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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.

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**DUCK DOLLARS** tells how the great Weber duck-farm near Boston makes every year 50 cents each on 40,000 ducklings. Tells why ducks lay 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 \$18,000 a year, mainly from eggs. All chicken-raisers should learn about the "Rancocna Unit," and how Foster FEEDS bent 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 "night 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.

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## What Our Folks Say About F. J.

"I have had more help, encouragement and enjoyment out of it in one year than I did out of my other papers in ten years," says C. M. Persons.

"It is a queer little paper. I have sometimes read it through and thought I was done with it, then pick it up again and find something new to interest me," says Alfred Krogh.

"Farm Journal is like a bit of sunshine in our home. It is making a better class of people out of farmers, and every page is as dear and familiar as the faces of old friends," says Mrs. B. W. Edwards.

"We have read your dear little paper for nearly 40 years. Now we don't live on the farm any more, yet I still have a hankering for the old paper. I feel that I belong to the family, and every page is as dear and familiar as the faces of old friends," says Mrs. B. W. Edwards.

"I get lots of books and papers, and put them aside for future reading. The only paper I seem to have in my hands all the time is Farm Journal. I can't finish reading it. Can't you make it less interesting, so I can have a chance at my other papers?" writes John Swail.

"If I am lonesome, down-hearted, or tired, I go to Farm Journal for comfort, next to the Bible," says Mabel Dewitt.

"Farm Journal has a cheerful vein running through it that makes it a splendid cure for the 'blues.' When coming home tired in mind and body, I sit down and read it, and it seems to give me new inspiration for life," writes G. E. Halderman.

"We have a brother-in-law who loves a joke. We live in Greater New York, and consider ourselves quite civilized, so when he sent us the Farm Journal as a New Year gift we nearly died laughing. 'How to raise hogs'—we who only use bacon in glass jars! 'How to keep cows clean'—when we use condensed milk even for rice pudding! 'How to plant onions'—when we never plant anything more fragrant than lilies of the valley. I accepted the gift with thanks, for we are too well-bred to look a gift horse in the mouth. Soon my eye was caught by a beautiful poem. I began to read it, then when I wanted the Farm Journal I found my husband deeply interested in an article. Then my oldest son began to ask, 'Has the Farm Journal come yet?' He is a jeweler, and hasn't much time for literature, but we find so much interest and uplift in this fine paper that we appreciate our New Year gift more and more," writes Ella B. Burkman.

"I received 'Corn Secrets' and 'Poultry Secrets,' and consider them worth their weight in gold," says W. G. Newall.

"What your Egg Book tells would take a beginner years to learn," says Roy Chaney.

"Duck Dollars is the best book I ever had on duck-raising," says F. M. Warnock.

"If your other booklets contain as much valuable information as the Egg-book, I would consider them cheap at double the price," says F. W. Mansfield.

"I think your Egg-Book is a wonder," says C. P. Shirey.

"The Farm Journal beats them all. Every issue has reminders and ideas worth a year's subscription," writes T. H. Potter.

"One year ago I took another agricultural paper, and it took a whole column to tell what Farm Journal tells in one paragraph," says N. M. Gladwin.

"It ought to be in every home where there is a chick, a child, a cow, a cherry, or a cucumber," says I. D. Bordus.

## ORDERS GOT CROSSED

### Mistake of Big, Blundering Boy Brought Him Wife and Fortune.

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"Just a boy—a big, blundering good-hearted boy!" was the way Cecile Merritt put it in a casual discussion of their friends with a confidential girl acquaintance.

It was Roy Bacon whom Cecile referred to, and her words were repeated in time to Roy himself, who flushed like a bashful school girl and then looked proud and pleased.

"I would rather hear that from Miss Merritt's sweet lips," he said, "than to have any other girl tell me I was the model of the universe," and the "airy movement of circumstances" carried this back to Cecile and made a deep impression.

The sensible, sympathetic little lady had estimated Roy just right. Roy was sensitive as a child, but there was no sterling worthiness under the surface. An indulgent uncle had nearly spoiled him. He had recently, however, tried to redeem the error by getting Roy a position with a local brokerage house.

Roy was set at learning the routine of the office. He studied over lists and quotations until his head ached. Then they employed him at receiving orders over the telephone. The rapid argon of the stock exchange nearly drove him out of his mind. At the end of his first day's experience he went home in a state of determined rebellion.

"I shall inform Uncle Gib that he may put me at work with a shovel or running a street car, but I can't stand the wear and tear of this wild investment business!" Roy told himself.

But then, as he turned a corner he came face to face with Cecile. She was so sweet and friendly, her inquiries as to how he was getting along



"Look There!" thundered the Manager.

showed so much interest, that he forgot his late decision.

"Just for her sake, just to show that I've got energy and ambition," he soothed himself, "I'll stick it out and make a record."

Roy was full of this ambition, but as well of the pretty face of Cecile. Perhaps that set his wife wool-gathering, perhaps it was the fault of somebody else, but about one o'clock the next afternoon, the rush hour of the office, Roy made the ghastly mistake of his life.

The telephones were jangling all over the place, for the market was feverish with a fairly delicious close. He caught up the receiver at a call.

"Burton Black & Co.—take order. Buy for us 2,000—"

Buzz-z-z! came an interruption. Then a hiss. Then a snap, and then the words:

"United Utilities at 1.05."

There was no time to verify the order, for some rush business came over the wire. Roy handed the order to one of the office brokers and forgot all about it.

"Manager wants you," came the sharp order from his assistant the moment Roy reached his desk in the morning. With a face white with anger and manifestly intensely excited, the manager glared at him.

"You took an order from Burton-Black yesterday afternoon?" he demanded.

"I did, sir," acquiesced Roy. "It was a big one, too—2,000 United Utilities at 1.05."

"Nothing of the sort," shouted the manager. "They ordered ten gold 5's, Commonwealth Central."

"Why, sir," explained Roy, "I am sure they said 2,000 United Utilities."

"Did you verify the order?"

"No, sir—rush of business—"

"Have you seen the exchange quotations?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Look there!" thundered the manager, holding up the printed sheet—"United Utilities, 63." Raided late yesterday, a drop of forty points in an hour, and we are loaded down with \$200,000 worth!"

"Then—then," stammered Roy, fairly appalled, "the message got mixed—crossed wires!"

The firm sat at once for Mr. Bacon. Morally he was responsible for the unfortunate error of the nephew he had recommended. Proud and just, without a word Uncle Gib drew out a

scheck, pocketed the unlucky bonds, and said, sourly to his nephew:

"Now then, you come home with me!"

Roy felt dreadfully distressed. His first business experience had been a costly one. He spoke of turning over some compensation in the shape of a small legacy his mother had left him. But Uncle Gib was not to be appeased. He was grim, silent, repellent, and the next evening, feeling much like a disciplined school boy, Roy packed his satchel and wrote a note to his uncle, intimating that he had better visit a cousin at Brandon for a week or two.

Then with a very sad and solemn face Roy went to the telephone and called up the Merritt residence.

"I wish to speak to Miss Merritt," he said, fluttering, confused, but determined on his course.

"Yes?" inquired a girlish voice.

"This is Mr. Bacon, Cecile—that is, Miss Merritt. I'm sorry, but I have made a complete failure of everything. Before I go away, I wanted to say to you that I thank you for being the kindest best friend I ever had, and I love you and always shall. Good-by," and then dropping the receiver, he seized his satchel and rushed from the house as if he expected it to fall upon him for his rash declaration.

It was a pretty miserable journey to Brandon. It was a long wearisome day that next one, worse the second, unbearable the third. Part of the time Roy thought of his awful business blunder. The rest of the time he sought lonely lanes and secluded by paths, mind, heart and soul full of Cecile.

"Oh, say, Roy," hailed his cousin, as he returned tired and glum from a solitary tramp one evening, "here's a rush telegram from the city."

Roy tore open the envelope. He read: "Return on first train—Uncle Gib."

If the signature had been "Gibeon Bacon" or "G. B.," Roy would have been chilled. The familiar old "Uncle Gib" gave him some heart of hope. He ran up the steps of the old home when he reached it, to be greeted by Uncle Gib with a hearty handshake.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho!" rollicked the old man. "Roy, boy, you did it! Yesterday United Utilities went up to 130, and you've made a small fortune!"

Of course Roy was the happiest of mortals at this unexpected lucky outcome to his big business blunder. Whenever he thought of his impulsive message to Cecile, however, he got almost scared. He kept pretty close around home, but as he ventured forth at dusk came face to face with the very subject of his thoughts.

She blushed and he was dreadfully embarrassed. Wise little woman that she was, sweetly and naturally she brought the conversation back to a message that Roy had sent to her sister Nella over the telephone.

"Your sister?" gasped Roy. "Oh, my!"

"Do not feel distressed, Mr. Bacon," said Cecile, "for Nella ran to father, the selfish little spite that she is, and father spoke to me," and—ah—here Cecile grew confused and dropped her eyes.

"What did father—oh, my! What am I saying? What did Mr. Merritt say?" inquired Roy hopelessly in a lost voice.

"He only smiled," reported Cecile in a low tone.

"And—what did you do, Miss Merritt?" pursued Roy.

"I—why, I kissed the dear old treasure, and told him he was the best father in the world!" replied Cecile blushing, and Roy knew that he was the happiest man in the world.

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## Mother Principle Undying.

There is mother principle alive in all nature which never dies. This is different from the mother instinct, the mother passion. The oak and the amoeba respond to the mother principle. It is a law of life; it is one of the constants of being. The mother instinct or passion, on the other hand, occurs only among the higher animals; occurs not sporadically quite, for it is common enough, yet while generally found, and while one of the strongest, most interesting, most beautiful of animal traits, it is at the same time the most individual and the least constant.

This cow of my neighbor's that I hear lowing (the "big blue" cow of the herd) is an entirely gentle creature ordinarily, but with a calf at her side she will pitch at any one who approaches her. And there is no other cow of the herd who mourns so long when her calf is taken away. The mother in her is stronger, more enduring, than in any of the other nineteen in the barn. In my own cow it is hardly more than blind principle, hardly advanced beyond the oak tree's feeling for its acorns, or the amoeba's for its divided self.—The Atlantic.

## Ostend's Picturesque Celebration.

One of the most picturesque ceremonies which have come down from the ages is the blessing of the sea, which takes place in Ostend on the first Sunday in July every year.

Early on the day a procession forms outside the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, and walks slowly to the Digue de Mer, where a temporary altar is previously erected. A young girl in a white shepherdess dress, and carrying an effigy of the paschal lamb, generally leads the way, and behind her, on the shoulders of four fishermen dressed as brides, the figures of the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus, is born aloft. Behind the women come several boys attired as fishermen and carrying sea charts, anchors, fishing nets, and baskets. The procession is completed by beds supporting a large model of a ship.

## Colonist Tickets to California



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## NEW MAGNETO PROVES WINNER

Mea, a German Product, Taking Many Prizes in Competitive Tests.

Europe and America are watching a new magneto which is gaining fame abroad. The latest success of this magneto, which is called the Mea, was made in a race across the hills in Craignellet Ireland a few weeks ago, when it was awarded two first prizes. These Magnetos were carried in this race on a Gregoire and a Nom motor car, and though the test was extraordinary the magnetos responded to the unusual demands with absolutely perfect scores.

Another triumph for the Mea came in the Grand Prix de l'A. C. F., at the races at Dieppe, France, considered the most important of all foreign motor car events. This race was won by a Peugeot car fitted with the Mea. This achievement is all the more remarkable because of the fact that the races in both places were controlled by competitive products, and the magnetos were all selected from stock and the awards were made on the basis of unmistakable merit.

The winning cars carried only one magneto each, so the entire fortune of each entry depended on the Mea Magneto, while all competing makes carried an extra or reserve magneto on each racing car to guard against failure.

The Mea Magneto has made numerous records which have gained it great popularity, and it is said the apparatus will be strongly in evidence in America in the year 1914.

The Mea is manufactured in Stuttgart, Germany, and Americans will be interested in knowing that Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis, is the principal stockholder. Marburg Bros. Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York, General Agents for United States and Canada.

Mrs. Oscar Andreen accompanied by her little granddaughter, Virginia Henry, went to Kansas City Sunday evening for a few days' visit.

Miss Laura Mitchell returned to Kansas City Sunday evening after a visit here with homefolks.

Miss Esther Miller returned to her home in Higginsville Sunday morning after a visit here with friends at Central College.

The trial of Governor Sleszer seems to be progressing along the same lines as that of Mr. Rogers.

Mrs. S. J. Huston went to Kansas City Sunday evening for a few days' visit with her daughter, Mrs. R. L. Yaeger.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Neal returned Sunday evening to their home in Kansas City after a visit here with the family of T. A. Walker.

Mrs. Geo. W. Jenkins returned to her home in Kansas City Sunday evening after a week's visit here with Mrs. D. E. Colhard.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Young went to Waverly Monday morning for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mallot spent Sunday in Wellington. E. H. Roberts left Monday for St. Louis to enter the Washington University.