

AMERICAN THROUGHBREDS

Why He Couldn't Sit Down. Harry, aged six, is an orphan; but an indulgent grandmother and kind maiden aunt have taken care of him. The first pair of knickerbockers were secured recently, and it was a proud moment for the boy when his aunt put them on Sunday morning and he was permitted to go to church with his grandmother. Naturally maiden aunts know very little about the arrangement of knickerbockers, and there was a suspicious fullness in front and an equally mystifying tightness in the back to be observed, as the little chap trudged happily along. In church Harry sat down, but did not appear comfortable and stood up. "Harry, sit down," whispered his grandmother. He obediently clambered back on the seat, but soon slipped off again. "Harry, you must sit down," Grandma, I can't, my pants is choking me." She looked most closely at them, and discovered the new little knickerbockers were on his side before Harry stood up during the remainder of the service.

TAKING CHANCES OTHERWISE. Explanation of the Difference Between Domestic and Foreign. Those of Long Ago. In the Woman's Home Companion there is an interesting presentation of the difference that exists between the domestic standard of young married women of today and those of the past generation. How did the women of the middle class of a generation or two ago manage when they could not keep body? Following is the answer quoted from a Compulsion editor:



How—He is exceedingly ill, but he is still holding his own. Joak—He has to. There are two doctors with him all the time.

"They lived according to their means; they did not set up impossible standards, and they knew much more about the science of bringing up children. They had no special style to keep up; gave the children a weekly bath; kept the table set between meals; did not serve their meals in courses; but put all the food on at least two tables; in short, every woman did what she could, and her friends made it easier for her by doing likewise."

Waiting for Nerves. The doctor, after from want of pure oxygen. They run like a net work all through the skin and when they are overwrought the skin is apt to be thickened. Walking is an excellent tonic for the nerves. It gives them strength to control themselves.

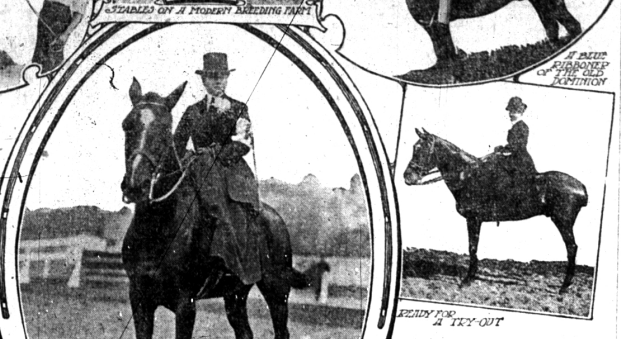
Before the Scrap. "Why are you rushing around so today?" "I'm trying to get something for my wife." "Had any others?" "Louisville Courier-Journal."

There's a difference between being useful and being used.

Mistaken There. The physiologist was exclaiming the bumps on Sambo's head. "Curiosity and acquisitiveness abnormally large." Sambo rolled his eyes and showed two rows of white teeth. "Intelligence, cunning and conscientiousness small; which with gear weak mouth indicates—" "Don't you be so shush 'bout me habbin' a weak mouth; I kin crack nuts in ma teef!"

ALTHOUGH horse racing on many of the most prominent tracks in America has in recent years gone into eclipse and the huge purses of days gone by are, to a great extent, a thing of the past, the breeding of thoroughbreds continues and thrives.

The market nowadays is much among the owners of racing stables as among that of large and increasing percentage of the public that has means and inclination to keep fine riding horses. Not even the vogue of the automobile seems to have dampened the enthusiasm of these cross-country riders and hunters and polo players in demand and are willing to pay for special qualifications in horse-flesh.



RECALLED BY A PROMPT REMINDING PARTY. A DEEP BREATH OF FRESH AIR. A FEELING OF A TRY-OUT.

stock farm begins very early in life and is very thorough. However, care and intelligence is requisite, for a majority of the foals are decidedly inferior. When the age of seven or eight months is attained the average young thoroughbred is sufficiently broken to undergo a preliminary trial. As a yearling he is subjected to further tests, but it is not until the second year that the breeder determines the highest of racing qualities. The yearling is usually his own manager, but in some instances there is also a resident manager to handle matters when the owner is absent—as he must be much of the time if he attends the fairs, horse shows and horse sales.

The organization and management of an up-to-date breeding farm is interesting in the manner in which it insures attention to detail. The owner of the farm is usually his own manager, but in some instances there is also a resident manager to handle matters when the owner is absent—as he must be much of the time if he attends the fairs, horse shows and horse sales. The education of a thoroughbred at a modern covers cost of feed and labor and takes no account of the investment represented by the stock farm—usually a heavy one. There are breeders who declare that unless they can sell each of their yearlings for a price close to \$100 they do not make a reasonable profit, but in the South, where labor is cheap and where the initial cost of much of the land was fairly low, it is possible for breeders to make money from sales at lower figures than that mentioned.

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A FINE EXAMPLE OF A HIGH PRICED STALLION. The "limber-toppers," as the jumping horses are called, are the product of cross-country riding and breeding, training and experimenting. The ancestors of the present numerous equine family were brought to Virginia by the early English settlers and Virginia and adjacent parts of the South, have always been famous as the breeding ground of thoroughbreds. However, much of the breeding of thoroughbreds which has been done since this favored region has been carried on for love of the task rather than for financial returns.

There is a wide difference between American thoroughbreds and those that are notable horse-racing sections (for instance, Ireland), but it would be difficult to find an American horseman who will not argue up and down that the Yankee steeds are as fine examples of all-around training as may be found anywhere on the globe. The American thoroughbred is admittedly shorter than his English prototype, but it is claimed that this lack of stature is more than counterbalanced by soundness and superior constitution.

THE RUINATION OF SAM BUD

STORY OF A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE LIVED HAPPILY IF HE HADN'T HAD SO MANY RELATIVES.

I kin remember when th' only feller that had a suit case was you see, dude with two sets of scenery that attended all th' cotillion dances. Now, ever' one you meet, Hunkys an' all, has a suit case an' it giv's some place er jist gittin' back. Ever' time I read about somebody 'returnin' home after a delightful two week visit, er see a ole battered up pasteboard suit case, I think o' Sam Bud's fate.

Sam Bud got married long before he begun to shave, an' he never seemed able to find anything to do at home that jist suited him. He was al'wuz talkin' about "acceptin' a position," an' when he'd say "I accept," he'd al'wuz come back an' say, "Aw, they didn't want to pay nothin' for me. I want a job with wages er he didn't even want a situation. He wanted a light position with a good salary. Nobody knew what he wanted to do fer he couldn't do nothin'."

His relatives got kind o' tired o' him after he fooled around eight or nine years, an' I guess he noticed it, fer once he'd took his golden oak dresser an' four chairs, a plaid buck mark, a blue enamel bedstead up th' livery stable an' sold 'em an' auction an' him an' his wife lit out.

Sam Bud was heard o' em for nearly ten years. When one day Pinky Kerr found a ole city paper in an empty egg case. Th' first thing he read was this: "White Samuel Bud, a wealthy an' prominent manufacturer, was croasin' Washin'ton street Tuesday evenin' he was struck by a trolley car an' taken to his home at 10757 North Meridian street. He was not seriously injured."

Sam Bud, wealthy manufacturer? Jist think o' it! An' livin' on th' North side, too. That wuz enough for his kin folks.

A Hold-Up

An Oppressive Trust. Before the Coffee Roasters' Association, in session at Chicago on Thursday, Thomas J. Webb, of Chicago, charged that there is in existence a coffee combine which is "the most monstrous imposition the history of human commerce."

There is very slight exaggeration about this statement. It comes very close to being literally true. There is a coffee combine in Brazil, from which country comes the bulk of the coffee used in the United States, which is backed by the government of Brazil and financed by it, which compels American consumers, as Mr. Webb said, "to pay famine prices for coffee when no famine exists."

The worst thing about this is that the consumers of the United States have been compelled to put up the money through this combine, to further cinch them, has been effective. There were formerly revenue duties imposed upon all coffee entering the United States. Those taxes were denounced as an imposition upon the people; as taxing the poor man's breakfast table, and the like. The taxes were removed. Immediately thereafter Brazil imposed an export duty upon coffee up to the full amount of the former customs taxes in this country. The revenue which formerly went into the treasury of the United States was diverted to the treasury of Brazil. The poor man's breakfast coffee continued to cost him the same old price.

But this was only the commencement. The "valorization" plan was evolved in Brazil. Through this plan the government, using the revenues derived from the export duties for the purpose, takes all of the surplus crop in a season of large yields and holds it off the market, thus keeping the supply down to the demands of the market and permitting the planters to receive a much higher price than they would otherwise have done.

The United States consumes more Brazilian coffee than does the rest of the world. We are the best customers of Brazil, and Brazil has little from us. Now Brazil is promoting, financing and maintaining a trust designed, and working effectively for the purpose, to compel American consumers to pay an exorbitant price for the coffee they use. What is the remedy?—Scientific Post-Intelligence—Nov. 19, 1911.

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It is absolutely free from any harmful substance, such as "caffeine" (the drug in coffee), to which so much of the nervousness, biliousness and indigestion of today are due. Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use Postum because they know from experience the harm that coffee drinking causes.

Boil it according to directions (that's easy) and it will become clear to you why—

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Man Arises With Protest

Unfortunate Individual Thinks He Has a Grievance Against Society as at Present Organized.

The following incident may be commended to the attention of the society for the promotion of equal rights for men. If there is no such society there ought to be and shall be. A deprived looking man carrying in his arms a young baby applied to an eastern ma-

strator for advice. He stated that his wife was in the habit of leaving him for many days at a time in the pursuit of happiness, and the care of the baby consequently devolved upon him, to the ruin of his business. Would the honorable magistrate please explain that the law would not. The government of the country in such matters was carrying in its arms a young baby applied to an eastern ma-

of men. The husband asked if he might have a maintenance order on behalf of the child. No, he might not. Maintenance orders were in favor of women only. Persons who had been so ill-advised as to select the male sex at birth must take the consequences, and it was to be hoped that the applicant had now learned a lesson. He would stand him in good stead next time. For this only he might consider that he left the court without a stain upon his character, but upon his next appearance the court would deal less mercifully with him. Just at this moment the infant awoke and demanded nourishment. Finding that nature was unaware of the new order of things and that its father was ill-equipped for purposes of provender, it raised its voice in sturdy remonstrance and the applicant was hustled into the street by the indignant usher and was last seen making his way disconsolately to the river.—Exchange.

St. dies now are engraved by electricity.