SEE A WAY TO CUT BEEF PRICE IN TWO

Ranchers Would Put Cattle on Government Land Now Idle.

ARE USELESS AT PRESENT

Breeders Agree to Build Reservoirs and Irrigation Ditches, Besides Paying Property Rent.

Casper, Wy.—The price of beefsteak to the hungry city man and the disposition of 300,000,000 acres of Government land lying west of the eastern boundary of Wyoming and Colorado are inclosed in the same wrapper, and the answer to one is the same answer to the other, say hundreds of cattle raisers. "Put cattle on this land and the price of fresh beef will go down with a crash in the markets of every city in the country," was the unanimous opinion of the cattle raisers.

Millions and millions of acres of this land are located in the "dry" country and under present conditions are not capable of supporting live stock; and other millions and millions of acres are located in so-called "forest reserves" and cannot be utilized by the cattle raisers. What the cattle men desire is that the Government lease to them certain large tracts of the unappropriated land, giving them exclusive use thereof for a term of years, and charge them a fair rental for this use. In addition to paying this rental, the cattle men will agree to build reservoirs and irrigation ditches and make the dry lands capable of supporting cattle in large numbers.

"The land is worthless to-day," say the cattle men. "It is too dry for farming, but with the expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money millions of acres could be rendered sufficiently productive upon which to range cattle."

Under present conditions the cattle raisers cannot afford to make these improvements, all of which would be for the purpose of getting water upon the land. And just as soon as they put water upon land which they do not control, but which is open to settlement, some settler will come along and take possession of it under the homestead laws. The improvements will go with the property itself. The laws do not permit the cattleman to homestead an acres sufficiently large upon which to range his cattle, and if he goes into partnership with others with the intention of buying their claims when they have proven up he is guilty of conspiracy to defraud. Nor will a homesteader file a claim upon the dry property as it now stands, for the reason that he cannot make a living upon it.

"Let the land remain as it is without benefiting anyone, or lease it to the cattlemen, and let us put a herd upon every hill," say the ranchers.

Since the Government began building great irrigation dams and systems in the West and demonstrating to settlers that it is possible to change the dry valleys into productive farms, these engaged in the cattle-raising business want to take advantage of the lesson. They see that under a Government control the public lands can be made to yield much better results than under the present system. They see that more country can be developed and that those using the public domain can afford to spend money for improvements which will permanently benefit the lands as well as return good profits to the cattle raisers if a system can be devised which will protect them for a term of years in the enjoyment of the improvements they have made.

The cattlemen believe that under Government supervision of the public lands they can raise twice as many cattle as they can now produce, and the expense will not be any greater for the two than it is now for the one. That condition would, of course, cause a big slump in the price of fresh meat to the consumer, while the cattle raisers themselves would actually make a larger profit than they are now making.

CERTAIN RESULTS

Many a Grateful Reader Knows How Sure They Are.

Nothing uncertain about the work of Doan's Kidney Pills. There is plenty of positive proof of this in the testimony of citizens of this vicinity. Such evidence should convince the most skeptical doubter. Read the following statement:

Mrs. J. King, High St., Fenton Mich., says: "For years my back ached and I didn't know what was the matter. I got so bad that I could hardly work. I got dizzy so that I had to catch hold of something to keep from falling. The kidney secretions contained sediment and I knew that all these troubles were caused by disordered kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me at once. Of course, as I am well along in years and the case was one of long standing, I don't expect them to cure me, but the relief I got is a great blessing.

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. King had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props, Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

CHARACTER IN LAUGHTER.

Traits Shown by Great Men When Pleased.

What an index to character is man's laugh! What surer clew can we have to both his intellect and his temper unless it be that he seldom or never laughs? "Nothing," says Goethe, "is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." "You know no man," says Tieck "till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh." "The perception of the ludicrous," says Emerson, "is a pledge of sanity. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-men can do little for him." Lavater, the great physiognomist, lays his great stress on the very unequivocal and derisive nature of a laugh as an index of character. If it be free and hearty and occasion a general and light movement in all the features, and dimple the cheek and chin, it is an almost infallible evidence of the absence of any great material weakness of disposition." Caesar mistrusted Cassius because that lean and hungry conspirator rarely, if ever, indulged in laughter. When Horace Walpole was in Paris in 1765 he found that laughing was out of fashion in that gay capital. "Good folks," he writes, "they have no time to laugh. There are God and the king to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition."

How often a man fails to betray the tiger that lurks within him until he laughs! Is there nothing significant in the fact recorded by Plutarch, of Cato the younger, that nothing could make him laugh, that his countenance was scarcely softened, even by a smile? It is not a characteristic trait of the gloomy tyrant, Philip II of Spain, that he rarely smiled and that he laughed but once in his entire life, and that when he heard of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day? Is it not a suggestive fact regarding the gloomy, taciturn Wallenstein, the terror of the people—at the sight of whom as he paced through his camp, with his lofty figure enveloped in a scarlet mantle and with a red feather in his cap, a strange horror took possession of the soldiers—that he was never seen to smile? Can we wonder that the poor little dwarf, Alexander Pope—the cynical satirist, afflicted with asthma and dropsy, tortured with rheumatism, racked with headaches and threatened with cataract—should never have laughed, but only smiled?

It has been said of the greatest of English dramatists, who united with his intense humor an equally intense, piercing insight into the darkest and most fearful depths of human nature, that no heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello, except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Might not a similar remark be made of that "pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear," Abraham Lincoln, in whom sadness and a keen sense of the comic were so strikingly combined? How exuberant was his mirth, sparkling in jest, comic story and anecdote; and yet how often, the very next moment, those sad, pathetic, melancholy eyes showed a man familiar with "sorrow and acquainted with grief."

Who can doubt that but for the merriment in which he indulged—the contagious laughter which welled up from his soul as naturally as do bubbles in the springs of Saratoga—he would have fallen under his weary weight of care long before he fell by the pistol of Booth. It is, indeed, statesmen, students and thinkers generally who most need the relaxation afforded by occasional merriment. Some centuries ago it was the fashion in Europe for men of rank to keep a buffoon, and a banquet was considered incomplete where a privileged jester was not an attendant. This was, perhaps, for those days, a wise custom. It is surprising how much a few minutes' sleep will refresh the body and a few minutes' laughter the mind; and many a useful life might be prolonged by the substitution of the remedies for "carking care" and weariness in place of the usual treacherous tonics and stimulants.

What a dismal deduction would be made from the happiness of our homes, if they were robbed of their merriment! What pictures of innocent mirth has Goldsmith given in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and how artless the remark of the good Dr. Primrose: "If we had little wit, we had plenty of laughter!" What a power for good and evil is the world's "dread laugh, which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn." How many men have been cowed by it, who could have faced without flinching a battery's deadly fire! How many bad customs and wicked practices, how many quixotic schemes of philanthropy or reform, how many absurd doctrines in politics, theology and sociology, which have defied the artillery of argument, have been "laughed off the public stage," never to return! Did not Crevantes "smite Spain's vain and foolish chivalry away."—London Great Thoughts.

Is the Lemon a Luxury?

The committee on ways and means assumes that the lemon is a luxury.

Perhaps it is when served in the manner the committee may be in the habit of sampling it.

But there are many other ways and means of regarding this useful fruit.

The Talisman

"I wonder why no one ever thinks to write about our experiences and adventures. Every little, simple thing that is done by people is heralded forth in newspaper or magazine, while we, who see and hear so much more, are just ignored in literature."

The speaker was a penny, bearing the date 1861. It was speaking to a group of coins of different denominations, who were lying in the cash drawer of a country grocery store.

"I agree with you exactly," spoke up a quarter of more recent date. "I don't doubt but that you could tell us many interesting adventures.

"Yes, and please do," spoke up several of the coins in concert.

Thus encouraged, the little penny, settling himself comfortably, related his many adventures in the following manner:

"When I first left the mint I went to a large bank in B—— and felt very proud in my shinning coat, and for a few days remained quietly in the drawer with many of my friends.

"One morning I was taken out with several other coins and handed to a young man in exchange for a slip of paper. He put me in his pocket, where it was very dark, and among coins that were positively disgraceful, they were so dirty and marred.

"The young man took us to a place where there was nothing but bustle and confusion. Men were giving orders, women and children were gathered round, and nearly all were weeping bitterly.

"I asked one of my newly made acquaintances what it all meant and he told me the young men were starting for the battlefield and explained to me about the terrible Civil War.

"We were then taken to a large building and then aboard a train and rode until my bones ached from jostling against the larger coins in the gentleman's pocket.

"I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I remember there was the most terrible noise I ever heard, and I have since learned that it was guns and that a big battle was in progress. In the wild scrambling to and fro, a 5-cent piece and myself were tumbled out of our hiding place and left neglected on the ground.

"We were later picked up by a young lady in white with a red cross on her arm, taken to a place called a hospital and placed on a shelf. There we had a chance to watch the poor wounded soldiers as they were brought in for treatment.

"One day my attention was attracted by a scrap of conversation by the bedside of a handsome young fellow, who was bandaged from head to foot. It seemed that he and the nurse were broke out. He had gone to the front, lovers in the days before the war and the desire to help her country had been so strong that she had enlisted as a nurse, that being her profession at home. Through letters going astray they had lost knowledge of one another and had met at last at what seemed almost certain to be his death bed.

"I watched the brave fight the doctors and nurse made for his life, and their efforts were at last rewarded. Slowly but surely he crept back to health and strength, and at last was ready to leave the hospital.

"When he was ready to report for duty she gave me to him for a talisman, and thus I went once again into the midst of the fight.

"After the war was over we returned to B——, and I was present at the wedding of my owner and the young nurse."

Just at this moment the grocer opened the drawer to make change and took up the story teller among the rest. As he laid the coins on the counter there was a joyous exclamation from the lady customer.

"Oh! at last I have found Russell's talisman again."

It seems that a little child had begged a penny from her papa, and without noticing he had given the little one his precious penny. The lady had recognized it by a peculiar mark on one side, where he had tried to scratch her initials with a knife.

The little penny is now safely resting in a box in the little home, and if perchance it sees this little story will doubtless be gratified that at least one coin has had some of his adventures put into print.—Bertha S. Hobart.

The Important Things of Life.

Charles T. Thompson, Eastern manager of the Associated Press, went to his country home not long ago for his vacation, says the Popular Magazine. As soon as he arrived, two little girls in the house claimed all his time and attention.

"What do you do?" asked one of them.

"I'm the Eastern manager for the Associated Press," volunteered Mr. Thompson.

"I know, I know; but what do you do?"

"Well, I superintend the gathering of news from all parts of the world, and I look after its distribution over the telegraph wires."

"Oh, I understand all that!" said the child, in great contempt. "But tell me: Can you wiggle your ears?"

A device is being perfected whereby minerals may be discovered in the earth by means of wireless telegraphy.

WHERE MONEY GROWS

Some Detroit, Mich., Facts of Interest.

It is seldom indeed that the head of a large realty concern gives personal attention to all details, but this is the case with Louis G. Palmer, head of the Louis G. Palmer Co., Detroit, Mich. This progressive concern was founded June 28, 1913, for the purpose of handling high class real estate, rentals, insurance, loans, appraisals, and general contracting. The secret of the wonderful sucess of this concern is due to the absolute guaranteed policy of the company. Every piece of property handled is just as represented or money refunded. This company employs a large force of men to investigate and look after the business, but Mr. Palmer makes the final decision on all investments an transactions.

Every man or woman who is seeking high class realty, or a perfectly secured realty investment in Detroit, or those who wish to rent or have advice on realty will find it to their distinct advantage to get in touch with the Louis G. Palmer Co., and this concern will soon have in ecect a full list of responsible agencies in various towns surrounding Detroit so that all transactions may be carried on promptly and efficiently locally. While these agencies are being established, all letters addressed to the Louis G. Palmer Co., 407-408-409 Chamber of Commerce, Detroit, Michigan, will have prompt and careful attention.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN YOUR HOUSE PARTY

Don't Weary Guests With Attention—Let Them Amuse Themselves.

True hospitality is in the practice of receiving and entertaining guests with heartfelt kindness, not with the expectation of reward, but with the intention of giving pleasure and being sociable and neighborly.

A good hostess perceives her guests with a cordial, welcoming manner, showing that she is truly glad to see them. A good hostess provides her best, but her best may be very simple. She does not make the mistake of striving to have novel entertainments, or something better than her neighbor who entertained last week. She is content to do things moderately; and it is the manner rather than the matter that counts. If she is gracious, winning in manner, if she makes her friends feel that she is compensated for any trouble she has taken by the pleasure of having them under her roof, they will enter into her spirit of cheerfulness, and will be happy and at ease. She may give a simple luncheon or a card party with inexpensive prizes, or she may invite friends to have a cup of tea in the afternoon, and brew and serve the tea herself. If she has any talent for being a hostess, or if she tries to cultivate what little talent she possesses, she will gradually make friends feel that nothing is more delightful than to be invited to her house. She will spare no effort to please and she will please.

If inviting a friend for a visit, a hostess follows the accepted rule of mentioning the definite period for the visit, giving the exact dates, from Saturday to Monday, or for the "week-end," as the phrase is, or from Saturday to Wednesday, or for a week, according to preference and convenience.

A guest should be met on the arrival of train or boat. All arrangements should be made for the conveyance of guest and luggage to the house.

A careful hostess sees that nothing is lacking by way of convenience and comfort in a guest's room. There should be plenty of towels and fresh water, new soap, a candlestick and matches. On a desk, or table, there should be writing materials. A few books and magazines add to a guest's pleasure. Fresh flowers in a vase offer an agreeable welcome. A lounge for resting, a light blanket or coverlet, an easy chair, a clock, should be in a guest's room.

A mistake made by some hostesses is to weary guests with attentions. A hostess should never give the impression that a guest is on her mind. She should arrange for her pleasure, secure invitations to any entertainments of a general nature in the neighborhood; she should mention to friends that she expects a guest, so that they may call, if they wish.

A thoughtful hostess remembers that a guest likes to have some time in the day to be alone, to go to her room, rest, write or read.

Amusements depend on local advantages. There may be tennis, croquet, driving, boating or walking. In the evening there may be cards, music or games. The hour for retiring is proposed by the hostess. Early hours are often the rule in quiet households. Moderate means and a simple home-life should never deter anyone from inviting a friend for a visit. Country diversions are frequently a great boon to one who is weary of life in a city. Very little effort in the right direction of hospitality is well worth while. It goes far toward strengthening the ties of friendship and making life more pleasurable to the one who opens her home and the one who partakes of the hospitality.

Stuffed Cucumbers

Peel four medium sized cucumbers cut in two lengthwise, remove seeds. Prepare filling of one cup minced chicken or veal, two tablespoons cream, one tablespoon crumbs, salt, pepper, and parsley, minced. Fill and bake covered a half hour, surrounded by one cup white stock. Uncover, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and brown five minutes.

Warned in Time

"The trouble with you is that you don't know the value of money," said the rich relative. "You don't know what work is and think plums are going to drop into your mouth every time you open it."

"That's the way you've got it put up, is it?" said the irreverent youth. "Well, you're just about two miles and a half in the opposite direction. I'm a hog for work and I figure that $1 is worth just 100 cents, no more, no less."

"Did you ever do a hand's turn in your life?" asked the rich relative. "I haven't heard of your doing anything except going through college and being on the football team. Who paid your bills?"

"I thought you knew I sawed wood for fifty cents a cord to pay my board and tuition," said the irreverent youth. "Didn't father tell you about that—and my sending the balance of my earnings home to help him raise the mortgage on the automobile?"

"I suppose you think that's funny," said the rich relative, sourly. "I don't."

"It's always a melancholy thing to fall down on a joke, but I guess I'll have to stand it," said the irreverent youth. "Of course, I didn't know how it would strike you, but it certainly seemed to me a humorous idea my getting cricks in my back over a sawbuck when there was a fond father doing the needful with a reasonable amount of cheerfulness.

"The funny thing is that dad's pretty well satisfied. He's got a foolish fancy that I must have worked to get through.

He doesn't know you can open your mouth any old time and have a degree fall into it. He came up to see the game in the fall and I managed to give him the impression that I had done quite a little grind on the grid. I gave him a great imitation of a husky lad at work that day believe me."

"I don't say you are a loafer," said the rich relative. "What I mean is that you haven't ever got down and grubbed for your dollar until your finger nails were worn to the quick the way I've done and the way your father has had to do. When you do that you'll be able to talk."

"I notice most of the ex-grubbers are," said the irreverent youth. "Still father doesn't have much to say about his grubby days. I don't think mother would let him to tell the truth. It wouldn't go well with the social game. Cheer up, though! I've got a job now, and it's going to bring me in some of those same dollars."

"You'll never hang to them if they do come in," predicted the rich relative.

"I don't intend to rosin my hands to prevent my clutch slipping," said the irreverent youth. "You won't have to peg me up on a clothes lines by the heels and belt me with a carpet-beater to jar a nickel loose. But watch me when I get out on the track in the race for commercial supremacy, and place a small bet on me. I tell you, I'm in elegant form. I'm trained to a hair."

"I don't say you won't make money," said the rich relative, "but it will be easy come and easy go. I know how that is myself."

"I should be sorry to think you were stringing me," said the irreverent youth.

"When I started out in life I was earning $2.50 a week and my board," said the rich relative. "I worked hard for it and I worked long for it, and you can be sure I didn't waste any of it. Then one day a man came along and offered me just double the money I was getting and I went to work for him.

"What was the result? At the end of the first week, when I got that $5 bill, I thought to myself, 'Here's $2.50 just as good as found.' Then I went out and spent a dollar of it for things I had no more need of than a cat has for two tails. The next week that man broke up in business, and I had four days' wages coming to me that I've never got to this day. That was a warning to me."

"I should think it would have been," said the irreverent youth. "I notice my own feet are getting cold just hearing you tell it. I'll let it be a warning to me."

Time for the National Anthem.

The organist was not lacking in patriotism, says the New York Sun, yet he rebelled when requested to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at a wedding.

"It is not appropriate," he said.

"Ain't it," said the bride's father. "For this wedding it is the most appropriate thing you can play. Cut all the rest of the program if you like, but stick to that. I had the hardest kind of a fight to keep Belle's mother from marrying her off to a foreigner. Between Belle and me we won out for an American, and if this isn't the time for 'The Star Spangled Banner,' I'd like to know what is."

It is thought that the tusks of mammoths found buried in Siberia will keep the world in ivory for many years to come.

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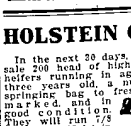

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