

FARMERS TO DROP THE BEET.

Colorado Sugar Manufacturers Will Buy Land and Raise Own Supply.

There is a wise whisper in northern Colorado of an approaching revolutionary change in the methods of the great beet sugar industry.

It is now said that the northern Colorado farmer is neither an enthusiast in the culture of the sugar beet itself nor a firm believer in the justice of prices, weights and measures meted out to him at sugar factory doors.

On the other hand, it is reported that the sugar factory managers are not in love with the present system of contract sugar beet cultivation.

The farmers and the factory have developed a mutual antagonism, the farmer saying that he can get better returns from his land in other crops, while the factory owners claim that they have already reached, if not actually overstepped, the margin of profits in the present prices paid and methods pursued.

The northern Colorado farmer has already practically refused to raise sugar beets, while the northern Colorado sugar beet factories are preparing to meet the conditions which confront them by the outright purchase of sufficient lands to supply each factory with beets.

The next move of the manufacturers, it is said, will be a gigantic beet sugar manufacturing trust, which will speedily add to the six northern Colorado factories all the other sugar manufacturing plants of the State, and eventually form a combination of western American beet sugar factories.

LOCALITIES AFFECT FOOD.

Each Part of the Country Has Its Own Peculiar Dishes.

"Hot doughnuts and maple sugar," said the trout fisherman to the waitress.

She brought the doughnuts on a dish of brown earthenware. The sugar, melted, was in a red clay saucer.

The man, began to eat. He dipped a piece of doughnut in the melted sugar, swallowed the sweet, warm morsel and with wonderful rapidity prepared and swallowed another piece of doughnut.

"In New Hampshire," he said afterward, as he sipped a cup of black coffee and smoked an Egyptian cigarette, "you must never fail to eat hot doughnuts and maple sugar, for this is the dish of the State. Hot unsweetened doughnuts, dipped in melted maple sugar—nothing in the world is more delicious.

"Wherever I go," he continued, "I eat the dish of the district. Thus, in Vermont I eat green apple pie. In Boston I eat baked beans. In Maryland I eat Maryland biscuit and fried chicken. In Philadelphia I eat scrapple and fried oysters. In New York I eat onion soup. On the New Jersey coast I eat fish. In Virginia I eat corn. In Rhode Island I eat soft shell clams."

In an absent minded manner he took a fragment of doughnut from the earthenware dish and dipped it in the sugar that still smoked a little in his red saucer.

"In Baltimore," he said, "I eat crabs; in Missouri, Mississippi, catfish; in Washington, terrapin; in London, rampets; in Paris, escargots; in Berlin, sausages."

He swallowed the last of his doughnuts and maple sugar.

"But this New Hampshire dish," he said, "is the best of them all."—New York Telegram.

Boar City of Heroes.

In addressing the class of cadets which recently was graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, General James R. Carnahan, of Indianapolis, a member of the Board of Visitors, tried to impress upon the cadets that they were not heroes.

"In all the world's history," he said, "there have been only two or three heroes, but there have been a great many good soldiers. Now that you are entering the army, you can take to heart the spirit of this little incident of the Santiago campaign, when war correspondents were making heroes as fast as they could write.

"It was the afternoon of a battle, and a young woman came upon a soldier who was returning to camp badly wounded.

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

Feels like Thanksgiving round the farm!—The kind of crisp air That makes you glad to see him, an' not much particular where He looks, for long is workin' an' kin fill 'er to the brim.

Looks like Thanksgiving round the place!—The maple berries red An' the apples sorted out in heaps, an' ripen' in the shed. The woods a-settin' here as the leaves come fluttin' down.

Smells like Thanksgiving round the house!—I rather guess you'd know What day it was by some 'round, 'cos everywhere you go You catch the scent o' stuffin' an' the smell o' pie an' turkey an' the pud-din' Sary makes.

Sounds like Thanksgiving round the farm!—The blackbirds chaffin' so. The partridge whirrin' in the woods, an' every where you go You hear the fallin' o' rye an' 'er hear the drivers call.

An' 'is Thanksgiving, no mistake! 'Cos money couldn't buy The love I see a-comin' from the mother's glances I feel. Ner the kisses of the children, ner the happiness I feel.

AND NOW THE PUMPKIN.

Big and Yellow and Under Proper Treatment, Full of Delicacy.

Introduction of the squash the pumpkin was used as a table vegetable, and in many of the countries of the Orient this use continues to this day. A winter pumpkin grown in Turkey is snow white. This variety is sold extensively on the streets of Constantinople.

The cultivation of gourds began before the dawn of history, and both edible and ornamental varieties were abundantly raised by the races of antiquity. The pumpkin, which of course belongs to the former, has become so modified by culture that the original plant from which it descended can no longer be traced.

The turkey—Why don't you eat it? The Boy—I'm savin' up for Thanksgiving. The Turkey—No, thank you—so am I. —Minneapolis Journal.

Murphy's Turkey Raffle. Murphy had a turkey raffle. An' 'is push was terry. Dinna Doan controlled 'is sale. Bludn' an' a chair. Tickits was a half o' plank.

THANKSGIVING



LET US GIVE THANKS.

The world is full of the good, the bright and the beautiful, and there is fault in the eye that cannot see it, and wrong in the heart that does not appreciate.

Let us give thanks: For life and love. For home and family. For peace and plenty. For health and hope. For all the joys of life which no man can measure.

Training Down.



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Pride Goeth Before a Fall.

Turkeys they was fat. Everybody whined a bit—'Ceptin' me and Pat. Inter seven pools we went; Thought it wasn't right.

Young Turkey—By the way the farm or is feeding me, be must think I'm a pretty fine bird!

Plenty Left.

The turk was stuffed with chestnuts. But when the meal was through The after dinner speakers Arise and told a few.

"Jimmie," asked the Sunday school teacher, "why is it that so many people are grateful on Thanksgiving?"

"Cause that's the time they allow gets turkey."

There are more than 100,000 widows in Berlin.

There are more than 100,000 widows in Berlin. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

An ill-natured man is not horror. I am now afraid of him than I am of a bloodhound or a hyena.

I believe laziness is the cause of more misery in this world than sickness is, but I can't prove it.

Those people who don't think there is any honesty in the world have been studying themselves too closely.

Ingratitude is as mean as it is common, and the ungrateful man can't tell how long it will be before he will be a malibus one.

Not only have Japanese women adopted the European costumes, but some even wear trousers.

THEIR FATAL MISTAKE Returned Traveler—"What has become of Catchum & Chatham, the rich lawyers? Retired I presume." Resident—"Yes, they are both in the poor house."

"Phew! What happened?" "They had a quarrel, and sued each other."

Mean, Mean Man—It was near midnight, and the Union Station was almost deserted. On one of the seats in the center of the vast room were seated a young man and a girl, apparently newly married.

They were clasping hands, and the love-light in the girl's eyes cast a halo over the scene. Even the electric lights blinked in approval.

During one of their most impassioned scenes the unromantic caller of trains picked up his megaphone, and shouted, in thunderous tones: "Break away!"

The enraptured couple jumped a foot straight up in the air, and the girl almost fainted from fright.

Then the unromantic train caller laughed in gleeful gloom.—Albany Journal.

MAN IN THE CABOOSE

Inspiration may be bulky—I never tried any of it—but I do know, too grubbing and stumps or digging out wood-chucks, a shovel and pickax with resolutibus and split on the handles, is better.

JACK RUMSEY'S SECRET FOR SECURING SLEEP.

A Missouri Pacific Railroad Conductor Tells How He Prevents the Wreck of His Nerves.

A great deal of fatigue and anxiety is housed up in the little red box that swings at the tail end of every freight train and shares in every jolt of the strain of heavy cars that precedes it on the rails.

Mr. Jack Rumsey, of Council Grove, Kansas, is an energetic, frank, good-natured member of this brotherhood and he bears a load of worries that makes it necessary for him to seek help to keep his excited nerves from wearing him out.

What troubled me most was my inability to get sleep when the chance came and a most irritating sensitiveness of my whole nervous system, growing out of the irregularities and anxieties connected with my daily work.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are unlike other medicines because they act directly on the blood and nerves. They are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood or scattered nerves.

There were 6,000 duels in Germany last year, with a mortality of 21 as shown by official reports.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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THANKSGIVING DAY DREAM OF A TURKEY ELYSIUM.

