

THE JASPER NEWS

JOE C. COMBS, Editor.

JASPER,

MISSOURI.

Hasten Slowly.

It is not well to be too eager to acquire wealth, especially when it entails long hours of work and constant anxiety. The other day a rich merchant of Illinois, traveling in England, wrote home to his son, who is carrying on the business: "I am a middle-aged man," he said, "and I am just learning that it is wisest to hasten slowly." In the anxiety to grow rich, he had made too much haste, and had suffered seriously in health and in the reasonable enjoyment of life. He had worked all day and all night when occasion appeared to demand it; he had taken no count of days of rest, or any other time. It was work and scheme, scheme and work, all the time. He had at last awakened in his old age to the fact that he has made a great mistake. No one depreciates work, steady and persevering; for the young man that is, in many instances, essential to any kind of success; but to make oneself a slave to the anxiety to become rich is another matter. That is just what many a husband and father is now doing. It is the wife's duty, says New York Weekly, to check this; she should take care that he does not become so consumed by the notion that he must constantly improve his condition by unceasing labor, day after day, and thus let his life slip away and his health go with it. The anxiety to get wealth does not always end in constant work; it often entails a growing carelessness for the difference between right and wrong and the welfare of others. Very frequently a woman forces her husband along this dangerous path instead of keeping him in check. She sees money coming in, and she spends it, not troubling about how he works to get it or in which way he obtains the coveted wealth.

A collateral descendant of William Shakespeare has died in London in the person of George Shakespeare Hart. He was an engineer and was 64 years old. A pedigree in possession of the family shows his descent from the poet's family. Shakespeare's sister, Joan, married William Hart, a hatter, of Stratford-on-Avon, and it was from him that George Shakespeare Hart descended.

A vast increase in the importations of briarwood pipes is noted, which is complimentary to the taste of old smokers. There may be solace in a good cigar, but there's likewise comfort and joy in a sweet pipe, declares the Boston Herald. It is much affected nowadays out of doors and on the busy street, but that is a violation of good taste. The den is the place for the pipe.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light recently received a curious illustration in the silver mines at Laurium, Greece. A mine had been abandoned 2,000 years, when some poppy seed was found beneath the slag. The slag being removed, in a short time the entire space was covered with the most gorgeous show of poppies.

Speaking of talking machines, India is a great country for this instrument, and thousands of them are in use. The native who can command the price wants a talking machine, and the records he delights in are those which reproduce the native songs. The American machine takes the lead, and there is room for more.

A full-fledged liar dwells in Wilmington, Del. He solemnly declares that he placed a brooding hen on a "setting" of cold-storage eggs. The result was that she hatched 17 chickens which had fur instead of feathers, and he attributes this phenomenal result to the fact that nature adapts all animals to their environment.

A peculiarity of the eyeball of the mole is that it can be projected forward several times its own diameter beyond the orbit and retracted in like manner. Dr. Lindsay Johnson notes that this is necessary for vision, as the animal's dense fur so covers the eye that the making of an opening is the only way to see.

The Siamese government, which floated a loan of \$5,000,000 in 1905, is reported to have placed another bond issue of \$15,000,000 at four and one-half per cent, which was taken up by London, Paris and Berlin bankers on January 21. A large part of the new issue is for railways.

YOUR OBLIGATIONS

SOME OF THE THINGS YOU OWE YOUR OWN TOWN.

YOU SHOULD BUY AT HOME

The Country Town Can Be Made the Very Best Place to Live in the United States.

(Copyright, by Alfred G. Clark.) A preacher who was a crank on doctrine wearied his congregation by constantly harping on baptism. A brother that longed for a rest handed him a text he thought safe, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

"Friends," said the preacher, "there are three things suggested by this scripture: First, the transgressor. Second, his conversion. Third, his baptism. We will pass over the first two and come at once to the third."

Many reasons why people should trade at home rather than send their money away have been given, but suppose we pass them all by and come at once to the one vital reason:

It is the right thing to do. For after all the fundamental question in every transaction is whether it is right or wrong. Not will I save money, but is it just? Not is it more convenient, but is it fair? Not

For example: This year the peach markets were so glutted no ordinary fruit would pay the express. Around the little town in which the writer lives most farmers have a few peach trees. The 4,000 inhabitants bought nearly every bushel in the vicinity at from 40 cents to a dollar a bushel. More than \$4,000 was paid for peaches within three weeks.

That was clear gain which must be set over to the credit of the town. Plums, cherries, early vegetables, scores of little odds and ends, perishable stuff that the farmer could not or would not ship he turns into cash at the home town.

So if a man owns 200 acres within reach of town, he will receive \$275 a year direct cash value from that town, none of which he would receive from the mail order house.

To be sure, the town does not donate him that amount, the town was not built for the purpose of philanthropy, yet he receives an actual cash benefit because the town is there; and he is under actual financial obligations to return that benefit by spending his money at home.

It is not an obligation that the law would recognize, but it is one that appeals to those independent, clean hearted men of high honor who feel that perfect honesty demands that when benefits are received from stranger or brother, friend or foe, benefits should be returned.

It is sometimes argued that the town has forfeited its right to the farmer's patronage by selling too high.



Don't Let the Catalog House Batter Down the Wall of Civil and Industrial Solidity That Makes for the Safety of Your Community Interests.

whether it is good business, but whether it is good morals?

For you and I know, and all the world is coming to know, that not one dollar is ever saved or made by unfair means that does not curse the possessor. And a man may be as dishonest in saving money as in getting it.

It is right to spend our money with the home town and wrong to send it away because we are under obligations to the home town, but not to the mail order house.

Financial Obligations. In the first place the country is under financial obligations to the town. Of course the town is also indebted to the country, but the town cannot help but pay its debt, its very existence does that. Hence we are merely discussing the country side of the obligation.

Find 200 acres of good land almost anywhere that is 20 miles from town and you can buy it for \$25 an acre. The same land within ten miles will bring \$35, within five miles its value is \$60, within two miles \$85 an acre. Thus that town has increased the land within a radius of ten miles an average of \$35 dollars an acre. As that is about the age of country towns generally, you may figure that a town, as long as it is fairly prosperous, increases the land around it an average of one dollar an acre every year.

Not considering staple articles like cattle, hogs and grain which can be shipped and sold anyway, the town as a local market is worth at least \$75 a year to the ordinary farmer.

But a careful investigation will not bear out that contention. Your town is unusually prosperous if you can count more than four merchants who have cleared \$10,000 in the past ten years. That is a thousand dollars a year for time and interest on capital. You can count five or six others who have failed during that time, lost everything. The January invoice will not show a net gain of \$500 per business man. That means the ordinary merchant and his capital are not clearing \$50 a month. This does not indicate an unreasonable profit on goods sold.

Social Obligations. It is right for the country to spend its money with the home town because of the social obligations between them.

The town is the center of your community. From it radiates your rural mail service; in it center your telephone systems. On the streets of the town you meet your neighbors Saturday afternoons and exchange news and experience. You go to it for a day of recreation when the snow comes, the fair, or on holidays.

There during the winter lecture course you hear great orators and excellent musicians. The political rallies, the church conference or association are held there.

By and by in the pretty little village church, whose spire you can see from your farm, you son will preach the gospel. In the brick building two doors from the corner, a farmer boy will open a law office, and in the little

frame two blocks away another son of the soil, just back from college, will begin the practice of medicine.

There is the high school to which you send your children, and there after awhile your daughter will teach.

And some day when you find the farm work too heavy for your age, and want to get near the children, you will build on that grassy corner lot two doors from the Methodist church and move to town.

Yes, the town is a mighty good thing to have, a pleasant thing; and the more you put into it the more you get out of it. For it grows according to the trade it gets and the more it grows the more it can buy and the higher will go your land.

The Moral Obligation. But the last and strongest reason why it is right that the country people spend their money at home is the moral obligation.

The town is yours, yours to ruin or prosper. The same sense of obligation should prompt you to support it, as prompted our old Teutonic ancestors in the forests of Germany to stand elbow to elbow in protection of their village. The same spirit of loyalty should inspire you as fired the Highland Scot to spend his blood for the welfare of his clan.

The country town with all its faults is the best governed, most enlightened, most moral, and happiest spot in American civilization. It is a good safe place. Not too swift, nor yet too slow. In touch with the current of progress, but not racing with greed. The place from which come nearly all the great business men, lawyers, scholars, preachers, physicians. The place where men are neighborly and helpful.

This town, my farmer friend, is yours. But the city belongs to the mail order houses and the devil. With its corrupt government, its overflow of population, and its vice, the great city is the menace of our morals and our liberties.

The city like the dragon swallows the vast throngs of country boys and girls that flock into it, and by and by when health, and virtue and hope are gone, spews them out to die in want, or wander as derelicts over the face of the earth.

And don't you see, my friend, that when you take the money from the country town, you destroy the chance of success there, and the boys and girls will follow where you have sent the money?

This town of yours was founded on faith, on the faith in the customs of men for hundreds of years to trade at the nearest town. These merchants and carpenters, masons and editors are your neighbors. They have grown up amongst you or amongst others like you.

They have put their all in a little business, money, time and hope. Around the corner there is a little cottage, and the wife and the baby—it may be your grandbaby—wait; and there is a smile of happiness when "business is good," but the troubled look comes when business is poor.

They are struggling to live, and pay for the little home, and by and by educate the children. They are your neighbors and friends, not your enemies. They work hard—you scarcely realize how hard—and are not living high. They have planned their faith to the town—your town.

Their success or failure is in your hands. For your trade they will give you good returns, and all will prosper together. If you withdraw your trade, failure must follow. Some poor struggler must go down facing bankruptcy. The light must go out of some woman's eye, and hardship be laid up for the child.

Even if you could save a little by sending your patronage to the city, do you not think it the fair thing, the just thing, the right thing, to trade at the little home town with those you know, those whose prosperity and happiness are in your hands?

For it is written, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

Of Friendship Among Women.

Can women be friends? Sacrifices for the sake of love of man and offspring are recorded without number, but female Davids and Damons are not readily discovered in either history or legend. Professors of platonic affection continue to evoke jeers of incredulity, and the traditional disingenuousness of "dearest friends" still plays well its part in caricature. The changeableness of woman's nature has become axiomatic, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. Can it be that, throughout the ages, even to these enlightened days, it has retained consistency in this respect alone? It suffices for us to raise the question; to others of more certain mind we relinquish the hazardous privilege of adducing evidence and passing judgment.

The Most Appropriate.

Bridget—Should I say "Dinner is ready" or "Dinner is served?"

Mistress—Well, if it's like yesterday, I think you had better say, "Dinner is spoiled."

The Editor's Hard Lines.

Following is from an unidentified source:

"If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if the doctor makes one he buries it. If we make one there is a lawsuit, swearing and smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and the smell of varnish. The doctors can use a word a yard long without knowing what it means, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife, he charges for the visit, but if the editor goes to see another man's wife, he gets a charge of buckshot. Any medical college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor. He has to be born. When a doctor gets drunk it's a case of 'overcome by heat,' and if he dies, it is heart trouble. When an editor gets drunk, it's a case of too much booze, and if he dies it's a case of delirium tremens."

Satan fears nothing more than a cheerful conversation.

Gunpowder Made in 1641.

In the roof of Durham castle, England, there has been discovered a bucket containing bullets and gunpowder. It is believed to have been walled up about the year 1641, when the castle was being prepared to withstand a Scottish raid. The bullets are molded spheres of two sizes and consist of a little over 99 per cent. of lead, with iron and silver, and traces of bismuth, arsenic and antimony. The gunpowder is not granulated like that of the present day and was evidently prepared by simply mixing the ingredients. It contains about one per cent. of moisture and the proportion of the constituents calculated on the dry powder is practically identical with that of the black gunpowder of to-day; that is, niter, 75 per cent.; carbon, 15 per cent.; and sulphur, 10 per cent.

Machine and Hand Reaping.

Machine reaping is worse than hand for the ground because it cuts the stubble shorter, and leaves less to be turned over by the plow.

A Big Bargain for 12 Cents Postpaid. The year of 1900 was one of prodigious plenty on our seed farms. Never before did vegetable and farm seeds return such enormous yields.

Now we wish to gain 200,000 new customers this year and hence offer for 12c postpaid:

1 pk. Garden City Best..... 10c
1 pk. Earliest Ripe Cabbage..... 10c
1 " Earliest Emerald Cucumber..... 10c
1 " La Crosse Market Lettuce..... 10c
1 " 13 Day Radish..... 10c
1 " Blue Blood Tomato..... 10c
1 " Juicy Turnip..... 10c
1000 kernels gloriously beautiful flower seeds..... 10c

Total..... \$1.00

All for 12c postpaid in order to introduce our warranted seeds, and if you will send 10c we will add one package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower, together with our mammoth plant, nursery stock, vegetable and farm seed and tool catalog. This catalog is mailed free to all intending purchasers. Write to-day: John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box W, La Crosse, Wis.

Admired Statesman's Stature.

A German journalist visiting in Washington, himself a man of stately proportions, was rather inclined to look with something like contempt on the many undersized statesmen he saw in the national legislature. But when Secretary Taft bore down upon him he gasped in wonder. They were introduced and after a short chat the secretary departed. Just as he disappeared from the German's admiring gaze the towering form of Congressman Sulway hove into view. The German looked at the New Hampshire man long and earnestly. "He is bigger than any man in his imperial majesty's Uhlan guards," said the foreigner in a tone of chagrin, "and I shall write one whole letter about him."

South Carolina Game Cocks to Mexico.

Mr. S. M. Pickens is now shipping 12 game cocks to Mexico, for which he receives eight dollars each, says the Anderson Intelligencer. He has also an order for 100 at five dollars each, and 50 at eight dollars each, aggregating \$950. Mr. Pickens has a large number of fine chickens at different walks in the county, and is getting together the 150 for the \$950 order.

The breeds raised by Mr. Pickens are the Ginn grays and the Warhorse. They are excellent pit cocks and selected and bred to stand steel.

It is not enough that we swallow truth; we must feed upon it, as insects do on the leaf, till the whole heart be colored by its qualities, and show its food in every fiber.—Coleridge.

MORE BOXES OF GOLD

And Many Greenbacks.

325 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum.
2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and have been induced to quit and use Postum.
3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?
4. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?
5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts, boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Contest will close June 1st, 1907, and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a \$10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting letters, a box containing a \$5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a \$3 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a \$1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.