Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATHEW S. DUDGEON

A VISIT TO PADDY GALLAGHER

Where the Co-Operative Concern Now Buys and Sells.

Dunglow, County Donegal, Ireland. —This is a story of the grand uphill fight for self-respecting, economic independence which is being made by a bunch of cheery Irishmen in County Donegal. At the head of this fighting group is Paddy Gallagher, an organizer and a promoter if there ever was one. But is a promoter, not of his own fortunes, but the promoter of community welfare. This is also the story of what a godsend a co-operative organization can be to a community which has been, in an economic sense, hard stricken by nature. Nature seems to have exhausted herself in the agricultural gifts she showered on eastern and southern Ireland and to have reached Dunglow, in County Donegal, with nothing left in her gift bag except a few little patches of cold, unresponsive soil which she scattered here and there among the huge outcropping rocks of the barren hillsides rising between the wide stretches of desolate peet bogs.

In fact, we are here because Sir Horace Plunkett has said that this is the place of all others to visit, if we Americans wish to see what co-operation will do toward helping an Irish community scratch a living out of the rocky hills on the bleak northwestern coast of Ireland.

Who Paddy is.

Paddy Gallagher was born forty years ago in one of the poor one-room cottages on a barren three-acre tenant holding—a cottage that had the wolf always at the door. When Paddy was nine he was put out to work at three pounds for six months' work. His father did not do this sort of thing because he wanted the little half-starved shaver to work beyond his strength, but because it was either work for Paddy or starvation for still younger and weaker children. After that there was nothing for Paddy but hard work, and low wages until he was grown and had started a family of his own.

But his work had taken him into other places, into Scotland and England, and he cathe back with the realization that life in Dungalow was not what it ought to be. Uneducated, work-worn, without any outlook of promise for himself or his family, something brought Paddy Gallagher the realization that he and his neighbors together might do what each separately could not do. So, with the assistance of the Irish Agricultural Organization society, co-operation was brought to Dungalow.

How It Started.

Gallagher, who had been studying soils and manures, learned that according to government analysis the soil of his section needed certain definite chemical elements. He asked local traders if they could give him any guaranty of analysis of the manures sold by them. He was informed that they never got such a thing, knew nothing about it and could give no guaranty. He wrote to the agricultural department about it. They referred him to the Irish Agricultural Wholesale society. From them he learned that this society at that time dealt only with local co-operative concerns.

So this farm boy, with surprising persistence, gathered together the small farmers and pointed out to them the advantages to be gained as to quality and price by purchasing guaranteed manures direct from the co-operative wholesale society. The result was that the farmers ordered a 20-ton lot of fertilizer through a little co-operative society in an adjoining village. They found that they saved $200 on the manures and besides secured super-phosphate of 30 per cent. instead of 22 per cent. strength, and dissolved bone instead of worthless compounds. The battle for co-operation was already half won, for there was no further question as to the advantages to be gained through co-operation.

"The old methods of buying and selling were the cause of much poverty in this district," said Mr. Gallagher. "The traders have generally kept the public houses. They were gombeen men—money lenders. Poor farmers here could not pay cash for what they bought. They had to get goods on credit. Once a farmer got into debt to these retail dealers he seldom got free from the big man's clutches. While he was in this state he was no better than a slave. He was charged tremendous prices and had to pay big interest. I myself have been charged interest on what I bought on credit at the rate of 144 per cent. per annum. My father had this sort of interest to pay while he was bringing up his family. That is where the three pounds went that it took me six months to earn when I started to work.

What Co-Operation is Doing.

"But notwithstanding the smallness of the holdings, and the poor soil, conditions in Dunglow are improving. I never knew an organization to do so much for a community as the Templecrone Co-operative Agricultural society is doing for Dunglow. The society started in a little one-room cottage on a farm where I lived. We began by buying manures and later a few groceries. We had fierce opposition at first from the gombeen man and traders, as fierce as any community ever had. Some of the members were in debt to the gombeen men and had to come into the co-operative quarters at night and over the back walks in order to conceal from the gombeen man that they were members. If the gombeen men found out that anyone trading with them was trading with us they refused him credit and issued a writ if he owed them."

A Little Democracy.

"We wish no one any ill. We do not do business that way. We have simply demanded the right to attend to our own little affairs. We meet in our little parliament here to discuss our business. We have given some entertainments which have brought the people nearer together and given them a good time. This year we organized an industrial show in which we exhibited everything which we produced here, including lace and knit goods, as well as some of our farm products. We did this to encourage others to make these things. Now we are looking around to get some little local industry started. We need something of the kind badly so that more money can come into the community. Lace making, knitting and work of that kind is important, too, for every little helps here. We are willing to work when we can.

On the Up-Grade.

"The boys are learning to farm better than their fathers farmed. We are raising better cows, and pigs and chickens, and producing better eggs, poultry and meat than we ever did before. Through our little co-operative society we have a steady market at good prices for all we can raise. We are not rich, for this is not a rich country, and never can be. There are too many stones and bogs in Donegal for that. But we are doing our best, and we are going to reach a point soon where every man can go up and down Dunglow and say that he owes no man anything. Co-operation has brought us together, and we are all good friends. We are not fighting with each other any more. We are helping each other. We are still doing business on a very small scale, of course. We are poor people, and we must always be that. There is no chance for wealth in a five or six-acre farm. We raise a little patch of oats for oatmeal for our family. Most of us get enough potatoes off our little places to last us through the year. We couldn't live without potatoes. You know the great famine of 1848, when so many died in Ireland, was caused wholly by potato blight. The children around here are almost brought up on potatoes. They get mashed potatoes, with a little milk in it, before they are weaned. They grow up on it and sometimes have little else. Co-operation has helped us to sell what we have, and we are doing first rate.

Cost of Living.

"By purchasing goods direct from original sources, this society has made it possible for the poorest farmer to fertilize his potato patch and increase the crop which he raises. The seeds which come through it are tested and guaranteed as they never were before. It has lowered the price and improved the quality of tea, Indian meal and sugar. In one case, for example, where a rival trader was charging $3.07 for seven stone of flour we were offering the same flour at $2.22 for the seven stone.

"You may be interested in knowing about what an average family here has for an income, where he gets it and what he has to eat. I have made out a little statement so you could figure that out. To begin with, every farmer has his own potatoes and oats. Besides this, his income is something like this:

"Eggs and poultry, per week, about five shillings ($65 per year).

"Butter for about 18 or 20 weeks in summer, one to two shillings ($7 per year).

"Sale of cattle possibly 12 pounds each year ($60 per year).

"Sale of sheep, one pound ($5 per year).

"A total of $137 per year.

"Besides this, the women earn a little something by knitting sweaters and making lace, etc.

Marketing Eggs.

"You will notice that eggs are our staple product. The average poor farm family around here gets each year from 12 to 15 pounds out of their eggs, which is generally about half of their entire money income. Before we took hold, however, egg raising was not at all profitable. There was no steady market, the farmers did not understand poultry, and no one had any ambition to learn anything about it. They didn't take care of their eggs well and few were sold.

"Previously the local price was two or three pence less than the price quoted in the nearest market in Strabane and Derry. Now the prices paid are from one to two pence above the prices quoted in these markets. In other words, we have increased the value of a dozen eggs from three to four pence (6 to eight cents). For the entire district, this amounts to quite a sum. You must remember also that while we purchased only one-tenth of the eggs sold in this parish, the fact that we at Dunglow are paying the prices which we pay has made it necessary for every other buyer in the entire parish to pay the same price.

Irish Lace and Knitted Goods.

"Our co-operative company looks after a good many things besides selling eggs and butter. We are helping the girls market their lace and knitted work. Two years ago we asked the government department to send us an instructor to teach the girls to make hand-knit sport coats (sweaters). They sent a man to look it up. He talked with some of the men here who were not friendly to this co-operative movement. Nothing was done. Our girls were getting one shilling six pence (36 cents) for knitting a dozen pairs of socks, using up from three and a half to four pounds of wool. These socks were purchased of the women by an agent of a wholesale trader.

"The co-operative society decided they could do better by the girls than these buyers. Since they started buying, the girls get seven shillings six pence ($1.87) from the society for knitting a sweater coat, using only two pounds of wool and taking only one-half as long as a dozen pair of socks. Putting it another way, for the same amount of wool and the same time spent in knitting, the girls get 15 shillings ($3.75) instead of one shilling six pence (36 cents). That is, our society is paying them ten times what they used to get from the other buyers for their knitting. Formerly the girls who knit lace were bound by a bargain under which if they sold to any one privately they were boycotted. The buyer told them unless they sold him all he would buy nothing. Now we are getting fairly good prices for the lace, better than they got before and we, of course, permit them to sell wherever they can. They frequently have opportunity to sell to tourists and others who come through here. While we get fairly good prices for the lace, there is no steady market for it, as there is for the knitted goods.

Connected With Central Society.

"Our little local society could not stand alone and do what we are trying to do. We are helped all the time by Sir Horace Plunkett's organization society and by the Co-Operative Wholesale society at Dublin. Each week the wholesale society sends us a forecast giving the figures that should be obtained for eggs, butter and chickens, and stating whether or not there is to be a demand for these products. Each day we write to the wholesale society, telling them what we have on hand and what we will likely have. Sometimes we telegraph. Then they may either write or telegraph back what they want us to send and when and where they want us to send it, not to Dublin, but directly to the places selected by the wholesale society. In this way we save freight, we save commission, we save time, and we save the eggs themselves.

"Co-operation is the idea," Mr. Gallagher continued, "that this concern is a large mercantile establishment. We know enough to know that we can only do business in a modest way. We think we are doing it well, and we hope we will continue to grow as it has in the past. I am more and more convinced," he adds, "by what I see every day, that if we want to have a happy and contented people here co-operation is the best means for bringing it about." And so they are making a fight that would put the ordinary American community to shame—a fight that is gradually making this desolate region habitable and this hard-working people happy.

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Passing of Malaria.

At a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute in London, recently, Dr. Malcolm Watson gave an account of his work in the prevention of malaria in the Federated Malay states. He showed that pool-breeding mosquitos could be abolished by open drainage, that streambreeders could not be so abolished, but required drainage, and that countries with hill-stream breeders had no hill malaria. He described investigations which he had carried out in other parts of the world where malarious conditions more or less prevailed, in the Duars at the foot of the Himalyas, and in the Jeypore hills in Madras, in Sumatra, Panama, British Guiana and Barbadoes, and declared that the new knowledge had given absolute control over the malaria of low, flat land, and high hopes of control over malaria in hill land. There was also every hope of abolishing malaria from rice-fields. He believed that the prevention of malaria, the improvement in health of the agriculturist and the cultivation of the land were all intimately connected and that what helped the one would improve the other. The enormous commercial value of the control or prevention of malaria in tropical countries will be appreciated by all familiar with conditions in these localities.

To Make Shaving Easier.

To shave easily and save the blades of safety razors, leave a pleasant feel on the face and make all razors take less stropping, adopt the following plan: Lather the face well and wash off the lather, that gets rid of all dust; then with a small brush work into the skin a little vaseline, and without removing this, relather the face well, and then shave. The first day or two the plan does not seem so successful, but after that the advantages are very marked.

THEIR BOOKKEEPER

By GERALD FINCH.

"——And the doctor says he'll never be able to work again."

The ending of Daniel Patterson's story fell with dismal effectiveness upon the ears of Abner, his brother. Old Eph Jones, who had kept the books for the importing firm ever since its inception by Hiram Patterson, the father of the two brothers, had been disabled by old age.

Of course, he would be pensioned, but the question was, who would take his place? The Patterson business was an old-fashioned one, trading with a few wealthy, old-fashioned families. There was nothing modern about the little warehouse, tucked away in an obscure corner of the downtown section of the metropolis. A hustling young American would have been like a bull in a china shop.

As a matter of fact, the Patterson business barely paid its way. But the brothers had amassed a comfortable fortune. Daniel, the elder, was a little over fifty; Abner, his brother, who was always regarded as the reckless one, was forty-five. Both were confirmed bachelors, and if they had given up business neither would have known what to do with himself.

"We'll have to advertise for a bookkeeper," said Abner, after a consultation. "A quiet, dignified young woman—"

"Woman!" yelled Daniel in horror. "Why, women make the best bookkeepers," answered Abner. "They're honester, and they attend to business where a man would be thinking all the time of—of sports and moving pictures and—and horse racing."

This was the climax of wickedness in both the brothers' eyes. So, in the end, the experiment of a woman bookkeeper was reluctantly decided on. And thus, in due course of time, Miss Marjory Brown took her seat at the desk behind the grille and began to take financial charge of the brothers affairs.

Both Abner and Daniel had anticipated a troublesome time in posting

"We Want You to Stay With Us For Ever."

her as to the affairs of the house, but, to their delight, Miss Brown proved as intelligent as she was attractive. In fact, if either Abner or Daniel had known just how attractive Miss Brown was, it is probable that they would timorously have decided to seek elsewhere for a bookkeeper. When Miss Brown answered their advertisement her long, dark hair was tightly coiled on the top of her head, and she wore a prim tailor-made suit; but after the first week Miss Brown's hair was fashionably coiffured, and her dresses, though simple, were of that fashionable aspect which is commonly termed "stunning." And within a month Miss Marjory Brown ruled the office with a rod of iron.

Abner, who had acquired the habit of lingering a little too long over his lunch, would slink into the office on his return in order to avoid Miss Brown's reproachful eyes. As for Daniel, if he took a late train and turned up at ten instead of at nine fifteen, he hardly dared give Miss Brown instructions during the rest of the forenoon.

"Abner," said Daniel one day, "I withdraw what I said against women bookkeepers. Miss Brown is a—er—a—er—jewel!"

He hissed the word at his brother and then looked at him as one who has committed a breach of decorum. But Abner only nodded his head, and then Daniel looked at him quite differently. That Abner should hold the same opinion of Miss Brown roused a curious sensation in him.

From that time onward each brother watched the other narrowly when he was talking to Miss Brown.

"Abner," said Daniel, "what would we do if she left us?"

"Left us!" echoed Abner. "Why should she leave us?"

"Well—er—she might get married, you know," suggested Daniel.

"I guess we'd better raise her salary, then," replied Abner.

So Miss Brown was duly raised from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, to lure her away from matrimonial aspirations.

But that was in the good times before the panic. Then business grew worse and worse, and, as is always the case, the trade in luxuries was the first to suffer. The business fell off to almost nothing. It became a case of closing the warehouse or selling securities at a price which would have swept away half the brothers' fortune.

"Abner," said Daniel, "Miss Brown will have to go. You give her notice."

"Why don't you give her notice?" answered Abner. "You are the senior partner." He had observed that Daniel had grown much more formal with Miss Brown of late.

"But you are a man of the world, Abner," urged Daniel. "You have had—er—experience in these matters. Tell her, Abner, that we may take her back if we re-open."

"Take her back!" repeated Abner, scornfully. "Why, Daniel, she will have another position then. How could we get her back?"

"But nobody except Miss Brown could understand our system," lamented Daniel. "We should have to train a new bookkeeper, and all he would think about would be moving picture shows and horse racing. Abner, you tell Miss Brown."

So Abner, very reluctantly edged his way toward the grille.

"Miss Brown," he began, "I am very sorry to say that I—that is, the firm—I mean we are going to close down, perhaps for a long time."

As he looked at Miss Marjory Brown Abner suddenly became aware that for the first time in months he was able to do so without Daniel coming in to call him. Daniel had always hated to have him talk to the bookkeeper. And, now he came to think of it, he hated to have Daniel talk to her, too. The chance might never occur again. Miss Brown's hair had auburn tints among its shadowy tresses. Miss Brown's figure was divine. Miss Brown reminded him of somebody he had once known when he really was the reckless member of the family. And suddenly Abner was swept away into doing the most reckless thing that he had ever done.

"But we want you to stay with us for ever," he stammered. "We want you to be—er—er—wife."

Miss Brown's cheeks became the color of a ruddy peach.

"Whose wife did you say, Mr. Abner," she murmured, looking down at her ledger.

"My wife!" ejaculated Abner, taking the ledger brazenly away.

"I knew you couldn't mean Mr. Daniel's wife," murmured Miss Brown five minutes later.

"Why, dearest?" inquired Abner.

"Because I refused him two months ago," answered Miss Brown.

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HARD TO FIND NEW THEMES

Would Be Playwrights and Novel Writers Find They Have Some Handicap to Overcome.

"Ask any one you chance to meet on the street what he is doing and he will, in nine cases out of ten, tell you he is writing a play," said Eugene Walter, author of several successes. "Every one has joined the play-writing handicap now. I asked a motorman on the street car the other day how his play was getting on and he said:

"'I've got it all finished except the climax of the last act. That's been bothering me a great deal. Now in the second act I have the hero—'

"'Forty-second street,' yelled the conductor, and I had to get off the car just as I was about to hear how the hero saved the girl in the second act.

"All of which reminds me of something I heard an amateur novelist say one time in Cincinnati. I met this young newspaper man. He, like nine-tenths of all other newspaper men, was a 'bug' on fiction. He had the script of a novel tucked under his arm.

"'How are you making out?' I asked him.

"'Rotten,' he answered.

"'What's the trouble?'

"'Nothing, he went on, 'only the trouble is nowadays that us novelists hatch a plot, spend a lot of time writing it and then find that our plot has been used as a short story by the late O. Henry.'

"'And,' continued Walter, 'the young novelist is absolutely right.'"

Superstitious Toilers.

Humble as the cockle is, it gives employment to several hundred men, women, and children on the coast of Lancashire, England, and seems to have bred in them silence and superstition. Several villages depend upon the cockle as an industrial mainstay. The cocklers are humble folk, and among strangers exceedingly shy and taciturn, which becomes their lonely vocation. They inhabit stone cottages near the rustling marramgrass and bents; they subsist on the coarse fare, and while at all times their living is precarious, they suffer periodical hardships through destructive high tides, shifting channels, and the break-up or altered position of the skeers. These toilers are often seen in twos and threes far apart, not a word escaping the lips of those who work together. They are superstitious enough to believe that disputes among themselves over the skeers would be overheard and resented by the embedded cockles, in which case those sensitive shellfish would per force quit by the next tide.

Just a Hint to the Foreman.

A brawny Scotch laborer was taken on as a "new hand" at a shipbuilding yard on the Clyde, and the foreman instructed him to convey several large pieces of timber from one part of the yard to another. The man took off his coat and started, but after a time he waylaid the foreman. "I say, mister!" he said. "Did you catch my name when ye took me on?" "Ay," said the foreman. "Ye said 'Tamson.'" "I did," said the man; "I thought maybe ye took it for 'Samson!'"

Brought to Civilization.

The latest addition to civilization is the Watwa tribe, people who lived like frogs in the unknown swamps of Lake Bangweolo, Central Africa. Thes swamps were quite impregnable, and the people would not formerly allow strangers to visit their haunts. Now they have vacated the swamps, and live on dry land. They have become law-abiding, willingly pay their taxes, and even escort government officials to their old time homes.

Fashioned by Adversity.

Many a man never found himself until he lost all he had. Adversity stripped him only to discover him. Hardships and obstacles are the mallet and chisel which shape strong lives into beauty. The hardships of poverty may bring out the diamond in us. We always do our best while fighting desperately and faithfully to attain what the heart covets.

By Comparison.

"That world's series did a lot for me."

"Win money on it?"

"No; but my business troubles seem trifling now."

THINGS TO KEEP IN MIND

Little Hints That the Busy Housewife Will Find It Worth While to Remember.

To pack books for a long journey line the packing box with oilcloth—this will preserve the volumes from damage during long journeys or from mold or mildew if left in a damp storage house.

To restore crocheted buttons that have lost their shape through much laundering dip them in cold starch, shape them with the fingers and let them dry. This makes them look like new.

To keep rose bushes nice through the winter, use raffia for tying them before placing the straw around them. Raffia will not cut the canes as cord does.

To add to the enjoyment of the children who are blowing bubbles put a little vegetable coloring to the glycerin to a quart of water gives greater strength or durability to the bubbles.

To remove tight rings from fingers that have become swollen from sweeping or other labor, take a piece of wrapping cord and wrap it closely around the cord from tip to ring. Do this twice, slipping the end under the ring with the help of a toothpick. Then as you remove the string the ring comes off easily.

SALT PORK WITH MILK GRAVY

Nothing Better in Line of Dinner Dishes During the Cold Days of the Winter.

This is the best time of the year to eat pork. Warm weather is the worst time. Then, in fact, pork ought to have no place on the menu. But the colder the weather the better is pork. It is too heavy, too fat and takes too long for digestion to be a good hot-weather dish.

Here is an old-fashioned recipe for salt pork with milk gravy—a dish that our ancestors liked and a dish that will be found delicious: Cut salt pork into thin slices, and, if it is too salty, soak it in cold water for ten minutes. Then drain it and gash the rind in three or four places in each slice. Fry the slices brown. In the meantime heat two tablespoonfuls of fat with two of flour and stir in a cupful of milk to make a smooth, creamy sauce. Serve the pork with the milk gravy.

Scotch Beef Ham.

Take the thick quarter of a fat beef, with a sharp knife remove all bone, leaving the leg in good shape. Make a brine like the following for each 100 pounds of meat: Four pounds of good salt, one pound of New Orleans sugar, six ounces of saltpeter, a boil. When thoroughly cold put the beef in and let remain for ten days. Take from the brine and rub thoroughly with the following mixture of pepper and spices: One and one-half pounds of black pepper, one pound of ground sage. Roll the meat into original shape and wrap closely with coarse twine. Hang up in a cool, dry place for one month or until cured.

Beef prepared after this recipe (which is an old family recipe brought from Scotland) has a most delicious flavor and may be kept as long as it will last.

Pretty Shelves.

If you like dainty pantry shelves instead of using the scalloped paper edging sold for that purpose which is so wastly torn and needs replacing every three or four weeks, buy India linen (ten cents a yard), cut it in bias strips and make long scant ruffles. The hems can be edged with cheap lace at one or two cents a yard and each ruffle sewed to a white tape as long as the shelves. A few gold-headed tacks fasten the ruffles to the edge of the shelf. This is easily removed for laundering and lasts two years.

Cleaning Formula.

Grate raw potatoes to a fine pulp, add one pint of water to one pound of potato. Pass this liquor through a fine sieve and cloth. Let it remain in a vessel until the fine white starch settles to the bottom, then pour off the clear liquor, which is to be used for cleansing. For white silks add a little borax; for dresses and waists, dip a sponge in the liquor and apply it until the dirt is removed. Rinse in tepid water and iron on the wrong side. Light dresses and white cashmeres can be cleaned beautifully by this process.

Leg of Lamb.

Get a leg of lamb, put plate in bottom of kettle, place leg of lamb on top, then dressing pinned up in cloth. Dip cloth in hot water, flour and place the dressing in the middle of cloth, tie or pin up tight. Place on top of lamb, boil until done, then press lamb and dressing together and slice when cold. Take water lamb was boiled in, add one carrot, two onions and potatoes. Place one-quarter cup rice on stove to cook, add to stew just before serving.

Boiled Rice Ball.

Tie half a pound of rice very loosely in a pudding cloth; put it into boiling water, and let it cook there for one and a half to two hours; turn it out and serve it with golden syrup, jam or sweet sauce.

When the ball is hot you must be careful not to break it, for a touch would break it into pieces; but when it is cold it is so firm that you can cut it into slices, if you like.

Sponge Drops.

Six eggs, three-quarters cup of powdered sugar, one cup flour, grated rind of one lemon, little salt. Beat yolks of eggs, add sugar and beat. Add lemon rind and whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Cut and fold in the flour and salt. Drop four tablespoons, about size of a dollar, sprinkle with powdered sugar, bake in moderately hot oven. They bake quickly.

Beet Relish.

Cook beets, the same as for the table, one quart of chopped fine beets, one quart of raw cabbage chopped fine, one cup grated horseradish as prepared for the table, one cup granulated sugar, one tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon black pepper. Vinegar enough to mix well.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by motherhood for years. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Superb John D.

An efficiency engineer was talking about presence of mind.

"For presence of mind," he said, "nobody can equal John D.

"When John D. lived in Cleveland his next door neighbor said to him one morning:

"'Smith's cow got in my garden yesterday and ate a lot of grass and flowers.'

"'Yes,' said John D. 'It got in my garden, too. I milked it to the value of the damage done, and then drove it out.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate the liver, invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

No girl really loves a man without feeling an irresistible impulse to boss him around.

A kodak camers takes pictures and money.

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Logansport, Ind. — "My baby was over a year old and I bloated till I was a burden to myself. I suffered from female trouble so I could not stand on my feet and I felt like millions of needles were pricking me all over. At last my doctor told me it was all that would save my life an operation, but this I refused. I told my husband to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I would try it before I would submit to any operation. He did so and I improved right along. I am now doing all my work and feeling fine.

"I hope other suffering women will try your Compound. I will recommend it to all I know." — Mrs. DANIEL D. B. DAVIS, 110 Franklin St., Logansport, Ind.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, it is not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Rheumatic Twinges

yield immediately to Sloan's Liniment. It relieves aching and swollen parts instantly. Reduces inflammation and quickly stops agonizing pain. Don't rub—it penetrates.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

gives quick relief from chest and throat affections. Have you tried Sloan's? Here's what others say:

Relief from Rheumatism

"My mother has used one bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and although she is over 85 years of age, she has obtained great relief from her rheumatism." — *W. H. McLaughlin, Chicago, Ill.*

Good for Cold and Croup

"A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up next morning without croup." — *Geo. W. H. Savage, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

Neuralgia Gone

"Sloan's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has cured me of neuralgia. Those pains have all gone and I can keep my feet warm. Sloan's stop them." — *Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Jr., Jamestown, N. Y.*

At all Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. & $1.00

Sloan's Instructive Booklet on Horses sent free.

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate Liver Ills, soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS