

**SPRING AND AUTUMN.**

God in His heart made autumn for the young,  
That they might learn to accept the approach of  
age  
In golden woods and starry ox-eye  
And valleys fill with azure mist o'erhanging.  
For over Death a radiant veil He flung,  
That thus the inevitable herings  
Might come revealed in beauty, and assuage  
The dread with which the heart of youth is wrung.  
And for the consolation of the old  
He made the delicate, swift, tumultuous spring;  
That every year they might again behold  
The image of their youth in everything  
And bless the fruit trees flowering in the cold  
Whose harvest is not for their gathering.  
—Sime. D. Brewster.

**FOWLS BY THE THOUSANDS.**

**A BRANCH OF PACKING THAT HAS DEVELOPED RAPIDLY.**

**Kansas City Now Supplies Chicken, Duck, Goose and Turkey to the Tables of Eastern Epicures—Four Thousand and Fowls in One Room.**

The good hotels of the country have been getting better each year. The most notable change, perhaps, has been in the cuisine. It used to be unusual, even in the best, to be served with broiled spring chickens, venison, frogs' legs and tender young turkeys. In many places delicacies of that kind could not be had. But the rapid advancement of the science of refrigeration has made it possible for the steward of a hotel in the Mojave desert to serve meats that not long ago were seen only on the tables of hotels in large cities and at swell restaurants.

The great meat packing establishments of Kansas City at first received orders from hotel stewards for beef and pork tenderloins, and similar cuts of meat which their local butchers could not supply. These were packed in boxes with ice and shipped by express. When refrigerator cars came into use hotel men, who wished to serve the best meats to their guests, ordered all kinds of meats from the packers directly, and then included in their orders

as large as that conducted by the Armour's must necessarily be interesting. The slaughter of the family hen for the family dinner by either of the time honored customs of "wringing the neck or decapitation magnified 10,000 times in a day seems startling, but the operation at the packing house is simplicity itself. About 100 persons are employed in killing and dressing fowls and at least fifty families are provided with the necessities of life and a few of the luxuries by reason of this addition to the meat packing plant.

When a carload of cackling Kansas fowls is switched up to the back door of the packing house the coops are taken out and weighed, and the birds are turned into a large room



THE STEAMING SCALDING TUBS.

with slatted partitions that run up to the ceiling. Great roosts full of dejected hens greet the new comers and as coopful after coopful of new arrivals is sent fluttering among them the din is almost deafening. In this room were about 4,000 fowls of all descriptions and sizes, big Shanghai roosters with hoarse voices and thick legs, and modest little pullets which are too frightened and confused to do more than stand on one leg and wonder what the convention is all about. Ducks with draggled plumage waddle about on the dirty floor and scramble and push for a place at the water trough, turkeys solemnly stand on one leg and work their long necks back and forth and occasionally add their strident voices to the general din.

Upstairs are three killing and dressing rooms full of busy men and women preparing poultry for the tables of good people in the East, who will not know that they are eating a bird fattened on Kansas corn, and who probably would not care if the did know so long as the flesh is tender and sweet.

A dressing room is a steamy, warm, close smelling place in which men surround an electric light bulb and with swift moving hands pluck bunches of feathers from the birds. The men do most of the "dry picking," as it is called. A turkey, for instance, is hung by the legs to a cord attached to the ceiling. Its throat is slit and, while bleeding, the picker plucks it with amazing rapidity, first the breast, then the neck and thighs, after which it is swung around and the back is cleaned of its feathers. The tail and wing feathers are then carefully plucked and thrown into a pile, and the turkey, perhaps not quite dead, is taken down and handed to a girl, who is called a "pin-featherer." This girl pulls out all the small pinfeathers and cleans the bird in good style. Dry pickers are paid two cents apiece for chickens and five cents for turkeys, out of which they pay their "pinfeatherers" from seventy-five cents to \$1 a day, according to their expertness. Some of these dry pickers earn as much as \$5 a day. In another part of the room are the scalding tubs into which the fowls previously killed are thrown. A thick mist of sticky, misty steaming steam arises and obscures the waxy marking of the tables denuding the soaked chickens. It is an interesting fact that some of the girls so occupied formerly stood behind the counters of the big downtown dry goods stores from early morning dewy eye, selling ribbons and other feminine necessities for much less money than they can make unfeathering fowls at the packing house. At night all the feathers are carefully gathered, the breast feathers taken down to a steam

are placed in boxes and sold to the local markets, to be used in "dibbet stews" in happy homes, restaurants and hotels. The entrails, heads and legs go to the fertilizing vats. Nothing is lost save the skin and some days' genius will no preserve, even this in phonographs and used in farm yard scenes in Josh White's dramas.

A certain proportion of the fowls, those which do not so slightly and cannot pass as a first inspection as the really first class ones, go to the soup and canning departments. In the soup department they are boiled and made into what the housewife knows as "soup stock." In the canning department they are carefully boiled and seasoned, and portions of both white and dark meats put into a can which goes through the regular process of being hermetically sealed.

The freezing room is a veritable treasure house of frozen delicacies in the meat line. Beef tenderloins and choice cuts to the amount of 2 1/2 million pounds are stacked up like stove wood. Magnificent Mississippi and Arkansas deer, hanging head downward with antlers sweeping the floor, are awaiting shipment. One beautiful specimen, destined to make a Christmas feast for Southern bon vivants, was tagged to go to Macon, Ga. Black bears and sucking pigs hang in rows together. Piled to the ceiling were boxes labeled on the ends, "Mallards," "Teal," "Prairie Chicken," "Snipe," "Mixed Ducks," "Canvasbacks," etc., etc., in almost endless variety. There was a huge pile of boxes labeled, "Broilers, packed October 11, 1 1/2 pounds." In a corner frozen canvasbacks, jack snipe and quails lay in piles like coal and close against the wall wooden paus were piled full of frozen water in which were dozens of frogs' legs. The temperature of the room was 5 degrees above zero, and feet and ears suffered from the cold even in a hasty visit. The man in charge of the room lives in it all day and looks very "chilly" in a white linen coat and long white apron. Here were stored delicacies which may tickle the palates of good liver's next July, for they will be as good then as now.

And yet the business of packing fowls is only an infant. The Reid Packing company is building an addition to its plant which will have a capacity of 6,000 chickens daily and it is not at all unlikely that before long Kansas City will supply a good part of the world with chicken, turkey and duck as it does now with beef.

**SENATOR SHERMAN'S HOME.**

**A Plain, Old Fashioned House, on a Beautiful Knoll in Mansfield.**

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.  
The home of John Sherman is in the city of Mansfield, O., on the summit of one of the hills, from which is afforded the most picturesque view of the lovely valley of the Mohican, an infant rivulet which creeps and curls like a silver thread about the bases of the circled hills. This historic mansion, built



THE SHERMAN HOME AT MANSFIELD.

of brick, with native marble trimmings, and surrounded by shade trees, among which the Ohio buckeyes, or horse chestnuts predominate, is plain, old fashioned and as old as its style indicates. The old fence surrounding these grounds may be not inaptly termed historic, for it was with the excuse he had to mend this obstruction Senator Sherman was wont to leave his duties and go home when he had a brisk campaign in view. This habit of his gave rise to the well worn saying, "going home to mend his fences," when a politician leaves his capital for home about the time for calling the conventions. Opposite Senator Sherman's house is that of Michael D. Harter, one of the leading capitalists of the city, at present representing his district in congress.

**ONCE TAKEN FOR A BURGLAR.**

**A Story of the Man Who, It Is Said, Will Be Helen Gould's Husband.**

The statement made by a railroad man in St. Louis November 25, and extensively pub-

**"FRIENDS" AND ITS AUTHOR.**

**The Struggle Edward Milton Royle Had to Get His Play on the Stage.**

"Friends" will be played for the first time in Kansas City this week at the Coates to-night. The second Kansas City engagement of this somewhat remarkable play has not been as well patronized as the company had reason to expect, but Edward Milton Royle, author of the play and actor in the company, said to-day that he felt gratified by the fact that on each succeeding night the attendance had increased. Mr. Royle, by the way, was a Missouri boy, having been born at Lexington. His father was a lawyer and was in Price's army, and after the war went with his family to Colorado, and the man who wrote "Friends" said he rode across the Kansas prairies thirty years ago in a covered wagon. His home is now in Salt Lake City.

The number of people who have asked personally or by letter for copies of the poem called "Fate," recited in the first act by Marguerite Otto, is larger than ever and the requests have become so numerous that Mr. Royle has been compelled to ask one of the young ladies of the company to answer the requests. This is the poem:

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,  
And speak in different tongues, and take no thought  
Each of the other's being, and no heed;  
Yet these, o'er unknown seas and unknown lands  
Shall cross, o'er coming wreck, derving death,  
And all unconsciously share ever  
Amen each step and thought into this end,  
That one day, out of darkness as they shall meet  
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.  
And two shall walk some narrow way of life  
So closely side by side, that should one turn  
Even so little space from left to right  
They need, must stand acknowledged, face to face.  
Yet these with groping hands that never clasp,  
With wan and wistful eyes that never meet,  
With lips calling on ears that never hear,  
Stand wander all their dreary days unknown,  
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate.

"It is quite remarkable," said Mr. Royle, "the number of people who have claimed that poem as their own. In nearly every city where 'Friends' has been produced, men or women have come to me to say that they wrote the poem or knew who did write it. There is no question now in my mind that Susan Marr Spaulding wrote it and it is printed in a volume called 'The Wings of Icarus,' published by Roberts Bros. of Boston. Susan Marr Spaulding is an old lady living near Wilmington, Del. When I wrote to her about the success of the poem and told her how many had claimed its authorship, she replied in a charming letter and said she was gratified, but that she hardly knew how she came to write the verse. She said after she had written it she often wondered if she hadn't unconsciously taken the idea from something she had read."

Mr. Royle then fell to talking about "Friends" and how he came to write the play. "Mr. Henderson," he said, "who plays the part of Adrian Karje, and I were friends of long standing. He was a musician and we often wondered if we couldn't find a play in which we might appear together and in which he might employ his skill as a musician. We couldn't find the play and I decided to make it. So I wrote 'Friends.' No one can know the difficulty I had in trying to get some one to take the play. I submitted it first to one manager and then to another and it was always the same answer 'unavailable.' I don't believe they all read it. I know one of the most prominent managers in New York who had it couldn't have read it for after he had kept the manuscript a few weeks he handed it back to me with the remark, 'The people don't want recent wives in their plays now a days. I never supposed there was a recent wife in my play and I was convinced that man hadn't read it through. I determined to produce the play myself and appealed to a good uncle in Denver who had money and who agreed to back a New York production. Well I had to almost lay a theater there. I engaged the Standard and after paying all expenses an enormous sum I was confronted with the empty theater with all the accessories of the play house met supplied. The people told me it wouldn't do to appear in my own play, though I was some of the best of an actor, and wanted to. They said the critics would say this young person from the West wants the earth, so I got a good company and engaged a capable actor to play the part I now play myself. The day for the first performance came and this gentleman on account of illness had been unable to commit his lines to memory and the last minute I was compelled to go on myself to play in the performance that was to make or break my play. The first act was fearful. The second began to have some effect and the third was better and the show succeeded. I didn't sleep any that night and the production of the play in New York nearly killed me. The worry and excitement of an original New York production is fearful. The New York performance was not the first of 'Friends.' It was first produced by a company of amateurs in Salt Lake City, my home. Mr. Henderson and I had gone out there from New York to spend the summer and I had the manuscript and conceived the idea of making a trial of the thing. I believed after the performance that the play would go and I re-



DRY-PICKERS AT WORK.

fish, chickens and game, which the packers purchased on the market and shipped with the meats. Orders for fowls of all kinds increased so in volume that about two months ago the Armour Packing company established a plant for killing and dressing fowls, under the superintendence of H. E. Finney.

The business of killing chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese has grown amazingly, until to-day the output of this one plant is from five to ten thousand fowls a day. This means a good steady market for the pets of the farmers' wives and the more ambitious chicken farms in Western Missouri and the state of Kansas.

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A reporter for THE STAR asked Mr. Finney the other day where all these fowls were marketed, and received this reply: "Our market is largely in the East and South. Until recently Western poultry was quoted at from one to two cents a pound less than Eastern poultry, for the reason that Western farmers paid no attention to their fowls, and the shippers were not particular in their method of killing and dressing. For instance, people in Boston must have their chickens and turkeys dressed with heads off and feet on, for the fowls will bring a price lower by five cents a pound than if properly dressed. Poultry for the New York market must be dressed with equal care. We now compete favorably with the shippers of Michigan, Massachusetts and Ohio, and our poultry is pushing the famous Philadelphia capon for first place on the tables of Eastern epicures. The poultry business in the West is increasing each year. There is more poultry in the country this year than ever before, probably due to the World's fair, which caused farmers' wives all over the country to set more hens and care for more chicks, anticipating the demand for them in Chicago. The growth of refrigerator transportation makes the export of large quantities of dressed poultry possible, and makes Kansas City an unrivaled market for fowls. The poultry business in the neighborhood of Kansas City should be very profitable, as climate and the low price of grain are factors in its favor. The only trouble we have is that occasionally country shippers get

Dry picked chickens are treated in the same way. Dry pickers are paid two cents apiece for chickens and five cents for turkeys, out of which they pay their "pin-featherers," from seventy-five cents to \$1.25 a day, according to their expertness. Some of these dry pickers earn as much as \$5 a day. In another part of the room are the scalding tubs into which the fowls previously killed are thrown. A thick mist of sticky, musty smelling steam arises and obscures the women working at the tables denuding the soaked chickens. It is an interesting fact that some of the girls so occupied formerly stood behind the counters of the big uptown dry goods stores from early morn till dewy eve, selling ribbons and other feminine necessities for much less money than they can make unfeathering fowls at the packing house. At night all the feathers are carefully gathered, the breast feathers taken down to a steam ren-



DRESSING POULTRY FOR SHIPMENT.

ovator in which they are steamed and cleaned and afterwards dried. They bring four to five cents a pound for chicken feathers, and thirty-five to fifty cents a pound for prime duck and goose feathers. The wing feathers are carefully sorted by girls into bunches containing common wing feathers, prime wings, and "pointers." These are made into feather dusters, the pointers being used to stiffen the brushes and give them strength. The fowls are taken to the cooling room where they are hung on racks and the animal heat gradually taken from them. The entrails are left within them and are not removed until the time comes to pack them for shipment, as some markets prefer the fowls drawn, others undrawn. In the long cooling rooms they hang "beautiful and white in death" under the cold glare of the electric lights. The smell of the room is sweet and nutty and the birds look clean and appetizing.

When the time comes for shipment they are taken to the packing room. There the packers and dressers give them the final touches which distinguish them as properly dressed fowls when they reach the Eastern markets. No ice is placed in the boxes to be shipped East, while the Southern markets call for ice in the boxes.

A shipment is to be made to Boston, for instance, and large, clean packing cases are prepared and lined with sheets of bright manilla paper. The dressers pick out clean white birds of uniform size, which are taken to the chopping blocks. The heads are cut off, the necks tied up, the entrails are drawn and the cavity cleaned, and the legs, being left on, are tied together. Then the packer takes them and carefully places them in the boxes so that they will not get bruised and rubbed in transportation. The boxes are then stenciled on the end in the following fashion:

Sixteen Young Turkeys,  
 Gross weight, 4184.  
 Tare, 24.  
 Net weight, 4170.

The boxes are then taken to the freezing room, where in a temperature of a few degrees above zero, the birds are frozen hard and stiff, and if left in this condition would keep sweet for an indefinite time. They are transported in refrigerator cars and when they reach the consumer a day or so after they have been killed they are as sweet as tender. Nothing goes to waste in the dressing room. The bloody gizzards and the toothsome liver

is, is plain, old fashioned and as old as the Nile indicates. The old fence surrounding these grounds may be not imply terroir historic, for it was with the excuse he had to mend this obstruction Senator Sherman was wont to leave his duties and go home when he had a brisk campaign in view. This habit of his gave rise to the well worn saying, "going home to mend his fences," when a politician leaves his capital for home about the time for calling the conventions. Opposite Senator Sherman's house is that of Michael P. Harter, one of the leading capitalists of the city, at present representing his district in congress.

**ONCE TAKEN FOR A BURGLAR.**

**A Story of the Man Who, It Is Said, Will Be Helen Gould's Husband.**

The statement made by a railroad man in St. Louis November 25, and extensively published, that Miss Helen Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, is to marry L. S. Thorne, third vice president and general superintendent of the Texas & Pacific railway, with headquarters at Dallas, Tex., has not been publicly denied by Mr. Thorne or Miss Gould. The story of Mr. Thorne's experiences as a railroad man in Kansas City twenty years ago, was recently published in THE STAR and has brought out the fact that Mr. Thorne was shot by a stupid deputy sheriff in Wyandotte one frosty morning at 3 o'clock about twenty years ago. Thorne was conductor of a Kansas Pacific freight train running between Kansas City and Junction City, Kas. He lived at the home of William Parr, at the corner of Fourth street and Kansas avenue, now State Line avenue, in Kansas City, Kas. The house has since been converted into Dunning's opera house. Mr. Thorne was making his way to the Kansas Pacific freight yards one morning to take out his train when Theodore Moore, a deputy sheriff, saw him and concluding that he must be a burglar took a shot at him. The wound was not dangerous and Thorne soon recovered and went to Texas, where he began his remarkable career with the Texas & Pacific.

**The Queen's Guard of Honor.**

From the Pall Mall Gazette.  
During the queen's residence at Balmoral there are frequent allusions in the official court circular to her majesty's guard of honor. The fact is that the queen is really "guarded" at Balmoral by a few men of the A division of the metropolitan police, and the same arrangement prevails at Osborne. The soldiers never come near Balmoral, but they are kept nine miles away, at Balfater, where their duty is to attend at the railway station when royal personages arrive or depart. The guard (about fifty men and three officers) is usually furnished by the regiment stationed at Edinburgh castle. The practice of sending a military guard to Deeside while the queen is at Balmoral was begun about 1897. The soldiers were originally billeted on the villagers at Balfater, but this arrangement was uncomfortable for them and inconvenient to the inhabitants, so the present barracks were built by the government.

**Busy Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.**

From the New York Press.  
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is about the busiest woman in New York at present, for she has the new palace to put in order in addition to her regular duties as social leader and dispenser of charity. This lady does not allow her husband's wealth to be spent extravagantly. She can drive a bargain very well, as many New York tradesmen have learned to their cost. The large sums of money given by her for benevolent purposes have led to an impression that she is free with her money, or rather her husband's money. This impression is erroneous. The children of Cornelius Vanderbilt have very little money spent upon them considering their station. The more youthful ones take their outings in Central park more or less regularly and romp about in clothes not a bit more costly than those worn by the sons and daughters of well to do business men.



THE "PIN-FEATHER" QUIZ.

careless in making shipments. For instance a farmer will ship fifteen coops of chickens in a car, and will put his name on one coop and send us an invoice for fifteen. We recognize the one coop with his name on as coming from him, but the other fourteen may belong to Tom, Dick or Harry for all we know. We have told them repeatedly that their names should be on every package, but they come in unmarked and we get blamed for not making for an indefinite time. They are transported in refrigerator cars and when they reach the consumer a day or so after they have been killed they are as sweet as tender. Nothing goes to waste in the dressing room. The bloody gizzards and the toothsome liver

company and through an capable actor to play the part I now play myself. The day for the first performance came and this gentleman on account of illness had been unable to contact his lines to memory and the last minute I was compelled to go on myself to play in the performance that was to make or break my play. The first act was fearful. The second began to have some effect and the third was better and the show succeeded. I didn't sleep any that night and the production of the play in New York nearly killed me. The worry and excitement of an original New York production is fearful. The New York performance was not the first of "Friends." It was first produced by a company of amateurs in Salt Lake City, my home. Mr. Henderson and I had gone out there from New York to spend the summer and I had the manuscript and conceived the idea of making a trial of the thing. I believed after the performance that the play would go and I rebuilt it and set about arranging for the New York production.

Mr. Royle's fate as an aspirant for literary fame was cruel at first. He went through the "crushing" process. He talked for one hour yesterday in a sympathetic way about the thousands of young men and women who are trying to get on in the world of literature. "They work hard and study and worry and finally offer their work to some manager or publisher," he said, "and I doubt if half the productions are ever read and if half the men who read such things are capable. Conventional rules the literary world now and I can tell you in a way what the contents of Harper's Scribner's or the Century will be next month, and any other man who is familiar with these magazines can do the same."

**The Industrial Uphaval Did Not Occur.**

From the New York Financial Chronicle.  
We have had since the Wilson bill was made public another interesting illustration of how the stock market is wont to discount the future. No subject has been more talked about on Wall street during the last few weeks than tariff revision; the claim was that as soon as a bill having that purpose in view was formulated and legislation threatening to disturb existing rates began to be agitated, there would be a general industrial upheaval, in which the stock market would be sure to suffer severely. Just the reverse has happened, so far at least as affecting the surface of stock exchange affairs. The bill referred to had no sooner appeared than values of all good railroad properties began to strengthen and the market had a better tone ever since. The explanation of this change is that Wall street anticipates the prospective tariff legislation as promising to be much less radical than many had forecast it; hence the publication relieved the market of the pressure these exaggerated rumors had exerted and gave opportunity to the improving industrial conditions to have more influence on stock values.

**London Barmaids.**

From the Pall Mall Budget.  
Barmaids are more numerous in London than in any other part of the British kingdom. In Ireland they are only employed in hotels, the American system of prevailing of serving intoxicating liquors by men only. In Scotland few barmaids are employed except in hotels, restaurants and railway bars. The proportion of women employed in public houses to the number of houses is, in some parts of London, 77 per cent. The principal hardship is the long hours worked, especially in hotels and at seaside bars in the season. A total of 105 hours a week for \$12.7 a year and board is instances. Others with shorter hours have less salary and complain that they are compelled to spend most of their pay on dress. Temperance hotels are little different from others, but temperance refreshment rooms are, as a rule, worked with some regard to the reasonable shortening of hours.

**Girls With \$5 Millions Each.**

John D. Rockefeller's two daughters are likely to inherit at least \$5 millions each.

**AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS - WORLD'S FAIR.**

**DR. PRICE'S**  
**Cream Baking**

The only...  
Made in... of