

DAVENPORT PLEADS FOR ANIMALS TORTURED TO MAKE MAN'S PLEASURE

VII. STARVED TO SAVE MONEY.

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It is easy to believe that Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, the great actress, was moved to tears by the sights she saw from the car windows as she was crossing the continent during the winter months. Mrs. Fiske deserves great credit for her courage in being the pioneer in a crusade against the rich cattle range owners of the West. I am glad to join her as a weak understudy to help point the finger of shame, if it is possible, at the millionaire who would rather let one-third of his cattle suffer and starve to death than spend a little money for their protection.

The big cattlemen of the West are a queer class. They make vast fortunes from their herds with little expense; none, in fact, in the way of feed or shelter. There is an element of the gambler in their makeup. If it is a light winter their profits are enormous, for the next season's grass without cost makes their cattle fat. If the winter is a hard one, with lots of snow, and the cows and their calves die by thousands—that is part of the game. At the worst, no

money is wasted in furnishing food and shelter for the herds. Pastured on lands illegally owned in many instances, herded by the wolves that feed upon the calves and older and weaker cows, the only expense is a few stock bulls and some of the cheapest salt. But a hundred thousand tons of wild hay could be cut and stacked with little cost. This, while it would save the calves by the hundreds of thousands, would be spending money when perhaps a very "open" winter would bring a pretty good percentage of their cattle through alive, though with cruel suffering.

You wonder, as Mrs. Fiske wonders, that, when some of these cattle kings are wintering in the art galleries of Paris and New York, paying for a single picture what would have saved 20,000 mother cows and calves, they are not confronted by a mental picture of a starving herd—the once beautiful calf dead from hunger and cold, the mother displaying the true love that only mothers have, trying to protect the corpse of her baby from the wolves.

No imagination could overdraw the suffering of these homeless cattle. At winter's first warning they wander bellowing mile after mile, hoping that, though nature has failed to provide, their owner has not forgotten them. They wander, wasting the strength that they will need so much before spring comes. They are followed by the wolves eager for the younger calves. They call, but no answer comes save from the wolf and coyote. The snow pelts them in the face and they bunch and wait through the long nights, their bodies nourished only by the flesh stored when the grass was good.

They find the watering hole where they used to quench their thirst, but alas, that is frozen over; at every turn the wolves, like ghosts, are always eying them. Winter grows more severe. They die from starvation or are killed by the great wolves. Spring is slow in coming.

All this time their wealthy owners are mildly interested as to what percentage of cattle "got through."

NEXT WEEK IN HISTORY.

JULY 28.

456—Theodosius the Younger, Roman emperor, died.
1823—Mannasseh Cutler, projector of the colony at Marietta, O., died in Hamilton, Mass.
1833—Commodore William Bainbridge, an American naval officer, distinguished in the war of 1812, died, born at Princeton, N. J., 1774.
1844—Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I. and ex-king of Naples, died at Florence, born 1768.
1875—Hans Christian Andersen, Danish poet and novelist, died, born 1806.
1894—Cardinal Ledochowski, an old and determined enemy of Bismarck, died at Lucerne, born 1825.
1902—Jehan Georges Vibert, noted French artist, died, born 1840.
1904—Japanese land forces attacked the Russian works at Port Arthur.

JULY 29.

1823—William Wilberforce, English philanthropist, died, born 1759.
1857—Dr. Thomas Dick, Scotch philosopher, died, born 1774.
1862—The Confederate cruiser Alabama slipped out of the river Mersey under pretext of making a trial trip and set out on her career as a commerce destroyer.
1867—Charles Anthon, an American classical scholar, died in New York; born there 1797.
1894—John A. McDougal, a once famous artist and friend of Poe, Willis and Irving, died at Newark, N. J.; born 1837.
1898—Dr. William Pepper, noted educator at the head of the University of Pennsylvania, died at Pleasanton, Cal.
1899—Guernan Blanco, ex-president of Venezuela, died in Paris.

JULY 30.

718—William Penn died at Rusecombe, in Berkshire, England; buried at Jordan in Buckinghamshire; born Oct. 14, 1644.
1760—The last three gates of old London city—Dow gate, Billingsgate and St. John's gate—were torn away and all distinctions of trade, etc., abolished.
1765—Capt. James Cook sailed from Deptford on the first of his three famous voyages.
1894—Walter Pater, an eminent English author and essayist, died at Oxford, born 1839.
1896—Elizabeth Stansbury Kirkland, noted educator, died in Chicago.
1898—Blumhardt, ex-chancellor of the German empire, died at Friedrichsruh, born 1814.
1906—John Lawrence Toole, noted English comedian, died at Brighton, England; born 1820.

JULY 31.

653—Martin Hapertson van Tromp, famous Dutch admiral, was killed and his fleet annihilated in an engagement near Texel.
1777—Lafayette began active service in the American army.

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WAYS THAT MEN PROPOSE.

THE Amateur sociologist said: "The impassioned declaration of love and the hetup proposals of marriage as made by the lovely young male pieces of work in the novels had always impressed me as being most grotesquely overdrawn. I could not picture the lovely young male pieces of work saying such things to girls who were not insane."

"So I instituted some quiet inquiries among my married friends for the purpose of ascertaining whether any of these idiotic manifestations had happened to them at their mating time. I am giving you the result of these investigations."

"The first man I tackled was the head clerk in a grocery store and he'd been going with the girl for a year and a half when it happened. On Sunday afternoon he took a walk with her."

"Aggie," he said to her after they'd been looking at some marked down refrigerators in a furniture store window, the old man boosted my pay to thirty a week last night. Guess we ought to be able to scuddle along on thirty a week, hadn't we?"

"Well, I should say," was Aggie's offhand reply. "There are thousands of folks in New York who live mightily comfortably on half of thirty a week, and—"

"And the date of that wedding was immediately arranged."

"Next man, clerk in an insurance office, had been going with her for about eight months. There were two or three others in the field against him, but he was game enough to take a gambler's chance. They were at a show one night and between the first and second acts he leaned over to her and said:

"Say, Hazel, where did I stand with you, anyhow?"

"Now, pull-lease, Jim, don't get sentimental," she replied.

"But, Hazel," he persisted, "I'm getting pretty anxious to find out, you know. I don't know now whether I'm in or out. You know where you stand with me all right, don't you?"

"Well, wouldn't it only be the fair thing for you to put me wise as to where I—"

"Oh, I don't know that you have any occasion to worry," was her reply, and that, of course, was enough for him. The date was fixed a couple of evenings later.

"The third friend of mine whom I tackled on this investigation was a short-hand man in a broker's office, and he'd been calling on her about three times a week, taking her out, too, with considerable regularity, for a period covering about a year. One evening he was sitting on the front steps with her when she said to him:

"Say, Charlie, guess who ran away and got married last week? Edith Elar-something?"

"That so?" said he. "Well, say Edith, how good on the run are you?"

"That it was fixed."

a car ride when they passed a tidy apartment house in course of construction and nearly completed.

"Saw the plans of those flats a few days ago," he said to her nonchalantly. "They're daisies—best arranged I ever saw. Burlap walls and all that. Mighty cheap, at that—only fifty a month for the best of 'em, and there is an elevator, too."

"I just love red burlap for the dining-room of a flat, don't you?" was her reply.

"That was good enough for him, and he fled his caveat then and there."

"Sixth friend of mine I asked to help me out on this investigation was a gay bachelor of 36 when it happened. He'd been captivated by the good breeding, high character and strong common sense of his typewriter girl. Made up his mind that he'd like to marry her. Had it doped out that she liked him pretty well but wasn't certain about her having him. In spite of his pretty moderate good looks and his considerable business prosperity. So one day he touched the button that summoned her into his private office for a dictation. She appeared promptly, notebook in hand.

"Er—I didn't call you for a dictation, Miss Rapkewitz," he said to her, rising from his seat and bowing to her most deferentially as he placed a chair for her. "I want to ask you if you'll marry me."

"Naturally enough she appeared overwhelmed, but she didn't say anything about it being so sudden or anything of that kind. She respected the man and more than liked him. She said yes before leaving his private office, and they're one of the happiest pairs I know."

"I think," concluded the Amateur Sociologist, "that these few random cases which I quote, the results, as I say, on careful investigation along this most definitely indicate that the dubious junk as to declarations and proposals set down in the fiction books simply does not go. They don't kneel, they don't bow the air, they don't crawl on their stomachs. They just ask them like sensible human beings. They're glad if they get 'em and they take their models as a rule like little men if they're turned down."—New York Sun.

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PRAIRIE SCHOONER BOUND FOR BROADWAY.

Ezra Meeker, who sought the wild and woolly west in 1852 as skipper, first mate and crew of a "prairie schooner," is making his first return trip and is on his way to Oyster Bay in the identical ox-wagon which carried him "Westward-ho!" more than half a century ago. Mr. Meeker located at Puyallup, Washington, where he has a fine farm. He is an ardent admirer of President Roosevelt and will ask him to memorialize Congress to appropriate money for making a national highway of the old trail which was blazed out by the pioneers of long ago. The old man expects to call on the president some time during July.

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