

Chillicothe Business College

Chillicothe, Missouri

NO POSITION

NO PAY

Occupies Largest Plant in America Devoted Exclusively to Business Education

Opportunity is given to attend on credit and pay out of earnings when in a position.

The college gives you a written guarantee of a position within 30 days after completing its course. Rates more reasonable than in other colleges.



Main College Building

The college has an enrollment of about 1000 students yearly. It maintains an Athletic Park, a College Bank; Orchestra and the usual college organizations. 100 Typewriters are in daily use. The College operates 4 College Bunks and occupies 3 large buildings.

Send for Catalog. It's free. Mention course of study desired.

Courses Offered

- IN
- Bookkeeping
- Stenography
- Stenotypy
- Telegraphy
- Banking
- Civil Service
- Court Reporting
- Pen Art, Etc.



Young Men's Dormitory



Young Ladies' Dormitory

Address: Allen Moore, President, Chillicothe, Mo.

The Peevish Child Needs a Laxative

It is natural for a child to laugh and play and when it sulks drowsily or cries you may depend on it something physical is the matter. If you see no evidences of a serious ailment you will not be wrong if you quietly give it a dose of mild laxative that evening on putting it to bed.

The remedy most generally recommended for this purpose is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which mothers throughout the country have been giving their children for a quarter of a century. Today thousands of families are using it where hundreds used it then, and there must be good reason for this word of mouth recommendation.

It is admittedly the perfect laxative for children, women, old people and all others who need a gentle bowel stimulant and not a violent salt, cathartic pill or doctored water. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will act gently, and when taken before retiring will bring complete satisfaction in the morning.

After a short use of this remedy all forms of outside aid can be dispensed with and nature will again act alone.

All classes of good American people keep it in the home for ill of the stomach, liver and bowels, and among the thousands who have written the doctor that they will never be without it are Mrs. N. H. Beard, 1504 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo., and Mrs. J. M. Hammett, Independence, Mo. A dose of it has saved many a person from a serious illness.

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. R. Caldwell, 495 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

Shame! Shame!

Saturday afternoon a lady called at the office of Dr. R. F. Cook, asked if he was a member of the county board of health, and when assured that he was, told him a pitiful story of neglect to which an old and helpless woman was being subjected. So frightful was the story related that Dr. Cook was slow to believe that it could be true, and asked the woman to repeat the story to the prosecuting attorney. She said she would gladly do so, and an engagement was made for the evening. Mr. Cook was horrified at the story and Sunday afternoon Dr. Cook, Prosecutor Crawford and Sheriff Calvert drove to the country to see with their own eyes. They found the helpless woman, about 90 years of age, lying on a dirty bed in an attic at the home of her son. The room was full of flies and the feeble old woman was not able to fight them off. The bed was so full of bed bugs that Mr. Crawford said a quart could have been secured easily and the old woman's gown was spotted where she had mashed the pests in moving on the bed. The officers say the woman draws a pension of \$12 a month, which is ample for her needs and comfort if it was applied to her. The officers were indignant and notified the son that matters would have to be changed or some arrests would be made. Promises were made and the sheriff notified them that he would be back in a few days to see if they were carried out. Such a condition is a disgrace to humanity, says the Carrollton Democrat.

Horses for Sale

A span of large draft horses.
T. J. HANCOCK

Summer Tourist Rates Via Wabash R. R.

Round trip summer tourist tickets on sale daily at the Wabash station, June 1st to September 10th.

Exceptionally low rates to all summer resorts East, West and North.

Circuit tours, including St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Boston, New York City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington and Cincinnati; also trips on Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, St. Lawrence River, through Thousand Islands, Hudson River, Atlantic Ocean, Chesapeake Bay, Potomac River, if desired.

Literature and information regarding rates, routes and time of trains furnished promptly on application to

J. M. TRUBY,
Agent Wabash R. R.
Keytesville, Mo.

The Coughs of Children

They may not cough today, but what about tomorrow? Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine at hand. This cough medicine is especially good for children. No anodynes. No alcohol.

Many a child is called dull and stupid when the whole trouble is due to a larynx. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills, sugar-coated, will do such children a great deal of good. Ask him. Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Dog and the Trail

Must I, then, must I, then, now leave this town—
And you, my love, stay here?"—
Suabian Folksong.

The singer, clean-faced and cherry-eyed, bent over and added water to a pot of simmering beans, and then, rising, a stick of firewood in hand, drove back the circle dogs from the grub-box and cooking gear. He was blue of eye, and his long hair was golden, and it was a pleasure to look upon his lusty freshness. A new moon was thrusting a dim horn above the white line of close-packed snow-capped pines which ringed the camp and segregated it from all the world. Overhead, so clear it was and cold, the stars danced with quick, pulsating movements. To the southeast an evanescent greenish glow heralded the opening revels of the aurora borealis. Two men in the immediate foreground lay upon the bearskin which was their bed. Between the skin and naked snow was a six-inch layer of pine boughs. The blankets were rolled back. For shelter, there was a fly at their backs—a sheet of canvass stretched between two trees and angling at 45 degrees. This caught the radiating heat from the fire and flung it down upon the skin. Another man sat on a sled, drawn close to the blaze, mending moccasins. To the right, a heap of frozen gravel and a rude windlass denoted where they toiled each day in dismal groping for the pay-streak. To the left, four pairs of snowshoes stood erect, showing the mode of the travel which obtained when the stamped snow of the camp was left behind.

The Suabian folksong sounded strangely pathetic under the cold northern stars, and did not

do the men good who lounged about the fire after the toil of the day. It put a dull ache into their hearts, and a yearning which was akin to belly-hunger, and sent their souls questing southward across the divides to the sun-lands.

"For the love of God, Sigmund, shut-up!" expostulated one of the men. His hands were clenched painfully, but he hid them from sight in the folds of the bearskin upon which he lay. "And what for, Dave Wertz?" Sigmund demanded. "Why shall I not sing when the heart is glad?"

"Because you've got no call to, that's why. Look about you, man, and think of the grub we've been defiling our bodies with for the last twelve months, and the way we've lived and worked like beasts!"

Thus abjured, Sigmund, the golden haired, surveyed it all, and the frost-rimmed wolf-dogs and the vapor breaths of the men. "And why not the heart be glad?" he laughed. "It is good; it is all good. As for the grub"—He doubled up his arm and caressed the swelling biceps. "And if we have lived and worked like beasts, have we not been paid like kings? Twenty dollars to the pan the streak is running, and we know it to be eight feet thick. It is another Klondike—and we know it—Jim Hawes there, by your elbow, knows it and complains not. There's Hitchcock! He sews moccasins like an old woman, and waits against the time. Only you can't wait and work until the wash-up in the spring. Then we shall be rich, rich as kings, only you can't wait.

You want to go back to the States. So do I, and I was born there, but I can wait, when each

day the gold in the pan shows up yellow as butter in the churning. But you want your good time, and, like a child, you cry for it now. Bah! Why shall I not sing:

"In a year, when the grapes are ripe,
I shall stay no more away.

Then if you still are true, my love,

It will be our wedding day,

In a year, in a year, when my time is past,

Then I'll live in your love for aye,

Then if you still are true, my love, my love.

It will be our wedding day."

The dogs, bristling and growling, drew in closer to the firelight. There was a monotonous crunch-crunch of webbed shoes, and between each crunch the dragging forward of the heel of shoe like the sound of sifting sugar. Sigmund broke off from his song to hurl oaths and firewood at the animals. Then the light was parted by a fur-clad figure, and an Indian slipped out of the webs, threw back the hood of her squirrel-skin parka, and stood in their midst. Sigmund and the men on the bearskin greeted her as "Sipsu," with the customary "Hello," but Hitchcock made room on the sled that she might sit beside him.

"And how goes it, Sipsu?" he asked, talking after her fashion, in broken English and bastard Chinook. "Is the hunger still mighty in the camp? and has the witch doctor yet found the cause wherefore the game is scarce and no moose in the land?"

"Yes; even so. There is a little game, and we prepare to eat the dogs. Also has the witch doctor found the cause of all this evil, and tomorrow will he make sacrifice and cleanse the camp."

"And what does this sacrifice chance to be?—a new-born devil of a squaw, old and stinky, who is a care to the tribe and better out of the way?"

It chanced not that wise; for the need was great, and he chose no other than I, Sipsu."

"Hell!" The word rose slowly to Hitchcock's lips, and brimmed over full and deep, in a way which bespoke wonder and consideration.

"Wherefore we stand by a forking of the trail, you and I" she went on calmly, "and I have come that we may look once more upon each other, and once more only."

She was born of primitive stock, and primitive had been her tradition and her days; so she regarded life stocially, and human sacrifice as a part of the natural order. The powers which ruled the daylight and dark, the flood and the frost, the bursting of the bud and the withering of the leaf, were angry and in need of propitiation. This they exacted in many ways—death in the bad water, through the treacherous ic crust, by the grip of the grizzly, or a wasting sickness which fell upon a man in his own lodge till he coughed, and the life of his lungs went out through his mouth and nostrils.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Big Potato Crop in Missouri

The potato crop for this year is a big one. It is probable that the yield will be more than double that of last year, when the entire state grew but 2,983,000 bushels, or an average of only 33 bushels per acre.

The Orrick district, in Ray county, has grown a crop estimated at 1,200 car loads more than fifty train loads. Most of these potatoes have sold at from 46 to 50 cents per bushel, in the cars. The yield will be about 200 bushels per acre. One grower who three years ago bought 95 acres of land at \$130 per acre has since grown \$23,000 worth of potatoes on this tract, the profit equaling the purchase price. Good potato land in the Orrick district is now selling at from \$150 to \$200 per acre, and rents at \$10 per acre, cash. The Missouri State Board of Agriculture, Columbia is getting out a bulletin on potato growing. It is free.

Piles Can be Cured

By using Pileine, thousands of pile sufferers have been absolutely cured. It is a home treatment, taken internally, and will not interfere with your daily occupation. My booklet, "Treatment of Piles," mailed free upon request. Address, Pileine Co., Dept. M., Danville, Illinois.

The Courier—\$1.00 per year.

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