

WHEAT RAISED IN KANSAS

A Queer Community Not Affected By Corn Invasion.

FARMERS ARE WEALTHY

Descendants of Russians Who Have Vast Farms and Whose Only Complaint is About Need of Cars to Carry Away the Crops—Water in the Sands.

Every one knows of Kansas as a State of corn. Its wheat-producing capacity is of more recent growth. From a trifle, it has within a decade grown to enormous proportions. Formerly the western third, approximately, of Kansas, was counted almost as a part of the great American desert. Only the short buffalo grass grew upon its semi-arid soil. This grass is so short and brown that at a distance of a few yards a bunch of cattle will seem to be performing the impossible feat of grazing upon the dry earth. Under the parching, hot sun the treeless plains stretched monotonously from horizon to horizon, tenanted a generation ago only by prairie dogs, owls and occasional droves of buffalo and antelope, with roving bands of Indians, and now and then the emigrant trains of "prairie schooners" bound to make "Pike's Peak or bust."

The Indians were driven away. The prairie dogs were exterminated—and so, almost were the buffalo. Gradually, westward across the plains, wheat displaced the buffalo, and then the corn displaced the wheat. Now, here in western Kansas, only recently despaired of as "the short-grass country," wheat is king. Land that five years ago could be bought for \$2 or less an acre is now held at \$40 or more. At Hays City is situated the State agricultural experiment station, maintained wholly by Kansas, though managed in harmony with the National Department of Agriculture. Its area, 7,500 acres, is said to be the largest in the world. Its purpose is to introduce the improved methods of farming that have made the desert bloom and the farmers to have fat bank accounts or private hoards.

Old Fort Hays, abandoned in 1880, left its name to this settlement. Here the Western trail, replaced by the rails of the Union Pacific, crossed Big Creek, in the summer a bed of sun-caked mud, in the spring a raging torrent. Like the wild animals, here the passing white man came to drink and here the Indian rode to kill. Hence the fort, and hence ultimately the town, the seat of Ellis County, the one persistently Democratic county in Kansas.

Why Democratic? Just because a large percentage of its settlers were "agin the government." Whence they came they had been of the oppressed. Therefore they were naturally, in their new home, of the party of the opposition. Late in the eighteenth century Russia offered exemption from military service, together with religious freedom, to discontented peasants in what are now western provinces of Germany and Austria-Hungary if they would settle and raise wheat in unoccupied lands of the Czar. These terms, offered forever, induced a large movement of the population into southern Russia. But the Russian word "forever" can be interpreted to mean a "century." So the late Czar drafted conscripts among the third generation of those semi-Russianized peasants. The result was an emigration to the United States, and a part of the stream was directed to this county of western Kansas because wheat was the cereal of their ancestral tradition, and wheat was the only crop that this semi-arid land would bear.

To this, their third land of residence in modern history, these German-Russians brought their own customs, their own costumes, their own tongue and their Catholic religion. They retain them all. Some of the first comers are now grandparents, but it is the second generation that is in the prime of working life and that is garnering the prosperity of which their fathers laid the foundation in hardship. In the winter they live in their own towns, of which the church and parochial school form the social center. In the summer they live and work on their farms, always driving to their towns, deserted throughout the week, for Sunday worship. Thus their gregarious instinct prevails, accompanied with religion and domestic morality.

Their tongue, which the parochial schools help to preserve, although it may vanish in another generation, is a strange survival of low German, only slightly tintured with household words of Russian. Into this had been injected an American vocabulary of terms used in their daily toil, such as the names of agricultural implements, animals and money. The result is an odd jargon, not old enough, as the Pennsylvania Dutch, to have a literature of its own.

The industry and thrift of these strange people is interwoven with an inherited distrust. They put little faith in banks or in interest-bearing investments. I was told of one Russian farmer near Hays City whose crop this year will pay him a net profit of \$7,000. Will he deposit or invest that money? Not he. When he receives a check for his wheat from the elevator owner he turns it into cash at the bank. That is his only use for the bank. He carries his money home. Where he puts it there is the secret of himself and his family. Many such farmers put their money in a strong box and bury it in the ground from whose acres it has been wrung. At Ellis County will produce nearly 5,000,000 bushels

of wheat this year, one can only guess at the millions of idle capital thus hoarded. But it needs no guess to know that many of these farmers are rich as riches are counted in rural communities and that they are growing richer. Only this wheat development is very recent.

In the second Bryan campaign an effort was made to teach these Democratic Russo-Americans an object lesson upon free silver. For their wheat checks the local bank paid them silver dollars. They had grown accustomed to paper money, which they knew was as good as gold. They protested against carting home loads of silver for their loads of wheat. Thus they were converted from "free silver," though they persist in remaining Democrats.

The soil of western Kansas that yields from 15 to 25 bushels of wheat to the acre (one bushel of wheat paying the entire expense of the acre's crop), is from three to fifteen feet thick. Beneath is a stratum of sand perhaps fifty feet thick, and beneath that lies a bed of clay. It is the layer of sand that holds the hope of this land for the future diversification of agriculture as well as for a vast increase in the yield per acre of winter wheat. For it is this sand that contains the water, that will ere many years be used for irrigation, with results that not even a land agent could now venture to put into figures. In these rolling prairies, a slight elevation of only a few feet will overlook a wide acreage. Sink a well, thirty, forty or fifty feet, and you strike abundant water. A centrifugal pump, belted to one of the traction engines that every farm must have, will bring the water to the surface. Dig a ditch, with lateral little ditches running at right angles over a neighboring plot of ground, and lo! a miracle is wrought. Where only wheat would grow before, the land will now grow almost anything from cabbages to sugar beets, from turnips to strawberries, from corn and alfalfa to peaches and apples. I saw such a well and pump at this experiment station, yielding 200 gallons of water per minute.

Whence comes the water in the sub-soil sand? Presumably it seeps through that stratum clear from the Rockies. It is one of Nature's wonders. But this vast sand reservoir also retains, when once the hard soil above is broken, the water that soaks through from the spring rainfalls—water that formerly ran off in surface drainage into the flooded creeks and rivers. Thus art is to change the very face and product of the old "short-grass" country.

Out in this land, the horse and buggy is the great means of transportation. The buggy is the vehicle of social communication. It is supplemented by the telephone, connected with miles of barbed wire fence as a convenient and efficient conductor of electricity, and by the rural mail carrier. But the horse and the buggy are the yachts of the land. The cargo ships are the big grain wagons, that come trekking over the prairies to the elevators, erected at every railway station. When I visited Hays City, it was with a party of Washington correspondents. It is an indication of the traffic that whelms the trans-continental railroads that drivers of grain wagons shouted after the procession of buggies carrying the visitors: "Say, you newspaper fellows, tell the folks East to send us more cars." A month earlier the cry had been for labor to gather the harvest.

It is a wonderful spectacle to behold the separation of the grain from the stalk. The reaper cuts high, below the grain. Into great sacks, running north and south, the fallen straw is heaped. Between two of these stacks the giant separator is placed, connected by a belt with the traction engine. The wheat is fed into the huge machine. The grain as it comes out is automatically weighed by the half bushel. The prevalent south wind whirls the clouds of dust away in the air. The residual straw falls to the ground in a conical heap. After the process these heaps of straw are burned. At present they are an absolute waste, although some traction engines are fitted to burn straw. But most of them use coal as fuel. The danger of fire is very great. The utmost precautions are taken. Often a "fire guard"—that is, a strip of fresh plowed ground—girdles every wheat stack. Every thing is intensely dry, for at threshing time no rain has fallen for weeks or months. To light a cigar is an indulgence in the grain field as carefully guarded as the kindling of a lantern in a powder magazine—E. C. Howland, in Mail and Express.

Impugned Antiquity. The Louvre is passing through an anxious ordeal. Another of its treasures of antiquity, and in its way the most important in the world, is attacked. In 1869 M. Clermont-Ganneau, then dragoman of the French Consulate at Jerusalem, found in the ruins of Dhiban, to the east of the Dead Sea, a lettered monument, which the first experts of the day declared to be the triumphal stone of Mesu. King of Moab, reciting his triumphs over the Jews and the wars between the two countries from the time of David to Jehosaphat. The monument is in black basalt, dates nine centuries before Christ, and as the oldest example extant of alphabetic writing is the precursor of our own A B C. Renan pronounced it the "corner stone of Oriental epigraphy." It is impugned by an Austrian savant, M. Loewy, deeply learned in Semitic philology; but, as is contended by M. Clermont-Ganneau, who still survives, he is in no way qualified to pronounce upon the authenticity of Semitic monuments.—London Globe.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

Easiest Task in the World for the Wife Who Knows How to Conduct a Campaign.

"Why is it?" asked the young wife, "that a man will never take his wife's advice?"

"He will," replied the more experienced wife.

"Mine won't," replied the other. "I advised him yesterday to give up the house and take a smaller and less expensive one, in which, with the servants we are able to keep, we could be more comfortable, and he just looked at me over the top of his paper and said he guessed he knew what we could afford to do and what we couldn't. But I know he is running behind."

"Suppose," said the elderly matron, "you had drawn your chair up beside his and said, as sweetly as you could: 'George, can you spare me a moment? What would he have done?'"

"Why, he'd have laid aside his paper and said: 'Why, certainly, my dear; what is it?'"

"Exactly. Now suppose you had told him that his judgment was always



TACT IS HER ONLY WEAPON.

so true that you wanted to ask his advice about something. What would he have done?"

"I think he would have kissed me and asked me what worried me. He is always considerate when I am troubled."

"Quite right. Next suppose you had asked his advice about letting one of the servants go. What then?"

"W-e-l-l, I think he'd have asked if I could run the house with only one servant."

"Then suppose you had said: 'Well, the house is pretty large, and it would be pretty hard; but if you advise it I'll try. When I picked out the house, I did not think—'"

"But I didn't pick out the house."

"Of course not; but suppose you had made the error of judgment yours nevertheless, and said that you hadn't realized how hard it would be to run it in proper style. Would he have suggested a smaller house?"

"He might have. Yes, I think he would. He grumbled once about getting lost in it. He'd probably have asked if I could manage with one servant in a smaller house."

"And then suppose you had clapped your hands and exclaimed: 'Just the thing! How clever of you to think of it. Why, we can afford to keep both servants in a smaller house, too, and we can be as comfortable as with six here.' Then suppose you had kissed him and said that he always did know just what to do. What would have happened next?"

"Why, we'd be looking for another house now."

"On his advice or yours?"

"His, I suppose."

"Really?"

"Well, I don't know. He'd think so, anyway."

"Precisely, my dear, precisely. Your idea, his advice. Always let him put the advice in words. There's nothing like understanding a man. Now, run home, dear, and let him advise you what to do."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Knocked Senseless by Fish. A huge tarpon leaped from the water in Timballer bay, La., beside the canoe in which Albert Lefert was slowly drifting, and so violently whacked him in the breast with its tail that he was knocked senseless and reeled overboard. He was rescued by some friends, but was so injured he was forced to take to his bed.

Razor Wouldn't Let Go. Chicago has a school for barbers. Tramps and other unfortunates who cannot pay for a shave or a hair-cut are operated on by the novices, while patrons who pay are attended by experts. The other day, while a tramp was being shaved, he was asked: "Does the razor take hold well?" "Yes," responded the victim, "but it doesn't let go worth a cent."

Color of Iron Ores. The only metal that is found in more than one color is iron, which appears in almost every shade.

This is the season when the wise young man leaveth off his summer frivolity and looketh about for a comfortable parlor wherein to camp the long winter evenings.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Pritchett*

Has He No Relatives?

Joseph King, who for more than twenty-five years has been an inmate of the Danville Hospital, died at that institution Saturday, apparently without relatives and friendless. Superintendent Meredith is endeavoring to find some relatives. If he does not succeed the body will be sent to the anatomical board at Philadelphia. During all the time that he has been an inmate, no one has asked to see him.

Trespass Notices.

Notices warning hunters to keep off the land are for sale at this office. They contain the law and are printed on cardboard. 4 for a quarter or 10 for 50 cents. 3t.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 1t.

DECEMBER McCLURE'S.

McClure's Magazine for December decidedly Christmas, with its beautiful illustrations and amiable fiction; and is all aglow with the spirit of true-time. For the strenuous reader, however, there are articles by Ida M. Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker and others. "When Elizabeth Went Home," by Ethel Bowman Ronald, is a tale of a lonely wife who almost deserts her husband and her Dakota home in a burst of nostalgia for the Christmas-tide of her mother's house, but who is brought back in time to her finer day. "The Celestial Garment" is a tender story by Mary Talbot Campbell of a child who gets her mail longed-for and very necessary party-dress "from heaven, right through Mama's heart." The "Christmas Chimes," of Margaret Cameron, is a delightful comedy and love. "Ellie's Furnishing" is a new story by Helen Reimensnyder Martin, dealing with a little struggle of two conscientious New Mennonites. In contrast with the tranquil sweetness of these stories are Colin McKay's "Coming on the Coast," full of the strain and struggle and heroism of Man battling the elements; and "The Call," by James Hopper, a strange, weird story of the Philippines. For those that like humor unalloyed there are O. Henry's "Finnema Pancakes," and Sidney C. Kendall's "On the Trail of the Serpent." Among the articles—and no matter how many good short stories there are, a number of McClure's always has stinging articles that one cannot tear to pieces—are Miss Tarbell's resumption of her tranquil and damning expose of Standard Oil moral turpitude; and Ray Stannard Baker's "Lone Fighter," a true story of men that fight for honesty and cleanliness against the active ill-will of the dishonest and corrupt and the passive skepticism of the "good citizen." La Farge begins his series on a "Hundred Masterpieces of Painting," by a splendid article on "Portraits of Civic Life"; and Clara Morris has a scintillating chat about Ellen Terry and Mrs. John Drew.

THE DECEMBER LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

The Christmas number of "Lippincott's Magazine" is favored in becoming the medium for one of the most catchy novels of the season. Its title is "The Fascinating of Mr. Savage," and Helen Millicent is its author. In few words, it deals with the racy adventures of a young woman seeking a rich second husband. Her first had been killed in the Boer War, and she believes that her heart died with him. A good figure and five thousand dollars' insurance on her husband's life being her only assets, she loses no time in starting out to "float" herself, not in a bathing-suit or on a raft, but by way of a slow steamer of Europe. The widow makes the mistake of confiding her plan to her "dearest friend," and this almost proves her undoing. The author's character work is acute and consistent, and the magnetism of the widow is so powerful as to reach the heart of the reader and create hopes for her success.

It has been a long time since Mrs. A. L. Wister could be induced to give the reading world one of her inimitable translations. "The Coat of the Furrier's," a story in letters by Ludwig Fulda, is published in "Lippincott's" Christmas issue and carries with it the same old-time charm that her name implies.

Guy Wetmore Carry contributes a Christmas love-story called "The Reward of Virtue" which is bright and sympathetic. "A Redwood Santa Claus," by Jerome Case Bell, tells a story of a little boy's determined efforts to have a Christmas-tree. It is both pathetic and amusing. Alfred Sutto has written many good tales, but none better than "The Bread on the Waters." It is the story of a misunderstood proposal of marriage. A little Christmas sketch by Clinton Dangerfield called "Death and life" is a vision full of meaning. "Hour of Greatness," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, a charming story of modern life, is remarkably well written and absorbingly interesting. "His Wife" is an entertaining short story by Trynne Dubois. A humorous contribution from Mary and Rosalie Dawson entitled "The Pastry-Knife Pass-Over" closes the number.

George Moore's "Awards," a literary criticism of value, is continued in Part IV. Christmas verse is continued by Lizette Woolworth Reese, Charles Hanson Towne, Susie M. Best, Miss Irving, Agnes Lee, and Helen M. Richardson; and the "Walnuts and Wine" are spicier than ever this month in honor of the season of Good Cheer.

NO CHAIN IS STRONGER THAN ITS WEAKEST LINK NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH
D^r PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY MAKES WEAK STOMACHS STRONG

DECEMBER URYMEN.

The jurymen for the December term of court were drawn by jury commissioners Shultz and Hagenebush and Sheriff Knorr on Monday. Following is the list:

- GRAND JURORS
C. E. Adams, Briar Creek.
Henry Bardo, Greenwood.
John Chamberlin, Madison.
L. J. Clewell, Berwick.
B. F. Fritz, Jackson.
R. G. Greenly, Madison.
Philip Goughan, Conyngham.
B. A. Gidding, Bloom.
Edward M. Holmes, Bloom.
Henry Jones, Berwick.
James Kerrigan, Conyngham.
Henry D. Keller, Fishing Creek.
Emmanuel Lazarus, Bloomsburg.
George L. Mumey, Catawissa Twp.
Theodore Mericle, Bloomsburg.
Daniel O'Neil, Bloom.
J. B. Patterson, Bloom.
Josiah E. Roberts, Catawissa Boro.
M. F. D. Scandlin, Bloom.
Sylvester Sittler, Centre.
E. E. Straub, Conyngham.
James Trump, Orange Twp.
John Vance, Mt. Pleasant.
George D. Yost, Benton Boro.

- TRAVERSE JURORS—First Week.
E. W. Alexander, Benton Boro.
Miles H. Betz, Bloom.
Charles Burt, Briar Creek.
Lewis Beishline, Fishing Creek.
Asa Dolly, Hemlock.
G. B. Dennis, Centre.
John Donahue, Centralia Boro.
A. C. D'Shooyard, Bloom.
H. D. Edgar, Bloom.
Seely Edwards, Benton Twp.
Elias Ernest, Cleeland.
Charles Eyer, Orange.
W. S. Fisher, Main.
Jacob Fought, Pine.
George Fenstermacher, Berwick.
Ransloe Fisher, Orange Boro.
Albert Gister, Berwick.
S. J. Harrison, Fishing Creek.
John Hampton, Catawissa Twp.
S. M. Hess, Bloom.
Eli Krum, Montour.
R. G. F. Kshinka, Briar Creek.
Charles Lee, Scott.
Thomas J. McGuire, Conyngham.
John G. McHenry, Stillwater.
Frank Martens, Berwick.
W. D. Moyer, Bloom.
C. W. Miller, Centre.
Theodore Mendenhall, Pine.
John K. Mordan, Mt. Pleasant.
Emanuel Mauser, Main.
John Menseh, Montour.
C. B. Meyers, Benton Twp.
J. D. Potter, Pine.
W. F. Rhodes, Conyngham.
Frederick Rice, Roaring Creek.
Jacob Rider, Pine.
A. J. Robiqns, Centre.
Frens Ringrose, Scott.
B. F. Rice, Scott.
George Ruckle, Centre.

- Clinton Sterling, Bloom.
W. A. Snyder, Scott.
G. A. Tubb, Benton Boro.
R. A. Wanner, Fishing Creek.
Hiram W. Williams, Berwick.
Geo. W. Yetter, Catawissa Boro.
Tra Travers Jurors—Second Week.
W. A. Butt, Benton Boro.
C. D. Bowers, Catawissa Boro.
J. S. Bine, Bloom.
Joseph Crawford, Orange.
David Coffman, Bloom.
B. C. Daitrick, Berwick.
William Dilline, Madison.
Eugene Doty, Berwick.
J. Harry Dean, Berwick.
Henry H. Delghmiller, Hemlock.
Peter O. Edinger, Main.
P. D. Ervin, Catawissa Boro.
Allison Essick, Madison.
I. B. Geiger, Bloom.
Samuel S. Horlacher, Beaver.
Fred Hartman, Bloom.
Dillman Hess, Briar Creek.
A. R. Henrie, Mt. Pleasant.
William Johnston, Millville.
J. H. Keim, Scott.
Harry E. Keart, Sugarloaf.
Marvin Kline, Greenwood.
Charles Lenthart, Berwick.
Thomas B. Moore, Bloom.
Franklin Meyers, Sugarloaf.
P. W. Miller, Catawissa Boro.
J. W. Perry, Sugarloaf.
Barton T. Pursel, Bloom.
T. C. Smith, Jackson.
Baltis Sterling, Madison.
Gilbert Shuman, Bloom.
C. Z. Schleher, Beaver.
I. W. Smith, Mt. Pleasant.
L. G. Shultz, Pine.
Harry Townsend, Bloom.
James Williams, Centre.

TRIAL LIST

For week beginning Monday, December 27th, 1903. First week.

- Susan Cooper now to use of Daniel F. Seybert vs. Margaret Averil, Edward Averil and Archie Averil, doing business as Averil & Sons.
- Mrs. John Keeler vs. James Pennington.
- W. B. Houck vs. John Stokes and Mrs. Lewis Miller.
- S. R. Carl vs. C. A. Small.
- Jesse C. Karns vs. Charles H. Brittain.
- William Kemp vs. Bloom Car Manfg. Company.
- J. O. Frey and G. W. Parsons, trading as J. O. Frey & Co. vs. S. G. Bryfogle.
- John T. Richard vs. Shepard R. Boone executor surviving executor of Aaron Boone deceased.
- John T. Richard vs. Shepard R. Boone. The Allison Company vs. The Leader Store Company Ltd.

For week beginning Monday 14th, 1903. Second week.

- John A. Shuman vs. The Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.
- F. F. Creasy vs. The N. & W. B. R. Co. and its successors The N. & W. B. Railway Company.
- Harry Harman and Martha Harman his wife to the use of the said wife vs. The Pennsylvania Canal Company.
- Henry Hunderlter's executor vs. Daniel Durr and Clinton Derr.
- Henrietta Kramp vs. Harvey Cherington.
- Alfred H. Yetter and George Yetter vs. Jeremiah Longenberger.
- John Kingerman vs. Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
- Nathan Houck vs. Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
- E. D. Tewksbury administrator vs. Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
- Margaret M. Dalions vs. Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
- P. H. Fisher vs. Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
- Thomas E. Harder vs. C. W. Harder.
- Jacob Lindermuth vs. The Catawissa Railway Company and its lessee The Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
- Thomas M. Mensch vs. Catawissa Railroad Company and its lessee The Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
- Sarah A. Richard vs. Francis Richard.
- Mary E. Mitchell administratrix C. T. A. of Catharine Shultz, deceased vs. Sylvester Shultz.
- Martin Snyder by his father and next friend W. L. Snyder vs. William Bahme.
- William L. Snyder vs. William Bahme.
- Elizabeth Bullock and William Bullock her husband vs. The Borough of Centralia.
- Columbia Brewing Company vs. A. C. Rooney.
- John W. Quincy & Co. vs. Catawissa Car and Foundry Company.
- William H. Smith vs. William Kingston.

MANAGER WANTED.

Trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage business in this County and adjoining territory for well and favorably known House of solid financial standing. \$20.00 straight cash salary and expenses, paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced; position permanent. Address Manager, 610 Monon Building Chicago, Ill. 9-10 18t.

Holiday Gifts That Last

When you purchase a present, select something that will last, or the person receiving it is likely to soon forget the giver. Artistic designs, beautifully finished together with great wearing qualities are combined in the

"1847 Rogers Bros."

(REMEMBER 1847)
SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, Etc.

The "1847 Rogers Bros." brand has a world-wide reputation as "Silver Plate that Wears," and is sold by all leading dealers. Send to the makers for beautifully illustrated catalogue No. 6.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., BOSTON
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.