

THE BUILDING OF A COUNTRY

The Natural Pride of Those Who Take Part in It.

To those who have built railroads through and across the prairies of Western Canada, connecting that great empire of grain and cattle, horse and sheep with the world's markets in the east, must be awarded the privilege of looking upon their work, and its results with pardonable pride. If they remembrance, and tell of the hardships and the privations, why shouldn't they? The broad prairies on which the buffalo roamed and fed, are now alive with cities, towns and villages. Farms—large and small—on which machinery has chased the bugaboo of laborious work off the farm, and making farm life one of the most pleasant and prosperous of occupations—are being cultivated by men of the highest stamp of manhood. Many of these have inherited from their forebears the physical strength and the high type of manliness that was theirs in the days when they hewed their homes out of the virgin forest, and made them what may be seen today, beautiful farms in the east. On the whole the western prairies breed a high type of manhood, wrest from him faults and diseases which would be his were it not for the upbuilding influence and character of prairie life.

When the builder of the western Canadian prairie looks upon the result of his work, why shouldn't his chest expand? It was probably some of this feeling of pride that took possession of Sir Donald Mann, vice president of the Canadian Northern Railway the other day in Winnipeg, when he said: "I am not in the habit of giving advice, but I have no hesitation of advising the young men of Canada, every young man, to get out and get a piece of western Canada's land that now can be had for the asking and be their own masters."

"It was 36 years ago when I first came to Winnipeg," he said. "At that time there were less than 150,000 people west of Lake Huron in Canada, and the only bit of railway in operation was between St. Boniface and Emerson—about sixty miles. Today there are nearly 20,000 miles of railway in actual operation and the population is over two and a quarter million, a wonderful achievement in such a short period you will agree, when you have contemplated it a moment."

"At that time all the flour, meat and many other supplies for our contracts were brought from the States. Now consider what the west is doing today. You have a grain production exceeding a billion bushels and yet only a comparatively small area of the tillable land of the country is occupied. Five years hence you will be more than doubling that."—Advertisement.

Easy.

Mrs. Jones—"What would you give a dog to prevent its barking at night?"
Mr. Smith—"Give it away."

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Prof. Schmitz.

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The Species.

"There is a lot of rot in this local-
option business."
"Then I guess it's dry rot."

ITCHING, BURNING SCALPS

Crusted With Dandruff Yield Readily to Cuticura. Trial Free.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse the scalp of dandruff crustings and scalps, and Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal itchings and irritations. Nothing better, surer or more economical than these super-creamy emollients for hair and scalp troubles of young or old.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

It is hard to convince a schoolboy that summer vacation days are longer than winter school days.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *W. A. F. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Diplomacy is often a knife in the hands of the underhand.

GERMAN COURTS RULE AGAINST SCIENTISTS

Berlin—Fraulein Huesgen and Frau Ahrend, the two Christian Scientists recently sentenced to prison for being responsible for the death of two Berlin actresses, have appealed from the judgment of the trial court. Local legal authorities, however, predict a certain affirmation of the judgment, basing their view on opinions already handed down by the imperial supreme court in similar cases. In each of these cases the court held that the assumption of the treatment of the patient and the failure to call in a physician constitutes gross negligence. It said in one case: "The trial court found the negligence of the accused to exist in the fact that he carried on the treatment of the patient alone, although he knew the dangerous character of the illness and must also have known that this illness required a proper treatment, and he should have called in a physician." It might possibly be the result of his treatment. In these circumstances the court could assume without error that the accused lost sight of the required care and perception, and especially that he did not, as 'healer' take proper consideration for the life of his patient, but acted against duty and in a guilty manner."

MORE LIGHT ON THE YOUNGSTOWN RIOT

From the St. Louis Republic.

As the truth about the riot in East Youngstown develops it becomes increasingly plain that the whole trouble lay a failure to reach the men as human beings and potential citizens of the United States.

The hopes of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. It is found, there are men who speak 23 European dialects. They are unable to understand their leaders or to be understood by them. They have been formed into some sort of organization by the American Federation of Labor, with the help of polyglot organizers, and had been called upon to strike.

Just what instigated the violence is not clear, but all accounts agree that there appeared among the men a considerable number of agitators who were able to speak to the men in their own tongues and who also had a liberal supply of money. The agitators charged that these men were agents of the federation. The federation say they were imported by the bosses to make trouble and so compel the state to send troops. One theory is that the agitators were sent by persons who wished to depress the value of stocks in the companies and so to interfere with a contemplated merger. Another theory, not held by the Youngstown officials, is that the agitators were in the employ of Austria or Germany and bent upon stopping the manufacture of munitions.

The account given by the strikers is that when these men came among them they began giving orders which were obeyed. The men say they do not know who they were, but they adopted the suggestions as they were given and began the demonstration which ended in riot.

Nothing of that kind could possibly have happened if the men had known English and had understood the government under which they lived and the organization to which they belonged. This is not saying that there is a hope that the agitators may not occur among men who know English and know their relations to their government. We all know it does, but it is very certain that if the agitators could never be kept away by handful of utter strangers posing as authorized leaders and turned into a howling mob. What made that possible was the fact that the men speaking the same language and the language of their old homes behind them had come to a new land where the language was unknown to them, where their protection were unknown to them and the procedure by which they might expect redress of their wrongs through organization was also unknown to them.

The universal language of force was theirs, and they understood it. When the suggestion that they use it was made they were ready to accept it.

The first and indispensable thing to be done to meet such situations is to spread the knowledge of English among foreign language speaking workers. With this as a tool they can begin to understand the country they live in and the conditions under which they live. They will express their own wishes through their own language. Citizenship and the vote will become their goal and the consciousness of a state and a country to be used for the betterment of society will be their end. The agitators then are good will take the place of ignorant irresponsibility.

New Way to Rob Banks.

Girard in Philadelphia Ledger.

A tall, well dressed young man strode vigorously into a large bank. He walked to one of the glass covered desks, took from his pocket a piece of paper, scribbled something upon it and went to the paying teller's window.

"If you will be obliged if you will give me that in new fifties," said the young man with a certain air of positiveness.

It was a certified check for \$50. The paying teller, after examining the signature of the bank and counted out 17 new \$5 bills and slipped a little rubber band around them.

The man started from the window with his money in his overcoat pocket a shorter, older and fatter man edged up alongside of him.

"If you move a step or say a word I'll shoot you for the crook you are," said the stout one.

At the same time he shoved a pistol against the side of the younger man and handed a cord through the window to the paying teller. "Pinxerton" was there in big type and below a man's name as special detective.

"This fellow," said the man with the gun, "is a counterfeiter wanted in Cincinnati. Now hand back that money." The little sheaf of new fifties was returned.

"If you will let me take that check I'll do the rest," added the detective, and the other man returned it.

A Thankful Thanksgiving

"I don't feel as if I should enjoy this Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Josel Nisbett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red-cheeked Spitzenbergs as if it were a family vault and taking up an apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I don't." "Then, Sarapeta," observed her husband, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarrange nothing to be thankful for! It's as handsome a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't know of a year when I've had nicer pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

"Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies or cranberry sass as makes Thanksgiving," sighed Mrs. Nisbett.

"What is it, then? Et' it's cold weather, I shouldn't ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you pretty fairly. Them artemisias by the front door is scarcely black, and the old maple losin' its leaves as if they were rainin' down. Parson Jarvis is comin' all the way from Sloatesville to preach tomorrow, and the quire's larned a bran' new anthem just a-purpose, about bein' thankful for harvest and all that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't know what else you'd have."

Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a sigh. "I wonder if tain't possible Stephe' 'll be hum tonight," she said after a pause.

"He writ not. He thought he'd drop in arly tomorrow mornin' if he caught the train he expected. Only think, old woman, it's five years you'd have."

Old Nisbett rubbed his horny hands, with a chuckle, adding: "And I s'pose, if all accounts is true, he's gettin' to be a great man out in that western country. It was kind of a hard pull when he went off and left us, but maybe the boy was in the right."

"Yes," said Mrs. Nisbett dolorously, "but somehow I can't get reconciled to the idea of his mairyin' a strange gal out there."

Joel scratched his head. This was a phase of the subject that he scarcely felt competent to discuss.

"Maybe you'll like her. Stephen says she's a nice gal."

"Stephen says! As if a man over head and ears in love wouldn't say anything."

"I wish he'd told us who she was."

Joel went out to the woodpile, the everyday shrine whence he generally derived what little of philosophic inspiration he had.

"Mrs. Nisbett!"

It was a soft little voice, and the old lady's face relaxed instinctively as it sounded in her ears.

"Why, Lida Tremaine—tain't you?"

"It is. I've done everything that Aunt Constance wanted, and now I've just run over to see if you don't need a bit of help."

She stood in the doorway, a fair little apparition, all dressed and rosy with the November wind, while her blue eyes sparkled as if they were twin sapphires hidden away under her long, dark lashes. She was neither blonde nor brunette, but a fresh cheeked girl, with nut brown hair, skin like the leaf of a daisy, and an honest, rosy, and sane as an apple as a crabapple, though by no means so sour. Generally she had a demure sort of gravity lingering about her face, but when she did laugh a dimple came out upon her cheek and a row of pearly teeth glistened instantaneously.

"I'm glad to see you," she carried a bunch of late autumn flowers.

"See!" she cried, holding them up.

"I ransacked Aunt Constance's garden for these. I knew that big vase on the mantel needed something, and with a bunch or so of scarlet leaves, I'll have 'em royal enough to help you keep Thanksgiving."

Mrs. Nisbett took the fair oval face between her two hands and kissed the fresh little mouth.

"Set down, Lida," she said. "I wasn't a-calculatin' to have no seh fixin' up, but you've seen a way, child, I can't never say no to you."

"But you're going to keep Thanksgiving," cried Lida, throwing off her outer wrappings and dancing up to the looking glass like a little gale of wind.

"because you invited Aunt Constance and me to dinner, and because your son is comin' home."

"Yes, child," said Mrs. Nisbett, subsiding once more into the mournful key from which Lida's sudden appearance had momentarily aroused her. "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop, and the bakin' done, and I'm just a-fixin' them apples."

"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had fluttered to the window, "what glorious red leaves speckled over with little drops of gold! May I make some wreaths for the wall? Oh, please, say yes!"

Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"—it would have been hard work to say "no" to Lida—and the girl soon came in, her apron full of sprigs of the old maple tree, whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and showered falling gold upon the dead grass when the autumn came.

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on the hearth rug, when the shine of the high heaped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers.

"Lida," she said softly, "Lida, my dear!" Lida looked up.

"I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday, but there's something reserved about her, and I didn't like to ask about you—would you had decided to go out as a governess or not; because my dear, Joel and I were talkin' last night, and we both thought what a comfort it would be to have you here."

a complacent satisfaction which boded ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, thus frustrating all big wife's designs and settling off her chance of hearing Lida's story.

"Dear me!" thought she. "I don't believe the man was ever born who knew when he wasn't wanted! How lonesome it seems when Lida's gone! What does the girl want to get married for when she could ha' took such a sight of comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! It does seem to me as if the world was all askew!"

The next day, in spite of the weather prophet's prediction of snow, dawned clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best silk and cap, with the turkey browning beautifully in the oven and the cranberry tarts doing credit to themselves as well as to their master, the table set, the fire high heaped with crackling logs and the plates dressed with coronals of autumn leaves. Aunt Constance, a tall, prim maiden lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking glass arranging her coiffure.

Lida, in a blue dress with a late autumn rose in her hair, was tripping hither and thither as light-footed as a deer. She was dressed in a gown of blue, and her hair was in the old-fashioned style, and she stood regarding her with a loving eye, murmuring to herself:

"Well, well, it seems like it was the Lord's will to deny us of just what we most want, but if I had a daughter I could wish she were like Lida."

As the old kitchen clock struck I Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave a little cry.

"There he comes—there comes Joel, and, as I live, there's the boy with him!"

Lida ran into the bedroom.

When she returned, Mrs. Nisbett was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome man of four or five and twenty.

"Lida," said the proud matron, striving to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen, and—why, what's the matter?"

For Stephen had dropped her hands with an exclamation of surprise and amazement and Lida stood there glowing crimson.

"Lida! Why, mother, this is a surprise indeed that you have prepared for me!"

"I prepared!" echoed the astonished lady. "Well, that's a good one, when I'm told as much surprised as you be! Lida, what does this mean?"

"It means," said Lida, with a demure smile—she was beginning to recover her scattered self possession—"it means that this is the gentleman I am to be married to."

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nesbit, "is Lida to be your wife?"

"She has given me her promise to that effect, at least," said Stephen, looking proudly down upon his lovely little fiancée.

"Well, if it don't beat all how queer things are happenin'!" said Mrs. Nisbett, her face radiant. "And you've been livin' neighbor to me these six weeks and I never knowed it. Lida, why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Risingham, my betrothed western lover, had anythin' to do with Mrs. Nisbett," said Lida, laughing.

"There 'is, now!" ejaculated the farmer. "How was she to know that he was only my nephew, adopted when his parents died, twenty good years ago. We've always called him son, and he's always been a son to us. But Lida, how do you know she's my nephew, what do you say to Stephen's wife?"

Mrs. Nisbett clasped Lida to her heart.

"I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever lived to see!"—New York Daily News.

A NOVELTY IN PUDDINGS.

Carrot Fruit Pudding a Delicious Addition to Thanksgiving Menu.

From the Woman's Home Companion for November.

A fruit carrot pudding is a novelty which I urge you to try, even though you do not introduce it into your Thanksgiving dinner menu. A hostess never makes a mistake in having a hot fruit pudding at a dinner where men are present, for it is a universal favorite.

Take one cupful of beef suet from membranes, work until creamy, which may be most easily accomplished by using the hands. Add two and two-thirds cupfuls of stale bread crumbs and one cupful of grated carrot. Beat the yolks of four eggs until very light, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one and one-third cupfuls of brown sugar. Combine the mixtures, and add the grated rind of one lemon and one tablespoonful of strong vinegar. Mix one cupful of raisins that have been seeded and cut in halves and three-fourths of a cupful of currants; then dredge with one-third of a cupful of flour mixed and sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cloves. Add this to the mixture, and also add the whites of four eggs beaten until stiff.

Turn into a buttered mold decorated with raisins and citron cut in diamond shaped pieces, and adjust the cover.

A few currants will adhere to the mold if it is well buttered. Place the mold in a greased kettle containing boiling water, allowing water to come half way up around the mold. Cover closely, and steam three and one-half hours, adding more boiling water as needed. Remove from the mold, and serve with sterling sauce. Cream one cupful of a cupful of butter, using a small wooden spoon; then add gradually, while beating constantly, one cupful of brown sugar mixed with three-fourths of a tablespoonful of flour. Add very gradually three tablespoonfuls of sherry or Madeira wine, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, and one-half cupful of milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Pour onto the well beaten white of two eggs, cook one minute, and serve.



The Reason.

Jinks—I've ridden on this line for five months and never offered a woman a seat.

Je-kus—How do you manage it?
Jinks—Never had a seat.

THE SKATING CRAZE.

Everything in favor of this fad, and nothing can be said against it. I hope everybody will catch it and nobody will get over it.

It is difficult to keep fit in winter. Everybody expects to come out of the winter fat and soft. A man in middle life expects his winter wheat to run at least five pounds over scale, and he knows "at the excess is fat. He knows, further, that his legs and muscles will be light in color and soft in texture next spring—that is, if he follows his usual habits this winter.

Every woman expects that next spring will see her several shades paler than now.

Every mother knows that she can expect some of her children to have adenoids, enlarged tonsils and neck glands next spring.

Every health officer knows that the winter death rate is the highest of the year. The rate, having started on its upward climb the latter part of November, continuously ascends until the maximum is reached about April 1.

Every physician knows that winter is the season of colds and pneumonia. For these well recognized conditions there are several reasons. One result is due to one cause and another to another cause. But one cause is through every winter situation an excessive number of hours spent quietly in warm, ill ventilated rooms.

Skating offers a remedy. It is a sugar coated pill. There is no better exercise. It calls into play muscles and nerves of every part of the body. It stimulates the heart and quickens the flow of blood. It causes every sluggish portion of the body to be washed clean by fresh blood and lymph. The excess of body heat is easily lost to the surrounding cold air.

As a means of getting fit and keeping fit throughout the winter, skating is a most worthy craze. Those who become its devotees will develop good, hard muscles. They will not suffer from winter constipation nor from winter headaches. It is good for the complexion. It is a fine remedy for pimples on the face. As a preventive against roughening of the skin it has no superior.

As a means of preventing colds and pneumonia it is excellent. The open air contacts of skaters do not cause people to catch cold from people capable of spreading it. One catches pneumonia from pneumonia and not from warm rooms, but not on the cold open of a frozen pond. Children who skate will not develop adenoids, tonsils, neck glands, or caraches. Furthermore, if the warming fires are built in the open and close warming rooms near skating ponds are avoided, the winter craze will lessen the winter dangers from diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles.

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HOW VACCINATION HAS LESSENED SMALLPOX

John H. Huber, in Collier's.

Before Jenner put vaccination on and showed how to take smallpox off the map of civilization, whole nations were periodically visited by the most terrible and wholesale plagues, and whole towns and villages wiped entirely out of existence. Public officials divided the people into those who had had these heinous diseases going to have smallpox. One in four suffered death; of the survivors many were hideously blinded. In Johnson's and his country's time every other child met on the thoroughfares was pock-marked; nor did this variola respect royalty and the quality any more than it did the common man. Such is the before-picture. Look now on the after-picture. For example, since Germany adopted compulsory vaccination she has during long periods not had a single smallpox case among her sixty-five million of people. In New York City, which has a thoroughly efficient health department, had in 1913, despite its 50 or more varieties of immigrants, just one smallpox death. Ponderous tomes of statistics are to the same effect.

But cannot smallpox be avoided in any way—by isolation, notification, disinfection, and quarantine? Yes, these measures help; but a superabundance of careful experience has shown that they will simply not take the place of vaccination. Vaccination is the only safe and effective way to prevent smallpox. The dangers here are infinitesimal by comparison with what this measure shields us from. Anyone refusing to see this point lacks perspective and a sense of proportion. Smallpox surgery has elements of danger; so has a pin prick or a razor scratch. Walking along a country road these days is a thousandfold more dangerous than vaccination. Our doctors vaccinated 3,500,000 Filipinos without a single death or any postvaccinal complication. Practically all the smallpox cases which come out after this slight operation; from uncleanness and the lack of proper precautions. And it is not true, as has been maintained, that tetanus germs are to be found in the virus used for vaccination. Obey your doctor, or follow the rules of your health department (sent on request), and there will be no danger.

But is vaccination needed nowadays when there is so little smallpox? There is now so little of this disease because our health departments, being eternally vigilant, are constantly demonstrating the efficacy of vaccination when epidemics threaten. Besides, one of the most gruesome facts about smallpox is its periodicity; it has had its lessened prevalence when the supply of the susceptible human material was exhausted, only to thrive anew with the return of the seasons. Thus, from 1893 to 1897, smallpox killed off 246,629 in 16 countries—273,000 in Russia alone—simply because vaccination was no longer deemed necessary. Let us, then, not be bold against an absent danger, nor despise the antidote while one has no painful experience of the same.

When, at the reopening of public schools, the authorities require new pupils to be vaccinated, parents, for their own safety and that of their communities, should meet this salutary requirement without misgiving.

Passing of Farm Loan Shark.

From the Kansas City Star.

In the "early days" of the west, especially in Kansas, there was, in almost every little town, a few men who grew "land rich" by making farm loans at a rate of interest which spelled ruin to the borrower. That old institution of pioneer days has disappeared.

Nowadays the men who deal in farm mortgages, as a class, pride themselves on the extreme rarity of the need for taking over the security on their loans. That may be taken as an evidence of the change that has come over the idea of what constitutes "good business."

The old economists held that only one party to a bargain could profit. Now the farmer who seeks to mortgage his place usually is among the most progressive members of the community. He was new capital to improve his land, to get the best possible returns. The man who lends him the money takes that fact into consideration, and he now is regarded as rolly to lend more than can reasonably be paid, and the amount of the loan usually is regulated by the needs of the mortgage. If the farmer is "shifty" or slack in his business methods, or is a poor farmer, the amount is lowered, if, indeed, the loan is made at all. And one of the first questions asked by the man who lends the money is: "Does he drink?"

Today's methods of making farm loans are a far cry from the old-time money-lender who made farm loans with only two ideas in view: One, to get outrageous interest rates; the other, to get the farm.

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Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.