

To Sample It.  
I'd like to get lost in a millionaire's shoes.  
At least for a minute or two,  
To find if the place were as nice as it  
seems.  
Too pleasant and fine to be true.  
To toss off a check without any concern  
Or fear of its face, wouldn't you?

I'd like to be there for a day and a half.  
His check book a toy in my hand  
That furnished the means should I feel  
so disposed.

To buy everything in the land.  
An aeroplane, auto or any old thing  
My strong constitution would stand.

Say, maybe I wouldn't in luxury's lap  
Sit round while my sentence held good.  
Enjoying each moment for all I was  
worth.

And right on the job sawing wood  
And ordering all I could think of or wish  
In language the cook understood!

I think I would purchase sixteen suits of  
clothes.

A shoe store, a dozen of hats  
And overcoats—well, perhaps ten for a  
start.

And all I could find in cravats  
And everything else in proportion or style  
From glasses, gold mounted, to spats.

That's only a starter; the list's without  
end.

But what in a day could one do?  
To think about quitting and giving it up  
Would make one feel pensive and blue.  
I'd like to be Croesus or John D. But,  
say.

I'd hate to drop back, wouldn't you?

## Broadening Jethro.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Literary Press.

The town could boast no "Seeing Concordia Car," but had one of the ubiquitous omnibus carried visitors through the pleasant, shaded streets it is certain that Jethro Hawkins would have been pointed out as one of the objects of local interest along with the bank, and pulp mill and the house where Washington had slept when passing through the town.

In the absence of sightseers Hawkins was an object of unfeigned interest to his fellow townspeople, more especially the women for a confirmed bachelor is ever the cynosure of matchmakers.

Other cavaliers came and went and won or were dismissed to woo again, but Jethro's infatuation for Andadra Wayland could be counted upon as a topic of conversation year in and year out.

When Jethro had been a great, rascally lad of nineteen and Andadra a sentimental slip of seventeen-year-old femininity he had kissed her and had asked her to wait for him. Afterward he never could tell how he had achieved either the kiss or the question.

Jethro was now thirty and Andadra twenty-eight, and they were still waiting because Jethro was thrown into a panic at the very sight of a woman.

Andadra was patient and said "No" to half a score of suitors, but still Jethro did not speak, so the whole town knowing the situation; came to take an interest in the affair.

That Jethro was in love was above question. Love shone in his eager blue eyes. Despairing adoration was be-



"I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE FOR ME  
ANY MORE, JETH."

trayed in every line of the dejected figure.

If tongue could have spoken his love as eloquently as his eyes Concordia's matchmakers would have ceased to worry.

Then suddenly Jethro went away. Connected with his departure was no incident, but his return was eventful.

To be sure, he planned to spend a week end with his grandmother, but to Concordians a journey of 200 miles was something more than an event, and practically the whole town saw Jethro off.

It gave him a rather good opinion of himself, and he bore himself with dignity on the journey. He assumed the airs of a traveler of long experience, and when the time came for his return he approached the railroad station with none of the embarrassment he had felt when he went to take the train at Concordia.

He even lingered on the platform until the last moment instead of climbing aboard the train the moment it pulled into the station. With a blaze all he let one or two cars slip past him, and he swung himself aboard by the rail of the rear platform.

He threw open the door and passed through the corridor of the sleeper. In the wash room half a dozen men were playing cards with a suit case for a table. Most of them were coatless, and their collars and ties had been removed in the heat of the game.

Jethro hurried on. He did not want a seat in the sleeper; it cost more money.

He knew that the day coaches were just ahead and vaguely wondered why one sleeper should be in the rear when all the others were up front ahead of the ordinary coaches. When he issued from the corridor he stood rooted to the floor in amazement.

Instead of the decorous, well groomed city travelers he had expected to find, some twenty flashily dressed women were scattered through the car.

As he appeared one tiny little woman with hair obviously bleached set up a cry of "Look who's here!" and the other nineteen obeyed the command. Now, even a city man may well quail before twenty actresses. What chance had Jethro against their rillery?

He was good looking, with an athletic figure, but his clothes and his manner bespoke the man of the small town. His confusion was immensely diverting to the women members of the burlesque company, who were only too appreciative of a break in the monotony of travel.

In a moment they had flocked about him and were plying him with questions. Stammeringly he explained that he was merely making his way toward the forward part of the train. They would not accept the explanation.

"Now, honest, Reuben, you came to visit us!" cried the little soubrette. "You're a silly boy, and you can't get out of it that way. Sit down and tell us your name and all about yourself. Your name is Reuben, isn't it?"

"It's Jethro," he explained, vaguely conscious that "Reuben" held some hidden meaning not altogether free from sarcasm. "It's Jethro Hawkins, and I didn't come to see you. I got on the tall end of the train, and I want to go to one of the regular cars. I don't know what this car is, but I guess it's a lunatic asylum."

A roar of laughter greeted the comment, and the soubrette patted the bronzed cheek appreciatively.

"You're all right, Jethro," she cried laughingly. "This isn't the foolish foundry on wheels, though it will be if we have to have many more of these long jumps. This is the Gotham Gailey Girls company, and we're awfully pleased to meet you. This car won't be cut off for three hours yet, and we can have a nice long visit."

"I don't want no visit," declared Jethro, but his wishes counted for naught. The company was train tired and welcomed the diversion of his unexpected call.

They enjoyed Jethro's embarrassment, which amounted almost to terror, and when he sought to push his way forward they clung to his neck, and he was forced to sit down, if only to escape the white arms that detained him.

Almost before he realized it he was chatting with the crowd as though he had known them for years. The men had come into the car from the card game and taken a part in the fun, and when at last they began to get ready for their journey's end he really regretted their going.

When their special car was cut off he waved them a farewell from the rear of the last day coach and then went forward to the smoker for the remainder of the trip.

It was late in the afternoon when the train halted at Concordia and Jethro descended the steps. Andadra was not on the station platform, but as Jethro was driven home in the village bus he passed the girl on her way to the postoffice.

"Leave my grip with the folks, Jim," he cried as he dropped from the step of the vehicle and, to the astonishment of the onlookers, raced after Andadra. But none of them was more astonished than the girl, for Jethro came up with a jauntiness that in him was astonishing.

"I wanted to tell you that I'm coming over tonight to see you," he explained. "I've something I want to tell you," he added importantly.

"Anything you can't tell me now?" asked the girl wonderingly.

"Oh, I don't know," was the assured response. "I just want to ask you to marry me, and I meant to do it right in your own sitting room. But I guess there's no time like the present. Will you have me?"

"I thought you were never going to speak," said Andadra, beaming her delight. "I thought you didn't care for me any more, Jeth."

"Been caring 'bout eleven years," said Jethro, "but I always seemed afraid to speak. I guess travel must broaden a fellow."

Andadra nodded her happy assent, but Jethro wisely forbore to tell her that the guyling and the frank friendliness of the Gotham Gailey Girls had cured his fear of her sex. He felt somehow that Andadra would not understand.

Eva Fay's Husband a Suicide.

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 22.—John T. Fay, who assisted his wife, Eva Fay in her vaudeville mind-reading performances, committed suicide here by shooting himself.

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Double Blow.  
"He made a big  
blow."  
"Indeed?"  
"Yes; blew his  
money in."  
"And then?"  
"Blew his  
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DULCIE:  
Gold Medal Flour is the only "best." JEMIMA

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Be cheerful at any cost to the house or company.

When the new wife finds out that John likes corned beef and cabbage better than he likes angel cake, one more illusion has gone to swell the vanished myriads.

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## THE CHICAGO JOURNAL.

The Democrat has made arrangements whereby it can furnish the Chicago Daily Journal to new or old subscribers, in connection with The Democrat, for \$1.50 per year, \$3.00 for the two papers.

We have secured an especially low clubbing rate with the Chicago Daily Journal, and as we want to increase our own subscription list a few hundred before January 1, 1909, we make this astonishing low price for the two papers for a short time.

The Journal's special small edition reaches Rensselaer on the early morning train the same date of issue in time to go out on the rural routes. It also reaches Remington, Goodland and other points having a morning mail in time to go out on the rural routes.

The market quotations of the Journal are unsurpassed by any Chicago daily, making it especially valuable to farmers and stockmen who want to keep posted on the markets.

Call in and subscribe for The Daily Journal and The Democrat at once, mail us a check, draft or postoffice order for \$3 and we will do the rest.

This offer applies to any person in the United States, be they new or old subscribers to The Democrat.

## THE INDIANA DAIRY ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

The 19th annual convention of the Indiana Dairy Association will be held at Purdue University, January 6 and 7, 1909, and arrangements have been made at the College of Agriculture to help make the convention a success.

Purdue University is located at Lafayette, Indiana, and can be reached by the Wabash, Monon and Big Four railroads and various interurban lines. Lafayette is an ideal place to hold this convention and visitors can be easily handled by the hotels of the city.

The officers of the association hope that every dairymen and creamery man in the state will take advantage of this opportunity to enable him to brighten up and become better acquainted with the modern methods of better dairying and creamery management.

A good program has been prepared and the ablest speakers and practical men in the dairy industry will be ready to discuss any of the problems in the dairy business.

The next educational contest will be held in conjunction with this convention and Mr. H. J. Credicott, Federal Butter Inspector, will score the butter exhibits and also deliver an important address relating to the betterment of the Indiana butter now manufactured. Ample space has been secured so that the supply men of the various dairy houses can have the opportunity to exhibit their machinery.

This will be a grand opportunity to visit Purdue University and become better acquainted with the work of the various departments of agriculture. We want every dairymen and creamery man in the state to send butter to the convention so they can improve their methods of manufacture. For further particulars, write to J. D. Jarvis, Secretary, Lafayette, Ind.

## FOR SALE OR TRADE.

64 acres on main road, R-F-D., school across the road, three miles of good town with high school, 12 acres in fall grain, 5 room house, good barn, chicken house, smoke house, garden fenced with picket fence, plenty of fruit, fine well, at the low price of \$25. Terms \$500 down, or will take small property or live stock as part payment.

40 acres on main road, 1/2 mile to school, 2 miles to town; no improvements, \$15. Terms \$250 down. Might trade. Is fine for truck or poultry.

62 acres, no buildings, all tillable except 12 acres in timber, mostly black land, on main road, school, R-F-D., only \$20. Terms \$400 down; take live stock.

125 acres well located, good buildings, school, R-F-D., near good town, only \$25. Will trade for clear property or live stock. Sell on easy terms.

240 acres, nice level land, near gravel road and school, near two stations, good outlet for drainage, fine pasture and grain land. Can sell at the low price of \$25. Terms \$1,000 down. Would take live stock or other clear property.

Also mortgage notes and other property always on hand to trade for land or good property. If you are looking for a home or an investment it will pay you to investigate what I have to offer.

G. F. MEYERS.  
Office opposite State Bank.

Coughs that are tight, or distressing tickling coughs, get quick and certain help from Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. On this account Druggists every where are favoring Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is entirely free from Opium, Chloroform, or