



If you really knew how good the Hesse Ludlow wagon is, your next wagon would surely be a Hesse. Hesse Ludlow wagons must be

used to be fully appreciated; there is no other wagon just like them. Our talk to you, we hope will be convincing, yet we know the

wagon itself when put to the actual test, puts up the undisputable arguments of superiority. In brief, the

Hesse Ludlow is stronger, easier riding, and more durable than any other wagon now being offered.

**CONSOLIDATED WAGON & MACHINE CO.**

Leading Implement Dealers

HOUSES AT SALT LAKE, OGDEN, LOGAN, PRICE, UTAH; IDAHO FALLS, MONTPELIER, IDAHO.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
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MELVIN D. WELLS,  
Secy. and Treas.

GRANT HAMPTON,  
Asst. Secy. and Treas.

GEO. T. ODELL,  
General Mgr.

each driver with an accurate map of distances and a time card. By this each driver will be enabled to judge at any time the location of the machine preceding him.

Representatives of the Tourist all along the route have been notified of the trip and will be in readiness to receive members of the tour. At San Jose the Bay City contingent will join the party.

In regard to the tour Manager Conwell said yesterday:

"This is a project for Tourist car owners and we want Tourist owners and Tourist admirers to reap the benefits of the jaunt. We are going to work for good roads along the line and are going to show many urban residents that automobile people are not always out for the bones and scalps of pedestrians and farmers. The Tourist Company will carry repairs and mechanics simply for the accommodation of the contestants in the run and two machines filled with tires and tire fixtures will take care of all trouble in that line. No one need stay out for fear of hardships or expense."

Pilots Smith and Sahland say that the trip can be made easily and comfortably in the time stated and special attention has been given the requirements of inexperienced drivers in planning the route.—Examiner, July 19.

**FARMERS, ATTENTION!** We are in the market at all times for Wheat, Oats and Barley. Write to us for prices. We pay Spot Cash.  
**DAVID ROBBINS & CO.**  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**WHAT'S THE USE?**

Won't some feller rise and tell me  
What on earth a feller does,  
In the night time after supper with  
the day's work put away.  
When he sits out on the gal'ry and  
hears the cicadas buzz,  
If he hasn't got no babies for to romp  
around an' play;  
If he ain't no little feller fer to run to  
him for hugs,  
If he ain't no little lassie fer to give  
him no caress,  
If he ain't no little baby fer to chase  
the candle bugs,  
What on earth is there to glad him  
or to soothe his lonesomeness?

If, when he's downstairs o' mornings  
with the mornin' paper, he  
Hasn't got no gold-haired lassie fer  
to speak down th' stair  
In her nighty an' come rompin' with  
a giggle to his knee.  
With her bare pink toes a-twinklin'  
an' her golden, yeller hair  
Just a-flyin' with the gladness of the  
dewy mornin' time,  
With the light o' joy a-twinklin' in  
her eyes o' bonny blue—  
Oh, without no little babies for to  
dance to him an' climb  
Up into his lap o' mornin's what  
does any feller do?

Without any little babies lyin' in a  
cuddled heap,  
In a little snow white chamber in a  
little snow white bed,  
With the covers kicked all crooked  
where they're lyin' fast asleep,  
With a little fist a-restin' under-  
neath a yellow head,  
What's the use o' bein' livin', what's  
the use of goin' down  
To the day's work of a mornin' an'  
o' comin' home o' nights,  
What's the beauty of the country or  
the pleasures of the town,  
With no baby lips a-waitin' for your  
daddy-kiss o' nights?  
—Judd Mortimer Lewis in Houston  
Post.

His mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping-car. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she softly called: "Johnny, do you know where you are?" "Tourse I do," he returned; "I'm in the top drawer."—Youth.

**HAPPENED IN OUR MIDST.**

Mr. Booth Tarkington, the Indiana novelist, tells this story to illustrate the journalistic enterprise of a certain small town of his native State:

Starting out for a hunting trip Mr. Tarkington made his way to the town of W—, where he was to be joined by several friends coming by rail from farther up the country. At the hotel fronting on the railroad tracks the hunter put up late in the evening, his favorite bird-dog quartered in the back yard. In the morning it was discovered that the dog had disappeared.

"Have you a newspaper in town?" Mr. Tarkington asked the landlord, who sat tilted back in a chair on the front porch, enjoying a morning pipe.

"We sure have, sir," replied the landlord, pointing across the way to a sign that swung above the shoemaker's shop. "The Morning News, out at four o'clock every day, rain or shine."

"Going to advertise for my dog," the novelist remarked as he went down the steps.

The editor of the Morning News, the one printer and the printer's "devil" held the fort, all busily getting together the day's edition of the paper. The editor had just completed a paragraph or two, noting the arrival in "our midst" of the writer, and assuming that the caller was the notable visitor, received him with due ceremony, assuring Mr. Tarkington that though "we are just going to press we will be glad to hold the paper to insert your ad., sir."

"Fifty dollars' reward for the return

of pointer dog, answering to name of Rex, which disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House Monday night," read the advertisement.

Returning to his hotel, within half an hour Mr. Tarkington had decided that it might be best to add: "No questions asked."

Across the tracks to the Morning News again went the advertiser. The office was deserted, save for the little lean, red-headed, freckled-nosed "devil" who sat perched upon a high stool, his knees drawn up, gazing pensively out of the dusty window.

"Where's everybody?" Mr. Tarkington asked blithely, putting his head in at the door.

"Gawn to hunt the dawg," the boy answered laconically.

—The Post.

**FATE.**

Some laws, like pictures painted fair,  
Have but a sorry fate in store.  
They're famed with most attentive care,

Hung up and ne'er considered more  
—Washington Star.

The "Deseret Farmer" needs the support and encouragement of every farmer—every person interested in agricultural pursuits—in this intermountain country. Send us a dollar! Let us send you the paper a year!

**WANTED.**—A first-class, reliable man for my farm. Married or single. Will furnish house. Prefer 3 to 5 year contract. We raise stone fruits, —peaches, cherries and apricots on a commercial basis; also poultry, heavily. Will pay liberally for the right kind of a man.  
W. S. RAMER,  
503 Atlas Block. Salt Lake City.