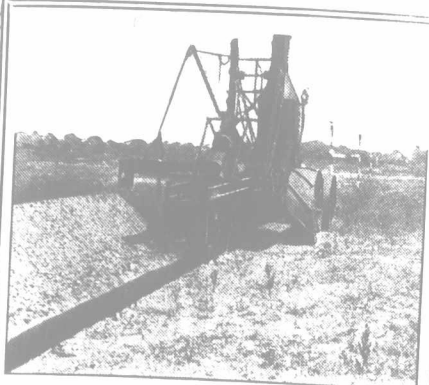




Straight from the Shoulder Our Proposition

NOW this is not a "ground-floor" scheme or a "get-rich-quick" offer, but if you are not afraid of work you can build up a substantial, honest business by digging trenches by machine. Machine-made ditches are demanded by up-to-date farmers everywhere. They are truer, always on a level grade. Tiling and subsoiling is no longer out of the reach of any farmer.

Here is the need, here is the demand. You can fill it and roll in the profits. Others have made \$15 to \$18 a day, \$2,500 a year, with a

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"Built for strength, built for speed, built for efficiency."

You can do the same. Two men are all that are needed for the steam machine and one for the gasoline. Your machine will be kept constantly busy in your neighborhood. Propels itself from job to job.

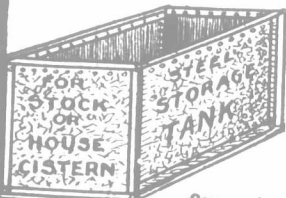
Write to-day for Catalogue T.

**The Buckeye
Traction Ditcher Co.
FINDLAY, OHIO.**

NO LEAK-NO RUST

STEEL TANKS V. WOODEN

The steel tank for water storage is as much superior to wooden tanks as modern steel farming implements are to the crooked sticks of our ancestors in early ages. Wooden tanks are unsanitary and liable to leak. Our steel tanks are all steel of the finest quality—self supporting—surrounded by an iron angle framework with braces added according to size of tank. The angle iron framework ensures absolute rigidity, and the braces added give the tank strength four times in excess of any strain that may be applied.



Guaranteed for ten years but will last a lifetime.

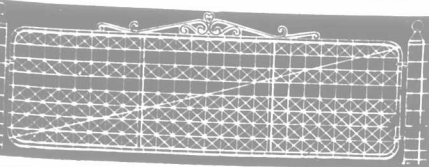
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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE**

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We make Peerless Gates to last a lifetime—and to look well and work right as long as they last. The frames of

Peerless Farm and Ornamental Gates

are electrically welded into one solid piece—that's why they stand more than any other gate can. We also make lawn, poultry and farm fences of best quality. Agents wanted. Write to-day.



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PLEASE MENTION THE ADVOCATE.

Be not impatient with me, for indeed I am not wishing to see old things back again, nor do I fail to appreciate modernism. Somehow, since Emerson, we have been learning that the body must be saved as well as the soul. Kingsley and Frederick Maurice taught us that, after all, beauty and strength belong to righteousness, and that sickness is to be abhorred; then Horace Mann told us that God despises a dyspeptic stomach; and so, step by step, we have come on into this scouting age; only do not let us now begin to save the body without the soul. We used to pray for an esthetic heaven, and we talked about the body, the flesh, and the devil as our trinity of evil. Among our college boys there were no calves at all nor any biceps; only a few godless fellows used dumb bells and invented baseball. Hugh Miller and President Hitchcock helped us still farther out of our world-hate; and then Walt Whitman jumped the fence altogether.

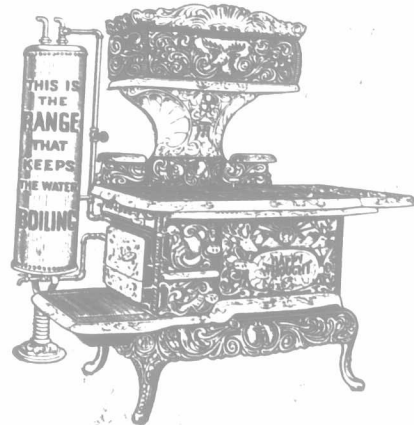
Indeed I do not wish to see the old repeated, although I would like to stroll down the pasture lot this morning, where the wild berries gardened themselves and the huge old apple trees bore loads of Sweet Boughs and Early Harvest. In those days there was not a typewriter in the United States, nor was there a spelling reform association. We spelled everything out full, with all the letters we could get into it, and that was our pride. I thought, simple head that I was, that things would always be so, and that my boys would go to spelling-matches as I had done. Thirty years before he was born, I set my eldest boy to study Greek and Latin, to read the English essayists, and imitate Carlyle. We scouted among books, and a library was the chief end of man. The end of education was to teach the architecture of words. And so we had builders who knew to the infinitesimal fraction, the fitting and the fitness of verbs and nouns and adjectives. To their sensitive ears spoke that delicate rhythm that would touch the hearts of readers.

It was this letter craft that I had planned for my children also. But to my amazement the first one picked up things, and did not care for words; the second picked up bugs and living things, and words to him were of little worth; while the third wholly renounced literature and built machines. It was genuine heredity; for they were all builders, only not one built the words. I am bound to say, that from my original standpoint, they are a stupid set. They will spell "no" for know; and for the life of me, I can't see why knot; nor what the k and the w are about in nologie. So whether I will or no, I must accept of change. I do not any longer myself scout thru Milton's "Paradise Lost" as a duty, nor do I feel any conscience about it at all, because I am no longer interested in reading Jeremiah after breakfast. I am glad that Job, and the Nineteenth Psalm, and the great parables, are neither ancient nor modern, but eternal; and I love Jesus as a great, big, handsome, human Brother; and a lot of the old questions that were so irritating have gone as the stars go when the sun comes up. They may be there yet, but they do not shine, and only owls see them or care for them.

Shall we overdo this matter? Surely not in the long run. Out of the evolution and the scouting is coming a finer sentiment, a sweeter religion, a manlier manhood, and a reign of common sense. Forty years ago William Lloyd Garrison said to me: "You will live to see justice done to Thomas Paine, and perhaps to myself; and you will see a lot of hate replaced with love, and the world will not be the worse for it." It was a good prophecy, and there is more to come; more of the fair and just and honest. It is a grand thing that there is such a room for progress ahead, and it may take a hundred thousand years yet to make the world anywhere near as decent and comfortable as it can be made by the application of the truth already known. But progress goes on now in geometrical ratio, thank the Lord.

I am told there are 500,000 boy scouts in America, and that every one of them is obligated to be courteous to strangers and helpful to women and children. It will not be discouraging if I tell them that they were bound to just that sort of thing by the fact that they were born of women. It is well also to recall the

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HAPPY THOUGHT

Range should be a good range, a perfectly reliable range.

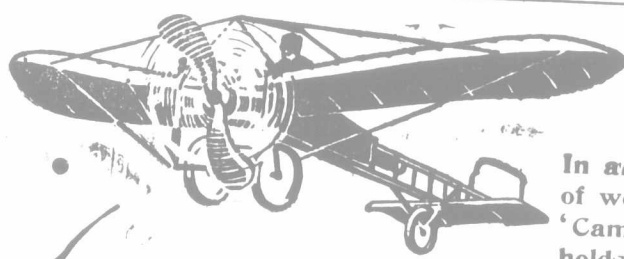
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