

### SHEEP FOR HILL FARMS

#### Success of a Novel Experiment in New England.

#### OFFER INDUCEMENTS

Company Formed to Rent Sheep to Farmers—May Be a Solution of the Abandoned Farm Problem—The Scheme Worked in Massachusetts and Vermont.

A company formed to rent sheep to farmers exists in New England. Through farmers have rented sheep to their neighbors for ages this is the first company ever organized for this purpose.

About 6,050 of its sheep were nibbling brushy pastures in one season in Franklin county, the most sparsely settled part of Massachusetts, and in southern Vermont. The cheap lands of the abandoned farm district and the intimidation of the farmer by the ascendant dog are big factors in this enterprise.

Up in hilly Hawley, where some of these flocks are located, a 100 acre pasture, with some good woodland, recently sold for \$175. Buying land up there is a very sporty proposition. In return for your \$50 the seller may unload on your innocent head 100 acres, instead of the 50 you thought you were buying.

The western Massachusetts hills are admirably adapted for sheep and once fed flocks ten times as big as now. Mongrel dogs that will kill a score of sheep in a night, together with the fall of wool twenty years ago, put herders out of business.

The country, under Massachusetts law, is supposed to pay for all sheep killed or bitten by dogs, and Franklin county pays yearly thousands of dollars to furnish its pampered pups with this needed relaxation. The growers say, however, that they get little or no compensation for the injury done to flocks that are chased but not actually bitten.

"Will you buy or lease?" asks the company of each inquirer for sheep. The terms of the rental require the lessee to give the company half the increase of lambs, and one-fourth the wool.

"Five minutes bookkeeping," says the doubter, "ought to show the farmer that he would better buy. He can't give up less than the equivalent of \$75 on the lease basis for a flock of fifty. He could buy the same flock for \$400 and \$20 interest."

The farmer is too cautious for often he has no ready cash. Particularly likes the lease basis. The company assumes all risk of dogs. And so the company has leased about 5,200 sheep, has 700 on its ranches, and has sold only a hundred or two.

As everything depends upon the care that leased sheep get, the company confronts at the start certain typical weaknesses of the Yankee farmer. For one thing, the patient study of scientific animal industry has interested him less than the more adventurous joys of the trader. Leased sheep are inspected regularly by the manager and a certain standard of good care is exacted.

The land used by these sheep lessees is mostly in run down pastures that were growing up to brush. The great trouble with the hill town farmer has been the failure of his crop of boys, lacking whom his profit is eaten up by slow motioned Poles and Finns at \$25 a month and found.

Every year mowing machine, plough and cattle leave wider strips of goldenrod and briars, where another summer the little birches gain foothold, and it all becomes woodland in a decade. The sheep are turned into fields thus slipping back into the wilderness and soon market them fertile again.

The company's promoters think they have two advantages over the farmer. One is, it should be able to market its product to better advantage than the average farmer, the other, that its sheep are high grade stock.

Many inquiries from all over New England indicate that sheep can be leased for years, perhaps indefinitely. But any given customer will become independent of the company in a few years through his share of the flock increase.

The ranch system works very nicely with the lease plan. It is the purpose of the company to establish a ranch in the centre of any district where its sheep are largely leased. The professional shepherd in charge will then have general oversight over leased flocks in that district and give assistance as needed.

Ranching on these old hills gains so greatly over old time farming largely by the small cost of labor, utensils and machinery. The danger from dogs is still a condition and not theory. Seventy-five company sheep were killed in one year. The farmer may consider that the assumption of the risk by the company distributes losses, and part of his return of lambs and wool is thus in the nature of insurance.

**Cold Meals and Alcohol.** As if to compensate for the uninviting and, at the outset, depressing aspect of a cold meal, it has been observed that the person to whom, for some special and, it may be, unfortunate circumstances, a warm meal is the exception, commonly exhibits a desire to indulge in alcoholic stimulants.—The Lancet.

### GRAND OPERA BUILT ON SMOKE.

#### Oscar Hammerstein's Dreams Began At a Cigar Workers' Bench.

When Mr. Hammerstein was asked where he obtained the capital to build half a dozen theatres and a grand opera house he smiled and said:

"I landed in America with just \$2 in my pocket." "I was a runaway from home. My father wanted me to be a man of learning. He insisted on cramming algebra and Latin and Greek and French into me. I learned a lot of it, but I never liked it."

"After landing, I went to a boarding house in Greenwich Street, New York City, and the first day found a German paper which contained an advertisement calling for boys to learn the cigarmaker's trade. It seemed only a chance to make a living then, and I had no real fancy for it and no idea of what it would mean. I went to a shop in Pearl Street and they took me in and gave \$2 a week—and I lived on that, lived for a long time."



Oscar Hammerstein.

"But I learned the trade and became a cigarmaker and had my own bench, and made enough money soon to be able to look around a bit. I was of a mechanical turn of mind and studious, and I wondered whether some of the work of cigarmaking could not be done by machinery."

"It took a long time to prove that a cigar could be made that way," he said. "It was 1870 when I made my first machine."

"It was so funny, only it was very serious at the time. You see, I thought that the fillers of the cigars could be bunched by machinery, and I made a machine that would bunch them, and so simple that a girl could operate it. It looked good. But when the machines were put in operation it was soon found that they made so much dust that the girls would soon choke, and they could not stay near them for half an hour."

"One day I was down in my shop trying to find a way to suck out the air and still prevent the wrapper tobacco from being taken up. I saw the lid of an old shoe-black box lying on the floor, and an idea suggested itself to me. I picked it up and punched holes in its top with a nail. Then I fitted it on my suction machine over the tobacco and turned on the air. The wrapper tobacco flew up again and was held against that lid of a shoe-black box. I was discouraged, angry. Here was another defeat."

"Then, as I was looking at that wrapper tobacco held against that perforated box another idea came to me. "That idea revolutionized the making of cigars. From that time air has been used for the most delicate work of cigarmaking. Up to that time it had been necessary to employ persons with only the most delicate touch to handle the wrappers, and even the most careful of them wasted a lot of valuable tobacco, while the waste of time was enormous."

"When I looked at the tobacco on that old blacking box lid," he said, "I saw a delicate leaf held tightly against it, and not only that, but held firmly and smoothly. Why should a man have to smooth out the leaf and hold it while he cuts the wrapper if air will do that for him?" I asked myself. And so I made my first machine that used air suction in handling the leaf tobacco.

"For a year nobody would touch it—and I needed money very badly. Then a shrewd Yankee named Williams came over from Newark, and said he had heard about the machine. And he knew what there was to it, but he gave me only \$5,000 for it. He is a millionaire many times over now, and all through my invention. The American Tobacco Company alone paid \$60,000 a year royalties on it while the patent was in effect."

"But I still had my dreams," he said. "So I went on inventing, and it was not long till I had made my stripping machine. This was one of the best. I did not sell that for a miserable \$6,000. I got \$200,000 for it. That made a great difference."

"When I was without money eight years ago I invented, and that is how I got the money to buy property and build theatres and build the opera house. And when I needed money for my opera I was able to sell rights in my latest invention—\$100,000 for the Porto Rican rights, \$150,000 for the European rights, \$200,000 for the Canadian rights." Again the enigmatic smile.

### SECOND HAND HAT DEALERS.

#### A Trade Which Has Sprung Up in Recent Years in New York City.

One of the most ancient of all trades is that in second hand clothes, and there have been dealers in second hand shoes; but comparatively new is a business established in New York City about a dozen years ago by a man who deals in hats, only while running incidentally a hat cleaning establishment.

He buys his hats from wholesale dealers who get them pedlars and old clothes collectors who bring their collections for sale to the second hand clothes exchange. From the stocks of hats which the wholesale dealers in old clothes and apparel thus gather the retail dealer in second hand hats selects such as will be suitable for his trade.

These hats, which may come of them show but little wear, he cleans and presses and blocks if need be and generally puts in order. If a hat needs a new binding he puts that on or a new band; such a thing has been known as putting a sound crown of a hat with a broken rim into the second rim of a hat that had a broken crown; but as a rule renovation, with perhaps some minor repairs, is with the hats that the dealer buys all that is necessary.

He gets some soft hats, but mostly derbies; and this stock, all put in order, he arranges in display on his shelves, with a little ticket showing its size stuck in the band of each hat, shelf after shelf of hats of various styles and sizes, and thus displayed they make a goodly array.

The dealer has sold as many as four hats to one customer within a single week, the presumption being that at least three of these had been lost or perhaps irretrievably damaged on occasions of more or less festivity. But a man can afford to lose a hat occasionally when they cost but half a dollar apiece, which is the uniform price of all these hats, and for which, the dealer says, you can buy a hat better than any new hat for a dollar, while it may have been originally a hat of fine quality.

In fact, at this price the second hand hats commend themselves to many buyers; and the dealer has customers who come to him regularly for their hats just as they might come to any hat store.



Robert Hichens.

author of the "Call of Blood" and "The Garden of Allah." It is predicted that he will be one of the foremost of American authors.

#### Worn Away By Handling.

The touch of thousands of human hands for more than a score of years every week-day in the year has worn away a portion of one of the exhibits of wood at the Smithsonian Institution. The exhibit in question is a carreta or ox wagon, and stands in the east wing of the Institution. The part of the axle that has been worn away simply by the admiring touch of thousands of visitors protrudes several feet and is easily reached. The wonderful smoothness of the wood which has slowly but surely been worn away is the result.

The old ox wagon is made entirely of cottonwood, and is without a single piece of metal. It was built by Pueblo Indians and is the style used in New Mexico and Arizona. The design is that introduced in this country by the Spaniards many years ago. It is a clumsy affair, with two wheels that are far from being round. For many generations, however, this sort of cart has answered the purpose of transportation for the Pueblo Indians as well as other tribes.

The axle that has been worn away is directly under the sign giving an account of the origin and history of the ox wagon. While reading, nearly every sightseer rests his hand upon the wood, perhaps does a little knocking for good luck, and perchance picks a splinter. Anyway, the axle end has been worn away, and to-day is as smooth and as shiny as a billiard ball.

#### Habits of the Bee Martin.

A remarkable bird found in Mexico is the bee martin, which has a trick of ruffling up the feathers on the top of its head into the exact semblance of a beautiful flower, and when a bee comes along to sip honey from the supposed flower it is snapped up by the bird.

#### Telephones in the Forest.

The first forest reserve telephone put in by the Federal Government will be a line of 109 miles, costing \$5,000. In the Big Horn forest reserve in Wyoming. This is to secure prompt aid in fighting timber fires.

### McCrea As a Railroad Man.

#### Began as a Rodman—Success Due to Hard Work.

Another proof that this is a democratic country and that the highest offices are open to the humblest if they have the ability to rise to their opportunities, has been furnished by the greatest railroad in the world, which is trying the experiment of what kind of a president a rodman will make.

It is not so long ago, within the memory of many officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that James McCrea, who has succeeded to the mantle of A. J. Cassatt, was only plain "Jim McCrea, and figured on the salary list of the road as a rodman.

He was a good rodman, a hard worker. He has been the same in every other position he has held in the forty-one years he has served the road.

The character of result achieved by the tall, muscular, silent, gruff-spoken "Jim" made him a marked man before he had been a rodman for two years. Then came promotions, and four presidents of the road took a pleasure in aiding his



James McCrea.

ambitions. He went up, through the stages of engineer, superintendent of various divisions, general manager of various roads, fourth vice president, third vice president, second vice president and first vice president.

His election to the headship of the entire concern was no surprise, for it had been known for a long time that he was President Cassatt's preference, and for a couple of years prior to his death, Mr. Cassatt had been grooming McCrea for the place.

This was not alone friendship on the part of the late president. He recognized in Mr. McCrea the one kind of man who never failed in any task imposed on him by the road. He could carry along the huge projects of Mr. Cassatt had planned; there need be no panic when Mr. Cassatt passed, provided the steady hand of "Jim" McCrea took the throttle.

There is no particular romance in the life story of this man, big mentally and physically. His success has not proceeded from strokes of daring, or sudden inspirations. Hard, relentless work has been the only system he knew.

The new head of the Pennsylvania was born in the home city of that organization, and is 58 years old. His father was a physician, who drifted into banking, and had "Jim" McCrea chosen to take the easier ways of life, he could have taken over the business of the father, and settled down to comfort and a reasonable assurance of plenty without having to work very hard to get it.

Ambition was stronger in the youngster than love of ease, and after he graduated from the the University of Pennsylvania at the close of the Civil War, he looked the field over, and resolved that the probable growth of the Pennsylvania Railroad, then only a struggling suggestion of the mighty power, it has now become, made it a promising career for a young man with both ability and energy.

He applied for a place. Nothing attractive opened, but, undaunted, young McCrea pressed so hard that they made him a rodman. This was in 1865. Before two years passed he received his first promotion, and was made rodman and assistant engineer on the Connessville and Southern Pennsylvania Railroad. This first advance convinced the ambitious rodman that he had made no mistake in the choice of an employer, and from that time on he never doubted the wisdom of throwing his whole energy into the cause of the road.

#### Imitation Horsehair.

Imitation horsehair (or pyrozylin, as it is called) is a cellulose product, and is furnished to the manufacturers in the form of thick threads of every imaginable color, by a German manufacturing trust, with headquarters at Frankfurt. This thread is finished and made into braids in the same way the real silk or real horsehair is prepared. Horsehair is now only used for white or black braids, as it does not take the dye as well as the imitation article and the cost is greater.

The number of Chinese students in Tokio—8,000—exceeds the number of Japanese students there.

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THE GREAT OIL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### BEWARE OF THIS TRUST.

How to Cope With the Mail Order Combine That Kills Competition.

"I'm against the trusts, first, last and all the time," remarked a leading citizen at the post office the other day.

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but I don't quite believe you are," quietly volunteered a stranger.

"What do you know about it?" asked the citizen, a little offended.

"Just this," replied the stranger, "I saw you a moment ago, while both of us were using the desk shelf along the wall, address a letter to a big mail order house in Chicago which I happen to know about. I couldn't help but see the address as the letter lay there before me. Now, begging your pardon for the question, didn't you order some goods from that house?"

"I did. And what of it?"

"Then my dear sir, you are giving aid and sustenance to the one trust which is harming you and your community more than all the rest of the trusts put together. Are you not aware of the fact that the mail order houses being big, and rich, and powerful, are killing off competition everywhere in the country districts? The Standard Oil Company does not affect your community to any very great extent perhaps, but this mail order trust comes directly into your midst, manages to undersell your local merchants in some things, though the trust makes it up off you in other things, and you and your neighbors mail your money to this competition killing trust and thereby slowly but surely strangle the life out of your home enterprises. Did that ever occur to you?"

"Well, I can't say that it ever did, not just in that light," replied the citizen.

"No, but think it over. The big cities are constantly getting bigger at the expense of the smaller cities and the country. That is because they are getting the trade of the country—the individual trade, not alone that of the country merchants. You neglect your home merchant. He goes out of business, moves to the city and becomes a hired man for one of these trusts."

"Well, what can we do about it? If the mail order business is a trust, it seems to be a legitimate one. There is no law against it."

"You are quite right. But there are things you can do. For instance, you can set to work and organize in your town a home trade league, the members to pledge themselves, so far as possible, to encourage home trade by trading at home. If I lived in a small town, I'd do something just like that. Why don't you do it?"

The citizen remarked that he'd think it over. A great many others might think the matter over without any injury to local interests.

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Every bottle of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., has printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients entering into its composition. This fact alone places Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines in a class all by themselves. They cannot be classed with patent or secret medicines because they are neither. This is why so many unprejudiced physicians prescribe them and recommend them to their patients. They know what they are composed of, and that the ingredients are those endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities. The further fact that neither Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart regulator and blood-purifier, nor his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, broken-down, nervous women, contains any alcohol, also entitles them to a place all by themselves.

Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, is a better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles residing in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol; and, furthermore, that it possesses valuable medicinal properties of its own, being demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic, and a most efficient antiferment.

Neither of the above medicines contains alcohol, or any harmful, habit-forming drug, as will be seen from a glance at the formula printed on each bottle wrapper. They are safe to use and potent to cure.

Most of us live to rejoice in the fact that we didn't marry the girl we fell in love with at first sight.

DO THE RIGHT THING if you have Nasal Catarrh. Get Ely's Cream Balm at once. Don't touch the catarrh powders and snuffs, for they contain cocaine. Ely's Cream Balm releases the secretions that inflame the nasal passages and the throat, whereas common "remedies" made with mercury merely drive them out and leave you no better than you were. In a word, Ely's Cream Balm is a real cure, not a delusion. All druggists, 50c., or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

"The only way to really enjoy life," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "is to let the other fellow do the worrying."

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with marked blueness or paleness of face, vitiated appetites and a craving for unwholesome food. These are signs of disordered liver, and the trouble must be corrected or worse results are sure to follow. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy dispels liver disease. Husbands and fathers cannot afford to treat this matter lightly.

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