of projecting a flight.

During the time Morgan had been in the Stilwell ranch-house no news had come to him from Ascalon. Close as they lived to the town, the Stilwells had been too deeply taken up with their own problem of pending ruin, due to the loss of their herd from Texas fever infection, to make a trip even to the post-office for their mail. Violet, the daughter, was on the range more than half the time, doing what she could to drive the sick cattle to the river, where they might have a better chance to fight the dread malady.

Morgan's injuries had turned out to be deeper-seated and more serious than he had at first supposed. For several days he was racked with a fever that

threatened to floor him, due to the mental torture of that terrible night. It had passed, and with it much of his pain, and he would have gone to Ascalon for his reckoning with the men from the Nueces two days ago if Stilwell had not argued the folly of attempting an adjustment under the handicap of his injuries.

Wait a few days longer, the rancher sagely advised; eat and rest, and rub that good, fiery horse liniment of his on the sore spots and swollen joints. Even if they were gone, which Stilwell knew would not be the case, for Drumm would not have made it back from Kansas City yet. Morgan could follow them. And to do that he must be sound and strong.

Stilwell had put off even his own case against the Texas stockman, he had been so urged for time in getting his sick cattle down to the shade and water along the river. Now the job seemed over, for all he could do, and he was taking his ease at home this night, intending to go early in the morning and put his case for damages against Drumm into Judge Thayer's hands.

Violet Played Well

Thru Morgan's days of sickness and waiting for strength, he was attended tenderly by Mrs. Stilwell, and sometimes of an afternoon, when Violet came in from the hot, dry range, she would play for him on her new piano. She played a great deal better than he had any reason to expect of her, self-taught in her isolation on the banks of the shallow Arkansas.

Violet was a girl of large frame, large bones in her wrists, large fingers to her useful, kindly ministering hands. Her face was somewhat too long and thin to be called handsome, but it was refined by a wistfulness that told of inner striving for something beyond the horizon of her days there in her prairie-circled home. And now as the two men talked outside the door, the new moonlight white on the dust of the trampled yard, Violet was at her piano, playing a simple melody with a soft, expressive tenderness as sweet to him as any music Morgan ever had heard. For he understood that the instrument was the medium of expression for this prairie girl's soul, reaching out from its shelter of sod laid upon sod to what aspirations, following what longings, mounting to what ambitions, none in her daily contact ever knew.

Stilwell was downcast by the blow he had received in the loss of more than half his herd thru the Texas scourge. It had taken years of hardship and striving, fighting drouth and winter storms, preying wolves and preying men, to build the herd up to the point where profits were about ready to be enjoyed.

Nothing but a frost would put an end to the scourge of Texas fever; in those days no other remedy had been discovered. Before nature could send this relief Stilwell feared the rest of his cattle would die, altho he had driven them from the contaminated range. If that happened he would be wiped out, for he was too old, he said, to start at the bottom and build up another herd.

It was at this point that Morgan suggested Stilwell turn to the soil instead of range cattle as a future business, a thing that called down the cattleman's scorn and derision, and citation of the wreckage that country had made of men's hope. He dismissed that subject very soon as one unworthy of even acrimonious debate of further denunciation, to dwell on his losses and the bleakness of the future as it presented itself thru the bones of his dead cattle.

As they sat talking the soft notes of Violet's melody soothing to the ears as a distant song, Fred came riding in from Ascalon, the bearer of news. Fred began to talk before he struck the ground, breathlessly like a man who had beheld unbelievable things.

"That gang from Texas has took the town—everybody's hidin' out!" he reported.

"Took the town?" said Stilwell incredulously.

"Stores all shut up, post-office locked and old man Flower settin' in the up-stairs window with his Winchester across his leg waitin' for them to bust in the door and steal the government money!"

"Listen to that!" said Stilwell as Fred stood there, hat off, mopping the sweat of excitement from his forehead. "Where's that man-eatin' marshal feller at?"

"He's killin' off everybody in town but his friends—he's killed eight men, a man a day, since he's been in office. He's got everybody lookin' for a hole."

"A man a day!" said Morgan, scarcely able to believe the news.

"Who was they?" Stilwell inquired, bringing his chair down from its easy slant against the sod wall, leaning forward to catch the particulars of this unequalled record of slaughter.

"I didn't hear," said Fred, panting faster than his hard-riden horse.

"I hope none of the boys off of this range around here got into it with him," Stilwell said.

Sheriff Was Out of Town!

"They say he's closed up all the gamblin' joints and saloons but Peden's, and the bank's been shut four or five days, Judge Thayer and a bunch of fellers inside of it with rifles. Tom Conboy told me the judge had telegraphed to the governor askin' him to send soldiers to restore law and order."

"Law and order!" Stilwell scorned. "All the law and order they ever had in that hell-hole a man'd never miss."

"Where's the sheriff—what's he doin'?" Morgan inquired.

"The sheriff ain't doin' nothing—I ain't been over there, but I know that much," Stilwell said.

"They say he's out after some rustlers," Fred replied.

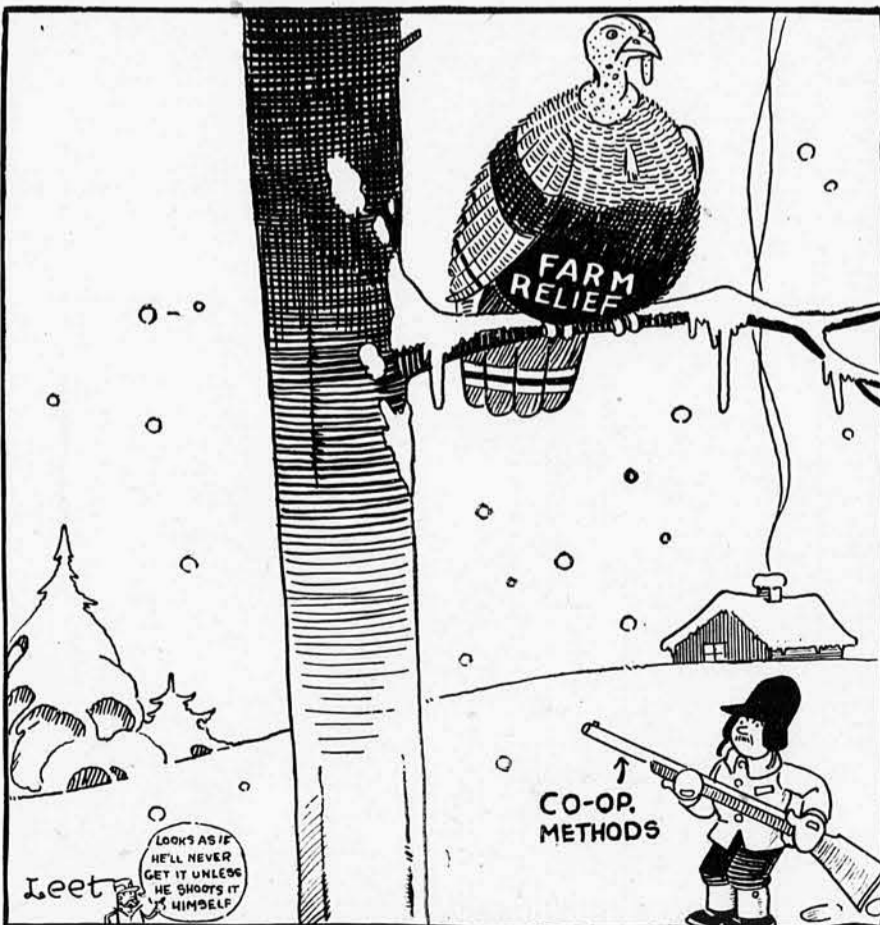
"Yes, and he'll stay out till the trouble's over and come back without a hide or hair of a rustler. What else are they doin'?"

"Rarin' and shootin'," replied Fred, winded by the enormity of this outlawry, even tho bred in an atmosphere of violence.

"Are they hittin' anybody, or just shootin' for noise?" Stilwell asked.

"Well, I know they took a crack at me when I went out of Conboy's to git my horse."

Mrs. Stilwell and Violet, who had hastened out on Fred's arrival, exclaimed in concern at this, the mother



The Right Gun to Bring the Bird Down

going to her boy to feel him over for wounds, standing by him a little while with arm about his shoulders.

"Did you shoot back?" Stilwell wanted to know.

"I hope I did," Fred replied.

Stilwell got up, and stood looking at the moon a little while as if calculating the time of night.

"They need a man or two over there to clean that gang up," he said. Well, it ain't my business to do it, as long as they didn't hit you."

"Let them fight it out among themselves, the wolves!" Mrs. Stilwell said.

Morgan had drawn a little apart from the family group, walking to the corner of the house, where he stood looking off toward Ascalon, still and tense as if he listened for the sounds of conflict. He was dressed in Stilwell's clothes, which were somewhat too roomy of body, but nothing too large otherwise, for both of them had the stature of proper men. His feet were in slippers, his ankles bandaged and soaked with the penetrating liniment designed alike for the ailments of man and beast.

Violet studied him as he stood there between her and the moon, his face sterner for the ordeal of suffering that had tried his manhood in that two-mile run behind the train where nothing but a sublime defiance of death had held him to his feet.

He had told her of his seven years' struggle upward from the cowboy's saddle to a place of honor in the faculty of the institution where he had beaten out the hard, slow path to learning; she knew of his purpose in coming to the Western Kansas plains. Until this moment she had believed it to be a misleading and destructive illusion that would break his heart and rive his soul as it had the hearts and souls of thousands of brave men and women before him.

Now she had a new revelation, the moonlight on his face, bright in his fair hair, picturing him as rugged as a rock uplifted against the dim sky. She knew him then for a man such as she never had met in the narrow circle of her life before, a man strong to live in his purpose and strong to die in it if the need might be. He would conquer where others had failed; the strength of his soul was written in his earnest countenance.

"I think I'll go over to Ascalon," Morgan said presently, turning to them, speaking slowly. "Will you let me have a horse?"

"Go to Ascalon! Land save us!" Mrs. Stilwell exclaimed.

"No, no—not tonight!" Violet protested, hurrying forward as if she would stay him by force.

"You wait till morning, son," Stilwell counseled calmly, so calmly indeed that his wife turned to him sharply. "Maybe I'll go with you in the morning."

"You've got no business there—let them kill each other off if they want to, but you keep out of it!" said his wife.

"If you'll let me have a horse—" Morgan began again, with the insistence of a man unmoved.

"More Than One Way"

"You forgot about our cattle, mother," Stilwell chided, ignoring Morgan's request. "I'm goin' to sue Sol Drumm; I'm goin' to have the papers ready to serve on him the minute he steps off the train. If there's any way to make him pay for the damage he's done me I'm goin' to do it."

"There's more than one way," said Fred. "If the law can't—"

"Then we lose," his father finished for him in the calm resignation of a just man.

Morgan's intention of going to Ascalon to square accounts with his persecutors was no secret in the Stilwell family. Fred had offered his services at the beginning, and the one cowboy now left out of the five but recently employed by Stilwell had laid his pistol on the table and told Morgan that he was the man that went with it, both of them at his service when the hour of reckoning should arrive. Now Stilwell himself was beginning to show the pistol itch in his palm.

Morgan was grateful for all this uprising on the part of his new friends, but he could not accept any assistance from them. There could be no satisfaction in justice applied by any hand but his own. No, it was a case for personal attention; it was a one-man job.

So Morgan spoke again of going that night to Ascalon, only to be set upon by all of them and argued into submission. Eager as Fred was to go along and have a hand in the fray, he was against going just then. Violet came and laid her good, wholesome, sympathetic hand on Morgan's arm and looked into his face with a plea in her eyes that was stronger than words. He couldn't bear his feet in the stirrups with his ankles all swollen and sore as they were, she said; wait a day or two—wait a week. What did it matter if the gang should leave in the meantime, and go back down the wild trail to Texas? So much the better; let them go.

Morgan smiled to hear her say it would be better if they should get away, for she was one of the forgiving of this world, in whose breast the fire of vengeance would find no fuel to nurse its hot spark. He yielded to their entreaties, agreeing to defer his expedition until morning, but not an hour longer.

When the others had gone to bed, Morgan went down to the river thru the broad notch in the low bank where the Santa Fe trail used to cross. This old road was brush-grown now, with only a dusty path winding along it where the cattle passed to drink. The hoof-cut soil was warm and soft to his bruised feet; the bitter scent of the willows was strong on the cooling night as he brushed among them. Out across the broad, golden bars he went, seeking the shallow ripple to which the stream shrank in the summer days between rains, sitting by it when he came to it at last, bathing his feet in the tepid water.

There he sat, raking the fire of his hatred together until it grew and leaped within him like a tempest. As the Indian warrior watches the night out with song of defiance and dance of death to inflame him to his grim purpose of the dawn, so this man, fallen from the ways of gentleness into the abyss of savagery, spurred himself to a grim and terrible frenzy by visiting his wrath in anticipation upon his enemies.

Folks Were Mostly Asleep

The proscribed of the earth were sleeping late in Ascalon that morning. Few were on the street in pursuit of the small amount of legitimate business the town transacted during the burning hours when the moles of the night lay housed in gloom, when Morgan walked from the baggage room of the railroad station.

Few who saw Morgan on the day of his arrival in Ascalon would have recognized him now.

He stood a moment, leaning the rifle against the depot end, to take the

bright silk handkerchief from about his neck, as if he considered it too festive for the somber business before him. The station agent stood at the corner of the building, watching him curiously.

He then led the horse he had borrowed from Stilwell to the hitching rack in front of the hotel, under the plank canopy of which Stilwell and his son awaited his coming.

Stilwell had made it plain to Morgan at the beginning, to save his feelings and his pride, that they were not attending him on the expedition against his enemies with any intention of helping him. Just to be there in case of outside interference, and to enjoy the spectacle of justice being done by a strong hand. Stilwell's account, personally, was not against these men, he said, altho they had driven their herd upon his range and spread infection among his cattle. That would be taken up with Sol Drumm when he came back from Kansas City with the money from his cattle sale in his saddle roll.

Morgan went to the hardware store, two doors from the hotel, from which he presently emerged with a coil of new rope, a row of new cartridges in his belt, and pockets heavy with a reserve supply. Tom Conboy was standing in his door, looking up and down the street in the manner of a man who felt his position insecure. Morgan saw that he was haggard and worn as from long vigils and anxieties, altho he had about him still an air of assurance and self-sufficiency. Morgan passed him in the door and entered the office unrecognized, altho Conboy searched him with a disfavoring and suspicious eye.

In the office there was evidence of conflict and turmoil. The show case was broken, the large iron safe lay overturned on the floor. The blue door leading into the dining room had been burst from its hinges, its panels cracked, and now stood in the office leaning against the partition like a champion against the ropes. Conboy turned from his watch at the street door with reluctance, to see what the visitor desired, and at the same moment Dora appeared in the doorless frame within.

"Mr. Morgan!" she cried, incredulity, surprise, pleasure, mingled in her voice.

She paused a moment, eyes round, hands lifted, her pretty mouth agape, but came on again almost at once, eagerness brushing all other emotions out of her face. "Wherever in the world have you been? What in the name of goodness is the matter with your face?" She turned Morgan a little to let the light fall on his wound.

Grim as Morgan's business was that morning, bitter as his savage heart, he had a nook in his soul for sympa-

thetic Dora, and a smile that came so hard and vanished so quickly that it seemed it must have hurt him in the giving more than the breaking of a bone.

"Mister Morgan!" said Dora, hardly a breath between her last word and the next, "whatever have you been doin' to your face?"

"No niggers in Ireland now—no-o-o niggers in Ireland!" Conboy warned her, coming forward with no less interest than his daughter's to peer into Morgan's bruised and marred countenance. "Well, well!" with much surprise altogether genuine. You're back again, Mr. Morgan?"

"Wherever have you been?" Dora persisted, no more interested in niggers in Ireland than elsewhere.

"I fell among thieves," Morgan told her gravely. Then to Conboy: "Is that gang from Texas stopping here?"

"No, they lay up at Peden's on the floor where they happen to fall," Conboy replied. "If there ever was a curse turned loose on a town that gang—Look at that show case, look at that door, look at that safe! They took the town last night; a decent woman didn't dare to show her face outside the door and wasn't safe in the house. They tried to blow that safe with powder when I wouldn't open it and give them the money. But they didn't even jar it—your money's in there, Mr. Morgan, safe."

"Oh, it was awful!" said Dora. "Oh, you've got your gun! If some man—"

"Sh-h-h! No nig—" "Where's the marshal?" Morgan asked.

"Took the train East last night. The operator told me he got a wire from Sol Drumm, boss of the outfit, to meet him in Abilene today. He swore them six ruffians in as deputies before he went and left them in charge of the town."

"Six? Where's the other one?"

Conboy looked at him with quick flashing of his shifty eyes. "Don't you know?" he asked, with significant shrewdness, smiling a little as if to show his friendly appreciation of the joke.

"What in the devil do you mean?" Morgan demanded roughly.

"No niggers in Ireland now," Conboy said soothingly, his face growing white. "One of them was killed down by the railroad track the night you left. They said you shot him and hopped a freight."

Could Add Considerable Light

Morgan said no more, but turned toward the door to leave.

"The inquest hasn't been held over him yet, we've been kept busy with the marshal's cases we didn't get around to him," Conboy explained. "Maybe you can throw some light on that case?"

"I can throw a lot on it," Morgan said, and walked out with that word to where he had left his horse.

There Morgan cut six lengths from his new rope, drawing the pieces thru his belt in the manner of a man carrying string for sewing grain sacks. He took the rifle from the saddle, filled its magazine, and started toward Peden's place, which was on the next corner beyond the hotel, on the same side of the square.

When he had gone a few rods, halting on his lame feet, alert as a hunter, who expects the game to break from cover, Stilwell and Fred got up from their apparently disinterested lounging in front of the hotel and followed leisurely after him.

Many of the little business houses around the square were closed. There was a litter of glass on the plank sidewalk, where proprietors stood gloomily looking at broken windows, or were setting about replacing them with boards. Those who were abroad in the sunlight of early morning making their purchases for the day, moved with trepidation, putting their feet down quietly, hastening on their way.

An old man who walked ahead of Morgan appeared to be the only unshaken and unconcerned person in this place of sleeping passions. He carried a thick hickory stick with immense crook, which he pegged down in time to his short steps, relying on it for support not at all, his lean old jaw chopping his cud as nimbly as a sheep's. But when Morgan's shadow, stretching far ahead, fell beside him, he started like a dozing horse, whirled about with stick upraised, and stood so

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What the Looking Glass Shows

BESONG

Marshall Club Earns Cup!

Marjorie Williams and Her Mother Missed a Camping Party to Study Poultry Bulletins

BY PHILIP ACKERMAN



Here is the Peppiest Club in the State, the Marshall County Capper Pig and Poultry Club, Winners of the Trophy Cup for Leadership

IMAGINE the joy which Christmas brought to the Marshall County Capper Pig and Poultry Club. On Christmas Eve, Dorothea Nielson, Marshall County Club leader, received a telegram announcing that she and her club had earned the pep trophy cup, and that the award for leadership goes to her club. Telephones buzzed for a time while Dorothea called one by one to her associates in club work to tell them of the victory.

The Capper trophy for pep work and leadership is the most coveted prize of all. It is the king of prizes in the Capper Pig and Poultry Clubs. Interest in the pep contest begins early in the spring, when one of the members in each community having an enrollment of three or more members is chosen as the pep leader of that section. This leader begins immediately making acquaintance with every one of the associates, appoints a time for a get acquainted meeting, and organizes a club which meets once a month for discussions of pig and poultry topics, for programs and good times.

As in schools, loyalty, morale, team spirit and an interdependence is built up. Club mates rely on one another for some part of club work well done. They expect co-operation, and strive for it. They place a trust in their friends, and learn that friends can be trusted. They get down and dig for the good of the club, and throw their forces together to win the only prize that Capper Clubs award for community effort.

This year, Marjorie Williams and her mother had a choice of staying home to study poultry bulletins or go with a party to fish and camp. Imagine how Marjorie wanted to be one of the camping party! But she and her mother decided that going fishing meant no poultry bulletin study that week, so they stayed at home. They made up their minds that they would enjoy the bulletin work rather than feel "grumpy" because it should be done. When the club manager read the reviews of the bulletins studied that week, and learned that they were written by sacrificing a good time on the river, he checked up the Marshall county score a "yard" for pluck.

Senator Capper and the club manager believe that everything that can be done to win in community contests was done by the club in Marshall county. The Rotary Clubs, the local Chamber of Commerce, the Farm Bureau, the Vocational Agriculture Department and talented men and women of the community were brought into the circle of assistants. These club folks did not fail to get every assistance possible from the Capper Club Manager at Topeka, and used the local newspapers to good advantage in announcing events that were passing in the local club work.

Marshall joined, and worked, and won! She adds the highest Capper award for 1927 to her laurels, and

soon will have a majestic silver cup to exhibit as her trophy.

Marshall county is first across the line in the pep race, and this announcement is made before the second winner is in from the run. But the announcement of the other teams will be given in Kansas Farmer just as soon as their order of rank accurately can be determined. Some of them are running almost apace, but looking down the track from here, it seems that they will score in this order: (2) Trego; (3) Barber; (4) Lincoln; (5) Lyon; (6) Norton; (7) Montgomery; (8) Coffey; (9) Morris; (10) Linn-Anderson; (11) Dickinson; (12) Russell. Whether this rating stand will depend on whether some of them fall before reaching the line, and who "sprints" at the last.

January will be the month in which the new Capper Pig and Poultry Clubs for 1928 will grow with boys and girls from all parts of the state sending in coupons asking to be members. You will find a coupon with this story, and you cordially are invited to join our clubs and be thrifty.

Tophet at Trail's End

(Continued from Page 17)

in attitude of menace and defense until the stranger had passed on.

Conboy was alert in his door, watching to see what new nest of trouble Morgan was about to stir up with that threatening rifle. Others seemed to feel the threat that stalked with this grim man. Life quickened in the somnolent town as to the sound of a fire-bell; people stood watching after him; came to doors and windows to lean and look. A few moments after his passing the street behind him became almost magically alive, altho it was a silent, expectant, fearful interest

that communicated itself in whispers and low breath.

Who was this stranger with the mark of conflict on his face? What grievance had he, what authority? Was he the bringer of peace in the name of the law that had been so long degraded and defied, or only another gambler in the lives of men? They waited whispering, in silence as of a deserted city.

There was only one priest of alcohol attending the long altar where men sacrificed their manhood in Peden's deserted hall that morning. He was quite sufficient for all the demands of the hours, his only customers being the unprofitable gang of cattle-herders whom Morgan sought. True to their training in early rising, no matter what the stress of the night past, no matter how broken by alarm and storm, they were all awake, like sailors called to their watch. They were improving, while it might last, the delegated authority of Seth Craddock, which opened the treasures of a thousand bottles at a word.

The gambling tables in the front of the house were covered with black cloths. Down at the farther end of the long hall a man was sweeping up the debris of the night, his steps echoing in the silence of the place. For there was no hilarity in the sodden crew lined up at the bar for the first drink of the day. They were red-eyed, crumpled, dirty; frowsled of hair as they had risen from the floor.

Peden's hall was not designed for the traffic of daylight. There was gloom among its bare girders, shadows lay along its walls. Only thru the open door came in a broad and healthy band of light, which spread as it reached and faltered as it groped, spending itself a little way beyond the place where the lone bartender served his profitless customers.

Champagne Versus Whisky

Morgan walked into the place down this path of light unnoticed by the men at the bar or the one who served them, for they were wrangling with him over some demand that he seemed reluctant to supply. At the end of the bar, not a rod separating them, Morgan stopped like a casual customer, waiting his moment.

The question between bartender and the gang quartered upon the town was one of champagne. It was no drink, said the bartender, to lay the foundation of a day's business upon. Whisky was the article to put inside a man's skin at that hour of the morning, and then in small shots, not too often. They deferred to his experience, pouring whisky. As they lined up with breast-bones against the bar to pour in the charge, Morgan threw his rifle down on them.

No chance to drop a hand to a gun standing shoulder to shoulder with gizzards pressed against the bar; no chance to swerve or duck and make a quick sling of it and a quicker shot, with the bore of that big rifle ready to cough sixteen chunks of lead in half as many seconds, any one of them hitting hard enough to drill thru them, man by man, down to the last head in the line. So their arms went up and strained high above their heads, as if eager to show their desire to comply without reservation to the unspoken command. Morgan had not said a word.

The bartender, accepting the situation as generally inclusive, put his

hands up along with his dead-beat patrons. And there they stood one straining moment, the man with the broom down in the gloom of the farther end of the building, unconscious of what was going on, whistling as he swept among the peanut hulls.

Morgan signaled with his head for the bartender to come over the barrier, which he did, with alacrity, and stood at the farther end of the line, hands up, a raw-fisted, hollow-faced Irishman with bristling short hair. Morgan jerked his head again, repeating the signal when the bartender looked in puzzled fright into his face to read the meaning. Then the fellow got it, and came forward, a vast relief spreading in his combative features.

Morgan indicated the rope ends dangling at his belt. Almost beaming, quite triumphant in his eagerness, the bartender grasped his meaning at a glance. He began tying the ruffians' hands behind their backs, and tying them well, with a zest in his work that increased as he traveled down the line.

"Champagne, is it?" said he, mocking them, a big foot in the small of the victim's back as he pulled so hard it made him squeal. "Nothing short of champoggany wather will suit the taste av ye this fine marnin', and you with a thousand dollars' wort' of goods swilled into your paunches the past week! I'll give you a dose of champoggany wather you'll not soon forget, ye strivin' divils! This sheriff is the man that'll hang ye for your murthers and crimes, ye bastards!" And with each expletive a kick, but not administered in any case until he had turned his head with sly caution to see whether it would be permitted by this silent avenger who had come to Ascalon in the hour of its darkest need.

While Morgan's captives cursed him, knowing now who he was, and cursed the bartender whom they had overridden and mocked, insulted and abused in the security of their collective strength and notorious deeds, the shadow of two men fell across the threshold of Peden's door. There the shadows lay thru the brief moments of this little drama's enactment, immovable, as tho cast by men who watched.

The porter came forward from his sweeping to look on this degradation of the desperadoes, mocking them, returning them curse for curse. In the excess of his scorn for their fallen might he smeared his filthy broom across their faces, paying back insult for insult, bold and secure under the protection of this stern eagle of a man who had dropped on Ascalon as from a cloud.

When the last man was bound, the last kick applied by the bartender's great square-toed foot, Morgan motioned his sullen captives toward the door.

"Wait a minute—have something on the house," the bartender urged.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't Need More Cows

An additional 2 million people each year for the next 40 years could be supplied with as much milk as now is used per capita without adding to the number of cows in the dairy herds, if each cow would produce 100 pounds more milk each year, C. W. Larson, chief of the Bureau of Dairy Industry, says in his annual report made to Secretary of Agriculture Jardine.

The dairy herds of the United States include about 22 million cows. About 400,000 of these, owned by members of dairy herd improvement associations, are tested each month for milk and butterfat production, enabling owners to eliminate unprofitable cows from the herds. In 1926, Doctor Larson states, on the basis of comparative records, 360,000 of these cows produced as much milk as 584,000 average cows, and returned as much profit over cost of feed as 640,000 average cows.

The average annual production of the cows in dairy herd improvement associations in 1920 was about 6,000 pounds of milk; in 1926 about 7,500 pounds, or an average annual increase of about 200 pounds as the result of improved practices growing out of testing, such as elimination of unprofitable producers, selective breeding, and scientific feeding of the profitable cows in the herd. If only half as much gain could be made in herds generally, the increased milk supply from the present number of cows would provide for 80 million more people in 1966.

Capper Pig and Poultry Clubs

Capper Building, Topeka, Kansas.

I hereby make application for selection as one of the representatives of.....

.....county in the Capper

.....Club.
(Write Pig or Poultry Club.)

If chosen as a representative of my county I will carefully follow all instructions concerning the club work and will comply with the contest rules. I promise to read articles concerning club work in the Kansas Farmer and Mail & Breeze, and will make every effort to acquire information about care and feeding of my contest entry.

Signed Age

Approved..... Parent or Guardian

Postoffice..... R. F. D..... Date.....

Age Limit: Boys 10 to 18; Girls, 10 to 18.

Address—Capper Pig and Poultry Club Managers

The First Step to Take to Join the Capper Clubs is to Cut Out This Coupon, Write or Print in Your Name and Address and Other Information Called for, Then Send it to Philip Ackerman, Capper Building, Topeka, Kan.

Get Ready for Bigger Profits in 1928 - - -

It looks as if 1928 is going to be a much better year for the farmer than we have had for several years. But, the men who will make the unusual profits will be the fellows who adopt on their farms methods of producing crops, livestock, poultry, and dairy products at reduced costs.

There are many farm folks in Kansas who have recently worked out new money-making methods on their farms.

During 1928 we are going to tell readers of Kansas Farmer about the plans these folks are using. You will find all of them tried and proved plans actually worked out on Kansas farms by Kansas farmers. These plans will be presented with the facts ready to adopt as a part of your farm operations.

You may not be able to apply all of these money-making plans to your farm, but you will be certain to find many of them that will help you increase your profits.

You will want to see every issue of Kansas Farmer in 1928. If your subscription is about to expire, now is a good time to renew so you will be sure to get all the good things that appear in Kansas Farmer during the year.

Kansas Farmer and Mail & Breeze
Eighth and Jackson Topeka, Kansas