

dispatch carried by the United Press says: "In the list of committees appointed for the sixty-first congress, announced by Speaker Cannon in the closing hours of the extra session, it is observed that the states west of the Mississippi river get only thirteen chairmanships out of a total of sixty-two. To become the chairman of a committee of the house is the principal yearning of every member. The chairmanship of even a small committee adds something to a members' prestige. The leadership of a big committee invests him with great power. In many cases he can make or break a bill, and the men who must look to committees for favorable reports need the good will of the chairman. In the new list of committees Pennsylvania holds eleven chairmanships, New York and Illinois seven each, Massachusetts six, New Jersey and Kansas four each, Michigan and Connecticut three each, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Iowa and West Virginia two each; Wyoming, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, Oklahoma, Vermont and Indiana one each. New England having only twenty-eight members of the house, has twelve chairmanships, while the Pacific coast, with twelve members, has none. The south has three chairmen and, as stated, the great region west of the Mississippi river only thirteen. Both the members from New Hampshire and the single member from Wyoming are chairmen. Three of the four from Connecticut and four of the ten from New Jersey are at the head of committees."

A LIGHTNING METHOD OF CALCULATING INTEREST

One of the shortest and simplest methods known for calculating interest is to multiply the principal by the number of days, and divide as follows:

- For 4 per cent, divide by 90.
- For 5 per cent, divide by 72
- For 6 per cent, divide by 60.
- For 7 per cent, divide by 52.
- For 8 per cent, divide by 45.

Then point off four decimal places. For instance, to find interest on \$360.00 for 92 days at 8 per cent, multiply \$360.00 by 92, divide by 45, and point off four decimal places. The result is \$7.36.—Implement Age.

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Roundabout Ruminations

At Large in Nebraska, August 5.—Time, together with man's ingenuity, can make some wonderful changes. Fifteen years ago the architect drove around over a goodly bit of what is now Scotts Bluff county, Nebraska. There were only a few homesteaders there then, and they were trying desperately to get away. Many had left. Drouth and lack of money were the twin causes. Many homesteaders who had proved up were willing to sell their quarter sections, houses and all, for from \$150 to \$250.

Day before yesterday the architect stood on the summit of Scott's Bluff and viewed the landscape o'er. And although he could see for many miles in every direction he did not see an acre of land that could be bought for less than \$75 an acre, and much of it that could not be bought for less than \$300 an acre. The solution is wrapped up in the one word, "irrigation."

Some men who have made fortunes are credited with unusual business ability. The fact of the matter is, they are creatures of circumstance. There are men in Scotts Bluff county today who are well to do simply because they couldn't help themselves. If they had been permitted to have their way they would be as poor as any of us. The only reason they are independent now is because they couldn't sell their land fifteen or sixteen years ago. They had to leave it and go elsewhere to make a living, but the first thing they knew irrigation projects had developed and their worthless lands began rising in value by leaps and bounds. What they thought was calamity was in reality their great fortune. And some of them are swelling around as if they alone were responsible for their present condition.

Fifteen or sixteen years ago about all that was raised in the Scotts Bluff section of Nebraska was lamentations and tax sales. Today the air is freighted with the songs of thanksgiving, mixed melodiously with the noise of the hammer, the saw, the self-binder and the thresher. Now and then you catch the clang and clamor of some railroad being rushed into this splendid territory. A big sugar factory is in course of erection at Scotts Bluff. The mere prophecy of such a thing fifteen years ago would have subjected the prophet to the attention of the lunatic inquiring.

Yet some people tell us there is no such thing as luck!

Somewhere back in Massachusetts there is a woman who knows better. Twenty years ago she loaned a few thousand dollars on land now embraced in Scotts Bluff county. Later she had to take it on the mortgages, and for ten years she wept and complained about the dishonesty of the homesteaders who had bilked her out of her money. She had loaned an average of \$500 per quarter section, and in time she found herself the owner through sheriff's deeds of perhaps fifty quarter sections. For ten years she paid the taxes under protest, hoping against hope that some day she might be able to unload for enough to reimburse her for her expenses, though she never expected to get back the investment. Today she is independently rich and no longer weeping. She has sold half of her holdings at an average of \$50 an

acre, and refuses to put a price on what she has left. Now if you can figure out anything else than luck in all this you are a better hand at figures than the architect.

But it isn't all luck. There are men and women in Nebraska who have had an abiding faith in that section all the time. Some of them had the wherewithal to back their faith, but most of them did not. Out at Sidney are a couple of men who have never lost faith, and they had a little money to back up their faith. During all the long and bitter years between 1890 and 1903 they never lost an opportunity to get hold of more of that land. Now and then they actually pinched themselves for many things in order to raise the money to purchase title to a few more acres. Today they need have no fear of the wolf gnawing holes in their door, and when they ride they recline on the velvet cushions of the parlor cars. There are men in that same town who used to call these two men crazy. Those who used the epithet are pretty generally working at odd jobs around the town or drawing salaries from the two men above mentioned.

The men in charge of the Union Pacific road owe something to one of their passenger brakemen. His name is unknown to the architect, but this particular brakeman went west on No. 7 on August 5. No. 7 consists of a long string of Pullmans and one day coach. Local passengers can not ride in the Pullmans, and on this particularly hot and uncomfortable day the one day coach was jammed with sweltering humanity. It was worse than Noah's ark could have been. It would have been a mighty easy task to start a fuss, for the nerves of men and women were tightened up to the breaking tension by the heat and the crowded condition of the car. But through it all went that brakeman, with a laugh and a cheering word that kept things in good humor. He deftly persuaded three children to sit on one seat to make room for a couple of adults. He manipulated suit cases and grips and bird cages without arousing the ire of the owners, and made room for more passengers. He rigged up some seats in the two vestibules and persuaded some men to occupy them, and thus made seats for tired women, who boarded the train at the various stations. He just kept going, radiating good cheer, and his every appearance in the car seemed to cool the stifling atmosphere. There are a lot of people who will never know that genial brakeman's name who will always remember him with gratitude. If that isn't the kind of a man that railroad managers want to keep track of, then we don't want to know anything about the railroad business.

A few nights ago the architect visited with an old friend who is farming an irrigated farm in western Nebraska. Fifteen years ago his nearest neighbor was eight miles distant. The friend remained on that quarter section because he couldn't raise money enough to get away, and for five or six years he didn't raise enough grain to feed his horses. If it had not been for a windmill that he thoughtfully purchased when he homesteaded he would have been compelled to walk out of the country. But he just had

to stay, and in due course of time he caught on to a few things. He bought a few adjoining quarters for practically nothing, and afterwards sold them at a profit. Today he is living. His farm residence is five miles from town. The house contains nine large rooms, and each one of the four sleeping rooms contains a lavatory with hot and cold water. There is a bath room that would do credit to a city mansion. The house is lighted with gas manufactured on the premises. A telephone connects him with the town and with all the neighbors 'round about. Just before the architect retired for the night he called up the wife and babies, 517 miles away as the railroad runs, and talked with them. The next morning he arose and by the time breakfast was eaten the daily papers had been delivered at the front gate. About 10:30 a man came along with a lot of cream cans and collected the cream that had been separated during the morning. Out in the fields two binders were working on wheat that was sure to thresh out thirty bushels to the acre, and growing stacks of second cutting alfalfa were piling up against the horizon—and alfalfa worth \$10 a ton, baled and delivered at the railroad five miles away!

The problem of how to keep the boys on the farm seems nearer solution every day. Telephones, daily papers, all the best magazines, automobiles, bathrooms, gas—everything calculated to make the farm home attractive—may now be found everywhere on the once "Great American Desert."

When the architect was ready to be returned to town in order that he might pursue his wandering way, his farmer friend cranked up a fine five-passenger car touring machine, and the trip was made in about ten minutes. That farmer can start from his home, go to town, buy a few needed articles and get back home in less time than the architect can go from his city home to his work.

Say, isn't this a wonderful country! And as young as the architect is he can remember the time when it was "The Great American Desert," unfit for the habitation of man!

Now and then Dame Nature perpetrates a bully joke on her subjects, and this "Great American Desert" joke was one of her best.

Brain Leaks

The worry bug causes a lot of unnecessary trouble.

One of the hardest things in the world to do is nothing.

It is often harder to do right than it is to refrain from doing wrong.

A baby's cry is the surest way of causing a pause in the world's rush.

There is something wrong about a man when it is necessary to make him good by law.

A man can not understand why a woman has to take so many clothes with her when she goes visiting.

Arithmeticians have not yet figured out the number of ways a girl has of showing a new diamond ring.

If some successful business men were as crooked in their business as they are in their politics they would soon land in jail.

Some of these days we'll be rich enough to have an old-fashioned rag carpet on the floor of a room that is our very own.

Marriage is not a failure in the case of the man who isn't afraid to take a friend home for dinner without first notifying his wife.

It makes us mad to see some lazy, well-fed animal trainer bow and smile when we applaud the intelligent efforts of the animal.

Your shadow is always behind you when you face the sun. Your troubles will be behind you if you turn your face to the future.