

# Ann, Father's Helper

By JANE OSBORNE

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When George Walton's friend Jack Gray said he had been transferred from New York to San Francisco, and that he was worrying about what to do with the little home he had bought at Bredon, a nearby town that boasted a small college, George had an inspiration.

"I'll rent the house myself," said he. "It's just the sort of quiet place I'm looking for where I can finish this story I'm writing."

One September day George established himself in the Gray bungalow on the outskirts of Bredon. He considered himself lucky. The house was charming. He didn't know a soul, so he need fear no interruption. And he had a thoroughly reliable housekeeper in the person of middle-aged Mrs. Bridget Magoon, who had kept his bachelor apartments in town and whose only drawback was her motherless grandson, Patsy Leary, aged two and a half years.

On the morning after his arrival George was dwelling on his many blessings when his reveries were interrupted by a quick rap on the screen door. He looked up to see a young girl—perhaps just past twenty—a comfortable, substantial looking sort of girl, with fresh color, warm brown eyes and a definite way of doing things. George could tell that by the way she put one firm brown hand on the knob of the door.

"May I come in?" she asked. "Isn't this the Gray bungalow?"

Assuring her that it was, George stumbled over a chair in his hurry to open the door. He begged her to be seated and after she had composed herself comfortably in one of the wide wicker chairs, he sat down opposite her.

"You're just the person I want to see," she said, and George felt flattered. "You see, I'm Miss Stace, Ann Stace. And I'm visiting my brother, Walter Stace. I came for only a few weeks, but he wants me to stay the winter. You know, brother's an instructor at the college, and like all the rest of them he's as poor as a church mouse. So I told him I wouldn't stay unless I could earn enough money to take care of myself. I'm not a bit clever, and I don't know how to teach or do anything but the other day I had an idea.

"I hate to play cards and I love to take care of children—that's just the opposite of most of the women about here. There's a card club at least once a week—and card parties in between and trips to town for shopping and the majine. And all the girls who are married to faculty people get their husbands to take care of their children afternoons when they want to have a good time. So I thought I'd be mother's helper, exactly but—a father's helper.

Ann ended her recital breathless and laughing.

"Isn't it a jolly idea?" she went on. "And it isn't a bit expensive for you fathers. Club afternoons I entertain the children for fifteen cents apiece—and call for and deliver them, too. For a quarter apiece I take them on other days—private treatment, you know, and I have to charge more, for there ain't so many children those days.

"Walter's wife knows Mrs. Gray—not very well, but they belong to the same club. So she sent me over to see you. I thought maybe you'd be one of my customers."

For the first time Ann stopped long enough to let George explain. She looked at him appealingly from her soft brown eyes.

"But I'm not Mr. Gray," said George, with real regret. "I'm just Mr. Walton. The Grays have gone unexpectedly to California, and I've taken their bungalow. You see, I write stories."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," apologized Ann. "I must have seemed so stupid. I really beg your pardon."

George was casting about for an excuse to detain the charming Ann, when Patsy ran into the room. He had bright blue eyes and bright yellow hair. His face was pink and freckled and his baby lips smiled bewitchingly as he ran confidently up to George.

"Oh, but after all," said Ann, when she saw the boy, "maybe you do want me. Isn't he now?" said George with fervor, as an idea for seeing more of Ann came into his head.

And Mrs. Walton does play cards I suppose?" questioned Ann.

"Why—you see—" blundered George. "Mrs. Walton's not here."

"Oh!" Ann's monosyllable was comprehensive. The scene before her became a tragedy. She noted the absence of a button on George's coat—the apparent embarrassment of the big man who was trying to fill

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a mother's place to the small boy—the child's gleeful ignorance of the whole situation. Mentally Ann dubbed the mother heartless, a brute.

"Then you do want me sometimes, don't you?" she said finally. "I know I could help you make the boy happy."

Before she went George made arrangements for her to come every morning at 10 to take the cherub Patsy for two hours. "I'd rather not have the boy with other children," he said honestly. "But if you'll just keep him here at the house—while I try to write a bit—it would help me ever so much. I've got a very good Irish woman to keep the house—but she doesn't understand much about the little chap, I'm afraid—"

"You're ever so good," said Ann. "And I'll do my best. What's the boy's name?"

"Archibald," lied George contentedly.

George made his plans carefully. He could rely upon Patsy; the child's vocabulary included only a few words and he was totally incapable of carrying on any kind of conversation. Mrs. Magoon was a little more difficult; but after George had explained that he had arranged to have Patsy absorb a little education and refinement every morning and offered to rent the boy for a dollar a week, that valuable child's grandmother gave in and promised to say "never a word to nobody." She consoled herself with the assurance that, though doubtless out of his mind, Mr. Walton was nevertheless gentle and harmless. As for gossiping neighbors, George did not have any as yet, and he vowed that he would continue not to have any.

One morning a couple of months later Ann burst suddenly into George's study.

"Oh, Mr. Walton!" she cried. "do come her. Little Archibald has just learned a word. 'I've been trying to teach it to him for ever so long, but you know he's a little backward about talking."

"Thank goodness he is," muttered George to himself as he followed the girl to the living room, where Patsy sat playing with his tin soldiers. She got down beside him on the floor.

"Archibald, dear," she said, "say the word Miss Anne taught you. There's a good boy—"

Archibald Walton, alias Patsy Leary, looked up. His blue eyes were guileless as he hisped his first distinct word:

"Divil at bit," he said with conviction.

Ann looked at George with frightened eyes. The corners of his mouth were twitching, but he said soberly:

"It must have been hard to teach him that."

"Oh," cried Ann, standing by him. "I didn't." There were tears in her voice. "I taught him to say 'daddy' and I thought you'd be so pleased."

"Oh, I say," he said uncomfortably. Ann, already miserable, felt that something was wrong.

"See here, Miss Stace," he said after a moment's hesitation; "things are in a mess, and I don't see how I ever can get out of it. But this nonsense has gone on long enough. You see, when I first saw you, I knew I wanted you—"

Just then a stalwart young man with freckles and yellow hair, and with murder in his clear blue eyes stalked into the room from the direction of the kitchen. In his wake was the frightened Mrs. Magoon.

"What's this I hear, Mr. Walton, about me son Patsy?" he demanded.

Ann turned pale; George turned red; Mrs. Magoon began to wring her hands—and Patsy threw himself rap-turously on the speaker.

"Daddy! Daddy!" he screamed. And hearing himself thus addressed for the first time, Patsy's father, gathering the child in his arms, decided that perhaps after all the treatment he had been daily subjected to hadn't harmed him, and retreated with the hysterical Mrs. Magoon to the kitchen.

"The fig's up Ann," said George Walton. "You see what I did. I rented that youngster so that I'd have an excuse to keep you near me. From the first I wanted you."

Ann's cheeks were pink again. "Perhaps," she said, "you could keep me without an excuse."

He knew his business. Proprietor of Millinery Store—Why didn't that lady buy anything? New Assistant—Because we hadn't got what she wanted. Proprietor—You'll kindly remember in future, miss, that you're here to sell what I keep, and not what people want!—London Opinion.

Just to Make Sure.

"How shall I express my sentiments towards you?" said the young man, tenderly.

"On paper, please," said the girl. "Then there can be no chance of your wriggling out of it."

After a woman living in a small town has visited in the city for a couple of weeks she calls her hired girl a maid.

Many people have receding gums. Rub Hamlin's Wizard Oil on gums and stop the decay; whiz the disease germs with a mouth wash of a few drops to a spoonful of water.

Even though they are all cast in the same mold, the size of a dollar depends on how many of them you have.

The fellow who goes around looking for trouble generally meets somebody who takes him at his word.

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## WESTERN CANADA FARMER SECURES WORLD'S PRIZE FOR WHEAT

A ROSTERN, SASK., FARMER THE LUCKY WINNER.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific Railway offered \$1,000 in gold as a prize for the best 100 lbs. of wheat, grown on the American continent, to be competed for at the recent Land Show in New York. In making the competition open, the donor of this handsome prize showed his belief in the superiority of Canadian wheat lands, by throwing the contest open to farmers of all America, both United States and Canada. The United States railways were by no means anxious to have the Canadian railways represented at the show and a New York paper commenting on the results of the competitions says that they were not to be blamed, as the Canadians captured the most important prize of the show.

The winner of this big wheat prize was Mr. Seager Wheeler of Rostern, Saskatchewan, and its winning has brought a great deal of credit on the district. The winning wheat was the Marquis variety, and received no more attention from Mr. Wheeler than his other grain, but he is a very particular farmer. His farm is one of the cleanest and best kept in the Rostern district, and this year he won first prize in a good farm competition which included every feature of farming and every part of the farm. Last winter Wheeler was a prize winner at the provincial seed fair in Regina. Wheeler is a firm believer in sowing clean seed of the best quality procurable, consequently his grain is much sought after by the best farmers for seed purposes.

Wheeler is an Englishman. He is a pioneer of Rostern, coming here fifteen years ago. In the last six years he has done much experimenting, particularly in wheat varieties. His farm resembles an experimental farm. A long driveway, lined on both sides with trees, leads to a modest house, the home of Wheeler, a modest, unassuming man with the appearance of a student rather than a man engaged in commercial pursuits.

There are now no free homesteads to be had in this district, and farm lands are worth from \$20 to \$40 per acre, which a few years ago were secured by their present owners, either as a free gift or purchased at from \$5 to \$8 per acre.

It is not many miles from Rostern, where the farmer lives, who secured the first prize for wheat last year at the National Corn Exposition at Columbus and West of Rostern, about 150 miles, lives Messrs. Hill and Son, who won the Colorado Silver Trophy, valued at \$1,500, for the best crop of oats, also awarded at the National Corn Show at Columbus in 1910.

Not contented with the high honors obtained in its wheat, Canada again stepped forward into the show ring, and carried off the Stillwell trophy and \$1,000 for the best potatoes on the continent. This time the winner was a British Columbia man, Mr. Asahel Smith, the "Potato King," of that province. The exhibit consisted of one hundred and one varieties drawn from all parts of the province aggregating in weight one and a half tons.

At the recent Dry Farming Congress, held at Colorado Springs, and at which time it was decided to hold the next Congress at Lethbridge. In 1912, the Province of Alberta made a wonderful showing of grains, grasses and vegetables.

"At the Congress, Alberta got more prizes and trophies, ten to one, than any state of the Union," said Mr. Hotchkiss to the Edmonton Bulletin. "We brought back all but the building with us, and they offered us that, saying we might as well take all that was going. We would have brought it along, too, if we had had a flat car to put it on. Alberta captured nearly 50 first prizes, 20 seconds, 3 thirds, 9 cups, 40 medals, 50 ribbons and 2 sweepstakes. The grand sweepstake prize, for the best exhibit by state or province, a magnificent silver cup, was presented to us with much ceremony at a reception to the Canadians in the Empress hotel. The presentation was made by Prof. Olin, chairman of the judging committee, and the cup was received on behalf of the province by the Hon. Duncan Marshall.

Precise.

The proofreader on a small middle-western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West end by a live wire."

On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note, asking, "Which is the west end of a boy?"

It took only an instant to reply—"The end the son sets on, of course."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Just to Make Sure.

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## It Means Health For the Child

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with a child's constant good health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Sluggish bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring and repeat the dose the following night if necessary—more than that will scarcely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salts, cathartics, laxative waters and similar things, which are altogether too powerful for a child. The homes of Mrs. A. A. Huggins, Mounds, Okla., Mrs. M. C. Moore, Happy, Ark., are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this grand laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains superior tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that after a brief use of it all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 261 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

## SOME CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

Double Penalty Threatened for Those Who Dared to Interfere With the Wires.

Rotorua has been laughing over the wording of a notice that has been placed by the public works department on some of the electric wire posts on the road to Okere, in New Zealand.

Some time ago a Maori youth, who seemed to have a misguided taste for experimenting, threw a long piece of cable over the electric wires that run to Rotorua from the power station at the Okere Falls.

The town was at once plunged in darkness for two or three hours until the mischief had been located. The dusky and youthful experimenter was carted in the court and fined for his scientific enthusiasm, and the department put up this notice—

"Any persons climbing the electric light poles or damaging the insulators are liable to a fatal shock and a penalty of £10.—T.H.Bits."

## MADE IN DIXIE BY DIXIE PEOPLE

For the AILMENTS OF DIXIE and Good anywhere. For Headaches, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Biliousness try ONE Bond's Liver Pill. Keep your Liver and Bowels right and you keep well. ONE LITTLE PILL at bedtime will usually relieve nine-tenths of all ailments. You wake up well. All druggists, 25 cents. Insist on BOND'S PILLS. No other "Just as good."

She Knew.

Mrs. Knicker—Do you understand baseball?

Mrs. Bocker—No; but I understand William's remarks to the umpire; it's the same thing he says at breakfast.—Puck.

The Sweet Gum.

The exudation you see clinging to the sweet gum tree in the summer contains a stimulating expectorant that will loosen the phlegm in the throat. Taylor's Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein cures coughs, croup, Whooping Cough and consumption. At druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

Touching.

Jennie—Everything he touches seems to turn to gold.

Jim—Yes; he touched me today for a sovereign.—London Opinion.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard Gripe-TARTARIC CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is really Gripe-Tonic and not in a tasteless form, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, 50 cents.

Only a good man can believe that a woman is better than he is.

Mrs. Whinstow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

## IT IS CRIMINAL TO NEGLECT THE SKIN AND HAIR

Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement, physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft, white hands, and good hair. These blessings, so essential to happiness and even success in life, are often only a matter of a little thoughtful care in the selection of effective remedial agents. Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 21, L. Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on skin and scalp treatment.

When you hear two men talking so loudly that they can be heard in the next block, they are talking about something they know nothing about.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers.

The fellow who goes around looking for trouble generally meets somebody who takes him at his word.

Why Men Drink AND USE DRUGS, AND HOW TO CURE THEM OUR NEW BOOK TELLS ALL ABOUT IT. SENT HEALED, FREE. ADDRESS: THE KEELY INSTITUTE, 702 PARK AVENUE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

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## HAD DONE HER PART.



What are you going to give at the preacher's donation party, Mandy?"

"Lands sake! Nuthin'. Why, I give the preacher a real store necktie that cost 10 cents at his donation party only three years ago!"

New View of It.

"I envy the man who believes that superstition about Friday," said Mr. Growcher.

"I consider it depressing."

"Not at all. A man ought to be mightily comfortable who can feel sure there's only one unlucky day in the week."

A woman cares not who makes the money, just so she can spend it.

## The Human Heart

The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping round and round through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour. "Remember this, that our bodies will not stand the strain of over-work without good, pure blood any more than the engine can run smoothly without oil." After many years of study in the active practice of medicine, Dr. R. V. Pierce found that when the stomach was out of order, the blood impure and there were symptoms of general breakdown, a tonic made of the glyceric extract of certain roots was the best corrective. This he called

## Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" helps the stomach to assimilate the food, thereby curing dyspepsia. It is especially adapted to diseases attended with excessive tissue waste, notably in convalescence from various fevers, for thin-blooded people and those who are always "catching cold."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for the French cloth-bound book of 1008 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 653 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Smokeless Odorless Clean Convenient

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to no time. Always ready for use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.

A special automatic device makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Safe in the hands of a child.

The Perfection burns nine hours on one filling—giving heat from the minute it is lighted. Handsomely finished; drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Ask your dealer or write for descriptive circular to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

All Styles, All Leathers, All Sizes and Widths, for Men and Women

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then realize why I warrant them to hold their shape, fit and look better and wear longer than other makes for the price.

CAUTION: The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes Sent Everywhere—All Charges Prepaid.

Show to Order by Mail.—If W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold in your town, send direct to factory. Full measurements of feet as shown in sketch; make style desired; size and width usually worn; plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light sole. I do the largest shoe-making business in the world.

Illustrated Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Lowell, Mass.

ONE PAIR of my BOYS' \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes. Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

## The Famous Rayo Lamps and Lanterns

Rayo lamps and lanterns give most light for the oil used. The light is strong and steady. A Rayo never flickers. Materials and workmanship are the best. Rayo lamps and lanterns last.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps and lanterns, or write for illustrated booklets direct to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

## Fertilizers yield enormous returns on truck crops provided you use the right kind. A truck fertilizer should contain 10 to 12 per cent.

## POTASH

or about twice as much Potash as Phosphoric Acid.

Potash improves the yield, flavor and shipping quality.

If your dealer won't carry Potash Salts or fertilizers rich enough in Potash, write to us for prices. We will sell any amount from a 200-lb. bag up.

Write for free book on Truck Fertilizing and Fertilizer Formulas.

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## SHAKE?

Oxidine is not only the quickest, safest, and sweetest remedy for Chills and Fever, but a most dependable tonic in all malarial diseases.

A liver tonic—a kidney tonic—a stomach tonic—a bowel tonic.

If a system-cleansing tonic is needed, just try

## OXIDINE

—a bottle proves.

The specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever and all diseases due to disordered kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels.

50c. At Your Druggists

FOR ALL SORE EYES

Arkansas Directory

HOLLENBERG MUSIC CO.

KODAK FINISHING

Husband Was Willing.

The Scot has no monopoly of domesticity, as many a piquant paragraph bears witness. The other day a farmer and his wife were "doing" the sights of a provincial town, and among other places they visited a panorama of South Africa.

The views were extremely interesting, and the couple were enjoying themselves to the full. As scene after scene passed, the woman's enthusiasm increased, and at length, turning to her husband, she exclaimed:

"Wanted—A Handhold.

Remembering Mike heaved such a deep sigh that his companion was obliged to ask him what the matter was.

"I was just thinking about bad news and the wonders of science," was the answer. "This earth is spinning round faster than a railway train would time."

"Well, we ain't fell off yet."

"No. But think of what a convenience it would be if we could have some place to grab on to while de terry and under our feet until de time we wanted to go to come along."

"Fourth's Companion.

A Born Quibbler.

"Didn't I tell you not to shoot any tail on this place?"

"Twas," replied Uncle Rasberry. "You tote me an' I done heard de dis ain't no quail. Dis is a part-

It isn't until a man reaches the age of discretion that he discovers he can have a good time without suffering for the next morning.

THE LITTLE WIDOW

Nighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it could not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief."

"I used Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 115 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me get so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change."

"My 4-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and nervous. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He disappeared from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and gay, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wealth," in pgs. "There's a reason."

Have you read the above letter? A new system from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of business success.

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