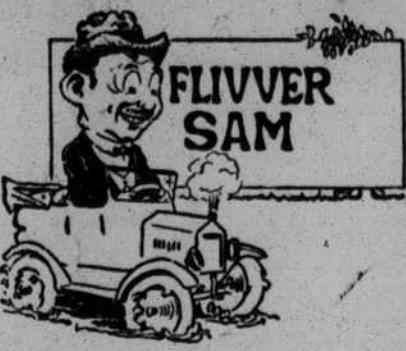


Cow With Triplets



She's doing her part toward reducing the price of veal. Twin calves are uncommon, and triplets are rare, indeed. These were born to Bossy, owned by a farmer near Great Falls, Wis., all within 24 hours.



A woman doesn't always use an automobile in running down another woman, says Garland McBrayer.

A year of real prosperity is promised. Now every person, poor or otherwise can have two cylinders more.

Touring up above the clouds does not appeal to us, but Carey Boshamer

says it must be fine to travel up above the bill boards.

When Henry Ford entered the automobile business he made a tin-strike.

Economy may be the road to wealth but Red Newman says too many of us prefer the detours.

A free country, thinks Bill Franklin, is one in which the un-important can get even by hogging the road.

It isn't always safe to say to the judge: "Yes, your honor, it is true that I was speeding, but I can explain if you will give me a little time." It isn't always safe to say that for the judge is liable to say "All right—ten days."

Man's inhumanity to man makes thousands hesitate at the curbs.

In Our Garage.

A boiler and a kettle lid. Some plates that Maggie broke and hid;

A chopping-block, a knuckle bone, A phonograph that doesn't phone; Some lingered that lingered long, A mattress with the mat all gone; A bushle out of grandma's trunk, A rat trap and some other junk; A demijohn of faint bouquet, (Sweet hundred-proof of yesterday) The sticks and tail of Johnnie's kite, A table lamp I dropped one night, Tomato cans of Auld Lang Syne, A hundred feet of washing line, One pair of pants (demobilized). One garden hose (derubberized), Gas fittings from a former age, One rocker, one canary cage, A niblick and a baseball bat, A bedstead and a broken slate; The box in which the rabbit died, The bike that mother used to ride; Of many things a sundry crop— All but the car—that's in the shop.

A short story. He thought she would give him half the road. Only seventeen stitches were necessary.

Many people who meet with accidents nowadays worry more about damages than they do repairs.

They used to think that a needle in a haystack was hard to find, but J. C. Newton says the hardest thing to find now is a parking place at Webb theatre.

The latest fad in England is for automobile owners to christen their cars. Probably they don't call 'em the same names Americans do when they have engine trouble or run out of gas.

Woman's voice (to garage man on the 'phone) "Will you please send someone out here to fix my car? I think the radiator's flooded."



THE
OPTIMIST

COLORS

All colors aren't colorful. Some colors were made for serious-minded gentlemen. Some colors will please men of happy-go-lucky natures. Other colors are for the chaps who prefer shades that give the eye a good show.

The Griffon Suits this season show their colors admirably. Suits in colors that some might consider more than whispery. Suits that behave themselves so far as shades go, yet are as smart as they make them. Suits that will give the spirited young man what he wants.

Yes, we have good patterns and good colors---and you ought to see them.

Reliable Suits at \$20.00 to \$45.00. Hats at \$3.50 to \$7.00. Shirts at \$1.00 to \$5.00. Union Suits at 95c to \$2.00. Hosiery at 15c to \$1.00. BUSINESS IS GOOD HERE.

Evans E. McBrayer

The Country Weekly.

(From The Southern Ruralist.)

Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. There are those who would even pick a fuss between the country weekly and the agricultural press, if they could, admonishing the country publisher in fatherly tones to beware lest he lose his "aud." Why, we don't know. Mayhap it is more for reasons of self-interest than for any other. Then maybe it's an attempt to curry favor by that cheapest and mushiest of all means—flattery. But whatever the cause, the fact remains that when it comes to the agricultural press and the country weekly, there is no basis whatever for jealousy or antagonism. Each has its peculiar side as well as its individual responsibility and individual opportunity.

The country weekly under business-like management that is ably edited has a type of opportunity for service that cannot be duplicated by any other publication. The agricultural press has nothing to do with the promotion of local enterprise as such. Nor is the agricultural paper interested so directly in either local politics, or local, civic, or social matters.

With reference to all of these problems the country weekly has a field all its own. How well the field of any paper is occupied of course depends altogether on how thoroughly that paper itself tries to occupy it. So in point of actual fact, the agricultural paper does not interfere in the least with the country week's opportunity.

There is perhaps no better way to is our conviction that no farmer of state attitude than to say that if any county should try to get along without his favorite local paper, nor should he attempt to do without his agricultural paper. As state already, each minister in a peculiar way to his needs. The one supplements the other. Each therefore is necessary to that full understanding of local problems and opportunities and to that complete knowledge every farmer should have of the larger as well as more intimate phases of his life.

Anybody that would have him or the publisher of the country weekly feel otherwise is an enemy to both, consequently to society as a whole. Feeling as we do, it is our wish to see the country weekly prosper.

Elliott Writes Of Life Experience

Editor of The Star.

That disconsolate person mentioned in The Star last week calls attention to the common experience of mankind. Good and evil, happiness and distress are ever with us as an inheritance. We must know adversity to enjoy prosperity; trouble to contrast happiness. It takes a brave stand to combat adversity, bringing cowards are never happy, always fearing evils that may happen. Let us help where we can and not worry about what we cannot help. Our condition is bad when we cannot find others worse off than we are. The longer we live the more we get out of life. Good and bad mixed and blended, most unhappiness comes from selfishness. Those that pity themselves are seldom pitted by others. Happiness is based on virtue—the "good can be happy." Would we prefer a long temperate, simple life or a short ambitious luxurious life? Those who would live to 90 years may expect a lonely time after passing 70 years. Friends that knew them best—all gone, old people can love the younger ones, but the younger ones cannot love them. They are tolerated by a semblance of moral duty. If they have money the fast lives want it. If they have no money, their burden is sifted towards the poor house. We notice that the unambitious poor are more patient with their old folks, than the more prosperous, trying to rise in society of the idle rich. I have lived 80 years and most people, white and black, rich and poor, have treated me as well as I could expect—have had contact with only a few really mean people; some simple fools and some envious grumpy ones. Many no doubt are "honest policy holders" who would steal if they thought it would pay. Marriage is not a failure with sensible people prepared for it, otherwise it often is. Men and women should understand what to expect of each other. Then if both are honest their partnership will be a happy success.

Better a cabin and a crust with content, than a fine house with luxury and brawling." I have done as I thought best and I have none to blame. I like to form new acquaintances and friendships with all our people. The worst, are those who think themselves better than others. Would we not be the same under like conditions? The difference is in the advantage some have over others.

I can entertain myself with the best that has gone before us. Happy that we are living in the most remarkable age in all our history and there is no telling what this 20th century A. D. will bring. I prophesy political and religious re-cast for a higher civilization in the betterment of mankind. We have all the knowledge and discoveries of the past out of which to build a better civilization. Religion is still in the "stone age" of primitive tribal warfare for place and power over each other. Unification of all religions may bring universal peace, brotherhood and good will to all men. The Golden rule can turn the trick.

While few countries have abolished the death penalty, the crimes to which it is made applicable have been made fewer and fewer. There were 150 capital offenses in England in Blackstone's time, but today only two—high treason and murder. In North Carolina there are but four capital offenses. This represents the general trend of all history. There has always been a definite manifestation of fear to abolish the death penalty altogether but always the tendency is toward its elimination.

Woman's apparel to the value of more than \$1,500,000,000 was produced in the United States last year. You wouldn't have thought so, if you judged by what the dear things wore.—Omaha Bee.

SMUT MAGAZINES ON THE INCREASE

Frank Kent Says They Are Found In Greatest Profusion In Small Towns.

(Frank Kent in Baltimore Sun.)

Canton, Ohio.—If, as the psychologists tell us, sex is one of the few primal instincts which, along with fear and acquisitiveness, are inherent in human beings, certainly it is being catered to and cultivated to an amazing extent in the small towns of this section. Perhaps it is because things stand out more clearly in the smaller communities, but the ratio seems greater than in the larger ones. Between the magazines and the movies a lot of these little towns seem literally saturated with sex.

That is a harsh thing to say, quite naturally, will be resented by an element to which it does not apply. Also, it is needless to say, by the larger element to which it does apply.

It is particularly harsh when it involves a sort of general indictment of communities in which church-going is far more the rule than in the great cities. But it is nevertheless true. The indisputable proof is in what the people read.

In New York and elsewhere, recently, there has been considerable commotion over some of the immoral and immodest plays of the year. From time to time, too, there is an outcry against some especially salacious novels. If, however, from any source attention has been called to the rising flood of pornographic periodicals in this country it has escaped general notice.

It used to be that Paris held the palm for this sort of thing. Americans in the French capital marveled that a civilized nation openly permitted the sale of such sput, and it was taken to indicate that the French as a whole, were dirty-minded people. Men used to bring back these Paris periodicals and stealthily pass them around among their friends.

But they do not do that any more. They can get here not only more such periodicals, but more outspoke both as to art and to type. Not only have we produced a great smut crop of our own, but translations and duplications of all French papers now appear for sale alongside of the imported goods.

A Nut.

You may think he's a nut. He may have a different outlook on everything than you have. He may have different hobbies. He may in short be different from the great number of people you regard as your own kind.

But it is wise to remember that great men were all regarded as nuts by their contemporaries.

Carlyle, Emerson, Tolstoy were regarded as nuts by many of their associates. Columbus, Fulton, and even our own Edison were different from the vast majority, and before their greatness arrived, they too were all regarded as nuts.

The little man unable to understand greatness treats it with contempt.

Some time in your life you are bound to come in contact with a man or woman who by inherent gifts is bound to go much farther in this world than you are ever destined to travel. And you may not like that man or woman because "they are so different."

But refrain from hasty judgement. This human tendency to form snap opinions on the character of others is a mark of pettiness. Just remember that your judgment of another may not be infallible. Treat the person who is different with due consideration, and "you may be entertaining angels unawares."

Will Sell Electric Plant.

Yorkville Enquirer. In the town election held at the city hall yesterday on the question, "Shall the town of York sell its electric light plant to the Southern Public Utilities company?" 137 registered voters cast their votes in favor of such sale and 16 voted in the negative, making a total of 153 votes cast on the question.

Under the decision of a majority of the voters in yesterday's election, the matter is now up to the city council to come to an agreement and terms with the Southern Public Utilities company, for the transfer of the local electric light and power equipment to the Utilities company. But just how soon the transfer can or will be made is a matter for further consideration.

A Nation of Capitalists.

There are about 112,000,000 souls in the United States. Counting 4.1 persons to the family, as the United States census calculates, there are approximately 26,000,000 families in the United States. If there are 14,400,000 stockholders, this means that over half of the families of the United States are deriving part of their income from direct ownership in the corporate enterprises now in existence in the United States. At least half of the families of the United States are, therefore, interested in the welfare of existing corporate enterprises.

Everything is more attractive at this burgeoning time of the year. Even plain darn laziness is all dressed up as spring fever.—Arkansas Gazette.