



**Soft Horses and Hard Tractors**

Horse flesh does not improve with winter idleness. Like athletes out of training, horses are soft and have to be worked carefully in the spring.

But the sturdy Fordson keeps fit. Through the winter there are tasks for it to do and in the spring it is on the job early with the Oliver Plow to do the plowing on time and well.

This spring, though farm help may be cheaper, every efficient method must be used to insure economical production.

There is a special Oliver Plow to use with the Fordson for every farming need.

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**THE FAIR PLAY,**  
SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1921.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Ste. Genevieve, Mo., as second-class mail matter.

**JULES J. JAVIS, Publisher**

Keeping cool in summer is largely a matter of knowing how, according to Dr. Max Starkloff, health commissioner, who said the majority of persons did not stop to think that excessive heat necessitated a strict attention to diet.

"The real secret of keeping cool is eating the right things, sleeping plenty, keeping your mind calm and your head out of the sun," said Dr. Starkloff. "Did you ever see an automobile driver stop and feel his engine to see if it is overheated? Yet the same man will go into a hotel and eat a meal in the heat of summer without regard for his body machinery. Food drinks will not keep one cool. They merely chill the action and halt the functioning of the stomach. Nothing is more tempting than an iced drink," admitted Dr. Starkloff, "but it is not cooling. The elimination of moisture is much more constant in summer than in winter. That is why one becomes so thirsty in hot weather. Cool drinks, without ice, will quench the thirst if slowly sipped. Drinks with a little lemon, orange, lime or other fruit are harmless." Most persons eat too much meat the year round, Dr. Starkloff believes, particularly in the summer. He suggests that housewives use milk, eggs and cheese in place of meat; but if the head of the house insists on "his pound of flesh," he should have cold ham, tongue, veal loaf and jellied meats with fresh vegetables, salads and fruits. Other hot weather foods which are both appetizing and beneficial are asparagus, carrots, beets, peas, corn, onions, tomatoes and cucumbers. Pickings made of tapers, cornstarch, or plain ice cream, are the best hot weather desserts. Dr. Starkloff especially advises avoiding alcoholic drinks. "Moonshine" is a decided stimulant, and excessive stimulation is followed by depression which lowers the power of resistance he says. "Sleep is the best weapon to combat hot weather," Dr. Starkloff continued. "It is nature's restorer; it builds up resistance and enables one to stand mental and physical efforts. The person who has had a normal amount of sleep is better able to stand oppressive heat. This has been proven over and over again by the fact that no matter how hot the days may be, if the nights are cool very few sunstrokes occur,

and these among the hard drinkers. The way you feel in hot weather depends largely on the way you handle yourself. If you are going to tax your body with heavy food and chilled drinks, you will suffer. If you will just keep your mind calm, your head out of the sun, eat little meat, avoid sweet fizzy drinks, get sufficient sleep, and waste no time talking, thinking or reading about the hot weather, you will have no cause to complain."—St. Louis Star.

**Keeping Cut Flowers Fresh**

Drooping flowers, even, come up crisp and fresh after an all-night swim, especially if their stems are clipped to provide a fresh drinking surface. English violets, limp from wearing, come up nicely if set in a glass of water with a pinch of salt in it, and covered up all night in a tin pail in a cool place. The once startling prescription of a hot tonic footbath for flowers is now quite commonplace, though a good many people cannot screw up courage to try it. But hot water applied to fresh-picked flowers sounds somewhat revolutionary. For hollyhocks, which wilt so soon, and for Shirley poppies, whose fragile, airy blooms simply lie down and die within an hour after they are brought in out of the sunshine, it is recommended that their stems be dipped in water just of the boil. The poppies may be left to cool with the water. Heliotrope wants a few minutes in the hot water before it goes into fresh cold water.

**R. F. Erwin Regarding His Troubles.**  
"A year ago last winter I had an attack of indigestion followed by biliousness and constipation. Seeing Chamberlain's Tablets so highly recommended for stomach troubles I bought a bottle of them and they brought me right away," writes R. F. Erwin, Penn. Ind. If you have any trouble with your digestion give these tablets a trial. They will do you good.

Windbreaks are in many ways a farm asset. They tend to prevent the soil from drying out quickly and they protect grain and orchards from injury by the wind. A belt of trees near the farm building protects them from extreme cold and from summer's heat. Trees make the farm a pleasanter place in which to live. The windbreak may be also a source of wood supply for fuel or for sale.

Folks who measure men by their personal possessions are not the kind who gain very many personal possessions for themselves.

**Banded Birds Accidentally Found Should Be Reported**

Persons engaged in outdoor activities, whether or not trained bird observers, are requested to cooperate with the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, by furnishing data to supplement the bird-banding work that is being conducted by the bureau. When anyone happens to capture a banded bird or to come upon one that has been hurt or killed, it will be of great assistance to the investigations of the department to have a report made of the facts by returning the band (if the bird is dead; otherwise the band should not be removed, but its number noted,) together with details as to when and where the bird was found, and its kind, or at least its description.

The aluminum bands issued by the Biological Survey carry the abbreviation "Biol. Surv." and a serial number on one side, and "Wash, D. C." on other. But as other bands have been used on a large number of birds by various individuals and institutions, it would be advisable for anyone finding a bird that carries a band not marked as above indicated, or of which the address is not clearly understood, to forward the information to the Biological Survey, where every effort will be made to locate the person responsible. These bands are placed on the bird's tarsus, the bare portion of the leg immediately above the toes.

Experts in bird work are using the banding method to solve a variety of interesting problems relative to the migrations and life histories of our native birds which are thus approached from the aspects of the individual birds. Some of the more important questions that can be solved by banding operations are:

How fast do the individuals or any species travel on their periodic migrations; that is how many miles per day will any one bird average during these journeys and what is the total time consumed in a trip?

Does any one flock continue in the van or is the advance made by successive flocks passing one over the other in alternate periods of rest and flight?

Do individuals of any species always follow the same route, and is it identical for both spring and fall flights?

Do migrating birds make the same stop overs every year to feed?

How long do birds remain in one locality during the migration, the breeding, or the winter seasons?

Do birds adopt the same nesting area, nest site, and winter quarters during successive seasons?

For how many broods will one pair remain mated, and which bird, if not both, is attracted next year to the old nesting site?

How far from their nests do birds forage for food; and, after the young have left the nest, will the parent birds bring them to the feeding and trapping station?

How long do birds live? A minimum of 100,000 banded birds is planned, from which it is hoped that valuable information will be obtained in regard to the habits of migratory birds.

**Now Is The Time To Get Rid of Your Rheumatism**

If you are troubled with chronic or muscular rheumatism buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and massage the affected parts twice a day with it. You are certain to be very much benefited by it if not actually cured. Try it.

It is known as a matter of experience and observation that town and city people who have to figure costs of food closely have not been accustomed to use eggs freely except in the season of flush production and low prices. Many such families can keep a few hens in the back yard and even with low production get many more eggs than they have been accustomed to use.

**SEES TURKISH RULE AMUSING**

English Author Finds Funny Side to Life in Jerusalem Under the Crescent.

The tradition of Turkish rule in Palestine as one finds it in Jerusalem is simply a joke, declares G. K. Chesterton in his book, "The New Jerusalem." All the stories about it are jokes and often very good jokes. My own favorite incident is that which is still commemorated in the English cathedral by an enormous hole in the floor.

The Turks dug up the pavement looking for concealed British artillery, because they had been told that the bishop had given his blessing to two cannons. The bishop had, indeed, recently appointed two canons to the service of the church, but he had not secreted them under the floor of the cathedral. There was another agreeable incident when the Turkish authorities, by an impulsive movement of religious toleration, sent for a Greek priest to bury Greek soldiers, and told him to take his choice in a heap of corpses of all creeds and colors.

But at once the most curious and the most common touch of comedy is the perpetual social introduction to solid and smiling citizens who have been nearly hanged by the Turks. The fortunate gentleman seems still to be regarding his escape with a broad grin. If you were introduced to a polite Frenchman who had come straight from the guillotine, or to an affable American who had only just vacated the electrical chair, you would feel a faint curiosity about the whole story. If a friend introduced somebody saying, "My friend Robinson; his sentence has just been commuted to penal servitude," or "My Uncle William, just come from Dartmoor prison," your mind and perhaps lips would faintly form the syllables "What for?" But evidently, under Turkish rule, being hanged was like being knocked down by a cab; it might happen to anybody.

**HARBOR FOR SHIPS OF AIR**

Artist Has Given Us Picture of Probability of the Not Far Distant Future.

Something very unique in the way of a terminal station for future traveling is suggested in Flight. It is a picture by Roderic Hill showing an aerial terminal, or the "White Moon-line," raised aloft over a seaport. It is not a flat air-drome situated on the surface, but a huge circular structure which towers far above the tallest buildings of the city. On its top-most circumference, platforms swing on a circular rail bed are carried by two rotating arms on which aero liners light and from which they take off. On the left of this great tower is a passenger elevator with two cars carrying passengers to and from the unloading level. Inside this structure is a huge elevator for lowering the aero liners for refitting and repair, and in its mysterious depths we can picture workshops lit by flickering arc lamps, where hundreds of mechanics work busily day and night. With such terminal as this, the future industrial magnates will be looking up at their captains as each in his respective craft draws near to exchange or deposit the cargo in his care, and then it will be that the dreamer of today will behold the fulfillment of his vision.

**Foe of Dandelions.**

East and west, north and south in this fair land of ours, one of the greatest pests to a beautiful lawn is the dandelion. The more we try to get them eliminated the more they thrive. Now the surest remover is a few geese. They prefer dandelion to anything else. If one cannot afford to buy the geese, for they are expensive, get a few of their eggs, give them to an old hen. She will hatch and raise them. They are sturdy little fellows. Take a strip of wire fencing 3 feet high. Make it in a circle about 10 feet in diameter, place this on the lawn; put the geese in it with a pan of water to drink. Change it about as fast as they clean up a spot. They require little else to eat and become very tame.—Thrill Magazine.

**Shifting Sand Made Trouble.**

The shifting of the sands of the seashore very often involves expensive litigation. In 1885 the counties of Atlantic and Burlington, of New Jersey, entered into an expensive litigation concerning the boundary between them. There was a dispute as to one of the corners of this boundary. It was stated to be, in the original survey, "the next inlet in the south side of Little Egg Harbor's most southerly inlet, and thence along the southeast to the line of partition between east and west Jersey." But it could not be found in its original home when they went to look for it, thus bringing up to date the ancient saying about a rope of sand.

**Omaha Big Butter Maker.**

More than \$25,000,000 worth of butter was manufactured in Omaha during 1920, according to an estimate by the Omaha chamber of commerce, members of which report that the city in Nebraska still retains its position as the chief city of this industry in the United States. The figures on butter production as given by the chamber for recent years show a steady increase since 1914 when the government census showed that the production for that year was \$4,840,840.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

**YOU READ the**  
**Other Fellow's Ad**

You are reading this one. That should convince you that advertising in these columns is a profitable proposition; that it will bring business to your store. The fact that the other fellow advertises is probably the reason he is getting more business than is falling to you. Would it not be well to give the other fellow a chance

**To Read Your Ad**  
**in These Columns?**

Two country women were arguing on the matter of thrift. "D'ye see that purse?" demanded one with a triumphant air. "It's the one I bought when I was married twenty years ago, and it's as good as new yet." "That's nothing!" sneered her friend. "You know my husband, John?" "Of course I do. What about him?" "Well, he's my first husband, and you've had three. Don't you preach thrift to me?"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

**TEARS, IDLE TEARS**

By ISABELLE ENGLAND.

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On her small, shingly immaculate back porch, almost completely screened by morning-glory vines, sat Miss Willis, red-nosed, red-eyed, and sniffling distantly. Even had she been seen, no one who knew her would have been surprised, for weeping was quite as much a habit with Miss Willis as combing her scanty hair in a tight, uninteresting pug on the very top of her scalded, uninteresting head. One never would have guessed that "sniffling Lalla" (as the younger, less respected, citizens of Blue Hill had christened her, with a delicious thrill of naughtiness) had ever been pretty and—in love. Yet such is the case.

If, perhaps, you ever chance to visit the small insignificant town of Blue Rock and catch a glimpse of poor Miss Willis, with unappreciated salty tears dripping in a forlorn way from her long, vermilion nose, you will not smother a care-free sneaker, as others do, but instead feel a bit of real pity. I suppose you can judge better if you know the facts. Anyhow, this is her story as she told it to me, amid tears and tea, on a cold wintry afternoon:

"Once, many years ago, long, long before you came on earth to turn the heads of fickle, unlovely males, I" (with a modest blush that caused her to resemble nothing so much as an over-ripe tomato) "was young and pretty. Just like you, Molly, dear" (I quivered with mortification.) "I was blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, with a few bleached-looking freckles scattered around and upon my nose, but not as disfiguring as yours. To look at me now, you never would think I was the belle of the town, but I was, and John was my best beau, for we all had 'em then.

"John was a handsome boy, Molly, and I guess I led him a twisted trail. When John was 18 his parents decided to send him off into the wilds of the city for an education that he didn't need, for John was clever, too. At first, while my blue eyes remained in his memory, he wrote—and such lovely letters! I have 'em all done up in a box, scented with lavender, on the top shelf of my pickle and preserve closet. But gradually he remembered only the squash-tinted freckles, so he stopped writing.

"I loved John, and because I was young and silly I imagined he still cared for me. As the years passed by, I guess I must have faded for when he at last came home" (she paused dramatically while I held my breath) "handsomer than ever, looking like he'd just stepped out of a bandbox, he didn't seem to see me, but sort of looked right through me. I was glad he could not, really, because I'd eaten cheese for dinner, and John never could tolerate cheese, especially homemade.

"I'd have run up to him, in spite of his Janney stare, but a slim, scantly-clad young woman, with hitching-post legs and yellow hair was holding my John's arm as if it were her own. They all kissed each other, John, his pa and ma and that clinging-vine female. I began to feel kind of small and insignificant, not to mention injured, in spite of my new flowered muslin. I didn't see John again, while he was home, but a few weeks later I read an account of his wedding—his wife wore white satin and carried yellow roses. I went to bed with an ice-pack on my head.

"For four years I had faithfully waited for John's return. I had dismally refused three suitors, all well off young farmers—and one had offered me a washing machine for a wedding present! I've always pined for one. My home town soon became unbearable. John's wife and her high, flung city friends monopolized the whole town, so I just packed up and came here; and here I've been for 20 years of oldmaidhood, feeding the cats and sweeping the back porch and—crying."

I ventured: "Yes?" "Crying," she repented, with an extra sniff. "Yes. Some day John will realize his mistake, when it's too late! Won't you have some more tea, before you venture out, Molly? Well, goodnight!"

My eyes were a little damp, possibly because I could almost picture the tears running off her nose into her tea, and the lavender-scented relics in the preserve and pickle closet.

**He Wore Well**

Two country women were arguing on the matter of thrift. "D'ye see that purse?" demanded one with a triumphant air. "It's the one I bought when I was married twenty years ago, and it's as good as new yet." "That's nothing!" sneered her friend. "You know my husband, John?" "Of course I do. What about him?" "Well, he's my first husband, and you've had three. Don't you preach thrift to me?"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

**Spilling for Fun.**

"How is the traffic system in this town?" "Like the traffic system of every other town."

"Well?" "A constant irritation of motorists who want to monopolize the streets and lose their tempers every time a large, imperturbable trolley car gets in their way."—Birmingham Age Herald.