

You Can Prevent Hog Cholera— Kill Hog Worms and Have Fat Hogs.

"I am a Merry War Lye Hog"

Don't let Hog Cholera and Worms scare you—it's an easy matter to prevent them. This positive fact is vouched for by thousands of Farmers and Hog Raisers in nearly every state in the Union. Just feed with the daily hog ration a small quantity of

MERRY WAR POWDERED LYE

It renders hogs immune to Cholera; tones them up; keeps them on their feet; makes them fat and sleek; destroys Worms; increases your pork profits.

MERRY WAR POWDERED LYE has proved itself to be the surest preventive of Hog Cholera, exterminator of Worms and the best hog conditioner and fattener in the world. Here is evidence that will convince you. Mr. H. H. Unterkircher of Wever, Iowa, writes: "I am recommending MERRY WAR POWDERED LYE to everyone I see, as it is a great hog conditioner and worm destroyer."



Ask us about MERRY WAR POWDERED LYE.

Market Street Drug Store,
Drugs, Medicines, Etc.

CRESCO, IOWA.

Send to E. MYERS LYE CO., Dept. H. L. ST. LOUIS, MO., for Free booklet on Hogs.

How to Build Up or Tear Down This Community

BY J. O. LEWIS

The Strength of the Wheel.

THE wheel, composed of hub, spokes and tire, is one of the most useful and one of the strongest of man's mechanical devices. It also illustrates well the manner in which various parts are needed to make a perfect whole. A GOOD TOWN, A CENTER OF TRADE, RESEMBLES A WHEEL. With all of its contributing factors closely wedged in like the spokes fit into the hub of a wheel the prosperous country surrounding it holds it together like the tire holds the wheel.

So long as all parts are in place the device runs smoothly and is a perfect machine. Remove a spoke and THE WHEEL AT ONCE BECOMES WEAKER and is no stronger than its weakest point.

TO HAVE AND TO MAINTAIN A GOOD SOLID TOWN EVERY KIND OF BUSINESS MUST BE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED, AND AROUND THESE MUST BE UNITED PEOPLE WORKING FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

Destroy the mercantile business or the manufacturing business or the banking business and, like removing a spoke from the wheel, you weaken the interests of the whole.

Send your money to mail order houses or patronize merchants in other cities and you take away that patronage which rightfully belongs to the home merchant and thereby undermine the business of the town. All classes or kinds of business are so closely related and interlocking that when you damage one you damage all.

But we have a beautiful little city, prosperous, growing and happy, and in it we have some of the best merchants, banks, mills, jobbers and factories, conducted by as fine a set of men as you will find anywhere on earth. We have fine schools, handsome churches, excellent public utilities and many fine buildings the equal of any city of its size in the entire country, and ALL MADE POSSIBLE BY THE BUSINESS MEN—big hearted, progressive and aggressive hustlers and boosters.

There is hardly a day that the business men—merchants, banks, jobbers, mills, etc.—are not called on to make a subscription or donation to some institution or some worthy cause—to do something, if you please, for greater building or better living. And that they generously give and have given is proved in the many institutions we have for the intellectual, moral and the spiritual uplift of our citizens. Therefore, when you solicit a subscription from these business men of your home city you should feel in duty bound to give them what assistance you can and to always patronize them to the exclusion of others and outsiders.

THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME, THE RENTAL OF YOUR PROPERTY, THE PRICE OF LOTS—ALL ARE BASED ON THE SUCCESS OF YOUR BUSINESS MEN.

If the town has a lot of vacant stores, idle factories, mills running on half time, there can be no substantial value to property. Therefore, to keep the stores rented, the dwellings occupied and a general good tone to property values it is necessary that you GIVE TO YOUR HOME PEOPLE YOUR ENTIRE SUPPORT.

Patronizing mail order houses is not altogether limited to poor people or to farmers or to people who do not know the hurt they are doing the home town, but is a common practice among certain well known, well to do men. I believe this is more the result of thoughtlessness and of being misled by embellished and highly exaggerated descriptions than through a spirit of antagonism to the home merchant. Moreover, I firmly believe that when you think over this matter seriously and carefully, analyzing it in every detail, that hereafter YOU WILL GIVE YOUR HOME MERCHANT YOUR TRADE.

MILLIONS FOR DRAINAGE

By F. W. BECKMAN, Iowa State College.

When Uncle Sam cut a big ditch between two oceans at Panama the people of America and the world stood aghast at the bigness of the undertaking. That canal will cost upwards of \$400,000,000. That's a big sum of money, yet right here in Iowa, without blare of trumpets and a loud noise, there has been in progress a great land drainage work that will beat the Panama canal in its cost by at least fifty millions of dollars.

A few years ago some Iowa men began to figure up what the great acreages of undrained land in the state were costing because they were too wet to produce crops. They made an investigation which brought out the astonishing fact that 12 per cent of the area of the state was too wet to produce crops regularly. The loss resulting to Iowa farmers every year they figured was more than \$22,000,000.

Will Divide State into Districts.

The highway commission will place five efficient engineers, trained to bridge and highway construction, in different parts of the state in order to be able to give the various boards of supervisors quick service and as much help as possible in getting the work under way. This, with the regular staff at the commission headquarters at Ames and the county engineers of the various counties, ought to add greatly to the quality of work done in this state during the season of 1919.

Dirty milk sours quickly and collects bad odors. A clean, well ventilated stable is the first thing necessary to prevent dirty milk. Washing the hands before milking, brushing the cow's sides, washing her udder—these precautions will prevent dirt contamination at the pail.

At the Opera.
"Are there any society people here tonight?"
"I guess not. I notice everybody in the boxes is listening to the singing."

HER GREAT MISTAKE

Believed for Years That a Loyal and Loving Husband Was Untrue.

BY SELINA ELIZABETH HIGGINS

"I can't take them, Mrs. Smith—please do not ask me. I know you are just the finest cook in the world, and I know your good, kind heart, too, but they so remind—remind me—" and the speaker burst into tears, and bowed her head upon the plain but snowy clean kitchen table, as if her heart would break.

Her neighbor reluctantly took up the round, pyramidal package she had just brought over. Where its pinned newspaper cover was half open, the white, tempting crust of a pumpkin pie showed, crowned with a dozen or more rich, brown, flaky doughnuts.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mrs. Smith," said Sarah Ritchie, drying her tears. "If you only knew—"

"I know all about it, dear," answered the kind Samaritan, tenderly. "Don't speak of it again. I do wish, though, that you could come over this evening. We are going to have a little company. It is just the season for sheering up, you know."

"I have some very important business tonight," said Sarah. "It is about the property, and I have to see Lawyer Jones."

"Well, dear, don't fret too much," urged Mrs. Smith in a sisterly way. "I know your cross is a hard one, but you must always count on us as true, willing friends."

Sarah Ritchie, left to herself, sat looking mournfully out of the window at the snowy landscape. "Pumpkin pies and doughnuts" were prosaic themes. All the same, they opened fresh old-time wounds. There had been a time when Sarah, queen of a home, had been famous for thriftiness and excellency in her domestic life. Then there had come a jarring break.



Approached His Lonely Home.

And the golden cord of mutual love had snapped in twain.

Briefly told, this was the tragedy of her life: She had married Alfred Ritchie, the bookkeeper in the small hardware business her father conducted. There was a happy year. Then, one day, her husband disappeared. It was known that he went away with the young lady clerk to a distant city. A deficit of five hundred dollars was found. Sarah's father was ill at the time. He died without knowing that his business was on the verge of ruin. All that was left was the house in which Sarah now lived, and that mortgage.

Before the funeral an express packet came containing five hundred dollars, no name, no explanation. The following week Alfred Ritchie reappeared in the village. Sarah refused to see him. He wrote her a letter, begging for an interview. Sarah wrote back to him, forbidding him to ever cross her path again.

What could she think but the worst! She learned later that Alfred had taken charge of a grazing farm one hundred miles distant; like herself, leading a lonely, loveless life.

Sarah tidied up the place, as was her wont, and the little place was hospitable and neat looking when Lawyer Jones arrived.

She had not seen him since her husband had so strangely gone away.

"I sent for you, Mr. Jones," she said, "because the mortgage on the house here is due. I cannot possibly pay it, but I can keep up the interest if you will renew the loan."

"I have a surprise for you," replied the lawyer. "I hardly know how you will take it, but—the mortgage has been paid in full."

"By whom?" exclaimed Sarah, in startled wonder.

"By your husband, Alfred Ritchie."

"He is not my—" flashed out Sarah, and then, controlled the rising tide of resentment. "You tell me this!" she

added, her lips compressed. No circumstances will I receive help, pity or interest from the man who has wrecked my life's happiness."

There was a spell of silence. Sarah sat with heaving bosom, a suspicion of angry tears in her eyes. The attorney seemed thinking how he had best say what he had to disclose.

"Will you listen to a story I am at last authorized to tell?" he asked.

Sarah nodded, but with her emotion choked, her face not at all responsive.

"The girl who left the town the day that your husband did, as you know, was a distant relative of your father. Your husband had learned that she had married a wretch who not only would not support her, but influenced her to steal money from her employer, and send it to him. Briefly Alfred went with her to hunt up the wretch. He compelled him to care for his wife. He borrowed five hundred dollars from a relative to replace the stolen money. He could not publicly explain all this without getting the girl in trouble, and you refused to listen to his explanations. The girl died a month ago, and now he has just written me he is free to have the truth known. By patient labor, all ways loving you, he saved up the money to pay off the mortgage on your home."

"Oh, how cruel, how wicked I have been!" cried the overwhelmed wife. "How shall I make amends? Oh, tell me, I implore of you!"

And Robert Jones, good lawyer and true friend, told her, and almost at daybreak next morning Sarah was on her way to the herding farm where her husband had been leading his hermitlike life.

Sarah found the bleak place with its cottage in charge of a boy. He told her that Mr. Ritchie had gone away for a few days on important business. At once, with a joy that thrilled her tired heart to mighty devotion and love, she started in "to make things comfortable."

"I will stay here, oh, I must stay—if Alfred will only let me!" she told herself, as she scrubbed and cleaned and dusted. Then she set to thinking of the favorite dishes her husband used to like. She smiled as she recalled his ardent praises for her pumpkin pies and doughnuts.

Trailing through the snow, Alfred Ritchie approached his lonely home two nights later. He noticed that there was a light in the window. Then a sniff of unusual cooking crossed his nostrils. He pushed open the door.

Some one screamed—the startled husband had seen a kitchen table loaded with pumpkin pies and doughnuts, a famous steak frying on the comfortable looking stove, and the burnished tea kettle singing a merry song of welcome and comfort.

"Sarah," he cried, and his big, loyal heart spoke its earnest delight as he sheltered her in his strong, cherishing arms.

"Oh, Alfred, it is like heaven, all this!" sobbed the penitent Sarah a little later, as they sat in the soft, soothing glow of the burning logs in the great fireplace. "I wish never to leave this. A glad, true wife, I will only ask to care for you, and please you, and love you."

"And pumpkin pies and doughnuts all the year round," rallied Alfred gayly.

"Yes, all the time, dear, if you wish it," replied Sarah, humbly and gratefully.

"Only in a little better home," said Alfred. "I have been away on account of a legacy left me by a relative. It means less toll and finer surroundings. We won't be too grand, though. There must always be your famous pumpkin pies and doughnuts on the bill of fare!"

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Of Course He Knew.
"Willie, can you tell me what a vegetarian is?"

"A vegetarian is a person who lives on vegetables," replied Willie.

"That is correct. Now, I wonder who can tell what an octogenarian is?"

"I know," replied Eddie.

"Well, what is an octogenarian?"

"An octogenarian is a person that knocks the other genarians,"—Chicago Record-Herald.

What One Booster Is Doing.
Hon. D. P. Hogan of Massena, who recently offered \$75.00 as a prize for the six miles of road in the neighborhood of Massena which was kept in the best condition the coming year, has increased his offers to \$120.00 and ten stretches of road have been entered into the contest, making altogether sixty miles of highway which will be cared for by the farmers with the object of winning the prize money as well as serving their own interests. The money will be divided into three prizes of \$60.00, \$40.00 and \$20.00, respectively. Drs. Greenleaf, Penquite and Anstey will act as judges of the contest.

What She Thought of Alfred.
She put down the book with a sigh. "What is it, darling?" he asked.

"Ah, dearest, I'm so happy," she replied.

"But you had such a sad look in your eyes just now."

"I know. I've been reading about the unhappiness that the wives of men of genius have always had to bear. Oh, Alfred, I'm so glad you're just an ordinary sort of fellow."

Trying to Please.
"What makes you so sure that man is going to propose to Gladys?" asked Gladys' mother.

"I have told him the same story five times," replied Gladys' father, "and he laughs at it every time."—Washington Star.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Held Up, Whips Eleven! Proof? Black Eyes!



NEW YORK—"I can see right now that it wasn't your fault," said Magistrate Appleton, when Julius Hinderks faced him in the West side court the other day. "But I am curious to know just how you got your face so badly disarranged."

Hinderks was somewhat mused up. Both of his eyes were supported from beneath by large black patches like the map of Great Peconic bay. "It was a hold-up," he said.

"Where were you held up?" asked the magistrate.

"All over town. I'm sorry I killed the big fellow; I didn't mean to do it, and I'll apologize if that'll help any."

"Did he kill some one, too?" asked Magistrate Appleton. "I don't see it in the affidavit."

"Naw," said Policeman Fitzgerald. "He swung on a guy over in front of Cuneo's place, but missed him by three feet. It took three of us to get him back on his pins."

"I tell you it was a hold up. They took my money, and never gave me a chance."

"How much did they get?" Hinderks consulted a scrap of paper for a few seconds, and replied: "\$48,294.36. I had it in my inside pocket here."

"Where'd you get it? Was it your week's pay?"

"It was my earnings for a whole month. Now it's gone. Judge, how would you like to lose \$48,294.36 yourself?"

"I don't know; I'm not used to it. What do you do—build railroads?"

"I'm a bricklayer," said Hinderks. "Well, what did you do?"

"I knocked 11 of them down with my fist, then the last one hit me on the head."

"With what?"

"I think it was a steel girder. It hurt a little, but I'm pretty hard. I killed the big one, though. I hit him once, and when I hit I always kill."

"Hinderks," said the magistrate, "how long will it take you to get cold sober?"

"I don't know; I haven't had much practice."

"Well, I'm going to give you six days over on the island, so you can try it. My advice is, don't carry so much money around with you on Saturday nights."

Gay Marriage Party Mistaken for Bold Hold-Up

ST. LOUIS.—A preacher of a St. Louis church who was a willing party in assisting a couple to launch on the sea of matrimony, came near foundering the ship and steering it on a shoal in such a way that would have required much tact and ability to bring about a rescue.

Two people came to him the other day and expressed the desire to receive the life sentence. The pastor, very willing, was about to commence the ceremony, when, glancing at the license, he noticed that it had been issued in Illinois.

The pastor took pity on the couple and straightway thought of a scheme. "Come on," he said. "We will take the East St. Louis car, cross the bridge and the ceremony will be performed on the river banks on the other side."

So, together with two servants as witnesses, the marriage party boarded a street car for downtown and transferred on the one going across the bridge. When they reached the east side of the river all got off, walked a few feet from the car tracks and made ready for the ceremony.

All went smoothly. The bride had blushing replied, "I do" to the usual



questions, and the bridegroom, too, had made the necessary answers.

The pastor with hands upraised was about to bestow upon the fortunate two his blessing when a returning street car hove into sight.

The motorman saw a man with his hands in the air, surrounded by several other individuals.

"What do you know 'bout that," he exclaimed to the passengers standing on the front platform. "There's a bunch holding up a fellow, and there's a woman in the crowd."

It was a moment for quick action by the motorman and passengers. The motorman was in the lead. With all his might he flung himself on the bridegroom and bore him to the ground before the preacher could explain matters.

Peculiar Way in Which Wong Gue Was Trimmed



the inspector with the suit case and \$120.

Wong immediately accused Lee of having arranged for the visit of the inspector, whom he took to be an impostor, and demanded \$500 cash for his opium. Lee refused, and Wong left, to return shortly with four friends, one of whom displayed a revolver.

Again the \$500 was demanded, and Lee convinced them that he did not have it in the house. The five escorted him to the stores of one after another of his friends as he attempted to borrow it.

After they had walked the streets of Chinatown two hours, Lee mustered his courage as a policeman approached, and broke away, yelling valiantly. Three of the five, Wong Gue and two others, were captured by the patrolman.

What is interesting the police is, did Lee or Wong arrange for the confiscation of the opium?

What is interesting the United States customs officials is, was the "inspector a bona fide one who accepted a bribe, or an impostor amenable to punishment for his impersonation?"

Court Dignity Limbered by Quacks and Squawks

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The quacking of a duck and the squawking of a chicken completely limbered the dignity and shocked the solemnity of Criminal court the other day, when the fowls were offered as exhibits in the case of John Kowalczyk of Whitaker, who accused Mike Lukacs of robbing his coops. Kowalczyk had brought the fowls in a basket and they remained in the court room the greater part of the session. The duck would "quack" freely, especially when witnesses were being sworn.

Once, when Judge Marshall Brown was beginning with much gravity his charge to the jury, the duck reached out his long yellow bill and caught the chicken by the neck. The court room immediately resounded with a series of piercing squawks. Judge Brown was seized with violent coughing; the jurors covered their faces, and someone back in the court room exploded into a "Ha, Ha!"

"Order! Order!" cried a tipstaff. "The case was tried in another room before Judge Thomas D. Carnahan."



"How do you know it is your duck?" Judge Carnahan asked Kowalczyk.

"Why, because it's white," was the answer.

"But there are lots of white ducks in the county. Can't you identify it better than that?"

"Well, it's my duck, that's how I know," protested Kowalczyk. He identified the chicken in a similar manner.

Lukacs admitted having ducks and chickens for sale, but said he got them in Bridgeville. He resides in Whitaker. A jury found him guilty. He was remanded to jail for the present.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN to send for our Beautiful, Free, 1913 Catalog. Next Term Nov. 3rd. Address, COLLEGE OF COMMERCE, Waterloo Iowa