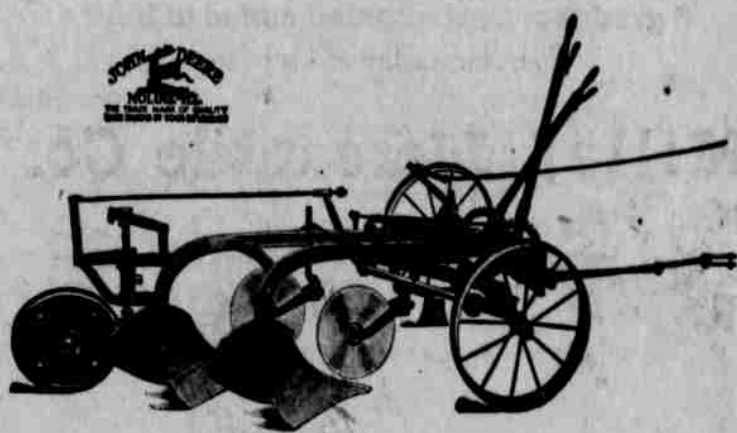




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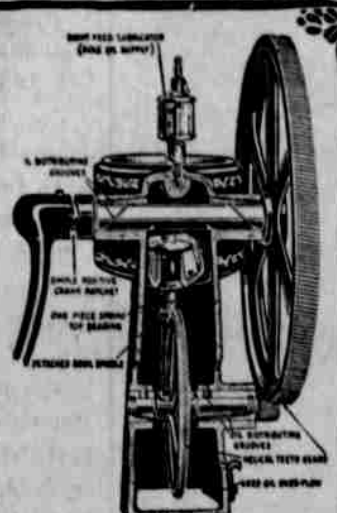
The new system of De Laval automatic oiling provides for a constant and liberal supply of CLEAN oil to every wearing surface of the machine at all times. There are no oil holes to fill up with dirt or perhaps to be neglected altogether, and every part is supplied with clean oil from the oil reservoir automatically and constantly.

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WINEGAR & LORENCE, Monmouth

Dead Man's Luck

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When I was a young man I practiced mining engineering. I was sent out to report on some property with a view to forming a company to develop it and found that it was an extension of a mine called Dead Man's Luck. This name was so singular and so suggestive that I asked a miner who was an old inhabitant of the region what it meant.

"Didn't you ever hear the yarn about Dead Man's Luck?" he asked. "Well, I'll tell you. It was when this yere country was mighty new. The Dead Man's Luck mine was the first gold that was discovered about here, and there's never been such payin' dirt found here since. What's more, the deeper the company went down the richer the vein.

"There was a feller named Simmonds come here—Andy Simmonds, prospector. Just why he prospected in this location I don't know, for at that time there hadn't any gold been found here, though there'd been purty good washin' up the creek. Andy reasoned that where there was washin' there was liable to be somepin better, and he put in his pick most anywhere.

"People are like cattle—let one feller start off anywhere and the rest will follow. When they saw Andy diggin' they thought there must be some show for gold, and they began to dig themselves. Some of 'em found gold in quantities that they thought would pay, and about that time there was plenty of people ready to form a company on any hole in the ground that any prospector had to sell. Companies sprung up like mushrooms, but none of 'em made good. The certificates of stock was floatin' about like Confederate money in wartimes. I remember I had 1,500 shares of the Happy Family and couldn't buy a meal of vittles with it.

"But some o' the shares was worth something. I suppose if there had been a stock exchange in the region the public would have gambled for the shares that way; but, seein' there wasn't, a lot o' men used to git together in the Alhambra saloon and play poker for fun. "Andy Simmonds, who had started the whole thing, was the wust rundown feller in the lot. He was a gambler in diggin', and when the diggin' was over and the stock o' the dead com-

pany was the only thing left to gamble with he played that for all it was worth. The shares of all the mines was counted the same on the paper board, for they was all considered equally worthless. And they played with certificates instead of chips.

"As I was tellin' you about Andy Simmonds, he got terribly run down. He had a wife and a couple o' kids, and since he couldn't give 'em anything to wear or to eat they was in a mighty bad fix. But there's no tellin' if they was in a worse fix than Andy himself, for it's mighty hard on a man to see his family sufferin' and not be able to do anything for 'em.

"But in one thing Andy laid over everybody. He had the most marvelous luck at poker. They said at one time if the certificates of minin' stocks he had won was worth their face he'd be worth millions. But what was the use o' ownin' a lot o' paper that you couldn't buy anything with? If he could have got a calico dress for his wife or put somethin' in the stummicks o' his children with 'em there'd 'a' been some comfort in it. But he couldn't have bought a pair o' shoestrings with the whole three or four millions of stock.

"Andy was usually ahead in the game, and there was one time when he happened to get a lot o' shares in one defunct company into his hands. He wasn't lookin' very well. Some said he was worryin' because his wife and children were hungry and hadn't decent clothes to cover 'em. The truth is Andy was starvin' himself. Why he stuck to gamblin' for worthless shares nobody knew, but he must have had some kind o' hope about something or other or he wouldn't have done it.

"Well, as I was startin' in to tell you, there was one night when the boys was playin' poker for dead minin' shares, when Andy was rak'in' in shares without lookin' at 'em, and once when there was a big lot on the table somebody called, and the hands, all except Andy's, was turned over on the table. Andy was sittin' with his head down on his chest, lookin' played out. His hat was down on his face, so they couldn't see it. When he failed to turn over his cards some one did it for him, and it was a winner.

"Somebody lifted Andy's hat. Every man at the table started. His face was as white as chalk, and his eyes was glazed and starin'.

"That was the last game of poker played in these parts for minin' shares. Simmonds' winnin' was turned over to his widder, and it was said she tried to sell the lot for money enough to get back home. But nobody wanted 'em.

"Somebody had bought up some shares of one of the mines called the

Lone Pine from a tree growin' near it. One day it got out that these parties had struck a bonanza. They was tryin' to buy up the shares, but couldn't find who owned 'em. Andy Simmonds' widder heard of the strike and looked over the certificates her husband had won when he was a-dyin'. She found she owned the biggest half of Lone Pine stock.

"Of course she wouldn't sell now for any price. The company was reorganized under the name of Dead Man's Luck. And what do ye think? Andy's darter is now the Princess Götterlied.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

IRONING DAY MENU.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.
Stewed Rhubarb. Codfish Cakes.
Hominy and Sirup.
Buttered Brown Bread Toast.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Creamed Dried Beef.
Baked Stuffed Potatoes.
Waffles, Honey Sirup.

DINNER.
Anchovy Canapes.
Individual Mutton Pie.
Riced Potatoes. Braised Carrots.
Orange Salad. Coffee Whip.

Spring Salads.

FRENCH POTATO SALAD.—Four cold boiled potatoes, twelve large stoned olives, two hard boiled eggs, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a tablespoonful of vinegar, one-half cupful of mayonnaise. Dice the potatoes, olives and eggs. Mix together and season with salt, pepper, olive oil and vinegar. Put on ice or in a cold place for about one hour. Before serving mix in the mayonnaise and garnish with halved olives or sliced olive rings.

Another delicious cold salad can be made with cold peas, even if they are only left over peas: Four hard boiled eggs, a cupful of cooked green peas, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, salt, paprika. Cut eggs lengthwise and remove yolks carefully so as not to spoil shape of egg cases. Crumble the egg yolks in the melted butter, add seasoning and the cold peas. Season the insides of the whites with salt and pepper and place a spoonful of the yolk and peas mixture in each one. Serve on lettuce leaves and cover with mayonnaise dressing.

Incidentally the cooked green peas served cold with a plain French dress-

ing on lettuce leaves have a delicious flavor and make an unexpectedly good salad. Beans, too, make a good salad:

A cupful of cooked kidney beans, a cupful of finely shredded cabbage and a shredded sweet green pepper.

Mix the beans, cabbage and pepper together, pile on lettuce leaves and cover with a French dressing.

Here is a combined fruit and vegetable salad that looks elaborate and attractive enough for company occasions:

Two red peppers, small; two green peppers, small; a cupful of diced apples, one-half cupful of walnut meats, a cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Remove the stem and seeds from the peppers, small; a cupful of grapefruit pulp, a cupful of diced apples, alternately on lettuce leaves. Fill the cases with pulp of grapefruit, apples and broken walnut meats, to which two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise have been added. Put the top of each pepper after filling with a covering of mayonnaise. Serve very cold.

Anna Thompson!

THE MILLIONAIRE'S POVERTY.

THOUGH the world may say I'm a millionaire—
I need a friend;
Though the world decide I'm free from care—
I need a friend,
For the world sees only my mansion grand,
My stocks and bonds, my jewels and land.
It simply can't see, don't you understand?
I need a friend.

Though millions would gladly step into my place—
I need a friend;
Though millions are struggling to follow my pace—
I need a friend,
For the millions see only the silver and gold,
The things which in market are bartered and sold.
And they simply can't grasp it, e'en when they are told—
I need a friend.

Though nations bow down to the power I possess—
I need a friend;
Though hypocrites kneel at my feet and caress—
I need a friend,
For this is well known to prophet and seer,
That both would forsake me with poverty near—
Forsake me and shun me with never a tear—
I need a friend.
—Harvey E. Westgate.

Fortune smiles on few and laughs at many.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul soon peters out.

The average man is always paid average wages.

The invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians.

Let out as much truth in as few words as possible.

Unbridled passion sometimes is equivalent to an eventual halter.

Climbing hills before we come to them is what makes us tired.

Red Cross nurses in the United States army have no rank or authority.

Of old time vegetable dyes Brazil possesses an almost endless variety.

Do You Help PAY THE RENT For This OUT of TOWN Palace?



The merchant who pays this ENORMOUS RENT does not spend a dollar in this town. Build up YOUR OWN TOWN by trading with the HOME MERCHANT.

He'll fill every want, and you WON'T REMOVE THE DOLLAR from circulating here.