

# UNCLE SAM'S CROPS



**T**HE tale that some western farmers had been seen wearing high hats and full dress suits while at work in the fields may not have been stretched so much after all when we learn from the recent government report that 1909 is to be such a great year for crops. In fact, never before have the fields of America yielded such bounteous harvests as they are going to this year. It being estimated that the total value of farm products for the first time in the United States will pass the \$5,000,000,000 mark. Corn alone will make the American farmer not far from \$500,000,000 richer this year than he was last.

The wheat crop this year will be at least 663,000,000 bushels, and experts say that it is not likely to fall below \$1.10 a bushel for a long time to come. That means \$729,000,000 worth of wheat will soon be on the way to the elevators. Last year's harvest was 602,000,000 bushels, and it brought \$620,000,000, so the American wheat farmer will have \$109,000,000 more to spend from that source than he did the year before.

The reason wheat is worth more than a dollar a bushel, which used to be a price that the farmers dreamed of, is not because the crop in this country is especially short. It is but a

little below the record crop of 1906. But there has been a shortage in the wheat crop all over the world for the last two years, and it looks as if this year's yield was going to be scant also. Outside of America, Europe depends largely on the vast wheatfields of Argentina for her bread. Thirty per cent less wheat was sown there this year than last, and it is estimated that the yield will be 50,000,000 bushels less. All this benefits the American farmer.

The American farmer will get over \$600,000,000 more for his crop of oats this year than he did last. In 1908 the yield was 789,000,000 bushels, and it sold for \$321,000,000. This year's estimate is 663,000,000 bushels, which at the minimum price of 40 cents a bushel would bring in the huge sum of \$385,200,000. Only about a million and a half bushels of oats are exported. Not all the rest goes to feed horses and cattle by any means. The 200,000 automobiles in this country have cut down the number of horses and the consumption of oats correspondingly. This decrease has been more than made up, however, by human beings eating more oats than they used to. Many of the cereal breakfast foods are made from oats, and their consumption in that way cuts a big figure.

To recapitulate the way the record runs in this year's increase in the value of the four great staples, so that the eye can take it in a glance, here are the figures:



THRESHING ENGINE AT WORK.

Cotton	\$270,000,000
Cotton byproducts	27,000,000
Corn	500,000,000
Oats	64,000,000
Wheat	109,000,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$900,000,000</b>

Beside these, the crops of hay, alfalfa, potatoes, tobacco and the other products of the soil are either no less or else far greater than usual. Experts estimate that the added wealth that these will stow away in the pockets of the American farmer this year will be not far from \$100,000,000. Add this to the total of the three great cereals and cotton, and the total is a thousand millions of dollars—the vast sum by which the national wealth will be increased this year.

The farmer will not get it all. He will pay out vast sums for labor, for machinery with which to plant new crops, for new buildings in which to house them and his other belongings, for luxuries and comforts which he has gone without when crops were poor and prices low.

Getting the crops to market will bring the railroads and steamship lines a tremendous flood of added revenue over the leaner years. The farmer no longer stores his grain in the fields, as he used to years ago. He sends it to the elevators that rear their huge bulk beside the railroad tracks. There he holds it until he gets the price he thinks it ought to bring. If he wants to borrow money meanwhile the slip of paper that the grain warehouse gives him is good collateral for what he wishes. Then when the flood

## FLYING MACHINE TARIFF.

A New York Lawyer's Discovery About Payne Bill.

To prevent the same trouble in the customs service which grew out of disputes over the classification of automobiles imported into this country when those vehicles first became of general use, the attention of congress has been directed to the failure to provide in the new tariff bill a classification for flying machines, which have come into such prominence through the work of the Wrights, Glenn Curtiss, M. Bleriot and others.

"The work of the Wrights and others engaged in aviation, and especially the feat of M. Bleriot in flying across the English channel," said Harvey T. Andrews, a lawyer of New York, "reminds me of the trouble and confusion that arose over the classification of automobiles when they were first imported. I was then attached to the force of the appraiser of the port, and we had great difficulty in arriving at any definite conclusion because no provision had been made for these machines in the tariff law. Now congress has just agreed upon a rate for automobiles in the new bill which will be of benefit to importers and will not hurt American manufacturers, but it has overlooked the most modern of all inventions."

Mr. Andrews sent a telegram to Chairman Payne of the ways and means committee calling his attention to the fact that no tariff wall against flying machines had been erected.

## NO GROUND FOR COMPLAINT.

Husband Not Obligated to Buy Wife Seven Peach Basket Hats Per Month.

It had to come. Anybody who thought it out must have known that, sooner or later, the freaks worn by women—freaks that were billed as hats, the sort that women have been induced to wear for the last few months—would land in the courts. A Chicago man was taken to a temple of justice on complaint of his spouse. The man swore that the rumpus was precipitated by his wife when she grabbed his hat. The court replied that one hat should not cause a family disturbance.



THE GIRL AND THE PEACH BASKET.

The poor husband begged leave to demur. He said it was the only hat he had. He thought he was entitled to one when he had bought his wife seven in thirty days. This interested his honor, who leaned away over the woolsack and asked in a pitiful way, "You don't mean to say you bought your wife seven hats in thirty days?" "Sure," was the worldly answer. And then the husband added that every time his wife got mad at him she seized her hat and tore it up, and then he had to buy another to get her back to the pleasant post. The court mused. "And such hats as they are wearing?" "Yes," replied the man, "the peach basket variety." "Seven hats in one month," said the court in a sorrowful way, "and of the basket variety! Well, madam," continued his honor, turning to the woman in the case, "there is no ground for complaint here. The prisoner is discharged."

## A Woman's Age? Forget It.

Man has no right to question woman's age—to even think about it. A woman, bless her, is as old as she makes out or makes up and not a day older. Man is out of his latitude when he begins trying to locate woman's age longitude. It is her privilege to conceal her age in any form or manner she may choose, and it is man's prerogative to assist her as much as possible rather than hinder or question her in any way. Man owes it to himself to see that she is supplied with every means of concealing her age or any new wrinkle which she chooses to keep from the gaze of the overcurious public. Man is not supposed to be young or beautiful. He couldn't be if he wanted to be and wouldn't be if he could. With woman it is different. She wants to be and can be and is, whether she wants to be or not, and it is a whole lot better for her and for her admirer or admirers, as the case may be, that her age be carefully guarded under that charming veil of mystery which should ever be hers by right of possession. Forget that she has an age, brother, and you will be happier, and so will she, but don't, for heaven's sake, forget that she has a birthday.—Boston Herald.

## The Fighting Editor.

The fighting editor is no joke in Paris. There, if a paper calls a man a liar or a thief, the man takes it seriously, and, visiting the office, he demands a retraction or a fight. It is the fighting editor who receives him. The fighting editor sits in a Louis Seize study, smoking a cigarette and reading a new novel with a yellow cover. He is faultlessly dressed in deep black—the duelist's color. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor is in his buttonhole. His brilliant eyes and clear skin proclaim his perfect condition. His alert, supple carriage shows his military training. The fighting editor never writes a line, but is responsible personally for every word in the paper every day. On a plain, outspoken sheet like *Le Matin*, which keeps him pretty busy, his salary is very large—\$40 a week or so. A conservative journal like *Le Temps*, having little use for a fighting editor, pays the man no more than \$20.—Exchange.

## Buttered Bread With His Thumb.

Cat's meat is the only survival of a way of serving meat that prevailed in this country before the introduction of forks, for it was the custom in mediaeval times to serve roast meat on a spit and to pass it around the table for each guest to cut off what he liked, a method that did not allow one person only to secure the carver's titbits. In France one still finds chicken livers and bacon served on small spits, and to the Britisher it always suggests at first sight the food of the domestic cat. It is probable that many people continued to prefer fingers to table utensils, even after these were perfected and in general use, for knives were certainly invented at the period when Charles XII. chose to butter his bread with his royal thumb.—London Chronicle.

## A Wave of Water.

There is no necessary connection between the advance of a wave and the forward movement of the water composing it, as may be seen by running the fingers along the keys of a piano. An inverted wave travels along, but the keys merely move up and down. Similarly a wave may often be observed running along the ripe ears of golden grain, while the stalks are firmly rooted in the soil. The onward progress of a sea wave is easily perceptible, and by watching some light substance floating on the surface the fact is revealed that the water is not moving with the same velocity.—Chambers' Journal.

## A Hint and a Hump.

A woman there was, and she wrote for the press, as you or I might do. She told how to cut and sew a dress and how to cook many a savory mess, but she never had done it herself, I guess, but none of her readers knew. She told how to comb and dress the hair and how out of a barrel to make a chair—'twould adorn any parlor and give it an air—we thought the tale was true. Oh, the days we spent and the nights we spent, with hammer and saw and tack, in making a chair in which no one would sit, in which no one could possibly sit, without a crick in the back.—Economic Housewife.

## A Legal Query.

Tired of the long winded oratory of the attorney for the defense, the judge interrupted him. "Mr. Sharke," he said, "may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, your honor. What is it?" "Language," said the judge, "we are told, is given to conceal thought or words to that effect. Inasmuch as you don't seem to have any thought to conceal, I would like to know why you are talking?"

## Not Misfits.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—it seems strange to me, if matches are made in heaven, that there should be so many unhappy marriages. Mr. Crimmonbeak—Oh, you forget it is the matches that are made there, not the misfits.—Yonkers Statesman.

## The Fall.

"Satan wuz once an angel in heaven, wuzn't he?" "Yes, but, like de rest of us, he des couldn't stand prosperity."—Atlanta Constitution.

It's the easiest thing in the world to point out the proper course for others to pursue.

## FERNANDA WANAMAKER.

Granddaughter of Merchant Prince and Her Coming Marriage.

A coming international marriage which will attract wide attention will be that of Miss Fernanda Wanamaker to Arturo Heeren, son of the Count of Heeren of Paris and Blarritz, which is scheduled for the early autumn. Miss Wanamaker is a daughter of Rodman Wanamaker of Philadelphia, whose marriage in London to Miss Violet Croger of New York was a recent event of interest in social circles here and abroad. Miss Fernanda is a favorite with her grandfather, the famous merchant prince, John Wanamaker, and has resided much abroad.

Rodman Wanamaker, since the death of his first wife, a daughter of Charles Ferdinand Henry, has spent much of his time in Europe. He has a beautiful home in Paris as well as one in Philadelphia, and it is said that he carries the heaviest insurance on his



MISS FERNANDA WANAMAKER.

life of any man in the Quaker City a sum considerably over a million. As a memorial to his first wife he erected the Lady chapel of St. Mark's Episcopal church, Philadelphia, and made it one of the most beautiful bits of architecture in the city. He has since enriched its interior with many costly gifts, the most recent being a solid silver, gem encrusted altar. Miss Wanamaker was presented in society about three years ago. She is a charming girl and possessed of many accomplishments.

## ART BY SQUARE FOOT.

Edwin A. Abbey's Objection to Downward Revision of Painting Bills.

The idea of "downward revision," so much talked about now in connection with the tariff, does not always work to perfection when applied to other things—for instance, art. This was illustrated recently in the case of the mural decorations made for the Pennsylvania state capitol by the noted mural painter, Edwin A. Abbey. There has been a good deal of discussion over downward revision of the graft connected with this structure, but opinion is general that the principle should not be enforced too rudely with respect to its artistic features.

When the order was given for the four circular decorations for the dome, representing art, science, justice and religion, a dimension of fourteen feet diameter was specified for each. By a blunder of Joseph M. Huston, the architect, however, the spaces for the paintings were made only a little more than thirteen feet; hence, when the work was put up about a year ago, each painting had to undergo downward revision with a pair of scissors. Mr. Abbey's contract called for payment at a rate of \$50 per square foot and he should have received for 615.75 square feet a total of \$30,788. But in paying him the board of public buildings and grounds decided to deduct the space cut off and allowed \$27,700 for 554.12 square feet. Mr. Abbey demurred, and his claim for the full amount was upheld. The deputy attorney general of the state took the ground that, although the capitol officials had a right to trim the pictures, they had no right to extend that process to Mr. Abbey.

## Joe and the Senator.

Although the hot weather has been severe on the statesmen at Washington during the tedious weeks of the special session, it has not spoiled the temper of all of them. Joe, the best known and most popular of the newsboys about congress, woke up one afternoon from his siesta on the sun baked steps of the capitol to find that while he slept it had rained pennies and nickels all over his small person.

He doesn't know yet that Senator Winthrop Murray Crane of Massachusetts, happening to pass by while the child slept, sprawled on his back in the sun with outstretched arms and legs, speckled him all over with the small coins and then, with others, stood at a bit of distance to see what he would do when he awoke.

## Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so? The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

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Goldsmith somewhere tells of an old lady who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass away the time and after winning all his money had just proposed to play for her funeral expenses when she expired.

## His Only Chance.

The young man leads his bride to the altar, but that's as far as he goes in the leading business.—Meddler.

## A Song of Finance.

Sing a song of finance. A pocket full of chink. Four and twenty lamkins Hover on the brink. When the market opens The lambs begin to bleat. Come, ye kings of finance, And share the dainty treat. —Judge.

## The Arriving Hour.

In Edwin's home there is a clock which strikes with a soft chime, much like the ringing of a silver bell. The other day he thoughtfully listened to its stroke, then said solemnly, "Mamma, another hour is ringing to get in." —Woman's Home Companion.

## Widow Grimes.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man. We ne'er shall see him more. He used to wear an old gray coat All buttoned down before. But Mrs. Grimes, who still survives, No longer wears the black, But sports a gay and festive gown All buttoned down the back. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Happy Family.

Mr. Scraggington—Only two weeks ago I paid for a new spring suit for you— Mrs. Scraggington—Yes, I know you did, and you screeched as loudly as if you were paying for a lawsuit—Puck.

## Retort Pert.

"If I should lend a 'ten' to you And you'd keep every cent, That would be a lent sacrifice And also keeping lent." "Nay; I would call it neither one, Though you may think me dull. If you'd lend me a 'ten,' I'd say It was a miracle." —Kansas City Times.

## To Be Sent.

The Bride—I want you to send me some coffee, please. The Grocer—Yes, ma'am. Ground? The Bride—No; third floor front.—Woman's Home Companion.

## What's the Use?

None can be all he wants to be. The man Who would be strong some fatal weakness grapples. I posed once as a vegetarian— Then found that I was eating wormy apples! —Cleveland Leader.

## Uncle Allen.

"If I was a doctor," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "it would puzzle me to know whether I ought to thank the Lord or not when I prosper in my business."—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician, said: "Watch your kidneys. When they are affected, life is in danger." Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys, corrects urinary irregularities, and tones up the whole system. A. McMillen.

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