

HARVESTER AT WORK

Uncounted Miles of Bountiful Crops Make Glad the Farmers of Western Canada.

YIELD WILL BE RECORD ONE

Practically Beyond Reach of Accident, the Fruit of the Fertile Fields is Being Gathered—Elevators and Railroads Will Be Taxed to Their Capacity.

On a beautiful Saturday afternoon, four weeks ago, the writer started for a twenty-mile drive into the country, from one of the hundred or more new towns that have been well started during the past spring, in the Province of Saskatchewan, in Western Canada. Mile after mile, and mile after mile, was traversed through what was one continuous wheat field, the only relief to the scene being the roadways that led back into other settlements, where would have been repeated the same great vista of wheat.

What a wealth! Here were hundreds and thousands, and millions of bushels of what was declared to be a quality of grain equal to any that has ever been grown in the province. As we drove on and on I thought of those fellows down on the Board of Trade at Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Duluth. While they were exploiting each others' energies the farmer of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba was contemplating how much he would realize out of his crop, now past any danger of accident, over what his anticipations were two months ago. One man said to me: "The profits of that field of wheat will give me sufficient money to purchase 200 acres of land, for which the railway company is asking \$6,400, and pay it in cash." Another, with a field of flax—it was only 200 acres—said



Steam Plowing in Western Canada.

he could do the same and still have a balance in the bank. Flax produces wonderfully well, and the current price is about \$2.50 per bushel. We then drove over into another township, getting further back from the railway, and the main traveled road. Here we found ourselves in the center of a Swedish settlement. Those forming the settlement were originally from Nebraska. Invited to put up our horses and stay over for dinner, and a dinner that was enjoyed not only on account of the generous appetite created by the exhilarating drive, but also because of the clean linen, the well-prepared dishes of roast fowl, potatoes, cabbage, and a delightful dessert, some of the history of the settlement was learned. The host and hostess were modest in describing their own achievements, and equally modest as to those of their friends, but enough was learned to satisfy us that they had come there about three years ago, in moderate, almost poor, circumstances. Most of them had received their homesteads as a gift from the government, and by careful diligence had purchased and paid for adjoining land. They had plenty of cattle and horses, some sheep and hogs, and large well-kept gardens, showing an abundance of potatoes and cabbage and other vegetables. Their buildings were good. Schools were in the neighborhood and there was evidence of comfort everywhere.

On to the Park Country. Reluctant to leave these interesting people, the horses thoroughly rested, were "hooked up" and driven on, under a sun still high in the heavens, with the horses pulling on the bit and traveling at a 12-mile an hour gait over a road that would put to shame many of the macadamized streets, we were whirled along a sinuous drive through the woods and then out in the park country.

Here was another scene of beauty, groves of poplar, herds of cattle, fenced fields of wheat and oats and barley and flax. Here was wealth, and happiness and surely contentment. The crops were magnificent. The settlers, most of them, by the way, from Iowa, had selected this location because of its beauty. Its entire charm was wholesome. Fuel was in abundance, the soil was the best, the shelter for the cattle afforded by the groves gave a splendid supply of food, while hay was easy to get. They had it. Here was a sturdy farmer, with his three boys. He had formerly been a merchant in an Iowa town, his children had been given a college education and one of the boys was about to marry the accomplished daughter of a neighboring farmer.

Through Land of Wealth. The invitation to remain to supper was accepted, but that given to remain over night was tabled. It was only a 25-mile drive into town over the best of roads, through such a

Chess Players Mourn. In the death of Albert de Rothschild the great fraternity of chess players has lost a devoted brother, according to one of the Vienna biographers of the late financier. He was one of the founders and for many years the president of the Vienna Chess club and a devotee of the royal game. "Not only in the councils of the organization did he take an active part, but for years he spent a part of nearly every day at its headquarters where he attained a high place as a player," says one paper.

splendid country, all one beautiful picture, and such an opportunity to use one's imagination in figuring up the amount of the wealth of the crops through which the trip into town took us, was not to be enjoyed every day. And away we started.

It was delightful. We drove and drove through avenues of wheat, which today, having yellowed with the beneficent sun, is being laid low by the reaper, stacked and threshed by the thousands of hands required to do it, and in great wagons is being taken to the elevator.

A night's ride by train took us through 225 miles of this great province of Saskatchewan—into the southwestern part—and from appearance it might have been as though a transfer had been made across a township. There were wheat fields, oat fields, barley fields and flax fields, and many more that could not be seen. Yet here they were, and during the night we had passed through a country similarly cultivated.

It will all secure a market and get its way to ocean or local mill by means of the great railways whose well-arranged systems are penetrating everywhere into the agricultural parts.

Prosperous Alberta. We afterward went over into Alberta, and here again it was grain and cattle, and comfortable farm homes, splendidly built cities and towns, the best of churches and the most thoroughly equipped schools.

While talking with a Southern Saskatchewan farmer he said that the land he was working, and for which he had been offered \$60 an acre, had been purchased five years ago for \$12 an acre, but he won't sell. He is making a good profit on his land at \$60 an acre, and why should he sell? Farther north, land was selling at from \$15 to \$18 and \$20 an acre. It was learned afterward that the soil was similar to that in the south, the price of which today is \$60 an acre. The climate was similar and the markets as good. In fact the only difference was that today these northern lands occupy the same position that the more southerly ones did five years ago, and there are found many who



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say they will come into a price nearer their legitimate value of \$50 or \$60 an acre quite as quickly as the southerly lands. And I believe it. Throughout all this great country, practically 500 by 800 miles square, there are still a great many homesteads which are given free to actual settlers. Many who have secured patents for their homesteads consider their land worth from \$18 to \$25 per acre.

Immense Crops Assured. Throughout the southern portion of Alberta, a district that suffered more or less last year from drought, there will be harvested this year one of the best crops of fall wheat, winter wheat, oats, flax and alfalfa that has ever been taken off these highly productive lands.

In Central Alberta, which comprises the district north of Calgary and east two hundred miles, through Camrose, Sedgewick, Castor, Red Deer, Wetaskiwin, Edmonton, Lacombe, Vegreville, Tofteld, Vermillion and a score of other localities, where are settled large numbers of Americans, the wheat, oats and flax, three weeks ago, was standing strong and erect, large heads and promising from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat and as high as 100 bushels of oats on carefully tilled fields, while flax would probably yield from 15 to 18 bushels per acre. In these parts the harvesters are busy today gathering this great crop and it will shortly be known whether the great anticipations are to be realized.

Throughout all parts of Saskatchewan, whether north, south, east or west, the same story was heard, and the evidence was seen of the splendid and bountiful crop.

Rich Yield in Manitoba. In Manitoba it was the same. The fields of grain that were passed through in this province promised to give to the growers a bumper yield, and as high as 35 bushels of wheat and 60 bushels of oats was freely discussed.

It would appear as if the expectation of an average of 25 bushels of wheat throughout the three provinces would be met.

In a few days the 40,000,000-bushel elevator capacity throughout the country will be taxed, the 25,000,000 bushels capacity at Fort William and Port Arthur will be taken up, and the railways and their equipment will be called upon for their best. Today the great, broad, yellow fields are industrial haunts, the self-binder is at work in its giant task of reducing into sheaves the standing grain, the harvesters are busy stocking and stacking the sheaves, the large box wagons are taking it to the elevators, and no matter where you go it is the same story and a picture such as can only be seen in the great grain fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Market for Human Hair. The quaint annual hair fair was held at Limoges, France, a few days ago. This curious market brings the great dealers in human hair and the representatives of important hair-dressers from all parts of Europe, Italy and from all the great towns of France. Fair and dark hair is soep there in great quantities, but here and there can be seen rarer plaits of white hair, which with the red, are sold for as much as \$60 and \$70 a kilo.

NEW NEWS of YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

President Broke Precedent

General Arthur Personally Called on Hugh McCulloch to Offer Him the Position of Secretary of the Treasury.

In 1862 Hugh McCulloch, who for eighteen years had been a banker in Indiana, was made the first comptroller of the currency by appointment of President Lincoln. Two years later Mr. McCulloch succeeded Samuel Fessenden as secretary of the treasury and held that position until 1878, in that period successfully meeting that serious problem of paying off the Union troops at the close of the Civil war and bringing order into the finances of the nation. Fifteen years later he again became secretary of the treasury, holding the portfolio until Cleveland's first administration began; and the manner in which he was asked to take his old cabinet post probably stands unique in the history of American cabinet building.

Although, following his retirement from the treasury in 1869, Mr. McCulloch retained his legal residence in Indiana, he nevertheless made his home in Washington a part of each year. He was engaged in some very important banking and financial work; his services were much sought by bankers generally, and he frequently was called upon to give professional counsel to the administration. Mr. McCulloch's Washington home was well out in the suburbs, about half an hour's drive from the city's boundary. One afternoon, shortly after he had returned from business, he was informed by a servant that the president of the United States was in the reception room and had asked to see Mr. McCulloch.

It was most unusual for a president to make such a call, and Mr. McCulloch was not a little surprised by the intelligence that the president was awaiting him below. But while he was preparing to go down stairs and receive the president, the thought occurred to Mr. McCulloch that General Arthur was the first of all presidents to accept dinner invitations to private houses, and so probably, while passing the house, the president had been seized with a desire to pay a little social call on a former secretary of the treasury—that, in fact, the president

was simply breaking another long-standing precedent by paying a personal call upon a private citizen.

For a few minutes after the two men met and the president and Mr. McCulloch chatted informally, the president speaking of the beauties of nature as he had discovered them in the vicinity of the Soldiers' Home, where he was fond of driving. But suddenly the president interrupted the flow of small talk.

"Mr. McCulloch," he said, "I have called upon you with a special purpose. I have come to say that General Gresham, who, as you know, has been in my cabinet both as postmaster-general and as secretary of the treasury, is anxious to return to the bench. A vacancy has occurred in the United States circuit court for the district of which Indiana is a part, and much as I regret to lose General Gresham, I must heed his earnest request and nominate him for this vacancy.

"Now, of course, you know it is customary when the president makes choice of a cabinet officer for him to get the views of his political friends respecting this or that man whom he may think of appointing. This is especially true of appointments for the

treasury and the postoffice departments. But it pleases me to tell you that without consulting with any one I have decided to ask you to become General Gresham's successor as secretary of the treasury. Moreover, you are the first person to whom I have mentioned this purpose, and I have thought that it would be the better part for me to call upon you and tender you here the office of secretary of the treasury instead of sending for you to come and see me at the executive mansion. I do not see how I can in any better way show you how sincerely desirous I am that you should enter my cabinet, as head of the treasury department."

"The president's unprecedented manner of offering me the appointment, and the grace with which he did so, made it impossible for me to refuse the honor," said Mr. McCulloch, "although acceptance of it meant some business inconvenience and not a little pecuniary sacrifice."

And so it came about that a few days later the politicians and bankers of the country were astonished when it was announced that Mr. McCulloch had been nominated as secretary of the treasury. Until then they had not received the slightest intimation of President Arthur's purpose with respect to General Gresham's successor. (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Two Lectures Made Into One

How Wendell Phillips Once Gave His Auditors a Double Portion for One Price Without Their Knowledge.

As a manager of lecture lyceums in the days of their great popularity—that is, between 1860 and 1885—the late John G. North was on intimate terms with most of the men and women of America who have gone down in history as our great platform orators. Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Anna E. Dickinson and others—he knew them all and managed them, and between him and Wendell Phillips there sprang up a personal relation that bordered on intimate friendship.

"Mr. Phillips after the close of the Civil war, with the possible exception of John B. Gough, the most popular lecturer upon the American platform," said Mr. North. "And yet, unlike most of those who were his rivals, he never wrote out a lecture. "Mr. Phillips' habit of carrying his lectures about with him in his head and not in his carpet bag led to an amusing incident in Bennington, Vermont, where he had been engaged to appear by the local lecture bureau. An hour or so after his arrival in the town the lyceum committee, three prominent townsmen, called upon him at the hotel.

"Well, Mr. Phillips," said the chairman of the committee, "what lecture are you going to deliver to us tonight?"

"That is for you to say," Mr. Phillips replied.

"Have you brought all your lectures with you?" the chairman asked.

"Yes, I always carry them with me."

"In your carpet bag, I guess," the chairman said.

"No, not in my carpet bag, I carry them where they cannot be taken away from me. I am never anxious lest they be lost."

"Well, then, where do you carry them, Mr. Phillips?" the chairman asked, curiously.

"In my head. I have got them all in my head, and you can make any selection you choose. I will deliver the lecture on 'The Lost Arts,' or on 'Daniel O'Connell,' or on 'Toussaint l'Ouverture,' the black man who created the republic of Hayti. Which ever one you select I shall be glad to deliver."

"You have got all those lectures with you in your head?" asked a shrewd looking little man, who up to that time had not spoken.

"Yes, they are all there," Mr. Phillips replied.

"Well, now, if we can't make a choice," said the little man, "why can't you deliver two of them for the one price?"

"Mr. Phillips instantly saw the humor of the proposition, and it appealed to him, so that he agreed to deliver two lectures, 'The Lost Arts' and 'l'Ouverture,' instead of one and for the price of one.

"And that he did a little while later, but as he was not tied down to any manuscript or any memorized form, and as he had wonderful skill in speaking and arrangement of his speech, he actually dovetailed those two lectures together—cutting out, of course, a portion from each lecture so as not to make the lecture too long so that no one in the audience realized that he was delivering two lectures.

"Least of all did the little man of the committee realize it, for after the lecture was over he said to Mr. Phillips: 'I thought you were going to give us two lectures.'

"My friend, I did give you two lectures," was the reply.

"You did?" exclaimed the little man. "Why, it all sounded like one to me." And he looked sorely puzzled.

"That's exactly what I intended," Mr. Phillips replied, laughing. And he felt that the humor of the situation abundantly compensated him for the delivery of two of his famous lectures at one time and for the price he customarily received for one lecture." (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Hide Name of the Hotel

Vacationist Didn't Want People to Think She Lived in a Charitable Institution.

A resident of a woman's hotel met many people while away on her summer vacation. For several weeks after her return her mail was swelled by dozens of postcards from those new acquaintances. One day another boarder noticed that all those cards were addressed to the house number instead to the hotel.

"Why do you avoid our honored name?" she asked.

"Because I don't want people to think I am a pauper," said the vacationist. "Early in the summer I found out that the name of this hotel has traveled far, and that everywhere it is regarded as a kind of charitable institution."

"It is that way with all hotels run for women only. You might shout facts and figures at strangers until you were hoarse and you could never

convince them that such places are run on a paying basis. Everywhere the impression prevails that a woman's hotel is a refuge for the down and out.

"During the summer I met girls who live in women's hotels in Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere. In the beginning they, like myself, guilelessly mentioned the name of their hotels, but soon they learned to keep it a guilty secret and to give the house number only, simply because they couldn't stand being looked upon as escaped inmates of a poorhouse."

No Wonder. "Why is it all these anti-kissing crusades fail?"

"Simply for the paradoxical reason that nearly all the young folks set their faces against it."

"Is that bargain really cut glass?"

"Sure; it was marked down."

SPOILED JOKE FOR WILLIE

And Now the Youngster Is Convinced That Women Have No Sense of Humor.

Willie is convinced that women have no sense of humor. Willie is seven, and he judges all women by his mother. What he considered a splendid joke occurred to him, and he resolved to make his father its mute and admiring witness or auditor.

"Mamma," said Willie, "when papa comes home I'll climb up on the step-ladder and pretend to be doing something to the picture. Then you say: 'Willie, what are you up to?' Then I'll say: 'Up to date.' Won't papa be surprised?"

Papa came home in due time and was hardly seated before Willie dragged in the stepladder and climbed up to a picture. This was mamma's cue to ask the question that would give Willie the opening for the joke. So mamma hurriedly asked:

"Willie, what are you doing up there?"

Willie turned a look of disgust, chagrin and disappointment upon his mother, climbed down the ladder and left the room without a word.

Was He a Bostonian? "John," shrieked a woman, "don't go under that ladder."

But under it John went with a swoop to the pavement.

"My dear," he said, coming up with a dollar bill in his hand, "if I hadn't gone under the ladder that boy would have beaten me to the currency."

Stop the Pain. The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolsalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars, etc. and is for druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

His Inspiration. Wagner told where he got his inspiration. "It was from the garbage cans being emptied at night," he confessed.

The next time you feel that swallowing sensation called Hamline Wizard Oil immediately with three parts water. It will save you days and perhaps weeks of misery from sore throat.

The only way in which a man can have the last word with a woman is to say it over the phone, and then hang up.

BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FREE. Send 2c stamp for five samples of my very beautiful Gold Embossed Birthday, Flower and Motto Post Cards, beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 701 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas

Calling people down is not a very uplifting process.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

A man has to have a strong pull to equal that of a dull razor.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CORREAN, 1108 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headaches, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Brewster Wood W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 35-1911.

SWEEPING CROP FAILURES THIS YEAR BUT NOT ON IRRIGATED LANDS. 20,000 additional acres now open for entry under the Carey Act, at Valer, Montana. Works are 80 per cent. completed and are constructed under the supervision of the Carey Land Board. 40,000 acres irrigated in 1911. Rich soil, no drought, sure crops, abundant water, delightful climate. 60 bushels wheat and 100 of oats per acre. Terms, \$4.50 per acre, \$5.00 cash at time of filing; balance in 14 yearly payments. We ask no one to file on these lands without making a careful, personal inspection. If you are interested write for further information to CLINTON, HULETT & CO., VALER, MONTANA.

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CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. If you cannot obtain W. L. Douglas shoes in your town, write for catalog. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 State St., Brockton, Mass. **ONE PAIR of my BOYS' \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes**

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