

AUGUST

	1	2	3
4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31

A VISIT TO A TENNESSEE FARM

The Writer Lets His Imagination Lead Him Into Conditions That Are Typical

LAYS DRAFT MARES NEEDED

The Farm Here Pictured Can Be Duplicated in Many Places in Tennessee and Therefore the Story Will Interest Many Farmers—Do You Have Draft Mares On Your Farm?

(By R. M. Murphy, Livestock Specialist, Division of Agricultural Extension, University of Tennessee, Knoxville.)

We go a visiting to a livestock farm and ask that we be shown the livestock thereof. We are first taken out to the barn for a look at the horses and there are led out, for our gratification, "specimens" which embody the perfection of grace and beauty and their owner recounts with facility the noted sires and dams in their lines of ancestry, calling particular attention to their respective two-minute performances and, by chance, referring to Brown Squirrel, Hal Patch, etc., whose names we, of course, repeat after him as an indication that we have a conversational acquaintance with them. Frankly, we are not looking for just this kind of horse and as we admire them a question occurs and recurs to our minds as to the use that is being made of them in connection with the operation of the farm. There is no doubting the pleasure we should have enjoyed spinning along as a result of their spirited action but we have been brought out to the farm in a Ford and have made arrangements to return by the same method.

By chance we observe that the livestock stable to which we are directed for transportation out to the farm has been converted into a garage and when we express a preference for a nice team, we are informed that horses are no longer used for such purposes and that a Ford will go anywhere.

In the face of such an argument, we acquiesce for we can see that from the stable owner's standpoint he is exactly right. His patrons are more concerned about quick service than about pleasure rides. Their chief concern is to make a trip and return as quickly as possible. The horse has been relegated to the past and this will occur with greater rapidity as good roads come. The wonder of it all is that this farmer should, because of sentiment for the things of the past, still cling to the light horse which he himself can not use on his farm and which has been superseded on the highway.

Further inquiry develops the fact that he is doing his farm work with big mules, very satisfactorily indeed and, as they pass forcefully by, their massive conformation assures us that their dams were draft-bred mares. Were it only a matter of business with him rather than sentiment, he would undoubtedly be keeping draft mares instead of light mares, raising the kind of workstock he has found best adapted to his purpose and the kind that the market is demanding.

W. S. S.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR COUNTRY

The Food Production Drive which took much of the time of the County Agents during April has proved its value. Farmers were asked to state, on pledge sheets prepared for the purpose, the number of acres in certain staple crops on their farms in 1917 and the number they planned for the same crops in 1918. The response was almost unanimous where farmers could be reached. The results for the Government will bring Tennessee to "the front line trenches" of food and feed production.

W. S. S.

A SYSTEM OF ACCOUNTS FOR TENNESSEE FARMERS

A uniform accounting system for Tennessee farmers has been completed by the specialists of the Division of Extension of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. The system, which is adapted to the average Tennessee farm, is now ready for distribution. That there is a great need of standardizing account keeping in this field of business is recognized by those who have come in contact with it. This system has been tried out on a number of farms, and has proven very satisfactory.

The Division of Extension is prepared to furnish copies of the system, and in so far as practicable, to render assistance thru its representatives to farmers desiring its installation.

W. S. S.

WAR PERIOD RICH IN DISCOVERIES

Medical Science Keeps Pace With Great Military Achievements

That medical science is not asleep during the war is proven by the manner in which the possibilities offered by the discovery of Irogon were instantly realized and developed for the good of humanity.

Irogon, scientists say, is the element nature requires for rebuilding the blood and vital powers. It is already being used extensively to rebuild human wreckage and it is predicted that before the present year is over, millions of weaklings and chronic sufferers from nervous and physical complaints will have become strong, sturdy, robust men and women through the strengthening effects of this new treatment.

Irogon is a discovery, for the weak, authorities point out. Weak nerves, weak muscles, weak stomachs, in fact, weak organs in general are strengthened by it, and those who have taken it say that even weak complexions, pale and sallow, take on the ruddy appearance of health under the influence of Irogon.

Already Irogon is being recommended by physicians and druggists, to take the place of all so-called tonics. Hospitals are using it for convalescents, and sanitariums are using it for all manner of nervous and physical weaknesses. Physicians and druggists are recommending Irogon to those whose vital powers are run down by overwork, worry and disease and many thousands have already profited by its strengthening and reconstructive work.

Warning is given, however, that owing to its known flesh building powers, those who for any reason do not desire to add flesh are advised not to take Irogon.

Note—Irogon, the product mentioned above, is now on sale in Cookeville by Wylly's Drug Stores; in Buffalo Valley by Maddux Mercantile Co.; in Silver Point by Womack Bros.; in Algood by Algood Drug Co., and in Monterey by the Monterey Cash Drug Store.—Advertisement.

COALINGA, CAL.

We are having some very hot, dry weather here. The boys are leaving for the training camps every day. Most of the young men are gone, so this is a very lonesome place.

Leo Swearingen has returned after a few months spent in Tennessee.

Perry Smith and Cook Allen are here looking things over.

Sam Gailbreath is back on the job after a visit with his girl at Hanford. Fred Whittaker was looking very happy Sunday as his girl was here.

J. D. Johnson is planning for a trip to his old home in Tennessee.

Benton Anderson and Burt Platt are candidates for marshal in Coalinga. Hope the boys will make good as they are both well qualified.

Willis Maxwell will go to work for Dee Dailey in September.

Coalinga is a dry town now. Was voted dry by 88 votes. We still have gambling wide open, but will close that some day I hope.

Ike Hix of Jackson county was here Sunday with his girl in that new car. Ike says it will make 50 miles an hour.

Arnel Hix was here yesterday.

J. M. T.

COOKEVILLE R. 1

We are having some dry weather now and would like to see a shower.

School at Post Oak is progressing nicely with H. E. Phillips as principal.

Mrs. Ollie Phy is very low. Aunt Mary Phy is visiting at Bill Buck's this week.

Laurence Buck is a regular visitor at Prof. Gilliam's.

Miss Estelle Gilliam is very sick at this writing with appendicitis.

Sunday school at Post Oak is getting on nicely.

A protracted meeting will begin at this place next Sunday, Aug. 11.

Rev. Fount Smith visited at A. Phillips' last Sunday.

Mrs. Avo Thompson is improving.

Cousin Nannie Byuk of Liberal, Kansas, I would love to see you.

Several from here have been attending the meeting at Paran this week.

Paul Smith, who has been in Dayton, Ohio, for some time, has returned home.

Cousin Stella Pendergrass I would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Ollie Meachum of Cookeville is visiting home folks this week.

H. E. Phillips and little son Otis spent Sunday night at J. S. Ford's.

JANE FORD.

We make all the harness we sell. Our shop-made harness is much better than the factory-made harness. We know this to be a fact for we have sold both. You can't afford to buy shipped harness when you can buy our shop-made harness. Jere Whitson Hardware Co.



Contributed by Frank Godwin.

The Maker of Bandages

Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through case hardened, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself too—are soft compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a hard woman.

Mrs. Britt was such a woman. I have seen hard women in my time, but never one who was harder. She smiled seldom, and when she smiled it was like the glitter of ice. She spoke infrequently, and when she spoke her speech was the tinkle of hail on slate roofing. She did not look as if she had ever wept in her life.

Every morning Mrs. Britt appeared at the Red Cross auxiliary in upper Broadway. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew much about her, though. She was not the sort that made confidences. But that she was a worker—a hard worker—no one would dispute. Efficiency, as you'd suppose, was a trait of Mrs. Britt's.

Are Efficient Women Hard?

Efficiency—dreadful word that! How often hard women are efficient! How often efficient women are hard! She was both, Mrs. Britt. The moment she came in at the door she had her hat and jacket off. The next instant she was at her place, her mouth set, grim, austere and hard—hard at work.

Probably she did her work only from a sense of duty. Hard women always profess that trait. Duty, duty! But, then, few women are as hard as Mrs. Britt. In contrast to her was Mrs. Farlow. She was soft and womanly and gentle—the exact opposite. She was not very efficient, of course, though she tried. Day after day Mrs. Farlow sat at the work table, her mouth quivering, smiling wistfully, the tears starting in her eyes. The bandages that came from her were often soiled and rumpled, poorly sewn, too, by her poor little trembling fingers. It was a wonder she could even see to sew at all. Again and again what she turned in had to be thrown away.

But no one reprimanded her. No one even let fall a hint that she was more of a burden than a help. The hearts of all those women ached with womanly pity for the poor, stricken mother. Once in a while, though, in her corner at the back of the room Mrs. Britt would turn around and throw a glance at her. The glance was as hard as rocks—harder, in fact.

Mrs. Farlow had a son in the Rainbow division. The son was the oldest of her four children, and until he went away the little mother had been the happiest woman in the world. Now any day he might be ordered off to France,

His picture was in the locket she wore. Every half hour she would stop her work to look at it. Sometimes, her face wistful, she would show it to the other workers, voicing the anguish that with every waking breath she drew twanged hollowly in her mother's heart. One afternoon Mrs. Farlow's oldest daughter came hurrying in. Her face was white. She had just learned that the Rainbow division had been ordered overseas.

Mrs. Farlow rose, her face tragic. One glance she gave about her, then she collapsed, sinking to the floor. In her fall she overturned a huge pile of antiseptic gauze just torn into squares for Triangulars No. 13.

The room instantly was in confusion. Instantly every one sprang to the mother's aid—that is, every one but Mrs. Britt. She rose and rescued the bandages under foot. Then, her face hard as nails, grimly Mrs. Britt went back to her work. When Mrs. Farlow, still stricken, was led away to her car outside the drug figure in the corner was plugging away as mechanically and methodically as ever. The one glance she threw over her shoulder at the weeping woman was almost contemptuous.

A hard woman, Mrs. Britt; a heartless one, too, it was agreed.

For days nothing was seen at the auxiliary of Mrs. Farlow. It was understood that in her grief and apprehension she was ill in bed. Then one afternoon, pallid and quivering, she came in at the door. She smiled wistfully when the others gathered about her. "Let me work," she appealed plaintively. "Work may help me not to think."

Her Bandages Worthless.

She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her head sank on her breast and the bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't—oh, I can't!" she wept.

Once more she was led away. The same thing happened three or four days later. A week later the mother wandered in again. By now the first of the troops were in the trenches, and her pale, transparent face was like a wraith's. She took a bandage; she tried to sew, and for a third time Mrs. Farlow gave in. "Oh, my boy, my boy!" she wailed.

The next instant a face was thrust into hers. The face was Mrs. Britt's, and the hard, bony visage was quivering with ill concealed anger and contempt.

"Sit down! Stop it!" said Mrs. Britt. With one hand she thrust Mrs.

Farlow back on her chair; with the other she thrust at her the half finished bandage. Her tone as grim as her face, she spoke, and again the sound of it was like hail pattering on slate. "You're not thinking of your son," she said. "You're just thinking of yourself!"

There was a murmur of remonstrance. Mrs. Britt heard it, and she flashed a look about her. But when she spoke again it was to Mrs. Farlow she spoke.

Think of Your Son.

"You're not the only mother in this war," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing!"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Farlow.

Mrs. Britt smiled another adamant, icy smile.

"Your son wouldn't die for want of care. Any one of those bandages I've seen you ruin might save his life. Any one of them might save the life of some other mother's son!"

Mrs. Farlow shrank as if she had been struck. She'd never thought of it that way before.

The silence, the grim reserve, which had cloaked Mrs. Britt seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her flinty voice biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Guantanamo. It was in the Spanish war," snapped Mrs. Britt, "and there were no bandages—nothing. That's why he died. That's why I'm here now. It's to keep other women—mothers—from becoming the sort of woman I am." A harsh, brittle laugh escaped her. "Oh, I know what you think of me. I've heard what you said. Well," said Mrs. Britt, "my son wouldn't have died like that maybe, if I hadn't sat around sniffing and snuffing, never doing a thing."

Then, her lips drawn into a bony smile, she glanced about her once more and stalked back to her place in the corner.

That night Mrs. Farlow rose from her place at the bandage table and sought the table at the back. For the first time that day Mrs. Farlow had managed to create half a dozen bandages, none of which had to be thrown away. Timidly she held out a hand to the drab, dingy figure in the corner.

"I—I've done better today," she said timidly.

Mrs. Britt looked up at her. Out of the corner of one glassy eye something welled, then fell, running slowly down her cheek.

"He was only twenty. He was all I had," said Mrs. Britt.

At War With Yourself!

HELP NATURE TO DEFEAT THE DISEASE IN YOUR BODY.

Keep up the fight; do not give up. Nature is trying to serve you in conquering the wrongs that may exist. Red blood, vim, courage, vitality, all seem lacking. No wonder you are nervous and discouraged.

Why not call to your aid a strong, dependable ally? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has for nearly fifty years proven its merits as a most powerful tonic and blood builder to the many thousands who have been returned to good health by its use.

Clear the coated tongue, get rid of unsightly skin trouble. Let this remarkable remedy rid your body of the impurities of the blood, let it tone and strengthen you. It often cures the lingering chronic cough.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is absolutely herbal, free from alcohol or dangerous habit-forming drugs. All druggists. Liquid or tablets.

WOODFORD, TENN.—"This is to certify that I have used Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for my two little boys. One had night sweats, poor appetite, sallow complexion, and had quit growing, but after giving him part of a bottle of the 'Discovery' he commenced to gain and grow. He doesn't have the night sweats and looks much better. My other little boy had scrofula and this medicine cured him after the doctor's medicine had failed. I do not hesitate to recommend the 'Discovery' at all times."



—Mrs. ROSA LEE HOGAN, Route 1.

BAXTER R. 2

Burr Mills, who has been real sick, is improving.

School at Bussel is progressing nicely under the management of Mrs. Mary Ellis.

The protracted meeting began at Union Grove Sunday. Services day and night. Everybody invited.

L. V. Kilgore returned to Nashville Saturday.

Erma Howell spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Tina Bussell.

Stocia Mitchell and Ima Scott were lonesome Sunday.

Cousin Elsie Mitchell why don't you write to me?

I will close by asking for a shower of birthday cards for Stocia Mitchell, Baxter, R. 2, on Aug. 12.

DADDY'S GIRL

COOKEVILLE R. 2

Mrs. Charley Harness and children spent Sunday night with her sister, Mrs. D. Mills.

Matt Judd filled his regular appointment down on Town Creek last Sunday.

Mrs. Lizzie Mills is some better. Alice Judd and Sarah Hicks visited Mae and Notie LaFever Sunday.

Casto Farley made a trip to Rockwood last week.

Miss Ina Grimes spent Friday at D. Mills's.

Ora Carr is spending the week with home folks.

Petway McCaleb says he likes Kentucky fine.

Miss Velma Rice spent one night last week with her sister in Cookeville.

May the Lord bless all of the soldier boys.

SUNFLOWER

Government Sends An Urgent Call

The President of the Civil Service Commission recently wired:

"Need for stenographers and typists at Washington is more acute daily. Increase effort all possible."

The Government and business concerns are short five hundred thousand and are offering beginners salaries never before heard of.

The Government drafted our Civil Service Bookkeeping Set, and about EIGHTY-FIVE per cent of the Government's stenographers write the Shorthand system that we teach—THE BEST evidence that we teach—AT THE BEST.

Take, BY MAIL, our eight-weeks' Civil Service-Mercantile-Bookkeeping Course or our Simplified Shorthand Course, the latter course consisting of THIRTY LESSONS, and we guarantee you from \$85 to \$125 a month as soon as you qualify. Money back if not satisfied. Two hundred thousand satisfied, money-making former students. Clip, fill out, and send us the following coupon:

COUPON

DRAGON'S COLLEGE, Nashville, Tenn.:

Send me, FREE, your book on Home Study, and tell me about your new plan of teaching—the plan whereby it is EASY to learn, BY MAIL, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, etc. This notice was clipped from the Putnam County Herald, Cookeville, Tenn. Yours truly,

[Name]

[Address]

We have just received a new line of bedroom furniture, parlor suits, etc. Our prices are very reasonable.

Jere Whitson Hardware Co.