

WINTER EGGS

"The first winter I used Dr. LeGear's Poultry Prescription, it made me a lot of money. I have 61 hens and sold in January \$44.00 worth of eggs, besides what we used ourselves."—C. D. McCormick, Irmo, Idaho.

Poultry Raisers who get an abundance of eggs, use Dr. LeGear's Poultry Prescription, which tones up the system and stimulates the egg-producing organs without injury. If you want eggs this winter when eggs mean money, get Dr. LeGear's Poultry Prescription from your dealer right today. Dr. LeGear is America's foremost Expert Poultry Breeder and Veterinarian. For any ailment whatsoever among your poultry or stock get his remedies from your dealer. They must satisfy you, or your dealer will refund your money.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

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PRESIDENT FOR A MONTH

- 1773—February 9, birth of William Henry Harrison at Berkeley, Va.
- 1791—Entered the army.
- 1801-14—Governor of territory of Indiana.
- 1811—Battle of Tippecanoe.
- 1816-19—Member of congress.
- 1819-21—Member of Ohio senate.
- 1825-28—United States senator.
- 1828-29—Minister to Colombia.
- 1836—Candidate for president.
- 1841—March 4, inaugurated ninth president, aged 68. April 4, died in the White House, aged 68.

ALTHOUGH William Henry Harrison was elected to the presidency as the log-cabin candidate, in the first of our frenzied, parading campaigns, he was born to one of "the first families of Virginia," in a manor house on the banks of the aristocratic James. As a son of Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration, with the blood of Pocahontas in his veins, and as a descendant of a Cromwellian colonel who signed the death warrant of a king, no president has had a longer, more historic lineage.

In ability William Henry Harrison fell below the standard of his predecessors. He was elected not because he was a great statesman or a great soldier, but because he was thoroughly representative of the new West, which was flattered to see in the White House for the first time a man created in its own image.

At Harrison's inauguration the presidency entered an eclipse and was held for 20 years by secondary characters, who reigned, but did not rule. With men of the eminence of Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Ben-

AT JAPAN SHRINES

Sights Worth Seeing in the Empire's Temple Cities.

Beautiful Scenery of Nikko and the Flowery Great Yeddo in the Capital Well Repay Visitor for the Excursion.

"Many feet are now treading their way to the shrines in the temple cities of Japan," says the third of a series of bulletins from the National Geographic society on the places which will be visited by members of congress on their trip to the Orient.

Eager Americans will stroll along the shady streets of Nikko to the tombs of the shoguns and drink in the indescribable beautiful scenery, their lips all the while murmuring the Japanese word kekko (beautiful), which the Japanese say one never learns to pronounce until he has seen the city of Nikko. In Tokyo, called the Flowery Great Yeddo, the capital of the empire, they will see the imperial palace and the remains of the former glory of the shoguns, a family of military governors who were the virtual rulers of Japan for several centuries, and in Kyoto they will probably get a confused, hazy idea of one or two of the 800 Buddhist temples and 80 Shinto shrines.

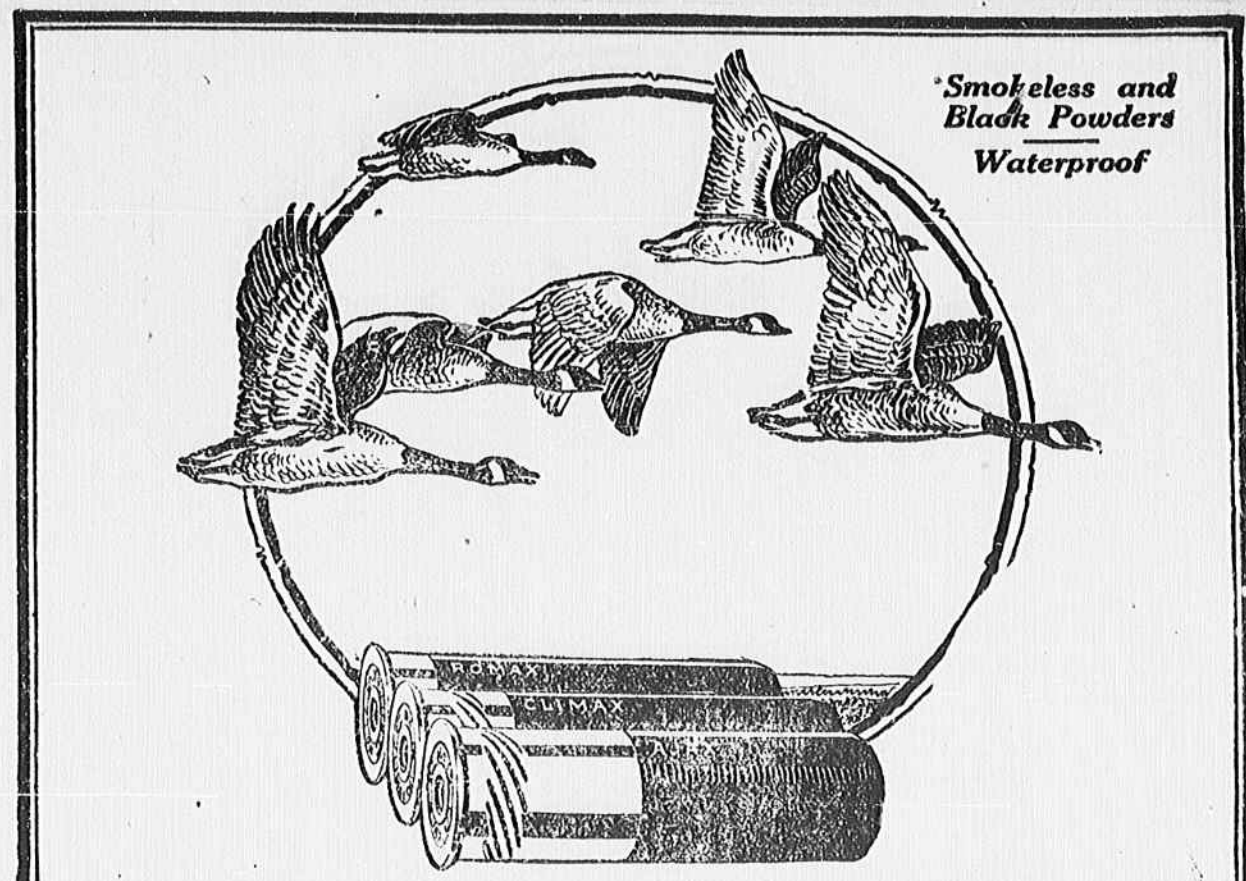
"Perhaps, too, in the temples of Tokyo a bit of American pocket money will go to a priest for printing a pretty prayer on a slip of paper, which the visitor, in true pilgrim fashion, will press to his forehead and to his breast and then fasten to the temple wall in order that it may be a perpetual petition. But then when there are 30,000 deities to whom devout Japanese write, a few American pleas will scarcely clog the celestial postal service.

"There will be many native pilgrims on the way to the shrines. During the summer months, when the crops have been taken care of, the village folk, though they have the temples of their own patron deity and the fox god, feel that they must send out a pilgrim or two to the sacred mountains and holy places of Japan to worship in behalf of those who cannot go, and so they provide a fund for his expenses. Nor does the emissary travel in state. Life for him loses most of its perplexities. He is equipped with a cheap white cotton shirt that can be easily washed, tight-fitting trousers and a loose white cotton jacket which he tucks in with a girdle. He wears an enormous broad, stiff straw hat, and on his back he carries a piece of matting which serves him as an umbrella by day and as a bed at night.

"In Nikko, though he does not come especially to visit the tombs of the shoguns, he 'loafs and invites his soul' within the shadow of the two great mausolea of the founder of the line and his grandson, the merciless enemy of Christianity, which stand on the side of the mountain. Up, up, up, he climbs through courtyard and garden, past one splendor after another, until he reaches the beautiful temple and the actual burial place of a line of rulers who usurped the sovereignty of the empire and held it for almost three centuries, making the few years covering the glory of Napoleon and Cromwell insignificant indeed. When the pilgrim reaches the top of the mountain he prays. Then he smokes a pipe or two and leisurely takes up his journey to the next shrine.

"In August the pilgrim rolls off his mat and the visitor from foreign lands climbs out of bed at the crack of dawn to hear the lotus flower bloom, for the buds burst with a pleasing characteristic sound.

"If Nikko is the most beautiful city in Japan, Kyoto can be called the most interesting. Here the feminine visitor finds herself bewildered by the most exquisitely wrought of all the crafts—its pottery, cloisonne, bronzes, fans and velvets. After she has bought more than she can comfortably get home with, she probably will want to see a bit of the mikado's palace which covers over 25 acres of ground and is surrounded by a great wall with six gates, or journey out to see the largest lake in Japan, Lake Biwa, and the 1,200-year-old pine tree which stands near it."



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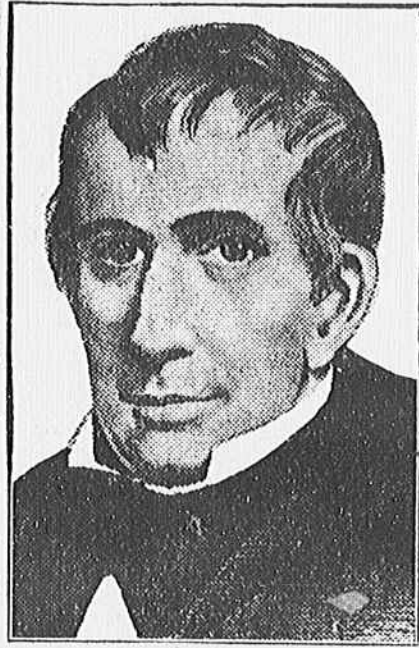
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William Henry Harrison.

ton, latterly Cass and Houston, Douglas and Davis, Case and Wade, Seward and Sumner in the senate, distinction and leadership passed from the White House to the capitol. It was an ignoble period in our politics when both parties were dodging the irrepressible issue of slavery, and the smaller the candidate for president the better chance he had to dodge the question.

In the teeth of a piercing northwest wind, the old farmer president-elect, bareheaded and disdaining the protection of an overcoat, rode horseback to the capitol. After addressing a great crowd that shivered in its shawls and furs, he insisted, though half-frozen, on remounting his horse and leading the inaugural parade.

No sooner was the first Whig president in the chair than the claims of factions and the clamor for patronage assailed him. Clay had declined cabinet honors—and labors—in the confident expectation of playing the easier and more powerful role of the power behind the throne. The imperious manner of the Great Commoner wounding the presidential pride, he was requested to make his exalls at the White House as inconspicuous and inconspicuous as he conveniently could. Thereupon his total absence became embarrassingly conspicuous.

The one clear mandate of the election of 1840 was to turn out the Democrats and give the jobs to the Whigs. Straightway a hungry he fell upon Harrison and literally devoured him. In a month to a day he was dead of pneumonia, the first president to die in office throughout the more than 50 years of its existence.

This briefest of administrations is a pathetic little story of a simple, lonely old man, lured from his farm to be the sport of politics. Ailing in body and harried in mind, he was without the care and companionship of his good wife, Anna Symmes Harrison, daughter of a New Jersey colonel in the Revolution who became one of the pioneer soldiers of Ohio. Broken by the hard toll of a frontier household and sorrowing for the loss of eight of her ten children, this wife of one president and grandmother of another, still was making ready to take her duties as mistress of the White House when the news of her husband's death came to her.

Machine Digs Trees at Nursery.

The nursery tree-digger has been devised by Edgar A. Jackson of Cupertino, Cal. With this machine 50,000 trees may easily be dug in a day, using about ten gallons of fuel. The gas-engine is geared to drums attached to cables, which in turn are attached to the cutter device. The gear reduction gives a tremendous pull, and holds the cutting knife with a very large lifter, making the hand pulling of the trees easy. The machine moves from one row to another by its own power.

A Happy Accident.

Miss Gashmore—I hear you're the man who invented that cute little Charlie Chaplin sub-nasal mustache. How did you ever happen to think of it?

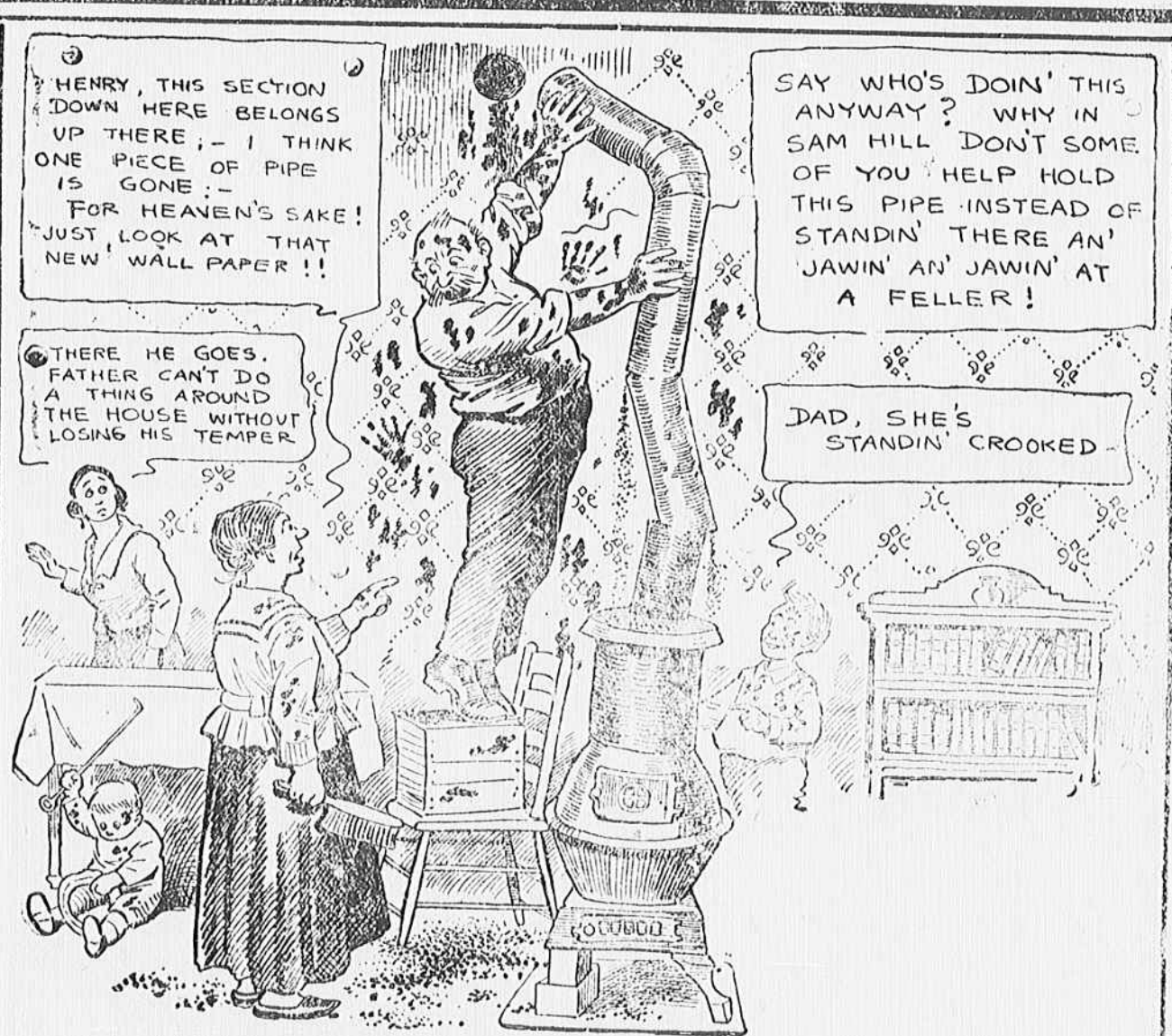
Mr. Zitt—It happened this way. I had trouble getting my safety razor under my nose, so I just shaved the rest of my face and let it sprout there.

For Rubber'ing.

"Do you sell rubber articles?" asked the man entering the store at a popular bathing resort.

"Early," replied the wise clerk.

"We have here a very fine line of opera-glasses."



HENRY, THIS SECTION DOWN HERE BELONGS UP THERE;— I THINK ONE PIECE OF PIPE IS GONE;— FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! JUST LOOK AT THAT NEW WALL PAPER!!

SAY WHO'S DOIN' THIS ANYWAY? WHY IN SAM HILL DON'T SOME OF YOU HELP HOLD THIS PIPE INSTEAD OF STANDIN' THERE AN' JAWIN' AN' JAWIN' AT A FELLER!

THERE HE GOES. FATHER CAN'T DO A THING AROUND THE HOUSE WITHOUT LOSING HIS TEMPER.

DAD, SHE'S STANDIN' CROOKED.

WHY TAKE CHANCES

of a family quarrel, besides a severe test of your patience and religion in trying to use an old stove and a lot of old, bent, rusty pipe? You can probably save money, too, by getting a new stove now, and you're sure to save a lot of muss and dirt and trouble. And besides, think of the happiness and satisfaction that comes from nice new equipment.

Then, too, there is the saving of fuel—an important item. Keep the family warm and they won't eat so much. Heat is food in the winter time.

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Jan. 1, 1920.