

**POULTRY NOTES**  
BY  
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RIVERSIDE  
CALIF.



**CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED**

**EASTERN TURKEY FALLEN.**  
Westward the course of turkey empire takes its way.  
New England now feasts on roasts from Texas.

Eastern states buy Christmas birds from Russian valley, California's turkey Eldorado.  
Turkeys' new capital is Missouri, with her prize poultry product of \$40,000,000.

Texas, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, California, are next in turkey population.  
Eastern turkey fallen, and why?  
Has nature reversed?  
"Blackhead," you reply.

But if blackhead is explanation for turkey annihilation, what is the explanation for blackhead?  
That's easy.

Don't need a microscope nor an experiment station just to find out.  
Blackhead is simply a modern mistake that resulted fatally for the east.

Drop the microscope theory and listen.  
Blackhead, or name it as you please, is the result of inbreeding, lice, filth and unscientific feeding. That's all.

Turkey breeding is not a lost but a neglected art. True, certain scientists have pushed the old twenty pound tom to thirty-five, and the champion of the world at St. Louis was a sixty pounder, but the eastern breeder would mate his cockerels with pullets instead of hens and seldom changed blood unless it was to swap with the next farmer, whose birds had often mixed with his.

To him all coons looked alike. He seldom considered that the Bronze is heaviest and healthiest, Narragansett



KING OF THE WOODS.

next in utility, Holland smaller but gentler, the Buff and Slate only for fancy. He sold his broad backed, full breasted gobblers and best formed hens and retained the leanest and meanest for breeding. Thus his "family circle breeding of disease target" stock laid turkey low, and the hills and vales that echoed with "Gobble, gobble" and "Twee, twee" became a silent turkey graveyard.

Had the breeder only heard "the call of the wild" as the sturdy king of the woods came from his sylvan retreat to call back his half domesticated subjects and captured him for mating instead of shooting him for meat, or had he robbed the wild turkey's nest to hatch for new blood, perhaps this obituary had not been written. He was as careless with lice, filth and feeding. Mighty seldom were old and young birds treated on head, between wing quills, among vent feathers, and on thighs for vermin, and as lice increased turkey decreased.

Then some genius reversed nature by discarding mother turkey, with her clean nest out on the fresh earth among the tall grasses and fragrant wild flowers, and substituted the mongrel hen with her foul, lousy nest.

The scabby legged cock scratched for them in the manure plick, and the sweet voiced little pullets never saw the green hill and field afar, where turkey food abounded, and you don't wonder they died. They were homesick for nature.

The feeding was a corner on corn. Without waiting forty hours for the yolk to digest the pullets were stuffed with soaked cornmeal, curd and red pepper. They were already weak because their parents were corn fat.

When the birds were brought from nature, unmindful that their life afield was all activity, pure air and water and a variety of hard earned food, the breeder bunched breeding and market stock in insanitary environment and proceeded to stuff them with corn, an unusual ration, and it was often green corn at that. No turkeys had grit.

Then came "blackhead," "ulcerated dropsical liver," and the high price philosophers began to make the earth for microbes with a fine tooth comb.

The diarrhea might have been stopped by a return to natural diet and a fourth ounce of copperas to the quart of water, but that wouldn't stop fat breeders throwing sickly pullets.

An equal three part ration of wheat, oats and corn, with charcoal, grit, waste apples and no cabbage, brings turkeys through the winter in fine shape for spring work. Microbe or no microbe, the blackhead has made the hills and valleys of the east baldheaded of turkeys.

The east will again have a place on the turkey map when entirely new stock and methods are introduced, and the west should profit lest she cut her own pretty turkey throat.

**GRANDPAP'S TURKEY GOBBLER.**  
Of all the sights on grandpap's farm His gobbler took the charm;  
Whenever he strut across the green Our infant fears to alarm.

How he would puff his chest way out To make himself be stout!  
He'd shake the noodle on his nose As if to say, "Git out!"

His head would turn red, white and blue As if the Fourth was due.  
His tail was like a rainbow spread, His wide wings sweeping too.

Then, "Gobble! Gobble!" mad, went he, And "Gobble!" loud yelled he,  
And then he'd swing himself around, And make a jump for me.

But every fat turk has his day— At least that's what Turks say— For when Thanksgiving day came round He in the gravy lay.

My plate was always piled sky high. I for those days no sign  
When grandpa turned around and said, "Now, boy, fill up on pie." C. M. B.

**TURKEY DONT'S.**  
Don't let turkeys run in the rain and dew. It will get them.  
Don't keep the gun in the garret. Crows and hawks are turkey lovers.  
Don't fail to mark your birds with a web punch. May save a lawsuit in the fall.  
Don't forget that wet kills young stock when they shoot the red at two months.  
Don't forget to dust eard when poultis show signs of swollen joints or rheumatism.  
Don't neglect to feed your growing birds every night. They will thus come home to roost.  
Don't allow feed to lie around to sour. Always turn them from the table a little hungry.  
Don't neglect to feed the turkey hen two days before hatch. Grease poult heads with chicken fat.  
Don't feed red pepper and soda. A little black pepper occasionally for tonic and glazer for colds.  
Don't forget to remove poultis early from nest. They get less lice, and you'll have more turkey, as the old hen will crush them.  
Don't feed meat nor beef scrap to turkeys unless insects are scarce. Then feed scrap or Hamburger steak sparingly.

**YOUNG TURKEY MENU.**  
For forty hours no feed. Then put an egg in cold water, boil an hour. Grind up shell and all. Mix with fine grit and stale sweet bread dipped in milk and squeezed dry. One egg to six poultis. Feed thus for two days, always keeping poultis moderately hungry.  
Third day chop onion top, egg, curd and grit for breakfast. Sweet stale bread dipped in milk and squeezed dry for dinner. Chopped dandelion leaves, egg, curd and grit for supper. Feed thus for two weeks. Now by degrees feed dry oatmeal, cracked wheat, millet seed and a little fine cracked corn. At four or five days birds may run in short dry grass.  
For turkey poison use sloppy corn mash. For diarrhea feed fresh boiled rice moderately. For green food, when confined, use lettuce, fine cut grass and crisp chickweed. Feed sparingly at first, and never feed turkeys, young or old, cabbage.  
No meat is required for turkeys unless confined, as they gather many insects. By using this feeding method and keeping everything sanitary we have raised fine birds on a plot 30 by 50 feet.

**FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.**  
Shipping turkey eggs for hatching is getting to be quite an industry in Texas. One lady writes that she shipped 800 last season. Texas is the Lone Star in turkey culture.  
Incubators were used in Egypt before the Christian era. They were in the form of hatching ovens. And yet it is called a modern invention. Is there anything new under the hen?  
The nicest way to singe a chicken is to put a tablespoonful of alcohol on a plate. While it burns pass the bird over the flame. It's not so dangerous as the old way, and the burned paper does not get on the fowl.  
Why are hens less liable to be creamy and brassy than roosters? Simply because the fat that causes the "yallors" passes off in the egg yolk. If roosters could only be persuaded to lay, the show fellows wouldn't have to bleach and lie.  
A poultry know-it-all may be the big duck in the small poultry piddle, but when he puts his gold edge advertising puff in a poultry journal where it is crowded into a little corner by a thousand other big rocks of the perch he wishes he hadn't peeped so soon.  
In your poultry advertising don't put all your eggs in one basket. "In journals," "Sires," "In weeklies and dailies," "Without fail," if you advertise in one little corner, you will get a little corner on nothing, but if you make an advertising spread eagle of your rooster business you will get many gold eagles in return.  
One thousand hens were experimented on at the Maine agricultural station to discover the relative qualities of whole and cracked corn in egg production. The test showed that it made no difference in the quantity of eggs so far as the two kinds of corn are concerned, but it has been proved that a whole poultryman gets more eggs than one with a cracked shell.  
Two hundred and fifty thousand day old chicks were shipped by English poultrymen in 1907. Some of these went to the north of Scotland and Berlin. They lost about twenty-five to the thousand. The business in this country is greater. A chick can travel 1,200 miles and do without food for seventy hours without injury. If you buy, give drink and crumbled dry bread sparingly on arrival.

**WIRELESS FIRECRACKER.**  
Kansas City Man's Invention Makes the Noise Just the Same.  
Do you remember how you used to pop leaves when you were a kid? You hid the leaf over the palm of your left hand and then struck it with your right. On the same principle as this, with half of a rubber bulb to take the place of the hollow palm and a piece of newspaper over the top to pop instead of a leaf, a wireless firecracker has been invented. Martin Armstrong, who teaches telegraphy in a business college at Kansas City, holds the patent.  
The device is fixed either on the end of a cane or the end of a short hammer handle. J. A. Runyan, secretary of the Manufacturers and Merchants' association, tried one of the hammer handle style on John Kincaid, the Hogan at Eleventh and Walnut streets, the other morning. The patrolman made a sudden standing broad jump across the car tracks and declared the new noise maker a great success.

The United States army is the smallest in proportion to the size of the country. It works out at one man to every twenty square miles.

**Dorothy's Dime.**  
By CARL WILLIAMS.  
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Grayce looked grim as he threw open the door and stumbled over the roll of rugs that lay just within.  
"Another night has come, and that landlord still lives his evil life," he called, and from the dimly lighted parlor came an answering snuff.

Bert Grayce hung up his coat on the half shrouded hatrack and entered the room. The furniture was swathed in burriap and excelsior, and the piano was covered with old blankets and other soft wrappings, and trunks and boxes were piled with some attempt at order along the bare walls and upon the equally bare floor.  
On top of the upturned soap box a group of candles guttered dimly, their feeble rays serving to accentuate the absence of gas. Desolation—the desolation of an exodus—brooded everywhere, even upon the face of the woman who sat in a low rocker beside the candles and vainly made pretense of reading.

Hers was a lovable face, framed in masses of silver hair, and Grayce's

other apartment. Said the girl severely. "Next time do as you are told, and you will have less trouble. You know very well that the agent told you to do this apartment first. He promised me that he would."  
"He'll promise anything," began Bert grimly, but the tiny foot stamped a warning. The girl did not care to argue the point with a workman, and she dismissed him with a nod.  
"Come in tomorrow and give it a second coat," she commanded. "Wait a moment," she added as Bert turned to go. "Buy yourself a good cigar." Bert dropped the dime in his pocket with a murmured word of thanks and backed out of the door. Once on the other side, his embarrassment died down, and he paused long enough to ascertain from the card on the door that it was Dorothy Rensen who occupied the apartment. That she was a china decorator he already knew, and vaguely he remembered having heard of her skill.  
He was tired when he sought his home that night, but the thought that he would see the girl again on the morrow gave him a feeling that the day had been well spent. He carefully slipped the dime in a pocket which he wore on his watch fob and smiled as he thought of his "tip."

He painted the studio floors the first thing next morning and then turned his attention to his own apartment. It was late in the afternoon when he had finished and was cleaning up. There came a ring at the door, and he opened it to confront a young woman who radiated confusion and penitence.  
"I have come to apologize," she said, blushing redly. "I stopped in to thank the agent for sending me a painter, and he did not know that my floors had been done. Then he recalled that they were painting your own place and explained my error."  
"It's a very natural one," he said, with a laugh. "If you were half as desperate as my mother, I should not blame you for kidnapping me with a full knowledge of the facts. I am only glad that I have been of service to you."  
"You don't know how greatly you have aided me," she cried. "I can never repay your kindness. I am so sorry that I was absent yesterday. Will you pardon me?"  
The long, slender hand was clasped in Bert's own, and he smiled down into the brown eyes that dropped shyly before his gaze.  
Dorothy slipped back into her own apartment, and Bert, closing his door, drew the dime she had given him from his pocket.  
"The job's going to cost you more than that, little woman," he said as he smiled to himself. "It's going to cost you your heart and hand, and they are worth millions of dimes."

As it Happens.  
They parted as girls; they met as women.  
"And what of all your sweethearts?" asked the old time chum at length.  
"Gone the way of all good things," answered the captivator of his eyes.  
"That tall, lanky blond with the fierce mustache, for instance?"  
"Went insane!"  
"Gracious! And Jimmie Bowles—the little muskrat, as you used to call him—who was so devoted?"  
"Killed in an auto accident trying to save my life!"  
"Dear me! And your neezy artist swain, who found in you the only customer for his wonderful paintings?"

**HE DIDN'T GO HUNGRY.**  
Neither Did His Partner After Their Scheme Succeeded.  
The man who once was down and out, but is so no longer, was telling the other day of one of his poverty time devices.  
He was traveling with another chap just as much down and out as he, and both were hungry. Their capital was insignificant, and they didn't intend to spend any of it. But they had a revolver, which suggested to the first man a scheme. It worked out something like this:  
"I went into a pretty good looking restaurant," said the prosperous one, taking a long draw at his cigar, "and as my clothes looked pretty good I wasn't an object of suspicion. I had an overcoat which belonged to my partner."  
"As the overcoat and the revolver were chief characters in the ensuing drama, they have to be mentioned prominently. I got a seat right near the door and hung up my coat so that it was only a step away from the door."  
"Then I sat down and ordered a square one, a meal that it would be impossible to describe it was so good. It was flavored with the sauce of abstinence—from food."  
"I ate and ate and ate, and by and by my partner came along. Without his overcoat—and it was a cold day—he didn't look good. He hung around the door for a long while, looking like a hobo getting up his nerve to come in and beg."  
"Just about the time he made a signal to me that showed he was about to enter I got up to go to the cigar counter to pick out a nice after dinner smoke. I came my partner and slunk up to the desk to ask for a bit of food."  
"Nothing doing. He was turned down cold. Then to make the thing work better he came up to me and asked, 'Say, boss, won't you give me a lift? I'm down and out.' I repulsed him sternly, and after looking around he started out."  
"I said to the proprietor in a virtuous way, 'I don't believe in helping those bums,' to which he answered with a smug shake of the head, when my partner grabbed the overcoat. I knew what he was doing, but I pretended to be very much interested in the cigar until the proprietor yelled out, 'Hey, he's stealing your coat!'"  
"I held on to the cigar, wheeled around and started for my partner. He was half out of the door. I yelled, 'Drop that!' and for answer he drew the revolver and flourished it."  
"The proprietor dropped behind the counter, and the waiters fled to the kitchen. From his place the proprietor called out: 'Look out! He'll shoot you!'"  
"And, taking my cue, I let him run out."  
"Then when the excitement cleared off I raised an awful row about losing the coat, and the proprietor finally came up with the money for a new one, say about \$30. Well, did that meal pay me? What?"

**THE LONG, SLENDER HAND WAS CLASPED IN HER'S OWN.**

smile softened and grew more tender as he bent to kiss the still smooth forehead.  
"Cheer up, mother mine," he said laughing. "All is not yet lost, though the painters remain on strike. Tomorrow the new home will be painted. By Saturday we shall be comfortably settled."  
"Are you sure?" demanded Mrs. Grayce wistfully. "If you are, we will not have the gas turned on again."  
"There are electric lights in the new home," he reminded. "You will forget these nights of Egyptian darkness, and the next time we move we shall not order the current turned off until we are safely out of the house."  
"To think that at the last moment, with all packed and ready to move, this strike should have come up!" said Mrs. Grayce, with a groan. "Are you positive, Bert, that the painter you have engaged will not be won over by the strikers?"  
"Never more certain of anything in my life," was the laughing response. "The painter is no less a person than your accomplished son. I stopped in and ordered the paint sent over this morning. Tomorrow I shall go and wield the brush, so you must wake and call me early. I must put in a full day."

Bert passed on to his own room, lighting his way with matches, and his mother heaved a sigh of relief. For eight days they had virtually camped in the apartment they had given up, waiting for their new quarters to be finished. The packers had done their work, the man had come to cut off the gas and the moving vans were backed up to the door when a telephone message came to the effect that, owing to a strike of the painters, the new rooms were not yet ready for occupancy. From day to day the landlord had promised that something would be done at once, but now a full week had passed, and hope had commenced to fall until Bert decided to do the work himself.

He made an early start, and 8 o'clock found him in a suit of jeans applying the paint with as skillful a brush as though painting were his regular occupation. He worked rapidly and well and the rooms had begun to assume a habitable aspect when he heard the hall door open and close and looked up, expecting to see the landlord.  
Instead he faced about to encounter the gaze of a pair of brown eyes which seemed to pierce his paint stained jacket and give him an odd queer sensation about the heart. The possessor of the eyes was a fragile slip of a girl whose pure oval face was oddly like a picture by some old master. The slender form was wholly concealed by a brown holland pinafore, and this was splashed with color. A dab of blue which had sought a higher resting place made a saucy beauty patch against the dimpling chin.  
"So you have come," she said at length. "I was beginning to think that you would be out on strike all winter. I was promised that my floors should be shellacked first."  
"Yes, but"—began Bert.  
"I want no answers," said the girl, with a stamp of her tiny foot. "I am to have an exhibition day after tomorrow, and the floors must be done by then, do you hear?"  
"Yes, ma'am," said Bert meekly.  
"Then pick up your paint and brush and come along," was the quiet command. "If I had not smelled the paint in the hall you would have spent the day here, when I need you so much more. Come on, please."  
She turned to lead the way as though there was no argument to be made, and Bert, grinning over the ridiculousness of the affair, followed after. He saw with pleasure that the other apartment was only across the hall from his own. It was a much smaller place, and it did not take Bert long to paint the floors. The girl stood in the doorway superintending the work, and Bert was sorry when at last he rose from his knees and announced the completion of the job.  
"You will still have time to finish the

**MUSIC LOVING NAPLES.**

It Has the Poorest and Happiest People in the World.  
It is estimated that a quarter of a million people in Naples live from hand to mouth, and there are hundreds of children who subsist out of the garbage boxes and who sleep in churches and on doorsteps.  
The taxes in Italy to provide warships and to keep the nation on a war footing with the other powers are really stupendous. There is a tax on everything, says the Bellator—grain in the field, fruit on the vine, old bottles. Fuel and foodstuffs are very dear. Only labor is cheap. For the very poor meat is a luxury unheard of, and even macaroni is too dear to be indulged in often. There are any number of perambulating street kitchens, where various kinds of soup, cakes and fruits are sold in portions costing 1 cent. And yet these people seem very happy. Bands of musicians are always playing in the streets; the guitar and the mandolin are to be heard everywhere—on the boats, in the hotels, and the stranger is lulled to sleep by a soft serenade under his balcony.  
The story teller thrives in Naples, as there are so many idlers there. He collects a little crowd around him and proceeds in the most dramatic way, gesticulating wildly and working his face into the most excruciating expressions, to relate stories of adventure or other events, much to the edification of his hearers, who to show their appreciation are often betrayed into better spent for bread or potatoes.  
The public letter writer is another great dignitary of importance and in great demand, especially with timid and huxum maids of all work who have themselves neglected to learn the art of writing. Of such the public letter writer holds all the secrets of their loves and is often their adviser as well as amanuensis.

**Pineapple Juice.**  
Garlic eaten raw will cure a cold in the head, grip or influenza in the first stages, but in cases where prejudiced people refuse to test its virtues Irish moss lemonade made after the well known flaxseed lemonade recipe and taken for both meat and drink stands next on the list.  
Pineapple juice will relieve inflammation of the throat in the most advanced and chronic cases and will cure all ordinary attacks. In both membranous croup and diphtheria pure pineapple juice either raw or from the canned fruit will cure when the entire apothecary shop has been tried and found wanting.—National Magazine.

**CONJURED A TREATY.**  
How Houdin, the Magician, Awed the Arabs Into Submission.  
During the French conquest of Algeria (1830-3) negotiations for peace were entered upon with the sheiks of certain Arab tribes, and a meeting for the settlement of terms was arranged to take place at the French headquarters. The French officers received their guests with great hospitality, and after the banquet given in their honor, at which the utmost splendor was exercised in order to dazzle their eyes and captivate their simple minds, an adjournment was made to a large hall, where M. Houdin, the celebrated French force, who had accompanied the French forces, gave an exhibition of his skill.  
They stared in open mouthed wonder at all the tricks that were performed, and a feeling of awe crept over them as they witnessed the mysterious appearance and disappearance of various objects. But what appeared to them most marvelous was the apparent manufacture of cannon balls. M. Houdin passed round among them a high hat, which they examined very carefully, but without suspecting anything unusual in either its make or its appearance. When the hat was returned to him the conjurer placed it on the floor in the middle of the stage in full view of his audience. He then proceeded to take from the hat cannon balls apparently without number and rolled them across the floor into the wings. With this the performance terminated.  
The chiefs then consulted among themselves and came to the conclusion that it was useless to offer any opposition to an army that could turn out its ammunition in so easy a manner. They therefore signed the required treaty and departed to tell their friends in the desert of the wonderful power of the invaders.

**Wanted to See Too.**  
Farmer Ased and his wife came up to London to go to one of the theaters. They saw a great many men go out after the first act, in which a man had been shot.  
She—Henry, where are you going?  
He—Look here, Sairey, I've stood this as long as I can. I'm going out like the rest of 'em to see how that fellow is getting on who was shot. The poor wretch may be dead by this time, and if he is this ain't no place for us.—London Mail.

**From One Walk to Another.**  
"What would you do if you was one of dese millionaires?" said Meandering Mike.  
"I s'pose," answered Flooding Pete, "dat I'd get meself a golf outfit and walk fur pleasure instead of from necessity."—Washington Star.

**She Might Not Like It.**  
"Old man Pilkinton candidly admits that his wife made him what he is."  
"Yes, but I have noticed that he is always careful to assure himself before admitting it that she isn't present to put in a denial."—Judge.

**One Cuck.**  
"I believe I'll rock the boat," declared the man in the stern.  
"Don't do it," advised his companion. "It might discharge this unloaded pistol I have in my jeans."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Where He Stood.**  
The woman was showing the artist her diamond pin.  
"How much is it worth?" the artist asked.  
"A hundred and fifty dollars," she answered. "What would you do if you had a diamond pin that was worth a hundred dollars?"  
"There's one thing certain," he said; "I wouldn't have the diamond pin."

**CHURCH TOWERS.**

They Are a Distinctive Feature of the Mexican View.  
There is no country better worth visiting than Mexico. It is very striking in crossing the border from the United States to note how completely everything changes. Here there hardly seems anything man has constructed which harmonizes with its surroundings; there everything seems to be entirely a part of the country. It is more foreign than Europe is now and constantly reminds one of the east. Riding in some of the little traveled districts, I could hardly believe that I was not in India. The dust in the road, the thorn scrub on both sides, with that pungent smell of the blossoms, all reminded me of the country about Ahmedabad. The plateau in winter, the dry season, is very much like the desert—long stretches of country, with purple mountains in the distance, without a tree in sight except where there is a town or where irrigation has kept a little green and a few trees have been planted. Often the horizon is so distant that the mountains melt into the sky, and perhaps one catches a glimpse of the snow on one of the volcanoes. The color is that of its own Mexican opal—greens, blues and reds.  
Everywhere the distinctive features are the church towers and tiled domes rising above the towns. The exteriors of these churches are always picturesque and interesting, but the interiors are usually disappointing, for they have suffered much during many revolutions and perhaps even more from senseless renovations. There are a few still untouched, where one can see them as nearly all were once, entirely covered with richly carved wood heavily gilded. Gold was used thickly everywhere till the carving looked like solid metal. I have seen much gold in churches, but none to equal that in Mexico.—Lockwood de Forest in Century.

**NO ALTERNATIVE.**  
The Jury Had to Teach the Pompous Judge a Lesson.  
A certain trial judge in a certain state became so unpopular that the only way he could get a verdict for the state was to make his charge in favor of the prisoner. When matters had reached this stage a famous feud fighter was arrested on a charge of murder and brought to trial. The case, which was the judge's first murder trial, attracted much attention, and the judge, whose unpopularity arose from his vanity and pomposity, greatly enjoyed his role as umpire of the law. The case was a clear one against the defendant, and his guilt was so conclusively proved that the judge even presumed to charge accordingly. The jury retired, and when they filed back into court it was noticed that they avoided the prisoner's eye and looked unusually solemn.  
"Gentlemen," said the judge, waving the clerk into silence, "have you reached a verdict?"  
"We have," said the foreman.  
The judge opened a paper bag and drew out a black cap. With an important look around the courtroom he placed this on his head and pulled it down until it met his ears.  
"Prisoner," he said, "arise and look at the jury. Jury, arise and look at the prisoner. Gentlemen, what is your verdict?"  
The jurymen, who had been whispering to each other, nodded cheerfully at the prisoner.  
"Not guilty," said the foreman.  
"Of course," he said later, when every one had shaken the innocent man's hand, "he was guilty all right, and that was going to be our verdict, but when the little judge put that black cap on his head and pulled it down over his ears like that there was only one thing for us to do, and we did it."  
—New York Sun.

**Graveyard Neighbors.**  
The agent for a cemetery company was expatiating on the good points of a certain lot. Presently the prospective purchaser interrupted with the enunciation of several prominent families owning property there.  
"Is this lot near theirs?" she asked.  
The agent admitted that it was quite a distance off.  
"Then," said the woman, "I don't want it. I'd rather pay more and get in a good neighborhood."  
The agent collapsed.  
"Has it come to the point," he said, "where people consider their next door neighbors even in a graveyard?"

**UNFINISHED BOOKS.**  
Authors Who Died Leaving Stories Partly Written.  
Many writers, including the famous Ouida, have died leaving behind them unfinished books. One of the best known is, of course, Dickens' "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a remarkably clever story, and one showing no signs of diminishing vitality, although he was actually at work upon it up to within a few hours of his death.  
Dickens' great rival, Thackeray, again, left behind him not one only, but two unfinished stories. One of these, "Denis Duval," promised to rank with his best work. Unfortunately, however, he had completed only seven chapters when he was stricken down.  
Scott, too, left a tale unended—"The Siege of Malta"—written while he was on his last futile journey in search of health. This work has never been published, although more than two-thirds of it was completed at the time of his death.  
Then there was "St. Ives," left unfinished by R. L. Stevenson, as was "Zeph," by Helen Jackson, and "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins. Buckle never completed his "History of Civilization," although he toiled at it for twenty years.  
Among famous poems that were never completed mention may be made of Byron's "Don Juan," Keats' "Hyperion," Coleridge's "Christabel" and Gray's "Agrrippina." Spenser's "Faerie Queene," too, is no more than a fragment, although a colossal one.  
Lastly, there ought to be included Ben Jonson's beautiful unfinished pastoral, "The Sad Shepherd," found by his literary executors among his papers after his death and published in its incompleteness.—Pearson's Weekly.

**NEW PRINTING METHOD.**

Plan to Make Black Paper For Newspaper Use.  
Wisconsin manufacturers of print paper recently put forth a proposition which, if adopted, will, it is said, revolutionize the print paper industry of the country and the newspaper industry as well, says an Appleton dispatch. They propose that newspapers in the future be printed in white on black paper instead of in black on white paper, thus bringing about a saving of millions of dollars annually in pulp wood, assisting in the preservation of forests and reducing the price of news paper to about one-half the present price.  
Black paper can be made of old newspapers and almost any fibrous stock, while white paper requires spruce and hemlock wood. Wisconsin paper manufacturers will try to interest eastern manufacturers and if possible bring about concerted action with the publishers of the United States.

**Organs For Ships of Atlantic Fleet.**  
Professor P. P. Bilhorn of Chicago has presented sixteen portable organs to the Atlantic fleet through the Young Men's Christian association of Los Angeles, Cal. When the fleet was at Los Angeles the men of the local Y. M. C. A. fraternized with the sailors, and joint religious meetings were held. When the squadron sailed Secretary D. E. Luther wrote to Mr. Bilhorn soliciting a gift of organs so that the sailors could enjoy religious music while on the long cruise across the Pacific. Mr. Bilhorn, himself a Y. M. C. A. evangelist and singer, has ordered an organ shipped to each of the battleships. Rear Admiral Thomas has accepted the gift on behalf of the fleet.

**Those Hats.**  
I met them first within a car While hanging to a strap.  
We struck a curve—there came a jar— Three or them seemed to lap.  
Then I, a man, rushed to the street, My face scratched like a cat's.  
I prayed that I no more might meet Those "Merry Widow" hats!

"Twas in a church I saw them next. They had the foremost pew.  
I quite forgot the preacher's text, So dazzled was my view.  
In prayer again I bowed my head. Alas, as I arose  
A big one, spreading just ahead, Abruptly gouged my nose.

"Twas in an elevator now I ran across my foe.  
Too bad that I was not a cow Upon all fours to go.  
Three women entered. Each one tried To raise her headgear high.  
And, though aloud for help I cried, The things dug out an eye.  
—Laura W. Sheldon in New York Times.

**SLEEPING AT THE THROTTLE.**  
British Railway Experiments With Device to Waken Engineers.  
The recent Shrewsbury railway disaster has caused the Great Western railway in England to experiment with a device for awakening locomotive engineers when they approach danger zones, says a London cable dispatch. This device is simple and blows a whistle close to where the engineer stands by the regulating handle.  
Between the rails is a balk of timber sixty feet long. A strip of iron is run down the length of the wood and is raised a certain height by the lever from the signal cabin when the signal is set for danger. The metal strip is also charged with electricity by the same motion. A metal shoe on the engine comes in contact with the strip when the signal is at danger, and a mechanism actuated by the completion of the electric current blows a whistle in the engine cab, thus warning the driver, although no signals or lights are visible.

**JERSEYMEN A YEAR TOO EARLY.**  
Delegates to North Carolina Conference Fooled by Mixed Dates.  
Having been appointed by Governor Fort as New Jersey delegates to the North Carolina arbitration and peace conference, Judge James B. Dill, Justice Francis J. Swayze and former Judge Howard Carrow went to Wilmington, N. C., a few days ago. On their arrival they learned the convention is to be held in 1909 and not 1908. They came home by the back way and were in Trenton, N. J., recently trying to find out who was to blame for sending them south a year too soon. It is said the governor of North Carolina neglected to name the year to the governor of New Jersey.  
Persons in Wilmington gave the Jerseys fine entertainment for two days and promised them even a better time next year.

**A True Friend.**  
"I tell you Green is a true friend."  
"Give me proof."  
"He borrowed money from me and paid it back when I asked him for it without flinching me."—Detroit Free Press.

The reason some people can stay out of debt is nobody will let them get in.—New York Press.

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