



### HOME PAPER A TOWN MIRROR

Reflects Progress of Community to Outsiders Who See It.

The time has gone by when the publisher of any newspaper, even of the humblest country weekly, goes around asking support out of personal friendship.

But the public ought to realize just the same that the prosperity and progress of its town are judged by outsiders by the kind of newspaper product that is sent out to represent it.

A town with poorly printed, ill written and generally slovenly newspapers is universally judged to be on the to-bogga. A town with enterprising looking sheets gives an impression that there is enterprise in the town that creates the good looking journal.

When a man pays down his dollar for a subscription to his home paper or for advertising in its columns he is at the same time advertising his home town to the outlying country and neighboring cities.

The more a newspaper's subscriptions and advertising increase the more features the publisher can add, the faster he can improve his mechanical equipment, the more nearly can he come to realizing his ideals of newspaper making.—Hamilton (O.) Journal.

#### Practical Patriotism.

Many a man who says he would be willing to die to save his country won't turn his hand over to help save his town. Yet it's the towns that make up the nation, and there is always an opportunity for real practical patriotism there. Especially is this true of the business of a town. Without the patronage of his fellow townsmen no merchant can live. Don't send your money out of town to the mail order houses. Give the local man a chance.

#### Protecting the Trees.

Out in Iowa some clubwomen, under the leadership of Miss May Weller, have decided that the telephone companies must not destroy the trees and have forbidden them from going on private grounds. Women all over the state will not permit the linemen to go on their lawns.

#### Sheep Keeping.

Much has been said from time to time on the subject of the advantage of keeping sheep on every farm, says the Homestead. Yet there is no sort of domestic animal that has failed to meet with general appreciation in the same degree as the sheep. Truly there is no farm that can afford not to keep sheep. The sheep is an animal of refined instincts. He is not a gross feeder, so that neither in the fattening nor the growing periods is there demand for the laborious effort that attends hog raising at all times. He is a close grazer and will, if he need be, eke out an existence where other farm animals would find it impossible to do so. He will also devour weeds and objectionable vegetation that would otherwise prove a nuisance. He is a close cleaner, with the faculty of gaining his subsistence from grains and herbage that would else be lost.

#### Selling Corn or Hogs.

The farmer who makes a practice of raising grain exclusively, hauling it to the elevator and selling it is robbing himself, or, in other words, depleting the fertility of the farm.

Every year as the crop is gathered and sold off the place it is left with decreased productive power for the future. It is like mining or digging out the value of the soil and shipping to the market. It is selling your farm virtually through the elevator.

Selling the corn by the hog route or through any other live stock is retaining the fertility. By a proper system of diversified farming and rotation of crops you can build up and improve instead of destroying the productivity.—American Swineherd.

#### The Wrong Cue.

The children of an infant school in Wales are taught very much by signs. The hand of the teacher sloped signifies "oblique," the hand held flat, "horizontal," the hand upright, "perpendicular." One of the Welsh bishops was preaching one day in behalf of the



#### HELD HIS HAND UPRIGHT.

school, when, observing several children whispering together, the teacher held his hand upright in a warning manner, meaning thereby to impose silence, on which almost the whole school, in the midst of the sermon, shouted out, "Perpendicular!" to the amazement of the startled and bewildered bishop.

Let New York and other eastern markets that knock at buying eggs by weight look at Frisco and then come up to date. Many of our western friends ceased to buy eggs by the dozen long ago; but, then, you know, Pop Penn and Dad Knickerbocker were always slow.

#### Easing His Mind.

Jim McCleary was an old Park row newspaper derrick who hadn't had a job in years. He depended on the largess of friends of better days, his most liberal patron being a prominent writer whom Jim had "broken in" as a cub at police headquarters. Never a week went by that he didn't "slip" Jim quarters, halves and dollars, with no expectation of ever being paid back.

Suddenly Jim disappeared from Park row. He was missing for nearly a year when his old patron walked in on him in a Broadway cafe. Jim was dressed up like a Wall street mining promoter and was "opening wine."

"Why, hello, Bill! How are you?" exclaimed Jim, and, too astonished to refuse, Bill joined him in a drink. As they were about to part Jim gave his friend another cordial handclasp and Bill felt something pressed into his palm.

"What's this for, Jim?" he asked, opening his hand and seeing it was money.

"Bill, that's that dollar I've owed you for so long," said Jim. "I've never forgotten it, and now I'm glad it's off my mind."—New York World.

#### Dr. Short Was Short.

When the Rev. David Short was pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist church at Scranton he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively, was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Baptist or a Methodist. Finally he hit upon a compromise and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: "I regret that I cannot accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing."

## Don't Forget

To fall for one of those

# 35c FEEDS AT

## The Owl RESTAURANT

#### Ended the Debate.

The baldest man in congress is Representative Ollie James of Kentucky. One hot afternoon when he was engaged in a heated colloquy with Mr. Payne of New York he shook his fist and wagged his head with great energy. "Will the gentleman from Kentucky allow me to interrupt him?" queried Mr. Payne politely. "For a question, of course," agreed James. "Well," retorted Payne, "shake not your gory locks at me." That ended the debate.

#### Her Brand.

Two Glasgow women were strong supporters of a local co-operative store. But one day as one of them was passing down the street she was surprised to see her friend coming out of a licensed grocer's shop. "I thoct,



#### "I CAN OBLEEGE YOU."

Mrs. Broon, ye wis a member o' the co-operative company?" was her remark.

"So I am; but, dae ye ken this, there's nae shop in Glesca I get sic nice beef ham as in here," was the prompt reply.

Some days later Mrs. Broon's friend went into this shop to buy a sample of the beef ham. On entering the shop she asked the man if he would give her "a pun o' the beef ham Mrs. Broon gets here." A quiet smile stole over the shopman's face. "Oh yes," he said; "I can obleege you. Hiv you brocht a bottle w' you?"—Glasgow Times.

### VIGOROUS MEDICINE.

It Did Even More Than the Surgeon Had Promised.

The train had come to a stop at a small village, when the station master entered a coach and shouted:

"Is there a doctor on this train?"

No one answering, he repeated the inquiry, without result. Then a native, addressing a tall man with sun browned face and drooping moustache, who had been fidgeting nervously, demanded:

"Why don't you speak up? Aren't you Dr. Jenks?"

"I am," admitted the tall man apologetically, "but I'm only a veterinary surgeon."

"You're better than none at all," interposed the station master. "We've got a sick man on the platform—acts as though he had fits. Come out and look at him."

Dr. Jenks reluctantly acquiesced, and the rest of the passengers, in need of diversion, followed him. On the rough boards of the station platform lay a man writhing as though in the grip of epilepsy, surrounded by a group of sympathetic villagers.

"If he were a horse," said the veterinary surgeon after a critical examination of the invalid's mouth and eyes. "I'd say it were a case o' blind staggers. What he probably needs is some powerful reactive medicine."

Scribbling a few lines on a page torn from a notebook and handing the prescription to a porter, he continued:

"I've made this less than a fourth of what I'd give an animal, and it ought to be about right for a human being. Get it filled at the druggist's quickly and pour it down his throat. Chances are it will double him up in a knot for a few minutes while the staggers are being overcome."

The locomotive whistle blew, and the passengers were compelled to hurry aboard, leaving the sick man to his fate. One of them chancing to return that way several days later, it occurred to him to step off the train and learn the result of the veterinary surgeon's treatment.

"How did that medicine work?" he asked the station master. "Did it double him up all right?"

"Rather," was the enthusiastic reply: "once before he died and twice afterward!"

#### Just Stood Pat.

Talk about being between two fires, a Camden man was aroused by his wife the other night, who said she thought a burglar was in the house and wanted papa to go downstairs and chase him. Papa promptly declined.

"What's the matter?" scornfully asked wife. "Are you afraid?"

"No," replied the old man, replacing his head upon the pillow. "But while I'm downstairs chasing the burglar you'll be going through my clothes, so it's about six in one and a half dozen in the other."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

#### The Combustible Clive.

As long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century a famous Georgian actress, Miss Kitty Clive, felt the call of the nerves commonly associated with modern women. The whole greenroom, according to the author of "Garrick and His Circle," feared her tantrums.

Her character stood high, but her clean, wholesome nature and honest heart scarcely offset her temper. She was the one player Garrick feared, and he did everything he could to disperse her nerve storms or, if they broke, assuage them. It is among the legends of the English stage that he said to her:

"I have heard of tartar and brimstone, but you are the cream of one and the flower of the other!"

### ROAD DRAINAGE.

Necessity of Replacing Plank Culverts With Proper Pipes.

Pennsylvania's state highway commissioner gives the following advice on the question of road drainage:

"Where water must be diverted from one side to the other of a road it should be carried beneath the surface by means of pipes or culverts of capacity adequate to carry the maximum amount of water which ever will demand passage. Pipes of suitable material when properly laid cost little or nothing to maintain beyond an occasional cleaning out. Water breaks require constant attention and are frequently inadequate to prevent the flood water from overflowing down the surface of the road. They are also serious obstacles to travel, increasing very materially the steepness of the hills where they are used and making necessary the hauling of proportionately smaller loads.

"In the majority of the townships in which any attempt is made to carry water across below instead of above the road surface it is done by means of plank culverts, usually constructed in the most primitive manner, while the large water courses are spanned by structures consisting in part, if not wholly, of wood. In some instances stone has been used in a very commendable manner, but it is found that many of the bridges, culverts and drains which have been built of stone have been laid up in an inefficient manner, which has led in a few years to the necessity of expensive repairs. For the smaller culverts and drains in which smoothness of interior surface is desirable four kinds of pipe are available—vitrified clay, cast iron, corrugated iron and concrete. The use of wood for such purposes is to be discouraged, and all existing plank culverts should be replaced by some other material as rapidly as practicable. Vitrified clay pipes are much cheaper than iron, but unless very carefully protected are very liable to breakage. Except in rare cases this material is not recommended by the department."

#### To Show Their Work.

The O. T. Newall company of Birmingham, Ala., has been given permission by the board of revenue of that county to build at its own expense a mile of improved road between the villages of Powderly and Bessemer. The road is to be completed before the meeting of the Alabama good roads convention meets in the fall. It is understood that the company is taking this action to bring to the attention of the Good Roads association the road machinery which it manufactures.

#### Overtalked.

A negro in Mississippi who was to be tried for murder promised the prosecuting attorney to plead guilty. The time came for trial. The prosecuting attorney had no witnesses. He thought none were necessary. While the other business of the court was being cleared up a local lawyer sat down by the negro and asked, "Do you want to get out of this?"

"Yassir, reckon I does."

"Have you got \$5?"

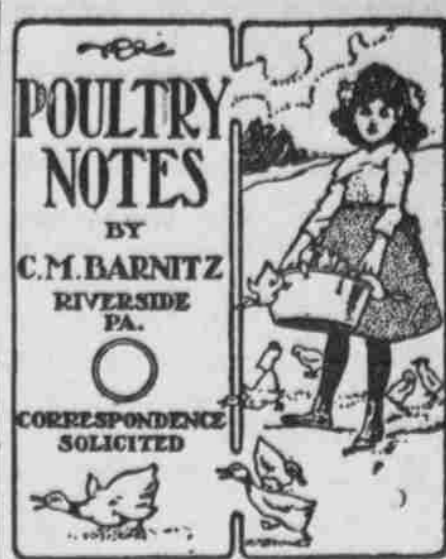
"No, sah, but I kin git it."

So the negro raised the five and gave it to the lawyer, who told him to say nothing, but when the judge asked him to plead, to plead not guilty instead of guilty.

The negro was arraigned. He pleaded not guilty.

"Look here, you black scoundrel!" yelled the prosecuting attorney, "what do you mean by that plea? Didn't you promise me a dozen times you would plead guilty?"

"Yassir, I done promised that," replied the negro, "but I reckon I done overtalked myself."



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#### A BAD "BASE BAWL CLUB."

There is a club, Oh, hoo, hoo, hoo! It hawls round everywhere. Each member has a crooked mouth, Drawn down by tons of care.

Each member has a store of groans— They make groans by wholesale— And when they sigh and cry, "Oh, my!" What a tremendous wail!

Each member has a stack of frowns— They make frowns by the ton— A frown they'd place on each sweet face And leave no room for fun.

Each member lives in a black cloud— They make clouds while you wait— They'd like to take our smiling skies And paint them nasty slate.

Each member has a tear bag big, And when they squeeze tears out You better stand from under, friend; There'll be a waterspout.

But let these croaks go "Boo, hoo, hoo!" They'll get the ha-ha here. This pretty world is not for sighs, Our future not for fear.

"Laugh and grow fat." Ha, ha! That's good!

Be kind, be true. That's fine! Let others bawl their blind eyes out, I say. No whine in mine! Moral.—Abstain from whine.

C. M. BARNITZ

#### CELIBACY FOR COCKERELS.

Feathers oft hide a multitude of skinny young roosters at market, but when the thin blue shanked carcass is revealed it is difficult for the cook's anger to be concealed.

That bird might have been plump and pretty if the farmer had kept him from running after the hens and fed him to a finish.

This does not refer to culls.

A cull once a cull always.

To the cook pot with the culls.

This includes the girafes of the flock—those long legged, knockneed pullets



#### BEAUTIFUL BACHELORS.

and cockerels that eat and eat, but gain no meat. Many do not care to caponize surplus cockerels. They do not wish to operate, or they do not wish to wait for them to grow.

The practical fellow, however, pens his young roosters alone in a quiet place where they have little room for exercise and plumps them up with the following finisher fed for three weeks three times a day:

Ground oats ..... 2 parts  
Ground barley ..... 2 parts  
Ground corn ..... 2 parts

This is wet up in whole milk, skim milk or buttermilk, seasoned with salt.

When cockerels for breeders or show get sporty they should be kept away from the hens, as they are thus often robbed of breeding vitality and become stunted for exhibition. This will give peace to the pullets and thus afford a better maturity, and the old hens will finish the molt better and lay quicker.

Both may be thus fed separate rations as necessary, and the plumage of both sexes will not be spoiled for show.

Should cockerels in bachelor quarters bicker and fight an old cock for boss will keep them all right.

#### DON'TS.

Don't feed white wheat to pigeons. It is undigested, sours and causes scours.

Don't refuse to do an enemy a favor. It may make him a friend in the end.

Don't let the corncrib open for the turkeys to stuff. Such filler is sure turkey killer.

Don't feed much hemp to squab breeders. Makes them too fat, say scientific feeders.

Don't say amen on Sunday and give your chickens no water on Monday. An amen corner seat in a church society is no proof of a corner on piety.

Don't put oats away on the shelf with the idea that when you're away the mice won't play. Oats taste "miley nice" to mice.

**NATIONAL  
WOOL GROWERS CONVENTION**  
and  
**MID-WINTER SHEEP SHOW**  
Portland, Oregon, January 4-7, 1911

For the above occasion, round trip tickets will be sold from Shaniko by

**The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company**  
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**THE BARNYARDS.**  
The known agricultural authority of conditions prevailing about the great cotton belt has said that the economic and moral salvation of the south in some lies in the barnyards of the nation, meaning thereby the raising of dairy and stock raising attendant crop rotation in the present shortsighted, one-cotton-crop policy which every farmer dependent on the world for his breadstuffs, meat and other products and for the grain supplies needed for the few who do not keep. In the above agricultural truth being realized, and the "way" is being inaugurated, the true of the south is true, if in the east, west and north of New York and Massachusetts and Minnesota, of Kansas and Nebraska, of Georgia and Mississippi. This doctrine of moral salvation needs preaching and out of season from every farm and in every newspaper magazine in the country. It is a way out, and the sooner we see a people the better will it be for our own generation and those