

# GET THESE Money-making Secrets WITH THE Farm Journal



Is this cock properly held? "Poultry Secrets" tells how to carry fowls, and other secrets far more important.

**FARM JOURNAL** ("cream, not skim milk") is the great little paper published for 36 years in Philadelphia by Wilmer Atkinson. It is taken and read by more families than any other farm paper in the WORLD. Its four million readers (known as "Our Folks") are the most intelligent and prosperous country people that grow, and they always say the Farm Journal helped to make them so. Their potatoes are larger, their milk tests higher, their hogs weigh more, their fruit brings higher prices, because they read the Farm Journal.

Do you know Peter Tumbledown, the old fellow who won't take the Farm Journal? By showing how NOT to run a farm, Peter makes many prosperous. Nobody can go on reading the Farm Journal and being a Tumbledown too. Many have tried, but all have to quit one or the other.

The Farm Journal is bright, brief, "boiled down," practical, full of gumption, cheer and sunshine. It is strong on housekeeping and home-making, a favorite with busy women, full of life and fun for boys and girls. It sparkles with wit, and a happy, sunny spirit. Practical as a plow, readable as a novel. Clean and pure, not a line of fraudulent or nasty advertising. All its advertisers are guaranteed trustworthy.

The Farm Journal gives more for the money and puts it in fewer words than any other farm paper. 32 to 80 pages monthly, illustrated. FIVE years (60 issues) for \$1.00 only. Less than a cent a month. No one-year, two-year or three-year subscriptions taken at any price.

## The Farm Journal Booklets

have sold by hundreds of thousands, and have made a sensation by revealing the **SECRETS OF MONEY-MAKING** in home industry. People all over the country are making money by their methods.

**POULTRY SECRETS** is a collection of discoveries and methods of successful poultrymen. It gives Felch's famous mating chart, the Curtis method of getting one-half more pullets than cockerels, Royer's method of insuring fertility, and priceless secrets of breeding, feeding, how to produce winter eggs, etc.

**HORSE SECRETS** exposes all the methods of "bishing," "plugging," cocaine and gasoline doping and other tricks of "cypis" and swindlers, and enables any one to tell an unsound horse. Gives many valuable training secrets.

**CORN SECRETS**, the great NEW hand-book of Prof. Holden, the "Corn King," shows how to get ten to twenty bushels more per acre of corn, rich in protein and the best stock-feeding elements. Pictures make every process plain.

**EGG SECRETS** tells how a family of six can make hens turn its table scraps into a daily supply of fresh eggs. If you have a back-yard, get this booklet, learn how to use up every scrap of the kitchen waste, and live better at less cost.

**THE "BUTTER BOOK"** tells how seven cows were made to produce half a ton of butter each year. (140 pounds is the average). An eye-opener. Get it, weed out your poor cows, and turn the good ones into record-breakers.

**STRAWBERRY SECRETS** is a revelation of the discoveries and methods of L. J. Farmer, the famous expert, in growing luscious fall strawberries almost until snow flies. How and when to plant, how to fertilize, how to remove the blossoms, how to get three crops in two years, etc.

**GARDEN GOLD** shows how to make your backyard supply fresh vegetables and fruit, how to cut down your grocery bills, keep a better table, and get cash for your surplus. How to plant, cultivate, harvest and market.

**DUCK DOLLARS** tells how the great Weber duck-farm near Boston makes every year 50 cents each on 40,000 ducklings. Tells why ducks pay them better than chickens, and just HOW they do everything.

**TURKEY SECRETS** discloses fully the methods of Horace Vose, the famous Rhode Island "turkey-man," who supplies the White House Thanksgiving turkeys. It tells how to mate, to set eggs, to hatch, to feed and care for the young, to prevent sickness, to fatten, and how to make a turkey-ranch PAY.

**THE MILLION EGG-FARM** gives the methods by which J. M. Foster made over \$15,000 a year, mainly from eggs. All chicken-raisers should learn about the "Rancocas Unit," and how Foster FEEDS hens to produce such quantities of eggs, especially in winter.

**DRESSMAKING SELF-TAUGHT** shows how any intelligent woman can design and make her own clothes, in the height of fashion. The author has done it since she was a girl. She now has a successful dressmaking establishment and a school of dressmaking. Illustrated with diagrams.

**SHALL I FARM?** is a clear, impartial statement of both advantages and drawbacks of farming, to help those who have to decide this important question. It warns you of dangers, swindlers, and mistakes, tells how to start, equipment needed, its cost, chances of success, how to get government aid, etc.

These booklets are 6 x 9 inches, and profusely illustrated.

Farm Journal FOUR full years, with any one of these booklets, both for \$1.00

The Booklets are NOT sold separately—only with Farm Journal.

Be sure to say WHICH booklet you want.

WILMER ATKINSON COMPANY, PUBLISHERS FARM JOURNAL, WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.



## Special Combination Offer

OF THE

# Lexington Intelligencer

The Intelligencer is regularly \$1.00 a year. If you subscribe NOW we can give you the Lexington Intelligencer for one year and the Farm Journal FOUR years, with any one of the Farm Journal BOOKLETS.

## ALL FOR A \$1.25

and to every subscriber whose order is received before the edition is exhausted, the publishers of the Farm Journal promise to send also their famous ALMANAC, "Poor Richard Revived," for 1913, provided you WRITE ON YOUR ORDER, "If in time please send the Almanac."

If you are now taking the Farm Journal, your subscription will be MOVED AHEAD for four full years.

(If you name no booklet, Farm Journal will be sent five years.)

To get BOTH papers, fill out order herewith and send it to us, NOT to the Farm Journal.

THE INTELLIGENCER, Lexington, Mo.

accept your special offer. Please send me the INTELLIGENCER for one year and Farm Journal 4 years.

with this booklet ALL FOR \$1.25

My name is \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Are you now taking the Farm Journal?

(Write "Yes," or "No") . . . . .

### For Sale.

Both R. C. and S. C. R. I. R. Cook-reels. Phone 447.

MRS. JOHN B. LOGAN, Lexington, Mo.

Mrs. C. W. Allen returned to her home in Kansas City Friday evening after a visit in this city.

Use P. P. P. Mixed Feed for you chickens. Telephone 179.

**Yes, We Do Love Work.**  
Don't forget us, we are in town and we want to make your side walks. We make the best and treat you white. Others come and make big talk then go. We stay, WORK, and deliver the goods.

JOHN I. ASHURST.  
Office Phone 437, Res. Phone 325.

Fresh Kentucky Blue Grass in bulk. Wilcoxon & Co.

Mrs. Geo. M. Vaughan and daughter, Miss Margaret, went to St. Louis Saturday for a few days' visit with relatives.

Mrs. Paul H. Linn returned to her home in St. Louis Saturday after a visit here with her mother, Mrs. Robert Taubman.

Mrs. Fred Campbell and two children went to Muskogee, Okla. Saturday morning for a visit with relatives.

## FOR VALUE RECEIVED

Even a Farnley Could Conquer the Prejudices of a Waite.

By GEORGIA LOTT SELTER.

Bob Farnley slapped the reins over the sleek backs of his black team, and huddled into his fur coat. With the disappearance of the sun the winter day seemed to gain rapidly in chill and gloominess.

Glancing up, he caught the flutter of a woman's skirts at the side of the road ahead.

"Why, that," muttered Bob, "must be that little Waite girl. Isn't it like old Mary Waite to send that child to town afoot a day like this!"

The Waite had always been hard, close people, keeping much to themselves in their gloomy, unpainted homestead at the end of the pine lane.

So when Mary Waite was left to spend the latter part of her life the last survivor of her family, no one wondered at her living alone and working the few cultivated acres of her farm as best she might.

But when it was known that she had sent for little Molly Waite, runaway Bud Waite's only child, to come and live with her, the countryside was agog with conjecture and curiosity.

"She's almost helpless with rheumatism," declared the neighbors, "or she would never do it. She wants the girl to take care of her—you can depend upon a Waite getting 'value received' for all the charity they give!"

"Bud has been dead over five years, and the girl has been looking out for herself as best she could. Well, maybe she will find it as comfortable here as she has been used to having."

All this passed through Bob Farnley's mind as his team, with big strides, gained on the little figure in the road ahead.

The girl plodded on, indifferent to his approach. Even when he drew up opposite her she did not turn her head.

"Get in and ride," called Bob in his big, cheerful voice.

The girl muttered her thanks without stopping.

"But this is Miss Waite, isn't it? I'm Bob Farnley, your nearest neighbor. You can ride almost home, and it is getting dark fast."

She stopped then, and turned to look at him timidly.

The honesty of his face was reassuring, for she allowed him to lift her up over the high wheel and wrap her in the warm robes without a protest.

"I'm afraid you will think me very stupid or very unfriendly," she said then, with a smile. "But, you see, I am not used to the country. In the city we do not accept rides from strangers."

"I did not think about that," answered Bob, quickly. "I thought only about your long walk in the cold and dark; it is going to be dark early tonight."

"This is much better, thank you. But I never rode so high up before. I'm not accustomed to horses."

Farnley asked questions and listened in a sort of maze.

Oh, no, she was not at all lonely, with the woods and the poor, half-starved winter birds, and the dear, soft-muzzled calves with their gentle eyes. They didn't seem quite so nice, however, when they had grown into cows with long horns.

Yes, she took care of the stock; Aunt Mary was not able to get out. And she had to walk to town because she did not know how to hitch or drive the team; such ignorance must seem dreadful to country people?

Farnley took her to the foot of the lane.

"Perhaps you had better not tell your aunt about riding with me, Miss Molly," he said when he had lifted her carefully down. "She doesn't care much for our family, and might forbid your riding again. I go to town every Saturday."

"Aunt Mary," said the girl that evening, as they sat in the dim old kitchen, "who lives in the first house beyond our lane?"

"The Farnleys. And the less you have to do with them the better," answered Mary Waite sharply.

"But why?"

"It is not my habit to talk about people," answered the older woman, proudly, "and I'm not going to begin now. But if you live long enough you'll find there are honest people in the world than the Farnleys!"

One morning a week later, as Molly was busy feeding the stock, she was alarmed by the sound of steps through the big barn.

"Don't be scared," called Bob Farnley's voice, cautiously. "I came to tell you I'm going to town at one o'clock. You got to go today?"

"Yes," said Molly, "she wants me to go after groceries."

"Then I'll be waiting at the end of the lane. I hate to deceive anyone, but there is no sense in your walking that five miles this kind of weather!"

"It doesn't seem quite right. Right or not, you're not going to walk!"

Molly thrilled at the note of domination in his voice and rode away behind the black team.

Many things happened which the girl never mentioned to her old aunt. After a big snowstorm she always found the path to the spring where the cattle drank carefully opened. Hay appeared overnight as if by magic upon the feeding floor so that she need not go up into the mow.

When the wood began to get alarmingly low and she started for the woods with an ax over her shoulder she found a great pile of freshly cut sticks ready for the stove.

Neither did she mention any of these things to the young man on their frequent trips to town, although they talked together of many things.

One afternoon, when the sun had begun to cut into the snow crust with a promise of spring, and the business had been accomplished earlier than usual, Bob stopped in front of the only theater the little town boasted.

"Let's go in," he suggested. "We have plenty of time."

"Oh, no!" The girl's face flushed painfully.

"Why not?"

"I—I don't look fit." She glanced over her inexpensive, bedraggled attire.

"See here, Molly," Bob's voice was hoarse, "I can't stand this kind of thing. You're not the right sort of girl to have to work like a man. Don't you know I want to take care of you, dear?"

"Oh," cried the girl, "I cannot leave Aunt Mary, no matter how queer she seems."

They rode home in silence.

"Molly," said her aunt a few days later, "put on your things and go back to the sap shanty. I see smoke coming from that direction. Some of our neighbors are none too good to help themselves to our sugar bush now I can't get around."

As she approached the low old building, Molly distinctly did see smoke rising from the rude chimney. A sleigh with two big tin cans of sap stood beside the door, and to the sleigh was hitched the black team which had given her so many trips to town.

As she crouched behind a tree, Bob Farnley came out and carried two pails of the precious sweet fluid into the interior of the hut.

The girl staggered back to the barn, sick at heart. Could it be true? Was Aunt Mary right?

"Everything was all right," she said miserably, when she went back into the house.

On Saturday a big thaw had set in, so her trip to town was postponed. She did not go to the woods again, though her aunt bade her keep a sharp lookout for sugar thieves.

Several nights later the girl was awakened by her aunt's hand upon her face.

"Keep still—help me up—there is some one moving outside the kitchen door," she whispered.

Trembling with nervousness, Molly hastily wrapped the old lady in a warm shawl and half carried her to the door, outside of which could be heard muffled footsteps.

Miss Mary fearlessly swung open the door and there upon the doorstep stood Bob Farnley, a tin syrup can in each hand.

"Oh, you've caught me. I might have trusted you to do that, Miss Mary! I've made this syrup for Molly—thought the money might come in handy for her, and it was doing you no good."

"You knew this?" Miss Mary's voice was stern.

"I—didn't know it was for me!"

"And so you shielded him?"

Miss Mary's voice held sudden laughter.

"I guess you'll do, Bob," she said; "but you are two young folks—and I'm an old one. Help me back to my room, child, and then I guess you had better help Bob get that syrup into the house!"

## Where Shall We Go This Summer?

Upon the correct answer to this question will depend much of the pleasure of your outing. Why not avail yourself of the assistance of the undersigned, one of the Santa Fe's summer tour specialists? His help will cost you nothing, but you will find it invaluable.

### Why Not Visit

Colorado, Grand Canyon, California or the Northwest, this summer?

Complete information about summer fares and train service, etc., sent promptly, if you address



Geo. W. Hagenbuch, General Agent, 905 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

## SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION

### Yield to Vinol.

The medical profession does not believe that consumption is inherited, but a person may inherit a weakness or tendency to that disease.

A prominent citizen of Evansville, Ind., writes: "I was ill for five months with a pulmonary trouble, and had the best of doctors; I had hemorrhages and was in a very bad way. Through the advice of a friend I tried Vinol, and I feel that it saved my life. It is all you recommend it to be. I believe it is the greatest medicine on earth. I have advised others to try Vinol, and they have had the same results." (Name furnished on request.)

Vinol soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces and allays the cough. Vinol creates an appetite, strengthens the digestive organs and gives the patient strength to throw off incipient pulmonary diseases.

Try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that your money will be returned if it does not help you. Crenshaw & Young, Druggists, Lexington, Mo.

Miss Florence Arnold went to Kansas City Saturday for a visit.

Miss Jean Brightwell went to Lawrence, Kansas, Friday evening for a visit.

R. P. Robinson went to Kansas City Saturday to spend the day.

### The Largest Magazine in the World.

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50 cents per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio.

### ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Harry T. Litter deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 29th day of April 1913, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred. This 29th day of April, 1913.

NORA LITTER, Administratrix.