

**Wood's Trade Mark**  
**Farm Seeds**  
are best qualities obtainable.

Our NEW FALL CATALOG gives the fullest information about all seeds for FALL SOWING.

- Grasses and Clovers,
- Vetches, Alfalfa,
- Crimson Clover,
- Seed Wheat, Oats,
- Rye, Barley, etc.

Catalogue mailed free on request. Write for it and prices of any seeds required.

**T. W. WOOD & SONS,**  
Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

**Follow Clarence Poe**  
**Around the World!**



Editor Clarence Poe of The Progressive Farmer and Gazette has just started on a tour Around the World, making a special study of everything bearing on the South—Southern Agriculture, Manufacturing, Commercial Opportunities, Political and Racial Problems, etc. Mr. Poe's articles will appear exclusively in

**The Progressive Farmer & Gazette**  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
STARKVILLE, MISS.

and will alone be worth ten times the subscription price.

"Mr. Poe is one of the foremost and soundest thinkers in the South to-day."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

No one else has ever made a world-tour as the special representative of Southern interests and needs.

Write at once for free sample copies.

Wm. C. Hammer & R. E. Kelly

**HAMMER & KELLY**  
Attorneys at Law

Office—Second Door From Street in Lawyers Row

**BEGIN NOW** to get your stock in shape for the winter, by feeding **INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD**. Makes them healthy, hardy and fat 3 feeds for one cent! Make the Hens lay by feeding the **INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD** Both at **J. T. UNDERWOOD,** Rexall Store

**GOWANS**  
King of Externals

Accepted by the Mothers of America as the one and only external preparation that positively and quickly CURES all forms of Inflammation or Congestion such as Pneumonia, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Pleurisy.

Since Gowans Preparation has been introduced here it has gained a strong hold in many of our best families whom I know are giving you advertisement rights along without solicitation. It always makes good. —*Widling & Son, 716a, Ohio, Druggists.*

ALL DRUGGISTS HAVE IT IN STOCK.  
Baltimore, Md., 1914.

**PHILOSOPHY OF "AUNT ANNIE"**

She Says That Woman, in Her Strenuous Efforts to Awaken the World by the Magic of Her Eloquence on Various and Sundry Public Questions, is Not Viewing Her Position as Others See It—Women Not Destined to be Public Speakers.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us! It wad frae many a blunder free us And foolish notion."

Long years ago when I first made the acquaintance of Bob Burns, Longfellow, Tennyson and others, they had no lasting impression upon my child mind. The "Psalm of Life" and the moralizing of said poem failed to appeal to me for I was anything else than an "empty dream" to me at that time, and I failed to catch the exquisite pathos of Knoch Arden, and with the exception of Byron and Moore the poetry of the age had no effect upon me. But these words of the poet in a poet took hold upon me, as no others could have done.

It is a strange thing that we cannot rightly judge ourselves; we seem to have a special pair of glasses when we gaze upon our own self, and consequently we seem all right, and when we smile the self-satisfied smile, take off our glasses, and adjust the piercing lens, and turn a full broadside upon dear neighbor and friend, then it was, I suppose, that Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, uttered the now world-famous lines, and invoked the powers that be, either terrestrial or celestial (I don't think Bob was particular which) to help him out in the matter, so that we could only "see ourselves as others see us."

I have been meditating a good deal of late, this is such pretty fall weather, but I had better say autumn weather, for I have seen very few leaves fall as yet.

As I face the North and look at the trees fast changing their green dress for more somber hue (this is the poetic way of speaking) and hear the trains running on the great main line of railroad, and think of all the traffic going on in the world, the going and coming, every one busy working out his own destiny—sometimes a great destiny, sometimes small, but just as great to the one as to the other.

Well, as the sun brings out all the beauties of the trees, and as they all sparkle and flash their colors in the autumn sunshine, I wonder why we have no power to see our lives, our actions, our characters and reputations, as we do the autumn foliage. I believe after due consideration and careful meditation at eventide when all is serene (or ought to be) that woman has less power of seeing herself as she really is than the so-called stronger sex. My idea for in this way: In the first place, meet all women are vain, some upon their personal attractions (which, by the way, is most highly valued), some upon their superior mind, some upon one thing and some another, but all vain-glorious of something given or acquired.

Way back yonder in our grandmothers' time, women were not supposed to be able to take care of themselves. They could, if educated to a certain extent, teach school, and they would be paid for it about half what a man would get for the same grade of work, but the woman was satisfied with being able to look after the house, and support or taking care of herself until such a time as she could better her condition by taking the position of housekeeper for some man, and where she really, in a great many cases, would find a larger scope of action at least.

But times have changed. Woman is forging to the front, and they are not compelled to accept the position of housekeeper unless they are very anxious.

The doors of business swing very nearly wide open to women now. The typewriter is in every office and the business man just sits and talks and the women do the work. At all the great conventions, political meetings, and so on, there she sits, pen in hand, taking down the great and weighty words of the "lords of creation," but she gets a good price for this sort of work, because, I suppose, it is being able to take down and preserve to future ages the thoughts of great men. Of course they take down some thoughts and matters pertaining to great female moves, but I think they get most money for taking down the great thoughts of men.

It is getting to be quite the thing now for women to lecture. They lecture on temperance, woman's rights, and a great many other subjects; and right here comes in the application of my text: "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us, when we stand up and think we are making a lecture. It has been said from an earlier date that there were two

things a woman could not do; one of these was to throw a stone and hit anything, and the other feat was to sharpen a lead pencil. I have myself tried these two seemingly easy feats, but failed ignobly.

But I say in the blame and glitter of the twentieth century that a woman cannot make much of a lecture, I think it is on temperance (a good thing), air ships, education, or that inexhaustible subject, woman's rights.

I have been told that some noble speeches were made in the 50's on the subject of more freedom, etc., by northern women. I have also been told they were really gifted; this sort of thing; but be that as it may, we must hover around the text a little closer. I have heard several female lecturers in my time, and I was in no way envious of their achievements along this line. A pretty woman looks pretty a while for that matter, and when she comes before a large audience and begins to humor her tongue, for of all things on earth that the tongue of a female loves best, it is to give it a free rein. The words come and no mistake about that, long words, hard words, low words, high words, all kinds of words, words that would be dead shot, if formed into sentences, conveying either point or argument.

It is a peculiarity of the sex to want to appear learned, or to be before the public, and it has not always been thus. Time was, and not so long ago either, when it was not thought to be lady-like to be able to do battle with a mouse. Loud screams, convulsions and perfect quiet was all that was expected of the refined lady of the long ago, when assailed by a mouse. Modesty was their most effective weapon. They were to be protected from all harm, and to be seen looking with undaunted mien into the twinkling eyes of a mouse, would have been coarse in the extreme, and no matter to be made a joke of.

Today in this age of new things, new ideas, new diseases, new towns, new schools, new women, it is different. The helpless creature of the nineteenth century called a fine lady is on the decline. They can rise in public and give their candid views upon all matters pertaining to church work, and can even wear a small head dress and be called a deaconess. They can go out and make a tour of the country lecturing upon the different reforms of the time. They are no longer timid and ready to run at sight of an unarméd mouse.

A man with all his powers of argument does not frighten her any more than the humbler animal; she is not to be daunted. She walks out, looks upon the audience with eyes of pity, and gives us to understand that since no Moses is raised up to take the lead, she will place herself to the front.

She tackles the subject in hand, always some misty, pale moonlight affair that they know exactly how to handle, and that no one else does. She gives us to understand that Paul was in his stage when he commanded women to keep quiet and let the men do the talking. This would be a little hard for some of them, for I notice that most of the women who lecture have no man to speak for them. Some possibly do, but they speak for both.

With all due respect to women who would bring about reforms, and who are so enthusiastic that they can face an audience, and with perfect control of nerves and voice just tell the men of the country what they ought to do, I would say work more, talk less.

Florence Nightingale was called the "angel of the Crimea," and was honored throughout the civilized world, but did anyone ever hear her make a lecture? She worked in a different way. Did anyone ever hear of Grace Darling lecturing upon the subject of "Life Saving Stations"? Was Boss Bouabur ever caught descending upon the form and beauty of the animal creation, or did Madam De Stael ever give her views, or use her wit upon the platform? No, these women used their power in other ways, and did not stand and talk about it, just went and did it.

Well, since I've been thinking over these things, the shadows have lengthened, evening is coming on, and while I would not and could not make a speech in public (or in private) or lecture, I of course do things equally as objectionable, and I here beg to be excused, and assure all that I shall never ask to be excused for trying to make a lecture, and to those fair ones who are able to lecture and do lecture: I will say with Burns:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us, It wad frae many a blunder free us And foolish notion."

"AUNT ANNIE."

A woman never loses interest in a man as long as he knows something she is anxious to find out.

**STORY OF THE FOREST CHILD.**

Once upon a time there was a mighty king who ruled over nine lands. His subjects loved him dearly, and he repaid their affection with the same love. But dearest of all to him were his three daughters.

One day while he was hunting in the forest the good king lost his way. It grew darker and darker about him without his being able to find a path. He blew a powerful blast on his hunting horn, but only the echo answered him. He could not think what he should do. Tired and anxious, he let his horse carry him on farther without guidance until at last he came to a stop beside a gurgling brook. There he heard suddenly somewhere near him the sound of a little child crying. He went toward the sound and saw a little crying baby girl lying helpless on the moss. He took her up affectionately into his arms, and suddenly it seemed to glow lighter about him, and before long he found again the way which he had lost.

Early the following day he had a messenger find, to whom he entrusted the little foundling and gave orders that she should be brought up in every way just like his own daughters. When the four girls had grown up every one wondered at the beautiful silken hair of the orphan child. It hung down to her ankles, and her eyes, too, were so wonderful, so big and black, that in all the nine kingdoms no more beautiful hair or eyes could be seen.

When the two older princesses noticed the admiration and wonder of all the people for the foundling they were filled with envy.

"Why does the beggar girl need such beautiful hair?" they said, and they tormented the poor girl in every way



"DID YOU GIVE ME THE ORPHAN CHILD FOR MY WIFE?"

that they could. But the youngest of the king's daughters, who was not only as beautiful, but as good as her dead mother had been, tried to make up for her sister's malice and kissed and comforted the forest child.

About this time the son of a neighboring king, a noble and high spirited youth, came to pay the king a visit. Long before it had been arranged that he should marry one of the princesses, but it had not been decided which. They all adorned themselves with costly robes, with gold and diamonds, all except the orphan child, who greeted him in the everyday clothes in which she used to go about.

But when he had seen them all the prince addressed the king and said, "I know, your majesty, that your daughters are all beautiful and good, but I beg you give me the orphan child for my wife."

When the chosen maiden heard of this she cast down her eyes shyly and a wave of crimson covered her face. The youngest princess threw her arms about her and rejoiced with her in her happiness. But the older princesses turned yellow with jealousy.

When evening had come and the green moon rose high in the heavens they stole secretly into the bedroom of the prince's choice and with sharp scissors cut off the sleeping girl's silken hair close to her head. She knew nothing of it, for she was lost in a happy dream. But when she awoke in the morning and looked into the mirror she was so startled that she fell to the ground with a broken heart.

The prince was sad and with his own hands dug her grave under a rosemary bush in the garden. The envious sisters were glad and, laughing together, tossed the long blood locks of hair out the window. The wind came and picked them up and carried them far away, strewn them over hills and through valleys.

The wicked sisters did not win the prince's love and before long died of disappointment. The youngest sister married the prince and lived happily with him.

**Supposin' Our Sun Was Red.**

Did you ever think what a difference the color of our sun makes in this world of ours?

It is probably known to many boys and girls that stars which gleam from out the sky at night are distant suns, supposedly lighting systems of planets like the one of which our world is a part. Let us suppose for a moment that we are on one of the invisible spheres which are said to be circling about the double star Eta, in the constellation Pegasus. This double star is in reality two suns, one indigo, the other scarlet. Consequently a world lit by them would have, so to speak, a red day and a blue night.

Our own sun is white. The ray of light it sends out is absorbed and broken into all the colors of the rainbow by the various qualities of matter composing the surface of our earth. But in the distant world we are imagining there would be only two colors—indigo and scarlet.

Think how that would be! Conceive of waking up in the morning with a red sunbeams streaming in your window, making off your room softly glow. The food at breakfast would be various shades of red, all the little boys would be crimson garbed as gnomes; all the little girls would appear as Red Riding Hoods. The streets and houses would be red. The fields—the beautiful fields whose soft greens and yellows and gayly colored flowers are in our own sphere so dear to us—would be merely spreading sheets of red.

Then as the crimson sun lowered to the west imagine another brilliant luminary shooting its judgments into the eastern sky. The blue gradually over spreads the land, meeting the fading red in all possible combinations of purple and violet. The trees and buildings become red on one side and blue on the other. At last the red shade has completely disappeared. The indigo reigns in unquestioned sovereignty, bathing all things in its weird light, casting over the faces of the children so fresh and rosy as we know them a ghastly yell of blue.

What a marvelous and uncanny difference! It is safe to say that most of us would prefer to continue under the warm, kindly ministrations of our own faithful white sun.—*Chicago News.*

**DRESSING BIG SUSAN.**

How Dorothy Learned to Be a Help to Her Mother.

When Dorothy was four years old her mother said to her one day, "Now, dear, you are such a big girl that I think you should learn to dress yourself. That would help mother so much every morning and every afternoon after your nap."

"Why, mother," replied Dorothy, "I don't believe I could do it, and besides, you know, I have to dress Big Susan every morning."

Now, "Big Susan" was the name of a great cloth doll almost as large as Dorothy herself. Susan's clothes had once been Dorothy's own until out worn or too small for the little girl, who delighted in dressing her big doll.

"Oh, Dorothy," cried her mother, "I'll tell you how to do it! Let's play every morning that you are Big Susan, and then it will be as easy as can be to dress yourself."

Dorothy laughed and thought that would be a good fun. So the next morning she called herself Big Susan, and all the clothes went on so easily it was just like a game. Mother only did just a little buttoning, where Dorothy could not reach very well, and praised her small daughter for being so helpful.

And after that Dorothy dressed herself all alone every day. Although the big doll's clothes were sometimes not changed for days at a time, Susan never seemed to mind a bit.—*Youth's Companion.*

**A Monogram Picture.**



The picture shows in the form of a monogram a well-known boy's name. Can you tell what it is?

**A Capital Guessing Game.**

- What cap includes a number of heads? **Decapitation.**
- What cap is worn by prisoners? **Capitivity.**
- What cap is sometimes worn by women? **Caprice.**
- What cap is worn by boatmen? **Capsize.**
- What cap is worn by bankers? **Capital.**
- What cap is worn by conquerors? **Capitulation.**
- What cap is worn most in the army? **Capitain.**
- What cap is worn by boys? **Capsize.**
- What cap is worn by students? **Capitainity.**

**Conundrums.**

- Why are a rope-maker and a post-silk? **Both make lines.**
- What city is drawn more frequently than any other? **Coek.**
- Why are prisoners liable to catch cold? **Because they always get damp sheets.**

**Farm Values.**

In a recent issue the Rowland Sun says: "A farm some miles west of Rowland," records our contemporary, "was bought ten years ago for \$1,800; the same farm was sold last week for \$19,000. Some days ago a farm of 637 acres two miles west of Dillon was sold for \$75,000. Right here around Rowland farming land cannot be bought for less than \$100 an acre, and is worth the price. Land that will yield two bales of cotton an acre would soon pay for itself even at that figure. We do not doubt that the land upon which Rowland is situated could have been purchased 25 years ago for \$5 an acre." The Charlotte Observer adds: Sidney Lanier was unquestionably right in his assertion that there is more in the man than there is in the land, but it is equally unquestionable that the tremendous advance in the value of the latter is due to the skillful, intelligent effort in the past on the part of the farmer and a slight increase in his future effort and prosperity."

Says the Greensboro News (Bep): "All the same we vote 'no' on the motion to make it unanimous. We are opposed to 5-cent cotton and 6-cent for chickens and eggs at any price." That is precisely what we had when McKinley was President. Does the News mean to lead us to infer that National Administrations have anything to do with, or are responsible for, the price of cotton, eggs, and the like? If it does, it takes a position that will hit Republican Administrations harder than any Democratic Administration could possibly be hit. We should argue politics from a scientific point of view and not with the perspective of absurdity.—*Wilmington Star.*

**THE JEFFERSONIAN**

20 to 24 Pages Per Week

A national weekly magazine stands for the modern spirit of free and independent thought in politics and social life.

Tom Watson, the man who compelled the Railroad Companies to adopt safety appliances, and made Rural Free Delivery possible in this country, is the editor.

It contains special articles and illuminating comments on every topic of current interest, and other departments are a Woman's Page, Veteran's Corner, Farm Department, Children's Club and the Sunday South Brotherhood.

The Jeffersonian is the insurgent of the South.

Subscription price: \$1.00 for 12 months, 50 cents for six months, 25 cents for twelve months.

CASH PRIZES and liberal commissions to agents. Prominent and special inducements to raisers of clubs. Specimen copies free on request.

**THE JEFFERSONIAN,**

Thomas, Ga.

**ASTHMA-CATARRH CURED**

Expert Medical Scientists Announce Startling Results Obtained by Sempine

New York:—Thousands are taking advantage of the generous offer made by The Woodruff Co., Dept. O., 1191 Broadway, New York City, requesting an experimental package of Sempine, the great discovery for Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis and Catarrh, which is mailed free of charge to all who write for it. It is curing thousands of the most stubborn cases. It makes no difference how long you have been suffering or how severe the climatic conditions are where you live, Sempine will cure you.

If you have experimented with other treatments and have failed to find a cure do not be discouraged but read for a trial this wonderful truly meritorious remedy which is a scientific compound discovered by Professor of Vienna University, and is best recommended by thousands.

- North Carolina, In the Superior to Randolph Co. M. E. York, widow of J. L. York, deceased.
- Clark York, Ellen Rodding and her husband, Harris Rodding.
- Julia Vestal and her husband, Henry Vestal, Dennis Alfred, J. C. Alfred, Malcolm Alfred, Louisa Pugh and her husband, R. W. Pugh, Ida Webster and her husband, W. B. Webster, Ernest Pugh, Jesse Pugh, Louisa Rightwell, Da McMaster, Laura Pugh and her husband, Lindley Pugh, Carl Kinser, Lily Kinser, Vesta Kinser, Alice Kinser, J. W. Pugh, John Cobble, Sallie Nelson and her husband, J. M. Nelson, Mary Cottrill and her husband, J. C. Cottrill, Lou Staley and her husband, Tom Staley, Bess Edwards, D. L. Dupkin, John Duke, William J. Duke, Roy C. Jones, Charles B. Jones, Mary C. Jones, Chester Durkin, May Ashcraft, Roselle Christy, Keverette Christy and Narcissus Christy.

**PILES**

"I have suffered with piles for thirty years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascaris for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of ten weeks they had entirely disappeared. I am now perfectly cured and feel like a new man."—George Krayler, Napoleon, La.