

OBLIVION FOR THE SCARECROW?

By WILLARD W. GARRISON
DRAWINGS BY DEARBORN MEYLL

HAVE the agriculturist and the venerable scarecrow reached the parting of the ways?
Men who claim to know say they have. The farmer's silent bluff against birds of the air which prey upon vegetable life and beasts of the ground with inclinations likewise, is doomed, it is declared.

Charged barbed wire fences, shotguns and special preparations of poison—the modern antidote for dumb sinners—have come into being to such an extent that the scarecrow has passed the period of usefulness in many sections. Professional jokers and farmers who employ electricity in



THE SILENT SENTINEL NO LONGER INSPIRES THE POET

their work are glad. Romancers, the farmer possessed of perhaps only \$0 to 100 acres, the city man, who was wont to ask: "Why, that fellow looks all day long over that corn field," the crows and the farmer's wife are sorry.

And they have reasons, too. The romancer who mentally tore off yards and yards of poetry about the pathetic plight of the guardian of the chicken coop and cat crop, must wend his way about the plantation of his country cousins in constant fear of touching a live wire and he has no more such lifelike themes for his alleged poetic ability.

The small farmer is sorry to see his brother of larger worldly goods take a step forward by proclaiming the scarecrow extinct.

The city man may no longer wonder at the art of putting the sham together and his suggestions about "giving it a touch of decoration" is positively obsolete.

As for the crows. It is the duty of every mother crow, as well as the father crow, to teach his young that the scarecrow is the friend of all crows. Hence, the silent friend of winter and summer can no longer be perched upon by the young crows in learning to fly, and the figure which was intended to be the crows' god of ill-omen, but which in the eyes of the dark-hooded minions of the air was an indication of the whereabouts of edibles in the shape of corn, usually, is to be swept into oblivion.

The farmer's wife hates to see the scarecrow go because of pleasant associations. During the long summer days while she is alone, the men and boys being off in the fields, the silent stiff-armed policeman carries on a silent conversation with her, and she has surprised city people by inserting a corn husk in the scarecrow's upper left-hand pocket as a tribute to the vanity of the inanimate farmhand. Always absolutely safe to talk to, never answering surlily, always silent under the most scathing arraignment, is it any wonder that the scarecrow will be missed by the women folk?

Thus a score of years may see it extinct. Amid gnashing of teeth by the old-time agriculturist, tears by fair conventionalists, caw-caws by crows seeking the cause of the new vogue, mourning by the city folks and others, the curtain is to be drawn over this piteous individual.

The word scarecrow signifies its realm of usefulness which is to scare crows, hawks, rabbits, squirrels—in fact, most anything or being which is liable to inflict grievous wrong upon Mr. Farmer.

While the scarecrow itself may become extinct, the art of making scarecrows will always live, agriculturists declare. The realistic scarecrow is a work of art. A touch of realism here and there will often chase away tramps in the summer time—near-sighted tramps especially.

The scarecrow is purely an American institution, invented for the purpose of helping the farmer protect his grains, but reversed by thieves and made an ever-present food indicator. Nobody knows who invented it and nobody cares much.

One story which has found so much credence is that told by a New England farmer, who remembers the times before the war. At that time he knew a farm hand in Maine who was by nature instinct a shirker of work. His employer learned this after the man had been in his employ three hours. Seeing that he was practically useless in general farm work, he set him to watching a prize cornfield, hoping that by this method he might utilize the man's services and save his corn, for the crows were hungry and there were lots of them. For two days this suited the son of rest fine, for he could lie down and doze, the mere sight of the scarecrow the crows for miles around. The shirker, whose name cannot be divulged



I DO BELIEVE THOSE MEN ARE FLIRTING WITH ME.

to say nothing of a pair of tan shoes and an occasional posy in the left lapel of a light gray overcoat, and you have a Holland scarecrow in holiday attire. Critics might declare that this sort of a guardian of the fields so little resembles the farmer at work that the crows and other enemies of the agriculturist would perchance pluck the flower from his buttonhole, but the expert argues that the more uncon-

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD USUALLY COME OFF BEST IN A SARTORIAL TRADE WITH THE SCARECROW.



AN UP-TO-DATE SCARECROW WITH PHONOGRAPH ATTACHMENT.

because of the fact that his grandson is now holder of a high office at Portland, Me., discovered that the crows flew away at the sight of him and he soon grew tired of his work.

So he rigged up a crude imitation of a twentieth century scarecrow and put the invention to work. Then he spent his days snoozing under a tree in the apple orchard, his employer believing him still on duty at the feeding ground of the crows. Since that time his idea has been greatly improved, but then it was the pinnacle of Yankee ingenuity.

He tied two sticks crosswise and simply rested his tattered coat over the device. This scared the crows worse than he himself had and he was much pleased. The adage reads: "Necessity is the mother of invention," but in his case "That tired feeling was the mother of the scarecrow."

Every theatergoer remembers the "Wizard of Oz," since nicknamed the "Gizard of Was." George Stone, an old-time athlete of marked ability, capered about as the scarecrow in that musical comedy and his movements were typical of the "silent bluffer." Stone is double-jointed, and in his part resembled a scarecrow so much that the first part of the play, in which he stands immovable and limp for a period of 18 minutes, it was often thought that he was a piece of scenery, adjusted by the "property man."

Stone was the first imitator of the scarecrow and that show embodied the only character which ever tried to look like the minion of the cornfield. He was so limber that his twice-a-day stunt was to fall down a staircase on his face, which he did regularly, without denting the stairs.

Cal Holland, former Chicagoan, but to-day a prosperous farmer, located three miles from Benton Harbor, Mich., is the one and only, first and original scarecrow expert. His farm is a veritable scarecrow convention. They stare at you from the front yard, from back of the chicken run, from the back door of the farmhouse and the fields are dotted with them.

And Mr. Holland's scarecrows are some scarecrows. He has boy scarecrows, men scarecrows, and women scarecrowesses, the latter being equipped with phonographic apparatus to make them realistic. He is now working on a dog scarecrow, which, when complete, will make the brindle bull pups of the fiercest mien wind their tails between their legs and trace their steps thither.

Of local color in Mr. Holland's scarecrows, there is no end. Imagine one equipped with a neatly ironed pocket handkerchief, cigar stub in the place generally supposed to contain its physiognomy, a hat set rakishly on the left side of its head, Mr. Holland's worn-out trousers neatly creased,

mon the scarecrow the better it scares, so we'll let it go at that.

A woman from Chicago recently visited Mrs. Holland and commented favorably upon the farm, except for "those rubes in the back yard who are continually staring at a person."

Usually the agriculturist has use for every garment. They are made over for the children and the oldest son, as a rule, retreats into the father's discards, at least while doing the work about the farm. When the clothes have passed the period of usefulness, they are handed over to the silent sentinel, where the elements play with them until there is little to remind the farmer of his ex-apparel.

That is, the elements play with them if the knights of the side door Pullman don't happen upon the scene and direct the scarecrow of its clothing before storm and wind do.

There are dozens and dozens of farm stories about invasions of hoboes and their art of effecting stealthy clothing trades with the guards of the cornfields, in which case the friends of the crows always come off second best and far more tattered.

In such cases it takes the scavengers of the air some time to make the acquaintance of the revamped sentinel and thus the farmer is aided, despite the fact that he and his dog hate the "bo."

But the scarecrow is absolutely and positively to make his final appearance soon, it is said, and modern methods of saving the crops are taking away one of the most picturesque features of the American farm, the poets murmur.

Action of the Magnetic Needle.
The magnetic needle comes to rest pointing north and south because the earth acts as if it were a great magnet. A compass needle would come to rest pointing lengthwise of a bar magnet placed under the compass needle, just as it does under the influence of the earth. For this reason we think of the earth as a great magnet. The north pole and the north star have no influence over the compass needle.

can bring out my trousers and have them pressed and back here inside of an hour you can keep a half dollar of that dollar."

"Ah suttinly can do dat ah same, colonel—deed ah kin!" quickly replied the youth as he turned to go toward the door.

"Wait a minute now, boy," Mr. Samples said as he walked over to his trunk, "if you can take out this suit and have it pressed and back here in time for me to go to the Bijou to-

night I'll let you keep every cent of that dollar."

"General," said the boy, his eyes bulging out of their sockets, "I'll do dat shuah, general, or give you all dat money back."—N. Y. Times.

Love Needs Cultivation.
True love, like all fine plants, needs careful cultivation. Often when it is drooping and has the look of death it only needs a bit of coaxing and kindly attention to urge it to spruce up and be as sweet as ever.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MADE HIM SIT UP.



Wife—I'll make you sorry you ever quarreled with me!
Hubby—What will you do? Go home to your mother, I suppose?
Wife—No; I'll bring mother here!

BABY HORRIBLY BURNED

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came Off One Side of Face and Head—Thought Her Disfigured for Life.

Used Cuticura; No Scar Left.

"My baby was sitting beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of her face and head. Some one wiped the scald with a towel, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a doctor. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff to put on. But it all fastened and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. I used about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. Her skin is just like velvet. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1903.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Pross., Boston.

Why There Was a Funeral.

"That looks like a newly made grave—that little hummock over there on the desert," said the traveler from the east.

"That's just what it is, neighbor," answered Arizona Al. "The editor of the Weekly Cactus Spine was buried over there last week."

"What was his complaint?"
"He didn't have none. It was Coyote Cal that had the complaint. You see, there was a baby born up to Cal's house a spell ago, and the editor wrote an item about it, saying a tow-headed little girl had come to make Cal and his woman happy, but it 'pears that the printer got the letters mixed somehow. Leastways it said in the paper when Cal read it that was a two-headed baby, and him bein' an impulsive cuss, there wan't nothin' to do but hold the funeral the next day but one."

Less Majests.

A teacher in one of the schools of Berlin has given to the papers of that city a composition written by one of the pupils in his school on the subject, "The Kaiser," in the course of which the young author says: "Prince Wilhelm was born on the kaiser's birthday. From the dome of the cap the 101 salute shells were fired. The old grandfather and old Wrangel hopped into a cab and went to the schloss, and old Wrangel said: 'The boy is all right,' and the father made a bow from the balcony, and it was awful cold. And when the boy was baptized his father held his watch in front of the little fellow's nose, and he grabbed it and never let go again, because he is a Hohenzollern."

CONGENIAL WORK

And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc."

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live."

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new use suggested from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ANOTHER LITERARY LANDMARK.

Old Tom Paine House Sold to Huguenot Association for Museum.

New York.—One of America's most notable literary landmarks, the old Tom Paine house at New Rochelle, N. Y., replete with memories of the great author of revolutionary days, and also famous as one of the first houses erected by the Huguenots in America, is to be preserved and converted into an historical museum of Paine, Huguenot and revolutionary relics.

The Huguenot association of New Rochelle has just purchased the picturesque old house and announces its plan of moving it as it stands to a plot near the Paine monument at the foot of North avenue. An expenditure of



The Old Tom Paine House at New Rochelle, N. Y.

\$10,000 is contemplated by the association in furtherance of its plans.

A little more than a year ago Charles W. See, the owner of the house, announced his determination of disposing of the property. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley See, who had lived in the house for 40 years, died last year. When the Wesley Sees took possession of the house the only relics of Paine they found were some andirons and a Franklin stove, both of which had been used in Paine's bedroom. Mr. See gave them to Walter T. Bell of New Rochelle, who has since had them on exhibition in the window of his shop on Main street. It is understood that both relics will be restored, now that the house is to be converted into a museum.

The house at New Rochelle, as well as a farm of 227 acres upon which it stands, was presented to Thomas Paine in 1784 by the state of New York in recognition of his services in the country during the period of its struggle for liberty. Both the house and the farm had been confiscated by congress from Frederick de Veasah, Tory. The house was built about 1720 by Huguenot refugees who fled from France.

FOOLED BRITISH AUTHORITIES.

Young Welsh Girl Likened to Famous Mme. Humbert.

London.—Miss Charlesworth is the young Welsh girl who recently disappeared, owing large amounts of money. Her case has been likened to that of Mme. Humbert, the famous Paris swindler. On the claim of an inheritance expected, Miss Charlesworth, who is only 25 years old, obtained credit from tradespeople for goods to the value of many thousands of pounds. When her creditors became



MISS CHARLESWORTH

urgent she disappeared. Her sister said that while motoring she had been thrown over a cliff. An investigation did not support this story, and a search for the missing girl discovered her at a hotel in Oban, living under an assumed name. Asked concerning her adventures, she said that she had expected a large inheritance—she did not explain from whom—but her expectations were not realized. She admitted she was unable to pay her debts. As to her disappearance, she said that her motor car had almost gone over the edge of a cliff while she was driving; that she thought her sister had been thrown over the cliff, and, filled with horror, she had not stopped to investigate, but had run away. The auto, by the way, had been bought on credit, as were most of the things she owned. She is not unknown in the stock market, but she claims that her speculations there were small.

Why She Worried.

The leading lady was all "up in the air." The manager sought the reason. "It is her love letters," confided the trusted maid.

"H'm!" muttered the manager. "Is she afraid they will be published?"
"No, she's afraid they won't be published."—Chicago Daily News.

Where They Are Scratched.

Escon—It is said that during every minute in the world's 24 hours 3,000,000 matches are struck. That's 50,000 a second.

Egbert—Is it any wonder there is so much money spent for trousers?—Yonkers Statesman.

Jonah in Bad.

Whale—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home?
Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

The Ideal.

"Is your daughter learning to play the piano by note?"
"Certainly not," answered Mr. Cumrox, severely. "We always pay cash."

DURING THE SHOPPING.



Maudie—Men are getting so deceitful, you can't trust your best friend.
Percy—And what's worse, you can't get your best friend to trust you.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one divided disease that science has been able to cure, and that is Catarrh. Hays' Catarrh Cure is a scientific cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hays' Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials and other information. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hays' Family Pills for constipation.

The Difference.

—I wish you long, happy lives; and I see no reason since you have had experience why you and Mariah cannot pull together as steady and happy and successfully as a team of horses.

Obadiah—No doubt we could if there was only one tongue between us.—Judge.

Asthmatics, Read This.

If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stells, Neb.

A lazy man makes as much fuss when he has a little job of work on hand as an old hen does who is trying to raise one chick.

ONLY ONE "RHOMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE RHOMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. LITTLE, Jr. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

A man who needs advice is apt to get the kind he doesn't want.

Lewis' Single Binder No. 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Things past may be repented but not recalled.—Livy.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during a change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all women's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."
—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped. Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."
—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts' breath to be kissed. Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also Lane's Tea)
the tonic laxative. This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists. It saves doctor bills, has cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation, and skin diseases. 25c. at druggists.

Omaha Directory

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M. Spiesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery

The Best in the West OMAHA, NEB.

RUBBER GOODS

By mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue. MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO., OMAHA, NEB.

RISE IN BOY'S ESTIMATION

Drummer's Gifts Caused Rapid Advancement in Titles.

Titles have their value in the south. "Here, boy," said the drummer as he handed a dollar bill to the bellboy at the hotel in Atlanta, "take a dime out of this for bringing up that ice water."
"Yes, cap'n," answered the boy as he saluted.

"And, by the way, boy," continued the drummer, "if you will go down and get me more letter paper you may keep a quarter out of that dollar."

"Right away, majah; right away! I'll shuah bring you that ah stah," replied the boy, as he bowed low.

"And, while I think of it, boy," remarked the knight of the grip, "if you