



Why we handle The FAVORITE

Being a Story of How we Were Convinced

First, we were attracted by the handsome appearance of the Favorite, but we did not decide to handle it for this reason alone, although we decided it was the most handsome base burner on the market.

We wanted a better reason than an attractive looking stove, so we looked it over thoroughly, comparing it point by point with other base burners, and this is what we found:

That the material from which it is made is all of the highest grades—the doors, mica frames and joints being absolutely air and paper tight.

We were told the Favorite produced the most satisfactory results with about half as much coal as other base burners. We discovered this to be true. We found the reason to be in its Triple Exposed Flues.

The sectional cut herewith explains these flues better than we can in words. The heat passes

from the fire pot into the two outside down flues, across the bottom of the stove, under the ash pan, where it enters the central flue. It then passes back over the bottom and up the central flue to the chimney. Just think of this great radiating surface, and it is more than doubled, because the flues are SET OUT from the back of the stove. The flues therefore radiate from all sides, and the back of the stove radiates heat, also. This feature alone places the Favorite in a class by itself, making it the best and most economical heating stove in existence. But other features of its construction must not be overlooked. Would like to tell you all about them.

Do not put off buying your heating stove until the cold days come. Come and see us now, and our Favorite will be your favorite too.

J. F. McGEE,
The Keen-Kutter Store, Celina, O.



You'll Find the Reason in the FLOES

"Chatting Merrily the Wade"

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

(Stovaine, the new anesthetic, permits the patient to retain his consciousness, and carry on a conversation, while being operated upon.)

Gather 'round me, stiffer surgeon, nurse, physician and chirurgon.
Let my conversation burgeon while you carve upon my rib;
I shall rest without a quiver and without a shiver or shiver.
As you cut apart my liver, if you won't say I'm glib.
Go ahead and slice my stomach with the best of skill that's in you.
While I merrily continue to inquire a little bit:
Tell me why when I am ailing and to you I come a-trailing.
I must find it unavailing to ask what you christen it.
You will nod and hum and have some in your ransoms more than awesome.
Till you make me think you saw some subtle symptom of the plague;
Then you tell me to keep quiet and you fix me up.
That's enough to start a riot—and the rest of it is vague.

You will write me a prescription couched in something like Egyptian.
Looking like a wild conjunction of a splinter in the ink.
Though with science you have planned it, and by rights you may command it, still, if I could understand it, it would help a lot, I think.

What's the matter, doctor? Truly, I don't mean to be unruly.
Please don't look at me so coolly or I think that I shall weep.

But the doctors and the nurses brought the drug that talk disperses
And in spite of feeble curses put the talking one to sleep!

His Family's Plans

(Continued from page one)

She very readily gave him the name of a business woman's home, and said the matron would always deliver a business message.

The heat increased and he put another electric fan in the office—in her corner—for she had begun to look a little worn and tired. And he wondered if she had any relaxations. He had never seen her outside of the office, except one evening at a high-class vaudeville. She was with an elderly woman, and he hardly recognized her in a rose-wreathed hat and beautifully simple pale summer dress. He reflected how wonderful it was for bright, sweet young girls to house, feed, clothe and protect themselves by their own work, and on \$12 a week, or pitifully less. Ought he, in decency, to raise her salary?

One Saturday noon late in August, the heat was so extreme that he said every one might go except Miss Carroll, who had some circulars to get out. But Miss Stone said if he didn't mind she would stay and read and write a little—the office was cooler than her room. He acquiesced and from his chair in the inner office he sat looking out at her. She wrote some letters leisurely on some very good note paper. Then from a drawer she took a little green book, lashed back in the big chair and read quietly. From his own writing to his mother, he would look up occasionally at the girl, serene and dignified, perfectly remote and detached, with the breeze stirring her gold-brown hair. Finally she rose and went home. Miss Carroll followed.

Passing out a few moments later

he saw that she had left her book on the desk. It was Stephen Phillips' "Marjess," and to John Markham's young college taste this was the same of discrimination in reading. She knew what was what, that girl! As he opened the drawer to put the book away, he saw other volumes—a worn little Browning, a small volume of Lamb's "Ella," Chesterton's "Defendant"—no chance choice, such books as that! He was quite excited about it. Then he went home.

This was the evening when, out on the veranda alone, he discovered that he was in love with her. He was very glad that she was a stenographer, too. That would show her, his parents, the world, and himself, that it was just the girl herself that he wanted.

But he did not sleep much that night, for he was far from certain that she would listen to him, that she would marry him, or even give him a chance to woo her! He could not compromise her by taking her to places, or by calling on her. Neither would she allow it. Any other man might have a chance, but not her employer. Well, he would say something at the first chance.

He knew he would have to make the chance himself, and he did so. He walked over to her desk the next afternoon when the others were working elsewhere, and it was almost time to go home, and told her he wished to speak to her about a personal matter, and when and where could he see her? His manner was obviously respectful, and she accepted it, but she looked at him with careful coolness.

"You cannot possibly have anything to say to me, Mr. Markham, that you cannot say here and now. What is it, please? I am quite at your service."

"Very well," he said in a low tone. "This should be said in your home, but as you bid me speak here, I shall do so. I have loved you from the minute I saw you, and I want to win your love. I want you to marry me. This was direct, and no woman could mistake the sincerity of it.

"With your parents' full consent?" she asked slowly, flushing, and her voice very low.

"With their consent—or without it. With or without the consent of the world—and of your parents, if you have any! I'm willing to ask them if you say so. Give me a chance, Margaret!"

"You might ask my father, Mr. James Savery," she said demurely, "whether he thinks I have had enough business experience."

"But you, you! I want your answer!"

She rose, dropping the little "Marjess" to the floor. He stooped to pick it up, and from the open fly-leaf this name looked up at him, "Margaret Stone Savery."

"It," she said softly. "Anything my father—and you wish would be quite all right." Then she managed to slip past him and put on her hat, but he followed her out and went down the street with her to her father's office.

SHIPS ON POSTAGE STAMPS

Uncle Sam's Engravers Have Used All Sorts of Vessels as Designs in Recent Years.

The ship postage stamps are numerous and have performed yeoman service. Among the most notable of stamp pictures of modern vessels are those on the Buffalo Exposition stamps of this country, the one-cent showing a fast-going vessel on the

great lakes and the 10-cent showing a brave ocean traveler. An early local stamp of this country shows a queer little side-wheel steamer that would be a curiosity nowadays.

American ship stamps include the very interesting Columbus series with the pictures of Columbus's vessels. There are almost innumerable stamps of other western hemisphere countries which portray the fleet and individual vessels of Columbus.

In the stamp picture gallery there is probably every type of boat that was ever invented except the submarine and Noah's ark, neither of which seems to have appeared up to this time. In the class of smaller vessels there are rowboats and boats that are propelled by poles, the latter type being shown on a stamp of the Congo Free State as a companion piece to the back-wheeler.

The vessels of Fulton and of Hudson are pictured on stamps of the issue got by the United States when the Hudson-Fulton celebration was held. On the same stamp, it will be recalled, there was shown an Indian canoe.

All these types have an interest in connection with the return to America of the multitude of tourists who have been enjoying the summer abroad. They show in remarkable contrast the progress that has been made by men in navigating the seas, in annihilating distance and accomplishing comfort afloat.

It is an impressive fact that the paths that are now followed by the gigantic and magnificently appointed ships of the present age were opened by the crude vessels of our forefathers and that the safe passage of the oceans now was not guaranteed to the sturdy souls who went down to the sea in ships years ago. And these lessons are driven home with no greater force than through the stamp ship pictures.

THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

Story With Two Morals From Which to Make Selection.

By O. HENRY.
(Copyright, 1915, by Doubleday, Page & Company.)

The other day a poet friend of mine, who has lived in close communion with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it to an editor.

It was a living pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields, the song of birds and the pleasant chatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a beefsteak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment:

"Too artificial."

Several of us met over spaghetti and Dutchess county chianti and swa-

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lowed indignation with the slippery forkful.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a well arrived writer of fiction, a man who had trod on asphalt all his life and who



"TOO THICK, PAL," HE SAID CRITICALLY, had never looked upon bucolic scenes except with sensations of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it "The Doe and the Brook." It was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a poet who had strayed with Amaryllis only as far as the florist's windows and whose sole orthologous discussion had been carried on with a waiter. Conant signed this poem, and we sent it to the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem on the next morning a being stumbled off the West Shore ferryboat and loped slowly up Forty-second street.

The invader was a young man with light blue eyes, a banging lip and hair the exact color of the little orphan's (afterward discovered to be the earl's daughter) in one of Mr. Blaney's plays. His trousers were corduroy, his coat short sleeved, with buttons in the middle of his back. One boot leg was outside the corduroys. You looked expectantly, though in vain, at his straw hat for ear holes, its shape languished from a former equine possessor.

In his hand was a valise. Description of it is an impossible task. A Boston man would not have carried his lunch and lawbooks to his office in it. And above one ear, in his hair, was a wisp of hay—the rustle of the letter of credit, his badge of innocence, the last clinging touch of the garden of Eden lingering to shame the gold brick men.

Knowingly, smilingly, the city crowds passed him by. They saw the raw stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall buildings. At this they ceased to smile and even to look at him. It had been done so often. A few glanced at the antique valise to see what Coney "attraction" or brand of chewing gum he might be thus dining into his memory. But for the most part he was ignored. Even the newsboys looked bored when he scampered like a circus clown out of the way of cabs and street cars.

At Eighth avenue stood "Bunko Harry," with his dyed mustache and shiny, good natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist not to be pained at the sight of an actor overdoing his part. He edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth at a jewelry store window, and shook his head.

"Too thick, pal," he said critically—"too thick by a couple of inches. I don't know what your lay is, but you've got the properties on too thick. That hay, now—why, they don't even allow that on Proctor's circuit any more."

"I don't understand you, mister," said the green one. "I'm not looking for any circus. I've just run down from Ulster county to look at the town, but it's a whopper! I thought Poughkeepsie was some punkins, but this here town is five times as big."

"Oh, well," said "Bunko Harry," raising his eyebrows, "I didn't mean to butt in. You don't have to tell. I thought you ought to tone down a little, so I tried to put you wise. Wish you success at your graft, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyhow."

"I wouldn't mind havin' a glass of lager beer," acknowledged the other. They went to a cafe frequented by men with smooth faces and shifty eyes and sat at their drinks.

"I'm glad I come across you, mister," said Haylocks. "How'd you like to play a game or two of seven up? I've got the keards."

He fished them out of Noah's valise—a rare, inimitable deck, greasy with bacon snippers and grimy with the soil of cornfields.

"Bunko Harry" laughed loud and briefly.

"Not for me, sport," he said firmly. "I don't go against that makeup of yours for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Rubes haven't dressed like that since '70. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a key window watch with that layout."

"Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money," boasted Haylocks. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass of bills as large as a tescup and laid it on the table.

"Got that for my share of grandmother's farm," he announced. "There's \$950 in that roll. Thought I'd come to the city and look around for a likely business to go into."

"Bunko Harry" took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost respect in his smiling eyes.

ored hand and talk a good deal about Pittsburg and freight differentials and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phony stuff like that."

"What's his line?" asked two or three shifty eyed men of "Bunko Harry" after Haylocks had gathered up his impugned money and departed.

"The queer, I guess," said Harry, "or some guy with a new graft. He's too much haysed. Maybe that his—I wonder how—oh, no, it couldn't have been real money."

Haylocks wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he dived into a dark grocery on a side street and bought beer. Several sinister fellows hung upon one end of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened, but when his insistent and exaggerated rusticity became apparent their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haylocks swung his valise across the bar.

"Keep that while for me, mister," he said, chewing at the end of a virulent claybank cigar. "I'll be back after I knock around a spell. And keep your eye on it, for there's \$950 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me."

Somewhere outside a photograph struck up a band piece, and Haylocks was off for it, his contrail buttons popping in the middle of his back.

"Divvy, Mike," said the men hanging upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

"Honest, now," said the bartender, kicking the valise to one side. "You don't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no jay—no of McAdoo's come-on squad. I guess He's a shine if he made himself up. There ain't no parts of the country now where they dress like that."

When Haylocks had exhausted the resources of Mr. Edison to amuse he returned for his valise. And then down Broadway he gallanted, cutting the sights with his eager blue eyes. But still and evermore Broadway rejected him with cut glances and sardonic smiles. He was the oldest of the "gags" that the city must endure. He was so flagrantly impossible, so ultra rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freakish products of the burlyard, the hayfield and the vaudeville stage that he excited only weariness and suspicion. And the wisp of hay in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so clamorously rural that even a shell game man would have put up his peas and folded his table at the sight of it.

Haylocks seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and once more exhumed his roll of yellow backs from the valise. The outer one, a twenty, he shucked off and beckoned to a newsboy.

"Son," said he, "run somewhere and get this changed for me. I'm mighty nigh out of chicken feed. I guess you'll get a nickel if you'll hurry up."

A hurt look appeared through the dirt on the newsy's face.

"Aw, watchtink! G'wan and get yer funny bill changed yerself. Dey ain't no farm clothes yer good. G'wan wit yer stage money."

(Continued next week.)

Photographs

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SAN FRANCISCO THE ONLY PLACE

Manufacturer of Detroit Boosts the Exposition.

W. B. Knickerbocker, a prominent manufacturer of Detroit, Mich., is an enthusiastic booster for San Francisco in the fight for congressional approval of its proposed Panama-Pacific exposition.

"I believe that if the members of congress could be brought out to California and given a glimpse of things as they exist here they would vote solidly for San Francisco when the exposition matter comes before them next December," said Mr. Knickerbocker.

"It is a human instinct to move westward, and the great movement toward western America is just now beginning. This is a great, marvelous, new country, of which we in the east know next to nothing.

"There is no travel south. The exposition belongs here where the people are coming. They will come to the exposition through the canal and then go back through this marvelous western country. Many, however, impressed by the marvelous resources of California, will remain here for good. This scenery, the mountains, the forests and all the rest of it is not approached by anything in Europe. Thousands of people who now go to Europe would rather come here if they knew what is here. They are beginning to learn. The exposition will do wonders for the west. The interest of the country at large demands that the exposition be held here."

Productiveness of California Lands.
It is interesting to note the products of such a state as California and total the value of all the yield of the soil in the far-western domain. The soil in California produced \$455,869,837 in 1909. Concerned in this were 47,000,000 gallons of dry and sweet wines, 1,242,720 cases of canned vegetables and 3,947,001 cases of canned fruit. The honey crop of California for 1909 was 11,532,000 pounds, the butter 49,595,869 pounds and the egg crop 34,601,599 dozens.

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Public Sale

Live Stock and Farm Implements, &c.

The undersigned will sell at public sale, at the late residence of Jacob Ketterring, 2 1/2 miles south of Walsah, Ohio, and 8 miles north of Ft. Recovery, Ohio, on

TUESDAY, Nov. 29, 1910,
the following personal property:

- HORSES—Two head, consisting of one bay gelding ten years old, weight 1200 lbs; one Belgian mare colt 1 year old.
 - SHEEP—Consisting of 77 head of ewes, 1 Shropshire ram.
 - HOGS—5 head sows, weight about 100 pounds each.
 - CORN and HAY—200 bushels corn in crib and 200 shock of corn in field, about 20 tons Alfalfa hay, about 8 tons mixed hay.
 - FARM IMPLEMENTS—1 good Turnbull wagon, 1 truck wagon, good as new; 1 rubber tire buggy, 1 breaking plow, spike tooth harrow, 1 bay rake, 1 hay loader, 1 sleigh, set work harness, set buggy harness, set of good dry bits, 1 breaking plow, spike tooth harrow, 2 shovel plows, 1 fanning mill, 1 gravel box, 1 mud boat.
 - Also 60 head of chickens.
 - HOUSEHOLD GOODS—Consisting of 1 dresser, 1 chair, 1 book case, 2 beds, 1 heating stove, 1 coal oil stove, 1 cooking stove and many other things not herein mentioned.
- Sale to commence at 10 a.m.
Terms—All sums of \$5 and less cash. All sums over \$5 a credit of nine months' time will be given with approved security. All sums over \$5 a discount of three per cent. will be given for cash.
- GEORGE KETTERRING,
G. V. Flourens, Auctioneer,
O. V. Buryan, Clerk.

THE OHIO FARM LAWS

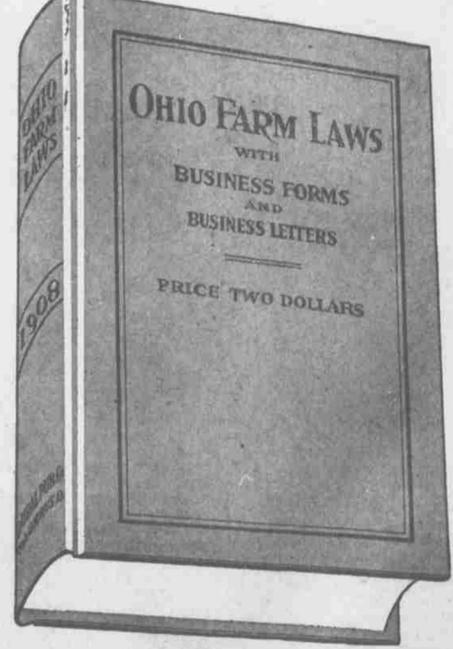
FOR ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS

EVERYBODY READ THIS!

THE OHIO FARM LAWS with Business Forms and Model Business Letters, is a book for the Farmer, Landlord, Tenant, Laborer, Village Business Man, and all other persons connected with farming or living in a farming community. This book has over 300 pages, is bound in good cloth and the following table of thirty-seven chapters shows the wide scope of the laws it contains.

TABLE OF CHAPTERS

- 1 Animals.
- 2 Agricultural Societies, Etc.
- 3 Bees.
- 4 Boundary Lines.
- 5 Bounties for Killing Pests.
- 6 Chattel Mortgages.
- 7 Contracts.
- 8 Conveyances of Real Property.
- 9 Criminal Laws.
- 10 Dairy and Food Laws.
- 11 Descent of Property.
- 12 Dower.
- 13 Drainage (Ditch Laws)
- 14 Educational Matters.
- 15 Exemption of Property.
- 16 Farm and Wood Lands.
- 17 Fence Laws.
- 18 Fruits and Fruit Trees.
- 19 Game Laws.
- 20 Grist Mills.
- 21 Health and Humane Provisions
- 22 Husband and Wife.
- 23 Law of Interest.
- 24 Landlord and Tenant.
- 25 Road Laws.
- 26 Taxation.
- 27 Time.
- 28 Time of Commencing Suits
- 29 Trespass.
- 30 Trees and Timber.
- 31 Water Courses.
- 32 Will.
- 33 Weights and Measures.
- 34 Work and Labor.
- 35 Miscellaneous Laws.
- 36 Business Forms.
- 37 Business Letters.



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