

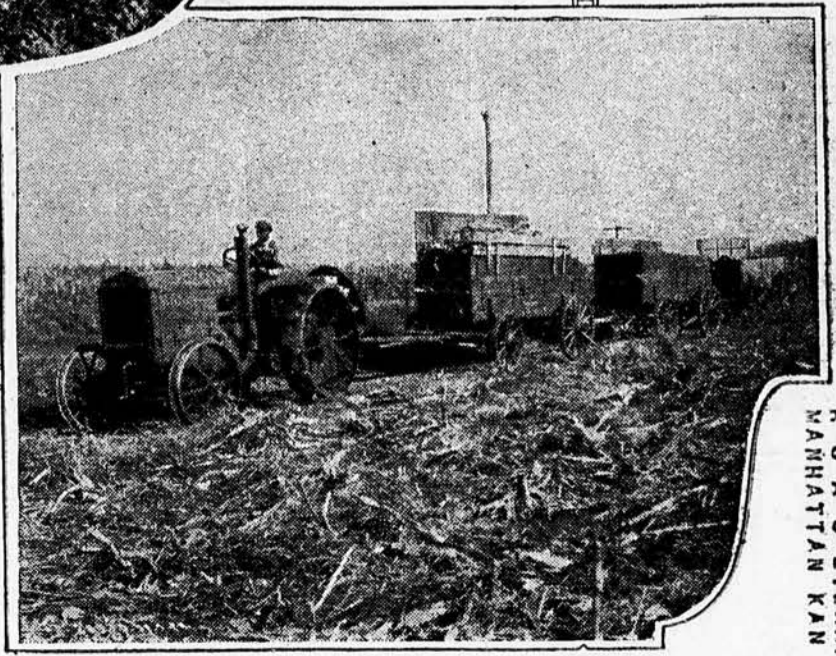
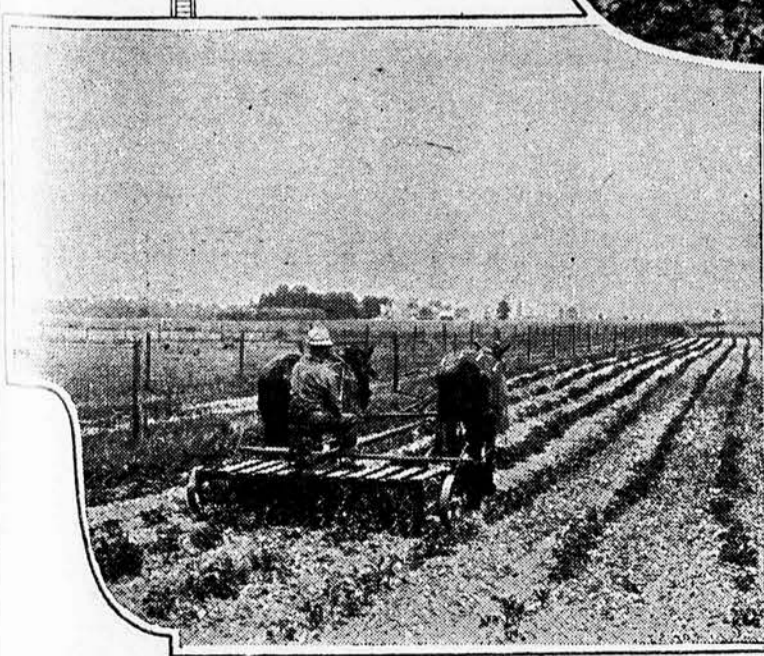
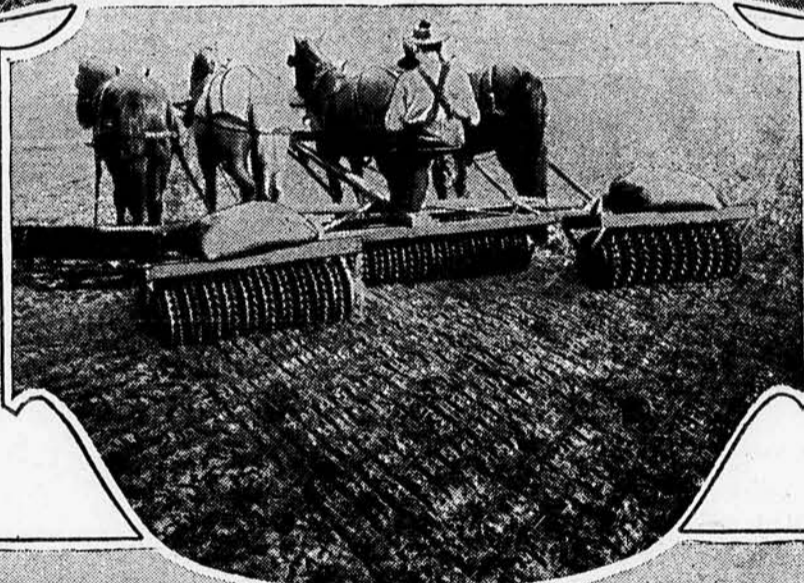
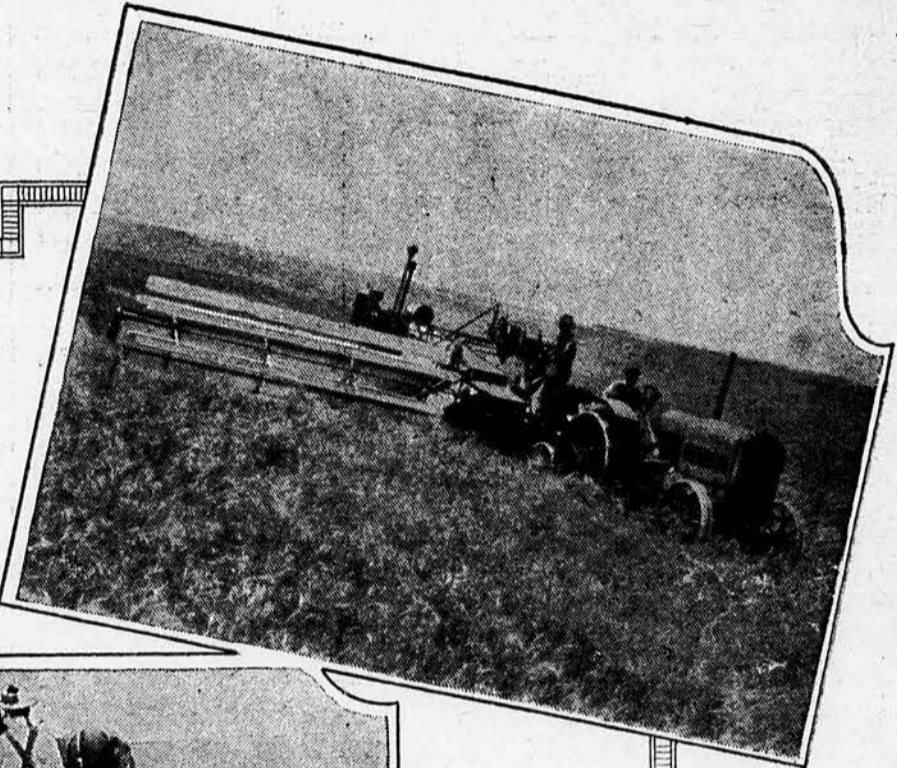
KANSAS FARMER

MAIL & BREEZE

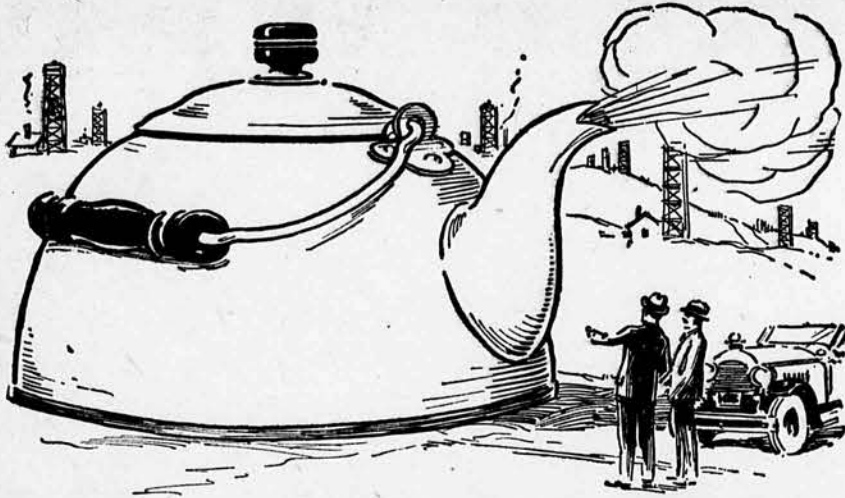
KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
NOV 29 1926
Number 48

Volume 64

November 27, 1926



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'Twas a Mighty Wild Day!

Thanks to the Radio, We Started With Calvin Coolidge and Ended With Queen Marie

BY HARLEY HATCH

NOT long ago I read where some "country life uplifter" said that as winter approaches, lonesome days descend on the farm." Thursday of this week was one of those "lonesome" days on this farm, and I am going to give the events of that day. At 11 a. m. we had with us Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, and his Secretary of War, Dwight Davis, and a number of other notables. The President delivered an address that made Europe sit up and take notice that this country was not hanging around outside the World Court, cap in hand, waiting on the eminent pleasure of the members of said court for admittance. Altho this address was given at Kansas City we heard it much better than did the immense throng who were in actual attendance. Next, the ladies' club of Sunnyside had a meeting on this farm, and the writer was considerably enthused to get an invitation to dinner with them. Over-eating, so it is said, is a certain method of suicide, and I confess I was tempted that day to quit this world, but concluded that perhaps another day would find me better prepared. That afternoon we had the play-by-play report of the Kansas-Oklahoma football game, and we got another thrill out of that. And to cap it all, in the evening came Marie, Queen of Rumania.

'Ras With Jazz, Maybe?

I don't like all the stuff that comes over the radio, to be sure. In fact, about nine-tenths of it is worse than worthless to me. Jazz is an abomination, and if I had the maker of the saxophone here I would be tempted to haul him out with the rest of the fertilizer so that he could help raise corn next year instead of making more saxophones. But by selection and with the help of the very clever announcers we hear not only the great epoch making addresses of the time but we also see the crowd and the surroundings and get the atmosphere of the event. We get almost as much out of the play-by-play report of the various games as if we attended in person, for instance, who would fail to get a thrill out of that inning that decided the St. Louis-New York games when Alexander faced "Poosh 'Em Up, Tony" with two men on bases—and struck him out! I can tell you, that was a great time for the boys of all ages listening in on their radios all over the country. We heard President Coolidge with his history making utterances and noted that old familiar Yankee twang, a twang that, once fastened on one, is never broken loose. If you haven't a radio, buy yourself one for a Christmas present this year.

Then Came the Rain

After 48 hours of continuous strong south wind there came a rain of ½ inch, which put the roads in the worst condition I have seen them for a long time. The mud was not deep, in fact, in some places the car wheels peeled it off down to dry dirt, and it was this which made it so bad. This layer of mud would pick up and roll around the wheels until the car could not move. Nearly every dooryard in this neighborhood has a big car stranded in it this morning, ours included. The light cars which have made a name and fortune for their Detroit manufacturer had no trouble, and went right along as if on a solid roadbed. After the rain came a change of wind to the north, and it turned much colder. We hustled out and got in the cattle that were in the north prairie pasture. We are turning them down on the creek, where there is bluegrass enough to keep them going for another month, in connection with cottoncake once a day. So far we have had no bad storms on stock.

Plenty of Roughness?

I think we have now made sure of plenty of roughness for the winter. An 11-acre field of kafir near this farm made such a heavy fodder growth that

the owner had use for no more than half of it, so we bought 200 shocks. This kafir is now being topped; it takes an average of nine shocks to fill a double wagon box with heads, well piled up against the sideboard. As there are more than 400 shocks on this 11 acres there is a chance for a pretty good grain yield beside an immense amount of fodder. Kafir fodder has cured in good condition, most of it being cut after a light frost. We managed to get in four days at manure hauling this last week, getting out about 100 loads in that time. We run two spreaders: two men fill the spreaders and one keeps them going to and from the field. If we had been given another day we could have finished this job, and would have started into the winter with the yards slick and clean. If no more rain comes we can finish by the middle of the week. Then will come corn husking, and if wet weather interrupts as often as it has done during the last six weeks it will take until Christmas to get the corn in the crib!

Better Save the Humus

A letter from Marion says that the writer has a cornfield, part of which is to be plowed soon for oats next spring. There is a rather heavy growth of crabgrass in parts of his field. He asks if this grass should be burned or plowed under. It has been our experience here that if a heavy grass growth is burned off the field will produce a better crop the next year than if the grass had been plowed under. But in the long run this is not best for the land; for the good of the soil all vegetation possible should be plowed under; our Eastern Kansas soil is heavy enough to start with, without destroying any humus. In this instance there is a further inducement to burn, however, as Chinch bugs are still present in the field. Burning would destroy them now. I scarcely think that many bugs would winter in crabgrass; they like the heavy native grass around the edges of the field best as a wintering place, and they will seldom or never be found wintering in crabgrass. The question might be stated in this way: shall I take a better crop next year at an extra expense of soil or shall I plow under a growth that will in the end help the soil at perhaps a slight expense of crop? Which is best?

He Would Grow Hedge

From Lebo comes a letter stating that the writer has a waste piece of land which he wishes to plant to Osage Orange or post timber. It asks how to save the seed, how to plant it and how far apart the trees should be. I have had no experience with hedge; our efforts here have been confined to getting rid of it, rather than growing more. But we took the question to folks whom we knew had in years past raised Osage hedge. Their method of getting out the seed is to put the hedge balls into a barrel and cover with water. When the balls are soft take a post or piece of timber and crush the balls and work them until the seed is all out. Then wash the seed from pulp, dry it and it will be ready to plant next spring. It was generally thought that it is best to plant the seeds in beds or rows, and then the next year take up the young trees and plant them just as they are wanted. By so doing a much even stand can be secured than where the seeds are planted where the trees are to grow. As to distance apart, 6 feet would be near enough, and if the soil is thin 8 feet apart might be better. They should be planted close enough so that the growth will be upward instead of branching out.

It has just about got so that any death in Chicago not directly due to gang activities is put in the accidental class.

The farmers feed the nation—even to giving our politicians most of their food for thought.

KANSAS FARMER

By ARTHUR CAPPER

Volume 64

November 27, 1926

Number 48

Hey! Daddy Diddle, the Kids Have Run Away With the Show

By R. H. Gilkeson and M. N. Beeler



YOW, yow, yow! An avalanche of adolescent humanity cascaded over the amphitheater seats and down the concrete steps into the narrow passage that circumnavigates the tanbark arena. A little sawed-off squirt in an overseas cap of old gold and black bellowed thru a long megaphone, but his remarks were lost in the din of shuffling feet, clattering seats and yowling hopefuls. The kids demanded action and supplied it. The command had been given to move and they moved.

The kids had taken the Royal. They engulfed it. The show management had figured on 600 and thought club leaders and teachers of vocational agriculture were foolish optimists when they made an estimate like that. But those who thought they had prepared to entertain the delegates of farm youth from half the states in the Union would swear there were 5 million.

By Monday night some dignitaries were willing to concede 700 youth in attendance. Places were laid for that number at a Livestock Exchange Building banquet. The kids overflowed three floors of that place, two for every chair. Next night all the feeding places available, 1,200, in one of the largest Kansas City hotels, were reserved and the town was scoured for a place to feed an overflow of 1,000.

52 Youngsters From Horton

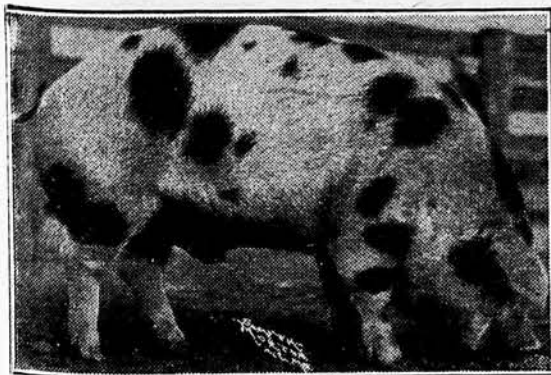
No paper attendance, this. The vocational agriculture teachers and state directors trotted out their wares just to prove they had 'em. They lined up by states, 350 from Kansas and 1,150 from Missouri—a total of 1,600 from 22 states. The 4-H clubs mustered 600 at the close of registration Tuesday night, with more on the way. Some brought the old folks along, their brothers and sisters, too.

Livestock men, market men, packers, newspapers, everybody worked on that doggone show a quarter of a century and it was a flat failure so far as the attendance went. Then the kids came and made it in two years. Show got a new building sometime back. Management put on a \$17 show for 50 cents and had a crowd. But the crowds didn't justify all the blah and expense. The kids were let in, last year. That swelled attendance. The management noticed they brought their folks along. Society horse shows may meet expenses, but they don't make stock shows.

If a few kids 'll bring a lot of folks a lot of kids'd bring swarms of their parents, the management reasoned, and arranged a bigger kid party for this year. Did they come? Ask anybody who was there.

The national congress of vocational agricultural students they called it—representatives; a judging team of three from California, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Idaho, Kentucky, Michigan, South Dakota, Colorado, Washington, Texas, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Arkansas, Louisiana, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, New Mexico, Kansas and Missouri. And it is to be an annual affair. Dr. C. H. Lane, director of vocational work for the Government, J. A. Linke, regional director, T. C. Wright, a member of the federal board for vocational education and representatives of the state departments have decided that.

Most of the youngsters paid their way to Kansas



K. S. A. C. Mopped Up on Fat Barrows. Here's the Champion Spot. They Also Won Champion Single and Pen in the Berkshire Division

City with earnings from their projects. Many of those in the 4-H clubs won trips as prizes for good club work. Others were loaded in cars by the local chambers of commerce, the county agent or somebody else, and taken to the big show. That's what happened at Horton—the chamber of commerce of that town brought all the youngsters who could come, 52, and it was the biggest delegation from Kansas.

The chamber of commerce of Tulsa, Okla., offered the trip to any club member or vocational student in the county who made \$100 in project work up to November 1 this year. Forty-five youngsters qualified, and they drove across country. The party was in charge of J. R. Wiley, agricultural agent for the chamber of commerce, and John Malone, county agent.

E. H. Hess, a vocational teacher at Stockton, Mo., brought 14 boys who had paid their way by holding a pie supper and selling pies made by girls in the home economics classes, by serving lunch at a farm sale, and by selling kindling made from dead trees on the school ground. Sixteen boys from Effingham, paid their expenses from project work, for instance, John Delfelder sold a litter of pigs and George McLennon borrowed money on his pigs to make the trip. Railroads, banks and business men sent others. Somehow they got there and had a big time.

But the Royal wasn't a kid show by any means. The youngsters were the big part, but if we can forget them for a while, let's have a look at the rest of the show. A turn thru the livestock quarters disclosed 432 Herefords, 247 Shorthorns, 114 Angus, 15 Galloways, 100 Milking Shorthorns, 66

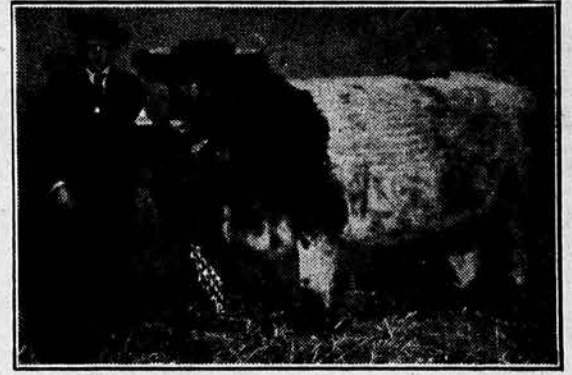


Dan D. Casement, Riley County, Took First on His Load of Grain Fed Calves, Calved Since September 1, 1925

Jerseys, 43 Holsteins, 38 Guernseys, 34 Ayrshires, 154 draft horses, 68 mules, 520 hogs, 475 sheep, and 126 head of baby beeves owned by club members. Of these, 75 were from Kansas.

Out of 62 Hereford exhibitors, nine were from Kansas; four from Kansas out of 28 Shorthorn breeders; one out of five Polled Shorthorns; six out of 16 Aberdeen Angus; one out of three Galloways; one out of five in the grade steer classes; one out of 11 Milking Shorthorns; no Jersey exhibitors from Kansas; two out of six Holsteins; two out of three Guernseys; one out of the two in Ayrshires; three out of eight Berkshires; five out of nine Chester Whites; two out of 12 Hampshires; two out of seven Poland Chinas; Kansas State Agricultural College only with Durocs out of 10 exhibitors, and again the only representative from the home state out of seven Spotted Poland breeders.

In the carlot show there were 67 loads of Herefords, 13 loads of Shorthorns, 28 of Angus, and the boys and girls had one load of Shorthorns and two loads of mixed cattle. Thirty-seven carloads of fat cattle and 85 loads of feeder cattle were in the carlot sale. That is 18 more cars than were on hand last year. The champion Shorthorns in the carlot show, choice fat steers from the Sni-Bar Farms, Grain Valley, Mo., sold for \$26 a hundred. Their average weight was 912 pounds, so that makes the average price a head \$237.12. This was said to be a record for the American Royal, and also for the Kansas City livestock market. The champion Herefords sold for \$14.75, and the champion Angus load sold for \$15. There were 10 carlots of hogs shown. And speaking of hogs, the world's champion ton litter was among those present. They were Polands, owned by W. T. Raleigh, Freeport, Ill., and they weighed 5,117 pounds at 6 months old.



Kansas Took Four of Six First Places in the 4-H-Baby Beef Show Here's Alastair Wishart, Riley County, With His Senior Steer

Over in the sheep barns 49 exhibitors had 475 head of woolies dolled up for public inspection, with the Kansas State Agricultural College and R. F. Frantz, Bonner Springs, holding up the Kansas end. Mr. Frantz had Hampshires, Oxfords and Dorsets, and the college, Hampshires, Shropshires, Dorsets and Southdowns.

D. F. McAllister, Topeka, had his Percherons, and the Kansas State Agricultural College men had "our" Belgians and Percherons at the show. And looking at it from the standpoint of "our" horses in the case of the college exhibits, we might say that the horse end of the Royal had a whale of a representation from Kansas. Yes sir, everyone who has a hand in paying taxes in our state might well say "our" Belgians and Percherons from the college. And, of course, that would hold true in every class where college stuff was entered. Wonder whether Kansas folks are taking enough interest in the college and what it is doing?

"Don't put your note book away yet." It was Dr. C. W. McCampbell, of the college who issued that order. "The college got grand champion in the Belgian stallion classes. Lad's Farceur, that's his name. We raised him, and his sire, grandsire and mother also. He isn't an animal we went out and bought at a high price for show purposes." Wasn't that enough to make Prof. D. L. MacIntosh, the college horseman, smile? This institution also walked off with first for yearling mare and first stallion in Belgians; junior champion Percheron mare; seven firsts and a champion with cattle; six firsts and three champions with hogs; and out where Harry Reed had the sheep the college took 11 firsts and three champions. Hope the 4,754 Kansans who registered at the Royal on Kansas day saw the college offering.

Didn't Mention the Fleeces

The stock judging contests at the Royal were the real thing, and it's easy to understand why when you stop to consider that the members of each team were the best from the various states. Glenn Stalker, Rossville; Paul Engler, Topeka; and Earl Miller, Rossville, represented the 4-H clubs from Kansas. They competed against judging teams from Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, and won second place. The Kansas boys lost out for first place, which was awarded to the Oklahoma team, by only 13 points, because all three of the boys forgot to mention the fleeces on sheep they judged. They won't overlook any points of similar nature when they represent Kansas at the International, and you may count on that. One of the official judges of the contests said he wouldn't be afraid to pick out the five 4-H boys who made the highest scores and put them up against any college judging team. Not that the college teams are so inferior, but because the club boys are so good.

Kansas had to play second fiddle in the college judging, also, allowing Colorado to take the lead. Eleven states were represented. E. F. Carr, Byers; R. D. Davis, Manhattan; J. H. Johnson, Norton; G. J. Stewart, Manhattan; C. W. Thole, Stafford, and Howard Vernon, Oberlin, made up the K. S. A. C. team, and they will hold up the Kansas end at the International also. In the voca-

(Continued on Page 20)

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THE steamer Matsonia sailed from Pier 30 at San Francisco on Wednesday, October 27—not that this information is of any particular importance, but a voyage has to have a beginning. The Matsonia is one of the best of the Matson Line ships; it is approximately 350 feet long and will accommodate 250 passengers, but on this particular trip only carries 109. I suppose the sailing of a vessel on a voyage of considerable length is always an interesting occasion. At any rate, there were as many people down at the pier to see it off as there were passengers on board, and I would guess there were more. There was at least one bridal party. I was caught in the shower of rice and had enough in my pockets to have furnished me with all the food I really needed during the first day out.

The ship company furnishes small rolls of different colored strips of paper, and the passengers are supposed to hold one end of the strip and toss the roll out into the crowd on the dock. When there are several hundred of these paper streamers extending from the ship's side to the dock it forms a variegated and rather beautiful sight. I tossed out several. My aim was poor on the first and second, but the third sailed out and circled round the neck of a good natured fat maiden who smiled at me, indicating that she was pleased. They were just then getting ready to haul in the gang plank, so I had no opportunity for conversation. I have now forgotten what the maiden looked like, so I probably will miss her on my return.

As the steamer passed out of the Golden Gate it struck what they call a ground swell. I have been hearing about ground swells all my life, but never really appreciated what it meant before. When there is a new political movement or when the public sentiment seems to be running strongly in favor of one party the politicians talk about ground swells. But, as I said, I had no appreciation of what a ground swell really did mean until our ship sailed out of the Golden Gate. As near as I can understand from conversations with sailormen, a ground swell is caused by the piling up of water on the ocean bottom near the shore where the depth is not great. The ocean is continually trying to batter the land and the land holds back against the ocean. It is the meeting of an irresistible force with an immovable object. That was the old problem that used to be proposed to us by some professor as his idea of a mathematical joke.

Now when the waters of the Pacific move in one direction it comes about as near being an irresistible force as anything I can imagine, and the shore of the ocean gives an impression of being an immovable object. The waters rush in and pile up and then roll back again, and that constitutes the ground swell. As a matter of fact, the ground doesn't swell—the waters just pile up. But this so-called ground swell, to express it in plain and vivid language, is nearly hades and repeat.

The day we sailed was a beautiful one, with almost no wind; the sea should have been calm, but it wasn't. I saw at once that it was agitated about something, but did not know what it was until I was told that it was the ground swell that was rocking the boat. After a time I discovered that I was becoming considerably agitated myself. I did not give up anything, possibly by reason of my Scotch ancestry, but there were times when I would have been glad to trade the meal I had purchased, for which I had paid a dollar and four bits, for a street car transfer that had run out a week ago. I know now why that bird who wrote the poem of which Lincoln was particularly fond produced it. He was sea sick. He was feeling the effect of the ground swell when he remarked "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" I do not know how many of the passengers succumbed. I was not interested—I did not care a hang. I knew that several of them were a lot worse off than I was, and I got considerable satisfaction out of that. Some of them I saw and others I heard. However, this old story about the sick passengers lining up along the ship's rail and contributing to the waves is a mistake. Most of them prefer to retire to the privacy of the bath rooms and heave in solitude.

I spoke of the Matsonia as one of the best of the Matson line ships—there will be a bigger and more elegant ship on this line next year, the Mololo, which will make the trip in nearly two days less time than the Matsonia. But as I have not traveled much in ocean ships this seems like a pretty fair sized boat to me. The chief engineer informs

Passing Comment

—By T. A. McNeal

me that the engine power required to drive it is 9,000 horse. It does not make the speed of the big Atlantic liners, its average speed being only 15 knots an hour, or approximately 17 miles.

The commander of the ship is K. Hubbenette—sounds like Italian but he looks more like a Jew.

You may be interested in knowing where these passengers come from. Just about half of them are residents of the Hawaiian Islands, 68 if my count is correct; 25 are residents of California, 5 come from Wisconsin, 4 from Washington, D. C., 4 from Connecticut, all of one family; 3 from Oregon, 3 from Kentucky, 2 from Pennsylvania, 2 from Tennessee, 8 from Illinois, 8 from Java, 1 from Maryland, 2 from Capetown, South Africa, 2 from Ohio, 2 from Kansas, 8 from Michigan, 4 from Australia, and 1 from Massachusetts. Four of the residents of Hawaii bear the name of Knickerbocker. For a wonder there are only two Smiths on board, and not a single Brown or Jones.

Traveling on the ocean, in my opinion, is a fool's paradise. For nearly a thousand miles we have seen nothing but water and a few birds, kin to the sea gull, called "loons." That name is given, I take it, because they have no more sense than to get this far from land. Not a porpoise is in sight, not a whale, not even a flying fish. At the Chicago World's Fair there were duplicates of the ships used by Columbus when he made his voyage of discovery. In the light of my present experience I have an increased respect and admiration for the courage and patience of Christopher, and an even greater admiration for the nerve of Magellan, who circumnavigated the globe in the same kind of ships. How he and his men endured the monotony of that tremendous voyage is beyond my power of imagination. No wonder the men mutinied. The only real wonder is that Magellan managed to hold control at all. How those little tubs of ships, depending for power on wind and small sails, probably rotten before the voyage was half ended, ever made the voyage is more than I can understand. Those sailors must have been tough birds indeed.

This ship, like all other ships of its class, has a daily newspaper mimeographed on ship board and distributed every morning. It gives in tabloid form what the editor considers the most important news of the world. The news comes by radio.

Today an incident occurred to break the monotony. A young woman by the name of Simpson boarded the ship at San Francisco after giving an interview to a San Francisco paper, telling what she intended to try to do. She is trying one of these around-the-world stunts without any money to start with, traveling on her nerve. The ship officials do not require passengers to show their tickets before coming on board; in fact did not ask for them until we had passed the Golden Gate. So there was plenty of opportunity to get on board whether one was a passenger or not. The young woman strolled on along with the other passengers, and when asked for her ticket said that she had none and no money to pay her fare.

There was one of three courses to pursue so far as the steamship company was concerned: throw her overboard and let her swim back, carry her to Honolulu free, or transfer her to another ship when it passed and let it carry her back to San Francisco. The last was decided on, and this morning at a little after 9 o'clock the Maule, the sister ship of the Matsonia, was sighted. It had been communicated with by wireless. Both ships stopped, a boat was lowered and the young woman was rowed over to the other ship, climbed a rope ladder and was started back to Frisco. I suppose she was in no particular danger, but as I watched that boat bobbing around on the waves I decided that I would never undertake to beat my way round the world. Just at present I don't care about going around the world anyhow. The young woman has developed a rather comfortable philosophy. She said that she had made up her mind

if she got thru to Honolulu it would be all right and if she didn't, it would be all right, and then, just by way of justification for the trouble she was causing the steamship company, she said: "Why, if it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have had any excitement on this trip at all."

The ship runs a moving picture show every night. Last night there was a series of views of the islands. I think my gastric juices are working in a more orderly manner just now and that I will be ready for dinner. I wish I could say as much for my daughter, who loaded up with seasick remedies before she started. Her opinion of the medical profession is, I think, down near zero. She has eaten only one meal since leaving San Francisco, and declares that she feels as if she never wanted to look upon food again. This afternoon is to be given up to sports, nine different kinds, and this evening there is to be a masquerade ball. I have decided not to participate.

I am satisfied that there is something in this theory that there is a subconscious mind located in the stomach, or in that vicinity, which largely directs and controls the conduct and impressions of men. I defy any man to take a cheerful view either of the present or the future when he is seasick. He is for the time being fit only for pessimism and anarchy. He not only has no hope for the future of the world but, what is more, doesn't give a hoot. If the world wants to blow up it's all the same to him, in fact he rather hopes it will.

But fortunately the stomach does not remain in a continuous state of insurrection. Hope comes crawling back, not sailing in on triumphant wing but slowly and doubtfully. It begins to appear as if maybe it might be well enough to give life another trial. Food, which seemed utterly repulsive a few hours ago, begins to seem more tolerable. There is something peculiar about being seasick so far as food is concerned. There are passengers on this ship who do not seem to be affected so far as their appetites are concerned. They come to the table and ravage the menu. Now heretofore I have rather enjoyed seeing a person eat who seems to genuinely enjoy his food, but when you are seasick, to see a person fill himself with food seems to be disgusting and to show a lack of culture. You would be filled with unholy joy to see him choke.

The sight of a man stuffing his interior with food on such an occasion irritates you. You may be polite enough to congratulate him, but if you do you are a liar and the truth is not in you. There is another thing which rather adds to your indignation, and that is the fact that these people who do not get sick are chesty about it. They want to patronize you and express a pity they do not feel. You are inclined to paste them on the jaw, but your own physical condition does not permit, so you have to gnash your teeth in silence—and a man with false teeth cannot do a good job of gnashing.

However, the world is growing brighter. This isn't such a bad kind of a ship after all, and maybe I might even get to like the ocean.

This is Sunday—an Episcopal bishop or archbishop conducted the service in the ship's parlor—but I did not rise and fall with 'em.

Yesterday there was a program of sports on the upper deck. Some of them I was familiar with, some not. There was a turtle race, open for all; nail-driving contest for ladies; "Are you there, Casey," for gentlemen; potato race for children; "Feeding the baby" for ladies and gentlemen; and a shaving race where six or seven ladies lathered and shaved an equal number of gentlemen.

A native Hawaiian girl, Miss Hilda Espinda, danced the Hula dance at the ball, and believe me she was some dancer. This is the original dance of the natives, and I can imagine that when they danced it in the time when they wore no clothes worth mentioning it was a knockout.

I am gathering some interesting facts about the resources of the islands. One of the passengers is R. D. Moler of Kauai pronounced Kau-a-e. Mr. Moler came from West Virginia. He tells me that his ancestors spelled the name with an "h," like Jake Mohler spells his, but finally chucked the "h" as excess baggage, and now spell their name as if it were a back tooth. A good many years ago, he did not tell me how many, when Mr. Moler was young, he landed in Topeka dead broke and hungry. He managed to get some kind of a job and finally accumulated three dollars and four bits cash, and with that managed to get out as far as Arizona. It was "Westward Ho," and the go-

was slow and difficult. He confessed that he probably would never have made it if it had not been for a remark made by his father before he fled from West Virginia. He was 19 then, and his father rather objected to his striking out for himself—said he was too young, but consented to going, giving him the parting remark: "In a few weeks you will be writing home for money to come back on."

Anyone who looks at Moler knows that he is the kind who gives up or comes back. But he confesses now that if his paternal ancestor's remark had not touched his pride he would have stayed for money and gone back, for he was often poor and hungry. Today he is superintendent of the greatest sugar plantation in the Hawaiian Islands, a plantation on which 8,000 acres of sugar are harvested and turned into sugar every year. There are 24,000 acres in the plantation, the average number of employes is 1,700. This plantation produces approximately one-fourth of the sugar grown in the islands, which in round numbers is 800,000 tons per annum.

Like most capable men, Moler is very unpretentious and democratic, but also evidently a man who knows his business and has confidence in himself. Formerly, he tells me, most of the employes were Japanese, but the younger generation of Japanese are going into business for themselves, no longer work as hired men on the plantation in the sugar factory. The principal labor supply comes now from the Philippine Islands. The Filipinos, he says, make fairly good hands after they are fed up and given instruction. When they arrive they are underfed and do not know what is required of them, but they learn pretty fast and make satisfactory laborers. The company which Mr. Moler is the superintendent furnishes employes with houses and hospital service, and pays them mostly by the piece. The average wages these Filipinos is between \$2 and \$3 a day.

What would be the effect on the sugar business of the islands if the tariff were taken off? I asked Moler. He promptly replied that it would be utterly ruined. "Cuba," he said, "can't make a profit; we cannot manufacture it in the islands for less than \$30 a ton and make a profit." As you may naturally suppose, he and the other sugar planters do not want to see a change of administration at Washington. As he expressed it, "if sugar were put on the free list it would be climbing coconut trees and fishing for a living."

I have met another man on shipboard who interests me. I judge that he is of Swedish origin, his name is Peterson. He is in the chicken and egg business. He has 20 acres some little distance from Honolulu, and has a little flock of 4,000 white Leghorn chickens. This is not the egg seat, he tells me, but he is harvesting 100 dozen a day and selling them to the soldiers at Schofield Barracks at from 45 to 85 cents a dozen. The eggs are graded by weight. The large eggs,

which means most of them, sell at 85 cents a dozen, while some of the small pullet eggs sell as low as 45 cents. I figure that even now in the off season he is taking in about \$75 a day. He can afford to travel.

He tells me that he does not trapnest his hens, and therefore does not have a record of their individual output. I am wondering how he tells which hens are loafing and which are on their jobs. The Schofield Barracks furnish a great market for different kinds of produce grown on the islands.



The History of the Trip

We are now within 800 miles of Honolulu. Within a few hundred more miles we will begin to see schools of flying fish, perhaps a few porpoises, and soon will be greeted with the sweet but rather sad music of the Hawaiian bands. It is rather strange that so kindly and cheerful a people should be given to sad music—perhaps there is a forecast in it of a dying race which will soon be either amalgamated or will have passed away. Civilization has been too much for this kindly, loving but indolent people.

'Tis a Complicated Problem!

What are the marriage laws of the following states: Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Colorado and Oklahoma? R.

This is a very comprehensive question. I do not have room in the short space that may be allotted to answers to questions to give the marriage laws in full of all of these states.

In Kansas males are permitted to marry without the consent of their parents or guardians at 21; females at 18. Both males and females may marry with their parents' consent at 16. Males may marry without their parents' consent at 21 in Nebraska and females at 16. Males may marry without their parents' consent at 21 in Missouri and females at 18. Females may marry in Missouri at 16 with their parents' consent. Males may marry in Colorado at 21 years without their parents' consent and females may marry without their parents' consent at 18. Males may marry without their parents' consent at 21 in Oklahoma and females at 21. Females may marry in Oklahoma with their parents' consent at 15 years.

If a marriage is consummated in a state where the legal age is lower than that in Kansas, the fact that the persons married were under age would not be sufficient reason for annulling the marriage in Kansas.

Marriage between whites and colored persons is prohibited in Colorado, Nebraska and Oklahoma but not in Kansas. Marriage between first cousins is permitted in Colorado and Nebraska, but is not permitted in Kansas and Oklahoma.

Depends on the Contract

A renter puts his wheat in a granary with the landowner's wheat. The renter wants to sell all of his wheat. The landowner won't let the renter sell all of it. The landowner says the renter must leave 50 or 100 bushels in the granary to take care of shrinkage. Can the landowner make the renter hold 50 or 100 bushels of wheat for six or 12 months? The renter wants to sell as he is leaving the state. T. P. B.

The right of the renter and owner would depend on the terms of their contract. If at the time the agreement was made the renter should put his wheat in the landowner's granary and there was no particular agreement made about its division, the wheat of course becomes mingled so that the landlord's wheat could not be distinguished from the renter's wheat, and unless there was some agreement to the contrary either party would have the right if he desired to sell to take from the granary wheat in proportion to the amount he put in. If, for example, the renter put 500 bushels of wheat in this granary in which the landlord had 500 bushels that wheat became co-mingled and half of it belonged to the landlord and half to the renter and at any time either of them would have the right to take out one-half of the wheat in that granary and dispose of it. In that case as the granary belonged to the landlord he would have a right to charge the renter a certain amount for storage, but that would be the extent of his control over that wheat.

Taxes \$304 a Family and Going Higher

WE, THE taxpayers of the United States, are paying more than \$10,252,000,000 a year for government—county, city, state and national! That is not less than \$4.23 a family—12½ per cent of our gross national income. In 1913, we paid only \$2,919,000,000, or \$102.12 a family!

Notwithstanding three of the greatest cuts in taxes ever made by any nation, our taxes are higher, not lower. They are three and a half times as much as they were in the year before the war!

While Federal expenditures have been, and are being, cut and held down, the steadily rising costs of local and state governments have virtually paid out all we have gained by Washington's tremendous tax-cutting.

For instance, between 1919 and 1924, while Federal taxes were being reduced \$1,974,000,000, local and state taxes increased \$1,847,000,000. And in 1924, a net increase of \$107,000,000 was added to this total.

Local and state governments now use about 60 per cent of all the taxes collected; the Federal Government—while steadily reducing expenditures, debts and the national debt—about 40 per cent.

While the Federal Government has been paying off the public debt, and spending less than it has collected in taxes; the counties, states and cities not only have spent all the taxes they raised but have issued bonds—that is, borrowed money—to carry on improvements, or otherwise to finance themselves.

The result of this is that during the last six years the national debt has been diminished \$61,000,000, while in the last three years the debts of local and state governments have increased \$2,953,000,000.

Accordingly, we find that while federal taxes have declined 39 per cent during these years, local taxes have increased 56 per cent and state taxes 100 per cent.

State taxes have climbed over local, largely through expenditures for education and for the building and maintenance of highways.

In 1923, state and local governments expended \$407,000,000. Of this, 28.4 per cent was spent for

education, 20.5 per cent for highways, 16.5 per cent for bonds and interest, 6.8 per cent for protection of persons and property, 6.1 per cent for public service enterprises, 5.5 per cent for overhead, 4.8 per cent for health and sanitation, and about 4 per cent for charitable and correctional institutions.

The objects of most of these expenditures are valid enough, the only question being the highly important and pertinent one, was this tax money well spent, are we getting a hundred cents return for every dollar of it, wouldn't we do better to do more paying-as-we-go and considerably less borrowing?

Another and important question obtrudes itself. Our city, state and national governments have been and are being pretty well overhauled; isn't it time to put county government on a better, more efficient and more business-like footing? It is rather cumbersome and wasteful.

New York state is the heaviest contributor to the upkeep of the Federal Government. It pays the highest per capita federal tax—7.13 per cent—which is more than double the average for the country. But the farming states bear a heavier total tax burden in proportion to their income. New York state pays 14.14 per cent of its income for federal, state and local taxes; the farming states 14.19 per cent, of which 11.15 per cent is for state and local government.

Since 1919, such industrial states as New York, Delaware, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which pay the highest federal per capita tax and contribute most to the support of the National Government, show a decline in their tax burden; while the total tax burden of the agricultural states remains high in proportion to income. This, the National Industrial Conference Board points out, reflects the benefit Eastern industrial states have derived from recent federal tax reductions. It also reflects the rising cost of state and local governments, which comprise about 75 per cent of the tax burden of the farming states, a burden made all the more burdensome because of the depressed state of that industry.

Besides paying an unduly large proportion of the taxes in his own state, the farmer is hardest

hit by the heavy increase in local taxes. But he is at a far greater disadvantage in another way. Unlike the industrial East he cannot add the amount of his taxes to the price of his products and so shift the burden on to someone else. General business shifts a large part of its taxes on to the consumer, by adding them to the cost of doing business. It is quite legitimate. But the farmer cannot do this. He has nothing to say about the selling price of his products. He must take what the market offers whether his taxes are high or low. And when he buys what he needs, the price he pays includes the taxes of the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the jobber, the retailer and the freight bill on the goods.

The farmer unquestionably is paying more than his fair share of the taxes. In an effort to more fairly adjust the tax burden, Kansas this year reduced farm values 15 million dollars, while marking up corporation valuations 15 millions and city property 31 millions. Not all of this can be shifted back to the farmer.

Iowa has been considering whether it wouldn't be fairer to tax a farm on what it annually produces rather than on the value of the land. Iowa farmers would then be taxed according to their ability to pay, which is the most equitable of rules for taxation.

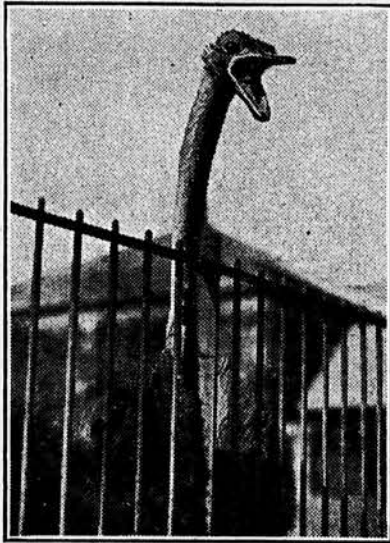
Taxes cannot continue to pyramid on the farmer's holdings; some fair and feasible scheme for taxing him honestly must be worked out. Nor may taxes generally be permitted to go on piling up.

With taxation a family amounting to \$304 a year and going higher, there is a well-founded belief that the people of the United States are paying too much for being governed. One of the best places to begin reducing the cost of government is right in the home county.

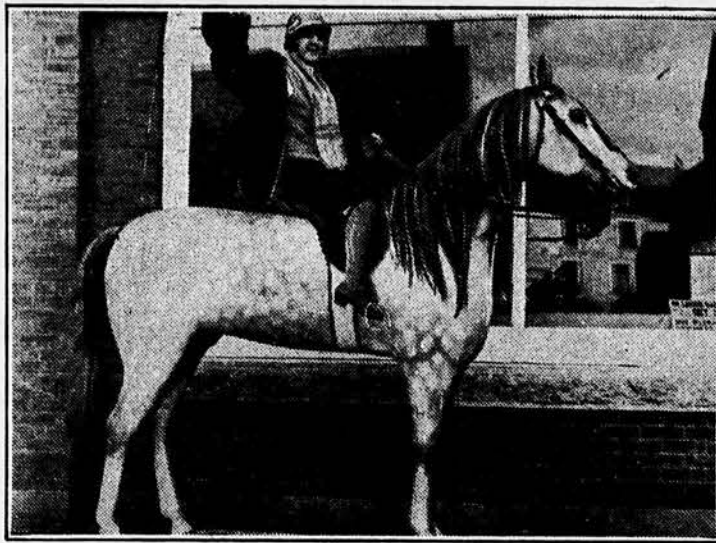
Arthur Capper

Washington, D. C.

World Events in Pictures



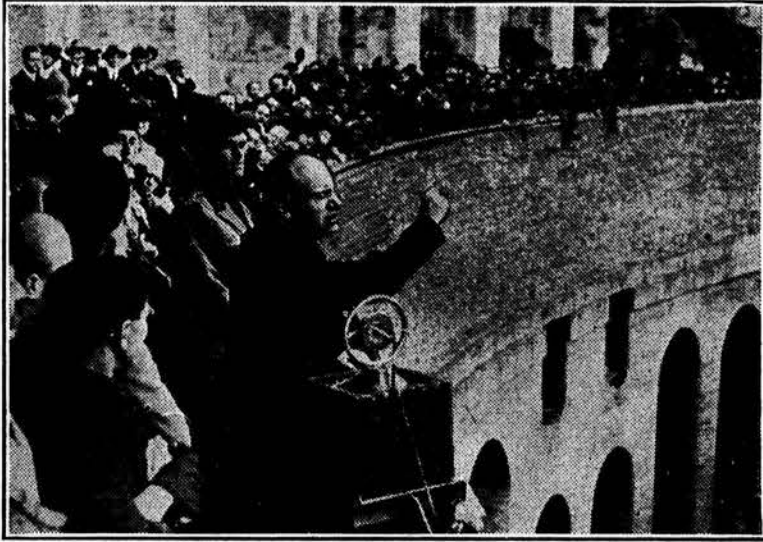
Mr. African Ostrich, Residing in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, Seems to Have the Laugh on Someone, and When He Laughs, He Laughs Long and Loud



A Relic of Older Days, When Horses Held Supremacy. Photo Shows Lillian Descoteau Riding "Jerry," a Horse Made of Paper and Wood and Used as a Display for Harness in a Norway, Me., Store, Where Jerry Has Been for 32 Years, He Being One of the Few Survivors of His Breed



Photo of Ganna Walska, Wife of Harold McCormick of Chicago, the Harvester King, in Her Paris Home, Wearing a Charming Negligee with a Butterfly Motif



This Photo Recently Received from Rome, Italy, Shows Premier Mussolini, Addressing a Crowd of 100,000 Fascists Who Thronged the Coliseum Just a Few Days Before the Attempt on His Life Was Made at Bologna. Note the Microphone That Aided the Premier



General W. B. Booth, International Commander of the Salvation Army, Acknowledging the Greetings of the Crowd of Japanese Who Welcomed Him Upon His Arrival in Tokyo. He is Making a Tour of Japan, Korea and China, in Which Countries He Will Officiate at Salvation Army Meetings



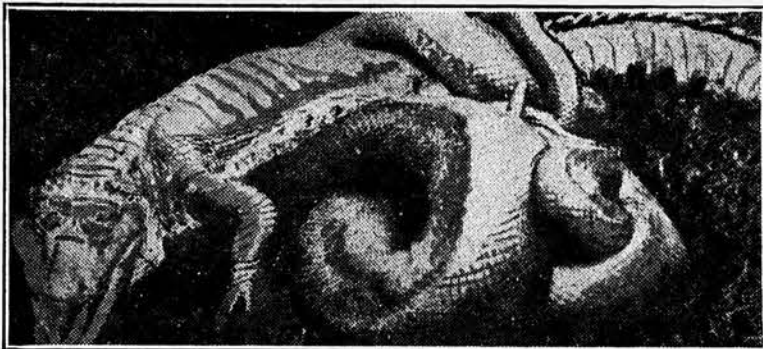
The "Grand Old Man" of the German Fleet, Admiral Von Tirpitz, Retired, Photographed with His Grandchildren at His Country Home, Berlin



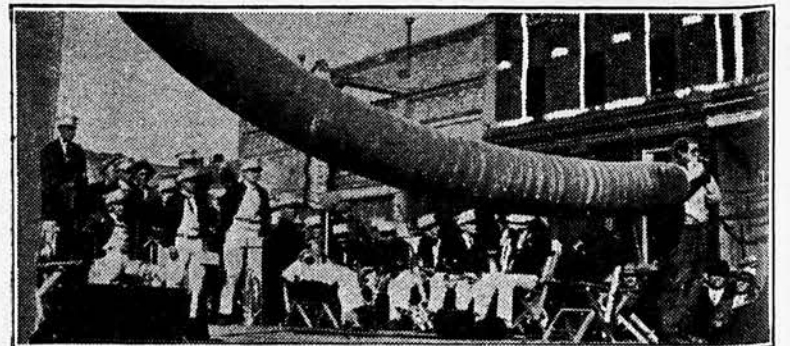
In Gay Patee Where Milady Always is Dressed Just Right, the Close-Fitting Soft Felt Hat is Queen of Head Adornment. The Hat Band Matches the Gown



Queen Marie of Roumania, Wearing the War Bonnet That was Presented to Her by Chief Red Tomahawk, of the Sioux, When She Was Made an Honorary Member of the Tribe, During Her Visit to the Northwest



Gigantic 9-Foot Boa Constrictor of South America, Preparing His Weekly Meal, One Good-Sized Crocodile. The Boa First Crushes His Victim, and then Swallows It Whole, Often Taking Many Hours to Finish His Repast. Crocodiles Aren't the Boa's Only Prey as He Eats Pigs and Other Mammals



Tom "Windy" Brown, a Young Farmer of Elwood, Neb., is the Champion Blower of His State. He Takes an Auto Tube Valve in His Mouth and Blows Until the Tube Breaks. He Blew Into the Tube Shown in This Photo for 80 Minutes, Inflating It Until It Was 20 Feet Long and 56 Inches in Circumference. Then It Burst

Hare Can't Do Without a Silo

A WINDSTORM knocked out one of the most efficient "hands" A. J. Hare, Bourbon county, ever had. It was his silo. Like in dozens of other cases he didn't know how much he depended on it until it was gone. "Not having the silo cost me money every day," he said. "I'm in the dairy business and need one. Fact is, I cannot get along without it, and I am going to build another one soon."

"The most economical way to produce milk is to feed silage and alfalfa as rough feed." That is the opinion Mr. Hare has formed out of 15 years of experience with milk cows. "You see," he explained, "I can get a large acre yield with silage, and with alfalfa it goes a long way. It is a big factor in producing a good quality of milk at a minimum cost. Corn silage is the best winter feed for milkers you can get. With a silo to help me I can raise most of the feed that I need right on the farm, and can utilize it to better advantage."

Along with the alfalfa and silage Mr. Hare has fed ground oats, cob meal and cottonseed meal. That is his pet ration, and he feeds according to production, 1 pound of grain to 4 pounds of milk. The cows get all the roughage they will eat.

Mr. Hare maintains a herd of 16 milkers, and has 10 heifers coming on. He started with milking Shorthorns, and kept them for three years, when they were replaced with some good grades. He got out of the feeder game because his farm was better adapted to dairying. With the milkers he found he didn't need so much pasture. Selecting a better type of cow all along has been one of Mr. Hare's methods of bulding a uniform herd. But he is on the purebred trail now. About half of his herd is registered or eligible. A few years ago he got four purebred Jerseys, and he has been keeping the best heifers. A good bull always has been in his herd. Mr. Hare is satisfied that blood lines tell in production, and he has been able to get more money for the calves. Eventually he will have only purebreds on the farm.

"Some of the Jerseys I had at first wouldn't give 2 gallons of milk a day," Mr. Hare said, "but those I now have run up to 4 1/2 gallons, with a test of 5.5 per cent of butterfat. One cow is giving 24 pounds a day testing 6.7 butterfat. She is a 4-year-old."

All the milking is done by hand. Every udder is washed carefully, and everything that comes in contact with the milk is thoroughly sterilized. This cuts down the bacterial count to a very low level. "We cool and aerate our milk as soon as it comes from the cow," Mr. Hare said. "The sooner it is cooled the better flavor it will have and the longer it will keep. We deliver by truck, and our grade A milk, which is all we produce, brings 12 cents a quart. I used to sell whole milk to the condenser, but for the last year and a half I have been able to do much better on the route."

The cows are helping to build up fertility for Mr. Hare, but he doesn't depend on them entirely. His system of rotation includes soybeans, Red clover, alfalfa, corn, kafir and oats. "I never put corn on land twice in succession," he said. "I firmed my alfalfa this year and the crop is looking much better."

Uncle Joe Cannon

UNCLE JOE CANNON, with the longest Congressional career in the national history, dominated and always will dominate in memory Joseph G. Cannon, his actual but almost unknown name, because of his extraordinary human characteristics. He will be longer known and remembered by his tilted black cigar than by his legislative accomplishments. There are men of great ability whose fame is somewhat disparaged by certain human qualities they have in a highly exceptional degree, humorous men who would prefer to be acknowledged for their serious qualities or attainments, but the public refuses to regard them in any other light than as humorists. "Sunset" Fox was such a man. "Uncle Joe" was another, with the difference that he rather gloried in his marked idiosyncracies and in the publicity they brought him. He was humorous, human and himself in all circumstances, entirely sincere and frank, with none of the pose of statesmanship, tho with some of the pose of an actor in performing always in character. There are not many men of marked individuality, especially among men who seek for a Congressional career. The public therefore makes the most of such men when it finds them, and made the most of "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

While Speaker Cannon was a performer and an actor and co-operated fully with the Washington newspaper men and the public in fixing his character as the unique thing it was, he nevertheless left his mark on politics and legislation. He was intensely partisan and an uncompromising fighter and controversialist. For many years exercising an enormous power as Speaker of the House and making the fullest use of it, not only in appointment of committees and chairmen, who had to be "Uncle Joe" men, but even in recognizing members on the floor, an arrangement usually in his time made in advance of sessions of the House, he brought down upon himself the resentments of minority members and dissatisfied members and eventually was shorn of his power and that of the

Speakership itself shorn with him. After this deflation "Uncle Joe" was never quite the same man and soon voluntarily retired from Congress. It was a Kansas Congressman at that time, Victor Murdock of the then Seventh Kansas district, who led the fight for the reduction of the Speaker as the virtual dictator of the procedure of the House.

Despite his absolutist methods as Speaker, "Uncle Joe" never lost his immense popularity, and even the men who dethroned him still elected him Speaker. When he retired all parties and factions in the House testified their esteem and regard for him, as a man, a good loser and a straight shooter, which probably is the epitaph he would most have coveted and valued. It can be said of him as of few men of whom it is sometimes said that the country will not soon look upon his like again.

To Stamp Out Diphtheria

FALLS CITY, a close Nebraska neighbor of Kansas, is immunizing all its children against an outbreak of diphtheria, since the schools of Rulo, 10 miles distant, have been closed to check the epidemic at that place.

This situation on the edge of Kansas gives force to the appeal made recently by the State Board of Health in behalf of a thoro campaign of immunization in this state against diphtheria. Thanks to toxin-antitoxin it is entirely practical. Dr. Kin-



In the Land of the "Rotten Shots"

neman, Kansas state epidemiologist, calls attention to the campaign conducted by health authorities in New York to stamp out the disease by 1930. It can be accomplished, as he says, in Kansas, provided health authorities in every city and county co-operate. Dr. Kinneman referred to the good results already effected in Kansas, where from 672 cases of diphtheria in the last week of October five years ago there has been a reduction to but 44 in the corresponding week this year. Deaths from diphtheria numbered 376 in 1921, perhaps a year of bad epidemics, to but 35 so far this year.

Very nearly half of all children in Kansas under 10 years old, the period in which 90 per cent of diphtheria cases occur, have been immunized. If the remaining 200,000 children in the state can be treated with toxin-antitoxin, says the state epidemiologist, "the disease would practically disappear."

While diphtheria has been reduced to a relatively minor menace in the United States in the last 35 years, yet more than 200,000 cases occur annually, and 11,000 American children die every year from this cause. In Kansas, as above stated, there were 376 deaths in a single year, as recently as 1921. Actual mortality from the disease is not the only curse of diphtheria, its after-effects when there is recovery often being of a serious character. If it can be exterminated it is the evident duty of health authorities to co-operate in such a humane effort, not only saving many lives, but also saving other lives from lifelong misery, crippled in one bodily function or another. The campaign proposed by the State Board of Health deserves the fullest public support.

Away Goes the Plant Food

RUSHING rainwater takes about 20 times as much plant food material away from the fields as is used by crops, and damages the farmers of the United States to the extent of 200 million dollars a year. Or at least so declares H. H. Bennett, a soil scientist with the United States Department of Agriculture, who has been making field studies on this problem. Probably the damage is not so great in Kansas as it is in some states, but it is quite ample. There is an increasing amount of interest in Kansas in protecting hillsides from erosion by dams, and conserving the rainfall at

the same time. On page 7 of the Kansas Farmer for October 16, C. K. Shedd outlined the way this new system has worked out on the farm of Martin Capper in Cloud county.

While the annual loss of plant food materials from the fields of the United States due to rushing waters is estimated by Mr. Bennett to approximate 126 billion pounds, as compared to only 5,900 million pounds permanently removed by crops, the loss of plant-food material is by no means the only damage caused by erosion. Millions of tons of rich top soil are carried out to sea annually, leaving in many instances a soil very infertile and one that is more difficult to till. Erosion takes the rich top soil from the gentlest slopes as well as from the hillsides. Much of this soil that is removed is deposited over the rich bottom lands farther down the valleys, often ruining crops and depositing sand and other inert material of an inferior quality.

Probably not less than 10 million acres of land formerly cultivated have been permanently destroyed by rain-wash, according to Mr. Bennett. A single county in the Piedmont region of the East was found by actual survey to contain 90,000 acres of formerly cultivated land now permanently ruined by erosion. Another county in the Atlantic Coastal Plain has 60,000 acres ruined beyond repair. Much of this land could have been saved by timely terracing, and a great part of it should never have been plowed in the first place, because of its extreme susceptibility to erosion. Such lands should be maintained in timber or pasture.

In addition, not less than 3 million acres of good stream bottom lands have been practically ruined by the deposition of inert sand and gravel and by increased swampiness due to channels choked with soil washed out of upland fields.

While the more violent types of erosion which form gullies into which houses topple are of such character as to attract the attention of land owners, sheet erosion is quietly wasting the lands of the country and impoverishing the farmers on a much vaster scale. The effects are generally unrecognized, they often being incorrectly ascribed to soil depletion by crops. In one instance it was found that 7 inches of top soil were removed in 24 years from a gently sloping field growing corn under ordinary cultivation.

For the Boys and Girls

THE Kansas Co-operative Wheat Marketing Association of Wichita is conducting an essay contest for boys and girls of city and rural high schools. "What the Wheat Pool Means to the Kansas Farmer" is the subject. Twenty-five dollars will be given as first prize; \$15 as second; \$10 as third, and 10 prizes of \$5 each will be given after the first, second and third winners have been selected.

Material bearing on the subject will be supplied as soon as contestants notify the Wichita office of their desire to enter. All essays must be submitted by May 1, 1927. The contest will be judged immediately after its close by three impartial and disinterested men, probably from the agricultural college, whose decisions will be final. The essays are limited to 1,500 words.

"The volume of business done by co-operative associations has increased from 636 million dollars in 1915 to 2,400 million dollars in 1925," says Ernest R. Downie, general manager of the Kansas wheat pool. "The factors responsible for such a rapid economic development should be more clearly understood generally. That is our sole reason for sponsoring this contest. I believe students will find co-operative marketing an interesting and timely theme."

The association conducted an oratorical contest last year. Arthur E. Todd, Salina, won first; Mabelle Dawson, Haven, second, and Georgia Rukes, Richland, third. Nearly 50 students wrote in for material despite the fact that the contest was started late. By starting much earlier this year, it is hoped that several times that number will participate.

Tourists and Trade Balances

THE report of the French National Touring office on the expenditures of foreigners in France during 1925 furnishes some interesting figures. The report discloses that American tourists spent in France during the year the sizable sum of 4,975,520,000 francs. Figuring these francs in dollars at the average rate of 22 francs to the dollar, American expenditures for sight-seeing in France were \$226,160,000.

At the same time the figures disclose that during the same period the value of French exports to the United States was 3,058,132,000 francs. Americans spent more money sight-seeing in France than for goods purchased by the American trade in France and imported into the United States.

The value of the tourists from a European standpoint in figuring the balance of trade between Europe and America has never been fully appreciated by Americans.

We hear a lot from the free traders about how we cannot sell abroad unless the European nations sell us just as much, making it an even exchange. Of course this is not true, practically, even laying aside for the moment the question of tourists. For any country, France for instance, might buy more from America than she sells and still make up the difference by selling to China or South America.

The Sleeper of the Moonlit Ranges

BY EDISON MARSHALL

HE LOOKED straight at her as he talked; and she was sensitive to him as she had never been before. She was burned with the fires within him; she knew his strength, his dominance, his iron self-rule. She feared him still, yet she knew that whatever wickedness he did would be deliberate and premeditated, not the indulgence of any weakness. Perhaps he would master her before he was thru, but never at the cost of his own self-mastery. She no longer need fear that a wild beast caged in his heart would leap into dominance. By the force of heredity, environment, or event Breed Bert had come to be the captain of his soul.

"I'd be glad to keep it for you," she told him in infinite gratitude. "I'd feel safer with it. But won't you need it, sleeping out there in the open?"

"I don't know why I should. The only wild animals that have ever been known to attack a man in this country are the Kadiak bears, and they'll turn and run a thousand times where once they show fight. Besides, all the bears are still in hibernation except maybe a few stragglers."

"And no people, either?"

"I'm not so sure about the people," he told her after a second's pause. "Of course we're getting near enough to Pavlof village to meet an occasional straggler—a trapper not yet gone in with his furs, or maybe even a deer-hunter. There must be a couple of men trapping this country in here, but they wouldn't be very likely to stumble on to us. I expect we'll see their camp in the morning."

"Close by?"

"There is a barabara in here somewhere which they are likely occupying. I've never seen it, as it was off the trail I usually took, but I think it's fairly close. No matter, Miss Crowell. I'm not going to lie awake worrying about them."

"Are they enemies of yours?"

"I don't know who is trapping in here this year, so I can't say. I've got plenty of enemies sprinkled here and there thru the country, anxious to pay back old scores. Don't let me alarm you. I just mention these fellows in contrast with the bears. A man in the wilderness has to watch out for his fellow men occasionally, but there's practically nothing to fear from the so-called lower animals." He leaned the rifle against the rock wall close to her side. "It's loaded, but it won't go off unless somebody pulls the trigger. . . . I hope your bed is comfortable."

"It is, thank you. . . . Good night."

"Good night." His harsh tones fell away as he gave her this ancient blessing. Then he bent his tall head and withdrew, seeking the comfort of his fire.

Vista of the Ages

Grace had no intention of sleeping and her tired nerves prevented any immediate relaxation. She saw him build up the fire, then sit down before it with his head bowed on his knees. It seemed to her a bad sign that he did not at once go to his blankets, but she made a mental apology to him when she discovered a good reason for the action. She was lying snug and warm

between all the robes that his pack had contained.

As a little of her fear passed away she began to be conscious of a striking picture. She saw it all thru the mouth of her cave, a rough and jagged frame that added to its effect. The moon was riding in and out of clouds so that its light ebbed and flowed like a pulse, one moment showing the whole land in considerable detail, the next, enfolding it in gloom. The white mysterious peaks appeared and disappeared as if a dim spotlight were being turned on and off. In the foreground smoldered the fire, a circle of living light in a cold, dead, moonlit world. In a sense, it reclaimed the waste place, showing that man's dominace had spread even here and that raw nature no longer ruled unchallenged. Beside the fire sat a bent, dark figure—remote, lonely, full of thoughts and dreams she could not begin to follow.

This was a vista of the ages. It was as if the scroll of years had unrolled to her sight, and the world were young again. . . . The same moon was lighting rugged, unworn peaks; the same gray seas moaned among the reefs. On the hill, by his low fire which his hands had struck, squatted the mighty one, the monster terrible beyond any Cyclops that myth could picture, the great Jove who had conquered the parents of sea and storm who brought him forth. He was a dreamer even then; but his dreams were always a little beyond him. Never content with what he had, he longed for the unobtainable. He groped for a star he could not reach. . . . In these overreaching dreams lay his greatness, but sometimes they betrayed him. His enemies learned that when he sat thus, lost in his musings, he often forgot his vigilance; and they were quick to take advantage. They hated him because he could dream and they could not, because he ruled them with his wonder tool of flint, and they crept about his fire seeking a chance to overthrow him. . . .

Absorbed in his thoughts, Breed Bert did not hear soft steps on the wet earth. He did not see the two figures that had stalked him until they were at his side, and he was unprepared for their coming. His lack of precaution emboldened them to walk full into the circle of firelight, while otherwise they would have lurked and crept about in the darkness like the wild beasts they were. They had found their master off his guard, no tried weapon in reach of his hand.

Breed raised his head, looked leisurely into the faces of his visitors, then—to all appearances—went back to his musings.

Grace, watching, experienced a rapid and pell-mell rush of changing emotion. Her first thought was that help had come, that these men were of her own party who had sought her and who would carry her back to the safety of her tent. Then she saw that she did not know the men. They were not Breed's packers; she had never seen them before.

Help at Hand, Maybe?

Her next impulse was to reveal her presence and to ask them to guide her back to the tents. Even if they were not her friends, they were human beings, and they would help her out of Breed's power. She started to get up, and then, with narrowing, alert eyes, quietly lay down again. There was no great hurry about summoning help. She had got on fairly well so far. Perhaps she should wait until the situation was made more clear. It was as if she had learned that particular kind of watchful waiting that is taught in the wilds: to lie peering in the silence and the darkness until one is sure of his ground.

There were certain signs not entirely encouraging. The two visitors were hardly the type she had wished for. They were as far removed from her as Breed himself, and she searched their faces in vain for such gallantry and chivalry as she had need of now. They did not convey the idea of resistless physical force that she saw and feared in Breed, and they had a general ugly



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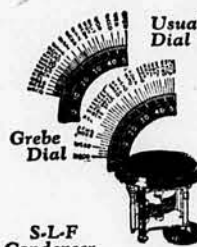
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make-up that he missed entirely. Of course they were natives: whether breeds or full-bloods she did not know. In either case they possessed all the earmarks of an inferior people. Their dark skins, making Breed's deep brown look almost fair, their slanting brows and heavy, brutal jaws, their unlit, unintelligent eyes and particularly the dirt and unhealthiness of them all said Siwash unmistakably: these were the salmon-eaters indigenous to the country. The more she looked at them the less inclined she was to appeal to them for help. She did not wish to jump from a fairly comfortable frying pan into the blazing fire. She lay breathless, watching, and the little drama swept on apace.

One of the men, the younger who showed her a snag-tooth when he opened his dark lips, made some remark in the vernacular; and his cruel, gloating expression repelled the girl more and more. His manner indicated that this was a long-awaited moment. His companion, a slightly older man than either Snag-Tooth or Breed, leered in response, and a long white scar extending across his nose and down his cheek, bent in the middle and changed shape. He was evidently keenly appreciative of his friend's wit, but in this he was not joined by Breed. The latter slowly turned his head, glanced once into Snag-Tooth's face, and then looked away as if he had not heard.

In that look was the most maddening contempt that a genius of pantomime could portray. Breed achieved it almost without change of expression, and subtle tho it was, the man was fully aware of it. The look inferred that nothing that Snag-Tooth or Scar-Face said or did could mean more than the senseless barking of a Siwash dog.

Scar-Face tried his luck next, speaking in the same tongue, and now Breed condescended to answer. "I don't speak the language of dogs," he said sharply and distinctly. "If you have anything to say to me, Scar-Face, talk English."

"I'm All Alone"

Scar-Face grimaced, and his brand shook. "English, huh?" he echoed. "You change since we meet last time. Maybe you no hate the white man now. White blood not so bad after all, maybe."

Grace pricked up her ears. The native was quite right: a surprising change had certainly come over Breed. It was not quite in character for him to renounce the tribal language for the tongue of the hated white. He was either acting a part—for a certain definite cause—or else she had discovered an inconsistency in him which she had not believed was possible.

"Maybe not so bad," Breed repeated. "What do you want?"

"Oh, we come visit. We down in barabara, see your light. Foxes no good now—got lots of time—come up and keep you company."

"I don't want any company." Breed spoke now in a clear, rather loud voice; and Grace was no longer in doubt why he had insisted on talking English. "I'm all alone, and I want to stay alone."

The man she had feared so bitterly had assumed the role of her protector. The girl sank down in the quilts lest a beam from the fire shine on her white face and reveal her presence.

The white scar wiggled and twitched in triumph. With exaggerated carelessness the native strolled to the opposite side of the fire so Breed was between himself and his friend. "Lose'm pard, huh?" he observed. "Maybe lose'm gun, too. What you do if bear come visit, too?"

"Only a Siwash squaw is afraid of a bear. Besides, I've got a gun."

"Where? In cave?"

"On my hip. I've got a six-shooter. I don't use it on bears—just to scare dogs out of camp." Lest this insult should fail to go home, Breed looked up with contempt first at one man and then at the other.

The scarred face worked, then grew sharp with cunning. "Let's be friends," he urged, looking Breed over. "This gun I got here, him shoot straight, kill'm bear every shot. Let's see your six-shooter—maybe trade."

The trio in the fire's glow seemed to understand one another very well. Scar-Face's manner showed that a dream of hate had come true; he had caught Breed in an unguarded moment. If the latter had a rifle, it was

out of reach in the cavern. The lone wolf was trapped at last. His enemy did not believe Breed had a revolver; there was no sign of a holster on his lean hips. Breed knew that intimidation was his only hope. The imaginary pistol was the only card he had, and the cowardice of his foes his only strength. They were like coiled serpents, ready to strike if he moved, or if he stayed still. One motion in his own defense or in an attempt to reach his rifle would invite their venom of lead.

"Go Before I Show You"

"If I bring out that six-gun," he told them, without a flicker in his flat tones or an instant's faltering of his gaze, "it won't be to trade. I told you what it was for; go before I show you."

Because Scar-Face seemed the stronger of his two enemies, Breed ad-

ressed his words to him and was obliged to disregard Snag-Tooth, standing behind him. This proved to be a mistake.

It was true that Scar-Face, the older man, was ordinarily more to be feared than his companion and with him the threat was not without effect. While it added fuel to the fires of his hate—an ancient hate of a weaker creature for a stronger—it also cooled his courage. His heart burned, but his liver grew cold; he tried to leer but his lips fell loose, showing the ugly cavern of his mouth. But it was Breed's look, more than his words, that impressed Scar-Face, and Snag-Tooth unfortunately could not see it.

The younger native possessed a certain frenzied bravery, a desperate recklessness characteristic of weak things in general. The sight of Breed's back emboldened him, and he spurred into action with a rush. "He ain't got a

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gun," he shouted, at the same time leveling his rifle. "Shoot him if he makes a move."

Breed glanced over his shoulder; then threw his arms into the air. The ruddy firelight had found an answering glow in the eyes he saw beyond the rifle sights, and his life hung by a thread. Seeing him helpless, Scar-Face cursed in hate, and raised his own rifle.

There was a certain admirable deftness in the way they handled their prisoner. Prodding him with the rifle, Snag-Tooth forced him to the edge of the cliff, where he was told to stand facing the black chasm while Scar-Face searched him for weapons. The pistol proved to be a figment, but a hunting-knife was taken from its sheath and hurled away. Scar-Face was an old hand, and he wished to provide for all contingencies. He had seen Breed Bert in many tight corners, and in getting out of them a trail of ruin was usually left. It paid to be careful with a man of this mold. So that they might have perfect peace of mind, while they entertained him in the next hour, his hands were drawn back and lashed with deer-sinew.

Safe from the flailing fists at last, Scar-Face kicked at Breed's shins until he fell to the ground, and bound his ankles with a piece of rope from the blanket-roll. Then the two conquerors stood back to view their handiwork.

"Curs Can Bite"

This was more than they had ever hoped for in their most sanguine moments. It was hard to believe that the Brown Bear of the mountains was really caught; that this helpless, prone figure, theirs to beat and spit upon at will, was the Proud One who had cursed their dreams. He had dominated them from childhood, but they had brought him down at last. Great was Scar-Face, he who had fastened the thongs. Even more great was the young Snag-Tooth, the dauntless warrior. Whose was the rifle that had forced the Mighty One's hands in the air? The medicine men whom Breed laughed at and despised had-conjured him in vain; but young Snag-Tooth had cast him to the ground.

This man used to bend them to his will, but now he was bent with the pain of their thongs. He had held himself above them, refusing to be one with them in heart and spirit. That he had helped his people, curing their sickness in a way unknown to the witch-doctors, alleviating their poverty and teaching them things by which they might prosper, had made them hate him all the more, because it showed his strength and their weakness. And most of all, they hated him for his dreams.

He kenneed beauty where they found only fear; he saw light where they could only shiver and quake in darkness. They could kill him for the meaning that the snow-peaks had for him; they could burn him at the stake for the visions that passed before his eyes. But in his dreams they could not follow him.

"You call us dogs, huh?" Scar-Face cried in his exultation. The white brand did a dance on his face, and stepping close he kicked the bound figure.

"Curs—not dogs," Breed Bert said. "A dog is almost next to a man." This was his only response to the taunting words; of the pain of the blow he gave no sign at all. There was still black magic in the straight gaze of his eyes, and Scar-Face moved where he did not have to meet it.

"The curs can bite," the native taunted. The heavy shoe-pack drew

back again, and this time it aimed at the fallen head. Even more than his panther body they hated his long, full-fronted, shapely head, and it was rapture beyond any tribal dance to stamp it into the dust. The kick went home, and the coarse black hair slowly grew matted and wet.

This was too much for Snag-Tooth. For all that he was the greater of the two—greater even than the medicine-men or the chiefs—he was losing out on the best part of the evening. His companion was taking most of the rewards. Snag-Tooth let the rifle fall to the ground, and then leaped, the heavy toe of his shoe-pack crashing into the level eyes of his victim.

Breed would not call them curs very soon again. A curious ripple passed over his body; the drawn limbs slackened and the tense muscles relaxed. He was a man of rock and steel, but he was impotent, crushed, and silenced at last. He fell into a deep coma that is kindly nature's last extremity, an escape from pain that in a sense carried him out of his enemies' power.

A Gross Pleasure

But they were not thru yet. They were only fully aroused, capable of those atrocious acts which stain the records of tribal wars. There is a distinct streak of Sadism innate in the American aborigines, proved by the details of the emigrant massacres of the last century. Snag-Tooth and Scar-Face would soon tire of brutal kicking. It was a gross pleasure at best. And what turns their thoughts would take, what new forms of entertainment might occur to them before the dawn, only the old Indian-fighter, disillusioned and unmoved, could dare to prophesy.

Yet it came about that their simple pleasures were to be interrupted. They were not to put into play the unique diversions which Scar-Face had thought of and which made his long brand flicker and bob like a marionette. Just as he had taken out his knife and was fingering it thoughtfully, an incredible figure appeared at the dark mouth of the cavern.

Scar-Face did not doubt, at first, that this was an apparition. The ghosts, haunting the Hopeless Land, were known to take strange forms; and he could think of none more terrible than that of the White Squaw. In the low beam of the dying fire, in the silence and darkness of this mountain fastness, it was a visitation unutterably weird to the two madmen; and the rifle in the spirit's hand made it no better and no worse.

Their first terror was such as could easily have been fatal. The tree of their nerves might have died from the sheer violence of the stimulation it received. Fortunately, it lasted only an instant. In a second glance the fact began to dawn on both of them that the pallid face with the wild eyes at the cavern mouth was that of a human being. Even the ghostly shadows and the dim glow of the fire could not blind them to this.

Now their minds could conceive of a pursuing spirit in the shape of a white squaw haunting this mountain cavern, but a white squaw real and alive, was almost too much for them. Just enough of Snag-Tooth's faculties returned for him to think of his rifle, lying on the ground. It was at this point that the weapon in the woman's arms became a decided factor in the situation. Unnoticed before, it became, as it were, the center of attraction. It became impossible to think of anything else.

Into the Thicket

She was holding the butt tight against her shoulder, and she was looking along the top of the barrel. True, it moved about a good deal as the gun shook in her arms, yet its black mouth crossed and recrossed his body from time to time. Utterly cowardly at heart like all his kind, the threat in that small black hole proved too much for him, and he started to raise his hands into the air.

He never got them there. Snag-Tooth had supposed that she had got the drop on them with the idea either of taking them prisoners or of driving them from their prey, but he was wrong. Such had not entered into the girl's thought. She knew only one thing to do with a gun, and this she did. Something that felt like a red-hot brand passed thru his clothes against his shoulder.

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delay; he dropped his arms and started to run. At the second shot a great wind blew at his hand, and the member flopped back and forth as he ran. He started out along the ridge, Scar-Face close behind him, and to all appearances about to overtake him.

The girl's shooting had not been of the best so far, considering the close range, but at the third shot she fell into form. Scar-Face, just about to pass his friend, pitched forward, but immediately got up and ran on. This was not in her plans, so she fired at him again. The range was farther by now, so the shot went wild.

The two men ran a long way down the bare ridge. Despite his flopping hand Snag-Tooth still led. Scar-Face did not overtake him after all. After the first fifty yards the race was all the younger man's, and, indeed, his companion was not even able to hold his own. Shortly he began to drop behind, and Snag-Tooth lost sight and sound of him altogether.

He reached his barabara after a time and waited for his friend to come. It began to appear that Scar-Face had decided to sleep out. This was a correct deduction; Scar-Face would sleep out tonight. He had run awhile, and then he had walked, and after considerable time he had paused before a thick clump of alder bushes on the hillside. It seemed to invite him, beguiling his fancy, and he could not pass it by.

As the moon passed in and out of clouds, and as the wind continued on its long, straight journey that apparently would never end, Scar-Face crept into that alder-thicket. It was quite dark and still in here, and immensely reassuring. He lay rather quietly, and almost the only moving thing about him was the white scar, on his nose and across his cheek, that kept bending in the middle. In a short time it also was still.

But Life Remained

It seemed to Grace Crowell that she was rid of Breed's hateful company at last. She thought that his soul had gone out of him during that brief, brutal attack, and already was blown away on the wind. He lay with no sign of life. The dying fire threw a sullen glow on his battered, bleeding head, but it showed his face gray and fearfully calm, as under the gleam of vigil-candles.

Dry-eyed and in a bewildered way she set about certain necessary tasks. She leaned Breed's rifle against the rock wall of the cavern, then bent and threw fresh fuel on the fire. She must not forget the night's bitter chill. As the fuel caught and the small red flames began to dance and crackle in the gloom, she walked into the cave, picked up a blanket and carried it to the side of the fallen man.

It was her idea to cover his stained and battered face. As she bent over him, spreading out the blanket, her hand chanced to touch his. "Oh!" she cried, very softly—a cry that was half a sob.

It was the first utterance she had made since bidding Breed good night, countless dark hours before. Deeply startled, she touched the face she had been about to hide. At that instant she snatched away the quilt she had been about to spread and went to work.

An extraordinary change came over her. She had been crushed a moment before, dulled with horror, and she had moved about with that queer listlessness seen in a sleep-walker. Almost instantly she was wide awake. A strong leap of her heart shot a column of bright blood thru her veins, her brain cleared, her eyes lost their far-away look and resumed their normal focus, her faltering hands grew steady and strong. There was need of her now, and she responded with a celerity and energy that told plainly of the fine temper of her spirit. In that one touch she had made the discovery that Breed was full of life and vitality.

The warmth she had felt was not just an after-glow. She knew this fact if she knew her own name. It was the warmth that comes from a dynamic engine of being. Behind the warmth she felt the slow, strong flow of his life-tides. She had not dreamed that a mortal being could undergo the punishment Breed had received and still retain abundant life; and this was her first inkling of what a rugged, almost fool-proof mechanism is hidden under the human skin. In reality she had no

great right to her amazement. Breed was neither a rabbit nor a bird, and it took more than a few kicks to kill him.

Yet she had saved him none too soon. There were likely serious results enough. She had every reason to think that some of his facial bones were broken and that his skull possibly had been fractured by the first cruel kick to the side of his head. There would be plenty of work to do if she were to bring him thru; and this steeled her to the coolest and ablest hour of endeavor she had ever known.

She did not try to carry him into the cavern, tho it is probable she could have done this, too, if she had tried. She lugged out the quilts and beside the fire made a bed which she rolled him in. She heated water to a boiling temperature in Breed's skillet, let it cool to blood-heat, and washed his wounds; then with bandages made from her own clothes, sterilized in boiling water, she fastened down torn strips of flesh. When she had given all the first aid she knew, she covered him with the quilts and sat down beside him

to watch and to keep the fire blazing bright.

All these things she did with a gentle strength that made her what she was. There were many who knew her gentleness—more than one had loved her for it—but the strength that tonight was combined with it would have surprised even those who knew her best. Tonight she showed the greatness of soul which betokens the mother of men, and which no cynic dares deny—the might of virtue that will endure when scornful tongues are stopped with dust!

The disagreeable tasks she performed ungrudgingly, almost happily. A prince of the realm could have received no kinder, sweeter treatment at her hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Many folks who cry "Back to the Constitution," would detour around the Eighteenth Amendment.

Secret-service agent says women make poor detectives. Married men know better.

Sore Hands HEALED OVERNIGHT!

Don't let sore, chapped hands torture you this winter. Just rub Weber HUSKUM on them at night. Next morning they are healed and feeling fine. Used for years by the whole family on thousands of farms. Keep a bottle handy. Sold on money back guarantee by drug and hardware stores.

GET A TRIAL BOTTLE
If your dealer doesn't have Weber Huskum, send his name and 50c for full sized bottle, postpaid, on our money back trial offer. Central Mfg. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Be Sure to Get WEBER HUSKUM



SAVE CALVES and prevent Barrenness
by using *Aborno*, the pioneer, guaranteed remedy for Contagious Abortion. Write for free booklet today. Aborno Laboratory 95 Jeff St. Lancaster, Wis.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



Now only 1 second from Main Street

WHAT ONE OF MANY SAYS:

A Kansas farmer: "We'd give up our automobile, telephone or newspaper rather than our Atwater Kent."

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

- WEAF . . . New York
- WJAR . . . Providence
- WEEI . . . Boston
- WRC . . . Washington
- WSAI . . . Cincinnati
- WCCO Mpls. . . St. Paul
- WEAR . . . Cleveland
- WTAG . . . Worcester
- WGN . . . Chicago
- WFI . . . Philadelphia
- WCAE . . . Pittsburgh
- WGR . . . Buffalo
- WOC . . . Davenport
- KSD . . . St. Louis
- WWJ . . . Detroit

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada



Model L Speaker, dark brown crystal-line finish, \$16.00
Model H Speaker, dark brown crystal-line finish, \$21.00

THOSE trips to town—how much they mean. You meet your friends. You swap neighborhood news. Maybe you take in a show. Life's routine is broken. Contentedly you journey back from the lights of Main Street to the lights of home.

Now Radio takes you to bigger and farther Main Streets—and you don't have to move from your easy chair. You mingle with crowds in comfort. You get the latest news. You hear the great musicians and speakers—and the preachers you've always wanted to hear. Events that make history are pictured for you while they're happening—and the tickets are free.

If you don't like what you find on one Main Street, you switch to another. You travel with the speed of light, and change

destinations at will—with ONE Dial.

Atwater Kent ONE Dial Radio carries you to any Main Street within range in a split second. With your fingers on that ONE Dial, the airways are open. Where do you want to go?

When you get an Atwater Kent Receiving Set you find it works—and keeps on working. It is tested in the factory 159 times. That's the way it is built—for your permanent satisfaction.

Our ONE Dial Receivers range from \$70 to \$140. If you prefer three dials, there is the famous Model 20 Compact at \$60. You can't buy a reliable Radio that will do all you want it to do, for less than Atwater Kent prices. You can pay much more without getting as much.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO. A. Atwater Kent, Pres. 4749 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radios



Model 20 Compact, five-tube Three Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable, \$60.00
Model 35, six-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable, \$70.00
Model 30, six-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable, \$85.00
Model 32, seven-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable, \$140.00

Here's Fun For Every Boy and Girl

I AM 8 years old and in the fourth grade. My sister Myrtle Mae is 5 years old and is in the first grade. We go to Crescent school which is 1 mile from our home. Our teacher's name is Miss Lewis. I have a certificate for punctual and regular attendance, having been neither tardy nor absent for two school years. We go to Sunday School at Community church which is 7 miles from us. My sister is in the primary department and I am studying the third year work. Our pets are two dogs and a pup. The dogs' names are Carlo and Spitz. We call the pup Ring. Garnett, Kan. Jenevieve Womack.

Kan. The answer is concealed in the odd black letters. There will be a surprise gift each for the first 10 boys or girls sending correct answers.

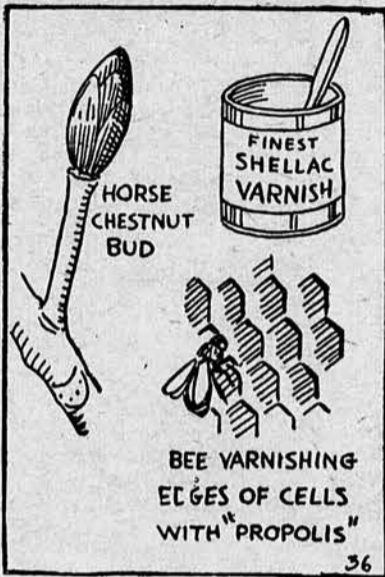
open, the bees may be seen, busily engaged in scraping off the varnish for use in the home hive.

There it is used for every purpose where wax would be too soft or too "expensive." Propolis varnish seems, therefore, to have been the first of the "substitutes," or "just as goods."

Burke. We live on a 160-acre farm. I can work in the field. We have a dog named Lady, eight cats and a pony named Nellie. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me. Bernard Hardin.

Girard, Kan.

Living Inventions by Gaylord Johnson



The Bee's Varnish

Long before man ever made use of varnish for preserving and beautifying his woodwork, the bees were using Nature's own brand for stopping up cracks in their hives, and for stiffening and protecting the wax-work of their cells. Producing wax is the hardest work done in the colony, so this precious material is used with great economy. The wonderful six-sided structure of the bee's comb is cleverly calculated to combine the greatest amount of storage space with the least expenditure of wax. The plates of wax are, in fact, pressed so thin (in the interests of economy) that even the weight of the bees would break down their edges, were they not protected by the hard varnish which Nature furnished to fill the need.

This dark-colored substance, called "propolis" by bee-keepers, is obtained from the sticky covering of the leaf buds borne by the horse chestnut and some other trees. Before the buds

Word Square Puzzle

1. _ _ _ _
2. _ _ _ _
3. _ _ _ _
4. _ _ _ _

One night a man while sleeping in a (4) decided to read a chapter in the Bible as he usually did at (2). The chapter (1) he read ended with (3).

If you insert the correct words in the dashes above you will find that the four words read the same across and up and down and that filled into the sentences below the dashes they make complete sense. There will be a surprise gift each for the first 10 boys or girls sending correct answers. Address Leona Stahl, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan.

Bernard Writes to Us

Here is a picture of our pet cow, my two brothers and myself. The cow's name is Snowball and my brothers' names are Leonard and Edward. When this picture was taken I was 7 years old and Leonard was 5 and Edward was 3. Snowball was 5 years old. She is 10 now and will be 11 years old next



Likes His Teacher

I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. I go to Lone Star school. My teacher's name is Mr. Crippen. I like him very much. There are eight girls and 10 boys in my school. I have two sisters and three brothers. Their names are Mary, Matilda, Sylvanus, Julius and Gilbert Herman. We milk 10 cows. Irene Jacobs. Gove, Kan.

Goes to Good River School

I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I go to Good River school. My teacher's name is Miss Jacques. I walk 1 1/4 miles to school. I take music lessons. I enjoy the boys' and girls' page. Mary McLaughlin. Clearwater, Kan.

To Keep You Guessing

There's a word composed of three letters alone,

Which reads backwards and forwards the same;

It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,

And to beauty lays principal claim. Eye.

Why do fishermen possess extraordinary medical powers? Because they cure dead fish.

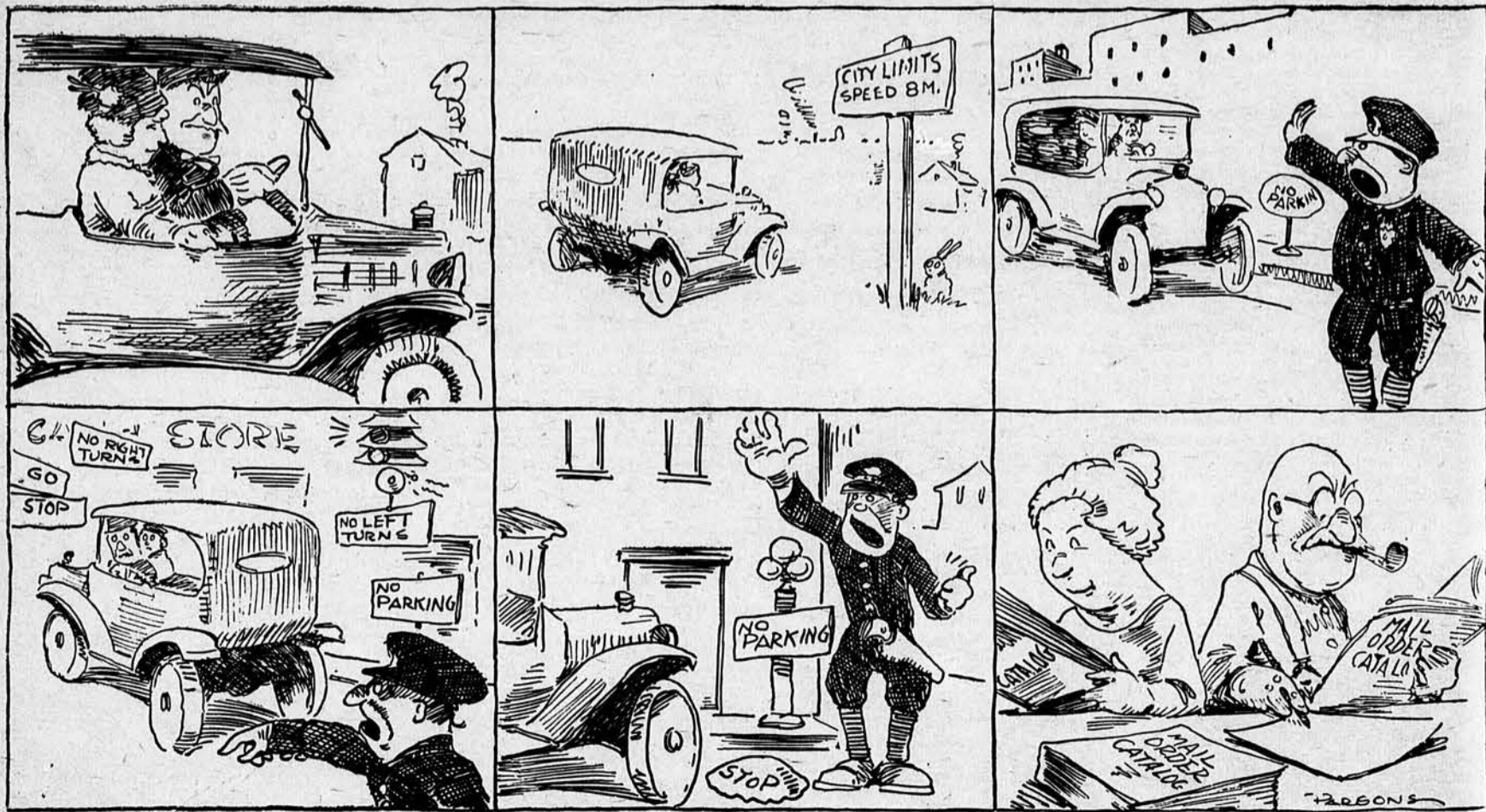
He loved her. She hated him, but woman-like, she "would" have him, and she was the death of him. Who was he? A flea.

When may a man's coat-pocket be empty and yet have something in it? When it has a hole in it.



And now the milk-man comes along
And says, "I'll show where I belong!
Not only do I spell with ease,
But dot my I's and cross my T's."

When you have found what the milk man's name is send your answer to Leona Stahl, Kansas Farmer, Topeka,



The Hoovers—A Story Without Words

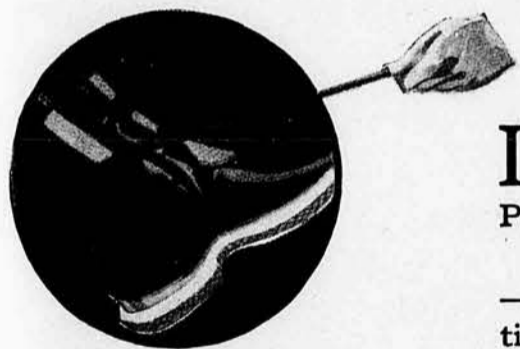


The "U.S."
Blue Ribbon Walrus
slips right on over your
shoes. Its smooth rubber
surface washes clean like a
boot. Made either red or
black—4 or 5 buckles

At butchering time—and any
time—farmers like these long-
wearing overshoes and boots.

As husky as it looks

75 years of experience is back of this overshoe



Stretches five times its length!
If you cut a strip of rubber from
a "U.S." Blue Ribbon boot or
overshoe—you'd find it would
stretch more than 5 times its
length! This rubber stays flexi-
ble and waterproof—long after
ordinary rubber would crack or
break

IT'S a brute for wear—this
"U.S." Blue Ribbon Walrus!
Powerful. Extra husky.

Look at the thick oversize sole
—it's as tough as the tread of a
tire. And the upper—it's made
of the finest grade rubber—*rub-
ber so live, so strong you can
stretch a strip of it 5 times
its own length.*

And to give extra
strength, anchored in the
walls—at every vital point

—are from 4 to 11 separate lay-
ers of tough rubber and fabric
reinforcement. Only "U. S."
Blue Ribbon boots and over-
shoes have so many!

Seventy-five years' experience in
making waterproof footwear is back
of "U.S." Blue Ribbon boots and
overshoes. Every pair is built by
master workmen—and built *right*.
They fit better, look better,
and wear better. Get a pair
and notice the difference!

"U.S." Blue Ribbon boots
have sturdy gray soles. Up-
pers either red or black—
knee to hip lengths. Look
for the "U.S." trade mark



United States Rubber Company

"U.S." *Blue Ribbon*
BOOTS · WALRUS ·
ARCTICS · RUBBERS



for Economical Transportation



The "Bathtub" Test
that proves Chevrolet's supremacy over conditions encountered in excessively wet weather and on flooded roadways.

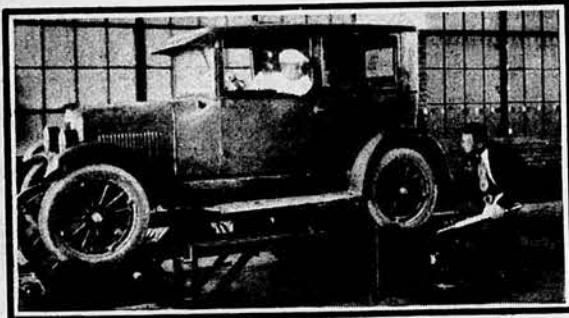
Chevrolet Fuel Economy
is proved by an apparatus like a huge graduated "bottle" that measures the gasoline, drop by drop.



Brake Pedal Pressure
and degree of "slowing down" are measured by this intricate device.



The "Hill-maker"
a dynamometer which mechanically reproduces the effect of hills, longer and steeper than any in existence.



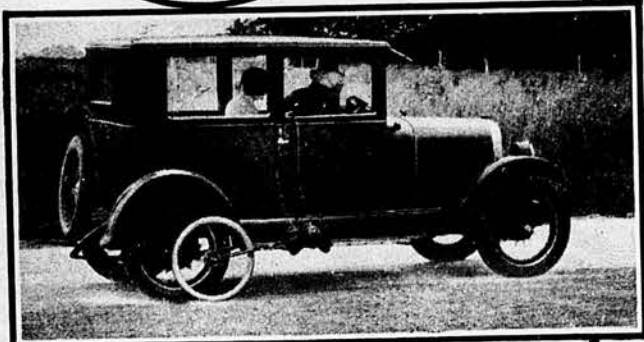
Chevrolet Brakes

are tested and their efficiency proved by this instrument.



Ease of Steering

is proved by this apparatus which measures steering effort.



Chevrolet's Speed
is accurately measured to the fraction of a mile by this electric "fifth wheel."

Testing 24 hours a day to prove Chevrolet's sterling quality

Forty miles northwest of Detroit lies the 1125-acre tract, known as the General Motors Proving Ground.

Patterned with roads of concrete, clay and gravel and crowned with hills of various lengths and steepness, it is the finest automotive testing laboratory ever created by man.

Here the collective experience and skill of Chevrolet and General Motors engineers (a research staff unequalled in the industry) are brought to bear on the problem of keeping Chevrolet the most modern and most dependable car of its class in the world.

Here, night and day, the testers drive until the speedometers register 20-30-40,000 miles and more!

Here are costly, intricate machines, superhumanly accurate and specially designed to reveal full knowledge of some fact which will contribute to a greater measure of power, acceleration, durability, comfort and economy.

Here are fascinating examples of inventive ingenuity such as—devices which accurately determine brake, clutch, and steering wheel effort, making possible the utmost ease of handling; electric torque speedometers; and a "hill-making" dynamometer, which gives

owners the benefits of all that could be learned by testing on an actual hill of any steepness 1,000 miles or more long.

Here, in short, are testing facilities available to the maker of no other low-priced car—and for the want of which it would be impossible to produce a car of Chevrolet's modern design and quality construction, at Chevrolet's low prices!

Today's Chevrolet is the smoothest in Chevrolet history. Its flawless operation at every speed borders on the sensational—and this was brought into existence by continuous testing at the Proving Ground!

Today's Chevrolet enjoys a world-wide reputation for long life and inexpensive maintenance—both of which valued qualities were developed at the Proving Ground!

There is a Chevrolet dealer near you to serve you. See him now! Arrange to drive the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history. Learn for yourself the new order of value, beauty, comfort and multiple cylinder performance which it brings into existence and which is winning new buyers at a rate that is making Chevrolet, more than ever before, the world's largest builder of gearshift cars!

Touring or Roadster \$510, Coupe or Coach \$645, Sedan \$735, Landau \$765, 1/2-Ton Truck \$375 and 1-Ton Truck, \$495 (Chassis Only). All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Peritonitis is Deadly

BY DR. CHARLES H. LERRIGO

I dislike to disturb the dead, but so many folks have wondered why Rudolph Valentino died of peritonitis, and what it amounts to anyway, that I shall have to offer a few remarks on the subject. The peritoneum is the smooth, delicate membrane that lines the abdominal organs and also covers them in. Inflammation of this tissue is always serious, and even the least informed of us know enough to feel solemn when the doctor says "peritonitis." There are different kinds and degrees of peritonitis, however, and sometimes the attacks are so mild that the illness is trifling. It is "septic peritonitis" that increases the death rate, and almost always this means neglect and previous disease.

I may as well admit that I did not follow the Valentino case well enough to be informed with any claim to accuracy. I presume, tho, that he suffered with ulcer of the stomach, and that this ulcer ate thru the stomach wall and spilled the contents into the peritoneum. That is one of the dangers of stomach ulcer. There's a warning in it to control appetite and adjust our modes of living so that ulceration of the stomach will not occur. Peritonitis is the threat that makes such ulceration ample justification for a surgical operation that opens the stomach, repairs the ulcer, and removes the menace of rupture. I would not have you feel that surgery is the only treatment for ulcer, however.

This menace of peritonitis also is the surgeon's justification for urging an operation in practically every case of appendicitis. Left to itself the appendix is an unimportant matter that we might ignore. But when it becomes inflamed and the infection leads to the formation of pus, we have something much more important than the appendix to consider. We have to face the danger of that swollen, purulent appendix bursting and scattering pus all thru the sensitive peritoneum. Let that occur and septic peritonitis is as certain as the patient's recovery is uncertain. When you read of a death from appendicitis you may be fairly sure that the case was allowed to go until pus formation culminated in peritonitis.

So when your doctor tells you there is danger of peritonitis listen very carefully.

No Occasion for Worry

What does it indicate when my temperature runs below normal, between 95.4 to 98.6 most of the time? Is there danger and is it necessary to consult a physician?
Mrs. L. C. W.

Temperatures that are taken by the

mouth vary for many reasons. For one thing the patient may have been taking food shortly before using the thermometer, which is likely to increase the temperature. Another consideration is that temperatures taken in the early morning by the mouth usually are 1 or 2 degrees lower than those taken in the evening. The reliable method of taking temperatures is by the rectum, and I think I would not pay much attention to a sub-normal temperature taken by the mouth unless it were accompanied by serious symptoms of illness.

R. T.—I shall be glad to answer your questions if you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a letter stating fully just what you want to know.

May Damage the Tissues

Will you please tell me whether antiseptic suppositories are harmful? I have been told they would poison the system. Is this true? I have been using them for 10 years.
Mrs. B. M. B.

The whole question rests upon the composition of the suppositories. Presumably if they are made and put on the market by a reputable house, every effort would be made to avoid the possibility of systemic poisoning. You may take it as a settled fact, however, that any antiseptic strong enough to destroy bacteria may also be strong enough to do damage to the body tissues. Herein lies one of the dangers that threaten people who prescribe for themselves.

'Tis a Dangerous Disease

Please tell me how scarlet fever spreads? Is there danger of getting the disease by being in the same house with it? If so, it seems that no good could come from attempting to keep the other children of the family away when one of them has it.
L. D.

Scarlet fever is a very dangerous disease, and one in which every precaution should be taken to prevent its spread. The infection is transmitted chiefly thru discharges from the nose and mouth of the patient and from broken down glands, running ears or any sores of that nature. I know from actual experience that it is quite possible to confine the disease to a single child in a large family, even tho the other children are compelled to remain in the same house. The danger is in actual contact with discharges from the patient, and scrupulous care must be taken in this direction.

No man can be called a complete failure until he has tried his hand unsuccessfully at popular song writing.

About the easiest way to get training in the latest dance motions is to turn over a bee hive.

Why Not Reduce the Public Debt?

A REBATE of 10 or 12 per cent on tax payments next March and June as proposed by the President and approved by Secretary Mellon is criticised on the ground that more than 5 million income taxpayers will receive a deduction of from only 42 cents to \$4.27, a slight relief to them and a burden to the Treasury in calculating millions of minute deductions. On the other hand, practically all financial and business magazines hail the proposal with approval, since it will help large business and large capital.

What the President has in mind by this proposal is the forestalling of an attack on the tax rates, and his suggestion of a rebate is certainly an improvement on tax reduction that is likely in another year to reduce a surplus with a deficit. All parties at Washington fear a great plus that in itself has the appearance to many taxpayers of excessive tax rates. The Democrats propose drastic tax reduction. The Administration opposes any tax reduction, in view of the likelihood of a business recession and the existence of a national debt of nearly 20 billion dollars.

Secretary Mellon has said, the time to pay the debt is when it can be paid. The country is at the peak of prosperity, and its surpluses have been devoted to reducing the principal of the national debt.

Another objection to a tax rebate is brought forward by a highly respected reader in a letter in which he states that the business which is benefited, calculated the tax in overhead, passed it on to the consumer in prices, and the rebate will go not to the consumer, who paid the tax, but to business, which simply adds it to profits.

It is possible that such instances can be found, but in the main income taxes are paid once for all by the persons on whom they are levied and cannot be shifted down. The proposed rebate includes all income taxes, individual as well as corporate. Individual income taxpayers generally would not shift the tax or include it in any overhead or adjust prices to absorb it, and neither could those corporations that have sharp competition to meet. Railroads and other public service corporations are large taxpayers, but their rates have not been increased to absorb the income tax or reduced as these taxes were lowered by Congress. One of the merits of income taxes is that mainly they cannot be shifted. If the President's rebate suggestion forestalls tax reduction at this time it will answer a good purpose. The probability is that Congress in the short session to end next March will neither adopt the President's suggestion nor that of the Democratic leaders.

FADA Radio



Every note of jazz is joyous, clear and distinct

Almost too good to be true

HERE is an amazing achievement in radio engineering which means absolute co-operation—real "team-work"—between receiver and speaker.

The New Fada Harmonated Reception is closer to perfection than anything you have ever heard.

Don't fail to get a demonstration from the nearest Fada Dealer—it will pay you to investigate.

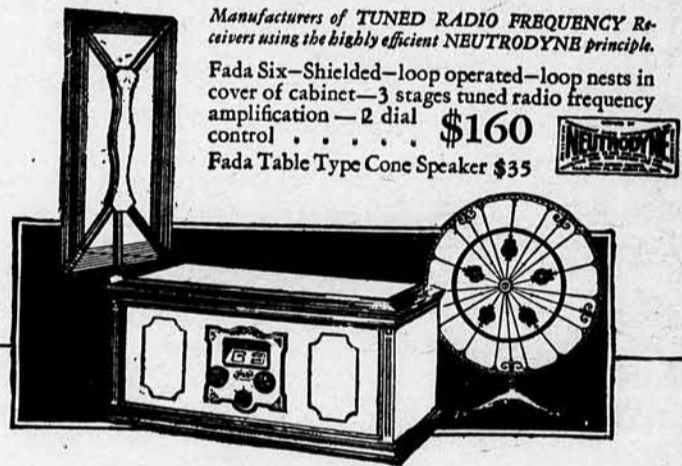
Fada Neutrodyne Receivers—table and furniture models—5, 6 and 8 tubes—ranging from \$85 to \$400. Fada Cone Speaker—Table Type \$35—Pedestal Floor Type \$50.

Prices quoted apply East of the Rockies

Send for booklet "1" and name of the nearest Fada dealer.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.

1581 Jerome Avenue, New York



Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!
Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

How to Get More Eggs Pattern Suggestions For All

Remarkable Experience of Mrs. C. C. Hagar, Whose Hens, Once Sickly Idlers, Now Lay 5 Dozen Eggs Daily

Poultry raisers, whose hens do not lay, will read the following letter with greatest interest:

"Gentlemen: I read many complaints about hens not laying. With the present low prices of feed and splendid prices for eggs, one can't afford to keep hens that are not working. For a time my hens were not doing well; feathers were rough; combs pale and only a few laying. I tried different remedies and finally sent to the Walker Remedy Co., Dept. 44, Waterloo, Iowa, for two 50c packages of Walko Egg Maker. I could see a change right away. Their feathers became smooth and glossy; combs red, and they began laying fine. I had been getting only a few eggs a day. I now get five dozen. My pullets hatched in March are laying fine."—Mrs. C. C. Hagar, Huntsville, Mo.

Why Hens Don't Lay

When hens stop laying, become listless, rough of feather, pale of comb, etc.—you know they are "run down" and need a tonic. Readers are warned to take the "stitch in time." Don't wait until your hens develop liver trouble and indigestion, with consequent leg weakness, lameness, rheumatism, bowel trouble, etc. Give Walko Egg Maker in all feed. It will promote digestion; tone up liver and other functions; build rich, red blood; restore vim, vigor and vitality; make smooth glossy feathers and healthy red combs. You'll get dozens of eggs where you got only a few before—and a bigger percentage of fertile eggs. All without injury to the sensitive organs of your birds. The above letter proves it.

You Run No Risk

We will send Walko Egg Maker entirely at our risk—postage prepaid—so you can see for yourself what a wonder-working tonic it is, for keeping hens in pink of condition, free from disease, and working overtime. So you can prove—as thousands have proven—that it will eliminate losses and double, treble, even quadruple your profits. Send 50c for a regular size or \$1.00 for economical large size package of Walko Egg Maker—give in all feed and watch results. You'll find the cost less than one cent a day for 30 hens, and you'll get dozens of eggs where you got only a few before. It's a positive fact. We guarantee it. The Pioneer National Bank, the oldest and strongest bank in Waterloo, Iowa, stands back of this guarantee. You run no risk. If you don't find it the greatest egg producer and general tonic you ever used, your money will be promptly refunded. Address Walker Remedy Co., Dept. 44, Waterloo, Iowa.

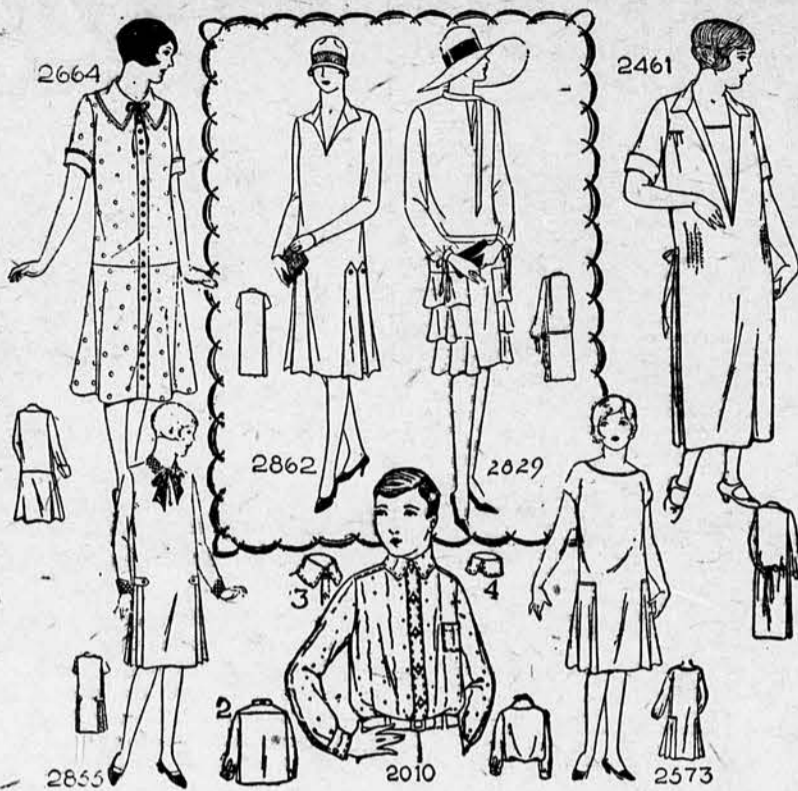
How to Prevent Roup

"Dear Sir: We raise several hundred chickens every year and have lost a good many dollars worth from Roup. I used many remedies, none of them successful, so took to using the hatchet, but found that treatment costly. Then I sent 50c to the Walker Remedy Co., Dept. 45, Waterloo, Iowa, for their Walko tablets for roup, and out of 96 hens that had the Roup bad, I saved all but three. I can't speak too strongly of the treatment, for it certainly does the work, and just can't be beat. If more people knew about it, they would not lose so many of their hens with Roup."—Mrs. Nellie Heron, Eagleville, Mo.

Don't Wait

Don't wait till Roup gets half or two-thirds of your flock. Don't let it get started. Write today. Let us prove to you that Walko tablets will prevent Roup. Send 50c today for a regular size or \$1.00 for economical large size box on our guarantee. Money back if not satisfied.

Walker Remedy Co., Dpt. 45, Waterloo, Ia.



2664—An ideal, up-to-date frock for the school or office girl. Sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

2862—This model is distinctly tailored. Featuring the V-neckline, which is especially popular and smart. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

2829—A combination of ruffles and simplicity makes this dress attractive for the fashionable lady. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

2461—Just the style for the stout lady who wants to be well dressed. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.

2855—Here is a clever one-piece dress for the little school girl. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

2010—Every boy will be proud of a blouse like this. It's just like dad's shirt. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

2573—A dress for the junior just like sister's. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

These patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. Price 15 cents. If you would also like one of the fashion catalogs send 10 cents extra and it will be mailed with your order. In ordering be sure to mention sizes and numbers.

Inexpensive household novelty suggestions which seem to have the proper qualifications either for a housewife or to help fill the hope chest of next year's bride, are the silverware and table linen holders, of which you may give a complete set, or just one or two pieces, leaving the rest to be added later.

Each of the table service folders comes ready made and lined with silence cloth to prevent the silver becoming scratched and it is embroidered in little pink rambler roses, blue forget-me-nots with yellow centers and green leaves. The following articles, all matching the fork holder shown here, may be obtained at the prices indicated which include floss for embroidering.

- 5588—Teaspoon holder; 75 cents.
- 5587—Tablespoon holder; 75 cents.
- 5589—Salad fork holder; 75 cents.
- 5586—Fork holder; 75 cents.
- 5585—Knife holder; 75 cents.
- 5590—Napkin holder; 75 cents.
- 6593—34-inch center rolls; \$1.25.

There are few of the less expensive dolls that will withstand the bumps that befall the rollicking little tot's

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.

Nail Varnish

My 10 year old daughter bites her finger nails. I have tried every way I can think of to break her but still she will bite them. Do you have any suggestions for breaking this bad habit? Mrs. John D.

Yes, we have a formula for making a nail varnish which if used will stop one from biting the finger nails. It has a bitter taste and will also stop thumb sucking. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Helen Lake, Beauty Editor, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan., for this formula.

Gifts That Are Different

SOMETHING you would like to have but never would have bought for yourself, that is my idea of what a



gift should be. Other elements that enter into my selection of a gift are usability and lastingness. These considerations very often fix my choice upon household linens as a gift for a housewife, or a bride to be.

doll. But the trim little muslin Jack and Jill dolls whose ability to withstand bumps was a tradition long before expensive "mamma" dolls were invented are made for bumps from the tips of their toes to the tops of their gingham bonnets. Jack, however, wears a cap. Jack comes dressed in yellow checked gingham and Jill's suit is blue. The little touches of needle work are to be done in running and buttonhole stitches.

These dolls come in package No. 5588 and the price for the two is only 75 cents.

If you wish either the dolls or the silverware holders, you may order them from Fancywork Editor, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. In ordering be sure to mention numbers and names of articles desired.

A bit of poultry or pork fat pinned to the breast of fowl with toothpicks together with frequent basting, does away with dry, unsavory roast poultry.

The first co-educational institution was Eden.

and Every Room Comfortable



There is nothing that creates such a feeling of genuine satisfaction, of comfort, of interest in home life, as perfect furnace heat—every room in the house warm, cozy, comfortable while drifting snows or wintry winds are beating 'round the corners. For more than 30 years Bovee Furnaces have been keeping every room comfortable in thousands of houses. One Bovee user says "My Bovee heats our eight rooms perfectly comfortable in the coldest weather." Another from Northern Michigan writes, "I put ten of your furnaces in ten new houses last fall and this spring the occupants of these houses told me that every room was comfortable in the very coldest weather." And thousands of others have had similar gratifying experiences. Bovee Furnaces last a lifetime, giving valiant service every year. They are economical. They burn any kind of coal, wood, coke—at a saving of 30% in fuel cost—and are ideal for oil burners—in new homes or old, in churches, schools or business buildings. Now you can be comfortable in your own home! Let us tell you how. Write today for our Big—

FREE BOOK

This book tells the story of the Bovee Furnace—of the large double doors, of the extra large combustion chamber, of the compound circulating radiator and many other especially advantageous features. It is more than a catalog—it is a book of 28 pages, filled with heating information. Write for it today—or, use this coupon.



BOVEE FURNACE WORKS

137 West 8th St., Waterloo, Iowa.

Please send me your Big Bovee Book and full particulars about the Bovee Furnace.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

GLASS CLOTH

EST. 1916—PAT'D

Brings Eggs All Winter



ADMITTS VIOLET RAYS

Now it is easy to get lots of eggs all winter. Just build this GLASS CLOTH scratch shed onto your hen house to admit the vitalizing ultra-violet rays of the sun. Plain glass stops them. These rays bring amazing winter egg yields. The shed is cheap and easy to make. Gives twice the room. Allows hens to scratch and work up vitality. High winter egg prices repay its cost many times. Try it. GLASS CLOTH makes fine, winter-tight storm doors, windows and porch enclosures. Just tack it over your screens. Ideal for poultry houses, hot beds, barns, repairs, etc.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER Send \$5.00 for big roll 45 ft. long and 36 in. wide, postpaid. (Will cover scratch shed 8x15 ft.) If after ten days use, you do not find it better than glass or any substitute, return it and we will refund your money. Common sense instructions, "Feeding for Eggs," with each order. Catalog illustrating uses on request. (Many dealers sell Glass Cloth.)

TURNER BROS., Bladen, Nebr., Wellington, Ohio Dept. 396

New Radio Perfected

Distant Stations Heard Without Expensive Equipment

Recent rumors hinting at a new and amazing development in radio have finally been confirmed.

The new radio takes the place of the expensive equipment usually sold for farms and towns from 25 to 600 miles away from broadcasting stations. It works without any batteries at all, and gives regular long distance reception night after night even in bad weather.

Aided by nothing but a covered wire and a pair of head phones, this wonderful instrument is bringing the finest entertainments in the world into thousands of homes.

You, too, can get one of these wonderful radios by writing the Radio Club, 13 Capper Building, Topeka, Kansas.

\$1.85



5-Year GUARANTEE

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our new bargain catalogue of Big watches, we will send this elegant watch by mail post paid for ONLY \$1.85 (safe delivery guaranteed). Dust proof case, stem wind and stem set, newest style decorated dial, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with \$1.85 and watch will be sent at once by mail post paid, or send \$3.00 and we will send two watches. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address

CHICAGO WATCH AND DIAMOND CO. 4737 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

42c; hens, 15c; springs, 16c; butterfat, 39c; turkeys, 32c; corn, 60c; wheat, \$1.22.—T. C. Farris.

Republic—An additional 2 inches of rain here recently improved the moisture conditions for wheat greatly; the crop was beginning to need more rain to soften the crust which had formed after the heavy rains earlier in the season. Livestock is entering the winter in good condition. Corn is selling for 88 cents a bushel; most of it is shipped in. Eggs, 40c; springs, 18c.—Alex E. Davis.

Riley—The weather has been rather cold, and there has been a good deal of rain. There still is some corn to be husked. Most of the feed and the corn fodder have been hauled off the fields and stacked. Cattle and hogs are doing well, in general, altho a few cases of blackleg are reported. Wheat has a fine color and is free of insect damage. Hens are not laying many eggs. Corn, 55c; wheat, \$1.20; eggs, 42c; hogs, \$10.50; flour, \$2.25; apples, \$1.50.—P. O. Hawkins.

Rush—Heavy rains recently have put the ground in excellent condition for winter. Wheat is being pastured extensively. Stock is in good condition, but roughage is scarce. Wheat, \$1.20; eggs, 40c; butterfat, 39c.—William Crottinger.

Sedgwick—About 3 inches of rain fell here recently, which put new life into the growing wheat. The soil is too wet to allow pasturing for several days yet. Wichita had ideal weather for the stock show, and it was a tremendous success; there was a large attendance, and livestock production in this section. A few fields which the folks intended to use for wheat were not sown, on account of the wet soil. Eggs are scarce. Eggs, 45c; wheat, \$1.24; potatoes, \$2; kafir, 75c.—W. J. Roof.

Sumner—The weather has been favorable for farm work recently. A good many cattle are being shipped into the county for feeding. Most of the silos have been filled. Very few sales are being held. Wheat, \$1.20; oats, 40c; corn, 84c; eggs, 45c; butterfat, 43c.—E. L. Stocking.

Trego—A half inch of rain fell here recently, but the wheat needs much more moisture; some of the fields have been damaged greatly by the wheat worm and a lack of moisture. There is a shortage of feed in this county; some farmers are buying cottoncake and mill feeds. Hens are on a strike. Wheat, \$1.23; corn, 95c; hens, 17c; turkeys, 30c.—Charles N. Duncan.

Wallace—Early sown wheat has been standing the dry weather well, but that sown later has suffered considerable damage. Farmers are selling off their stock as closely as possible, owing to a shortage of feed. Several public sales were held here recently, at which fairly good prices were received. Butterfat, 46c; eggs, 43c; corn, 90c; potatoes, \$3.20 a cwt.—Mrs. A. B. Stetler.

Wilson—Most of the wheat is making a good growth. Kafir has produced an excellent yield. There is plenty of moisture in the soil. A few farm sales are being held, with high prices. Livestock is entering the winter in good condition; hogs are scarce. Hens, 18c; turkeys, 28c; eggs, 43c; butterfat, 41c.—A. E. Burgess.

A Glance at the Markets

Farm markets have been showing a tendency to quiet down somewhat as the end of November draws near. Even cotton has been doing better now than the slump in prices has run its course. Supplies of all kinds of farm products continue large, as usual at this season, but the quantity is supposed to be fairly well known now, and there is less room for sharp turns in the market because of surprises in crop conditions.

Wheat furnished a few new features lately, but the tendency has been mostly downward in the grain market. Poultry is active at this season, and will continue so the rest of the year, but the market conditions are much like those of a year ago. Eggs and butter hold a slightly upward tendency. There is little change in the market position of hay, feeds, cattle and vegetables. Fruit is still in heavy supply and cheap.

Wheat markets moved according to changing crop news from Canada and South America. Canada had a wet fall season, hindering the harvest work and injuring the quality to some extent, but the latest report shows wheat production only about 1 per cent below that of last season. Argentina seems to be raising more wheat this year. Another market setback was the poor export demand along the middle of the month owing partly to recent scarcity and high cost of ocean transportation. But it seems that Europe will need our wheat sooner or later, owing to the limited crop of bread grains produced in that region.

Market supplies of corn, mostly from the old crop, have been extremely heavy this month, forcing the price to still lower points. New corn is showing less than average quality with excessive moisture. Very moist corn sells 15 to 20 cents below standard market grade, but even good old crop corn sells below 70 cents a bushel in western markets. Oats and barley have sagged a little in price along with corn. Flax is estimated to be one-seventh less than last season, and the average quality is rather poor, like that of so many other crops this wet fall season. Hay and feeds show no important market change. Cottonseed is more than ever a bargain in feeds, but the demand has been increasing as well as the supply.

Livestock has been showing some of the usual late fall price declines. Supplies have been heavy, and poultry diverted some of the market interest away from the meat trade. Hogs were selling lower than for a long time, with top prices coming below \$12 at Chicago, showing a decline of about \$1.50 since November 1. Large supplies of heavy-weight fat steers have depressed the price of that class slightly, but the general market for beef stock has been comparatively steady. Fat lambs included much poorly-finished stock, and the price trend at times was sharply downward.

Fancy fresh butter is in comparatively light supply late in the season, and the price tends upward. Advances rather than declines have been the rule in November, most markets reaching slightly higher prices about the middle of the month. Another result was to draw out larger quantities from cold storage, but holdings are still about 6 per cent greater than a year ago. Milk flow and butter production continue liberal for the time of year, owing to a good late pasturage season and other favorable conditions. On account of low prices in Europe, small lots of butter have been imported, but not enough to affect the situation except as a suggestion that more foreign butter may come.

The cheese situation is well balanced, with enough demand to take care of the moderate receipts, and no important change in prices. Storage stock is now a little larger than at this time in 1925.

Eggs made the usual November rise, stimulated by preparation for the feast day.

November production held up better than usual, but was falling off to about one-third of the September-October average, according to reports from a number of poultry farms. From very incomplete reports the laying flocks seem to be increasing slightly but steadily the last three years. Stocks of eggs in cold storage are about 7 per cent less than they were a year ago. Trade in turkeys is reported active, with prices starting about the same as last season, that is, 27 to 29 cents alive and 37 to 38 cents dressed.

Potato prices have been showing little change in November, but the trend was slightly downward most of the time, owing to heavy supplies. The range is considerably below that of last season in November, but the situation continues strong, altho the crop is estimated 7 per cent larger than last season in the principal late shipping states. Onions advanced early in the month and then declined, with the prospect of closing the month not far from the opening prices. Cabbage featured a sharp rise in Middle Western markets, without much change in the prices in the producing sections of New York.

Apple prices show little change. Much stock is selling in producing sections at \$2.50 to \$3 a barrel, and in the box region at 85 cents to \$1.25 a box. Apples in cold storage are about 9 per cent less than in November, 1925, but 17 per cent above the average for the last five years. Export movement continues active, but by the middle of November prices had gone down almost to the level of domestic markets. Good lots of favorite varieties like Rhode Island Greenings have been selling at \$4 to \$5 a barrel, and Western Newtowns at \$2.50 to \$3 a box at English apple auctions, but other varieties and much stock arriving soft or poor sold unprofitably low.

The price of sweet potatoes continues low as compared with the white stock. Production is about 20 million bushels more than last year.

The production of broomcorn is far ahead of last year, but still 8 per cent below the average.

366 Pounds: 305 Days

Rosette's Pretty Sunflower 539107, a junior 3-year-old Jersey cow, owned by Erasmus Haworth of Lawrence, has completed an official 305-day test in which she produced 366.86 pounds of

fat and 7,006 pounds of milk. She carried a calf for 241 days of this time, and her milk averaged 5.23 per cent butterfat for the test. With this record she qualified for the American Jersey Cattle Club.

Our Best Three Offers

One old subscriber and one new subscriber, if sent together, can get The Kansas Farmer and Mail and Breeze one year for \$1.50. A club of three yearly subscriptions, if sent together, all for \$2; or one three-year subscription, \$2.—Advertisement.

For More Poultry

The annual Barton County Poultry Show will be held November 30 to December 3 at Pawnee Rock; C. E. Houdyshell of Pawnee Rock is secretary.

\$285.72 in Prizes

Members of Lyon county 4-H clubs won \$285.72 in cash prizes at the two state fairs this year, according to Carl Howard, county agent. At the Topeka Free Fair \$141.42 was won, and at the State Fair the total was \$144.18.

The heaviest individual winner was Merrill Hamman, Hartford, who won \$19.50 on hogs and chickens at the Topeka fair. Nadine Brown was second highest, with \$17 on an Angus calf. Ross Wingert won \$14. At Hutchinson, Nadine Brown was the heaviest winner, being awarded \$15 on her calf. Maurine Knouse won \$6.50 on poultry.



You know this famous bottle—Keep it handy—Good for humans, too

Are you a
Renter?

Send for this Free Book and learn how a few crops will pay for a farm of your own

You don't need to go on paying from \$3.00 to \$10.00 an acre for the use of some other man's land.

Your own farm is waiting for you in the Edmonton District. Here you can buy good, fertile, raw land for from \$10.00 to \$25.00 an acre. It costs but a few dollars an acre to break. A few crops will pay for it.

Be independent. Own your own farm. The Edmonton District opens the door of opportunity to you. Work for yourself—not someone else. You do not want just a living off the land; you want to own property that will give you a good living now and make you independent when you reach old age.

Investigate thoroughly what the Edmonton District offers. Learn of the good living conditions here. Learn what other farmers from your own State have done over here. We'll send you their names if you will write us. You, too, can make money on this land.

Many improved farms secured as homesteads 20 years ago, are now worth from \$75.00 to \$100.00 an acre. Raw land just as good can be secured now at \$10.00 to \$15.00 an acre. It will show even bigger profits, for land values in the Edmonton District are bound to increase rapidly.

**THE EDMONTON DISTRICT
CENTRAL ALBERTA, CANADA**

Address JOHN BLUE, Secretary Edmonton District Chamber of Commerce, EDMONTON, Canada
Edmonton District Chamber of Commerce is a voluntary public body. It has no land to sell. It gives impartial and reliable information. It will welcome your inquiry and answer it completely.



W. M. GARRISON
Westlock, Alta

Came from Illinois in 1903, with \$400 capital. Now worth \$40,000. Owns 800 acres, 500 under cultivation. Finds climate better, taxes lower, educational advantages at least equal to those of Illinois.

**Write for this Booklet
—it is FREE**

We have printed a book of photographs, facts and figures on the Edmonton District. Send for it—there's no charge. Just write your name and address on the margin of this ad, tear it out and mail it. We'll send you the book by return mail.

BABY CHICKS

CHICKS, BIG SAVING IF ORDERED NOW for spring delivery. State Accredited. All leading varieties. Free catalog, Booth Farms, Box 535, Clinton, Mo.

BRAHMAS

LIGHT BRAHMA COCKERELS \$2.00 TO \$3.00 each. Extra good stock. F. W. Dixon, Holton, Kan.

DUCKS AND GESE

WHITE CHINESE GESE, \$3.00 EACH. Jno. L. Benda, Marion, Kan.

LEGHORNS

CHOICE BUFF LEGHORN PULLETS. RED Wing Poultry Farm, Miltonvale, Kan.

LANGSHANS

PURE BRED WHITE LANGSHAN COCKERELS \$2.00 up; pullets \$1.25. Certified stock. Jas. Dimitt, Garden City, Kan.

ORPINGTONS

BUFF ORPINGTON COCKERELS, \$2.50. Mrs. B. L. Fowler, Perry, Kan.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

BIG BONED WHITE ROCK COCKERELS. Ivory strain. Herman Dohrman, Ensign, Kan.

RHODE ISLAND REDS

EARLY R. C. DARK RHODE ISLAND RED Pulletts. Good laying strain. Hazel Heyers, Hill City, Kan.

RHODE ISLAND WHITES

ROSE COMB R. I. WHITE COCKERELS \$3.00 to \$5.00. Ralph Taylor, Great Bend, Kan.

TURKEYS

BRONZE TURKEY TOMS, PURE STOCK, \$9.00. Leona Unruh, Newton, Kan.

WYANDOTTES

MARTIN ROYAL WHITE WYANDOTTE cockerels, \$3.00 and \$5.00. Mrs. Chas. Mills, Plainville, Kan.

POULTRY PRODUCTS WANTED

TURKEYS, DUCKS, GESE, CHICKENS, wanted. Coops loaned free. The Copes, Topeka.

LIVESTOCK

CATTLE

FOR GUERNSEY DAIRY HEIFER CALVES, write L. Terwilliger, Wauwatosa, Wis.

HOGS

PURE BRED HAMPSHIRE BOARS AND gilts for sale. J. H. Giotfelter, Route 1, Emporia, Kan.

HORSES AND JACKS

FISTULA HORSES CURED \$5.00. PAY when well. Chemist, Barnes, Kan.

REAL ESTATE

MISCELLANEOUS LANDS

OWN A FARM in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington or Oregon. Crop payment or easy terms.

REAL ESTATE

MISCELLANEOUS LAND

ATTENTION, Farm Buyers, anywhere. Deal direct with owners. List of farm bargains free. E. Gross, North Topeka, Kan.

KANSAS

WHEAT LAND in the new wheat belt. Snaps, E. E. Nelson, Garden City, Kan.

COLORADO

640 A. improved Colorado ranch. \$2.75 per A.; other ranches 40 A. up. \$4 to \$5 per A.

MISSOURI

BARGAINS in Real Estate. Write me. J. M. Mason, Rockport, Missouri.

OREGON

2000 Middle West farmers moved to Oregon in last two years, after thoro investigation.

TEXAS

Arlandy Farms (in the Land of Plenty) in Jim Wells County, the heart of Texas' all-year producing area.

SALE OR EXCHANGE

TRADES EVERYWHERE—What have you? Big list free. Bersie Agency, Eldorado, Kas.

REAL ESTATE

SALE OR EXCHANGE

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE for California property, Cedar Crest Stock Farm; 480 acres in Southeastern Kansas. Write Owner, for particulars. Route 1, Box 184, Palo Alto, California.

REAL ESTATE WANTED

SELL YOUR PROPERTY QUICKLY for Cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 515 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Rich Men In Politics

New York's able Congressman, Ogden L. Mills, who was defeated overwhelmingly by Al Smith for governor of New York, has given out a statement of his political philosophy.

Nevertheless, he was reasonably successful in politics, and probably could have remained indefinitely in Congress from his district.

Rich men are not at a disadvantage in politics provided they are able, despite their wealth, to sympathize with democratic ideals.

It is a curious fact in the career of Mr. Mills that he was nominated for Congress by the primary and was regularly elected.

What About Suckers?

Why does corn sucker in the spring? Wakefield, Kan. W. A. Clark.

Corn stools or suckers when grown on very rich land in wet seasons and when the stand is thin.

Disarmament, after all these months of discussion, is still pretty well established as one of the things that are all right—for the other fellow.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE

Chas. Stephens' Holstein Dispersal

50 Reg. Holsteins Columbus, Kan., Sat. Dec. 11

Foundation cows in this herd are from two sires, a 31 pound son of Sir Sadie Cornucopia and a 30 pound son of King Segis Pontiac Alcartra.

Dispersal Sale of Purebred Holsteins

at farm on U. S. Highway No. 75; 3 miles north of Sabetha, Kan. Wednesday, Dec. 8

60 HEAD—18 fresh cows and heavy springers; 13 other producing cows, 8 heifers bred for winter and spring freshening, 11 yearlings heifers, 9 young bulls mostly ready for service.

Dispersal Sale of Purebred Holsteins

Most of them sold without papers as grades. Sale in the heated sale pavilion, Alma, Kan., Thurs., Dec. 9

REG. HOLSTEIN BULLS

Thirty lb. sire, high producing dams, serviceable age, federal accredited. Photos on request.

Three Bulls Serviceable Ages

Sired by a son of the 32 pound Sir Tidy Glista. One of them out of a dam with 413 pounds of fat as a two year old.

GUERNSEY CATTLE AXTELL'S GUERNSEYS

Cows, heifers and bulls. J. T. AXTELL, NEWTON, KAN.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE Cummins' Ayrshires

Cows, heifers and bulls. R. W. CUMMINS, PRESCOTT, KANSAS

Reg. and Grade Ayrshires

heavy springer cows and heifers. Popular breeding. A. L. OVESON, Overbrook, Kan.

SHORTHORN CATTLE 50 SHORTHORN COWS

4-8 years old, calves and yearlings were first and champion in their class at Royal. Priced to sell.

LIVESTOCK NEWS

By Jesse E. Johnson 463 West 9th St., Wichita, Kan.

McIlrath Bros., Shorthorn breeders of Kingman write that the demand for bulls is great, they only have three left for sale and they are all under one year old.

E. G. Hoover, the biggest Duroc breeder in the Southwest reports that he has 100 sows bred to date. He says the demand has been strong for boars he still has some real herd boars left.

C. E. Heglund & Sons, Poland China breeders located at McPherson, write me as follows: "We have had a wonderful inquiry for fall pigs and have already made some good sales."

My good friend, Chas. Stephens of Humboldt writes me that he will hold a sale of registered Holsteins on December 11th.

Ira McSherry, Hereford breeder of Meade, writes me that he has had good sales recently and that he has sold his entire heifer calf crop at good prices.

Boyd Newcom reports having recently conducted one of the best mule and horse sales that has been held in Kansas in several years.

The Mulvane Holstein breeders sale held at Mulvane November 17th brought out a big crowd of appreciative buyers from many parts of Kansas and Oklahoma.

There is something very suggestive in the advertising copy W. R. Huston, Duroc breeder of Americus, is running in the farm papers.

C. B. Callaway and others held a sale of Milking Shorthorns at Fairbury, Neb., November 18th. Following several days of rain and snow the roads were bad and the crowd accordingly small.

Public Sales of Livestock Holsteins Cattle Dec. 6—C. A. Branch, Marlon, Kan.

Public Sales of Livestock

Dec. 15—C. H. Brunker, Manhattan, Kan. Duroc Hogs Jan. 20—Woody & Crowl, Barnard, Kan.

Dec. 7—Ross McMurry, Burrton, Kansas. Feb. 9—E. E. Knox, South Haven, Kansas.

Dec. 7—Prospect Park Shorthorns Two bulls, 17 months old. Pure Scotch, Tomson breeding and extra good.

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Dec. 15—C. H. Brunker, Manhattan, Kan. Duroc Hogs Jan. 20—Woody & Crowl, Barnard, Kan.

Dec. 15—C. H. Brunker, Manhattan, Kan. Duroc Hogs Jan. 20—Woody & Crowl, Barnard, Kan.

Shorthorn Section

HUMBOLDT VALLEY STOCK FARM Two bulls, 17 months old. Pure Scotch, Tomson breeding and extra good.

Choice Lot Young Bulls from calves to serviceable ages. Scotch and Scotch Topped. Also cows and heifers.

W. A. BLOOMER & SONS A herd of largely Scotch cattle. We offer bulls of serviceable ages, cows and heifers bred or open.

DALE'S SHORTHORN FARM Mattog our great sire Orange Cumberland with daughters of Emblem Jr.

CANNON BALL SHORTHORNS British Villager 982104, son of Imp. British Emblem in service. Cows of Scotch breeding.

Homer Creek Stock Farm SHORTHORNS. Headed by SCOTTISH GLOSTER. Stock for sale.

Spring Creek Shorthorns 10 cows and heifers for sale, some bred. Also young bulls. Good individuals and richly bred.

20 Cows and Heifers for sale, bred to sons of Marauder and Pleasant Acres Sultan.

WHITEWATER FALLS SHORTHORNS We offer beginner herds, consisting of a bull and a few females, mated for blood lines and type, but not related.

Alfalfa Leaf Shorthorns herd established thirty years. DIVIDE MAGNET the 1924 Denver Jr. Champion in service.

LOVELY'S MARSHALL the great bull a grandson of Rubertus Goods and Village Marshall has left his impress in our herd.

EASTLAWN SHORTHORNS All Scotch herd. Headed by Collyne Joffre, 5 good red and roan bulls for sale.

White Star Herd Bull Is the sire of champion beef steers. Bulls for sale out of his daughters or sired by him.

HILLCREST SHORTHORNS headed by Looky Acres Sultan, great son of Fair Acres Sultan.

Calvary Creek Shorthorns Golden Crown 2nd, son of Marshall's Crown in service.

Young Shorthorn Bulls Bred for both beef and milk. Herd established fifteen years.

Blocky Bull Calves sired by Baptens Sultan, the great son of Imp. Bapton Dramatist.

Winchester Stock Farm Shorthorns that produce beef and milk. Grandson of Marshall's Crown in service.

Knox Knoll Stock Farm Scotch Shorthorns, Shropshire sheep, Poland China hogs. Stock for sale all times.

FOR SALE 2 choice dark roan sons of Village Captain out of heavy milking dams.

Supreme Gold Is our Junior herd sire. His dam, Supreme Clipper by Village Supreme.

IMPORTED BAPTON DRAMATIST heads our Scotch Shorthorns. Choice young bull and females of different ages for sale.

PROSPECT PARK SHORTHORNS Two bulls, 17 months old in August. Three that are yearlings in December.

Scotch Shorthorns Bulls and heifers. Herd sire Silver Marshal 946863 by Village Marshal.

Bishop Manning says the end of the jazz age is in sight. The only question is: Which end?

SPRING CREEK SHORTHORNS We breed for milk as well as beef. Herd headed by Prince Collyne and a...

Retnuh Farm Shorthorns Bulls—Red, white or roan, 2 weeks to 10 mos. \$50 to \$100.

Carload of Heifers and Young Cows for sale, bred to my chief stock bull, Maxhall Jealousy No. 1110723.

HERD BULLS Best of blood. See our cattle before buying your next herd sire.

Elmdale Stock Farm A. E. Johnson, Owner Greensburg, Kansas

CREEKSIDE SHORTHORN FARM Choice young bulls and heifers for sale. Sired by Village Guard.

Few Shorthorn Cows Well bred, with big udders. Bred to our sultan bull. Priced reasonable.

BULLS—BULLS—BULLS by the bull that sired the champion calf calves Kansas International this year.

MILKING SHORTHORNS SCOTCH MILKING SHORTHORNS Headed by WHITE GOODS, the bull that has sired more Register of Merit cows than any other Scotch bull in America.

Pine Valley Viscount whose dam has official record of 14,734 milk, 630 butter one year.

Milking Shorthorns Herd sires! Kansas Duke, Dam Fanny B 10,000 lb. milk.

DOSSER'S MILKING SHORTHORNS Bonvue Oxford in service, assisted by a double great grandson of General Clay.

GLEN OXFORD FOR SALE A Glenisde bull of merit, heavy milking ancestors. Have so many of his daughters.

POLLED SHORTHORNS NEBRASKA POLLED SHORTHORNS bulls and females. Sultan breeding.

POLLED SHORTHORN BULLS of excellent breeding, having size and quality. A few females also.

For Sale My Herd Bull Gloucester Leader, a large red bull that stood second at Chicago Stock Show.

POLLED SHORTHORN BULLS for sale; also 40 bred Shropshire and Hampshire ewes; Spotted Polands either sex.

2 Splendid Polled Bulls 12 months old and rich in Sultan breeding. Also bull calves and females.

At Private Sale Young cows with calves at foot, also some nice heifers and young bulls.

CEDAR WILD POLLED SHORTHORNS For Sale Yearling bulls, choice breeding, with quality.

Cedar Knoll Stock Farm Two bulls, one white and one red. Write for descriptions and prices.

SULTAN BRED POLLS for beef and milk. Young bulls for sale sired by grandson of True Sultan.

Quality Polled Shorthorns Grandsons of Imported \$5000 and \$6000 bulls.

Time cures all things. Look what fashion has done for the girl who didn't have anything to wear.

Won Prize Trip to Royal

BY PHILIP ACKERMAN

A prize trip to the American Royal Livestock Show at Kansas City was Sarah Sterling's reward for her excellent work in the 4-H Club of Dickinson county. This trip includes fare and one half, also \$5 for expenses outside railroad fare. Sarah is a member of the Capper Poultry Club and is a breeder and booster of S. C. Buff Orpingtons. A picture that accompanies this story shows Sarah and two of her Buff Orpingtons that won blue ribbons at the Kansas State Fair, Hutchinson. She sent an exhibit of eggs to the Oklahoma State Fair and won first. Orders for 3,000 baby chicks have been received by her and her mother—they are working in partnership, and these orders came from several states. They are going to enjoy the work it takes to fill these orders.

The Wilburdel Capper Poultry Club members of Morris county took \$5 from their club treasury and sent it to the Capper Crippled Children Fund. This was an excellent gift, which will help unfortunate children to get well, so



Sarah Sterling and Two of Her Blue Ribbon Buff Orpingtons

they may walk as other folks. It was a good work to be undertaken by a club, and the crippled children thank them, and so do Mr. Van Natta and the club manager.

Milton Kohrs, Capper Pig Club member of Dickinson county, won two prize trips. One was to the American Royal and the other is to the 4-H Club Round-up at Manhattan. Here Milton tells you how he won them: "On October 13, 14 and 15, I exhibited four of my pigs, two barrows and two gilts, at the Abilene Fair, and won first and fifth in the fat barrow class, and a free trip to the American Royal Livestock Show at Kansas City. I also took second in the litter contest, thereby winning a free trip to the 4-H Club Roundup at Manhattan. Besides this my pigs won for me a cash prize of \$5 at Abilene, and \$3 cash for first prize at the Hope Fair. Last week my brother and I sent two of my gilts to Texas, and the buyer wrote back telling me that he is well satisfied with the gilts."

Sunday School Lesson

BY N. A. McCUNE

Who is this man Gideon? If one goes thru these chapters in Judges he can put things together that will make up a picture something like this: He was the sole surviving son of a man who was prominent and fairly well off, in the hill country of Manasseh. He had at one time boasted of older brothers, tall and strong fighting men, but they had all been killed by the marauding Midianites. So keen are these tribes on the scent of the Hebrews that Gideon had lived very quietly. But even so he kept up something of the family traditions. He had his 10 slaves, and his armor-bearer. He already had won a name for himself as a man of valor and a hero. The Midianites said their prayers to their gods before they attacked Gideon. Still, they had made away with his older brothers and Gideon had not forgotten.

One day as he was working in the wine press, a heavenly visitor came and saluted him, saying that Jehovah is with him, the mighty man. Perhaps this was a hint that much was expected of him. Gideon's reply shows that he has long been thinking of the sorrows of his people. If God cares

for us, he says, why have so many reverses come upon us? Why are my people oppressed? He does not get a direct answer to his question. When we ask this kind of a question, we seldom get a direct answer. We usually have to dig out of experience an answer for ourselves. But now he prepares once again for battle with the ancient foe. He sends out messengers to all the hill tribes to rally for battle once more. He is so well known and his name has such a touch of magic in it that soon 32,000 warriors await his command. No conscription. All are volunteers. He really does not need so many fighters, and besides, many of these doubtless are but half-hearted. They are none too brave. So he tells the faint-hearts to go home. They have shown their goodwill by volunteering, and that is enough. Ten thousand pick up their spears and go home. Once again the ranks are thinned, this time by a curious process. The test is the way they drink water, out of a stream. One can imagine a scene, selecting from a company of modern youth those that have the best table manners. But this is different. Gideon's test has a deep meaning.

Says a missionary of the New Hebrides islands, as he watched a native drinking, "then he began to throw up the water into his mouth with his hand as fast as a dog could lap. I said at once to myself, that is the way Gideon's soldiers lapped. I had an opportunity scores of times afterward of seeing the natives drink in the same way; and I observed that, as a general rule, it was the strong, the vigorous, and the energetic, who drank water in this way, never the feeble, the lazy, or the easy-going; and the inference that I drew respecting God's intention toward Gideon and his army was that the Lord wished to select the very best men in that army with which to accomplish the deliverance of Israel."

In other words, 300 men who were committed, heart and soul, to what they were about to undertake, were worth more than 32,000 who were only half convinced. And it isn't necessary to preach a sermon on this. Everybody knows it is so. Half-baked people hinder many a good cause, but half-convinced people hinder more good causes. Says a great Scotch educator, "the great causes of God and humanity are not defeated by the hot assaults of the devil, but by the slow, crushing glacier-like masses of thousands and thousands of indifferent nobodies. God's causes are never destroyed by being blown up, by being sat upon." Gideon did not want his work sat on, by anybody. The men he picked were on fire with determination. They had every confidence in their leader. They would do and dare.

A man once went into a town to see what could be done for the boys there by building up a Y. M. C. A. He called on an influential merchant. The merchant said they certainly needed just that kind of activity among the boys, but to organize and finance the project in that town was impossible. A clergyman was next. He said conditions were deplorable among the boys, but, while such work for boys was possible in some communities, it could not be done there. This town was different. Said the visitor, "this thing cannot be done in this town with these men, that is certain. But it can be done without them." And it was.

"Anything is possible to him that believeth." The strange fact concerning this statement is that in many, many instances it has been proved to be true. Great forces lie at our door, waiting to be used, and we do not use them. If we are poverty-stricken in experience, it is our own fault.

All great Christian leaders are individualists. They are themselves, they do not ape others, and they refuse to be tagged. Gideon does things his own unique way. Moses his way, Paul his, and Peter his. We need this doctrine today. We need more individuals, less standardization, less putting every person thru the sausage-grinder of custom and class. Christ was an individualist. He wants His followers to be so.

Lesson for November 23—Gideon and the Three Hundred, Judges 7:4 to 8, 19 to 21. Golden Text, Eph. 6:10.

We often wonder whether that eminent scientist, Dr. George A. Dorsey, who takes the position that we all behave like human beings, ever studied the cheer leader type in or out of college.



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