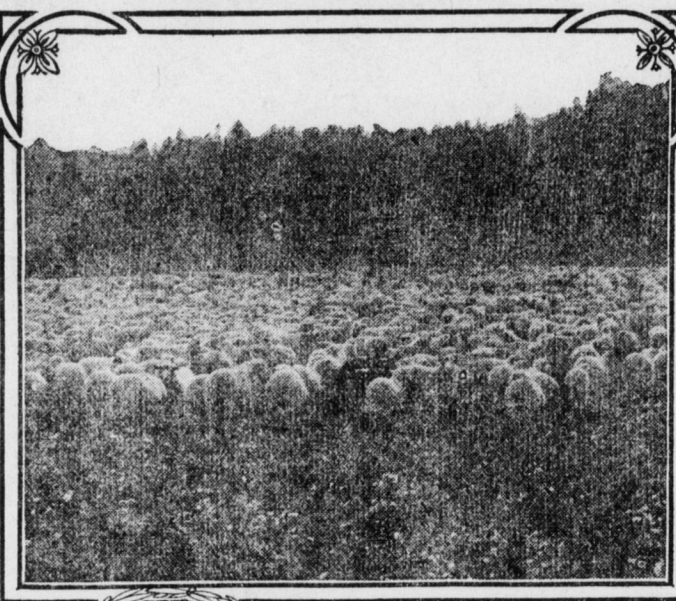


# Sheep and Goats of Arizona



SHEEP GRAZING ON NATIONAL FOREST



ANGORA KIDS

If the wool clip all over the United States should be reduced for the year 1910, as it has been in Arizona, where the clipping is done earlier than in other sections of the country, the market will be high. Arizona had the earliest clip in its history this year. The clip is usually at its height in Salt River valley and in other sections of the territory about the middle of February, whereas this year the sheep were all shorn and on their way back to the hills on February 12. The flocks wintered well, but owing to the cold weather the grass on the ranges continued dry, and as a result the quality of the wool was improved, while the output was curtailed. So pronounced was this shortage in the clip that instead of the influx of several hundred thousand of sheep into the clipping centers of the Salt River valley, the numbers could be counted by the thousands.

The clipping began this year about the tenth of January, and by the middle of February was finished at Cave Creek, Marquette, Beardsley, Hot Springs Junction, Congress Junction and Weden. Machines were used at all these clipping centers with the exception of Weden and Congress Junction, where the shearing was done by hand. Shearing in the north was later, but even there far ahead of the usual season. Conditions were about the same in Mohave county, the clipping center for that district being Kingman.

In former years it was customary for the sheep men to drive their flocks from Mohave county to the Salt River valley for the lambing and shearing season, using the forest ranges running north and south for forage along the route both north and south. But the new forest regulations now prohibit this use of the government reserves; the sheep men have been unable to get their flocks through, especially through the Verde valley, so that the movement south was abandoned this season.

In addition to the restrictions placed upon the forest reserves, the valleys that in former years were green, owing to the cold, dry weather and the consequent lack of rains, this year were not green enough to support the moving flocks. The result of this is that those flocks which were moved south, for lack of grazing in the central Arizona valleys, had to hasten back north, where the lambing proved disastrous, not only to the lambs but to the ewes as well. For this reason 70 per cent. of the sheep shorn in Arizona for 1910 had the clipping done in Yavapai county, midway between the valley and northern ranges, this being the lowest altitude obtainable where there was the combination of clipping facilities, nearby shipping points and fair ranges. By the same token it is now predicted that the lamb crop for the year will not exceed 40 per cent. of what it should be, or would be under more favorable conditions.

The largest shearing point in Yavapai county this year was at Cordes, where between 130,000 and 140,000 pounds of wool was clipped. The clip at Kingman ran to 60,000 head, and the government reports credit Arizona with an average yield of fleece weighing 6.65 pounds per sheep, which would bring the yield up to more than 300,000 pounds. Owing to the conditions referred to in the foregoing, the clip in the northern part of Arizona will be later than usual this year, because the owners of the flocks prefer to await a late clip rather than risk the loss of the lambs.

Prices for wool in Arizona this year ranged around the prices of last year. Agents paid on the ground between 20 and 22 cents for the clip of 30 per cent. of the sheep shorn in

the Salt River valley. The buyers that were in the field were representatives of Dewey, Gold & Co., of Boston; Brown & Adams, of Boston, and Salter Brothers, representing various houses in Boston. Workers were scarce, and wages were high. Clippers that formerly received from \$15 to \$40 per month now receive from \$35 to \$100 per month, and most of these laborers are Mexicans.

Goat raising in Arizona has proved profitable, and this year's prices, paid by the Boston markets, were the highest ever recorded. For kid mohair, R. Edmondson of Yarnell received 50 cents per pound, and this was paid for the grade known as No. 2. This sale was made through the National Mohair Growers' association, organized recently in opposition to the wool combine. The new association has an agency and warehouse in Boston, and lost no time in getting into the Arizona field.

The shipment netted Edmondson 46 cents a pound after paying transportation charges and association expenses. Not only is the goat proving profitable from the sale of the hair, but recently Arizona goat mutton sold in the Kansas City market for \$6.25 the hundred. The territory has many mesas and mountain slopes, which afford a natural habitat for the Angora goat, and the outlook is that this branch of the stock raising in Arizona will continue to grow in importance.

Owing to the warm climate in this territory, lambs come into the market at a very early season, which gives the flocks additional advantage over other parts of the country. One shipment of lambs was made from the Salt River farms by J. A. Pitts of Ash Fork, as early as March 14. This consignment consisted of four double carloads of spring lambs, which were sent to Kansas City. This was the first attempt ever made in Arizona to ship the lambs so that they might arrive in Kansas City before Easter. While this shipment was made in the nature of an experiment it proved profitable, and next year it is probable that Arizona lambs will find ready early sale in Kansas City stock yards. The lambs sold were raised on Pitts' farm and fed on hay raised on his farm, instead of leaving the lambskins on the ranges.

The shepherds in Arizona have to contend with the wild animals to an extent greater than is necessary in any other part of the country. For protection against coyotes, dogs which are often half-breeds between the collie and the coyote are used with great success. The forest department and the local officers distribute poison to kill off the coyotes and this method has proved effectual in many cases.

As an instance of the number of wild animals that have to be guarded against in Arizona it is pointed out that at a recent "hide day" in Tombstone, the capital of Cochise county, which is the most densely populated county in the territory, bounties were paid in one day on 500 pelts of animals of prey. About \$5,000 is paid out annually by Cochise county for bounties on the pelts of coyotes, bob cats, wolves, lobos, mountain lions, bears and skunks. It may also be cited that one night recently a lynx got into a corral owned by Charles Sands in the vicinity of Douglas, in Cochise county, and killed 21 goats. The same man reports that altogether 200 goats and kids were killed by lynx and bob cats this season.

ALOYSIUS COLL.

**Pheasant Fights Barnyard Fowls.**  
Farmers in Decatur county who have given over their lands as game preserves are being confronted with a situation that promises to be serious. The Hungarian pheasants that were placed in the game preserves are becoming exceedingly tame, and it is no uncommon thing for them to wander into barnyards.

On the Charles Throp farm, north-east of this city, an unusually large pheasant seems to have a particular aversion to turkeys. It has destroyed two or three turkey nests and whipped the gobblers of the brood to a frazzle. It is a common sight when a pheasant appears in a barnyard to see a fight between it and chickens, and the pheasant usually wins.—Greenbush Correspondence Indianapolis News.

## Her Supreme Moment

By ANNIE HINRICHSEN

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The manager, who was also the leading man, faced the newest member of his company with a flinty countenance.

"I can't do it," the newest member wailed. "I can't—I can't. Play that part here, of all places—a part I don't know and haven't time to learn. Is it necessary? Won't you reconsider?"

The manager sighed inwardly. But before him were two lilies—the anger of his star, the grief of his newest member; and the grief of the newest member was a tiny evil compared with the anger of his star.

"I'm sorry, Miss Fortesque—awfully sorry. But I can't help it."

"Aren't you the manager? Don't you control this company?"

He was silent. He was the manager, but the star was the star, and to her he was in absolute subjection.

"This is my home town, Mr. White, and tonight will be my first appearance here in a professional company. Every man, woman and child who will come here tonight knows me. I was born and raised here; so were my parents and grandparents. If you change the bill and compel me to play 'Marna' in 'Stratton's Policy' you will make me ridiculous. I don't know the play nor the part; I don't know a dozen lines."

"Your part is a minor one and you can subordinate it still more. Keep well away from the center of the stage, speak only when addressed and cut out all business of acting. The rest of the company are so familiar with the play that they can swing it along without much help from you."

"One can't play even the part of a lay figure without preparation."

Six months before he had taken her from a company in which she was playing an insignificant part and given her a place in his own, second in importance to that of his star. But the freshness, the enthusiasm and the originality of her work and the charm of her personality had been out of all proportion to a minor part. In def-



sance of all the laws of the profession, her own individuality had turned a small role into a conspicuous one.

"Mr. White, hasn't there been in your life a purpose that meant more to you than anything else—that you dreamed of and worked for with all the strength that was in you? Haven't you looked forward to the time when your own endeavors brought the realization of the dream? Perhaps my dream has not been a very lofty one; but I have put into it everything I have. It was that I might successfully play a good role in a big company before the people of my own town. I've toiled, drudged, slaved since the day I left here. I've made good. I've come back in a part that the critics say is remarkably well done. Tonight's performance was to have been the biggest event of my life, the supreme moment toward which every one who has a dream of an ideal looks—the big realization! And for a whim you will wreck it all. You will change the bill and put on 'Stratton's Policy' instead of 'The Holbrookes' and give me a part I've never seen. The company had ended the tour with 'Stratton's Policy' when I joined them. I'll be worse than a failure—I'll be a horrible, ghastly travesty of an actress. Don't—I can't—I won't!"

"You must," declared the manager. He had to do an unpleasant thing and he intended to be brave and firm about it. "We shall not discuss the matter any longer. The play tonight is 'Stratton's Policy' and you are 'Marna.'"

All afternoon they rehearsed. Miss Fortesque's part was made as insignificant as possible, but even in the background her unfamiliarity with the role showed glaringly awkward. Every member of the company, except the famous star, Miss Dora Deane, was ill humored. Miss Deane was happy and patronizingly amiable to Miss Fortesque.

Long before the curtain of the Shorehamville theater rose every seat in the house and every foot of standing room had been sold. Shorehamville was a southern city of old traditions. Mary Fortesque had been the most popular girl in the city; in her

youth her mother had held the same distinction; and there were aged gentlemen who spoke of the early beauty and charm of her grandmother. Three generations of friends and relatives packed the house.

The first act was half over. The leading man, who was also the manager, had received an almost inaudible greeting, the famous star a weak and perfunctory applause.

The curtains at the back of the stage parted. Marna, sister of the hero, ran in and threw her arms around the neck of her stage brother. A cheering roar broke from the house. Every man and woman in it seemed to be clapping, cheering and pounding. The volume of sound subsided and rose, again and again.

With her arm tightly about the neck of the leading man Mary Fortesque turned toward the audience. As fresh and innocent and unspoiled as when she had left home, she stood before them with all the sweetness of the home-loved, home-loving southern girl.

The leading man squirmed uneasily and her arm tightened about his neck.

As the last cheer died away, still gripping the leading man's neck with her arm, half dragging him, she walked to the center of the stage.

"My friends, my own people," she began. "I shall not try to tell you how happy I am to be here. You know the love in my heart for you all. I'm home—home! I want to hold out my arms to you and weep a little while—just for joy."

"I wanted to appear before you tonight as a good actress in a good part, and I say, without vanity, that had the play been the one scheduled, 'The Holbrookes,' I could have done so and you would not have been ashamed of me. But this morning the manager, this leading man"—she shook him—"changed the bill and compelled me to appear tonight in a play that I had never seen. I do not know my part. I shall not try to act. I shall stand on the stage while the play goes on around me. Your judgment of me will be kindly; you can understand how bitter is my disappointment because I cannot give you my best. But Mr. White"—another shake—"has decreed—"

"Lynch him!" yelled a voice. "String him up!" "Burn him!" came from all parts of the house.

"We shall give you the play," she went on, when she could be heard; "you will know why I only stand and smile."

The play went on as best it could. Whenever Mary Fortesque came on the stage the house cheered and clapped. The few lines she spoke, every gesture, every smile, brought enthusiastic applause. In the dressing rooms and wings the flowers were stacked in sheafs. The leading man's best scenes were enlivened by cat-calls and hoots from the audience. Half a dozen times Mary Fortesque was recalled before the final curtain dropped.

In one of the wings the manager was alternately pleading with and swearing at a newspaper representative.

"Spare your feelings? Keep quiet about this story?" jeered the newspaper man. "Not on your life. Every morning paper in the country shall have this tale. And won't you get the roasting? Serves you right for letting that jealous Deane boss you around. You ought to have stood by the little girl."

The little girl, her arms heaped high with flowers, came up to them.

"I was just congratulating Mr. White," said the journalist, "on your success tonight. Why, Miss Fortesque, you're made—you've arrived. Tomorrow you'll be the most talked of actress in America. Your fortune—"

She shook her head gently. "No," she said quietly. "Tonight I leave the stage forever. I've had a little glimpse of fame and I've had a long look at what lies under it—jealousy, self-seeking, sordidness. For some the reward compensates for the bitterness, but it never will for me. Home and love and—"

She dropped her face in the mass of roses. In a moment she looked up. "Did you see that big, black-eyed laddie who yelled 'Lynch him'? He is a perfect laddie, but until tonight I thought fame was better than love and home. Now, if he still wants me—"

Through the wings came a broad-shouldered young giant, impatiently pushing aside the piled up furniture. "And I think he does," she said.

**Left Fortune to Old Sweetheart.**  
Ralph Wilcox of Wenatchee was notified that he had fallen heir to \$10,000 in cash, an automobile, a section of valuable wheat land with horses and stock, left to him by a sweetheart of boyhood days from whom he had separated in a lover's quarrel, and of whom he had since known but little. The girl vowed she would marry the first man that proposed. A man eighty years old sought her hand, and she accepted. They went east to live, and in a few years the old man died, leaving his wife all of his property. She then started to Oregon to seek her old lover. He at that time had found another and her heart was broken, but she told him she was going to make him heir to her property when she died.

## YOUNT UNIFORMITY BILL IS HIT BY EDUCATORS

Ohio Teachers' Association Adopts Strong Resolution Against State Uniformity of School Books.

Cedar Point, O., —Educators of Ohio to the number of 2,000 attended the annual meeting of the Ohio State Teachers' Association here. The session was marked by two important incidents—the teachers refused to listen to an address on equal suffrage and they took unanimous action against state uniformity of school books.

During the last session of the legislature the Yount uniformity bill was passed by the senate and was lost in the house. The educators of Ohio do not want uniformity considered again and they voice their protest in the following strong resolution:

"We believe that the educational value of school process and practices should be paramount to every other consideration. We are therefore opposed to all efforts which would attempt to establish a system of State Uniformity in the selection of text-books, because we believe that such a system would be a hindrance to the present progress of our schools."

HE ENJOYED IT.



Mrs. Talkalot—It's a wonder you wouldn't be careful about your own language. You make it a business to pick me up on little blunders.

Mr. Talkalot—No, my dear. I make a recreation of it.

Controlled Newspapers.

The Atchison Globe says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the Globe is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—Emporia Gazette.

Tactful.

A woman with a pronounced squint went to a fashionable photographer. He looked at her and she looked at him and both were embarrassed.

He spoke first. "Won't you permit me," he said, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature." Beacon.

Watch Your Refrigerator.

You'll save many a doctor's bill by watching your refrigerator. Keep it absolutely clean all the time. The best way to clean it is to take clean hot water, make a suds with Easy Task soap and wash every nook and corner in the ice box or refrigerator. Then the food doesn't get smelly and carry disease germs to the table. Easy Task soap, being made of pure cocoanut oil, borax, naphtha and clean tallow, is antiseptic as well as cleansing. It is a wonderful soap—and a nickel a cake.

A widow may have words of praise for her late husband. But a sleepy wife, never!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothe the gums, reduce the inflammation, and relieve the pain. See a bottle.

The morning after is responsible for many good resolutions.

## Relieves the PAIN of a BURN Instantly

and takes out all inflammation in one day. The most serious Burns and Scalds instantly relieved and quickly healed by Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil

A soothing antiseptic discovered by an Old Railroad Surgeon. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c, 50c & \$1.

Made by **E. W. Brown** Maker of **Laxative Bromo Quinine**

Notes and Comments. Church—Does your neighbor play that cornet without notes? Gotham—Yes; but not without comments.—Yonkers Statesman.

An Exception. Caller—Is Mrs. Brown at home? Artless Parlor Maid (smiling confidentially)—No, ma'am—she really is out this afternoon.

Annie Telford, "Queen's Nurse," of Ballyantral, Ayrshire, England, Writes as Follows:—

I have great pleasure in testifying what a valuable remedy in various Skin Troubles I have found Resinol Ointment to be. I have used it in extremely bad cases of Eczema and in poisoned wounds, and always with most satisfactory results. I have the highest opinion of its curative value.

Looked Like a Pattern. "My dear," asks the thoughtful husband, "did you notice a large sheet of paper with a lot of diagrams on it about my desk?"

"You mean that big piece with dots and curves and diagonals and things all over it?"

"Yes. It was my map of the path of Halley's comet. I wanted to—"

"My goodness! I thought it was that pattern I asked you to get, and the dressmaker is cutting out my new shirtwaist by it!"—Chicago Evening Post.

Well, Wasn't He Right? The minister was addressing the Sunday school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is that that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?" During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard: "I know. It's the gas meter."

What's the Answer? We're ready to quit! After sending two perfectly rhymed, carefully scanned, pleasurable sentimental pieces of poetic junk to seventeen magazines and having them returned seventeen times, we turn to the current issue of a new monthly and find a "pome" modeled after Kipling's "Vampire," and in which home is supposed to rhyme with alone, run on page eleven with all the swell curly-cues ordinarily surrounding a piece of real art. If poetizing is a gift we are convinced that this poet's must have been. As for us, we are on our way to the woodshed to study the psychology of the ax or any other old thing that hasn't to do with selling poetry to magazines.

## Compound Interest

comes to life when the body feels the delicious glow of health, vigor and energy.

## That Certain Sense

of vigor in the brain and easy poise of the nerves comes when the improper foods are cut out and predigested

## Grape-Nuts

take their place. If it has taken you years to run down don't expect one mouthful of this great food to bring you back (for it is not a stimulant but a **rebuilder.**)

Ten days trial shows such big results that one sticks to it.

"There's a Reason" Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

FORTIN CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.