

STERLING CITY NEWS-RECORD

VOL. XIII,

STERLING CITY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1913.

NO. 2

TEXAS BREVITIES

The town of Eddy will hold an election on March 15 for the purpose of operating that place.

The new government building at El Paso is expected to be ready for occupancy by April 1.

Waterworks bond issue carried at last week with but nine dissenting votes.

A movement is in progress at Marshall to secure a cannery factory for that city.

Plans have been advised for the new federal building at that city which will probably begin this year.

Plans have been completed for the erection of a new Baptist church at El Paso for cost about \$16,000. The building will be of brick and work will start at once.

A home oil and gas company has been organized at Chickasha, Okla., with a capital of \$150,000. Plans are to drill four holes 2,500 feet deep near there.

The county commissioners of Abilene have called an election for March 15 to vote on an issue of \$150,000 bonds for the purpose of erecting a court house for the county there.

Parties have leased about 25,000 acres of land near Paducah, and will soon begin sinking a well to test the oil prospects in that section.

The bonds voted last December for waterworks and sewerage for Cavanaugh have been sold and it is reported that work will begin within thirty days on the installation of the system.

The First Guaranty State Bank and Trust company at Ennis has about completed their building and arrangements are perfected for the opening of business about March 1.

The Frisco railway system has located one of its ten-acre demonstration farms in Comanche county, near the town of Comanche. About fifty farms of this nature have been established along the railroad along its system and this is the only one in Texas. It is estimated that 125 different varieties of plants will be planted for demonstration purposes.

It is learned that the United States most recently has increased the public building of things appropriation bill \$10,000 for the construction of the postoffice building at El Paso. The appropriation was increased by \$50,000.

The commissioners court of Midland county has a move on foot for the purpose of issuing bonds for road improvements in that county. A proposed issue of \$50,000 is being considered.

"If I had my way about this Mexican trouble I would let the entire matter rest in the hands of the government of this state and the citizens of Texas and they would see that matters in that country were settled. You people of Texas handled the Mexican situation once before and did it with credit and you can do it again to perfection," said Commodore A. V. Wadsworth, United States navy, retired, to 2,500 people who attended the municipal entertainment in Houston the other night. His remarks were greeted with applause, the demonstration lasting several minutes.

Sanger Brothers have let the contract for an addition to their wholesale warehouse in Waco that will cost about \$75,000.

Citizens from different sections of Texas and Oklahoma met last week at Byers in a good roads meeting to arrange for the finishing of the bridge across Red river in order to obtain the international highway from Winnipeg, Canada, to the gulf. Sufficient funds were pledged and preliminary work was authorized to be started.

The dates for the next annual Fat Stock Show at Fort Worth have been set for March 8-15. This is an event eagerly looked for by stockmen all over the Southwest.

The merchants and business men of Chickasha, Okla., have raised \$2,500 for a commercial club and for the organization of a farm improvement association. A farming expert will be employed who will give his attention to the betterment of the crop condition in that county.

W. T. McGuire of Italy claims the distinction of owning the oldest horse in the state. The animal is now thirty-nine years old and said to be hale and hearty.

The Aspermont Water company has been incorporated and have let a contract for the building of a reservoir near that place that will have a capacity of 100,000,000 gallons of water and will cover 150 acres. Work is to begin about March 1 and is to be completed by July 1.

A WEEK'S WORLD NEWS

ITEMS OF IMPORTANCE CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING.

STATE, NATIONAL, FOREIGN

Affairs Given Here in Tabloid Form for Busy Readers in City and Country.

The Central Baptist church of Jacksonville has decided to erect a church building at an early date to cost \$12,500.

The grand opera committee of Dallas has secured a charter under the laws of Texas for the purpose of the promotion of painting, music and other fine arts, with no capital stock.

Voters of Hennessy, Okla., have authorized the issuance of bonds to the amount of \$15,000 for the purpose of erecting a new school building and repairing the old one at that place.

The executive board of the East Texas Fair at Tyler has employed an architect to draw plans and specifications for an auditorium with a seating capacity of 3,000, a grand stand of 3,500 capacity, merchants art and craft building and a large agricultural and horticultural exhibit hall. Work will soon start on a one-mile race track.

According to the recommendations of State Fire Marshall Wallace English a total of \$26,713 is needed to provide adequate fire protection at the State Agricultural and Mechanical college. This does not include amounts necessary to install spiral fire escapes at each dormitory, as recommended in the report, nor the employment of four students to be on duty in charge of apparatus "at all times."

To guard against the introduction of plague and yellow fever into the United States through tropical fruit importation between April and November, Surgeon Gen. Blue of the public health service has ordered Surgeon J. H. White of New Orleans to the Central American and West Indian ports to inspect health conditions and precautions.

It is clear that the National administration is reflecting the rather general sentiment of sympathy for Ex-President Madero, and has taken prompt steps to lay before the provisional administration of Mexico its most earnest wish that the life of the deposed president may be spared. For some reason it is being made to appear that the plea for Madero's return made on initiative and responsibility of Ambassador Wilson himself and that his action meets with the approval of the president, whereas, there is good reason for believing that Washington initiated the request for humane treatment for Madero.

Americans have invested 25 per cent more capital in Mexican enterprises than the Mexicans themselves and more than twice as much as all other nations combined, according to estimates made in authoritative financial circles in New York. Various estimates of the total of American investments ranged from \$600,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. An expert, who is in touch with all Central and South American countries, placed his estimate as follows: "American capital, \$1,000,000,000; Mexican capital, \$733,000,000; English capital, \$320,000,000; French capital, \$143,000,000; other capital, \$118,000,000."

Former Lieut. Gov. T. B. Wheeler, of Arkansas Pass, died Friday morning in San Antonio, where he had gone for medical treatment.

Chancellor John Allison has given his decision in the Vanderbilt university case in Nashville, Tenn., involving the right of the board of trustees to elect its own members. The decision was a sweeping one in favor of the college of bishops of the Southern M. E. church as against the board of trustees.

Work has commenced in Brownwood on the different subways by the Santa Fe railroad.

One hundred Christians were massacred by Turkish troops in the village of Kenamino, according to dispatches to the Bulgarian government. Similar massacres are reported to have occurred throughout the Chatalja district, a large portion of which has been left unprotected by the partial withdrawal of the Bulgarian troops.

Turkish soldiers attempted to assassinate, and succeeded in badly wounding, Enver Bey, the Young Turk leader. A news agency dispatch by wireless from Constantinople says that Enver was stabbed several times, but gives no further details.

Elaborate preparation are being made for the second annual turkey trot at Cuero. The event will be held in September and it is planned to greatly enlarge the scope of the affair.

More than 2,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock are in motion along the Panama canal and the slides are showing more than usual activity. Besides the additional work incident to the slides there still remains about 4,000,000 yards of excavation before the work is completed. On or about Oct. 1 the water will be turned into the canal bed, for by that time it will have risen behind the great dam at Gamboa to a height of seventy-four feet above sea level.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette, met with a mixed reception at a meeting the other night in the Chelsea Town Hall, in London, under the auspices of the Woman's Social and Political union. When Mrs. Pankhurst appeared on the platform she was greeted with groans, hisses, yells and cheering, and only a large force of police in the hall prevented the hostile section of the audience attacking her.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst's assumption of full responsibility for the bomb explosion at Lloyd George's country residence and her confession that she conspired with and incited her followers to carry out the scheme have been seized upon by the London authorities as the grounds for her prosecution. Law officers of the Crown have taken steps toward bringing a criminal charge. Half a dozen suffragette window smashers were sentenced to six months' imprisonment. All of them pledged themselves to a hunger strike.

A combination express and baggage car of the "Owl" train leaving Dallas for the south Friday night took fire, caused by an explosion, while only a few miles south of that place and was soon consumed after it had been placed on a siding at Wilmer. The car was of steel construction and was valued at about \$6,000. It was practically a total loss together with the express and baggage, which is estimated was valued at another \$1,000. Two messengers were burned, but not seriously because of the accident, which they were unable to account for.

The Burnett-Dillingham immigration bill, vetoed by President Taft because it imposed a literary test upon immigrants, was passed over the president's veto in the senate by a vote of 12 to 8. The overwhelming majority given at the end of a short debate in which President Taft's attitude was vigorously attacked has strengthened the probability that the bill be passed over the veto in the house when it is called.

F. V. Munson, who was honored with the title of "Chevalier de Merite Agon," by the French government because of his superior knowledge of grape culture, is dead at his home in Denison. He was said to be one of the greatest authorities on the culture of grapes in the world. He was the originator of the grape that is said to successfully combat disease.

A bill has been passed by the Oklahoma legislature reducing the railroad fare in that state from three cents per mile to two and one-half cents. Oklahoma's 2c fare, which went into effect with adoption of the state constitution six years ago, is pending before the federal court upon a temporary injunction in junction, and according to statements made on the senate floor, is quite likely to remain in that condition until the two-cent cases arising in other states reach the court of appeals, so that all might be determined at one time. The federal court on preliminary hearing held that a rate of two cents per mile did not permit a fair return upon the value of the property involved and for the service rendered.

A new compress is to be erected at Kaufman that promises to be in operation by Sept. 1.

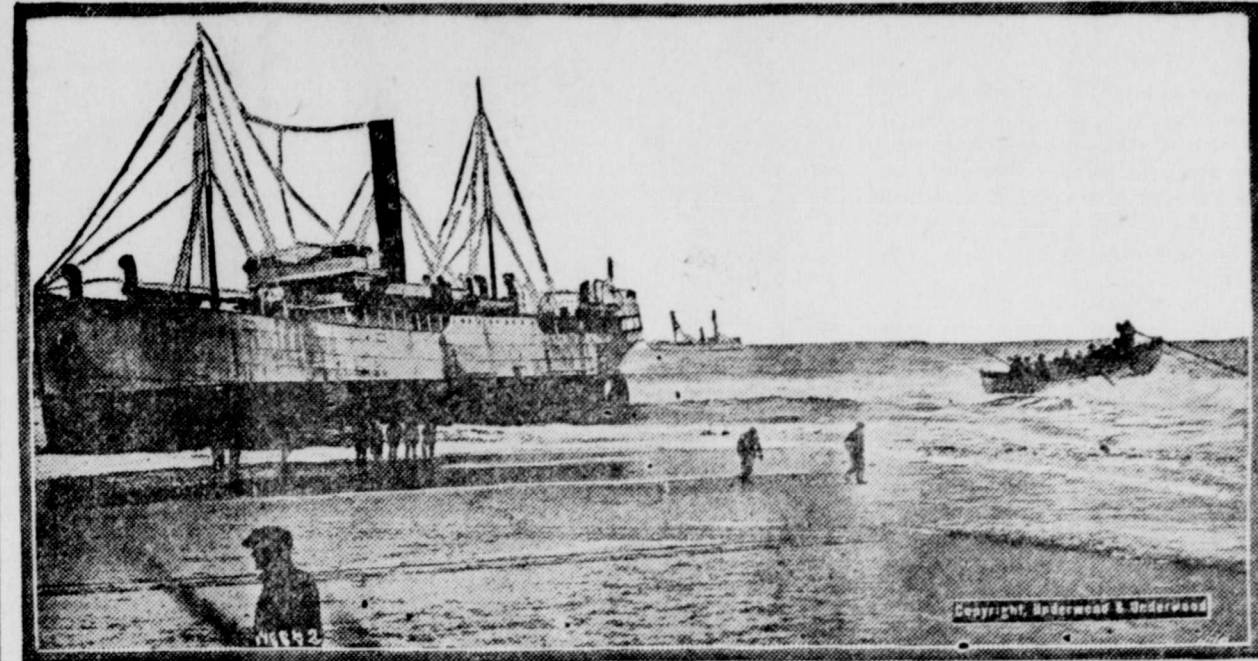
News of the Balkan war is becoming extremely meager. Dispatches from Constantinople are subjected to long delays and strict censorship. One of the cable routes has been in interrupted near Pera for several days. Enver Bey, who was reported to have been severely wounded by a would-be assassin, telegraphed to friends in London denying these reports.

After delaying his decision until the last hour of the last legislative day on which he could legally veto the bill amending the immigration laws, President Taft sent a message to the senate disapproving of the measure largely because of the educational test for immigrants which it contains. The bill formed a subject of discussion at the cabinet meeting, and when the president's advisers left the White House it was still uncertain what action he would take.

For the third time this month Miss Sylvia Pankhurst is under arrest. She was taken by the police while engaged with other suffragettes in window-breaking in the east end of London.

Juan N. Porras, known as "Kid" Porras, a rebel chief, and twenty of his followers were executed by Federalists at Hormigo's ranch, on the line of the Orient Railway near Chihuahua. The federalists also captured forty-seven other of the Porras command and took them to the state capital.

STEAMER DRIVEN ASHORE IN BLINDING STORM



In a recent blinding snowstorm the banana steamer Nicholas Cuneo, with a crew of thirty, was driven ashore in the "ships' graveyard," just west of Point Lookout, Long Island. The photograph shows the wrecked vessel and the revenue cutter Mohawk, which went to the aid of the life savers of Long Beach.

TELLS OF ATROCITIES

Writer Reveals Fiendish Acts Committed by Turks.

Bulgar Soldiers, Maddened by Treatment of Their Countrymen, Show Moslem Troops—Women Are Horribly Mutilated.

Kabakchea Village, near Tchatalja. Owing partly to the fear of bloody vengeance to come for the horrors of this war, partly to more natural causes, great migratory changes are taking place in that rich eastern section of Turkey in Europe through which the Bulgars swept on their hurricane storm to Tchatalja. Though from all appearances the old regime of murder, mutilation and injustice will soon be forever ended, the fearful Turkish population is moving southward again toward Asia Minor, whence it came, while the Bulgar peasants of the Tchatalja district are fleeing as nervously north. Amid these scenes of exodus, one is led to think it may yet not be too late to bring some order in the Balkan racial chaos.

Meanwhile, the Turks have waged the present conflict in their old style—burning, violating, massacring. Almost at the Bulgarian frontier the atrocious tale begins.

Well, the moment the war was declared the Turks began to loot and burn the Bulgar villages. But as the stern soldiers from the north pressed down, winning victory after victory, the Turkish population, perhaps rightly fearing vengeance in kind from the men who found their blood kin wronged and slain right and left, set off on a frantic migration to Constantinople, where they arrived in the pitiable state already known to the world. Of such Turks as stayed behind, the Bulgars felt forced to kill some. Others they put to work with the army transports, still others they left in peace, their villages intact, just as one finds also Bulgar villages intact—where the Turks did not have time to do a thorough job.

"We expected," said a Bulgar officer with whom I talked at Tchatalja, "to find a rich and plentiful country as we neared Constantinople. We found instead—what you see, nothing! Hardly a living being! Utter devastation!"

I met an old Bulgarian woman near Tchatalja who was the first Red Cross nurse upon the ground after the terrible destruction at Lule Burgas. She said that on her way to the field hospital she was sent to the succor of a Greek village where the Turks had scattered ruin. Unlock your western ears now, and hear the truth. She found young girls lying naked by the roadside nearly dead. She found children stricken down by careless sabers. A housewife had been murdered as she kneaded her bread, the dough still on her hands. And in a bloody sack the Turks had gathered—women's breasts!

It is not difficult to verify such stories. They are common knowledge here. The Bulgar peasant has no imagination. He tells what he sees. I will give one more example. According to the Mohammedan religion, pork is unclean and is forbidden. For a Turk to kill a pig is thus considered a special insult to a Christian. The advancing Bulgars found many pigs shot down or stabbed in farm yards.

The Bulgars began the war in a humane spirit, as such terms go in war time. But not a soldier in that army of 400,000 is ignorant now of certain fiendish evidence his comrades have witnessed. In the fighting at Tchatalja, the Bulgars, having advanced during the day, were frequently obliged to retire at night, leaving their wounded on the field.

When the next day's fortunes brought them again over the same ground they found only strayed bodies gruesomely hacked, while the officers' corpses had been mutilated in a way so much more disgusting than anything I have hitherto mentioned that I cannot even write of it. I think even kindly people in their tranquil homes across the world in America will understand the reason now, when I add that should the war continue, no more Turkish wounded will be sent north to be nursed in Bulgar hospitals.

WOMAN WRITES VOTE POEM

Verse May Aid Gladys Hinckley to Win Inez Milholland's Laurels; Male Imbecile Hunted.

Washington.—Miss Inez Milholland, you had better watch out. Miss Gladys Hinckley, Miss Milholland's closest rival for the title of the most "beautiful American suffragist," has enlisted poetry to her aid in the contest. She writes it herself. It is

FINDS MYSTERY OF THE DEEP
Steamer Discovers Bark but Fate of Captain and Crew is Like That of Celeste's.

Newport News, Va.—Another mystery of the deep, virtually paralleling the disappearance of the crew of the schooner Marie Celeste years ago, came to port with the British ketch steamer Roumanian.

The Marie Celeste was found at sea with a pot boiling in the galley, its captain's papers on the cabin table and every indication that men were aboard within a few hours of its discovery. Nothing, however, ever was heard of the skipper or crew.

The story of the Norwegian bark Remittent, with a crew of six, is equally strange. The Roumanian sighted the Remittent drifting near the Azores and took it in tow. The boat's deck planks, once hoisted to a glistening white, bore the marks of many feet, but there was no one aboard and nothing to explain the disappearance of the master and crew. In the cabin the lockfast places were undisturbed; charts and papers were secure. In the breaker there was fresh water; salt junk and biscuits were in the stores. A mainsail and two jibs were snugly furled and lifeboats swung in the davits.

In a gale 100 miles off Cape Henry, Captain Claridge lost the Remittent. No other ship has reported it since.

The Remittent was commanded by Captain Torgersen and sailed from Rio Grande do Sul Oct. 25 for Liverpool.

THIEF BETRAYED BY A PATCH

Seattle Woman Recognizes Handiwork She Put on Trussers and Bandit Is Taken.

Seattle, Wash.—Recognition last week by Mrs. William J. Mayorkick of a patch she had placed on the leg of her husband's trousers resulted in the arrest of two men and the recovery from the home of one of them a wagonload of articles stolen from Seattle homes. Charles Castro, from whose home the articles were recovered, was wearing the clothes, and said opposite Mrs. Mayorkick in a street car. When she questioned his right to the clothes he abused her and men passengers took him into custody and delivered him at police headquarters. Mayorkick's name was written on a pocket lining.

The other man arrested is Toney Donio, who was found in Castro's home. The police say he is a member of a "black hand" organization that has been terrorizing Seattle Italians and that he is wanted in Idaho to answer criminal charges.

ODD FACTS ABOUT HEREDITY

Color-Blindness Descends from Male to Female, or Vice Versa, Declares London Professor.

London.—Lecturing at the Royal Institute on "Heredity of Sex," Prof. Bateson relates some curious facts which have been discovered as a result of examining several generations of a family in which color-blindness appeared.

A color-blind woman, he said, is very rarely found and she always is a daughter of a color-blind man. Her sons and daughters would be normal, but if her daughter had sons, they would be found to be normal and color-blind in equal numbers.

A curious anomaly with reference to color-blindness appeared in twins. They were girls, exactly alike in appearance, but one was color-blind and the other was not. No explanation of this exception had been found. Prof. Bateson said there is a popular belief that sons in certain respects took after mothers and daughters after fathers. Within a reasonable range of speculation this is true, he said.

HAS PRICE FOR SIN

DEVIL WOULD TEACH THE DOG TRINE THAT LIFE CAN BE SUSTAINED IN ONLY ONE WAY.

IT is the time of the triple temptation in the wilderness. The conversation is between Christ and Satan. One great in goodness, the other great in evil device. Three temptations are hurled in quick succession and as quickly parried and repulsed. Make bread from these stones. Cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple; worship the devil. Mark the audacity of Satan—he would attack the Son of God; he would storm the citadel of heaven. If the devil would persistently attack the wisest, noblest and best of earth, think not you will be free. We hear him saying, "Make bread out of these stones."

The devil would teach the doctrine that life can be sustained in only one way: His program is to eat and live; take plenty of bread and refuse to die. Fill the cupboard and the crib; let the barns burst with the golden grain; then boast thyself of tomorrow. Say to thyself: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink and be merry." That is the devil's program. It is inglorious saying, "One world at a time, one life at a time." The man who listens to that argument is listening to materialism.

With a quick flash came the words, "Man shall not live by bread alone." It is not necessary that we live at all; but, anyway, we are not confined to one method of subsistence. Only in the most narrow and contracted sense do we live simply because we baked a loaf and ate it, but because God wills that we live.

Is Barn Too Large? But this is evidently a blow at materialism. We hear much these later days as to our accomplishments. So many farms tilled and lands opened up; so many millions of bushels of wheat and corn; so many bales of cotton; so many miles of railroad built, and so many ships set afloat on the high seas. This may be interesting from the point of statistics. But is this all? Can we see no farther than granary and crib? Is the barn so large we cannot see the sky?

Tell me, rather, how many churches have been built—for man shall not live by bread alone. Tell me how many souls this year of our Lord have decided to make heaven their home; how many young men and women have gone out from halls of learning to help make this tired, sin-sick world a little more livable. I want to know in how many places the standard of the cross has been set up. What is success, and what is true success? Forevermore it must remain true that a nation, like a man, cannot live by bread alone.

Men become so wrapped up in material things, the external, the visible and the tangible, they seem to forget there is a soul to save and a soul to feed and that there is such a thing as the bread of life. Man needs fellowship, the Bible, the church, communion.

Who Shall Grow? Who is shall mount up on wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint? Who shall grow in grace? Who is it that will grow from strength to strength, from victory to victory, till one day they appear before God? It is that one who has heard the words, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

PRISON FOR LAZY MOTHER

London Husband Says There is Nothing the Matter With His Stay-Abed Wife.

London.—How to deal with a woman who persistently stayed in bed was a problem presented to the Exeter magistrates when Margaret Whitley appeared on an adjourned charge of neglecting her two children.

The husband said that his wife went to bed on December 26, and he had not seen her up until she came to the court. It had been suggested that he should leave her starve. As far as he knew, there was nothing the matter with her.

The magistrates sent the woman to prison for four months at hard labor, specially requesting the medical officer and chaplain to look after her in the hope that regular discipline would restore her.

Dream Reveals Dual Marriage. New York.—Charles Grellert, a restaurant-keeper, who asked for annulment of his marriage on the ground that his wife had another husband from whom she had not been divorced, said that he knew nothing of the alleged duplicity until he dreamed he found her walking in the streets of Paris with another man whom she called husband. Upon awakening he questioned her and she claims she admitted the truth of the dream.

WOMAN WRITES VOTE POEM

Verse May Aid Gladys Hinckley to Win Inez Milholland's Laurels; Male Imbecile Hunted.

Washington.—Miss Inez Milholland, you had better watch out. Miss Gladys Hinckley, Miss Milholland's closest rival for the title of the most "beautiful American suffragist," has enlisted poetry to her aid in the contest. She writes it herself. It is

FINDS MYSTERY OF THE DEEP
Steamer Discovers Bark but Fate of Captain and Crew is Like That of Celeste's.

Newport News, Va.—Another mystery of the deep, virtually paralleling the disappearance of the crew of the schooner Marie Celeste years ago, came to port with the British ketch steamer Roumanian.

The Marie Celeste was found at sea with a pot boiling in the galley, its captain's papers on the cabin table and every indication that men were aboard within a few hours of its discovery. Nothing, however, ever was heard of the skipper or crew.

The story of the Norwegian bark Remittent, with a crew of six, is equally strange. The Roumanian sighted the Remittent drifting near the Azores and took it in tow. The boat's deck planks, once hoisted to a glistening white, bore the marks of many feet, but there was no one aboard and nothing to explain the disappearance of the master and crew. In the cabin the lockfast places were undisturbed; charts and papers were secure. In the breaker there was fresh water; salt junk and biscuits were in the stores. A mainsail and two jibs were snugly furled and lifeboats swung in the davits.

In a gale 100 miles off Cape Henry, Captain Claridge lost the Remittent. No other ship has reported it since.

The Remittent was commanded by Captain Torgersen and sailed from Rio Grande do Sul Oct. 25 for Liverpool.

THIEF BETRAYED BY A PATCH

Seattle Woman Recognizes Handiwork She Put on Trussers and Bandit Is Taken.

Seattle, Wash.—Recognition last week by Mrs. William J. Mayorkick of a patch she had placed on the leg of her husband's trousers resulted in the arrest of two men and the recovery from the home of one of them a wagonload of articles stolen from Seattle homes. Charles Castro, from whose home the articles were recovered, was wearing the clothes, and said opposite Mrs. Mayorkick in a street car. When she questioned his right to the clothes he abused her and men passengers took him into custody and delivered him at police headquarters. Mayorkick's name was written on a pocket lining.

The other man arrested is Toney Donio, who was found in Castro's home. The police say he is a member of a "black hand" organization that has been terrorizing Seattle Italians and that he is wanted in Idaho to answer criminal charges.

Color-Blindness Descends from Male to Female, or Vice Versa, Declares London Professor.

A color-blind woman, he said, is very rarely found and she always is a daughter of a color-blind man. Her sons and daughters would be normal, but if her daughter had sons, they would be found to be normal and color-blind in equal numbers.

A curious anomaly with reference to color-blindness appeared in twins. They were girls, exactly alike in appearance, but one was color-blind and the other was not. No explanation of this exception had been found. Prof. Bateson said there is a popular belief that sons in certain respects took after mothers and daughters after fathers. Within a reasonable range of speculation this is true, he said.

HAS PRICE FOR SIN

DEVIL WOULD TEACH THE DOG TRINE THAT LIFE CAN BE SUSTAINED IN ONLY ONE WAY.

IT is the time of the triple temptation in the wilderness. The conversation is between Christ and Satan. One great in goodness, the other great in evil device. Three temptations are hurled in quick succession and as quickly parried and repulsed. Make bread from these stones. Cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple; worship the devil. Mark the audacity of Satan—he would attack the Son of God; he would storm the citadel of heaven. If the devil would persistently attack the wisest, noblest and best of earth, think not you will be free. We hear him saying, "Make bread out of these stones."

The devil would teach the doctrine that life can be sustained in only one way: His program is to eat and live; take plenty of bread and refuse to die. Fill the cupboard and the crib; let the barns burst with the golden grain; then boast thyself of tomorrow. Say to thyself: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink and be merry." That is the devil's program. It is inglorious saying, "One world at a time, one life at a time." The man who listens to that argument is listening to materialism.

With a quick flash came the words, "Man shall not live by bread alone." It is not necessary that we live at all; but, anyway, we are not confined to one method of subsistence. Only in the most narrow and contracted sense do we live simply because we baked a loaf and ate it, but because God wills that we live.

Is Barn Too Large? But this is evidently a blow at materialism. We hear much these later days as to our accomplishments. So many farms tilled and lands opened up; so many millions of bushels of wheat and corn; so many bales of cotton; so many miles of railroad built, and so many ships set afloat on the high seas. This may be interesting from the point of statistics. But is this all? Can we see no farther than granary and crib? Is the barn so large we cannot see the sky?

Tell me, rather, how many churches have been built—for man shall not live by bread alone. Tell me how many souls this year of our Lord have decided to make heaven their home; how many young men and women have gone out from halls of learning to help make this tired, sin-sick world a little more livable. I want to know in how many places the standard of the cross has been set up. What is success, and what is true success? Forevermore it must remain true that a nation, like a man, cannot live by bread alone.

Men become so wrapped up in material things, the external, the visible and the tangible, they seem to forget there is a soul to save and a soul to feed and that there is such a thing as the bread of life. Man needs fellowship, the Bible, the church, communion.

Who Shall Grow? Who is shall mount up on wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint? Who shall grow in grace? Who is it that will grow from strength to strength, from victory to victory, till one day they appear before God? It is that one who has heard the words, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

Do you remember the pathetic story of Esau, who, for one morsel of meat sold his birthright? For you know that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

Is it possible to sell the spiritual birthright? Yes. How much does Satan ever offer for it? Never more than a morsel of meat. It was all he gave the mother of the human race in the garden. She saw, she desired, she ate, she fell. What did she get in return? A morsel of meat.

So it has been in every age. Satan and the soul strike a bargain. How much for the spiritual birthright? A morsel of pottage, a morsel of meat—nothing more. Man shall not live by bread alone.

May the food we eat, the life we receive, the strength we gain, cause those who come after us to say, as they see the work we did, "There were giants in those days."—Rev. Walter L. Ferris, Congregational church, Pekin, Ill.

Little Faithfulness

Many of us are not called to do great things for God, but all are called to little faithfulness wrought out in the common tasks at hand. A beacon light of hope to the humble soul faithful over the lowliest tasks done as unto the Lord is the great lesson of Christ's parable of the talents. As some one has said, we can be glad God did not say: "Good and successful servant" for some of the most faithful have been failures from a worldly standpoint. In the truest sense, plain faithfulness is the highest success. It wins God's approval and there are no limits to his power to use that gives absolutely faithful service.

Pennsylvania Sunday Schools

In the state of Pennsylvania there are 1,917,929 persons enrolled as members of Sunday schools, and it is expected that by the end of the present year the enrollment will reach 2,000,000. One out of every four of the state's population is a member of some Sunday school.

W. F. KELLIS, Editor

STERLING CITY, TEXAS

England is in acute need of elastic window glass.

However, as for hobbie skirted women, how can she expect to "win in a walk?"

A Peruvian aviator proposes to fly over the Alps. In a Peruvian bark, probably.

"Bash-bazoukesses" may fit the crime, but it's altogether too hard to pronounce.

A Vienna astronomer says 215,000,000 tons of cosmic dust falls on the earth every day.

A Pennsylvania man has contracted smallpox from a roll of bank notes. But who's afraid?

A professor of music says that there are 10,000,000 melodies. But of these, how many are original?

Man needs a few more soft spots in his heart, says a western preacher. And a few less in his head.

A Chicago thief was kicked senseless by a woman the other day. She must have been a ballet dancer.

A New Jersey man claims to have invented a seamless coat as the result of a dream. It sounds like one.

A St. Louis newspaperman bought twelve engagement rings in one year. Perhaps he believed in advertising.

Hereafter, when dinner is late, don't be too quick to blame wife or cook. Perhaps it was the postman.

A French scientist says men get bald because they eat too much. Then why is it that a dyspeptic usually is bald?

Paris husband who suspected his wife of infidelity, cut off her nose. To keep her from nosing around, no doubt.

Pittsburg burglar feeling with plunder was captured by a small boy with a toy pistol. It's the little things that count.

A Texas undertaker has contracted to bury the county paupers at 1 cent each. Doing the work at pauper's prices.

Inventing a "cure" for tuberculosis seems to be a heap easier than convincing other specialists you have done it.

A naturalist says that lobsters are becoming extinct. But, then, of course, naturalists do not hang out along Broadway.

Chicago violinist attacked a burglar, rendered him unconscious and turned him over to the police. Wonder what he played?

Moving picture theaters are proving immensely popular in Mexico. Probably those western and Mexican films manufactured on Long Island are shown to the surprise of the natives.

The Chinese have adopted our calendar. It would not be at all surprising to the oriental mind for occidental reforms to bear of the Celestials falling eager victims to the trading-stamp habit.

Le Due de Mala-Merte, who is also Le Comte Carl di Mombertalli, was halted by federal examiners because of a swollen face. After he had disgorged his names he was allowed to enter the country.

A \$5,000 prize offered in England for the best mine lamp has been divided between nine inventors. Sounds like a joke.

A Mississippi man has named all his daughters after flowers. He all right if they don't fade before they are married.

A Pittsburgh criminal got out of prison with no other aid than a button hook. A woman could have done it with a hairpin.

A San Francisco doctor replaced a dog's knee joint with a silver, diamond studded hinge. Now watch the dog catchers get busy.

"Mme. Bernhardt is an artist," remarks one critic, "and can play any role except Patsy." It would be mighty interesting to see her doing little Eva, wouldn't it?

Automobiles killed 142 persons in New York during 1912, while wagons killed 172 people. Which only goes to show that New Yorkers are more expert dodging automobiles.

Danish professor says that tears are antiseptic and destroy microbes. An answer to: "Tears, little tears, I know not what they mean."

Kansas State college has a course to teach 1,000 girl students how to be good wives. Positions are not guaranteed graduates, however.

Gentlemen and ladies who acquire chilblains through exclusive devotion to semitransparent silk hose have themselves to thank for subsequent discomforts.

An applicant for citizenship said he could not support both his wife and the Constitution. On the gallantry test he was denied his papers.

A Philadelphia woman has discovered that she has no trouble with insomnia while sleeping in a coffin. Most people would prefer insomnia.

New York diner thrashed a waiter after an altercation regarding the salad dressing. An instance where both disliked the dressing that was handed them.

TWO WOMEN OF PROMINENCE IN THEIR SPHERES

European Princess and Scholarly American Brought to the Notice of Readers of the World's News.

ROYALTY IS TO WED ROYALTY

Oiga Elizabeth of Saxe-Altenburg Will Wed Count Carl Friedrich von Puckler in the Near Future—According to J. Pierpont Morgan Miss Belle De Costa Green Is the Cleverest Woman in the Country, and He Ought to Know, She Being His Principal Art Agent.

By choosing her husband from the circle of royalty, Princess Oiga Elizabeth of Saxe-Altenburg has sprung a surprise on her noble family and the "neighbors." Count Carl Friedrich von Puckler, who is at the head of the Silesian family of that name, has fallen heir to the affections of Princess Oiga, and the wedding will be held within the next few weeks at the castle of Saxe-Altenburg at Albrechtsberg, near Dresden.

Princess Oiga is the eldest daughter of Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, whose family is a branch of the royal family of Saxony. She is twenty-seven years of age, and, like all princesses, is beautiful and accomplished. Had Princess Oiga followed tradition and done as many others of the Saxony clan did, she would have married below her station. It was expected that she would. Several times she threatened to become the wife of a man lacking her own quality of blood. She took part in quite a number of escapades in which she was assisted by young men in a different class, but high grade in their own department. Prince Albert expected a minute to hear that his beloved daughter had become Mrs. John Jones (nee Princess Oiga Elizabeth), but he has been happily disappointed.

Big Wedding Celebration Planned.

It is believed possible that just because she has pleased her noble father and cast her lot with another royal personage there will be something of a notable celebration when the nuptial vows are taken. It is so unusual for the family of Saxony to become related to royal blood that it is felt a celebration is due. This is not because the family of Saxony has not been able to marry better. No, indeed. It has been a popular belief among the young folk of the house that it was more romantic to marry "low." People unacquainted with royal standards would consider that the members of the Saxony family had married anything but "low."

Count Carl Friedrich von Puckler is some count. He is a sportsman of renown, and a favorite among the young men of his class. He is an athlete of distinction; a horseman, hunter, swimmer, et cetera. Ever since he took to his own feet he has been identified with some athletic competition, and, invariable he has made good. He is considered handsome and a veritable wizard among the women.

Just when the princess and the count decided to surprise the continent is not known. They were thrown together a good deal last summer, but, as far as royalty was aware, had been widely separated ever since, and there was no evidence in the meantime to show that the present affection was blossoming. The blushing fiancée has been besieged with questions as to the evolution of her royal romance, but she has declined to speak for publication. The count as well is maintaining a discreet silence, but intimates that same day it will all come out.

Lovers Blessed by Prince Albert. Prince Albert in the meantime is a happy noble. He never realized that his daughter would do him so proud. He has gladly given his blessing to the lovers, and vows that he will do something handsome for them when his daughter becomes Mrs. Count. A good deal of the prince's estate has been dissipated, but he has enough left so that he and those around him can live in comfort for the rest of their days.

Several court fetes will be given in honor of the Princess Oiga before the marriage is celebrated. These are expected to rival any that have been given in the interior of the continent, and why they will be small they will be choice in quality. The largest will probably be given by the Kaiser himself, who has likewise expressed satisfaction with the plans as they have thus far progressed. He declares he will do all he can to contribute toward the happiness of the young people.

"NO EQUAL IN AMERICA"
J. P. MORGAN'S TRIBUTE

Miss Belle De Costa Green Has Great Financier's Full Confidence in All Matters Pertaining to Art, Especially in Matters of Rare Books.

Miss Belle De Costa Green the cleverest woman in the country? Many eminent scholars say she is. Many eminent scholars how to her wonderful knowledge of books, curios and history.

Two Puzzles.

The traveler in foreign lands who sees many things that on account of their strangeness amuse or perplex him should remember that he himself and many of his possessions are quite as much a source of wonder to the native of the country. A contributor to the New York Tribune aptly illustrates the point. A mandarin from the far interior of China dined with me in Peking the other evening. In his honor the dinner was very Chinese. One course consisted of eggs



PRINCESS OLGA OF SAXE-ALTENBURG.

Mr. Morgan has placed her in full charge of his great New York library.

She has spent as much as \$42,000 for a single book, buying in the interests of Mr. Morgan, who has implicit faith in her judgment.

She has an expert knowledge of Caxton's books and the rare old prints of masters.

Her opinion on relics of the past, such as ancient manuscripts and etchings, is sought by the richest collectors in America.

She recently bought eleven books for a total of \$50,000. At auctions she will bid for hours with a coolness that astounds the most experienced veterans.

She can tell by feeling the paper when an unmarked book was made.

She goes all the way to Rome for information that seems most trivial to the average person regarding rare old editions.

Unlimited Financial Backing.

She can draw on the richest man in the world for any amount she wants, providing it is spent wisely.

She knows in her head the location and appearance of practically every volume on the shelves of the great Morgan library.

She is young—barely twenty-six.

She is chic—dresses in the latest fashion.

She is decidedly pretty, and has the air of a young belle of the Four Hundred.

If you should see her walking down Fifth avenue in a picture hat, as you might easily see her almost any day if you happened to be on Fifth avenue, you would not believe that the young woman with dark, brilliant eyes, was

Miss Belle De Costa Green.

anything more than one of the city's many society girls, writes a New York correspondent. If you should be introduced to her and listen to her engaging vivacious chatter, you would not believe she was anything less than one of the most charming and popular of them all.

Miss Belle Green began to learn about old books in the Princeton library, where she made a special study of them under the direction of Junius Morgan, nephew of J. Pierpont. She is familiar with every style of binding and type and illuminated letter through three or four centuries. They are all she cares particularly about in the way of books.

Entirely Free From Affection.

Seeing Miss Green in her home, one would still imagine that she was only a decidedly clever society girl, with intellectual tastes, judging from the bookcases that occupy a prominent place in the living room of the apartment, where she lives with her mother. One would also judge that she was interested in art, to judge by the tapestries on her wall and the carved trinkets on the mantel and tables and

apparently quite whole, yet within them was a delicate salad of mushrooms, lettuce, nuts and mustard. "It puzzles me," I said to the mandarin, "how all these things are put inside a whole egg." My guest took up an uncut magazine from a table. "But it puzzles me still more," he said, "how you manage to put printing in there."

New Use for Beggars.

A hotel keeper in the suburbs of Paris, having been much troubled with mendicants, put a wheel near the entrance to the building, and above it was placed a sign reading: "Charity degrades both him who gives and him who takes. Turn this wheel 100 times, and get half a franc." Numerous beggars applied for leave to turn the wheel, until the discovery was made that the force employed was utilized to draw water from a well which served a practical purpose in a nearby orchard and hostelry. Then, according to the story, no beggars were seen in the vicinity. — Harper's Weekly.

SANTA FE PALACE

Old House of Spanish Governors Now Being Restored

Ruins of Ancient Town in New Mexico Show That the Prehistoric People Were Familiar With Concrete Construction.

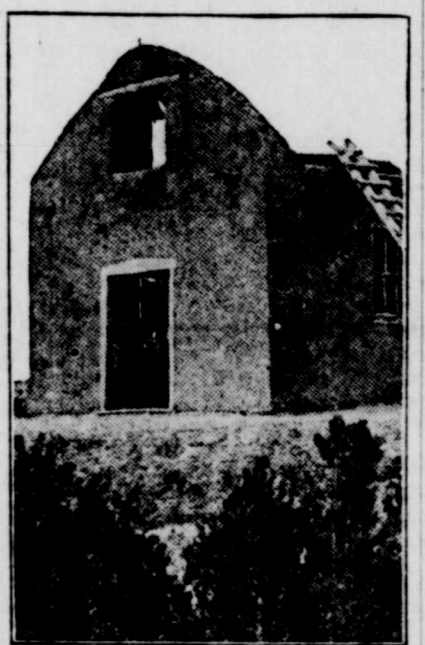
Santa Fe, N. M.—One of the most interesting and important works of re-habilitation a historic building that was, perhaps, ever undertaken in this country, is now in progress in Santa Fe under the direction of Prof. Edgar L. Hewett of the School of American Archaeology.

The edifice which is now undergoing restoration here is the famous old palace of the governors, which was erected in 1505. This ancient building was the home of nearly 100 viceroys and governors who ruled over the territory in the days of Spanish domination. In the work of restoration efforts are being made to restore the structure to its original dimensions and other features of architectural finish. In carrying on this work a discovery was made that throws new light upon the methods of construction, particularly with reference to the use of concrete, that were used by the people of three centuries ago. It was popularly supposed that the old palace of the governors was built of adobe blocks of great size. The use of these blocks was thought to account for the extraordinary thickness of the walls. In exposing portions of the walls it was recently found that they are of solid construction.

What is of still greater interest, however, to modern building trades people, is the discovery made by Prof. Hewett that beneath the ancient palace building are the ruins of other buildings that were evidently a part of a prehistoric Indian town and that the buildings of the long lost town were constructed of adobe material in practically the same manner that modern concrete buildings are erected.

In describing these discoveries, Prof. Hewett said:

The dismantling of the interior of the old palace of the governors for the purpose of repairing and restoring it has furnished striking evidence to confirm what has been believed heretofore by archaeologists of the south-west, namely, that the palace was built upon the ruins of a very ancient Indian town by the Spanish conquerors. Large masses of the original walls of the ancient Indian buildings have been laid bare, and in



First Mission Building Erected at Santa Fe. (From an Old Drawing.)

places these have been covered with glass, so that visitors to the museum rooms may see them in place. These walls were built of adobe after the same manner in which concrete walls are constructed at the present time; that is, the mud was puddled in a box of five feet thick and three to four feet high. On drying the boxing was reset, and the succeeding courses laid in the same manner.

The ancient church at Santa Fe, which was restored to a good semblance of its original appearance a few years ago, is also the object of no little interest in the matter of its construction features. Portions of its walls were of poured concrete lined with adobe bricks. According to tradition, the corner stone of Brothers, the Catholic order which has charge of the edifice, the records show that the church is the oldest house of worship in the United States. Its foundation was laid in 1541.

The next oldest church building in this country is the mission of San Xavier, situated near Tucson, Ariz., in the Papago Indian settlement. There is a dispute as to whether the San Xavier mission building was started in 1547, as is claimed by some, or at a later date.

HORSES DASH INTO PARLOR

Runaway Beer Wagon Team Crashes Through Residence Wall in Chicago.

Chicago—Maddened horses attached to a beer wagon ran away and before their dash was checked crashed through the wall of a brick and frame building at 153 West 11th street. The front part of the structure was badly wrecked, all of the glass in the front windows being broken. When the police arrived they found the two panting steeds in the parlor and trying to make their way through to the kitchen.

The building was occupied by John McCaron and family. Mrs. McCaron was working in a room adjoining the parlor when she heard a terrific crash in front. Much to her amazement, when she investigated she found two horses tramping on her best carpets, while a heavy brewery truck was wedged half through an aperture in the building. No one was injured, and when the horses were hauled back to the street it was found that they were only slightly scratched.

DRESS OF DUTCH CHILDREN

Strange Costumes of Dutch Youngster Is Regulated by Tradition and by Climate.

The children of many foreign countries have costumes so different from those of the children of this country, as frequently to excite our curiosity. Yet of all strange costumes there is none more picturesque than that of children of Holland, which are peculiar to that country from head to toe. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of the everyday dress of Dutch children, dress that is partly regulated by tradition and partly by climate and environment. More expensive or church and holiday



Typical Holland Children.

attire varies but little, the principal exception being the shoes, which are of English or American make, and very much like those worn in this country. The wooden shoes are still used for every-day wear.

FOUR WITH EIGHT HEARTS

Mother and Her Three Children Each Have Two of These Important Organs.

Easton, Pa.—Dr. James Morgenstein of 137 South Third street, Easton, has discovered a family in which the mother and three children are each provided with two hearts. Investigation has established the fact beyond a doubt. The woman is Mrs. Berton Perkins, and the children are Anna, Allen and Doris Perkins, aged 13, 11 and 4, respectively.

Dr. Morgenstein was called to the home of Berton Perkins to attend a child suffering from chickenpox. While inspecting the chest of the child he felt a heart beating on the right side. He hastily shifted his hand over to the left part of the chest and felt another heart beating there, apparently as any well behaved heart should do.

Dr. Morgenstein then determined to see if the phenomenon was repeated in the other children. He called in the two and again two hearts were beating, one in each side of the chest, of each of them. He then summoned the mother and she, like her three children, was possessed of two vital organs, each pumping blood through the body.

On the following day Dr. Morgenstein gathered together several prominent physicians of Easton and together they carried on a minute examination of all the children. None of the doctors is able to account for the unusual number of hearts.

One theory is that at birth there was a non-union of the different component parts of the organs, that is, the right ventricle and right auricle grew on the right side, and the left ventricle and the left auricle on the left side.

A peculiar phase of the case is that to outward appearances the other organs of all four are arranged in normal positions.

DRIVES CHARIOT INTO HOTEL

Princess Radzwill Creates a Genuine Sensation at a Fashionable Ball in Rome.

Rome—A great sensation was caused at a skating ball at one of the principal hotels here by Princess Radzwill, formerly Dorothy Deacon of New York, who entered the crowded ball room seated in an ancient Roman chariot, decorated with flowers, illuminated by electricity and drawn by a team of prancing horses, which the Princess drove with one hand, while with the other she led a lion and a leopard chained together. Despite the attendance of a lion tamer armed with a whip and revolver the beasts were very restive and the chariot horses were frightened and shied several times while the amazed and alarmed guests crowded round the doorway ready to seek safety in flight.

After great difficulty the Princess managed to drive the chariot into the center of the ball room.

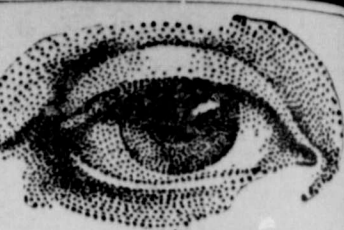
The tamer kept the beasts under control, but the guests were requested not to applaud lest the wild animals should get out of hand through panic.

WOULD BAR WOMAN SMOKERS

Bill Up in Massachusetts Legislature to Stop Use of Tobacco by Fair Sex.

Boston—Every woman who smokes cigarettes is lowering the standard of womanhood, according to Representative Frederick P. Greenwood of Everett, who appeared before the committee on public health of the legislature in support of a bill providing a fine of not more than \$50 for any person who gives or sells tobacco in any form to a woman.

"Womanhood has been placed on a high pedestal in Massachusetts," said Representative Greenwood, "and it is important to keep it there. There is a large and increasing sale of cigarettes and women are smoking them more and more. We should pass legislation to save them."



Keep Your Eye on that Can

When Buying Baking Powder

For this is the baking powder that "makes the baking better."

It leavens the food evenly throughout; puts it up to airy lightness, makes it delectably appetizing and wholesome.

Remember, Calumet is moderate in price—highest in quality.

Ask your grocer for Calumet. Don't take a substitute.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois, Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to any milk and soda.

It Pays to Clip

HOUSES, BILLS AND COUPONS. This is a booklet and reader's digest of the latest news and information. It is a booklet and reader's digest of the latest news and information. It is a booklet and reader's digest of the latest news and information.

The Stewart Clipping Machine

It turns easier, clips faster and cleaner and stays sharper longer than any other machine. It is a booklet and reader's digest of the latest news and information.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHIRT CO.

Write and Ohio St. CHICAGO, ILL. We will complete your order showing you the largest and most modern line of shirts and every conceivable machine, and we will ship it to you.

Texas Directory

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN A CATTLE RANCH OR STOCK FARM.

It is the basis for the most independent enterprise of the time. Cattle, sheep, grass in acres and land for sale. It is a booklet and reader's digest of the latest news and information.

GET IT

Before buying any kind of an insurance policy, get my list of the best policies. I have a booklet and reader's digest of the latest news and information.

W. H. MILLER CO., DALLAS, TEXAS

Readers desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

STANDARD QUALITY CIGARS ALWAYS RELIABLE

Pettit's Eye Salve

QUICK RELIEF FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

PISO'S REMEDY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

IN THE WORLD OF WORK

Matters of Interest for Those Who Toil With Brain or Hands

INCHES FROM WASTE

How Opportunity Came to a Man, Unfortunate, But With Eyes Open and Mind Clear.

EVER THOUGHT OF GIVING UP

On account of About Lowest Grade of Manual Labor, Writer Tells Man in Which He Sought and Fought Way to Comparative Affluence.

Five years ago, through circumstances over which I had no control, I was forced to sweep the streets to gain a meager livelihood, relates Courtney Riley in the Chicago Tribune. Not that I was suited for that business but because one reverse after another had sent me from position to position until at last I was in the very place I occupied. But I did not give up. I knew things would be better after a while and it was my duty to myself and my family to make the time come just as soon as possible. And therefore as I worked my mind was struggling for the idea that would take me up in the world again. It was bound to come sooner or later, and at last it arrived.

First of all had come the announcement that one of the big newspapers of the city intended to start its own paper mill. As soon as the business was ready for the hiring of men I was on hand with my application, but there were too many before me. I lost out.

I went back to my work a little discomfited. It was a windy day and papers were blowing about the streets everywhere. They nettled me. Then they set me thinking. Paper can be made from paper. The mill which was to be started would be glad to buy material which might be combined with wood pulp to make a cheap product. The idea stayed with me all day. I knew the human habit

of allowing papers to collect in the household against the bonfire day. I knew also that these papers could be bought for almost nothing.

That night I went to see the superintendent of the mill, which was to start operations within two weeks, and obtained from him a promise to buy all the old newspapers which I might be able to furnish him. The next day began a skirmish for money for the carrying out of my plans. I needed a hundred dollars with which to buy a horse and wagon. This I borrowed in lots of from fifty and on time from thirty days to three months. Then I started work. From house to house I went collecting the old newspapers which had been piled in obscure corners, in attics, or in cellars, and hurrying them to the paper mill.

Within a month I was able to pay back part of the money I had borrowed. Then I went to other places and borrowed money that I might buy another horse and have enough left over to trade in my little wagon and pay the difference for a larger one. With increased facilities making lost time on hauling smaller I naturally was able to make more money. Demand for the papers was great, and the supply even exceeded the demand. All that had been needed was a means of getting the papers to the mill where they could be rebled and mixed with the crushed pulp and put forth as clean white paper. This was the need I filled.

As I said in the beginning, it was five years ago when I started. Strange as it may seem, in that time I have had no competitors, and I therefore occupy a field which is growing larger and more productive to me. At the end of the first year I had gained a position where I could afford to hire another and own a second team and wagon. Now at the end of five years, instead of the teams I once owned I have two motor trucks and my regular customers all over the city from whom I collect papers. The business is paying me a profit of nearly \$100 a month.

MUST BE ABLE TO DO

WORLD WANTS MEN CAPABLE OF ACCOMPLISHING THINGS.

Generally Speaking, to Say a Thing "Can't Be Done" Is to Confess One's Weakness.

There are plenty of men in this world, old and young, who can tell us that a thing CAN'T be done, and a very few who tell us that it CAN be. The men who CAN'T outnumber the men who CAN 50 to 1, and some of the men who CAN'T, cannot perform the task after they have been shown how to do it. This is why the man who CAN is in demand, and paid a premium for his services.

The man who CAN'T may lack training, knowledge, courage and confidence in himself. He may be as honest and sincere as the man who CAN, but he does not deliver the goods. On the other hand, the man who CAN, out of his training, knowledge, resourcefulness and self-confidence, generally brings to bear on the problem something that he has learned from experience. He is, therefore, a man of initiative. He tackles the problem.

A few weeks ago there was a train wrecked on a western railroad. A locomotive and several cars were derailed, and the engineer was pinned beneath his ponderous machine. Attached to the train was the private car of the superintendent of the road, who hastened forward to see what could be done for the relief of the injured man. The superintendent was told time and again that methods suggested by him could not be carried out. He had just emphatically declared that something MUST be done to extricate the engineer, when a young man in the uniform of a trainman, respectfully replied: "If you please, sir, I can do it." The young man had studied the situation thoroughly, and was confident of his ability to pull that engineer out. What was more, he went about doing it, directing men to bring him a piece of broken rail, others to bring him a large stone to which he pointed, and still others to do this and that. In a very few minutes the young man pulled the engineer out from under the locomotive. He was a man who CAN.

It is just in such emergencies as these that the man who CAN is of great value to somebody. Ordinary conditions demand only ordinary men. Extraordinary conditions require extraordinary men. Extraordinary conditions are liable to happen any time, and it was for that reason that the superintendent of that railroad retained this modest flagman of his and sent him to an engineering school while the scores of men who had studied the situation thoroughly could not be done, received no other attention.

Sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

The Highest Railroad. The highest railroad in the world is the Muzila river, Chile. It is a railroad line fifteen thousand feet above sea level has been constructed. This is the highest rail road in the world. The road connects

SONG OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

There's an army of dwarfs who inhabit this world. And from them an echo comes twisted and twisted: Their ways are a menace, their god is a pig. Their existence a show: "We want to be big, we want to be big— But we don't want to grow!"

Their gaudy apparel is ragged and worn. Their mantles are tattered, their faces are torn: And yet they drift the chorus all nature has loathed. And heard but to grieve: "We want to be clothed, we want to be clothed— But we don't want to weave!"

Their houses are poverty-stricken and old. Their windows are broken, their hearthstones are cold: And yet comes their cry in hysterical pitch. To the tune of a jig: "We want to be rich, we want to be rich— But we don't want to dig!"

Their minds are a mockery, gossip is rife. Their praises are empty, their days filled with strife: Yet ever from among them complaints arise. And jealousies burn: "We want to be wise, we want to be wise— But we don't want to learn!"

They grovel and grumble in sore discontent. They struggle and ache with internal dissent: They shudder and quiver and wrangle and hate. And cry as they shriek: "We want to be great, we want to be great— But we don't want to work!" —Lilla B. N. Weston in National Magazine.

In cheerfulness is the success of our efforts.

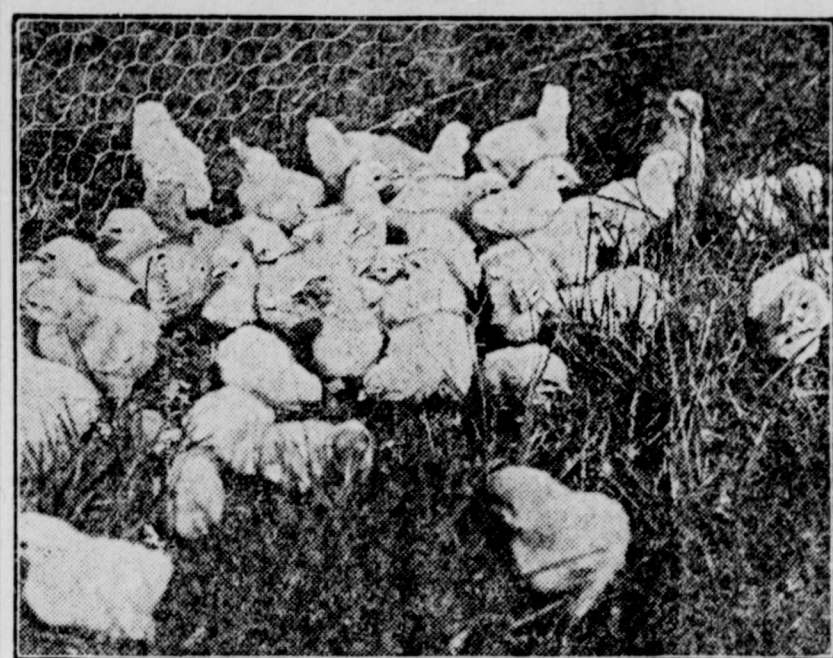
Power in Appearance. You are usually judged by the way you look, and you usually look the way you feel. But you can feel the way you like and you can live in any mental attitude you like. Therefore, discard all attitudes of inferiority. Never think of yourself as inferior. Never appear as if you were inferior. The mind and body should be well dressed, especially the mind. If you think of yourself as common, you will look common; and he who habitually thinks of himself as common becomes common.

Call Out Change. There is no situation so exasperating to everybody concerned as a dispute with a customer about wrong change. To avoid trouble call back the amount the customer hands you in payment for the purchase, and do it every time.

ing Argentina and Chile reaches almost the same height. An English company proposes to construct a road still higher to unite Mexico City with Puebla, and second Mt. Popocatepetl, this volcano being 17,500 feet above sea level. This new line will serve principally to transport sulphur from a bed in the mountains containing, according to the estimate of experts, millions of tons.—Harper's Weekly.

With the people who can't forget, the past is always present.

WHAT BOY CAN ACCOMPLISH WITH POULTRY



A fine bunch of White Plymouth Rocks. This is a good breed, as the birds are of good size, lay well, and the breed you want, and then stick.

(By KATHERINE ATHERTON GRIMES.)

There is no part of farming more fascinating to the average boy than the care of poultry. At the same time, there is no branch that offers him a better chance of success. Even a very small boy can manage a small flock of chickens successfully.

It does not cost much to get started—another item in favor of the poultry business. The equipment need not cost much, and in fact, most of the needed coops and fixtures can be built by almost any ambitious boy.

The most important consideration is, of course, the breed to be kept. In an article so brief as this it is impossible to compare the different kinds of fowls, more than to say that they are divided into two principal groups, those kept for eggs, and those kept for broilers or other sale stock.

It all depends upon the market which will pay the best. The layers are seldom as good for raising fryers, and broiling chicks as those larger breeds, as they usually weigh less at the same age, though maturing even more quickly in the matter of egg producing.

It is safe enough, then, to keep any breed that you like, so long as your fowls are from good strains, and full blooded. Nearly every one has some preference, either of size, color, or other qualities, and there are none of the standard breeds but what have much to recommend them. So if you wish to keep Brown Leghorns, or Buff Orpingtons, or Black Minorcas, you will be perfectly safe in doing so, no matter what some one else may say in favor of other breeds. But when once you have adopted a particular kind, stick to it. Do not change, at least until you have given it several years' trial. Usually the fault, if there is any, is in care or handling, not in the fowls themselves.

When you are selecting your fowls, insist on having nothing but good, young birds. If you buy in the fall, try to get early spring-hatched pullets if you can; but do not take anything over 18 months old, at the furthest. To mate with the spring pullets you should have a yearling male, but if your hens are over a year old, a cockerel from the spring hatch is better.

A well-kept flock of hens means a steady income—enough to keep you in spending money while you are waiting for your crops to grow. That one thing is enough to recommend poultry keeping as a suitable "side line" for the boy farmer. Let us hear from every league member who is interested in this work. Ask all the questions you like, boys, and help us by giving us your own experience with fowls. Perhaps you have learned things that will help others. If you have, pass them along.

Before you try to pick out your fowls, study up well on the characteristics of the breed you have chosen. If the hens are to weigh five pounds, standard weight, see that yours come pretty near to that figure. If the male bird is shown in the standard to have a five-pointed comb, see that the one you pick out has that kind. If the wattles should be pure white, do not put in a bird whose wattles are streaked with red. Look with special care to the shape of your hens. Get those that are just as near like the pictures you see of that particular breed as you can. If you study the poultry papers well, and notice the illustrations of prize-winning birds, you will soon learn the qualifications you want. If you cannot get birds that are exactly right, come just as near to it as you can, and then breed up to a higher standard.

Read everything on the poultry question that you can get hold of. Do not be afraid of being called a "chicken crank" or a "hen man." When people want good stock, they always go to some "chicken crank" to get it. It is a good advertisement for your business to show that you are wholly interested in it.

Take as many poultry journals as you can afford, and read what the poultry departments have to say. If there are things you do not understand, write to the boy's department and find out. Make a scrap book and paste in it everything you can find about chickens.

Watch your flock. Experience is what counts. Get acquainted with your hens. They will soon learn to know you, and there are no finer pets, or more profitable ones, than ten or a dozen handsome hens.

A well-kept flock of hens means a steady income—enough to keep you in spending money while you are waiting for your crops to grow. That one thing is enough to recommend poultry keeping as a suitable "side line" for the boy farmer. Let us hear from every league member who is interested in this work. Ask all the questions you like, boys, and help us by giving us your own experience with fowls. Perhaps you have learned things that will help others. If you have, pass them along.

(Copyright, 1912, by C. M. Schultz.)

CORN CRIB MADE RAT-PROOF

Idea Illustrated Herewith Well Worth Studying Out Where Many Hogs Are Raised.

The combination corn crib and feeding floor herewith illustrated is an idea well worth studying, if the reader raises any great number of hogs. The idea first was to build a corn crib that was as near rat and mice proof as possible, and while it is impossible for rats or mice to enter this crib it must be remembered that one often allows them to get into a crib through carelessness, says the Iowa Homestead. For instance, a board is left leaning against the crib, the mice may be shovelled in with the corn, etc., but mice and rats must have water, and the few that enter cribs in this manner will soon leave. This crib is thirty-six feet wide, with a twelve-foot driveway, and is forty-eight feet long. The walls are twenty feet to the eaves, and the crib is filled with a corn elevator. The crib has a cubic capacity of about thirty thousand feet, and will easily store seven thousand bushels of corn. The sills are 8x8 timbers. The studs are 2x8, and the center over the drive has 2x10 joists. The roof is covered

with composition roofing, and a trap door in the roof is provided for the elevator. The feeding floor extends the crib, also under the entire crib. Fourteen-inch glazed tile are used for foundation posts, and these have bolts extending down into the sub-foundation, and up through the sills, and the tile are filled with concrete. This

with composition roofing, and a trap door in the roof is provided for the elevator. The feeding floor extends the crib, also under the entire crib. Fourteen-inch glazed tile are used for foundation posts, and these have bolts extending down into the sub-foundation, and up through the sills, and the tile are filled with concrete. This



Rat-Proof Corn Crib.

with composition roofing, and a trap door in the roof is provided for the elevator. The feeding floor extends the crib, also under the entire crib. Fourteen-inch glazed tile are used for foundation posts, and these have bolts extending down into the sub-foundation, and up through the sills, and the tile are filled with concrete. This

Remedy for Sheep Worms.

The easiest way of giving tobacco to sheep afflicted with stomach worms is to mix it with salt, two parts of tobacco to one of salt, being about the right proportion, depending somewhat on the kind of tobacco used. This mixture is placed where the lambs have daily access to it. They are always a little wary of it at first, due to the smell of the tobacco, probably, but by giving them no salt in

makes an everlasting foundation and one that rats and mice cannot climb. The feed floor is placed over gravel and stone, which keeps the rodents from burrowing under the crib. The crib provides shade for a number of hogs in hot weather, and as the floor is easily cleaned it provides an ideal feeding place for hogs. The crib being directly over the floor, much labor and time is saved caring for the hogs. Rods are run through the crib in the center every twelve feet. If desired, bins could be arranged over the drive for small grain, but in this crib the space over the drive, also the main floor below, was floored with 2x6 timbers, with one-quarter-inch spaces between each timber to drain out any moisture, and to provide extra ventilation for the corn. The hogs eat any grain that falls through the cracks.

Care of Colts.

A long time before the colt quits sucking it should be petted and handled, so that you will not be a stranger to it when the time comes to break it to driving. The value of many a promising horse is reduced materially because this job of handling is put off until the colt gets set in its ways.

Spayed Pigs.

Certain facts are noted in the ovarotomy of pigs. If the ovaries are removed the uterus disappears, the removal of the uterus has no effect upon the ovaries. If only a part of the ovaries is removed a new ovary will develop in a few months. Spayed pigs fatten faster.

Western Ranches.

An effort is being made to preserve the big cattle ranches of the western states. There are millions of acres of land which are not fit for agriculture which the cattle men hope to keep open for the support of their herds.

Boards in Dairy Herd.

Farmers will be surprised to find how many boards they have in the dairy herd if they will only test their cows for butterfat. The Ohio station found one herd of twelve cows that had eleven boards. By boards is meant cows that do not pay for their keep.

Land of Enchantment

THE real character of Ireland begins to assert itself when, traveling westward, the trim hedges and English fields near Dublin give place, beyond Mullingar, to wild, austere country, whose wide sweeps are broken only by stone walls and twisted thorns. Then there creeps into the atmosphere a subtle something which it is very difficult to put into words—something that is the very antithesis of English life and ideals. There is an absence of practical thrift and energy, an air of wildness and neglect, which all the new, square-built government cottages can do nothing to lessen, for they intrude themselves merely as foreign excrescences upon the landscape. Much more typical are the ruins that lie thickly over the country—once comfortable farms or snug little cottages, now crumbling heaps of rough stone, with only the great, open chimney still standing, as a nesting place for birds. The other day, down a winding "boreen" (a narrow lane), I came upon a collection of ruins that had been a good-sized farm, surrounded by harns and outbuildings. Ivy and nettles masked the crumbling stones; a couple of larches had been blown against the wall of the largest barn and completed its ruin; in the yard the stone handmill had toppled sideways on its base of supporting stones.

Nothing Disturbed. The roof of the house had fallen in, the rafters broken by the weight of decaying thatch; but the rooms were still as the owner had lived in them. Nothing had been taken away, nothing disturbed; the furniture, clocks, rugs were still in their places, mouldering away under the open sky.

The pigeonholes of an eighteenth century bureau had broken beneath the weight of age-yellowed papers; but the one drawer stood half-open, as if the owner had been called away while looking through some letters. The leg of a chest of drawers had given way, falling to the ground, and against a tiling table with hand-turned legs; a white-faced clock hung on the wall beside a tall, oak press, whose doors, falling off their hinges, gave a mysterious glimpse into dim, inner recesses. Brass knobs and handles had turned a peacock blue with damp; patches of mould, moss and lichen

should call rolling prairie out there; and for anyone who has seen the corn plains of Canada, or the wild prairies of Mexico or Texas, the description exactly fits. Low hill behind low hill, mound beyond mound, they stretch away south for over thirty miles, to where the long line of the Slieve Bloom mountains show faintly cobalt against the pale winter sky. The only boundaries consist of loose stone walls, as ruined as the cottages, their gaps sometimes stuffed with thorn branches, but more often left just as the flying hoof of a hunter sent them down. There is no contrast in the fields of red plowed earth with golden stubble; no young winter oats show vivid green against the deeper emerald of root crops; as far as the eye can see stretches an expanse of grayish green pasture, broken only by gray walls, pierced by gray rocks, under a low, gray sky—a study in gray that is relieved only by the warmer coloring of the bogs.

Bogs Are Elusive. After heavy rain, when the clouds are clearing, the pools among the yellow grass reflect the patches of wintry sky, giving an effect of Damascus steel work inlaid with gold, only here the gold is Damascused with steel. In another place, even in mid-winter, patches of gorse are in full flower, while beside their golden glory a still pool mirrors in its shining surface those tall, feathery gray rushes that look like a Japanese embroidery on pearly satin, while perhaps a bird swaying on a tall rush gives just the touch of animal-life which the Japanese portray so imitatively.

The bogs are typical of Ireland—changeable, elusive, full of moods and mystery, not beautiful in the obvious sense, but with the fascination of an aloof and subtle woman, who is all the more irresistible because she cares nothing whether her charms are felt or not. These great stretches of bog give a sense of freedom and wide spaces which is one of the joys of Ireland. No neatly-trimmed hedges confine you; no great belts of woodland shut you in, for where there is a clump of trees on a hill, they accentuate rather than lessen the bareness of the country. Underfoot by barbed wire or notices to trespassers, you may, ride or walk for miles across



A Wild Austere Country

made green and gray splashes on wood and floor and ragged rugs; but still the room waited, open to sun and wind and rain, for the owner who never came home. Surely some Irish man Van Winkle had strolled out one summer afternoon, fifty years ago, to the fair mound two fields away, and there, encircled by the moss-grown moat and ring of rough gray stones, had dreamed away half a century in the twinkling of an eye. One looked to see him return down the "boreen" now, gray-bearded, dim-eyed, old and crooked; as the fairy thorns; but no one came, only the breeze stirred softly through the bare larch twigs, and from the broken roof the rain dripped steadily as the ticking of a ghostly clock.

Such deserted homesteads, ruins at every turn of the road, every corner of the fields, mouldering away in unlovely and uncared-for decay, create a sense of overwhelming desolation which the land itself—truly "a land of ruins and weeds"—does nothing to allay. The country is in no sense beautiful. It has been called flat, though in reality there are never twenty yards of level going on road or field. An Irishman back from the States said to me, "It is what we

other people's land, clambering through gaps in the stone walls, plunging through bogs, pushing aside the piles of dead branches that do duty as primitive gates, and no one will say you nay.

To the wanderers of the spirit also there are set no bounds; the world of visions is open to any who will enter in and take possession, for the gate of dreams is at the threshold, and the gate always stands ajar. The real and unreal are interchangeable words here; the whole scale of values has altered, till ghosts and fairies, legend and vision, are inextricably interwoven with field and mound and bog. Every square yard of Ireland has been fought over and fought for; there is scarcely an acre which does not hold the bones of men and the relics of some old feud—Celt, Dane, Saxon, Norman, Jacobite, Orangeman—everywhere they lie where they fell fighting, and their spirits, quiet even in death, increase the atmosphere of sadness and mystery.

Occasionally a young man marries a girl to reform her—thinking he can break her of the habit of pointing out every ice cream and oyster sign she sees.

Limitations of Mahogany. A remarkable disparity is shown between the mahogany cut and the mahogany consumption. The cut of real mahogany per year amounts to 18,000,000 feet, while 40,000,000 feet are sold as mahogany. An investigation made of this subject shows that there are no less than 20 different kinds of wood which are offered as true mahogany, to say nothing of the others which are stained to imitate mahogany. The newest arrival in the ranks of the imitations is what is called Colombia mahogany, which is so-called for the reason that it comes only from Colombia. It is not mahogany in any sense of the word and it belongs to an entirely different family, but it has a remarkable superficial resemblance in grain and color. There is said to be quite a large supply of this wood available.

Sublime Porte a Misanthrope. Hans Andersen ranks Constantinople first among European capitals in point of beauty, then Stockholm, Edinburgh and Lisbon.

The Turkish capital has suffered

less from fires than most Oriental cities; but one occurred in 1865 which turned the name by which the sultan's government is generally known into a misnomer. Among the damaged buildings was the Serai palace, where councils are held and ambassadors received. The chief gate of the palace, Bab-i-Humayum, or Sublime Porte, from which the government derives its title, was burned down, and has never been rebuilt.

No Progress. Knecker—That preglacial skull showed man reasoned before he talked.

Bocker—Well, that's more than he generally does now.

Men of Nerve. Some men are so nervy they can assume credit for leading a procession when they are being pursued by a posse.

Luckily some men don't know as much as they think they do, or they would be greater bores than ever.

VERY LIKELY.



Hazel—Some folks don't know what's good for them in this world. Henry—Yes, but they're better off than the people that know and haven't the price to get it.

The more a man knows the easier it is to keep his face shut.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules. Adv.

Every man thinks he knows a lot about women until he marries one.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays the painfulness of the little one, and cures the colic. A bottle is sent free to cure any case of teething, colic, or any of the ailments of infancy. Write for it.

It isn't half as far from virtue to vice as it is from vice to virtue.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. (See advertisement on page 10.)

Pay compliments if you will, but pay your bills first.

"What's the Use"

waiting for Nature, alone, to bring back your appetite, to make the liver active and the bowels regular? Some assistance is needed and

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

is really "it." For 60 years it has helped in cases of indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe and Malaria.

We Urge a Trial Today

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

Loyal to Her Teacher. Sunday School Teacher—Yes, children, the Lord made everybody.

Small Girl—Did he make you, teacher?

Teacher—Yes. He made me, too.

Small Girl—And he's got nothin' to be ashamed of, either.

Automobile Aroma. Farmer Hiram was mending the front fence when an automobile whizzed past, emitting a trail of blue smoke from its oil-choked engine.

Farmer Hiram's hand went to his nose. When the car had disappeared far down the lane and the smell had died away he ventured to address the hired man.

"Sam," he said, "they may be swell city fellows an' all that; but they certainly was smokin' some vile see gars."

In the Day of the Billionaire. A brilliant New York lawyer said at a dinner at the Lotus club apropos of certain trust magnates:

"Thanks to watered stock—and watered stock is criminal abroad—these men are indeed rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

"If the watering of stock is allowed to keep on we'll hear our billionaires talking like this some day: 'Hullo! There goes Jones in his 300 horsepower car. Do you know him?'

"Do I know him? Do I know Jones? Why, man alive, Jones and I were struggling young millionaires together!"—New York Times.

GOOD NATURED AGAIN

Good Humor Returns With Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion and nervousness, amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness.

"Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eyesight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

L. FOSTER, PRES. J. S. JOHNSTON, VICE-PRES. J. T. DAVIS 2nd V. P.
S. COLE, CASHIER SAM MAHAFFEY, ASS'T. CASHIER

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF STERLING CITY Capital \$30,000.00

Accounts are solicited from individuals, who may rely upon courteous consideration and the very best terms that are consistent with good business methods



REMINGTON-UMC
AUTOLOADING SHOTGUN

For singles—trap or field—just press the button and—"FULL." The side bolt makes it easy. You don't have to tug at the barrel or watch an on-and-off device. The action stays open after each single-shot is fired. It always stays open when the magazine is empty. Five shots—three to get the cripples—each under absolute control of the trigger finger. The recoil recoils for you—kicks another shell in; takes the strain off the gun—the discomfort out of the kick—all without diminishing the drive behind the shot.

Simple take-down—a few turns of the readily handled magazine screw-cap makes cleaning, carrying and interchange of barrels quick and easy.

Send for a motion picture booklet telling how the kick is used—how a friction device found only on the Remington-UMC Auto-loading Shotgun takes the punishment out of heavy loads.

Write to-day:
REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway 7 New York City

San Angelo Business College

Trains young men and women thoroughly for business. Civil Service and all Commercial Branches. Positions paying \$50 or more GUARANTEED to Graduates of complete Commercial Course. Write for catalog and terms.

NEW GOODS NEW HOUSE NEW PRICES COTTEN & DAVIS

Professional.

Chas. R. Gower
Physician and Surgeon
With Dr. C. R. Carver,
Over Butler Drug Company.
STERLING CITY, TEXAS.
Office and Residence Phone 83

TRADES

R. B. CUMMINS
LAND, LIVESTOCK AND
RENTAL AGENT
STERLING CITY, TEXAS.

JEFF. D. AYRES,

LAWYER AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
STERLING CITY, TEXAS.

B. R. Yellott

Attorney-at-Law
Office over First State Bank
Sterling City, Texas

Dr. C. R. CARVER.

General Practitioner with Surgery
Chronic diseases a specialty.
Is promptly answered day or
night. Office first door north of
Bros. Drugstore. Phone 48
STERLING CITY, TEXAS.

J. E. Minyard

Physician & Surgeon
Office over Coulson's Drugstore
STERLING CITY, TEXAS

Abstracts

Graham Abstract Co.
WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS
Office at Court House

R. P. BROWN

BLACKSMITHING
AUTO REPAIRING & SUPPLIES

—Money to loan on real estate.
Vendor's lien notes purchased or extended. Write us for particulars and application blanks.
R. Wilbur Brown & Co.,
San Angelo, Texas

LOCALS

B. F. Roberts returned from Kansas City last Tuesday.

"I'm one ob 'em"—Snowball, in "A Soldier of Fortune."

Jeff D. Ayres made a professional trip to Floydada this week.

State Bank Examiner, L. J. Davis, visited his brother, J. T. Davis, here last week.

District Court convenes next Monday, and will probably hold over two days.

H. G. Ratliff, of Brownwood, was looking after his ranch interests here this week.

Good Surrey, to exchange for a pony, cow or light wagon—E. L. Springer, Sterling City.

The dueling scene in "A Soldier of Fortune," is sure to hold you in rapt attention.

Night watchman, Krickbaum, returned Wednesday from Cleburne, where he had been to visit his family.

Jim and Fred Hodges have leased the Ed Davis pasture for a term of five years. We learn they intend to operate it mainly as a sheep ranch.

Miss Peterson, the spinster in "A Soldier of Fortune," will make you laugh till your ribs rattle.

John C. Childsey, a National Bank Examiner, was here last week looking over the affairs of the First National Bank. He reported the bank in fine condition.

"Perhaps you don't grasp my meaning"—Col. Adolphus Alphonso Fitznoodle, in "A Soldier of Fortune."

L. C. Dupree has traded for two sections of land, known as the Price place, from W. L. Lowe. Mr. Dupree wants to exchange this for other property. Those interested will address him at Colorado, Texas.

The two civil engineers of the Santa Fe, who are stopping at the Central Hotel, have nothing to say as to why they were sent here; consequently, there is much guessing as to their purpose.

The friends of E. E. Reams will regret to learn that he died last month at the Soldiers Home, at Fort Dodge, Kan. Deceased was well known here, having resided among us for two years.

Barney Moore, the Irishman, in "A Soldier of Fortune," says many witty things.

The new brick business house of "Uncle Tommy" Brennan, on the North side, is now complete and ready for occupancy. This structure is a credit to the builders as well as a pride of the town.

A number of our enterprising stockmen are contemplating a stock show here on April 1st. There are quite a number of fine colts, horses, mules, jacks and cattle that will be on exhibit if the program is carried out, and Sterling will have a big day.

Frank Atkinson was here yesterday after supplies for his ranch. He says sheep are beginning to get green feed, and if the weather continues favorable there will soon be plenty of feed.

J. L. Glass, this week, sold from 150 to 175 coming yearling steers to W. R. Cole of Big Springs, at \$28 and \$32 per head. The \$28 calves were a few which Mr. Glass had bought from other parties; and the \$32 calves were the product of his herd of hereofers.

Most beautiful and natural will be the lovers' quarrels and love scenes in "A Soldier of Fortune."

NOTHING TO IT.

"Duke, do you really love me?"
"I have loved you ever since I saw your father's commercial rating. But there is an obstacle to our marriage. I hear now that he made his money in trade."

"That is not true. He kept a store in a mining camp, but his money was made on the slot machines."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ITS NATURE.

"I am told the prisoner was in a perfect fever when he discovered the detectives were on his track."
"I suppose he had spotted fever."

THE REASON.

"Why won't Elite discuss his coming aviation trip with you?"
"Don't know, unless it's because it is a sour subject."

ORDER YOUR EASTER SUIT NOW!

And wear it on Easter Sunday, March 23rd. Guaranteed Suits
From \$15.00 To \$35.00
G. C. POTTS,
Tailor. Phone No. 21

BOOKKEEPING—SHORTHAND.

And allied subjects, the latest and best. Satisfaction guaranteed or tuition refunded.

SAN ANGELO BUSINESS COLLEGE
San Angelo, Texas.

SHOATS FOR SALE.

I have 20 high bred berkshire shoats for sale. They are now 3 months old, in fine condition and just right to make big porkers by next fall. Phone me at my ranch, or write me at Sterling City.

A. F. JONES.

FARM TOOLS FOR SALE.

The following second hand implements are all in good repair and can be had at about half price of new ones: 3 sulky breaking plows, 3 disk harrows, 3 cultivators—1 disk and 2 regular plows, 3 planters—1 riding and 2 walking, 3 long handled shovels, 3 walking turning plows, 2 Gehlga stocks and an assortment of sweeps and shovel plows.

For information, call at this office. Here is a bargain to the man who wants to make a crop.

4t

WHEN you are in town, and want good things to eat, and good, clean Beds, remember that the CENTRAL HOTEL is the place.
SIDNEY SMITH, Prop.

When you want the best Coal, Gasoline and Oil, see T. H. Walton, the Transfer Man, phone 79.

HOGS FOR SALE

Shoats at 7c per pound, gross.
Figs. 1 to 2 months old, \$3 to \$3.50
Sweet potatoes at 75c per bushel
Write or phone Jas. Daly,
Sterling City, Texas.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion from whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication strictly confidential. Write for Free Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents." Patent taken through Munn & Co. Receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A hand-drawn illustration weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a year in advance. Single copies 10c. Address: MUNN & CO., 353 Broadway, New York City. Branch Office, 22 E. 2d St., Washington, D. C.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Inventor's idea. They may bring you money. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. for their 25c price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

RATTLING ALL RIGHT!



Speedleigh—I've just bought an automobile for \$225. It's a rattling car.
Needleigh—Oh! I've heard it.

AN ENGLISH BELLMAN.

Some occupations attain importance simply by surviving. The bellman was not held in much esteem when he was really useful, but now, in such places as he still pursues his "calling," he is quite a personage. In one fashionable west country health resort the bellman goes around in a smart uniform, mounted on a pony, and when he has cried his news—generally offers of reward for lost property—delivers a discourse to his hearers concerning himself as the only mounted bellman in England, and then produces picture postcards with his photograph, which seem to have a ready sale.—London Chronicle.

A Successful Company

always attracts attention and many reports true and false are circulated throughout the world. There is absolutely no foundation in the rumors:

1. That we have sold out to Rockefeller—or anybody else.
2. That we will sell cars at less than our advertised list prices.
3. That we intend to cut all our dealers and sell direct to customers.

We are building 200,000 cars this year and our order books will probably close early. A wise buyer will take his car now and disregard ridiculous rumors.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY SALES DEPARTMENT

"A Soldier of Fortune" A Drama in Five Acts At The School Auditorium Friday Evening, March 7th

This play is being put on for the benefit of the Auditorium—paying for seats, lights, etc. It matters not what you like, whether music, comedy or drama, this occasion will have them all.

Tickets on sale next week Popular Prices Curtain Rises at 8, p. m.

Services at the Tabernacle

On next Tuesday, March 11th 4th President-elect Woodrow Wilson is to become the Chief Executive of our nation, and together with this change, the personnel of the administration of the nation will change. This man, and these men, coming to this place of so great responsibility, and at this time of very grave national danger, when one mis-move might lead to such grave results, we meet at the tabernacle for prayer.

We suggest that we do this because we are a christian people and believe in the Divine aid in all great undertakings; and we will thus express our patriotism and our love for Almighty God.

We therefore announce that such service will be held at 3 o'clock, p. m., at the tabernacle (if good weather; otherwise at the Methodist church.) We hope the school can come in a body, and that all business will close for this one hour.

J. T. Redmon
E. L. Springer
B. F. Brown

MORE WOMEN SMOKING.

Smoking is becoming far more common among women in society. The habit is indulged in more openly than it was, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a woman motorist who is making calls puffing away on a cigarette between visits or a woman golfer doing the same thing.

At many of the west end restaurants women no longer take the trouble to conceal their liking for the cigarette. Many women, moreover, have got beyond the cigarette stage, and smoke cigars—mild Havanas.

CONVINCING LECTURE.

"Have a drink, old man?"
"I've stopped. Every time I drink my wife gives me a lecture."
"Have a smoke, then?"
"I've stopped smoking, too. Same old lecture."
"Why, you're completely reformed. Your wife ought to take that lecture on the professional circuit."

ALWAYS WORTH THE LIVING

Despondency Only of the Moment, and Life is Bound to Resume its Cheerfulness.

Of course we have all heard the query, "Is life worth living?" Perhaps we've asked it of ourselves many times, in moments of discouragement, when all things seemed to be working for the darker side, and the sunlight of hope was for the time being obscured by heavy clouds.

Many are the answers—in fact, all humanity from the very beginning has been responding to the great challenge—and we are today the living exponents of the problem.

If my life, your life and the life of our neighbor has been "lived" and holds the power to keep on doing so, then yes, a thousand times, our lives are worth living!

But if, for some or many reasons, these lives have been spent in days of illness, or worse, the answer is to be found on the face of the undeniable failures which are the outcome of such waste.

People who are in earnest about whatever they are engaged in doing seldom have time to stop and ask such questions; they are too busy making their own and the lives of those with whom they are associated really worth while to withdraw from life's great army of "workers thinkers and "livers"—merely to stand by the roadside and say, "Is it all worth while?"

Some people remind us of "insulated" bodies; they are wholly unresponsive, cut off—as it were—from the influence of anything good, true and beautiful, seemingly surrounded by their own narrowness of mind and smallness of soul.

And they are the ones who ask, "Is life worth living?"—Exchange.

NOT MANY RATS FOUND.

The offer of the government of Jamaica of 1d for each dead rat delivered at the pumping station in Kingston, is not producing much fruit. In three weeks only 80 rats were delivered at the station, viz: for the week ending 20th July, 15; week ending July 27th, 30; week ending August 3rd, 35. About a score more dead rodents were also sent to the pumping station, but afterwards transferred to the government bacteriologist.

UNCOOKED FOOD LATEST FAD

Advocates of Idea Say Nature Should Be Allowed to Do What Cooking Is Necessary.

Going back to first principles, the latest food fad is uncooked or sun-cooked food. The advocates of this idea say that "before the use of fire primitive man took his sustenance as birds and wild animals still do, and there is evidence that he had better teeth, a harder body and was exempt from many of the ailments from which people suffer today." Therefore they urge that nature should be allowed to do whatever cooking is necessary.

"In all nature," say these people, "every animal but man finds food ready prepared. Then why should human beings boil and roast and fry and in the end be worse off than those that eat raw food? In fact we have eaten some kinds of uncooked food for years, and so the step to a complete diet is not great."

Lettuce, tomatoes, celery and fresh fruits are all uncooked. They are not predigested so that the stomach is not deprived of its rightful tasks. The real fact is that uncooked food calls for strong organs, and while it calls for strong organs it produces them. No lion or tiger or cow has cooked food; no fish requires it; no bird or flower gets a boiled dinner. Why should we?"

A CALL DOWN



The Tenant—Say, last night the rain came through the roof and gave me a regular shower bath. You ought to do something.

The Landlord—What do you expect me to do? Give you soap and towels?

Accidents That Made Bonanza Kings True Romances of the Great West

By Frank J. Arkins

© BY RIDGWAY CO.



ACCIDENTS have contributed billions to the wealth of the world. They have made the history of the great mining camps. The merest chances have resulted in the discovery of the great lodes of gold and silver bearing ore.

The accidental finding of a small nugget in the crop of a chicken was momentous. It was the beginning of a series of explorations that unlocked a chain of treasure vaults in the Rocky Mountains. The remark of a hunter, the subsequent sinking of a well and the accidental meeting of four men, constituted a chain of events that revealed the greatest single deposit of ore ever known. The kick of a donkey uncovered a ledge from which millions have been taken.

The man who seeks wealth is hunting for, stumbles across it at the most unexpected moment. If he recognizes what he is looking for he is in a fair way to become rich.

Sawmill That Opened Up the West.

In January, 1848, near Sacramento, California, James Marshall of New Jersey constructed for James Sutter most famous sawmill in history. It quickened the pulse of the world. It revived the sluggish streams of commerce. It made men fighting mad. It resulted in wiping the buffalo and the Indian from the great plains. It filled the Pacific ocean with ships where previously but few sails had been seen. It caused the building of railroads, and laid the way for future millionaires.

The mill was built of logs. Marshall carefully selected a point for the tail-race, and because he decided that time could be saved in completing the mill by permitting a flow of water to clear the mill-race of the soft dirt, his name became linked with the advance of the western states. The water was turned in and, after running for several days, the head-gate was closed, to complete other necessary work. Then Marshall noticed a few shining specks in the banks of the race. He took a step forward, gasped, halted, flushed and laughed at himself uncertainly. The next morning, January 19, 1848, he stepped into the tail-race and picked up a few pieces of brassy-colored metal. He showed them to the men at the mill. They all laughed. He pounded one piece under a hammer. He placed them in his pocket.

"Throw them away, Marshall," said one of the men, "and let's get the mill turning."

The next day Marshall rode into Sacramento and, reining his foaming horse in front of Sutter's store, Sutter to a rear room, the door of which he locked.

"Do you know gold when you see it?"

"No, Marshall."

Then Why produced the brassy bits. They hammered out a piece the size of a half-dollar, and weighed it in scales against a silver 50-cent piece. It was heavier. They tested it with acids. They decided it was gold. Together they returned to the mill, and before night had gathered a pan full of coarse gold nuggets.

When they did that they tapped the top of the treasure-vault of the Western States. The news of that find populated the Pacific Coast. A flame of excitement ran up and down the Sacramento Valley. It reached the four corners of the earth. People came from everywhere. Those few specks of gold found in the mill-race at Columbia, in Eldorado county, were the first of a production of \$1,750,000,000 that California was to yield! Then followed the herds that traveled to the new gold coast by sea, around the Horn, and across the plains, fighting Indians and wild beast, and uncovering other mining camps that made the western states famous. Between 1848 and 1869 California produced more gold than had been mined in all of North and South America in the previous two centuries.

Finding of the Comstock Lode.

The chance remark of a hunter, followed by the accidental meeting of four men, is responsible for the uncovering of the most sensational body of ore in the history of mining. Prospectors warned all over the state of Nevada in 1859. They were men who had failed to find wealth in California, reinforced by immigrants who lacked the money to go farther. A hunter, whose name is not known, told Pat McLaughlin that there were mineral indications on Gold Hill. They found the place—and an outcrop, but no mineral. The ground had been prospected before and deserted.

It was discouraging. They worked without result. They decided to sink a well in a depression. At a depth of four feet they ran across some black-looking stuff that puzzled them. They washed some of it in a "rocker" and were amazed to find the bottom of the rocker alive with gold. In a few moments the men were making fifty dollars an hour. In the midst of this



golden dream, H. T. P. Comstock came upon them. He declared himself "in on it." He had prospected the ground before. He was determined he would not give an inch. They conceded him a half interest, which he divided with his partner. That claim afterward became the Ophir ground.

Its gold-bearing days were short-lived, when an assayer named Melville Atwood came along. Struck by the appearance of the black residue from the ore, he assayed it and found that it ran three thousand ounces in silver to the ton. Prior to that the search had been for gold. Now there was a stampede. Within two years Virginia City, Nevada, had a population of thirty thousand, and the famous lode named after Comstock has produced in gold and silver \$850,000,000.

The mines burrowed down to a depth of more than three thousand feet, and for years fought through a rain of scalding hot water underground.

In the early 70's it began to "play out." The people were panic-stricken. Thousands faced starvation. Then appeared a man who seemed to "see through the mountain." The great lode had only been scratched, he declared. John Mackay, with James Fair and Messrs. Flood and O'Brien, started to sink the Consolidated California and Virginia shaft. Dark days were on the camp when that shaft went deeper and deeper without revealing an indication of ore. Just as the night was blackest, and the people filled with despair, the bottom of the Consolidated shaft punctured the top of the greatest bonanza ever recorded in history. Stocks soared. The hopes of the people revived. Virginia City was a bedlam of excitement. Millions came out of that hole. In the next two years the Consolidated paid dividends at the rate of \$2,000,000 a month.

The Chicken and the Professor.

A chicken was the accidental means of halting a party of gold hunters, at a point which afterward became a great city, and the center of the most remarkable mining discoveries ever known.

A group of Georgia miners stopped on the banks of a sandy creek in western Kansas, New Year's day, 1859. They had some poultry with them, which they turned loose for a few days. They killed one, and in cleaning it a small gold nugget was found in the crop.

Instantly a town was born. The men were from Auraria, Georgia, and they gave that name to the new place. The stream was called Cherry Creek. They panned up and down and within a few weeks so many trains of prairie schooners had stopped there that quite a community had been established. The Pike's Peak boom was on. From Leavenworth the world had been notified. There were saloons, gambling houses, dance halls, all the indulgences of a mining town, when the placer began to wane. The rush crowded the village. But the supply of gold was scant. Wagons labeled "Pike's Peak or Bust" came in daily. Some ascended the peak—seventy-five miles to the south—and if they could find the man who started the rush there would have been a hanging.

Then John Gregory panned down the creek to the Platte, and followed it to its confluence with Clear Creek. Here he obtained better "colors." He ascended this stream thirty miles to the point where it forked. He panned the gravel on each side, and selected the North Fork. The next day he lifted a handful of gravel from a gulch that will forever bear his name. The rush that followed changed the name of Auraria to Denver, and divorced from Kansas and Utah enough territory to create Colorado. The people were gold mad.

W. Green Russell, another Georgian, went into the next gulch, and almost the same day that Gregory "struck gold," the half-breed, Ramo, who had reached the South Fork of the same creek by crossing the mountains, added another district.

The gold came so fast that the government ordered a mint erected at Denver in 1861. Then evil days fell on the new camp. The "free" gold disappeared. It was now held in the clasp of iron and sulphur and would not yield. Thousands faced ruin. Not one, but several cities had been built in the mountains. Denver had grown by leaps and bounds. The people were in a panic. A mass meeting was called. It was a gloomy crowd that assembled. All agreed that something should be done. But what?

"Send for Professor Hill!" shouted a man in the rear of the room.

"Who is Professor Hill?" asked the chairman.

"He is professor of metallurgy at Brown University," came the answer. "How do you know?"

"Because I am a Brown man." "College fellow, eh?"

The man from Brown pressed his claim, and an appealing message was sent to the university. Professor Hill responded. He examined the ore and agreed to erect a smelter. The mineral wealth of Colorado was first uncovered by a chicken, and the state was saved by a professor, afterwards United States senator.

The Last Chance.

In the spring of 1884 there was a stampede from Alder Gulch to the Kootenai in British Columbia. Four men, named Cowan, Stanley, Miller and Crab, started north, and while crossing the Prickly Pear Valley in Montana, learned there was no use in going to the new diggings. This information was given to them by Jim Coleman and his party, who were returning. They debated together and concluded to go back to the states.

They could not agree on the route they should follow. The Cowan party wanted to try a new trail over the mountains. Coleman insisted that it was but a game trail. The other thought not. So they parted.

Finding it impossible to get over the mountains, the Cowan party returned to the valley.

"Let's pan this gulch," said Cowan. "It's the last chance before we leave." It was about sundown when Cowan made that remark. He filled his pan with gravel. In the gathering dusk his partners watched him, idly smoking.

The light was fading fast, and Cowan was hurrying the work. He had removed the coarse gravel and was well down to the bottom of the pan.

As he began to shake it to rid it of superfluous dirt, and take in fresh water, he shouted:

"We're struck it bigger'n all out-doo! We can own all of Montana." In an instant his partners were at his side. Four breathless men watched the final operation. In the bottom of the pan were several flat pieces of gold. As the dirt was thrown out, more and more of the yellow stuff appeared. Altogether there was about eighteen dollars' worth in that pan. They worked by camp fire. They were wild with joy.

They were rich beyond their wildest dreams. They fired their revolvers and talked half the night, as they planned their future. They had made history in washing that pan, for Last Chance Gulch was to have a population of more than ten thousand before the snows of Christmas fell, and the nuggets found in that pan were the first of \$140,000,000 that it was to yield to the gold hunters. Helena, Montana, now stands on the place where that discovery was made.

A Murderer's Legacy.

A great mining camp was discovered because a murderer escaped from jail. While evading arrest he stumbled on gold in the sands of a range of black mountains. Pursued by officers of the law and hunted by warlike Indians, hungry and weary, he gave himself up. In the ward of the prison, where he died he gave two quills of gold, and made a rough map showing where he found the yellow stuff. They began an invasion of the country, which was an Indian reservation. Men died in the search for those mines. Wild Bill organized an expedition in 1872 and spent the winter in the Black Hills, fighting redskins. He was forced out in 1873 by the military. In spite of a cordon of soldiers and hostile Indians, prospectors risked their lives, for they found ore worth \$900 a ton! The Indians ceded their lands to the government and the rush commenced in 1876. Within a year there were forty thousand people in the gulches. Deadwood is located on the spot where the fleeing murderer found his little nuggets. If the keepers of the jail had not been lax, the half-breed Ramo would not have escaped. And if he had not escaped and been pursued, the wealth of the Black Hills would have been unknown.

Finding a Pleasant Tombstone.

A prospector left Fort Huachuca, in Arizona.

"I am going out to find a million," he remarked.

"You will find your tombstone! The country is alive with Indians." "Better a tombstone than poverty." A few weeks later he uncovered one of the greatest silver mines ever opened in the southwest, which he named the Tombstone District. Several millions of dollars were taken out just under the grass roots. A town sprang up. A newspaper called the Epitaph was published daily. It was the accidental turning to the left, forced on him by

the presence of the Indians, rather than to the right, where there were better mineral indications, that caused him to stumble on the great silver deposit.

Where the Indians Got Their Paint.

A piece of rock left on a hot stove by accident unlocked a treasure house. The Indians about Prescott, Arizona, had an abundance of paint. Where they obtained it was a mystery. The fact that they had it excited a party of prospectors, who followed them. They tracked the redmen up Jerome Canyon, and saw bright red and green stains on the side of the canyon walls. They went above these, and located a silver mine, which they worked out. Then they sought a purchaser. They did not want to risk their money in searching for greater wealth.

They interested Senator W. A. Clark of Montana. He investigated. When and sank a shaft and gave up in despair the red and green stains he knew that back in the hills there was a deposit of copper. He bought the mine and commenced the sinking of a shaft that has made famous the United Verde.

The Cripple Creek Enigma.

Pike's Peak has always been associated with gold. In 1859 a camp was located on one of the many natural parks on the side of it. Several thousand people were there. There was a town, district rules were adopted, and location monuments established. The prospects were promising. There was everything to make a good town—except gold.

It depended out and the place got a hard name. Then a man went over to Mount Pisgah, salted some claims, and started a rush. He left the country about twenty-five hundred feet ahead of a thirty-foot rope and several hundred angry men.

Some hardy prospectors went around on the south side of the peak. For years expedition after expedition wasted time and money on the sides of the great peak.

Finally a man decided that the way to get gold out of that section was to feed cattle on the sides of the peak. He acquired a ranch. Later he borrowed some money on it and could not pay the mortgage. The holders of the notes offered to give him more time. He would rather they would take the ranch. Bob Womack dug a prospect hole in one of the gulches. A cow fell in it and was crippled. The owner of the ranch threatened to elect him. Womack sought aid to develop a mine. In response to his request, sent mining men investigated his property and tried hard not to laugh in his presence. Dignified mining engineers shook their heads knowingly, and warned capitalists not to risk their money.

Then some one bought Womack's claim for a song, and commenced to work it. A little gold was found, but there stood Mount Pisgah, that had been salted, and all around it abandoned prospect holes that told of blasted hopes of bygone years. It had the curse of thousands of years upon it. A little gold came from the surface of the ground. But specialists sat up nights advising friends and clients to keep as far away from Cripple Creek as they could.

Then silver was demonstrated. Thousands were thrown out of employment. They heeded not the advice of the experts. They rushed into Cripple Creek by the thousand and accidentally discovered it. They crowded the trails and tramped in over the snow. The first winter was terrible. They worked a place on Mineral Hill—Womack's mine, the El Paso, began to ship ore. Then, like a flash, came the news of the finding of Bonanza on Gold Hill, Battle Mountain and Bull Hill.

The secret was revealed. The bright silver-looking ore, that disappeared before the flame of the blowpipe, was gold disguised by tellurium. It was so simple. It all happened because a man left a piece of it on a stove by accident. The slow heat drove off the tellurium and left the gold in shining specks, peeping through the rock.

The Opening of the Yukon.

When the Telegraph Expedition forced its way through the northwest in the middle of the nineteenth century, it found evidences of gold along the Yukon river.

The party was locating a telegraph line that was never built. All that is necessary to start a prospector over the trail is word of rich diggings at another place, the farther away the better. Every year after that miners sought the north.

In 1896 the world was electrified by the discovery of George Carmack, who forced his way up the Yukon, 1860 miles from the sea. He prospected the various rivers in search of the gold which the Telegraph Expedition had reported.

He stumbled into Klondike Creek, two miles above that he turned into a little stream, where he washed from forty to eighty dollars gold to the pan. His fortune was assured, and his discovery started the rush into the frozen north, for he had turned the key that opened the door to millions, away up in the Arctic Circle.

Thanks to the Reindeer.

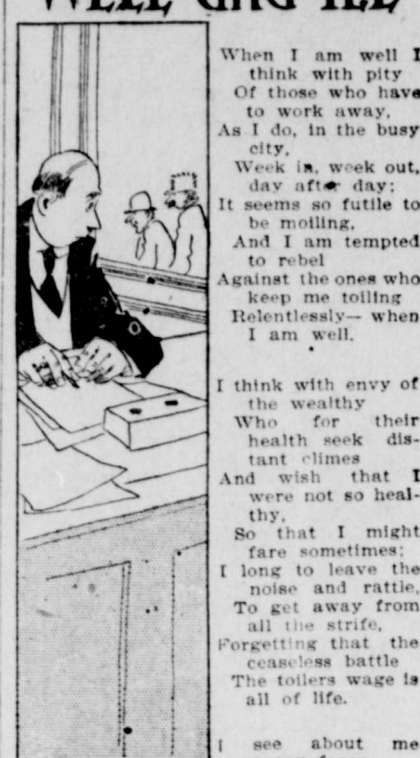
Nome was discovered because some reindeer strayed away in 1898 and a Lapland reindeer herder, Nome, stumbled along after them, accidentally kicked a nugget from the sand. The beach was worked right down to the edge of the Behring Sea.

Then a second zone was discovered thirty-seven feet higher, but farther back. When it was worked out, a third beach, one hundred and seventy-five feet above sea level, and a mile or more back from it, was found. A town sprang up and millions were taken from the beaches.

What's this man's name?" "Jones, sir." "Where does he come from?" "Devon, sir." "Ah, I'm a Devonshire man myself. Fine county is Devon, is it not, Private Jones?" said the general.

Private Jones looked startled for a moment, and then, in a broad Irish brogue replied: "Bedad, an' there ain't a foiner country in the world, yer honour." —Weekly Telegraph.

The ONLOOKER S. E. KISER WELL and ILL



When I am well I think with pity of those who have to work away. As I do, in the busy city. Week in, week out, day after day. It seems so futile to be moping. And I am tempted to rebel. Against the ones who keep me toiling. Relentlessly—when I am well.

I think with envy of the wealthy. Who for their health seek distant climes. And wish that I were not so healthy. So that I might fare sometimes: I long to leave the noise and rattle. To get away from all the strife. Forgetting that the ceaseless battle. The toilers wage is all of life.

That show the need of change and rest. I wonder why men cling to their jobs. Whose profits are but small at best. "Poor fools," I say, "they are but wasting their strength where toil is profitless. When each might far from here be tasting the sweets of well-earned carelessness."

When I am ill, and cannot hurry. With those who haste away to town. To toil and moil and scheme and worry. I curse the fates that keep me down. It seems a pity to be quiet. While there the wheels are whirling still. And thinking of the rush and riot, I scorn repose when I am ill.

In the Wrong Business.

"I understand that Bobsworth thinks of opening up a new subdivision."

"How can he possibly do that?" "Why, easily. He owns a big tract of land and—"

"I know. But he's such a poor talker."

Why?

"I am afraid," said the beautiful heiress, "that you want me only for the fortune which I shall have."

"Do you really fear that?" asked the baron.

"Yes, to be candid—very often." "But why look on the dark side of things?"

Pleasure.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "to have missed that dance with you. It was all due to a mix-up in my program."

"Don't give yourself the least concern," she sweetly replied, "the pleasure was all mine."

Fortunate.

"I find," said Mrs. Gotter Lotte, "that my horizon has been greatly widened since I have taken up the study of French."

"Indeed?" replied her dearest friend, "how fortunate that it doesn't have that effect on your figure!"

Not Always.

"New York has the largest floating population of any place in the country, hasn't it?"

"Yes, except when the Ohio river is above the danger line."

Judged by His Words.

"Blindeless says he always weighs his words before he speaks."

"If he does he cheats himself by giving light weight."

If.

If the angels could always be sure there were profits to be gained they would not so often fear to tread where fools rush in.

The Little Ones.

Little bits of trouble Borrowed day by day Make the care that frightens Hopefulness away.

Felt She Was Neglected.

There was company in the parlor, and little Marjorie, overheard, listened longingly to the sounds of fun and laughter that from time to time floated up to her chamber. When, by and by, her mother came in for a last look and kiss, she found her darling wide awake and reproachful. "Oh, mamma," was the unexpected exclamation of the small maiden, "I've been so lonely, lying here all alone, while you were having such a liberal time downstairs."

Stretched for a Gallop.

John, aged four, was walking along the street with his mother and they passed a butcher shop. John stopped to look at a little pig that was hanging in the window. He turned to his mother and said: "Look at the way that pig has his feet spread out. I bet they shot him while he was running."

MRS. BENNETT SAYS "PUBLISH"

Thinks Her Letter Made Public, Might Result in Some Good. All Ladies Should Read.

Henderson, Tex.—In a letter from this place, Mrs. T. V. Bennett says: "Last November I was taken very sick, and had two doctors. They doctored me for most everything that could be thought of, and at last they told me it would be necessary to have an operation. I couldn't give in to this, although I was suffering great pain. Finally, I decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I hadn't used it but a short time before I was up, feeling good, and able to do my work. I am still getting along fine, and can recommend Cardui, the woman's tonic, to all suffering women. I shall always praise this great medicine. If you think my experience would be of any benefit to any suffering woman, you are at liberty to publish it."

Cardui, the woman's tonic, is strictly a woman's medicine, made up of pure, harmless, vegetable ingredients which act directly on the womanly constitution. It stimulates the weakened organs, and helps build them up to health and strength.

We receive numerous letters, every day, similar to the one above. If it has benefited so many thousands of other women, why shouldn't it do the same for you?

Give Cardui a trial.

N. B.—Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for medical directions on your case and a large book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. Adv.

BY MOONLIGHT.



First Actor—The hotel clerk just handed me a bill for \$10 for our board two days—can you beat it?

Second Actor—Sure, if I get my trunk out of the window!

Some Method.

"Don't you think, dear," began Mr. Comfy, "that our next door neighbors, the Scrubbs, are putting on a great deal too much style, considering the fact that they never know from day to day where the next meal is coming from?"

"Well, replied Mrs. Comfy, "you see, the more style they put on the more likely they are to be invited out to dinner."

Hint Direct.

A dirty-looking stranger entered an hotel.

"Where's the bar?" he asked of Pat, who was standing at the door.

"What kind of a bar?" asked the latter.

"Why, a liquor bar, of course. What do you suppose I mean?"

"Well," drawled Pat, with a twinkle, "I didn't know but what you might mean a bar of soap."

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES.

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Give a trial and you will be convinced. For FREE trial packages, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Apology.

"You called me a dog, sir."

"Oh, no! Some dogs are very fine creatures. I called you a cur."

FOR WEAKNESS AND LOSS OF APPETITE.

The Old Standard strengthening tonic, GLOVER'S TASTELSS CHILL TONIC drives out malaria and builds up the system. Tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50 cents.

Figuratively speaking, a man and his wife are one, but the figures on the grocery bill are apt to disprove it.

BUY FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS Contains No Opium - Is Safe For Children

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE

Write for book saving young chicks. Send names of 7 friends that use incubators and get book free. Kansas Remedial Co., Blackwell, Okla.

Bumper Yields From Fewer Acres

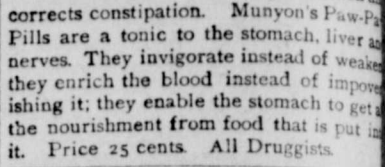
Did you ever envy the man who raises big crops on less land than you do? Investigate. Chances are he uses fertilizer. It's an investment, not an expense.

FIDELITY BRANDS Fertilizer for Texas Soils

It's almost business suicide to try to farm without Fertilizer. We want to tell you how you can double and quadruple your yields. We know Texas soils.

Free Booklet upon request. Fidelity Chemical Corporation P. O. Box 1793 Houston, Texas

CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike any other laxative or cathartic. They coax the bowels into activity by gentle methods, and do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do starve the blood instead of weakening it. They enable the stomach to get the nourishment from food that is put in it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

Cough, Cold, Sore Throat

Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.

HERE'S PROOF.

MR. ALBERT W. PRICE, of Fredonia, Kan., writes: "We use Sloan's Liniment in the family and find it an excellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops coughing and sneezing almost instantly."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

RELIEVED SORE THROAT.

Mrs. L. BREWER, of Modello, Fla., writes: "I bought one bottle of your Sloan's Liniment and used it. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning. Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00

GOOD FOR COLD AND CROUP.

MR. W. H. STRANGE, 3721 Elmwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have been afflicted with croup for several years. I have tried many remedies, but Sloan's Liniment has cured me. I have used it ever since."

Sloan's Liniment is a pure, harmless, vegetable preparation, and is safe for all ages. It is sold in 25-cent, 50-cent and \$1.00 bottles. Address: Dr. E. J. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

First Actor—The hotel clerk just handed me a bill for \$10 for our board two days—can you beat it?

Second Actor—Sure, if I get my trunk out of the window!

Some Method.

"Don't you think, dear," began Mr. Comfy, "that our next door neighbors, the Scrubbs, are putting on a great deal too much style, considering the fact that they never know from day to day where the next meal is coming from?"

"Well, replied Mrs. Comfy, "you see, the more style they put on the more likely they are to be invited out to dinner."

Hint Direct.

A dirty-looking stranger entered an hotel.

"Where's the bar?" he asked of Pat, who was standing at the door.

"What kind of a bar?" asked the latter.

"Why, a liquor bar, of course. What do you suppose I mean?"

"Well," drawled Pat, with a twinkle, "I didn't know but what you might mean a bar of soap."

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES.

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Give a trial and you will be convinced. For FREE trial packages, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Apology.

"You called me a dog, sir."

"Oh, no! Some dogs are very fine creatures. I called you a cur."

FOR WEAKNESS AND LOSS OF APPETITE.

The Old Standard strengthening tonic, GLOVER'S TASTELSS CHILL TONIC drives out malaria and builds up the system. Tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50 cents.

Figuratively speaking, a man and his wife are one, but the figures on the grocery bill are apt to disprove it.

BUY FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS Contains No Opium - Is Safe For Children

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE

Write for book saving young chicks. Send names of 7 friends that use incubators and get book free. Kansas Remedial Co., Blackwell, Okla.

Bumper Yields From Fewer Acres

Did you ever envy the man who raises big crops on less land than you do? Investigate. Chances are he uses fertilizer. It's an investment, not an expense.

FIDELITY BRANDS Fertilizer for Texas Soils

It's almost business suicide to try to farm without Fertilizer. We want to tell you how you can double and quadruple your yields. We know Texas soils.

Free Booklet upon request. Fidelity Chemical Corporation P. O. Box 1793 Houston, Texas

CAPTAIN PICKED WRONG MAN

General Knew That Delicious Brogue Never Came From The Lips of Devon Man.

A regiment in India was about to be inspected by a general, just out from England, who was particular that the captain of every regiment should know the name of every man in his company, and also where he came from. Now, it happened that a cap-

tain in this particular regiment had just returned after 12 months' leave, and during his absence many changes had occurred.

On the morning of the inspection the captain addressed his company as follows: "Now, men, the general is particularly that I should know every man's name, and to what country he belongs. Now, there are many here who are

strangers to me, so whatever I say your names are or where you belong to, mind you don't contradict me."

The general at length arrived, and as he passed down the lines he stopped before a man and said to the captain: "This is a smart looking soldier. What is his name?" "Brown, sir," replied the captain. "Where does he come from?" "Wiltshire, sir

The Kitchen Cabinet

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.

—Euripides.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

To the methodical, systematic housewife, who plans her meals often a week in advance, there is a vast field for individuality and ingenuity in the planning of a meal; but the thrifless, indolent woman, who spends her time in needless ways and a few moments before the meal time tears into the house or the kitchen to prepare or see to the preparation of the food, there is a limited field, as preparation and thought are both necessary to have a well balanced meal, together with variety and economy.

Steaks and chops are often the poor man's food, because the wife does not take time to prepare in the thousand appetizing ways the coarser, cheaper cuts of meat. Long, slow cooking develops the flavor, and that long cooking must be planned for, often, the day before.

It should be the pride of every housekeeper to work toward getting as much as possible out of the time, money and energy spent.

Beef Rolls.—Cut thin, round steak into oblong pieces, and on each piece place a spoonful of sausage meat; roll up and tie with a string. Dredge with flour, pepper and salt, brown in pork fat and put into a casserole. To the fat add a tablespoonful of flour; stir until brown, add a pint of water and cook until smooth. Season and pour over the rolls, cover and simmer in the oven for two hours. Take off the strings before serving.

Parsnip Fritters.—A very nice fritter, and one that is easy to prepare, may be made from cold cooked parsnips. Season and mold the parsnips and dip in a thin fritter batter, drop in hot fat and fry; drain on paper and serve hot. Many people who refuse the vegetable fried will enjoy it this way.



THE FLEEBIAN CABBAGE.

Cabbage, with onions, have gained an unenviable reputation because of their odoriferousness, but cabbage is a wholesome vegetable, and one which contains mineral salts which are needed in the blood.

One reason that we tire of certain vegetables is that they are served in so few ways; we grow to dislike them. If a change of serving could be often made, and a little more care to have a variety, these common vegetables would be more welcome on our tables. Cabbage, cooked with an onion, chopped and served in a white sauce is an unusual, but very good, way of serving that vegetable.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Cut out the stalk end of a firm head of cabbage, leaving the hollow shell. Tie the cabbage in a thin cloth and boil until tender, then carefully remove the cloth and fill with seasoned stuffing of chopped meat, bread crumbs and seasoning; then bake in a hot oven until the cabbage is brown.

Hot Slaw.—Shred a head of cabbage and pour over the following dressing: Beat two egg yolks, add two tablespoonfuls of water, a tablespoonful of butter melted, a dash of salt and a quarter of a cup of vinegar. Cook this dressing over hot water and pour over the shredded cabbage while hot. Heat the cabbage and serve hot.



Love him, yes, and let him know that you love, ere life's evening tinge his brow with sunset glow.

MORE ABOUT VEGETABLES.

There are many dishes which may be made much cheaper when combined with vegetables. A small piece of meat, a pound or pound and a half, if cut in serving-sized pieces, with carrots, an onion and a few potatoes added, will be well seasoned.

Game Too Small.
A well dressed man called at the office of a celebrated New York criminal lawyer the other day.

"I want you to take my case," he began, when shown into the private office. "I am charged with burglary, but I assure you I am as innocent as an unborn babe."

"You are, eh?" Well, we don't want your case," replied the great lawyer. "We defend only notorious criminals. You had better go to some young lawyer."

Spinster's Jest.
Confidential Friend to (elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you've given up advocating women's rights?

Elderly Spinster.—Yes, I'm now going in for one of women's rights.

Friend.—Women's rights? What's that?

Spinster.—Widower, my dear—Judge.

How can one who hates man love a woman without blushing?—Paul Richter.

the meat and make a good dish for five people.

If the meat is well browned in fat before adding the vegetables and water the flavor is greatly improved.

Stuffed Onions.—Parboil large onions, remove the centers, chop and season with butter, pepper and salt and mix with any cold cooked sausage and bread crumbs; fill the centers and bake, basting it with soup stock or butter and water. Any cold meats, such as tongue or ham, is very nice for this dish.

Potato Vienna Rolls.—Mold mashed potato into the shape of rolls about four inches long, brush with egg and roll like creases across the roll with a knife. Place on a greased pan and bake in the oven until brown.

Potato muffins are very attractive to serve with fish. Grease muffin rings and fill with mashed potato, brush with egg and bake. Slip out carefully and garnish the dish with parsley.

Some Rules About Cooking.—All root vegetables should have a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water in cooking.

All vegetables should be cooked in boiling water.

Wilted and shriveled vegetables, if soaked for two or three hours, will absorb moisture and many times become quite crisp again.

Cook peas and spinach in an uncovered dish to preserve the pretty green color.



Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm.

Let us ever glory in something and strive to attain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

COLLECTION OF PUDDINGS.

During the winter months puddings that are rich and hearty may be served with greater frequency than in the warm weather.

Golden Pudding.—Add to a half cup of molasses a half cup of butter, a half cup of sour milk and one and a half cups of flour, one egg well beaten, a pinch of salt and one-half teaspoonful of soda; mix, and beat well and steam two hours.

Serve with this the following sauce: One egg, half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and a pint of boiling water. Flavor with either lemon or vanilla.

An egg sauce would be good with the above pudding. Beat two eggs well, add a cup of milk, a fourth of a cup of sugar, and flavor to taste.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Scald a quart of milk; stir in three-fourths of a cup of corn meal. Cook well; add a third of a cup of molasses, a pinch of salt. Beat two eggs, add a cup of cold milk to them, and pour into the pudding. Add a few raisins, stir occasionally the first half hour. Bake two hours.

Fruit Dumplings.—To a quart of flour add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a tablespoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs and enough milk to make a mixture to roll. Roll out and cut in squares, place a pear or apple or peach in each square, bring the corners together; on top of each place a bit of butter and a dash of cinnamon with a sprinkling of sugar. Pour into the pan a cup of hot water. Bake until well browned and serve with cream and sugar.

Pour a rich powder biscuit batter over peaches in a deep dish and bake. Turn so that the peaches are on top. Heap with sweetened whipped cream and serve.

Poor Economy.
Charles M. Schwab, apropos of his superb work in aid of released convicts, said modestly in New York:

"O, it is economy to help these men. Help them a little, and their lives, instead of being wasted, are of value to the nation."

"To be niggardly and timid about helping such men is to be like the chap who was asked the first of the year to buy a calendar."

"This chap, after studying the calendar thoughtfully, handed it back with a frown."

"No, no," he said, "I can't afford it. I may be dead before the year is out."

Injustice to the Esteemed Fish.

An old negro in town has been selling fish to various housewives for several years. The other day he took his wares to a house on the south side. The woman of the house examined them.

"Uncle," she said, as she inspected the basket of catfish, "these do not seem to be good. They don't smell fresh."

"Law, honey," replied the old man, smiling, "dat ain't de fish you smells, dat's jes me."—Kansas City Star.

Bought Grave: Filled It.

After buying a lot in a local cemetery, having a monument erected for himself and informing his wife that she would be a widow within two weeks, Joseph S. Smith, a Greenville (Ga.) farmer, aged seventy-two, committed suicide.

Mrs. Smith had attached no importance to the statement of her husband. She was prostrated when she found him dying from the effects of a drug.

Beauty is sometimes only seakins keep.

The Suits of Mrs. Merriwold

BY KENNETH HARRIS

MELISSA COULD NOT TOLERATE A KNOW-IT-ALL.

Mrs. Merriwold had her little curved scissors, her orange sticks and her chamotte polisher laid out on her dressing table, and was delicately fling away a sharp corner on a rosy nail of an index finger when her maternal maiden aunt Jane came in and settled down for a little visit.

"I wonder you don't let Miss Pummis at the beauty parlors do that for you, Melissa," she remarked. "She does them very well and she's quite reasonable."

"I wish you were quite reasonable, dearie," replied Mrs. Merriwold, extending a hand for her aunt's inspection. "Anything wrong about that little dimpled mitt? Could Miss Pummis impart a pinker tinge or a glossier finish to these book terminations? I mean not, and I'm not given to overweening either. Mr. Buttny might, but fortunately he's not here, and there's nothing to prevent me from doing the job myself."

"Of all the gentlemen who have been calling here since I have been with you, I consider Mr. Buttny to be the very nicest," declared Aunt Jane, "the most helpfully inclined, the most thoughtful and ingenious. He showed me—"

"How you could do it far easier and with incomparably better results," finished Mrs. Merriwold.

"Did he tell you?" asked Aunt Jane, clearly surprised.

"No, my dear Lady Watson," Mrs. Merriwold answered, with her most superior and tolerating smile. "I simply deduced it. You were alone with him while I was skinning into my clothes, and you were doing something or another. My knowledge of you enables me to make that assertion with confidence. You may have been clipping the dead leaves from the geraniums in the window box. You may have been rearranging the books on the shelves. You may have been embroidering as you discussed the topics of the day; but whatever you did is immaterial. He was there and saw you doing it, and he wasn't gagged or handcuffed, consequently he showed you how."

"And I appreciated it," said Aunt Jane, severely.

"I hope that you didn't let him see that you did," said Mrs. Merriwold, "not that you could discourage him. I heard a pretty little anecdote of Mr. Buttny's childhood the other day. It seems he had a grandmother whom he tenderly loved, and one day he went to her with the light of a great discovery in his eyes and an egg in his hand. 'Dear grandmother,' said he, 'I want to show you how you may extract the contents of this fruit by application of the well known law of nature, abhorrence of a vacuum. You first puncture the shell at each end, and then, putting one end to your mouth—'

"That's enough, my dear," interrupted Aunt Jane, in a tone of displeasure. "I contend that Mr. Buttny is a gentleman such as one rarely meets in these days. He is always doing something for somebody."

"It's a perfectly beautiful trait," Mrs. Merriwold admitted. "When Mr. Buttny makes a flying leap and a slide across the room to pick up my handkerchief, my admiration is too deep for words. You seem to misunderstand me, auntie, dear. I think it's too lovely for anything to have somebody around who always wants to do something for you—as long as it isn't something one wants to do for oneself. I can quite imagine how handy he would be around the house, too. He would show you how to trim your hats, and then trim them. He'd take the management of the cook off your hands, and leave you free to think great thoughts, and if you undertook to make pie, he'd come into the kitchen and stick a helpful finger into it. But you're mistaken about the Buttnys being rare, dearie. I know several women who have the Buttny brand of husbands. Of course they're women who think marriage should only be dissolved by death, and they have conscientious scruples against arsenic, poor things!"

"Mr. Buttny would never let me perish with cold for want of a wrap on a sultry August evening," Mrs. Merriwold went on. "It wouldn't be the least trouble in the world for him to get for me, or to drape it about my perspiring form. He wouldn't watch me playing the wrong card when he would stand behind my chair and breathe into my ear, and pick the right one for me. He wouldn't listen in silence while I made a hash of a perfectly good anecdote when he could jog my weak memory and correct my inadequate language. I could always depend upon him to button my gloves and choose the appropriate shade for a new parlor carpet. He'd strew my path with roses and do all my thinking for me. It would be my own fault if I were not a happy woman."

"I think it would be," said Aunt Jane.

"I should learn from him undoubtedly," conceded Mrs. Merriwold. "He could show the dressmaker how to cut a pattern for a brassiere, he would and could cheerfully and lucidly instruct DePachman in the true interpretation of Chopin, he wouldn't show the least hesitation in giving Edison points about electricity, and he would tell me how to arrange my hair becomingly—in fact, he has helped me! He's so helpful that I always want to scream for help when he starts in."

"Of course if people are too independent to accept instruction or assistance, that's a different matter," said Aunt Jane. "I'm willing to learn, myself."

"We all are as long as the tuition isn't free, dear," Mrs. Merriwold replied. "We like to pay for what we acquire in the way of learning, though, and the more we pay, the more respect we have for our teacher. That's what makes old Professor Experience so popular. Another thing, I want to feel that our instructor knows more than we do, and that's no attitude of mind for any woman to take toward her husband."

"Don't you think that a man really knows more than a woman?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Not if he doesn't know enough to conceal the fact that he does," replied Mrs. Merriwold.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Mistaken Information.
Unable to meet certain liabilities incurred on St. Ledger day, Sam Slope had first explored the bottom of a nice, muddy pond, and then the inside of the police cells. While languishing in the latter he was most anxious to learn who had won the big race; but, failing to extract the information from the officer in charge, he had to pass the night in dismal ignorance. When next morning the policeman came to take him to court he renewed his inquiries, only to be sternly ordered to hold his tongue. But Sam was not to be denied, so, on being ushered into the dock, he bent over to the magistrate and indignantly inquired:

"Could you tell me, sir, what won the St. Ledger?"

"Silence!" thundered the court usher.

"Liar," responded the prisoner, wheeling round. "That's a four-year-old."—London Times.

Chance Missed.
A well known doctor and a certain minister are great friends, but they dearly love a joke at each other's expense.

The latter once delivered a series of lectures, and one of them—on Palestine—was not interesting enough to please the audience, which gradually withdrew before its conclusion. Not long afterwards the minister's house was entered by a burglar. He gave a graphic account of the affair to his friend, the doctor, and ended by saying:

"I had him on the flat of his back. I held him so that he could not move an inch."

"Good!" exclaimed the other. "But, my dear sir, what a splendid opportunity that was to have delivered to him your lecture on Palestine!"

Indication of Staying.
"How's the new hired girl getting on?"

"All right."

"Think she's going to stay?"

"I guess so. She'll probably be with us another week, anyhow, because she's already asked me if she can have next Tuesday night off."

Tempted.
"Are you going to wear side whiskers if the fashion is revived?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I might if it will make some of my wife's callers act as timid as deferential toward me as they do toward my butler."

Health Essentials.
Pure air, pure water and pure food, as well as thorough cleanliness, are all essential to the chicken's health. The fowl's power to resist disease is due to these.

Leghorn is Best.
The Leghorn hen is a good egg producer at an older age than the large hen, because she is more active and does not get overtired like the big hen.

Vegetables for Hens.
Vegetables are great for the hens, especially when they can't get green feed in the fields.

Meat is Usually in Form of Bugs and Worms.

Considerable Studying and Experimenting Necessary to Find Out What Fowls Need and How Much They Should Have.

(By KATHERINE ATHERTON GRIMES.)

The hen has three reasons for wanting to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

TO PROTECT INSECT EATERS

Measure Reasonably Sure of Passage by Congress for Preservation of Little Birds.

One of the three bills pending in congress for the protection of birds is reasonably sure of passage, because public sentiment, in the first place, is against the destruction of birds, and secondly, because there is an important economic reason for the enactment of strong laws in this direction. Officials of the biological survey of the department of agriculture estimate that 20 per cent. of the average annual crops of the country is destroyed by insects. Away back as far as 1904 it was found that the damage done through the ravages of insects amounted to \$420,000,000. This is a direct loss to the nation, and one which must have a very appreciable effect in determining the price of products. The farmer must depend on the birds more than any other agency to eliminate this loss, yet the bird slaughter continues. The destruction of insectivorous birds is of special concern to many sections of the country, because of extensive fruit growing. As the destroyers of insects, birds have come to be recognized as agents for conserving national wealth. The killing of a bird indirectly is a contribution to the strength of the insect horde which infest the vegetable products.

sectivorous birds is of special concern to many sections of the country, because of extensive fruit growing. As the destroyers of insects, birds have come to be recognized as agents for conserving national wealth. The killing of a bird indirectly is a contribution to the strength of the insect horde which infest the vegetable products.



Meadow Lark.

sectivorous birds is of special concern to many sections of the country, because of extensive fruit growing. As the destroyers of insects, birds have come to be recognized as agents for conserving national wealth. The killing of a bird indirectly is a contribution to the strength of the insect horde which infest the vegetable products.

DEHORNING IS NOT PAINFUL

Operation is Not Difficult When Clipper is Used, Taking Horn Off Without Crushing.

(By C. E. BRASHEAR, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

Dehorning is not the painful operation it used to be. The clipper is taking the place of the dehorning saw. Its advantages are that it is more quickly operated and it gives the animal less pain.

It has the further advantage that the close confinement of the animal necessary for the operation of the saw is not needed in the use of the clipper. It is used successfully without a dehorning chute.

The animal is tied to a tree with a rope, passed around the neck. A ring with a rope attached is placed in the nose and pulled in the direction opposite the horns. This throws the head in position for dehorning.

The horn is more often cut too high than too close. In fact, it is hard to cut the horn too close, and the horn cuts easier low. The wound also heals quicker and the head is given a nicer shape. A ring of skin should be taken off with the horn.

It is a good plan to grease the clipper with grease that is mixed with some disinfectant, such as creoline.

The best clipper on the market has V-shaped notches in the blades. It clips the horn off easily, without crushing. The knife with straight edges tends to crush the horn and is harder to operate.

FOWLS NEED SOME EXERCISE

When Confined Too Closely Birds Are Constantly Trying to Secure Liberty, Making Poor Returns.

If fowls are too closely confined, they will constantly be striving to get at liberty they will try to fly over the highest fences, and in every way show how well they love the range of field and pasture. Such uneasiness and anxiety to get out militate against their good health, and a hen that is not in good health will not lay eggs, says the New York Farmer. They should, therefore, have all the space that may be allowed them, and this may not be furnished at all, then how much more important it is that one do not keep too many fowls confined within the limit of the poultry house exclusively.

However well the poultryman may feed and tend them, when thus restricted, if there be an excess of numbers crowded together, the hens will cease to lay, they will get ill, they will lose their flesh, become miserable in a short time, and in no case can they be made to give good returns when thus restricted in their quarters. If you had no room for the hens to exercise in, you would better get rid of them.

Kerosene Emulsion.
Kerosene emulsion, one of the best mixtures to use in combating mites in the poultry house, is made by mixing two gallons of kerosene oil, 1/4 pound of whale oil soap, one quart of home-made soft soap, and one gallon of water. Dissolve the soap by boiling in water, then remove from the fire and add the kerosene at once. Churn this mixture rapidly and violently until it is as smooth as beaten cream. One part of emulsion to several parts of water is used to dilute the mixture for application to buildings, dropping boards or nest boxes. Add one or two ounces of carbolic acid to the emulsion just before applying.

To Avoid the Runty Pig.
Runty pigs stand a poor show at the feeding trough with a bunch of their husky brothers and sisters. As they are crowded out of place naturally they do not get enough to eat to keep them growing, and they stay runty.

A trough arranged with V-shaped partitions set strongly in the trough would give the little fellows an equal show with the big ones, and the weaker ones could get their share of food. A handy man can make such a trough arrangement in an hour or so, and even the growth of his pigs would more than pay for his trouble.

Health Essentials.
Pure air, pure water and pure food, as well as thorough cleanliness, are all essential to the chicken's health. The fowl's power to resist disease is due to these.

Leghorn is Best.
The Leghorn hen is a good egg producer at an older age than the large hen, because she is more active and does not get overtired like the big hen.

Vegetables for Hens.
Vegetables are great for the hens, especially when they can't get green feed in the fields.

Meat is Usually in Form of Bugs and Worms.

Considerable Studying and Experimenting Necessary to Find Out What Fowls Need and How Much They Should Have.

(By KATHERINE ATHERTON GRIMES.)

The hen has three reasons for wanting to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn soon as we can, or we will find it hard to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right for each. If they are not given enough they will have to use it all for building and heat production, and have nothing left over to make eggs. If we feed too much of any kind the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.