

WHO WATCHES YOUR WATER? ASKS BOARD

In the country, each household is responsible for its own water supply. Almost every home has its own well, pump or spring. It is up to the householder to see that the water is pure; if it is contaminated, it rarely affects more than a few people.

Towns and cities supply water to hundreds or thousands of people. The home which gets city water-supply cannot itself look after the purity of the water but must rely on the city to see that nothing harmful comes with it. One of the first duties of a city is to see that the water which it furnishes its citizen is not dangerous.

There are three great water-borne diseases, typhoid, dysentery and cholera. In past ages, before attention was paid to the importance of clean water, recurring epidemics of these diseases decimated cities almost everywhere. Long before their infective nature was recognized, it was found that by providing pure water the epidemic could be stopped, and that the diseases grew much less or even disappeared. The lesson was learned; but even now vigilance is the price of freedom from disease.

Two things must be done by every city providing water. The first is to pick its source so that, as far as possible, it shall be free from contamination. This means that not only shall the water be pure as a usual thing, but that it must be controlled so that no filth can get into it. A few years ago there was a sharp outbreak of typhoid fever in a town whose water was usually good. The water came from a brook which arose in the hills. It was found that during the winter a family living in the hills had had typhoid fever. Their wastes had been frozen on the ground thru the cold weather (thus preserving the germs) were washed into the stream with the first spring rains. The epidemic of typhoid in town immediately followed. Here we had a source of water which was usually good, but could easily be contaminated, and was not thoroughly watched. If the water not entirely pure and certain to remain so, the city must see that it is purified by filtration, chlorination, a combination of the two or some other approved methods. Above all, the city

Richard Lloyd Jones tells About Money



A YOUNG man who recently inherited a mammoth fortune speaking of what his friends called his "good fortune," said:

"It is not all the 'good fortune' it seems to be. With it has come a sense of responsibility that weighs and worries.

Moreover, I no longer hold the place among my former friends that I used to hold and want to retain. They envy me, and envy isolates. I cannot associate in the same old way. If I entertain my friends moderately I learn that I am accused of being miserly. If I entertain them lavishly I know they must feel that I put them beyond the hope of reciprocating courtesies. I find my money is putting my friends to the test quite as much as me. I am anxious to use my money for the good of others, not alone for my good.

"Those who can share that though, with me and help me in that desire are few. My 'good fortune' has built a wall about me."

Money is the insignia of labor. It represents the investment of brawn and brain. He who wastes it wastes. He who squanders it upon his own pleasures and pastimes is forced to feel the waste even though his resources be so inexhaustible that he may never feel the pinch.

Man's worth is measured by his earnest eagerness to help others.

The closest personal advisor of one of the richest men in America recently told us that his friend, whose income was over half a million dollars a day, needed no counsel in the game of getting, but he eagerly sought help in the game of giving. To help men without hurting them was the problem which perplexed him.

"Do I live for myself or for others,—am I altruistic or egotistic,—am I merely my own keeper or am I my brother's keeper?"—these are the problems which money forces you to face; and you face them just as squarely with four hundred a month as four millions a month.

It is good to feed bread to the hungry, but it is better to find out why they are without bread, to help them get their own bread than give them your bread.

The highest philanthropy is more than charity. The curse of the world is poverty. The great war of the twentieth century is going to be the war against poverty.

So long as money represents the product of labor, the getters and givers of money will find their opportunity for happiness only through the privilege of enlarging the markets of labor, rightly rewarding labor and giving just returns to them who invest their brawn and brain for the good of their brothers as well as for the good of themselves.

must keep its water controlled by regular examinations so that any contamination will be shown before it has a chance to do much harm.

It is most important that city councils realize their responsibilities in this matter. Most water supplies are not dangerous most of the time. When they are suspicious, however, the greatest vigilance is necessary. On unexpected contamination can cause an epidemic after years of safety.

The Judge's Josh

SINCE THE WIFE BOBBED HER HAIR I'M GETTING TO TINKER A LOT ON JOBS THAT USED TO BE FIXED WITH A HAIRPIN!



Frank and Ernest

A modern young man kissed a beautiful modern girl.

"I'll be frank with you," the young man said after the embrace was over. "You are not the first girl I've kissed by a long shot."

She lit a cigarette. "And I'll be equally frank with you," she answered. "You've got a great deal to learn, even at that."

And the Band Played On. Chester—"Who on earth is that homely girl Jacks dancing with?" Jim—"Why, that's my sister." Chester—"She sure can dance."

Hard Luck

On the range a party of recruits were firing their first course. The sergeant in charge noticed that one of them, a fellow named Smith, was

missing the target every time. At last, quite fed up with the man's bad firing, the sergeant went across to him and told him to go and shoot himself.

The man disappeared. A few seconds later a report was heard from the spot where Smith had gone to. The sergeant hurried to the spot and shouted: "Are you there, Smith?"

"Yes sergeant," came the reply; "I've missed again."

Visiting From Burns—W. M. Sutton is here on a business trip from Burns. Mr. Sutton has property interest here.

Poem by Uncle John



If we'd count the lady soloists of which we're jestly proud, there'd be a lot of people that's astonished at the crowd. Of course we learn statistics that we didn't usto know, when they come in bales and baskets on the family radio.

My neighbor—right here by me—is inclined to make mistakes, for he hates the high sopranner like St. Patrick hated snakes; He says it cracks his eardrums when he listens at 'em squeal—which in regards to song-birds ain't the proper way to feel.

We hear some fiery language at the female opry-scores—why, my neighbor jerked his head-set off, an' throwed it out of doors! Sometimes I argy with him, that a thing which can't be cured, like the fierce sopranner solo, somehow has to be endured. If anything can make me grab my sword and want to slay—it's to hear a blubberin' Baso strike "The Road to Mandalay."



Painting House—Dale Flowers is painting his house at K. and 5th street. To Triangle Lake—John Anderson spent the week-end at Triangle Lake.



\$500 In Ten Minutes

Dick Brewster had a deal on to sell his house. A buyer had sought him out—but—there was a hitch in the terms of final settlement. Dick was a smart man—but a bit inexperienced in such transactions. He thought over the proposition—finally deciding he would have to sacrifice a bit of profit to close the deal.

Remembering our offer to advise customers whenever possible—Dick dropped in to ask our judgement of his action.

"You made just \$500 for me," said Dick 10 minutes later as he left our bank. We had made a very simple suggestion of ANOTHER way to finance his sale.

It was a small detail—for which we charged nothing—Only a part of the same service we offer you—when you bank here.

Commercial State Bank

DANCE

Every Wedn'sd'y and Every Saturday Night at the Springfield American Legion Open Air Pavillion Your Friends will all be present

Harvest Needs

- BINDER TWINE
 - MOWER PARTS
 - SECTIONS AND GUARDS
 - HAY FORKS
 - HAY CARRIERS
 - HAY ROPE
- For your vacation see us
- TENTS
 - AUTO BEDS
 - FOLDING CHAIRS
 - COOKING UTENSILS
 - GASOLINE CAMP STOVES

Wright & Son

Hardware Paint Furniture

We're Fighting Your Battle

This community has publically called upon The Springfield News to fight its battles in the railroad controversy as well as in other issues. This we are willing and glad to do, but in fighting for you we expect your unqualified support. You must be behind us financially as well as morally.

See that your subscriptions are paid well in advance. And see to it too that the men you patronise are advertisers in this paper and are boosters for your interests and this commutity. This is no time to straddle the issue.

I thank you.