

## DAIRYMEN ELECT NEW OFFICERS

Omaha Man Chosen to Head  
State Association for Year.

## BEEF AND DAIRY TRAIN TO RUN

Nebraska University Professor Announces the Institution Will Make Educational Campaign in Nebraska. Bill to Aid State Fairs.

Lincoln, Jan. 20.—The state dairymen elected the following officers: President, Charles Schwanger of Omaha; vice president, Professor E. M. Little of Central City; secretary-treasurer, S. C. Bassett of Gibbon; directors, E. T. Rector of Omaha, E. L. Redfern of Lincoln, J. B. Vogel of Norfolk, E. W. Frost of Central City, and Professor J. H. Frandsen of Lincoln. Resolutions welcomed to the state university staff Professor Frandsen, expressing appreciation of the services of Professor H. R. Smith and regretting his departure; deploring the death of Food Commissioner Jackson; expressing regret that Professor A. L. Haecker had resigned from the university faculty, and asking the legislature to appropriate money for a dairy building at the school of agriculture adequate to the needs of the department.

### Dairy Cattle Breeders.

The Dairy Cattle Breeders' association, which held its meetings in conjunction with the dairymen, re-elected all the old officers for the ensuing year. The list is as follows: President, H. C. Young of Lincoln; vice president, H. C. Gissman of Omaha; secretary-treasurer, E. W. Frost of Central City; directors, Professor A. L. Haecker of Lincoln, W. R. Wood of Omaha, Alex. Sneddon of Eagle and P. C. Hunter of Raymond. Resolutions were adopted asking that a cow testing association be formed under the supervision of the state university.

### Bill to Aid State Fairs.

Secretary Mellor of the state board of agriculture has received word that the bill prepared by him and recommended by the American Association of Fairs has been introduced in congress. It provides an appropriation of \$100,000 to be divided among the states maintaining state fairs and to be used for erection of buildings for agricultural and horticultural purposes, the federal government reserving 20 per cent of the space in such buildings for its own display.

### Dairy Train Over State.

Professor Pugsley of the state university announced that in March and April the university would run a beef cattle and dairy train over the various railroads of the state to carry the educational campaign home to the farmers.

Dr. L. M. Sterns of Kearney, has been appointed doctor of the tuberculosis hospital at that place. The salary is to be \$50 per month.

### Lincoln Man and Still.

Collector of Internal Revenue Doran would neither affirm nor deny that his agents had confiscated a miniature still found in the possession of a Lincoln man. It was not charged that the product of this still, which is of two gallon capacity, was sold, but simply that the owner had failed to register it, as required by law.

## ASKS ABOUT GREEK RIOTS

Assistant Secretary of State Again Writes Governor Aldrich.

Lincoln, Jan. 20.—Huntington Wilson, assistant secretary of state of the United States, has written Governor Aldrich to ascertain what steps have been taken to punish the parties concerned in the anti-Greek riots in South Omaha in 1909. In his communication the federal official says that failure on the part of the state to prosecute would strengthen the claims for reparation against the federal government. These claims amount to \$244,000 and were originally filed with the state, but are now being pressed with the federal authorities. The governor will furnish the state department with all the information it has, but so far as ascertainable it has been impossible to fix the responsibility for the attacks on any particular persons in either criminal or civil actions. The attorney general has ruled that there was no liability on the part of the state.

### State Poultry Men Elect Officers.

York, Neb., Jan. 20.—The state poultry men elected the following officers: V. E. Shirley of Central City, president; A. M. Hadley of Doniphan, vice president; A. H. Smith of Lincoln, secretary; I. L. Lyman of Minatare, treasurer. Following are the names of the board of managers: E. E. Bowers of Bradshaw, W. A. Irwin, C. C. Cottle of Edgar, J. C. Wolf of Tecumseh and Claude O. Hudson of York.

### Fined for Hunting on Sunday.

Hemlock, Neb., Jan. 20.—Frank Sidol, Ernest Leach, Maybourn Sallinger and Charles Winkler, four farmers from the south part of the county, pleaded guilty in the county court to hunting on Sunday and were fined \$1 and costs each, which they paid. The complaint was filed by S. A. Kinney of Kinney, Neb.

## JAMES K. VARDAMAN.

He Has Been Elected  
By Mississippi Legislature  
To Succeed Senator Percy.



## END OF MANCHU DYNASTY IS NEAR

Court Fails to Produce Gold  
to Pay Soldiers.

Peking, Jan. 20.—The princes of the imperial clan, a number of leading Manchou officials and several members of the government had a protracted conference with the empress dowager at the palace, but again separated without arriving at a decision on the question of abdication. The leading princes favored an unconditional abdication of the throne. Three of the young princes, together with Tieh Liang, the former Tartar general at Nanking, would not, however, agree to the court's retirement to Jehol, although they did not suggest an alternative.

There was considerable effervescence in Peking throughout the day among both foreign residents and Chinese. There were many rumors of the probability of a Manchou outbreak, which, however, appears unlikely.

The ex-regent, Prince Chun, and the former premier, Prince Ching visited Premier Yuan Shi Kai and had a long conference with him. It appears that the court has not produced the gold it promised to provide and the imperial soldiers do not show any anxiety to fight for glory.

## PROGRAM IN CUBA HITS SN\*G

President of Veterans Denies Made Pact With Gomez.

Havana, Jan. 20.—A possibly serious obstacle in the program for the unification of all factions of Cubans with the purpose of reconciling political differences in the face of the threat of intervention by the United States arose, this was when General Emilio Nunez, president of the Veterans' association, issued a statement denying the correctness of the official note given out at the palace following a conference of the president with the prominent men of all factions, which announced that Nunez had given his pledge to President Gomez that agitation by the veterans would immediately stop. General Nunez is still disposed to preserve the veterans' organization and affirm the constitutional rights of the army.

## TURKS LOSE FIERCE BATTLE

Large Party Attacks Column of Italians Near Tripoli.

Tripoli, Jan. 20.—A terrific attack was made by a large body of Turks and Arabs on an Italian column, which was on the march, about ten miles from the town of Tripoli. The Italians immediately took up a position and threw up field intrenchments. The enemy continued its attacks through the day, but finally retired.

Italian destroyers seized the French steamer Manuaba, bound to Tunis from Marseilles, it was carrying twenty-nine Turkish nurses, belonging to the Red Cross, who, the Italians say, are Turkish officers in disguise.

## GREAT BATTLE IN ECUADOR

Army of Rebel Troops is Defeated Near Yaguache.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Jan. 20.—Over 1,000 men were killed and wounded in a battle at Yaguache, to the northeast of this city.

An army supporting the Quito government, under the command of General Julio Andrade, formerly Ecuadorian minister to Colombia, attacked and defeated an army of Guayaquil troops supporting the provisional government proclaimed by General Montero, under the command of General Flavio Alfaro, who was wounded during the fight, which was very severe.

## Two Steeplejacks Fall to Death.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20.—Two steeplejacks fell 130 feet to death when Herman Greenwald tried to save his companion, August Johnson, who had slipped from a ladder on top of the Broad Street Presbyterian church.

## SOLID GOLD RINGS

Some Are Stamped Out With a Die, Some Cut From Tubes.

## CUT MOST OF THEM ARE CAST

As a Rule, They Are Formed in Molds of Cattlefish Bone, Into Which the Pattern Sinks as Though Pressed Into Wax—Making the Molds.

Cattlefish bone is familiar to most people, as it is seen thrust between the bars of a bird cage for birds to peck at. Birds clean their beaks on it, and they like to eat it. But cattlefish bone has other and more interesting uses. It is used in the manufacture of tooth powder and of polishing powder and in the making of a prepared food for birds, but perhaps the most interesting of its uses is in the making of molds in which to cast gold rings.

Some gold rings are cast in tiny flasks containing molds of fine sand; others are stamped out with a die. Wedding rings are made from a drawn tube of gold in which the rounded outer shape of the ring is produced on a mandrel, the several sections thus formed being then sawed off even when finished and polished to form a perfect ring. But of the vast number of solid gold rings produced by manufacturing jewelers, including rings to be mounted with stones, 75 per cent are cast in cattlefish bone molds.

Such a mold can be used but once, and so the manufacturing jeweler uses a lot of cattlefish bone. The molds may be made in two, three, four or five parts, according to the elaborate design of the ring to be molded. The bone serves both as flask and as molding material.

Suppose the molder is to make for a ring comparatively simple in shape a three part mold. He sits at a bench on which he has brass patterns of the rings to be molded. The manufacturing jeweler has hundreds, many hundreds, of these pattern rings, to which he is continually adding designs.

Handy by the molder has a box of cattlefish bone. Only bone of the finest quality and finest texture is used, and such bone serves for this purpose admirably. Under pressure of an object upon it this bone breaks down perfectly and with no surrounding fractures or fissures. It takes an impression practically as perfect as a plastic material would do, while at the same time it stands up perfectly around the impression made.

The molder takes a cattlefish bone in its familiar oval shape and with a little sharp toothed saw saws off the tapering sides and the ends, leaving a keystone shaped or an oblong block. Then straight across he saws off one end of this block about a quarter of its length from the end, and then the larger piece he saws through from side to side midway of its thickness. Now he has the original block of bone divided into three parts.

He rubs the face of each of these parts perfectly smooth on a metal plate set before him conveniently in the bench, and then the material is ready for use as a mold. The molder turns one of the two bigger blocks over on the bench with the smoothed surface up and picks up the model ring, and with a deft, sure touch he presses this mold down for half its thickness all around into the delicately fragile but evenly textured bone—this in the case of a three piece mold at one end of the block, leaving the head or cap of the ring projecting beyond the end edge. Next he picks up the other half of this block, turns its smooth face down and presses that down upon the ring as it lies with half its thickness projecting above the surface of the lower block, and now he has a mold of the ring complete except for the projecting head.

At this stage he picks up that end piece of the bone that he had sawed off and presses that with its smooth face down upon the ring's head, so taking an impression of that, and then he has the mold complete, but with the model ring inside of it.

Now he scores lightly this model outside, across its side edges, and he scores lines from the top block to the sides, so that when he has taken the mold apart he can put it together again precisely as it should be, and then he opens it and takes out the pattern, and if anywhere the molded form should require a touch of smoothing he does that, and then, beginning small and opening out wider, he cuts out in the inner sides of the two halves of the block from the bend of the ring mold out to the end of the block an opening, the gate, through which the molten gold will be poured when the ring is molded. Then he puts the pieces of the mold together again and binds them with soft wire, and there's your cattlefish bone mold perfect and complete.

Sometimes they bind half a dozen or a dozen of such molds together and cut little channels inside from the gate to each one of the separate molds within, and then when they pour the gold they mold half a dozen or a dozen rings at once.—New York Sun.

### Craft Wins.

"How did you ever manage to get on the good side of that crusty old uncle of yours?" asked Fan.

"Fid him the things he liked when he came to visit us," replied Nan. "The good side of any man is his inside."—Chicago Tribune.

Gratitude is a subtle form of revenge. The receiver of a benefit recovers his superiority in the effort to be grateful.—John Davidson.

## SPEED OF BATTED BALLS.

In Hard Infield Hits They Go at the Rate of Sixty Miles an Hour.

Ask any fan how fast an average grounder travels during its first hundred feet from the bat, and his answer will be anywhere from 20 to 200 miles an hour. Split second watches and careful timing of many ground balls have established the fact that the average speed of many ground balls—that is, those struck by the bat of the batsman from a fair pitched ball, which strike the infield before they land in a fielder's hands—go at the rate of almost sixty miles an hour.

Sixty miles an hour is eighty-eight feet per second. The bases are ninety feet apart. A man who can run 100 yards in eleven seconds, which is fast running for any one, but particularly so for a man with baseball shoes and uniform on, can run ninety feet in 3.3 seconds. Is it any wonder that a ball which is fielded in its first 100 feet of travel usually reaches first base just a fraction of a second before or after the runner sets foot upon it?

Every fan knows that the many close decisions at first base form one of the fascinations of the game. The speed of a batted ball, the speed at which a fielder can travel from his position to the point where he can meet and field the batted ball, the speed with which he can stop the ball, pick it up, set himself for the throw, make the throw, the speed of the ball across the diamond from his throw and the speed of the traveling runners are so nicely balanced that it is always a question of whether or not the runner will get there in time for the crowd to see the umpire's hands go down or whether he will face a thumb over a shoulder indicating that he is out.—Technical World Magazine.

## THE STORE PROPERTY ROOM.

Holds Articles For Use in Window and Special Displays.

Every one has heard of the theatrical property room—the place where storied artifices are laid carefully away to be ready for the call of the next emergency. But few persons know that every big store has its property room, too, and that its wonders are even more entrancing than those of the funny cupboards "back stage."

The shop's property room is filled with articles used for window display and special decorations, and, while the theatrical property is largely imitation, the store's property is real.

Rare old tapestries are laid away in the dim hidden chamber, to be used when occasion requires as backgrounds for Paris hats in the Broadway or Fifth avenue windows, as draperies hung beside a choice collection of new hand bags or slippers or fans. Priceless vases from Italy, strange carved chests, wonderful screens—all these lend enchantment to the background of the window display or bring a real intrinsic loveliness to the salon wherein is shown the season's newest millinery.

Many a fashionable New York shop decorates its windows now and then with but one hat, one costume, one piece of furniture. The rest is decoration, background, "property."

The property room is almost always in some queer, faraway corner of the store, a room badly lighted, well hidden, inaccessible. But it is full of treasures. It calls back the atmosphere of medieval romance. It is comparable only to an ancient English attic.—New York Times.

### Why There Was No Tip.

In a downtown restaurant which is usually crowded during the midday meal time a waiter took pains to secure places at one of his tables for two men who had been waiting for some time. The waiter received the thanks of both men and attended to their wants in a highly satisfactory manner. When the check was presented one of the men paid, received the change and left nothing on the salver for the waiter. "You forgot to tip the waiter," said his companion. "No, I didn't. He's my landlord."—New York Tribune.

### Bessie Wasn't That Kind.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Jennie to the well dressed young stranger, "that's Bessie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," said the young man as he drank the cup dry. "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Bessie is your youngest sister, isn't she?"

"Not much! Bessie is my dog."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Real Need.

"Here's a soap, madam, that will not injure the finest fabrics," parroted the house to house canvasser.

"Fine," exclaimed the genial woman. "Now, if you'll throw in the same variety of laundress with each package I'll be a steady customer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Caught.

Merchant (to stranger)—I thank you, sir, for helping my clerk throw that book agent out. Now what can I do for you? Stranger—I'd like to sell you the "Life of Washington."—Boston Transcript.

### Untamed.

"What makes you so sure that was a wild fowl?"

"The way it acted when I was trying to carve it."—Washington Star.

### Well Recommended.

Housewife—Have you a reference from a former employer? Housemaid—Yes'm; I have eighty-six of 'em!—Judge.

## Molly's Test

And How His Lover Stood It

By A. R. STANBURY

I loved Molly and wished her to be my wife, but she seemed in dread of making a mistake; was always talking about the horror of marrying a man who didn't love her as she would wish to be loved. I considered this ridiculous, for I knew and told her that if anything should happen to deprive me of her I should go mad. One day when I was pressing her to settle the matter in my favor she said:

"Not for a year yet."

"Oh, my dear, why do you tantalize me?"

"I have a fault that I wish you to discover."

"I have discovered it already. You are absurdly afraid that I don't love you."

She smiled, but said nothing to this. "Well, what is it?" I asked.

"An inherited trait that has come down to me from my grandfather."

"Your grandfather? I suppose he drank a good deal of wine and got the gout. This he transmitted to you, and when you get a twinge you are ready to break up the furniture."

She smiled again and shook her head. I begged hard, but got little satisfaction. Finally she agreed that if I didn't discover her failing within three months she would confess.

Within two weeks after this conversation I made the discovery. Molly and I were at a house party. I came in from a tramp with some of the fellows and, feeling tired, went to my room, as I thought, for a rest before dinner. It was quite dark, and the hall not being lighted I got into the wrong room. When I awoke a full moon was shining in at the window, and I saw some one—a woman—in the room. She walked softly to a bureau and picked up a little box made to hold a finger ring, opened it, shut it, put it in her pocket and glided noiselessly out of the room. While she had stood for a moment with her face toward a window I recognized Molly.

Now, why Molly should come to my room to take anything away with her I could not conceive; but, getting up and looking about me, I saw that I was not in my own room at all. I got out as quickly and as noiselessly as possible.

But Molly! As soon as I knew that she had gone to some one else's room and taken away jewelry I saw the drift of her having accused herself of an inherited trait. She was a kleptomaniac. I had never had any use for the word kleptomaniac, preferring that of thief. Kleptomaniac I considered the name for high bred thieves, while thief was the name for those of low degree.

To gain time to consider my future treatment of Molly I endeavored to act toward her temporarily as if I was ignorant of her vice. I found it impossible. The little endearments I had given her fell flat.

"What's the matter with you?" she said to me. "You are acting strangely toward me lately. Has your fancy been turned toward any of the other girls here?"

Fortunately, I could deny this with fervor, but I couldn't change my bearing toward her. I dreaded to hear that some one in the house had missed jewelry, and the secret was a terrible burden to bear. But a week passed and no one reported a loss, or if one was reported it was not given to the guests. Although I could not treat Molly as before, I could not bear to give her up. She was immensely popular—indeed, was the life of the party. I believed that if I should make known what I had seen not one in the house would believe me.

When we broke up and went home I was a changed man. I felt that my life was blighted. I lost spirits and flesh at the same time. Nothing could induce me to marry a thief, but in giving up Molly I gave up all hope of married life, for I felt that I would never recover from my disappointment.

I bore it as long as I could, then told Molly that our engagement must be broken.

"You have discovered my fault?" she said.

"I have."

"When and where?"

I told her of my getting into the wrong room when with the house party and seeing her steal a jewel.

"And you wish to be released?"

"I must be released, for my life with one possessing your fault would be terrible."

"And without me?"

"It is blighted."

"You are now talking common sense instead of romance. You would be a fool to marry a thief. I had been watching for some time to teach you this lesson and at last found one. I saw you go by mistake into the wrong room and went in later that you might see me take an empty ring box. You were in Dollie's room, and Dollie will confirm my story."

I caught her in my arms and covered her face with kisses.

Now that Molly has become a settled married woman she looks back upon what she calls her folly with regret. However, she lays the principal fault at my door, saying that instead of applying a test of the strength of my devotion she was really intending to show up the folly of my pretending that I couldn't get on without her. Perhaps I could then, but not now. If I should lose her who would run the house?

## MENDING A FAUCET

An Easy Job That Mr. Gimp Tackled With Confidence.

## IT GAVE HIM A BIG SURPRISE.

When He Got Through, or as Near Through as He Was Permitted to Get, He Was Rather Subdued—The Plumber's Comment Was Quite Brief.

Mr. Gimp came home from the city the other day and burst into his house with an air that meant business. He smiled when the maid told him his wife was out, laid a parcel on the stairs, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, took his parcel and went up to the bathroom, where he opened the package. It contained a monkey wrench, a screw driver, half a dozen assorted rubber washers and a pipe wrench.

"Thank goodness, my wife's not home!" said Mr. Gimp. "If there is anything upsets a man it is the foolish questions a woman asks when he is trying to do a job. Plumber! She'd get a plumber to mend a leaky faucet, would she? I'll show her that a man of intelligence can do a job in five minutes that a plumber would take all day to do and charge \$5. Now!"

Mr. Gimp turned the faucet. Not a drop of water came out. He turned the other. It was dry. They were the bathtub faucets, and the far one had been leaking for a week, while Mr. Gimp promised day by day to attend to it.

"Well," said Mr. Gimp as he saw that no water came out of the faucets, "that's more sense than I thought that woman possessed. Turned off the water, did she? Didn't let it run all day when there was no need of it, hey? Now!"

Mr. Gimp took the monkey wrench in one hand and the pipe wrench in the other and climbed into the bathtub. Then he sat on the edge while he studied the faucet.

"Lemme see!" he said. "You take off that handle, and you unscrew that top dingus. That's what you do." So he did that. Twice the monkey wrench slipped and he skinned three knuckles, but he got the handle off, and he unscrewed the cap and pulled out the rod that held the washer. Then he peered down into the remaining portion of the faucet and looked at the washer.

The washer seemed in good condition. He peered into the faucet and ran his finger around in it, accumulating iron rust on it. If the washer was not broken what could be the matter with the thing? There must be something the matter deeper down. He set his pipe wrench around the pipe and grasped the faucet with the monkey wrench. The faucet held like grim death. The more it resisted the more he pushed and pulled and grunted and said strong words.

When the faucet gave at last it gave suddenly, and Mr. Gimp fell over the side of the bathtub and landed with a bump that shook the house. He was up again in a minute and in the bathtub. The faucet was badly marred where the wrench had dug into its soft brass, and the nose of it was twisted awry, but the faucet was off. He took the faucet to the window and studied it. Except for the damage he had done it, there seemed nothing the matter with it.

"Some fool plumber," said Mr. Gimp angrily, "has put the wrong sort of washer into this faucet. That's what's the matter, and that's all."

He picked out a different sort of washer and put it on the plunger. It was not a good fit, but it was a change anyway.

"Now," said Mr. Gimp, and he climbed back into the bathtub. He humped himself down on his knees and looked into the water pipe on which he had to screw the faucet. "Now," he said.

As if that had been the signal, a strong, vigorous stream of water shot out of the pipe and struck Mr. Gimp in the eye. He gasped for breath and tumbled backward. But the stream pursued him. He got up and grappled with the stream.

Unless you have tried to grapple with a stream like that you cannot even faintly imagine the difficulty of giving it a good, self satisfying grapple. A stream like that will not fight fair. If you put your hand over the pipe the stream will squirt out in forty-two directions. Some of them hit the ceiling. Most of them hit Mr. Gimp. He wrestled silently until the bathroom was well soaked and he was well soaked, and then he decided it was better just to let the stream spurt. It spurted into the bathtub anyway. So he got out of the tub and dripped on the floor and pawed water out of his hair and wiped water out of his eyes.

And just then the plumber came upstairs again. He had been down cellar to turn on the water after he had fixed the faucet, and it was quite natural that he should come up again to see if the faucet was well fixed. So he came up, and he looked into the bathroom, and he saw the faucet lying in the bathtub among wrenches and water, and he saw the water spurting heartily.

And all he said was, "Well, I'll be darned!" Just like that—"Well, I'll be darned!" That was all he said.—Ellis Parker Butler in Judge.

### Didn't Want Too Much.

Amateur Nimrod—Can you show me any bear tracks? Native—I kin show you a bear. Amateur Nimrod—Thanks awfully, old chap. Tracks will suffice.—New Orleans Picayune.