AN INDIANA MAN TELLS OF WESTERN CANADA

He Is Perfectly Satisfied, and Tells of His Neighbors Who Have Done Well.

Walter Harris, formerly lived near Julietta in Warren township, Indiana. He now lives at Hussar, Alberta. In writing to his home paper in Indiana, he says that the failure is the man who always blames the country. He fails to see his own mistakes, has missed his calling and is not fitted for farming. The two seasons just past have been entirely different. In 1913 plenty of rain came in June and a good crop followed, but the fall was dry and but little snow in the winter followed by a very dry summer, and a short crop. Only those that had farmed their land properly were able to meet expenses.

For example, last year the Crowfoot Farming Company, south of here, threshed from 1,250 acres 38,000 bushels of wheat. One-half section made 26 bushels, the poorest of all. This year on 1,350 acres they threshed nearly 26,000 bushels. Last year's crop sold at 75 cents from their own elevator. What they have sold of this year's crop brought $1.00 at threshing time. Eight thousand bushels unsold would bring now around $1.25. The manager and part owner was raised in Ohio and farmed in Washington several years. He and his wife spent last winter in Ohio. She told me a few days ago that the climate here was much better than Ohio.

A man by the name of George Clark threshed 75 bushels of oats, 45 bushels of barley and 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. He had 15,000 bushels of old oats as well as wheat and barley in his granaries that have almost doubled in price. He came from Washington, where he sold a large body of land around $200 that he bought around $3.00 per acre. He then refers to a failure. A large company in the eastern states, owning a large farm near Hussar pays its manager $3,000 a year. The farm has not been a success. Probably the manager's fault. Mr. Harris says conditions are not as good as could be wished for, but on the ending of the war good crops, with war prices, will certainly change conditions, and it seems to me that the one who owns land that will raise 100 bushels of oats, 75 bushels of barley or 40 bushels of wheat is the one who "laughs last."

The above yields may seem exaggerations to many, and are far above the average, but you should remember that the man who fails is counted in to make the average, and there are instances on record here that would far exceed the above figures.

Nor is grain the only profitable thing that can be raised here. There are many fine horse ranches, some of them stocked with cayuses and bred to thoroughbreds, and others imported from the old countries. They run on the range nearly all the year. The owners put up wild hay to feed them if the snow should get too deep for them to get the dead grass. There are several hundred in sight of here most of the time. There are several rattle ranches north of here that have from 500 to 7,000 head of cattle. One man I know sold $45,000 worth of fat cattle this fall. He winters his cattle on farms where they have lots of straw and water, paying 75 cents a month per head, or if there is enough straw to winter 400 or 500 head they buy the straw and water and have a man to look after the cattle.—Advertisement.

Even the human peach is hard to digest when taken green.

Drink Denison's Coffee.
Always pure and delicious.

The height of a lazy man's ambition is to marry a woman who runs a boarding house.

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent
disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. All dealers or six sent express paid for $1. H. SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv.

Some Shy.

Patience—Was she shy on her birthday?

Patrice—Oh, yes; she was shy about ten candles on her birthday cake.

Had Seen It Done.

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa!'"

"Yes," replied Johnny; "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now, I want to look through the paper!'"

Prospects for a Good Time.

He—Have you sent out invitations to your reception?

She—Yes, all of them. Now, if those I want accept and those I would rather have stay away decline, we may have a really pleasant party.

CUTICURA COMPLEXIONS

Are Usually Fresh and Clear, Soft and Velvety. Try One.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Thus these supercreamy emollients promote and maintain the natural purity and beauty of the skin, scalp, hair and hands under conditions which if neglected might disfigure them.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Dramatic Criticism.

The final curtain had fallen and the audience was fluttering and filing out of the playhouse. In the lobby was a picture of the author of the piece, a personage with an abundant beard and a pair of flashing eyes under beetling brows—in short, the well-known Mephistophelian mask of George Bernard Shaw.

"He has a clever face," said one fluttering lady to another fluttering lady as they went out into the night.

SEEING LIFE *with* JOHN HENRY

By George V. Hobart

John Henry On the Rubes of New York

SAY! did you ever put on your things and go out hunting for an apartment on little old Manhattan Isle?

It's a Gentle Pastime—take it from Uncle Hank!

It's an exercise that brings into play all the historic unused muscles of the pocketbook.

As you grow more familiar with the Mysteries of the Game you see what a fatal mistake you made in not being born rich, and as your faltering feet take you from one Palatial Bungalow to another you berate the Destiny which failed to make you a hotel clerk in Sharon, Pa., or a soda water operator in Dawson, W. Va.

Peaches, having tired of hotel life, began to murmur incoherently from time to time about "a sweet little nest of our own."

A nest, indeed! I had a friend once who built a nest in an uptown apartment house and three months later a strange bird flew in and eloped with his wife. So nix on the nest.

Friend wife was insistent, however, so finally we set forth in quest of a haven of rest where we should no longer be at the mercy of tip-sodden waiters and money-mad bell hops.

Letting go of the life line, we swam out into the upper reaches of Broadway in search of a Renting Agency and were soon beyond hope of rescue.

Over there on our port bow loomed largely and fascinating entrance to Webb & Spider's, and like a million other flys we fell for it.

Assuming that air of languid indifference which is popularly supposed to indicate excessive moneyed interests, we gave the high sign to a gold-braided functionary at the entrance and eased ourselves into the silver-plated cavern where they take your measure for an apartment.

The Renting Agency of Webb & Spider was the velvet goods—take it from an eagle-eyed onlooker! Adorning the walls were paintings the like of which Rembrandt or Corot would have been proud of—if sufficiently intoxicated. Mahogany and plate glass did team work all over the shop and the soft murmur of thrush-throated typewriters gave an atmosphere of refinement befitting a place where money is painlessly extracted.

We were wading through a carpet with plush up to our ankles when suddenly appeared in our pathway one Sydney D'Brie, the lad with a map like a cow—the original, Brother of the Ox.

No doubt you know lots of people who always smile and look conscious when accused of having Bovine Eyes, but did you ever catch the fellow with a whole face like a cow?

Sydney D'Brie is the answer. Every time Syd looked at me I thought of the Beef Trust and shuddered.

"We Turned and Ran Like a Couple of Jack Rabbits on the Way Home to Dinner."

Syd was one of the ushers at our wedding and to this day I don't know why I ever let that human Hamburger steak be an usher. He couldn't usher sour pickles. All he could do was to put his face where I could see it and let tired Nature do the rest.

And here he was again, dancing gleefully back into our lives and gibbering like a gink with an unbuttoned brain.

"Well, well!" Syd chortled. "Isn't this a surprise, though! John Henry and Peaches! HERE! Looking for an apartment, eh?"

"No, Syd," I came back, after shaking a limp mitt; "no, we were playing golf up Broadway and I happened to slice a ball through the ventilator; so we came in after it!"

Syd bellowed joyously: "Ha, ha! Same old John Henry! Gee I'm glad to see you. Want an apartment, don't you? How high you want to go?

"Not above the sixth floor," I answered.

"Oh, I don't mean that—how high?" Syd asked.

"Well, not above 110th Street," I ventured.

"You don't get me." Syd complained. "I mean the price—how high you want to go in price?"

"Oh!" I said; "something reasonable."

"How would $6,000 strike you?" Syd inquired.

"It would strike me below the belt," I told him. "I said we wanted something reasonable."

"Well," Syd chuckled, "six thousand a year is reasonable nowadays. We have apartments ranging all the way from $5,000 up to $30,000 a year."

"You may keep all with my compliments, Syd," I informed him. "What I'm looking for is a place to live in, not a hand-painted cabaret in which the janitor told us. Then he showed us through a collection of five horse stalls on the sixth floor. When I asked him if he knew any place around there large enough to hold a table and two chairs he had a blowout in a perfectly good tire.

The janitor told us there were only three dark rooms and when I told him that three out of five took the record away from England, I thought he'd bite me.

Our next guess was a tall, blonde building with a fricassee of iron around the front of it.

It was called The Gushworth Arms by those who cared to mention it at all.

The janitor was made up to look like a sea lion, but he had the softest voice I ever heard. It sounded like the rattle of pulverized sugar falling in a bowl of oatmeal.

He offered us seven rooms and a bath on the fifth floor, but when we got up there somebody had mislaid three of the rooms and the bath, after hearing the janitor say so many times what he charged for the apartment, had shrunk to a foot tub; so we went sadly away from there.

Then with bowed heads and hearts from which hope was preparing to flee, we entered a conning tower through a stained glass porthole.

It was called The Belladonna—because it was good for sore eyes.

An abrupt person with a drooping mustache met us abaft the quarter-deck and began to mention large sums of money commencing with $4,000 a year and going on up till he bit his tongue.

We merely swallowed our palates and fell back two paces to the rear.

When the abrupt person paused for a moment at "a duplex for $14,000 a year" we turned and ran like a couple of jack rabbits on the way home to dinner.

Two blocks away we fell under the spell of a shack called the Ipseydooza.

A Cuban refugee met us at the door and dared us to come in.

We were offered an apartment on the eleventh floor which had never been occupied. The reason was obvious. The walls were too close together. It might be a success as a place to press autumn leaves, but not as a place to live in unless the tenants went through life standing up. We therefore declined with thanks and walked out backward, having little faith in Cuban refugees.

Presently Peaches found a pippin. It was a gingerbread rookery with seven rooms and four landlords.

It was called The Pepsinetta and it looked the part.

There were sliding doors; hot and cold gas in every room, and the janitor had self-folding arms.

The outlook provided a superb view of the uncompleted Palisades, with blasting from 6 to 8 a. m. and malaria at all hours.

Peaches went dip about the dug-out, and to prove that her love was reciprocated the janitor pinched my gloves.

"How is the plumbing?" I asked.

"Better," answered the janitor; "in fact, it's almost convalescent."

I suppose he thought I was talking about his Aunt Jane and let it go at that.

Peaches took me by the arm and led me through the condensed catacombs, pointing out the scenery to me along the route.

"The Lad With a Map Like a Cow."

"This room," she said, trying to step into a dent in the wall, "we'll fix up as your den."

"It might make a good den for a squirrel," I squeaked. "Why, I couldn't growl in a den like that."

"Oh! there's plenty of room," she cooed.

"That's only because it hasn't been papered," I remarked, and just then the janitor came bubbling to the surface and led us to the dining room.

"How cute!" Peaches gurgled.

"It is cute," I agreed; "but it looks more like a mousetrap."

Anyway, the place pleased Peaches, so I was game to hang up my hat there if she was.

"How much?" I said to Charles Pepperface, the janitor.

"Three thousand," he answered without a tremor.

"What for?" I inquired blandly.

"For this apartment," he cross-countered.

"Three thousand dollars a year—each month in advance—no dogs—no children—no tango parties—no piano playing after 11 p. m.—you must deal with the grocer, butcher, laundry and haberdasher that I suggest, and no—"

I turned to look at Peaches. She was in the elevator, gasping for breath.

I joined her in the elevator and in the gasping.

We gasped all the way back to the hotel.

Maybe Syd D'Brie was right about that Rube proposition.

Peaches and I sat down by the window and with the roar of Broadway in our ears we closed our eyes and pictured a cozy cottage with its green shutters and ivy climbing up the porch; a bit of lawn where roses struggled with the honeysuckle for our admiration.

"Tush! the real Rube has all the best of it."

Surest thing you know!

Troublesome Cargo.

"An elephant's shoulder is never still" is a Hindu saying with reference to the restlessness of the animal. An Englishman tells how the elephant's passion for moving about once came near wrecking a ship.

A number of elephants were taken on board a vessel at Calcutta and the steamer went down the Hooghly river. At night it anchored off Sangor point. The sea was as still as oil, but the ship rolled so much that she was in danger of going over. The elephants had found that by swaying to and fro all together they could produce a pleasant rocking motion. As the ship had no other cargo and rode light the captain was much frightened. The mahouts, or keepers, were hurried down into hold, and each one, seated on his own beast, made him "break step," but they had to stay there for a long time.

Storing Coal in Water.

The advantage of storing coal under water where deterioration is much less than in the air, are appealing more and more strongly to engineers. It has been generally recognized that the gases concealed in the pores of the coal—oxygen in particular—are responsible for both heating and deterioration, and their escape should be prevented as far as possible. Coal immersed in water is practically sealed, and little oxidization takes place. Experiments have shown that coal kept under water for the space of three years lost less than 3 per cent in efficiency, while supplies stacked in the open often show a decrease in value of from 5 to 8 per cent in a single year. In tropical countries the decline is greater than in the temperate zones.

Why send your money away for "bargain roofing" when you can get the best roofing at a reasonable price of your own local dealer whom you know?

Buy materials that last

Certain-teed Roofing

is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable.

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Best cash market—Handle poultry and veal. Write for price list and tags. THE R. E. COBB COMPANY, 14 East 3rd Street, St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS Make big money selling our patented articles. Send for catalog and particulars. The Grenstrom Co., Box 103, Rock Island, Ill.

The Domestic Diplomat.

"So you have given your wife your word that you will favor votes for women?"

"Yes," replied the man who dislikes argument.

"What are your reasons for doing so?"

"It's cheaper. If I say I'm not in favor of votes for women it's liable to hurt my wife's feelings so that it will take as much as a diamond necklace to enable me to square myself."

OVERWORK and KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. James McDaniel, Oakley, Ky., writes: "I overworked and strained myself, which brought on Kidney and Bladder Disease. My symptoms were Backache and burning in the stem of the Bladder, which was sore and had a constant hurting all the time—broken sleep, tired feeling, nervousness, puffed and swollen eyes, shortness of breath and Rheumatic pains. I suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found no relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, I now feel that I am permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

J. McDaniel.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.—Adv.

And many a slow man is fast—asleep.

When a man tells a woman the truth she says he is insolent.

EVERY WOMAN

wishes to look her best. You will never know what *YOUR BEST* is until you try

ZONA

the wonderful healer and beautifier. Send four cents and we will mail you a beautiful opal jar of ZONA with a 10-cent silk sponge for applying.

Write at once.

Zona Company, 414 N. Water Wichita, Kans.

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MEN'S $2.50 $3 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 $5 $5.50 SHOES
WOMEN'S $2.00 $2.50 $3.00 $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES
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YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

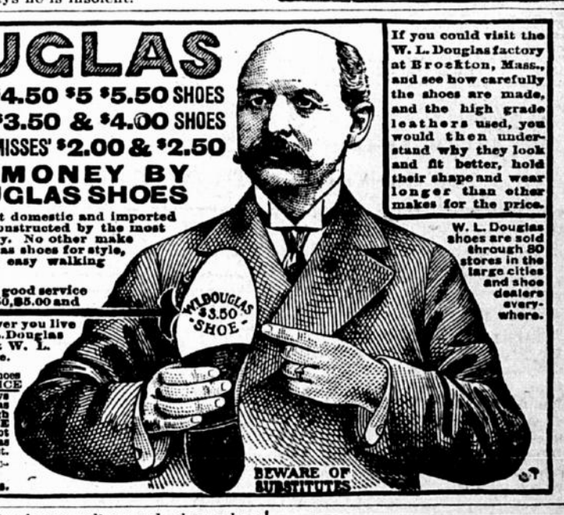
W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best domestic and imported leathers, on the latest models, carefully constructed by the most expert last and pattern makers in this country. No other make of equal prices, can compete with W. L. Douglas shoes for style, workmanship and quality. As comfortable, easy walking shoes they are unsurpassed.

The $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes will give as good service as other makes costing $4.00 to $5.00. The $4.50, $5.00 and $5.50 shoes compare favorably with other makes costing $6.00 to $8.00. there are many men and women wear shoes. Consult them and they will tell Douglas shoes cannot be excelled for

CAUTION! When buying W. L. Douglas shoes look for his NAME AND PRICE stamped on the bottom. Shoes thus stamped are always worth the price paid for them. For 32 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed their value and protected the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes by having his NAME AND PRICE stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory. Do not be persuaded to take some other make claimed to be just as good. You are paying your money and are entitled to the best.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



If you could visit the W. L. Douglas factory at Brockton, Mass., and see how carefully the shoes are made, and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why they look and fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price.

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 80 stores in the large cities and shoe dealers everywhere.

Wherever you live you know that W. L. Douglas shoes cost you the price.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

SHOCKED HER THRIFTY SOUL

Idea of Money Remaining in Well Was Too Much for Howard's Stingy Mother.

Howard's mother was known to his playmates as a stingy, stingy woman. She never did pass out pennies for treats like other boys' mothers.

Howard came in from play one morning with an air of having finished a satisfactory job.

"Well, son, what has mother's boy been doing?" asked Howard's stingy mother.

"Makin' waves down the well."

"Then I shall have to punish you. I've told you never to throw stones into the well."

"I didn't frow stones," whimpered Howard. "I found an old quarter in the road and I frew that."

"A quarter?" gasped his mother.

"But it wasn't any good, mother. A wagon runned over it and bended it."

(Movie addendum: Then Howard's mother threw herself with a splash into the deep, dark well and began to search its slimy depths.)

They say of Sim Heckle that he never tells a lie the same way twice in succession.

What a loan-sum life the pawnbroker must lead!

There are lots of dogs that are better bred than their owners.

IN A SHADOW
Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis.

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms, as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an Ill. woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic.

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum.

"I have never had one spell of sick-headaches since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly, 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Better leave well enough alone when it's your neighbor's.

Drink Denison's Coffee.
Always pure and delicious.

A pessimist is a person who believes that whatever is, is wrong.

A reasonable woman is one who isn't unreasonable all the time.

An extensive deposit of asphalt of superior quality has been discovered in the Philippines.

Different.

"I understand Dobbs is painting a portrait of the rich Mrs. Uglymug."

"He's painting a picture of her. I don't believe she'd stand for a real portrait."

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$1.00—Send Us No Money

Send your order and Weatherometer will be sent by Parcel Post, C. O. D. $1.00 bill can be inclosed if you prefer.

Germania Instrument Co.
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Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed

For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. "Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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

Sioux City Directory

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3 Kinds of Cooking

This insulated oven cooks three ways. You can adjust the flame for the quickest kind of quick baking, or the slow, steady kind you need for baking bread and roasting meats. *Seal* the oven and turn out the flame and it keeps an even, steady heat for six or seven hours—this is your fireless. The insulation keeps the heat *in the oven* and *out of the kitchen*—a blessing in hot weather and a great fuel saver all the year 'round.

Burns Economical, Clean Oil—This latest NEW PERFECTION burns oil. Your fire is ready by striking a match—no dirt, smoke or odor—no more lugging in coal or wood and carrying out ashes. All you need are matches. Cheap as well as clean and handy. Safe, too—none of the dangers of gasoline. For best results use Perfection Oil.

Price Low—The price of this NEW PERFECTION with the Insulated Oven is wonderfully reasonable. It costs little more than a good fireless cooker, less than the average coal range, while giving you the service of both. You can see it at your dealer's in two sizes. Ask him for the latest *NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame OIL COOK STOVE* with the *Fireless Cooker Oven*. Look for the triangle trademark.

72-Page Cook Book Free

Just send 10 cents in stamps to cover mailing and get this fine cook book, which contains over 200 recipes compiled on purpose for NEW PERFECTION users.

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