

Raise Them without Milk
Calves $\therefore$ Bookti.w Frek.
J. W. Barwell, Waukegan, iil

THE IOc a year DIXIE

## Mragaine, hargestbrightest and finst Inustrated Magazine in tho world for

 HOME
 if noo delikhtod Stamps taken. Cut Hens out, Bend
to day. The Dixie Home, B. Birmingham, Ala.


Gold Watch GIVEN FOR SELLING POST CARDS


 ALION WATEAB CO., Dept. 3e1, Chiengo

## (2)

The Dispatcher
They sing the sounding praises of the daring engineer
With hand upon the throttle They always hall him hero; say he's ignorant of fear
But he's only minding orders, and his signals, white or red. But the man who bears the burden is the man you never see-
Seated in a stuffy office far above the noisy street; nimble fingers on the key,
And his eyes are never lifted from is long
nd it's Nos. Four and Seven hat must Switch;
And the engineers plunge safely hrough the darkness black as pitch.
Nos. Two and Twenty-seven, Pushing onward like the wind,
But the crews will mind their
Safe the passengers behind.
They praise financial captains who have organized the lines Into mighty railroad systems ove which vast treasure rolls;
Reaching factory towns and forests climbing up to distant mines Stretching over plain and mountain, bringing in the golden
tolls. tolls.
But the men who keep trains running never pose por public gaze. Theirs to do amid the clatterthat to them is music sweetOf the noisy sounders clearing all the long steel-girdled ways,
As they bend to mark the figures on the long train-order sheet.
Nos. Thirteen and Eleven
Meet and pass at Blikens' Bend.
No. Two wait for the "flyer"tend.
Just a flimsy bit' of paper
Words by the dispatcher sent; and the tourists in the coacl s Rest in safety and content.

The papers sing the praises of the managers who glide
O'er the road in private coaches, looking worried, looking wise;
Giving interviews in plenty, filling local men with pride
As they wave them recognition while the special onward files. But the man who makes for safety of the magnate and his crew
Is the man that the reporters seldom have a chance to meet.
He's cooped up within his office, far removed from pubic view,
Growing stooped, and gray, and wrinkled, over his train-order
You must slow down at Cohasset;
Weakened bridge - reduce Keep control
until you pass it Just one engineers give heed him-
Bears alone the mighty load; And his orders carry safely Militions o'er the busy road.

Things That Have Disappeared The more you think about it the more there are of them. Since firs started to mention the "things that
have dispapeared" his memory has been jogged many times by readers w We department. Now comes with few cheerful reminders, and his a few cheerful reminders, a works" to going again. Mr. Williams writes:
"In your cogitations over the joys of past years in matters of dress, you doubtless forgot the elegantly titched morocco tops of those boxoed boots, which showed in such bold splendor above the 'French vamps, in utter disregard of the senteel reminder that it was not ood form to wear them on the out ide of your pants. Then, again, the rapturous joy over that pape collar caused you to forget the puffy legance of that nainsook shir bosom that was only partly con cealed by that nattily striped scar peeping so shyly from under the apel of your low-cut vest. An again, that 'shoo-fil' necktie fastened o your collar button by that vexingly elusive rubber cord, and those large, green wax cuff buttons bearing the image of the horse's head the skull and crossbones or the musical bullfrog. And say! Have you forgotten the torturous bands of elastic ribbon you used to wear just above your elbows?

Yes, you are right; we may have better things today, but they do not it into our mental wrinkles with the dame degree of comfort that we experience when we lapse into that lar-away feeling produced by a memwe have less to enjoy? is is it be cause our capacity for enjoyment grows less with advancing years?
"I have for several years grestly enjoyed your articles on the past and hope to have the pleasure reading many more in the years to come.'

## Longing

The sun of May
Shines bright today
And I would like to haste away And with and book,
And with a hook
Just bob for bullheads in a brook.
The budding trees
And balmy breeze
Are making me feel ill at ease
Id like to get
Away from fre
And once more get my fishline wet.
My office work
nd haste to where the fishes lurk O'er moor and fen
l'd walk again
Far from the haunts of busy men.
Would that I could
Through field and wood
Walk once again-you bet I would Alas, grim fate
And toil for coin to pay the freight.

## Political

'Why does Bilkins wear, such a worried look?
O, he heard that the office should seek the man and he's worried because he can't understand why he's not been tagged."

## Taboo

Mention of the "sweet girl gradu-
Reference to the dinner we get on

A Municipally owned
rrigation system
Unilmited water as free as the district school
Why not have an deal home in the heart of Caltfornlas How to get it Writt for froe booklet
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