

# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## THE NEW FARMER.

### Nearly Everything Now Being Done by Machinery.

New York Times.

The tilled city man who turns longingly to thoughts of "the old farm" of his boyish memories and is impelled to go there or to some place as nearly resembling it as may be that, like Anteus, of the classic fable, he may recapture his wasted energies by once more touching Mother Earth, would do well to forget all traditions of pastoral life or prepare himself for the shock of a great disappointment.

The man with the hoe, the sturdy artist of the scythe and cradle, the sower who went forth to sow with a bag of seed around his neck, the muscular ploughman, who-o strong hands kept the implement from turning flip-flops when its point struck a root, the tripping milk maid carolling a song—all these and many other familiar objects which the city man inseparably associates with the old farm bear about the same relation to the modern farm that the traditional sailorman of the days of wind-propelling craft bears to the coal passer or the oiler in the shaft alley of the modern steamship.

The best education for the up-to-date farmer is a course in mechanical engineering. His barn is no longer the barn of the poets, with great wind-swept floor spaces under fragrant mows. It more resembles a store house for miscellaneous machinery. Its pervading odor is the smell of machine oil, and one makes his way about in it with circumspection, unless indifferent to torn clothing and abraded cuticle.

Scythes and cradles hang rusting on pegs in out-of-the-way places; the flail, which erstwhile made merry music on the barn floor, has become bric-a-brac, to be decorated with ribbons and stood in a corner; hoes, mattocks, spades—in a word, everything familiar and typical of man's contest with the soil—which still does, and always did, show greater aptitude for growing weeds than for raising useful and profitable crops—is relegated to disuse, and if still discovered, only serves to remind one that even in farming the fashion of this world passeth away.

### EXIT THE OLD PLOUGH.

In breaking the soil for planting the familiar plough, which gave even a strong man plenty to do in managing it and his team, has largely given place to the reversible sulky plough, on which the farmer rides as comfortably as on a wagon seat, and which he controls by levers seated by his foot, leaving his hands free to manage his horses, his cob pipe, or his cigarette, if he prefers.

With this he does much better work than with the plough of ancient times, does it more quickly and with much less energetic vociferation—soot to speak of profanity. He is not nearly as picturesque when thus engaged as when holding down the plough handles, and occasionally taking an aerial flight over the heads of his horses when the old furrow ripper struck a snag and turned over; but he accomplishes more and puts his immortal soul in less imminent peril.

But it does not realize the ideals. Imagine Burns writing his "Ode to a Daisy" while sitting cross-legged on the seat of a sulky plough! Even this, however, is menaced by the power gang plough, and perhaps within another year or two the farmer will sit on his veranda and control the movements of his ploughs by means of a switchboard. His ploughing finished, the farmer proceeds to mow and smooth his land. Time was when he dragged it with a harrow of scrap iron, his team straining every muscle to move the ponderous and ungainly construction, which had an inconvenient habit of coming to pieces in mid-field. If it "harrowed up" the land, it did the same to the soul of the operator. To say that it "went overboard" was to describe its motions, when it went at all, in words perfectly intelligible to the farm laborer.

The farmer now mounts the seat of the sulky harrow, flicks a fly off the flank of his off horse and away he goes. The machine pulverizes and smooths the soil much better than it was formerly done. Here, too, the horse is menaced with displacement as a primo motor. As a mechanical proposition oats and hay are even less economical as fuel than anthracite in strike time.

In fertilizing his land the modern farmer has the advantage of the work of the chemist who provides just what it needs in the form most convenient for application by machinery. The unspeakable operations connected with the hand distribution of barn yard compost are no longer necessary.

### THE NEW MANURE.

If this material is used the labor of spreading it is performed automatically by a machine which effects a selection and distribution unattainable by hand implements. The quarter acre of reeking guano, once known as the barn yard, through which one must wade ankle deep in crossing it, has disappeared from the modern farm, for which every one having occasion to visit it, and who brings with him some respect for his shoes, may devoutly give thanks. Composting and ensilage conserve the nitrogenous components of barn yard ooze much better than was done when they were left to "weather."

For planting there is a machine for every kind of seed, cunningly designed, well built and perfectly adapted to the work for which it is intended. It makes no mistakes, never skips an inch, sows no more thickly in one place than in another, and does its "stunt" with an intelligence which

even the impossible Jonas of the Rollo book could not have displayed.

For grain and grass the "broadcast sower" is used. This is attached to an ordinary wagon, and the only human co-operation it requires is keeping its hopper full. It will distribute all kinds of dry commercial fertilizers and will put them just where they will do most good.

A mechanical grain drill is provided for such grains as need to be planted systematically in rows or hills. It is infallible in its operation and would plant corn, for example, in the middle of a macadam road if this was required of it. Among other attachments it has a land measure, something like a cyclometer, which records the acreage planted and would calculate the yield if it were not for the element of uncertainty introduced by weather vicissitudes, and the variable industry of crop destroying birds and insects. To cover the seed it has planted it is provided with a system of hoes which are adjusted to work straight or zigzag.

### THE NEW WEEDER.

A variant of this apparatus weeds as well as sows. Still another is the bean planter, which is quite remarkable in its intelligence, so to speak. It drills the hole in the ground, plants the beans, covers them, and marks the position of the next row at one operation. It will even alternate corn and beans, turn and turn about or plant corn or beans, distribute fertilizer and cover everything impartially. In fact, it will do anything for which the farmer has the intelligence to adjust it.

The potato planter would make a farmer of a generation ago sit up and rub his eyes. It requires that the potatoes be supplied, but will do all the rest of its own initiative. It picks the potato up and looks it over—or seems to—cuts it into halves, quarters, or any desired number of parts, separates the eyes and removes the seed ends. It plants whole potatoes or parts thereof as desired, as near together or as far apart as the judgment of the farmer on the driving seat suggests.

Having dropped the seed it covers it, fertilizes it, tucks it in like a child put to bed, and paces off the next row with mathematical accuracy. With a photograph attachment it might even repeat the familiar invocation, "Now I lay me," etc., if any advantage was discoverable therefrom in the case of a tuber.

Certain vegetables, notably tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery, lettuce and some others, need to be started in cold frames, and transplanted for the practical business of growing. For this purpose there is a plant-setting machine, which will handle a sprout as if it loved it, establish it in its new environment, gather the earth tenderly about its roots, give it a copious drink of water from a tank it carries, and cover from four to six acres in a day. The transplanting is done so quickly that the plant is said to be established in its new position before it realizes the fact that it has been moved or has time to become homesick.

### MORE MACHINERY.

The various operations generically known as "cultivating" were once the bane of the farmer's existence. For them he needed a hickory back with sole leather hinges and frequent stimulation from the switchel jug. The hoe was his implement of greatest general utility. With it he destroyed the weeds, loosened the soil, shaped up the hills, and did many other laborious and extremely monotonous tasks.

It was, moreover, discouraging work. He could only do it by daylight, whereas the weeds kept growing night and day, and by the time he had finished the last row of his field, behold, the weeds were a foot high at the point where he had begun and he must do it all over again.

Now he has a machine for each and every operation of crop tending, and a driver's seat as comfortable as that of a backboard. These machines seem to know a weed from a crop plant intuitively, and while they will snare the former out by the roots without compunction, they pass the plant unharmed—provided, of course, it is growing in its proper place. Some of these machines will do almost anything except entertain the farmer while at work with agreeable and instructive conversation, but they have been highly specialized, and for every operation connected with the tending of every kind of crop there is some one machine which performs it a little better than any other.

### GATHERING THE CROPS.

When the crop is ready for gathering the mechanism is seen at its best. The perfection of the modern reaper and binder is illustrated by an incident which occurred this year in Illinois. A farmer had driven his reaper into the edge of a field, ready for cutting and dismantled from his seat to get a drink of cider.

While thus occupied the horses took fright at something and ran away. They tore round and round the field, cutting a full swath with every jump, gathering up the grain, binding it with twine and tossing the bundles to one side. Before the team was caught it had covered six and a half acres, leaving only patches here and there to be gone over. This was accomplished in something less than twenty-four minutes.

With a team of New York fire department horses a farmer could do wonderful things in the harvesting line. Mowing by machinery is no longer a novelty, and the old-time champion mower, who once led the gang disposed in echelon, and whose companionship was gauged by the place than in another, and does its "stunt" with an intelligence which

ferences to "now-fangled methods of farming."

In the hay field sweet Maud Muller and her congeners are seen no more raking or tossing. The sulky rake and loader will turn and spread the hay crop of four acres in an hour. Maud Muller has become a typical summer girl, who no right-minded Judge would consider interesting. Even loading hay on the wagon is now done by machinery.

With these accessories at the farmer's command, the city man who follows him afield to see him perform the familiar functions of his craft would do well to go in a buggy. If he goes afoot he will not be able to keep up. Nothing is as it used to be in the good old days. It may be better, but that depends upon the point of view.

### IN THE FARM HOUSE.

Indoors the city man misses all that made the farm house a museum of treasures. The sewing machine has usurped the place of the erstwhile spinning wheel, the brick oven has given place to the portable range, and the old blue churn has made way for the patent device which lacks every element of romance or of interest. If he goes to the milking not even the hired girl goes with him. He finds a farm hand performing the operation by artificially induced vacuum and pouring the warm milk in a whirligig spigot, where that is removed from it which gives him an uneasy sensation in the region of the abdominal diaphragm if he recalls how, in guileless infancy, he was wont to drink the fluid dipped at about 90 Fahrenheit from the milkmaid's pail.

Should he wander to the well to explore its crystal depths, look for the great frog which should be there, and contemplate sentimentally the old oaken bucket, he finds nothing more interesting than a flat stone surmounted by a cast-iron lift pump with an anti-freezing attachment, and realizes that the forsaken bucket has been metamorphosed into a lead pipe leading down to the sunless depths where surface water high in nitrates and nitrites, and not free from a well-defined trace of albuminoid ammonia, is stored. Probably he will not feel thirsty for water.

Of a truth the old farm is no place for a city man who cherishes memories of a boyhood lubricated by annual vacation visits to the homestead of his grandfather.

JAMES C. BAYLES.

### GRAZING IN THE SOUTH.

#### Profit in Cattle-Raising in Georgia and Florida.

In a recent issue of the Manufacturers' Record Mr. Charles J. Haden of Atlanta contrasted the grazing potentialities of South Georgia with the grazing regions of the West. The Manufacturers' Record received a letter from a leading railroad official making an inquiry as to whether the native grasses of Georgia and Florida were as nutritious as those of the West. In reply to this question Mr. Haden, who has given the matter close study, writes the Manufacturers' Record as follows:

"I am glad that this question has been raised. I know that in the West the impression prevails that the native grasses of Georgia and Florida are not nutritious, but this is a mistake. 'Nutritious' is a relative term. It is possible that, pound for pound, the native grass of the Western plains has more flesh-producing power than an equal quantity of grass of the pine lands, but there can be no reasonable doubt that acre for acre the converse is true. Our Georgia and Florida grass grows taller and denser.

"For sixty years or more cattle and sheep have been successfully grown for market in South Georgia and Florida without other food at any time of the year than the indigenous grasses. I have before me a certificate of J. H. Inman, an intelligent cattleman of Argyll, Clinch county, Georgia, who states that he has been in the cattle business thirty-five years continuously on a moderate scale, and 'the cattle will fatten on the range on the wild grass about nine months in the year, and will live on the range without other food the entire winter.' He says, however, that to supplement with tame grasses is very valuable. I have been an owner of lands in that section for many years, and can verify what Mr. Inman says.

"Last week while in Clinch county I found the cattle were as sleek and fat as the best I saw in my journey across the plains. The breed of South Georgia cattle is small; so were the cattle in the early range days of the West. In the West they were bred up from a 600-pound average animal to a 1000-pound average, and the same can be done in the Southeast. This fault is in the grower, not the grass.

"If fires are kept out of the forests for two consecutive years or more, the volume of grass is very greatly increased. When thus protected there appears a growth of very valuable evergreen shrubs, excellent for grazing, and, best of all, the wild oats, the finest of all wild grasses. When the white man first occupied South Georgia he found the forests covered in wild oats. They were destroyed by annual forest fires, and cannot be brought back within only one season's freedom from fires."

The Catholic Woman's Union of France is appealing to capable young women of that country to obtain certificates and take the places of the nuns recently expelled.

## FEDERAL ARMY VETERANS.

### A Fine Oration From Secretary Hay at the Grand Army Reunion.

The thirty-sixth encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held this week in Washington, D. C., and the attendance of the veterans and visitors was unusually large from all parts of the country. On the opening day was the dedication of Camp Roosevelt, the tented city located on the White House grounds, which was the headquarters of the several corps during the week. The chief address of the opening was made by Secretary John Hay, representing the President because of his inability to be present, and is worthy of reproduction on account of its scholarly and chaste observations of the proprieties of such an occasion, in contrast with other speeches that were made afterwards. Mr. Hay was a soldier and exhibited his patriotism in the following address:

Comrades of the Great Army: In the name of the President and in his stead, I bid you welcome to Washington, and nothing can prevent this people from showing honor to all who have deserved well of the country. Every man who has borne arms with credit has earned and is sure to receive a special measure of regard. And it is our peculiar privilege to remember that our armies, regular and volunteer, have always been worthy of esteem. In distant generations, under different flags in conflicts great and small, by land and by sea, they have always borne their part nobly. The men who fought at Gettysburg beneath the banner of the Union; the men who stood with Washington at Yorktown; with Lincoln in the Black Hawk war; with Crockett at the Alamo; with Taylor at Buena Vista; with Grant at Vicksburg; and with Lee at Appomattox were of the stuff of which not only soldiers, but citizens, are made. And in our own time the young men who stormed the hill of Sumter, and have borne our flag with such honor to the forbidden city of Peking and the jungles of Luzon, have shown that their progenitors bred true. The men of today are as good Americans as the men of yesterday, and the men of tomorrow, with God's blessing, will be the same. The dominant characteristic of every American army that has ever stepped to the tap of a drum has been valor and humanity. They have—in the long run—carried nothing but good to any land they occupied. As our comrade McKinley—of blessed memory—said: "The flag has never floated over any region but in benediction."

By order of the President of the United States, these historic grounds the property of the nation, are during this encampment dedicated to your use. They will receive from your presence an added sacredness and value. In the history of the twentieth century, which is opening with such brilliant promise, not the least luminous light will be that of the Grand Army of the Republic—soldiers and citizens whom the republic delights to honor.

Secretary Moody said he had asked Admiral Dewey how he had felt in contemplating the mines and torpedoes in Manila bay the night before attacking the Spanish fleet in the harbor of that city, and that the admiral's reply was he simply had asked himself what Farragut would have done if confronted with similar conditions. The secretary concluded that men inspired by such traditions as these never could turn their back on the flag.

### COAL STRIKE CONTINUES.

President John Mitchell has refused to put his men back to work at Roosevelt's Request.

No settlement of the coal strike is yet in sight. After the failure of his appeal to the coal mine presidents and the strike leaders, whom he had called together for a conference, President Roosevelt appealed to President John Mitchell to send his men back to work, on the terms proposed by the operators, for the public good. To comply with this request would be to confess that the cause of the strikers was weakening, even if the motive alleged was to prevent a coal famine.

On Thursday the reply of Mr. Mitchell to the President's proposition was made public and it is as follows: "Office National President, United Mine Workers of America, Second Vice President American Federation of Labor, Hotel Hart.

WILKESBARRE, PA., Oct. 8.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Sir: Hon. Carroll D. Wright has no doubt reported to you the delivery of my message to me last Monday and my statement to him that I should take your suggestion under advisement, although I did not look upon it with favor.

Since that time I have consulted with our district presidents, who concur fully in my views.

We desire to assure you again that we feel keenly the responsibility of our position and the gravity of the situation, and it would give us great pleasure to take any action which would bring this coal strike to an end in a manner that would safeguard the interests of our constituents.

In proposing that there be an immediate resumption of coal mining upon the conditions we suggested at the White House, we believe that we had gone more than half way and had met your wishes.

It is unnecessary in this letter to

refer to the malicious assault made upon us in the response of the coal operators. We feel confident that you must have been impressed with the fairness of our proposition and the insincerity of those who maligned us.

Having in mind our experience with the coal operators in the past, we have no reason to feel any degree of confidence in their willingness to do us justice in the future, and inasmuch as they have refused to accept the decision of a tribunal created by you and inasmuch as there is no law through which you could enforce the finding of the commission you suggest, we respectfully decline to advise our people to return to work simply upon the hope that coal operators might be induced or forced to comply with the recommendations of your commission.

As stated above, we believe that we would meet them halfway in our proposition at Washington, and we do not feel that we should be asked to make further sacrifice.

We appreciate your solicitude for the people of the country, who are now and will be subjected to great suffering and inconvenience by a prolongation of the coal strike, and we feel that the onus of this terrible state of affairs should be placed upon the side which has refused to refer to a fair and impartial investigation.

I am respectfully,  
JOHN MITCHELL,  
President U. M. of A.

Meanwhile the situation in the mining region is critical. Gov. Stone has called out the whole of the Pennsylvania militia, which is now on duty in the strike country to protect the mines and non-union miners. A conflict between the strikers and the troops is probable at any time.

### ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

A sow belonging to Alfred McKenna, a colored citizen near Lancaster, gave birth last Wednesday night to a pig with two natural sized heads. Each head had its full complement of eyes, but one head was short an ear. The pig died the next day.

The Winnsboro Granite Company has just been awarded a very large contract for the granite work of the new capitol building of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg. The total cost of this new building will be five million dollars. The contract for the granite work is above a million dollars. This is a great thing for the granite company, and a still greater thing for Fairfield County. It will take at least three years to complete this work, and it will require the employment of at least 200 more skilled stone cutters. When this full force of four hundred or more hands is at work, the \$30,000 per month.

A unique marriage took place at the Chester County home last Tuesday. Rev. John Bass Shelton was to preach to the inmates, and was also to officiate at the marriage of Mr. G. W. Hodge and Miss Clara Hudson. Unfortunately Mr. Shelton was absent from town on that day and Mr. Hodge was almost broken-hearted as the hour approached and no preacher arrived. When it was learned that Mr. Shelton would not be present, Mr. Hodge appealed to Dr. Johnson, who happened to be present, to get a preacher somewhere. Rev. B. G. Murphy was called in and soon had the couple in the desired condition—namely, married. Mr. Hodge is in his eighty-seventh year and Miss Hudson is in her forty-fourth year.

Mr. A. Baron Holmes, Sr., died suddenly Monday night at about 10:30 o'clock at his residence on Montague Street, Charleston. He was chatting with his family during the early hours of the evening and after going to his room about 10 o'clock he complained of feeling badly and a half hour later he was dead. He had been troubled with heart disease for about a year and a half. He leaves a large family. Mr. Holmes was well known, not only in Charleston, but all over South Carolina. He traveled the State for the Walker, Evans & Cogswold printing establishment for the past twenty years, and he was highly regarded by all who knew him. He served throughout the entire civil war in the Palmetto Guards. He was a Mason and a member of the Palmetto Guard Camp U. C. V.

A New Orleans telegram of recent date states that a steamer just arrived at that port from Honduras brings news of the death of Joseph P. Benjamin on his plantation near Cienfuegos, Honduras. This Joseph was a brother of Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy; and one of the most famous leaders of the Lost Cause. Joseph served through the war. At its close he and his brother declared they could not live in a country where the cause they loved so well had been crushed. Judah went to England, and there became known as one of the most brilliant lights of the British bar. Joseph went to Central America and bought land in Honduras. There he acquired large coffee and fruit plantations and became wealthy and powerful; and there he lived to the end of his days. The sketches of him now published state that he was a native of South Carolina, but that he was educated at the University of North Carolina.

If the following from the Charlotte News be true a good many South Carolina towns will not have a circus this year: "The cities and towns along the

line of the Southern, not touched by other railroads, will have to make up their minds to do without the circus. The Southern has flatly refused to haul this character of business unless the show people subscribe to the new-made rules laid down by the officials at Washington. It is useless to add that circus owners will not, under any condition, consent to risk their belongings unless the railroad will give them some kind of protection. This state of affairs is due to the big smash up of Buffalo Bill's train near Salisbury, N. C., last year. Owing to the oversight of an operator in designating the number of trains en route for the Buffalo Bill movement, one of the specials ran into a freight and was literally torn to pieces. A great number of damage suits resulted and the cost to the Southern was in the neighborhood of \$100,000. The Southern figures that it is best to steer clear of this class of business, especially as traffic is heavy, both in the freight and the passenger departments."

In a letter to Col. Joseph M. Morehead of Greensboro, says the News and Courier, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says: "I wish some of you North Carolina gentlemen would hunt up the descendants of Daniel Defoe, the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' who lived somewhere in North Carolina. I think that the great Englishman himself came over here. I think that accounts for his very accurate knowledge of affairs in the Southern States shown in 'Captain Jack.' There is another thing which ought to be looked for in some old store house in Wilmington. Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, meant to emigrate to North Carolina. He packed his trunk and put it on board the ship; the ship waited for the tide, and while it waited Goldsmith changed his mind and never came to America. But the trunk came and is somewhere in Wilmington, unless Lord Cornwallis stole Goldsmith's shirts and stockings. Some of our young people ought to make a novel out of this. It has a much larger foundation than most historical novels have."

Miss Roosevelt's most attractive bull gown for the coming season is being constructed in Washington from Mrs. Roosevelt's wedding gown, says The Philadelphia Press. This wedding dress, with its sweeping train, has been the most magnificent thing in the eyes of Alice Roosevelt since she first beheld it as a mere child, when taken home to greet her stepmother. It is said that Mrs. Roosevelt then promised that she should some day have the gown, and during Miss Roosevelt's last visit here fulfilled her promise. It was fitted a few days ago by a local modiste, and will this winter grace a number of the most magnificent White House functions. It will be Miss Roosevelt's first satin gown, all of her evening dresses formerly worn being of soft sheer material, either silk, wool or cotton. The satin in this gown is rich and heavy, and when the lace worn by Mrs. Roosevelt at her wedding adorns the gown, it will be unsurpassed for richness by any worn in Washington.

While the matter has not yet come up in official form, the Governor has been advised that in case application is made looking for the dismemberment of a portion of Edgefield County to form the proposed new county with North Augusta as the county seat, the people of Edgefield propose to make a vigorous fight. Edgefield has already suffered severely in the matter of territory and population by the formation of the new counties of Greenwood and Saluda, and her citizens are much averse to any further drain upon the historic old county's acreage.

Germany has been experimenting with the American system of checking baggage and likes it so well that it is to be more generally used on the railways. Under the old German system every man had to look after and identify his own baggage, as is the custom here on country stage coaches.

Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes has accepted the invitation to be the guest of honor at the inaugural exercises of President James, of Northwestern University, on October 21st.

Congressman Finley raised 125 bushels of fine onions on his plantation near Rock Hill this year, and has sold quite a quantity of them at \$1 a bushel.

Policeman Thomas Markwood, of Washington, has been placed on the retired list after forty years of duty. He served in that city during the civil war.

A summer loan exhibition of Japanese art at the Whitechapel art gallery, London, was visited by 90,000 people, chiefly of the poorer classes.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$23,000 towards liquidating the debt of the Washington Heights Baptist church, New York city.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

Be careful of cheap imitations.

It is the only medicine that is pure and safe for infants and children.

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