

Peanut Butter Rich in Protein and Fat.

Peanut butter, many people think, is good only for sandwich filling or for spreading on crackers and bread. It can, however, be used in a number of dishes that are cheap, easy to make, and very wholesome, according to home economic specialists of United States Department of Agriculture. Moreover these dishes have the rich flavor of the peanut without the pastry texture of the butter.

Food experts have known for a long time that peanuts were rich in protein and fat, two things that the body needs. Within the last few years these scientists have also learned that there are many kinds of protein and that only those which supply everything needed to make body protein can be called perfect or complete. These complete proteins are found in eggs, milk, and meat. While the protein of peanuts is not complete within itself, it becomes so when combined with that of wheat. For this reason peanuts and wheat eaten together, even in a dessert, reduce the amount of meat actually needed.

Peanut butter, in spite of its name, is just finely ground peanuts to which salt has been added, and particularly when ground at home or bought in bulk is one of the cheapest foods on the market at present, considering what it furnishes.

Peanut butter can easily be made at home by putting through a good grinder fresh roasted peanuts from which the red skins have been removed. Salt can generally be mixed in more thoroughly if added to the nuts before they are ground. The machine should be adjusted to grind as fine as possible. If the butter is not fine enough after one grinding, it may be put through the machine a second time. Many stores are now grinding peanut butter of excellent quality on their own premises, and there are also many good commercial brands.—Farm and Ranch.

Marking the Woman's Vote.

Savannah women don't want to vote branded ballots. And you can't blame 'em. Furthermore it ought not be the fact that any man's ballot is marked with a number so that anybody afterwards could tell how he voted. If he has a right to vote, let him vote, and let his ballot be not distinguishable from any other men's ballots enough to discover afterward for whom he voted.—Savannah News.

It appears that there was a movement on in Savannah to so mark the ballots of women, in an election to be held there, as to put the clerks and managers in position to separate the women's votes from the men's votes. The women "put their feet down" on the suggestion.

The theory of the ballot is that it is a secret. To so mark ballots as to be able to determine how this voter voted or how that voter voted is contrary to this theory.

It may be that, in some localities, where the woman voter is demanding the privilege of exercising her right to vote and where there are at the time of registration and like complications, it is desired to separate the women votes from the men votes. The better plan would be to determine, in advance of the elections, the qualifications of the women to vote.

As a general proposition, women's votes are not to be given marks of identification in order to afford opportunity to distinguish them from men's votes. Taking upon themselves the exercise of the right of the franchise, the women are asking no privilege and no favors and no consideration not given to men voters.—Augusta Chronicle.

Horse Eats Five Tons Per Year

On thirty-eight profitable farms in 1919 the average horse ate in one year 6,769 pounds of hay and 2,804 pounds of grain. One farmer got his horses through the winter on 3,125 pounds of hay but fed 4,776 pounds of grain. One farmer fed only 770 pounds of grain in one year but fed 10,811 pounds of hay. The farmer who fed the smallest amount of hay per horse fed an exceptionally large amount of grain. Many farmers found that by roughing their horses through the winter around a straw stack and feeding a very moderate amount of grain the horses came through in good condition. As a general proposition, the farms which had such a distribution of labor that they used each horse an average of only 2.2 hours per day fed much less grain and hay than the farms which used each horse an average of 3.8 hours per day, the latter, however, obtaining their horse labor at a smaller cost per hour.—Farm and Ranch.

WANTED: At once fifty head of young cattle. Will pay market price. W. G. WOOD.

Carry On!

When during the war the English were facing tremendous odds and all "breaks" seemed to go against them, they would rally to the cry, "Carry on!" The allies took up the refrain and in spite of disheartening blunders and sickening set-backs pushed forward to victory. It was the indomitable spirit exemplified in the words "Carry on" that won.

Today as never before we need to carry on in business, in education, in religious advancement. If these fundamentals are allowed to stagnate and die our civilization is doomed. There are signs pointing to such a condition in many European countries. The United States, with one or two possible exceptions, is the only country that is actually not slipping backward.

It was far easier to carry on in the heat of battle and glamour of war, with the desperate chance appealing to the heroic, than it is to overcome the difficulties encountered in our every-day fight for existence. This period of readjustment, the chaotic aftermath of war, is the crucial test, trying the very intelligence and souls of men and nations. All previous achievements in business, science and everything upon which our civilization is builded will not carry on with the same spirit that brought them through the dark war periods of depression and despair.

In the business world, no matter how weak and dull the market may be, no matter how slow the collections, without a determination to carry on men will falter, stop and go down in defeat. Conditions confronting the world offer a test of endurance of all the faculties. We have reached a point where to stand still means to slip backward and to death.

It will be the strong and capable business men filled with a determination to carry on who will come through the bad times and depression of the present. He will be the man who will marshal all his business ability and training toward making every effort count in going after and getting business. He will say to himself, "Now is the test of my salesmanship ability, my business acumen; now is when I can show my worth as a salesman and not an 'order taker.' I will carry on. I will redouble my efforts to get business, through better salesmanship, in personal contact and through advertising, keeping my goods fresh in the minds of the public by the aid of the written word. I have fought a good fight in the business world so far, and now when victory is apparently within sight, I will carry on."



"I'll be all right in the morning"

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How to Treat Galls.

Bathe the parts with warm water and apply a cooling lotion, such as—
Acetate of lead 1 oz.
Water 1 pt.

If abscesses form, they must be freely opened and bathed with water as hot as the hands can bear. When the skin becomes abraded, forming what are called "sitfasts," these must be removed with a sharp knife. The following is a good lotion for collar galls and should be applied twice a day.

Copper sulphate 1 1/2 oz.s
Water 1 pt.
Zinc sulphate 1 oz.
Sugar of lead 1 1/2 oz.s
Water 3 pts.

Just Jim

By FLORA M. DUNN

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Nobody's boy, ten, ragged, "thin as a whippet," but with an attractive look on his clean, freckled face that challenged a second glance, stood before the entrance to the "Greatest Show on Earth." His intent gaze was glued to the vast cloud of canvas that shut him out of the enchanted ground, the glory of glories. Like Peri before the gate of Heaven, his whole soul's desire spoke from his earnest brown eyes.

"Want to go in, son?"

The question, which needed no reply, came from a big, kindly, jolly-faced man whose hand was grippingly held by a little five-year-old chap who was making his first visit to a circus.

"All right," he nodded to the lad, whose speaking eyes made other reply unnecessary. "Come along with us." The magic words were the same that opened the path to untold wonders, beside which the Arabian Nights are tame as Mother Goose rhymes.

Then began the journey through Zooland, the little kid, and the middling sized kid hugging close to the big kid who had, with the flip of a greenback, become a giant fairy to two adoring, happy boys.

Such fierce looking animals with long, queer names, that no little boy could be expected to know printed on their gorgeous cages. Such funny, homely, wise looking monkeys that peered through the bars of their liberty lost caged homes with bored or saucy manner. Such huge, hungry elephants that never seemed to get enough peanuts, although an army of little boys and girls kept them constantly supplied. Then such corking ice cream cones, candy and drinks out of long necked bottles, straw imbued, ambrosial sweets to enchanted kids in an enchanted heaven of pleasure.

"Now," said the big fairy, when the two kinds had eaten all they could possibly hold, "we'll get our seats and be ready for the circus folks." Three chairs in the second row—so little five-year-old could see all the fun—were bought from "de guy what stood in a teeny pulpit all to himself," said the stray lad, and the big kid, with the two little kids, sat down to wait for the band.

"Who's boy are you?" asked the giant fairy, whose real name was Dr. Curtis.

"Nobody's, sir."

"What is your name?" The doctor's voice was very kind.

"Just Jim."

Then the band began to play and there was no chance for further questioning.

The big kid found its nearness rather overpowering, but he looked at the happy little kids and he didn't care. If the noise did make him temporarily deaf, its immensity seemed none too great for his guests of honor.

Finally, the music ended in a loud explosion of crescendos, and the band, scattered to give place to the wonderful ring shows.

But first came the grand parade of all the circus folk in gorgeous array, that kept the two little kids dancing on their toes in sheer delight.

This was followed by the most amazing performances that ever spellbound the eyes of a kid. Such breathless, heart thrilling acts that made life, for the little kid and the middling-sized kid, so full of joy it was akin to pain.

When the program was about half over, Dr. Curtis was notified by an attendant that he was wanted on the phone.

"Jim, while I'm gone, I want you to take care of little Carl. I'm sure I can trust a big boy like you."

"Yes, sir, you kin," very earnestly.

But when the thrilling pony race with their monkey drivers took the sawdust tracks, little Carl became a serious responsibility. Both boys were keyed to the highest pitch of excitement, and the five-year-old, in a wave of hypnotic ecstasy, bolted into the track before the horrified Jim could hinder. Instantly he sprang after the flying little body, while attendants rushed forward from far-away distances, men shouted, women screamed, and the ponies raced on. But Nobody's Jim grasped his small charge and hurled him away from the pounding feet that struck the rescuer instead.

When Dr. Curtis returned, he found his little son crying in the arms of a motherly woman, and the unconscious Jim gently supported by an attendant.

"He saved the kid's life all right," declared the circus man.

"And his life, too, shall be saved." The doctor's jolly looking face was sternly determined.

When Jim woke up with a bandaged head, in the hospital, his dazed brain was yet full of circus glory and present surroundings were slowly recognizable.

"You'll soon be all right again," smiled Dr. Curtis.

"The kid. Was he hurt?"

"Not a scratch. I've a long score to pay, old chap." The big fairy's voice sounded so queer. "Just like he was crying," thought Jim, "only big folks don't cry."

And this is how it ended. When released from the hospital, Nobody's boy became Somebody's son, with the perfectly correct name of James Winthrop Curtis, and own buddle to little Carl.

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