

THE HUMMER

RAD HARRILL REED, EDITOR

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Wonder if the state "bug houses" have chinchies.

Europe is in grave danger, sayeth headline. Yes, full of graves.

It is said that some families have black sheep in them in spite of parental training. In the eyes of the world, maybe, they are not all wool and a yard wide.

While the hustling hubby is out trying to make both ends meet the wifey is also trying to make both ends meet by the latest freaks of fanatical and frenzied fashion.

A corset stay saved the life of a girl in California when an accidental pistol shot crashed into her left side. Bet some big corset company paid her a goodly sum just to swear the corset was their make. It pays to advertise.

A Mrs. Hill of Bangor, Maine, left \$1,000 each to 34 card club members in her will last week. The ladies are now enjoying the money as a token of Mrs. Hill's friendship for them. Card clubbers now have argument on their side.

A woman in Oklahoma wrote Uncle Sam to please send her \$1,000 to buy a much needed set of false teeth, two cows and one automobile. Said she need the money much more than Uncle Sam and would be delighted to receive it by return mail. Uncle still has the thousand in his pocket.

A man we know, who has brains, backbone and stickability, always sees the bright side and smiles thru reverses and hardships. Take these words of his and profit by them—"If the sun shines one more year I'll get by, if it does not, I'll begin at the bottom and climb up again." That's the spirit that WINS—it's the spirit that knoweth not failure.

Yuan Shi Kai, the High Muck de Ping Pong of China, is the father of 31 children. You and I can't say that China is shy on future emperors, can we? Maybe he has named that last one Ding a Ling Finis. By the way, it is said that Chinese name their children by the sound of a tin pan as it is thrown from a house top to the ground. The father's name is not carried on by his children, for his name might be Wun Lung and the child's Bing Bang.

Rockefeller said his mother told him to make everything count—and he has been counting ever since. With all his rocks he can't enjoy yum yum ham and red gravy, egg bread and "sweetenin" like we po' folks in Mississippi. He offers a million good oily dollars for a genuine 90 horse-powered tum tam, for his has been in the repair shop for many years. That's right, hold on to them, if you can't keep anything on them but your hands.

We noticed last week in The Pontotoc Sentinel a column headed "Disastrous Fire." Another column on same page called attention to its new story, "The Ball of Fire," by G. R. Chester and just to the right of that the J. D. Simmon's Insurance Agency shouts "FIRE" in an advertisement. Brother Herman was certainly warming up for business that time. We hope he will fire in broadsides his future "More Profitable Farming" edition all over the country. Success to all of you, Mr. and Mrs. Hermen, Rufus Lee Brown and Elmer Harris.

Jots and Dots.

Some old wag has remarked that Sunday is stronger than other week days—that the clocks of the world will die an untimely death because their hours are numbered—that "Chilly Sauce" is hotness tripled and that Woodmen of the World always order chops in a restaurant.

A headline says, "Russians score in East." It's time-sky they were making a hitsky. But let's give the old "Itchsky-vitchsko" Russian a big credit for that home run he was attempting. It was not an error after all, even if he sacrificed thousands of men, for it pulled the Germans farther from their base of supplies. Many vitchskies were caught on the fly—and some muffed because they were too hot to hold. To catch the Germans in a trap was the Russo plan and so with single, double and triple columns they swung around in the fields and grounded themselves in. Their batteries being a safe distance behind, the Russo make a line drive against the German defense and with the aid of muddy roads and foul weather struck the strike that made the score.

If man makes good he gets cussed by those who go thru life with a frown on their face and this thought in their heart—Mine not to reason why, mine not to FAIL AND CRY.

The latest in anklet fashion is the wearing of posies nicely tied to which ever ankle the owner thnks the most "fetching." This anklet fad is posing enough now for "recognition" and if it keeps on there will be a "Society For The Prevention Of Rubbernecking." It all goes to "show" that style is on the "decline"—head to foot, so to speak.

Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum

How would you like to be as happy as a king?

The poor old trees are shedding their clothes and leaving bare limbs exposed to the eyes of the world. Good-bye leafy leaves, but don't leave us too long.

Long ago people said Edison had wheels in his head. Righto, but they were not "buggy" wfeels.

Scientists say that Noah lived long because his ancestors did not hand down so many varieties of disease as we have now. We had been thinking that he didn't have to worry over buying new tires and gasoline for his arkomobile.

Weather men say that on a certain night four moons could be distinctly seen. Wonder if the weather men were full or the man in the moon?

Meridian reports 12 divorce cases. Still attaching and detaching in the largest and "boostiest" Mississippi city. Domestic war rages but no lives lost.

We wish more people would use alarm clocks for "eye openers" instead of "Old Nero" at \$2.47, express paid.

Short and Lung.

Mr. Love is the new mayor of Memphis. To keep the lid on is his job—if he can. Won't he have a lovely time sitting on a loving lid. He is another Love whose affairs will not run smooth.

If chorus girls barely make a living we suppose that they just grin and bear it.

Life is just one good day after the other. LIVE NOW.

Help the man or woman out of the rut—don't push them down, down, down.

A doctor now advises us to reduce cost of high living by eating snails. We imagine it will be about the slowest proposition ever undertaken. Hope none of the followers will die with slow fever.

Editor Walker Wood of The Winona Times said this in last issue: "If you are dissatisfied with your lot get a real estate man to sell it for you?" That's just like Brother Wood because he is an expert real estate man himself and if that isn't punning avertising we're from Missouri. We guess that most of his property is called "Woodlots." Now Brother, don't think we are knocking on Wood for that would be woodenheaded in us, wouldn't it.

The editor of The Saturday Evening Post hopes that the legislatures over the U. S. this winter will pass a law so that no boneheaded laws can get by during the session. Shucks, what's the diff? All might do so, but WHO would pass on every bill before the legislative body? No matter what happens there will be just as many bonehead laws from now on as ever because the majority can't always be RIGHT.

It won't be long before the dime and ten cent stores will be selling Ford and Saxon cars. Being as they are racket stores so much the better.

Miss Fredomousky has just ordered an electric welded mesh wire bustle for her back veranda. It cost 98 cents knocked down from \$1.49. Friends, take notice.

Here's a good one we saw in the nifty Laurel Leader: A doctor who had invented or at least concocted a certain kind of pill was boasting that he had sold them for 20 years and had no complaint. The China boy answers, "dead men tellee no tales."

There is now a "Ford Two Step." We suppose the dancers just glide along until the orchestra comes to a breakdown.

Nobody is "class" these days unless they have won a cup.

Low neckers among the women are now low waisters. Downward goeth fashion one day and upward goeth fashion the next. When and where the junction is made no man knoweth.

Once upon a time girls took a spin on the spinning wheel—now it's in an auto.

Business is good—and gettin gooder. Are you getting yours?

An old man in an auto factory gathers nails, wire, pieces of iron and other scraps around the yards with an electro magnet. His business is picking up, isn't it?

If big corn produces larger corn and big oats larger oats why wouldn't slips from large potatoes do the same thing? If one holds true why not the other? Instead we bed strings and many times get strings.

A 93 year old lady in St. Paul takes a daily dip in the river. Still in the swim.

We asked a man today who had just come in from a visit to three or four towns was any big doings going on. His reply hits the nail on both finger and head: "The biggest thing people are doing is dodging debts."

Milady will never suffer from sore throat this winter. High collars—sure, and ain't they just too CHIC. What if she should want to spattoo?

YOU SAY:-

You can't afford Life Insurance. Times are too hard. Times are not half as hard for your family while you live as they will be without Life Insurance when you are dead.

YOU SAY:-

You are not going to die just yet: 55 people die every year in Chickasaw County. The Grim Reaper is no respecter of persons. Old people are not the only tenants of cemeteries.

WE SAY:-

If you were dependent on your wife for your support You would have her life insured today.

Wonder how she feels about your not protecting her and the children with a policy in "The Best Company in Dixie" THE COTTON STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Tupelo, Miss.

Walker & Alexander

"Preservers of Happy Homes."

Houston, Mississippi

TO DESTROY PINK-WORM IN CORN.

Editor Hummer:-

So many farmers have expressed a desire for the recipe to destroy weevil in peas, and the pink-worm in corn that I will be glad to have you publish following:

For a barrel of cleaned peas, take one fourth pint of Carbon Bisulphide, (High Life), pour in a cup, place the cup in the middle of the barrel, spread a cloth over the top of the barrel, and leave to evaporate.

For a crib of corn, 12 feet square, take a quart of Carbon Bisulphide, throw the corn up from the middle of the crib three or four feet deep, place an opened mouth jar in opening thus made in the corn, pour the liquid in the jar, and leave to evaporate.

This will kill all insects in the peas and corn. Also all mice and rats.

See that all domestic animals are kept from the building while the evaporation is in process. The fumes are a deadly poison.

Take great care that no fire is brought near the building while the liquid is evaporating, or for several hours afterward.

The fumes are highly explosive, and a lighted match, cigar, lamp or lantern will ignite the fumes, and quickly create an uncontrollable fire.

Every vessel should be carefully arranged before the liquid is used, and just as soon as poured into the vessels the operator should leave the building. It will be safe to return to the building after twenty-four hours.

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