

The Plymouth Advertiser

PLYMOUTH, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1924

NO. 18

ENTHUSIASTIC C. of C. MEETING

of the most enthusiastic of the Chamber of Commerce for some time, was Tuesday evening.

was the occasion of the election of officers, and more people were present. A membership had been secured for more than a week to this meeting, and it was the acquisition of 61 members pledged for the ensuing year.

special inducement in the speaker, or other form of entertainment had been offered for the evening, and the fact that so many were present indicated a real interest in the Chamber of Commerce.

made by Mr. Hoffman, president of the body, Mr. O. S. Parsons, H. O. Parsons, and others, along the line of what the Chamber of Commerce could and

should do, and in a discussion of the achievements of the Plymouth Chamber.

After disposing of the routine business of the Chamber, the president called for suggestions as to the best way to select the officers for the coming year. There has been no little criticism of the plan followed here, and Mr. Hoffman stated that he wished to depart from the accepted method and try something new. It was finally decided that Mr. H. O. Parsons, who is unacquainted with the majority of the members, should select three men as a nominating committee, and he picked for this committee Dr. J. T. Gaskill, B. E. Kuhn and Fred B. Clark.

This committee selected a list of 18 names from the membership, nine of whom were elected as a board of directors, the election resulting as follows: O. S. Hoffman, J. E. Nimmons, H. O. Parsons, Sam B. Bachrach, J. W. McIntire, R. H. Nimmons, H. R. Byrd, O. S. Earnest, and Jack Hampton.

Immediately after the result of the election had been announced the Board of Directors met and elected the officers for the coming year. H. O. Parsons, president; O. S. Hoffman, vice president; J. E. Nimmons, Treasurer; C. M. Lofland, secretary.

The retiring president, Mr. O. S. Hoffman, expressed the wish that his name be not submitted, giving as reason for such action his desire to turn over the reins of the Chamber to some one else. He was urged to accept the presidency for another year, but stated that his decision was irrevocable and that he would not consider serving another term. It was with regret that the Board finally ac-

cepted his request. Mr. Hoffman has made a good president of the Chamber. No man could have accomplished more with the material at hand. He has given unselfishly of his time and has labored faithfully for the betterment of Plymouth and the Chamber of Commerce. He conferred a favor upon the Board of Directors by accepting the post of vice president for next year, and we look for many helpful suggestions. His knowledge of the affairs of the Chamber should prove of great benefit to the new officers.

Mr. Parsons, who was elected president to succeed Mr. Hoffman, is a new-comer in our community. For this reason he should make a good officer. He is not familiar with the petty quarrels of the community, has not favors to repay and no enemies to please. He is a man of wide business experience

and executive ability. He is a genial fellow with a pleasing personality and will make friends readily.

Mr. Parsons is the owner of the "muck land" west of Plymouth and has worked wonders with his property in the short time he has been here. Naturally he is interested in the development of Plymouth and we are confident he will give his best for the betterment of the town and the Chamber of Commerce. We beseech for him your hearty cooperation and support.

The other officers are known to all of you. They have served the Chamber and your town faithfully in the past. The support has not always been what it should be. Let's change it. Let every citizen lend his support to the organization and try to make this the year of real achievement for the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce.

A membership committee was appointed at the meeting Tuesday night and these men will call on all who are not members within a few days. Be ready for them and subscribe your five dollars toward the organization. The debt of around \$400 must be wiped out. With 61 members pledged it does seem that we should be able to secure enough additional members to bring the total up to 100.

Also it is planned to hold some kind of entertainment in the near future. This will be in the form of a supper, or musicale, the object being to raise enough money to meet running expenses for the ensuing year, to find that the Chamber may accomplish something of real worth to the community.

Carpenter Orders Car Line Sold

Set for Thursday, April 17, to Author to Transport Passengers

more our car line is to be unable to meet its obligations even though it traverses the best spot of Huron county, the Newark-Shelby Railway. On the auction block by order of court April 17 to satisfy its creditors.

The assets of the company have been appraised at \$7,000.00. The consist principally of iron rails and bridges, poles, wire, motor cars, and real estate. It is much to be regretted that Mr. S. could not survive and rendered a valuable service. It is greatly missed. Along its route people always themselves of its advantages. The company along the line cannot be blamed for its final failure. It supported it and even in its failure is attributed to lack of facilities to carry freight than any other

Parent-Teachers Elect

One of the most interesting meetings of the Parent Teachers Association was held Tuesday evening, attended by a record crowd.

Mrs. J. L. Judson led the devotional exercises and gave a talk on "The Four Stages of Womanhood in America" was sung, led by T. Davis, superintendent of the public schools, with Mrs. Harry at the piano.

The very excellent address by Hunter of Berea, on "The Liberation War of Humanity" was handled and well received.

Those who eulogized as Liberator by Mr. Hunter, were David and Theodore Roosevelt.

Mrs. Hunter was Chaplain in France during the World War and gave some interesting reminiscences which took place while there.

He told of the very high place of education at the present time but stressed the education of the women over that of the mind.

After the address a beautiful Solo Duet was rendered by Clara Shely and Elizabeth Sykes.

Miss Stella Nimmons called attention to the May Festival and Bazaar, and congratulated the public on their hearty response which she solicited.

The chairman of the various committees and the Nominating committee submitted the following names:

President, Ralph Hoffman, president.

Vice President, Mrs. T. S. Davis, vice president.

Secretary, Miss Stella Nye, secretary.

Treasurer, Mrs. Baltzell, treasurer.

They were unanimously elected by acclamation.

After adjournment those present were invited to visit Mr. Harris at his class, the School Orchestra and also the Domestic Science Club, where delicious refreshments were served by Miss Geneva and her pupils.

The public is cordially invited to the last meeting of the school year, May 13; also to the May Festival and Bazaar.

PLYMOUTH FOLK DRAWN FOR JURY SERVICE

The names of two Plymouth people have been drawn for the Petit Jury for the April term of court. The jurors will report Monday morning to hear the first case. The jury follows:

George P. Koch, Shelby; J. S. Aten, Lexington; Mrs. R. R. Black, Madison twp.; V. W. Satter, Shelby; Neil Fortune, Mansfield; Frank Cooper, Shelby; Clifford Laser, Shelby; Miss Justine Sterling, Mansfield.

Mrs. C. P. Hagerman, Worthington twp.; Charles S. Pollin, Perry twp.; Mrs. Lullie Brubaker, Shelby; Ambrose May, Jackson township; Homer Dize, Millin twp.; Fred Murphy, Troy twp.; Bert E. Kuhn, Plymouth twp.; Miss Eva White, Plymouth twp.; Miss Eva

FIRST IN MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

In the appointment of Bert E. Kuhn as Commissioner to succeed Mr. Pulver, deceased, Plymouth township secures her first commissioner for more than twenty years, if not the very first since the formation of the township.

Also Plymouth Township secures a man of unimpeachable ability, and one who is familiar with every phase of township affairs. Mr. Kuhn is an authority on road matters, and as such, should be of great assistance to the Court and State.

DELAYED BY WRECK

The noon passenger train, west bound over the A. C. and Y. R. R. was delayed for several hours

Glee Club Makes Fine Impression

PAGE LANDS FAT ORDER

George W. Page, who raises Ancon chickens, and occasionally a little h j, on his farm east of Plymouth, claims to have one of the best strains of Ancons in the country. Of course, all breeders claim their particular strain as the best, but Page has a reason to believe as he says:

Last week Mr. John Birkhamer, of Finleyville, Pa., was out at the Page farm and gave his order for 150 Page Ancon Day Old Chicks, hens and one cockerel. This, itself, doesn't mean a lot, but when you consider that Mr. Birkhamer spent four days in Ohio, over Ancon flocks, viewing some of the largest in the state, and then chose Page's, it shows what he thinks of this breed.

Birkhamer asserted that flock of Ancons on the Page farm was the best he has seen in the years of his experience as a turtman.

One of the most enjoyable events of recent months was the entertainment furnished by the Wesleyan Glee Club at Hamilton Hall last Thursday evening.

This entertainment was given under the auspices of the Boy Scouts, and drew one of the largest crowds ever assembled in this Hall. Every seat was occupied and dozens of people were standing.

The total taken in at the door and from sales of tickets was \$139.20. The expense was kept at a low figure, \$63.40 being expended as follows: Glee Club \$50; advertising \$5.40; rent for hall \$8.

The Boy Scouts and those at the head of the local troop, wish to express to the people of the community their sincere appreciation for the liberal manner in which they responded. The net sum realized—\$75.80—will help wonderfully in building up the organization for the liberal manner in which they responded. The net sum realized—\$75.80—will help wonderfully in building up the organization for the liberal manner in which they responded.

TO HOLD BAKE SALE

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a bake sale Saturday in Nimmons and Nimmons Ware Store. Better buy your goods for Sunday dinner.

ALMOST HERE

three more weeks until Friday, May 2. Are you saving your pennies and dimes? And have you made your donations? The fair will open at 2:30 and last night in the evening as you care to, the lunch committee eating to your appetites. Admission will be 5 and 10 cents.

Everyone has responded generously and enthusiastically when approached. Even the wholesale companies from the cities have made large donations. Surely the fair will be a great success.

The chairman of the booths are follows:

Adoptives, Mrs. Edward Earnest

Knives, Mrs. John Root

Idren's, Mrs. Ray Sykes

Books, Mrs. Chas. Miller

Teary, Mrs. Percy Root

Elephant, Miss Harriet

Orney, Mrs. A. C. Brumback

Poni, Mrs. Frank Davis

and Mrs. Harry Halter

Telling, Mrs. Anderson

donations include money (18.40) and goods, 100 balloons, a lawn sweeper, two rugs, two chairs, and a great variety of useful articles.

atch for the large boxes packed by Surpen's, Nimmons', and the to contain your package. Please estimate the value of your goods and the selling price too, so that our price will be legitimate when carry or send your donations to the places mentioned above.

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The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a bake sale Saturday in Nimmons and Nimmons Ware Store. Better buy your goods for Sunday dinner.

Annual Inspection O. E. S.

Forty-two members of Plymouth Chapter, O. E. S. assembled in the Chapter Rooms last evening at six o'clock and marched to the Palace Restaurant where they partook of a specially prepared dinner. The occasion was the annual inspection, and when after the report the members marched back to the chapter rooms they found twenty-three visitors assembled to witness the initiation of a class of candidates.

District Inspectress, Mrs. Virginia Mathews of Mansfield, had charge of the inspection, and delivered an interesting and helpful talk to the assembled Stars.

Six Star Chapters were represented at the gathering yesterday evening, and among the visitors were four Worthy Matrons. The Chapters represented were Willard, Cleveland, Shelby, Belleville, Mansfield, and one Iowa Chapter.

The local Chapter of Eastern Stars is one of the strongest in this section of the state, and the manner in which they conferred the work upon the candidates at last night's meeting drew words of commendation from the inspectress and the visiting Stars.

Mrs. Harry Dawson is Worthy Matron of the local Chapter.

SUNDAY GUESTS

Dinner guests Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Dick on West Broadway, were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Heise and daughters, Mary Kathryn and Helen Louise, and Mr. A. Cross, of Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ritter and children of Plymouth.

Under the supervision of Mr. Hackman candidates for the High School track team are making preparations for a good showing at the County Track Meet early in May.

Arrangements for two spelling contests with the Shiloh School have been made. The first of these will occur April 18, when the Shiloh team will invade Plymouth.

The third annual literary contest promises to be closely contested. Those who are prone to consult the dope bucket, maintain that the Orythians are bound to repeat their success of last year. Orythians however, point out the fact that it is not always wise to "count chickens before they are hatched", and that there may be some surprises.

In any event the program will be well worth hearing. The contestants from both societies have been working diligently for several weeks, and deserve a good audience.

The contest will begin promptly at 7:30 Friday evening at the Presbyterian Church. Admission 15 and 20.

SCHOOL NEWS

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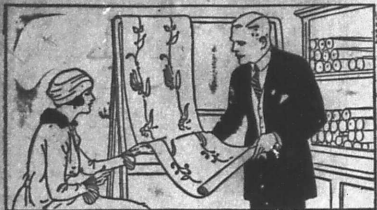
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TO INTER BODY SUNDAY

The body of Mr. Henry Jackson Smith, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Warren MacDougall, last week, will be taken to Goodwill Cemetery near New Washington, for interment Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The body was placed in the Mausoleum temporarily.



Unusual Patterns

And that means that you can come here to choose paper with the assurance that you will find a pattern that will fit in exactly with what you have in mind.

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J. Dell Parsel

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Nimmons and Nimmons
PLYMOUTH OHIO

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The Plymouth Advertiser published weekly by Plymouth for April 1924. Before me, Notary Public in and for the county aforesaid, personally appeared Jack Hampton, who has been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Manager of the Plymouth Advertiser and that following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. W. Davis Printing Co., Plymouth, Ohio, Editor, Jack Hampton, Plymouth, Ohio.

Managing Editor, Jack Hampton, Plymouth, Ohio, Business Manager, Jack Hampton, Plymouth, Ohio.

2. That the owners: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) A. W. Davis, Norwalk, Ohio, Jack Hampton, Plymouth, Ohio.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

Jack Hampton Bus. Mgr. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of April, 1924.

E. K. Francis, Notary Public.

My commission expires Feb. 28th, 1925.

PIGE BLAZES FAMOUS TRAIL

Leads Procession of Pioneers Through Narrow Wind River Canyon

Our empire builders are as active engaged in the western country as in the days of the early settlers. Most of the work of linking the little known sections with the open world in this age however is confined to highway construction.

Where railroads have proven that paths can be forged through the great fertile districts or beautiful scenic sections, the peoples of those parts are engaged in building automobile roads that will attract the most exacting of tourists. Thursday, January 22, 1924, marked the sending of the first automobile over the Wind River Canyon, Wyoming road, a section of the Yellowstone National Highway.

Make Historic Trip

Behind the pioneer car were 21 other automobiles and nearly 100 persons enjoying a historic trip through this beautiful scenic gorge five miles from Thermopiles. As its name suggests this is a city which owes its existence largely to bottled up hot water, a part of which flows from the ground in great fountains. The citizens are doing much toward the circulating proof of the healing powers of these waters as well as making it possible for other Americans to enjoy the beauties of the section.

The new highway will be formally opened in May or June and is the last link connecting the rich Big Horn Basin with the rest of the world. It is a section comprising four countries hitherto isolated from the rest of the state with the exception of one or two months in the summer.

There were formerly only a couple of passable roads even at this time of the year over the veritable mountain wall which surrounds the basin.

Break in Huge Wall
Only at one point is there a break in the huge wall—the grand gorge known as Wind River Canyon where the Big Horn River

finds its way through. At many points the canyon was so narrow that solid cliffs of rock rose above from the water's edge on either side.

Building its contour, Wyoming. At the outset the general public, especially that part most familiar with the great mountain wall, looked upon the project as something much desired but impossible. Continual action on the part of a few enthusiasts overcame prejudices, and those who thought of the highway as a visionary scheme soon began to talk of it as a possibility. Federal aid was obtained for this project and as soon as the funds were forthcoming the problem was turned over to road construction companies.

story of the building of this roadway reads like a romance. Obstacles regarded as beyond the ingenuity of man were overcome. Financial as well as moral backing was required from the entire country through which the Yellowstone Trail was laid out.

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Work Started in 1922

Work began in the spring of 1922. The big area of 20,000 square miles of Big Horn Basin, with its huge wealth of natural resources, was intensely interested. To the residents of this section as well as those persons of the West, the road was a longed-for project. The 225,000-acre Shoshone project of the United States Reclamation Service and many other smaller land distribution projects made possible under the Carey act, meant the dawning of a new day.

The most trying engineering work was represented by the Wind River Canyon section. Here were 10.3 miles that must be conquered. Rocky and precipitous sides rising as high as 2,000 feet and in places but little more than 200 feet apart, if pierced, would afford a tourist a trip that was unexcelled from a scenic standpoint, by any of the highways in America.

Z. F. Severson, state highway engineer, was given supervisory charge of the construction. He let the contracts in parcels. The entire project was 21,015 miles long, having its southern terminus eight miles north of Shoshone and the northern at Big Horn River Bridge, four miles from Thermopiles. Severson designed the various contracts as sections A, B, C, and D.

The material over and through which the highway was built varied from rich earth to solid black diorite and hard red granite.

Section B was the most difficult undertaking. It presented excavation alone of 88,400 cubic yards. It is 1.95 miles long. There are three tunnels, all thru black diorite and having a total length of 842 feet. Rock cuts in the face of the cliffs on this section and Section C as well extend as high as 100 feet and usually occurred when the roadway must be carried its full width.

Most of the heavy rock cuts were blasted from southern holes.

As much as 6,000 cubic yards at a time were shot away in this manner. Considerable care had to be taken to minimize destruction to the railroad tracks across the river.

Only a few rail lengths were damaged. The company had already been warned of the danger to its tracks and had a gang of men on hand when the trouble came.

Experimental work over a period of six weeks was necessary to obtain for proper corner of steel necessary for the drills used in piercing the solid rock.

When the pathfinder automobile went through in many cases it was necessary to slide around huge steam shovels or drop down several feet where the road elevation had not yet been completed. Only the most powerful and best built of the various makes of motor cars could have conquered this roadway as it was early that day.

There were places where the elevation had been raised to 150 feet

THE CARLILE FURNITURE COMPANY



MORE THAN 50 DIFFERENT STYLES of high grade, desirable

BABY CARRIAGES

20 per cent LESS THAN THE USUAL LOW PRICE !

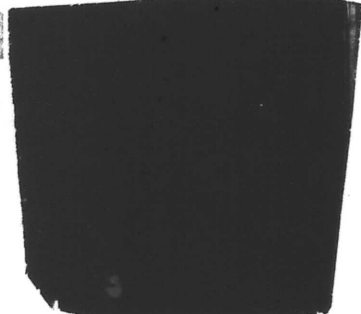
A Great Sale of Baby Carriages and Strollers this week brings more than 50 different styles, finishes and sizes from which to make your selection at 20 percent less than usual low prices!

Come early and make your selection!

Carlile's

Corner Fourth and Walnut
"Mansfield's Dependable Home Furnishers"

Rugs Furniture Stoves



A significant feature developed during the last ten days of the month when sales averaged ten thousand eight hundred four-ears and trucks a day indicating that the spring buying rush has begun and that under this enormous demand production of the company will be taxed to the limit in an endeavor to meet the heavy demand of orders.

BETTER PLACE YOUR ORDER WITH US NOW

C. W. MELL & COMPANY

PLYMOUTH, OHIO

to cross the railroad tracks. It was necessary to drive particularly dangerous near the edge of the new roadway. This was particularly dangerous as the surfacing had not yet been laid and the loose rocks were liable to roll over and dash the occupants of the big motor car into the valley below. Upon completing the drive over

UNCLE WIGGILY'S TRICKS



It's raining, Uncle Wiggily!

Ah, we're in luck!



These mushrooms grow very fast!

Now let it rain!

THE PLYMOUTH ADVERTISER
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Entered at the postoffice at
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OBITUARY

(New Washington and Attica papers please copy.)

To the person who is accustomed to derive happiness from within himself, no condition will appear as a real evil into which he is conducted by the common and regular course of nature. He will remember that "to those who love God all things work together for good." This is especially the case as old age approaches. After having wisely distributed many and proper enjoyments to all the preceding periods of life, it cannot be supposed that the loving Father above would neglect the believing soul at last, and leave it destitute of suitable enjoyment. When a certain point of maturity is attained, marks of decay necessarily appear; but to this unavoidable condition of the believer's being, every wise, and good man will submit with contented and cheerful hopefulness of something better beyond.

This is true of Henry Jackson Smith, son of Henry and Catharine Taylor Smith, born at Shellburg, Bedford County Pennsylvania, on Nov. 3, 1834. While yet an infant his parents moved to Seneca County Ohio. Here the greater part of his life was spent. On Nov. 18, 1888, he was united in marriage with Mary Ellen Shaffer, by the Rev. William Adams. To this union were born five children, three sons and two daughters. Early in life he united with the Church of God and remained a faithful member until death. His companion in life entered into rest Sept. 11, 1900.

ed over into the Summerland—and the great desire of his heart was granted. He attained the age of 89 years 4 months and 29 days. He was the oldest of a family of eight children. He leaves to mourn their loss, one brother, one sister, four children, William H. of Toledo, J. B. of Ashtabula county, H. D. of Postoria, and Mrs. Warren (Bertha) McDougall of Plymouth. Four grandchildren and three great grandchildren also survive him. Besides his companion in life an infant daughter had preceeded him beyond the Veil.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to those who helped in our time of sorrow in the death of our father, Henry Jackson Smith. To those who contributed the flowers, to the minister for his consoling counsel, and to all who assisted in any way.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren McDougall
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith

NEW HAVEN SCHOOL NEWS

Marcus Duffy carried off first honors in the County Oratorical Contest, held in Norwalk Wednesday, April 2. His oration, "Be Prepared" ranked first in organization and content as well as delivery. This makes New Haven eligible to enter the State Oratorical Contest, to be held at Kent April 19th. It will be remembered that Evelyn Chapman won county honors in Oratorical work for New Haven last year. This gives New Haven the privilege of retaining for another year the Oratorical placard.

Chapel services were conducted Thursday morning by Miss Wetherill.

Weather conditions being favorable N. H. S. will open up its baseball season with a game at New London April 11th. Game called at 3:30.

The girls have organized an indoor baseball team and much friendly rivalry is being shown.

Judge Bechtel of Norwalk spoke at the Parent Teachers meeting Tuesday evening, his subject being "Accomplishments." The trophy cup was also presented by the association.

Society, the final contest in the musical program of the evening's program will be given at work on Sunday evening, April 11th, and 25.

The given out trades will be next week.

CHURCH

ter quality of nobler action be the motive subject—PALM will be a message of

Communion service will be celebrated on Easter, April 20, at 11 a. m.

The Cantata—THE CONQUERING KING—will be rendered on Sunday evening, April 20, beginning at 7:45.

Wasted Breath

A Texas attorney was delivering a Fourth of July oration. He had held forth prosily for nearly an hour, apparently without getting anywhere. At length he stopped and then said in impressive tones: I pause to ask myself a question:

A voice from the back of the hall shouted: Better not. You'll only get a fool answer.

A pessimist is merely one who has seen too much truth.

THIRD ANNUAL LITERARY CONTEST

Of the
PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
Presbyterian Church, Friday, April 11th, 1924
Program

Oration—Things Worth While Margaret Nimmons (Clonian)
Oration—Living up to our Opportunities.....Ina Stock (Orythian)
Short Story—Sarah Elizabeth Gladice Baltzell (Orythian)
Short Story—His Financial Career Elizabeth Sykes (Clonian)
Reading—Aunt Polly at the Rural Aid Society. Eleanor Searle (Orythian)

Reading—One of the Kelly Kids.....Olga Aslakson (Clonian)
Debate—Resolved: That the United States Should Recognize Soviet Russia.

Affirmative (Orythian) Isabel Ford
Ruth Nimmons
Robert McIntire
Norman Aslakson
Agnes Carson
Gertrude Beelman.

Decision of Judges
Presentation of Cup

Note: Each Society has been successful in winning one contest. The program tonight marks the climax of the year's literary activities.

The scoring of points is as follows: Oration, 15 points; Short Story, 10 points; Reading, 10 points; Debate, 20 points.

The judges are: Mr. W. F. Simpson, principal, Shelby High School; Attorney Glenn Mariott of Shelby and Supt. Bedford, of Shiloh.

Miss Winona Gline of Bellevue, was a guest of Plymouth friends a few days last week.

Miss Edith Jump of Cleveland, spent her week's vacation with her mother, Mrs. ...

START YOUR CHOICES
RIGHT
WITH
RYDE'S BUTTERMILK
STARTING FOOD
WEBBER'S DRUG STORE

LEGAL NOTICE

Ray L. Bixler, residing at Connelville, state of Pennsylvania, is hereby notified that Lenora G. Bixler has filed her petition against him for divorce in cause No. 3941 of the Probate Court of Richland County, Ohio, and that said cause will be for hearing on and after the 2nd day of May, 1924.

Chas. A. Seiler, Attorney for Plaintiff.

FOR SALE—Spotted Poland China Boar. Eligible to registry. Apply to Don G. Eichelberger, Plymouth, Ohio, Route 1.

We loan money on choice farms, in Farm Land Bank under the amortization plan \$5 00 per \$1000 is paid every six months (No commission charged) S F STAMBAUGH Abstractor of Titles Shelby, Ohio

betrayed

Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.

At a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans such a way. At last you discover a solution to a problem that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a slight problem finally solved.

A large tube of Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents at your druggist's. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

C. A. SEILER

Attorney-at-Law
Notary Public

Novelties

POST CARDS

FOLDERS

WEBBER'S

EASTER

Candies

and

Novelties

Chappell's

YOUR QUESTION
And Its Answer

QUESTION—"I suffer with continual colds, first in my head, then in my throat and bronchials, and often the lungs are affected. How can you cure me, how long will it take?"



ANSWER—You certainly owe it to yourself to have your spine aligned that susceptibility to colds can no longer exist. The time required to bring about this change is dependent, not upon the severity, character or location of the cold, but entirely upon the time required to correct what is causing the cold. Your experience we know that colds come only when the organs of elimination are not functioning properly. These organs include the lungs, skin, kidneys and bowels.

Your susceptibility to colds will cease to exist when these four great channels of waste elimination are doing their work as nature intended. From an examination of your spine we will be able to give you more definite advice as to time required. This information is given in the interests of better community health. Health queries of general importance and practical value will be answered, in the order received, if addressed to

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The Local Telephone Company

West Broadway

As Plymouth Comes and Goes

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. G. Miller entertained the following guests last Sunday at their home on North Street: Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Sykes and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Smith and children, and Mrs. Elmer Rogers.

Otis Hills spent last Thursday and Friday with his mother, Mrs. Mary Hills, in Bellevue.

For little chicks—Chamberlain's Starter Chick Feed, at The Red Front Grocery. 5c pound. \$4.75 per hundred.

It's here. The lawn-mowing season. I grind and condition all types of lawn-mowers, and make them smooth-running. Will call for and deliver. A-10-4p. Fay Ruckman.

Miss Genevieve Monnett of Shelby was a week-end visitor of friends and relatives.

Mr. Clove Pugh returned to Dennison Wednesday after spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Pugh.

Miss Beatrice Stock of Dennison, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Stock during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Leasure are spending two weeks in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Byrd of Mt. Gilead were guests Tuesday of H. R. Byrd.

Miss Mary Becker has returned to Oberlin after spending ten days with her mother here.

Mrs. E. R. Johnson and children, of Indianapolis, Ind. were week-end guests of Jacob Weber and family.

Ernest Phillips, who is employed at Wadsworth, is home for a short visit.

Misses Carey and Mary Jane Carson, of Delaware, were Sunday guests of Miss Nellie Carson.

Mr. Nichols of Cleveland, was the week-end guest of Miss Esther McDonald.

Mr. H. P. Ford of Seville, spent Sunday with his family here.

Mrs. L. D. Caine of Columbus is spending a few days this week in the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Atyeo.

Remember Fetters' Repair Shop is headquarters for Lawnmower sharpening. 75c does it. Bring them in now.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Traxler spent the week-end in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Eichelberger. Mr. and Mrs. Traxler's home is in Lorain.

For little chicks—Chamberlain's Starter Chick Feed, at The Red Front Grocery. 5c pound. \$4.75 per hundred.

E. R. Liffing, doctor of Osteopathy, Mansfield, was a business caller in Plymouth Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Broadhead of Tiro, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Jason Mellick Tuesday.

Mr. Homer Buzzard has moved his family to Akron.

Iven Eastler is visiting his sister, Mrs. Harold Jeffrey.

Miss Florence Willet, instructor in the Canton schools, returned Saturday, having spent a week's vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Willet.

Miss Ella Lamb spent the week-end at her home in Columbus.

Mr. Geo. Collier, of Delaware, spent Sunday with Plymouth friends.

Harold Maurer spent several days last week in the home of his mother, Mrs. Addie Maurer.

For little chicks—Chamberlain's Starter Chick Feed, at The Red Front Grocery. 5c pound. \$4.75 per hundred.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Scott, who have resided in the Lofand residence on Sandusky street for the past year, will move into the Fackler residence on High Street.

Mr. N. B. Rule made a business trip to Mt. Gilead last week.

Marshal Riley Ziegler, who has been off duty for several weeks, due to illness, is back on the job.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mell and daughter, Helen, motored to Akron Sunday. Mrs. Mell and daughter spent the past week in Plymouth with Mr. Mell.

Miss Dorothy Hills returned to Bowling Green Sunday. Miss Hills spent a ten day vacation period with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clem Hills, W. Broadway.

For little chicks—Chamberlain's Starter Chick Feed, at The Red Front Grocery. 5c pound. \$4.75 per hundred.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Hilborn, Madonona and Harris, and Mr. Coby, of Toledo, were Sunday visitors in Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bachrach and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Root.

Mrs. Ed. Willet went to Cleveland Saturday to spend a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Theodore Wagner.

Mr. H. I. Jeffrey has returned from a business trip to Havana, Cuba.

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The new Arrow Steel Fence Post made by American Steel & Wire Company is now ready for your inspection.

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The cheapest brooder fuel is soft coal. The Bowers brooder stove burns it perfectly. It saves coal fuel costs in half—costing of fuel alone soon pays for brooder. This stove also burns hard coal, coke, wood, pine, miscanthus. Best stove in the world to hold fire. Burns soft coal or stove wood! Up to 20 hours without attention.

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START YOUR CHICKS RIGHT WITH RYDE'S BUTTERMILK STARTING FOOD

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FOR SALE—B-flat Cornet in good condition. Velvet lined case. Phone L-191.

FOR SALE—Born Wood or Coal Range; Dining Table; Sideboard; Book-case; Bedsteads; and many other articles too numerous to mention. Call at the late residence of Mrs. Dr. Fackler.

FOR SALE—Good Draft Horse. Apply to E. W. Coy, Plymouth, O. Telephone 3-B-193.

FOR SALE—Spotted Poland Sow with 8 pigs. Apply to George Myers, Route 1, Shiloh, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Day Old Chicks. Anconas or any other variety. All extra good stock. Geo. W. Page, Plymouth, O. A10-2.

FOR SALE—Lloyd Baby Carriage. Cheap. Phone 62-A.

FOR SALE—Two Baby Cribs, on wheels. Wooden construction, Ivory finish. Apply to Mrs. G. W. Pickens, North Street. tf.

FOR SALE—House and two-acre lot, with good big barn, located on Trux street. Also two tracts of land, 2 and 4 acres, south of Northern Ohio depot. Also on Sandusky Street 40 acres of land, good barn and 7 acres of hardwood lumber. Also 1 1/2 acres on County line road, about 90 rods from Public Square. Apply to Frank Myers, Admr., estate of Margaret Myers, deceased.

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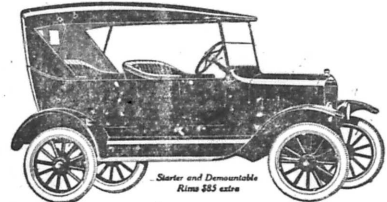
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CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

The Strength of the Ties

By EDISON MARSHALL

Author of "The Voice of a Pack"

SETTING THE TRAP

SYNOPSIS—At the death of his foster father Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him imperiously to southern Oregon—to meet Linda. Bruce has vivid but hazy recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl Linda. At his destination, Turner's End, news that a message had been sent to Bruce gets to Simon Truller, leaving the train. Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there. On the way, Simon warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses. Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him with emotion. She hastens him on his way—the end of "The Needle Trail." Bruce finds his childhood playmate, Linda. The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan, the Turners, on her family, the Rosses. Linda occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family, with the exception of Aunt Elmina (Mrs. Ross's sister), wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother was fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had desired his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would have given him enemy claims on the property, had been lost. Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood feud. A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, prompts to Bruce's deep intuition to be endeavoring to convey a message. Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, in witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger. A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity. Dave Turner, a neighbor of Simon bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement. The Killer strikes down Hudson, wounds the Killer, and escapes from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Simon smiled mirthlessly. "The news is beginning to sound like the rest of yours."

"Old Hudson is dead," Dave went on. "And don't look at me, first I didn't do it. I wish I had, though—first off. For once my judgment was better than yours. The Killer got him."

"Yes. Go on."

"I was with him when it happened. My gun got jammed so I couldn't shoot."

"Where is it now?"

"Dave scrambled in vain for a story to explain the loss of his weapon to Bruce, and the other man said at last didn't do him particular credit. "I-I throb the d-a-a thing away. Wish I hadn't now, but it made me so mad by jamming—it was a fool trick. Maybe I can go back after it and find it."

Simon smiled again. "Very good so far," he commented.

Dave flushed. "Bruce was there, too—fact is, he was here—before the last minute before he died. Hudson told him where the agreement was hidden. I couldn't hear all he said—I was too far away—but I heard enough to think that he told Bruce the hiding place."

"And why didn't you get that information away from Bruce with your gun?"

"Linda! I tell you the thing was jammed! If it hadn't been for that, I'd done more than find out where it was. I'd stopped this nonsense once and for all, and let a hole through that tented his eyes, when your gun was jammed. Then there'd never be any more trouble. It's the thing to do now."

Simon looked at his brother's face with some wonder. More crafty in cunning, Dave was like the coyote in that he didn't yield so quickly to fury as that gray wolf, his brother. But when did come to him, he had had come now. Simon couldn't mistake the fact; he saw it plain in the glowing eyes, the clenched hands, the drawn lips. Dave was remembering the pain of the blow that struck him and the smart of the words that had preceded it.

"You and he must have had a little session down there by the creek?"

Simon suggested slowly, "when your gun was jammed. Of course, he took the gun. What's the use of trying to lie to me?"

"He did. What could I do?"

"And now you want him potter'd from ambush."

"What's the use of waiting? Who'd know?" The two men stood face to face in the quiet and deepening dusk of the hour; and there was growing determination on each face. "Every day our chance is less and less," Dave went on. "With this land behind him, he'd be in a position to pay old debts. I'm telling you, he should have met him on the trail and let the buzzards talk to him."

"Yes," Simon echoed in a strange half-whisper. "Let the buzzards talk to him."

Dave took fresh heart at the sound

of that voice. "No one would have ever known it," he went on. "No one would ever know it. They'd find his bones, some time, maybe, but there'd be no one to point to. They'd never get anything against us. I tell you—it's all the way, or no way at all. Tell me to wait for him on the trail."

"Wait. Wait a minute. How long before he will come?"

"Any time now. And don't postpone this matter any more. We're men. He'll not be a fool of a coward, either. And he's a shot—I saw that plain enough—and how'd you like to have him shoot through your windows some time? Old Elmina and Linda have set him on, and he's hot for 'em."

"I wish you'd got that old offender when you got her son," Simon said. "He still spoke calmly; but it was plain enough that Dave's words were having the desired effect. "So he's taken up the blood-feud, hey? I thought you'd have your father some lessons in that a long time since. Well, I suppose we must let him have his way."

"And remember, too," Dave urged, "what you told him when you met him in the store. You said you wouldn't warn him twice."

"I remember." The two men were silent, but Dave stood no longer motionless. He was shifting all over with a sudden decision. "Well, I suppose 'then you've given the word'?"

"I've given the word, but I'll do it my own way. Listen, Dave," Simon said, not thinking of Dave. Her voice came back to him. "Could you arrange to hire Linda and the old hag out of the house when Bruce gets back?"

"We've got to work this thing right. We can't operate 't, the open like we used to. This can't be taken to do—is to let him come in."

"But he won't do it. He'll go to the courts first."

Simon's face grew stern. "I don't want any more interruptions, Dave. I mean we'll want to give the impression that he's been shot in his own free will. What if he comes into our house—a man unknown to these parts—and something happens to him that's the end of it? It wouldn't look so bad then—would it? Besides—if we got him here—before the clan, we might be able to find out where that document is. First, how long you tell when they're going to come?"

"He ought to be here very soon. The moon's bright and I can get up on the ridge and see his shadow through the pine needles when he crosses the big south pasture. That will give me a half hour before he comes."

"It's enough. I'm ready to give you half an hour. You are to do as you see fit, use your head, and on some pretext get those two women out of the house so that Bruce can't find them when he returns. Don't let them come back through the door, either. If it works—all right. If it doesn't, we'll use more direct measures. I'll tend to the rest."

He strode to the wall and took down his rifle from the hook. Quietly he threw it over the back of one of the cow ponies, the animal that he had punished. He put the bridge in Dave's hand. "He'll get the hide for the glasses, then he'll get the rest of 'em," he ordered. "Then keep watch."

CHAPTER XVII

The day was quite dead when Dave Turner reached his post on top of the ridge. Fortunately, the moon rose early. Otherwise Dave's watch would have been in vain. He didn't have long to wait. At the end of a half-hour he saw, through the field glasses, the wavering of a strange black shadow on the distant meadow. He tried to get a better focus. It might be just the shadow of deer, come to browse on the parched grass. Dave felt a little tremor of excitement at the thought that if it were not Bruce, he would have seen the light of the grizzlies, the Killer. The previous night the gray forest king had made an excursion into Simon's pastures and had killed a yearling calf; in all probability it would tonight come to finish his feast. In fact, his sight would in all probability see the end of the Killer. Some one of the Turners would wait for him, with a loaded rifle, in a snare.

But it wasn't the Killer, after all. It was before his time; besides, the shadow was too slender to be that of the huge bear. Dave Turner watched a moment longer, so that the possibility of a mistake. Bruce was returning; he was little more than a half-hour's walk from Linda's house.

Turner swung on his horse, then lashed the animal into a gallop. Less than five minutes later he drew up to a halt beneath the Sentinel Pine, almost a mile distant. For the first time, Dave began to move nervously. It would complicate matters if the two women had already gone to bed. The boy was early—not yet nine—when the darkness in often the going-to-bed time of the mountain peo-

ple. It is warmer there and safer; and the expense of candles is lessened. But tonight Linda and old Elmina were sitting up, waiting for Bruce's return.

A candle flame flickered at the window. Dave went up to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" Elmina called.

"It was a habit learned in the dreadful days of twenty years ago, not to open a door without at least some knowledge of who stood without. A lighted



For the First Time, Dave Began to Move Cautiously.

doorway sets off a target almost as well as a field of white sets off a black fly's eye.

Dave knew the truth was the proper course. "Dave Turner," he replied.

A long second of heavy, strange silence ensued. Then the woman spoke again. There was a new note in her voice, a curious hoarseness, but at the same time a sense of exultation and excitement. But Dave didn't notice it. He might, however, have been interested in the singular look of wonder that flashed over Linda's face as she stared at her aged aunt. Linda was not thinking of Dave. Her whole attention was seized and held by the unfamiliar note in her aunt's voice, and a strange drawing of the woman's features that the closed door prevented her from seeing.

It was a look almost of rapture, hardly to be expected in the presence of an enemy. The dim eyes seemed to glow in the shadows. It was the look of one who had wandered steep and unknown trails for uncounted years and sees the distant lights of his home at last.

She got up from her chair and moved over to the little pack she had carried on her back when she had walked up from her cabin. Linda still gazed at her in growing wonder. The long years seemed to have fallen away from her; she slipped across the uncarpeted floor with the agility and silence of a tiger. She always had given the impression of latent power, but never so much as now. She took some little object from the bag and slipped it next to her withered and scrawny breast.

"What do you want?" she called out to the gloom.

Dave had been getting a little restless in the silence; but the voice reassured him. "I'll tell you when you open the door. It's something about Bruce."

Linda remembered him then. She leaped to the door and flung it wide. She saw the stars without, the dark night of pines against the sky like behind. But most of all she saw the cunning, sharp-featured face of Dave Turner, with the candlelight upon him. The yellow beams were in his eyes, they seemed full of guttering lights.

The few times that Linda had talked to Dave she had always felt uneasy beneath his speculative gaze. The boy seemed swept over her now. She knew perfectly what she would have had to expect, long since, from this man, were it not that he had lived in fear of his brother Simon. The night leader of the clan had set a barrier around her as far as personal attentions went—and his reasons were obvious. The mountain girls do not usually attain her perfection of form and face; his desire for her was as jealous as it was intense and real. That heart-beaten man of great and terrible emotions did not only know how to love. In his own savage way he could love; his desire for her was, but the emotion was wholly different from the dread and abhorrence with which she regarded Dave. "What about Bruce?" she demanded.

"What do you want to see?" he asked. "He's lying—up here on the ridge. The tone was knowing, edged with cruelty; and it had the desired effect. The color swept from the girl's face. In a single fraction of an instant it showed stark white in the candlelight.

There was an instant's sensation of terrible cold. But her voice was hard and lifeless when she spoke. "You mean you've killed him?" she asked simply.

"We ain't killed him. We've just been teaching him a lesson," Dave explained. "Simon warned him not to come up—and we've had to talk to him a little—with fists and heels."

Linda cried out then, an agonized syllable. She knew what fists and heels could do in the fights between the mountain men. They are as much weapons of torture as the claws and fangs of the Killer. She had an instant's dread picture of this strong man of hers lying maimed and broken, a battered, whimpering, ineffective thing in the moonlight of some distant hillside. The vision brought knowledge to her. Even more clearly than in the second of their kiss, before he had gone to see Hudson, she realized what an immutable part of her was she. She gazed with growing horror at Bruce's leering face. "Where is he?" she asked. She remembered, with singular accuracy, the pistol she had concealed in her own room.

"I'll show you. If you want to get him in you'd better bring the old hag with you. I'll take two of you to carry 'em."

"I'll come," the old woman said from across the shadowed room. She spoke with a curious breathlessness. "I'll go at once."

The door closed behind the three of them, and they went out into the moonlit forest. Dave walked first. It was wholly characteristic of him that he should find a degenerate rapture in showing these two women the terrible handiwork of the Turners. He rejoiced in just this sort of cruelty. Linda had no suspicion that this excursion was only a pretext to get the two women away from the house, and that his eagerness arose from deeper causes. It was true that Dave exulted in the work, and strangely the fact that it was part of the plot against Bruce had been almost forgotten in the face of a greater emotion. He was alone in the darkness with Linda—except of course for a helpless old woman—and the command of Simon in regard to his attitude toward her seemed suddenly dim and far away. He led them over a hill, into the deeper forest.

So intent was he that he quite failed to observe a singular little signal before he reached the top of the ridge. The woman half turned about, giving the girl an instant's glimpse of something that she transferred from her breast to her sleeve. It was stender and of steel, and it caught the moonlight on its shining surface.

The girl's eyes glittered when she beheld it. She nodded, scarcely perceptibly, and the strange file plunged deeper into the shadowed forest.

Fifteen minutes later Dave drew up to a halt in a little patch of moonlight, surrounded by a wall of low trees and brush.

"There's more than one way to make a date for a walk with a pretty girl," he said.

The girl stared coldly into his eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked.

The man laughed harshly. "I mean that Bruce ain't got back yet—he's still on the other side of Little River, for all I know."

"Then why did you bring us here?" "Just to be sociable," Dave returned. "I'll tell you, Linda. I wanted to talk to you. I ain't been in favor of a lot of things Simon's been doing to you and your people. I thought maybe you and I would like to be—friends."

"No one could mistake the emotion behind the strained tone, the peculiar languor in the furtive eyes. The girl drew back, shuddering. "I'm going home."

"I'm going back," Linda answered. "You had some other purpose in bringing me out here—remember, I've brought Elmina, too. I'm going back to wait for Bruce."

"And you and I will linger here," Elmina told him. "We have many things to say to each other. We've many things to do. About my abner—there are many things you'll want to hear of him."

The last vestige of the man's spirit broke beneath the words. Abner had been old Elmina's son—a youth who had laughed often, and the one hope of the old woman's declining years. And he had fallen before Dave's ambush—a half-tripped fight of long years before.

The man, shivered in his bonds, Linda turned to go. The silence of the wilderness deepened about them. "Oh, Linda, Linda," the man called. "Don't leave me like this. I'm a poor fellow! I'm a poor fellow! I'm a poor fellow!"

"Please—please—don't leave me in this devil's power. Make her let me go."

But Linda didn't seem to hear. The brush crackled and rustled; and the two—this dark-hearted man and the avenger—were left together.

CHAPTER XVIII

The homeward journey over the ridges had meant only pleasure to Bruce. The days had been full of little nerve-raging adventures, and the nights had been full of rest. All these, there was the hope of seeing Linda again at the end of the trail.

It was strange how he remembered the days—knowing other things in his days—being a purely rational and healthy young man—but there had been nothing of immortality about them. Their warmth had died quickly, and they had been forgotten. They



She Was in His Arms, Struggling Against Her Steel.

She Was in His Arms, Struggling Against Her Steel.

"Wait. I'll take you back soon. Let's have a kiss and make friends. The old lady won't loo."

He laughed again, a hoarse sound that rang in through the silence. He moved toward her, hands reaching for her. She caught at his throat, and he half-tripped over an outstretched rock.

The next instant she was in his arms, struggling against her steel. She didn't waste words in pleading. A sob caught at her throat, and she fought with all her strength against the drawn, nerveless face. She had forgotten Elmina; in this dreadful moment of terror and danger the old woman's broken groans seemed to have faded to be of aid. And Dave thought her as helpless to oppose him as the tall pines that watched from above them.

His wild laughter obscured the single sound that she made, a strange cry that seemed lacking in all human quality. Rather it was such a sound as a puna utters as it leaps upon its prey. It was the articulation of a whole life of hatred that had come to a crisis at this moment, a terrible triumph after a whole decade of waiting. If Dave had discerned that cry in time he would have hurled Linda from his arms to leap into a position of defense.

The instant that she was gone from the roots of the world, but self-preservation is a deeper instinct still.

Just he didn't hear it in time. Elmina had not struck with her knife. Her hands were too far for that. She swung her cane with all her force. The blow caught the man at the temple, his arms fell away from the girl's body, he staggered grotesquely in the face of pain. Then he fell face downward.

"His belt, quick!" the woman cried. No longer was her voice that of decrepitude age. The girl struggled with the man, her hands were too far for that. She snatched the man's belt from about his waist, and the woman locked it swiftly about his ankles. With strong hand, Elmina they drew tight with the long bandanna handkerchief he wore about his neck. They worked almost in silence, with incredible rapidity and deftness.

The man was waking now, stirring in his unconsciousness, and swiftly the old woman took the buckskin thong from his tall logging boots. These also she twisted about the wrists, knotting them tight and pulling them close, so tight they were almost buried in the lean flesh. Then they turned him face upward to the moon.

The two women stood an instant, but Elmina spoke first. "Now," she asked. And a shiver of awe went over her at the sight of the woman's face. "Nothing more, Linda," she answered, in a distant voice. "Leave Dave."

It was a strange picture. Womanhood—the softness and tenderness which men have learned to associate with the name—seemed faded away from Linda. She looked like a man. Only avengers—like the she-bear that fights for her cubs or the she-wolf that guards the lair. There was no more mercy in them than in the females of the lower species.

Dave awakened. They saw him stir. They watched him try to draw his arms from behind him. It was just a faint, little-understanding pull at first. Then he wrenched and tugged with all his strength. He was just a faint, little-understanding pull at first. Then he wrenched and tugged with all his strength. He was just a faint, little-understanding pull at first. Then he wrenched and tugged with all his strength. He was just a faint, little-understanding pull at first. Then he wrenched and tugged with all his strength.

The last afternoon he traversed back. He wanted to reach Linda's house before nightfall. But the trail was too long for that. The twilight fell, to find him still a weary two miles distant. He thought of going to sleep when he was alone, but the quiet, peaceful of the Ross estates.

Half an hour later he was beneath the Sentinel Pine. He wondered why Linda was not waiting beneath it; his fancy, he thought of it as being the ordained place for her. But perhaps she had merely failed to hear his footsteps. He called into the open darkness.

"Linda," he said. "I've come back. No answer reached him. The words rang through the silent rooms and echoed back to him. He walked over the threshold.

At the end of the front room was turned over. His heart leaped at the sight of it. "Linda," he called in alarm, "where are you? It's Bruce."

He stood an instant, listening. A faint, faint, creeping, crawling voice called once more, first to Linda and then to the old woman. Then he leaped through the doorway.

The kitchen was similarly deserted. From there he went to Linda's room. He saw her and that lay on the bed, but there was no Linda to stretch her arms to him. He started to go to the way he had come, but went instead to his own room. A sheet of note-paper lay on the bed.

It had been scrawled hurriedly; but although he had never received a written word from Linda he did not doubt but that it was her hand:

"The Turners are trying to catch a glimpse of them on the ridge. There is no use of my trying to resist, so I'll wait for them in the front room and maybe they won't find this note. They've taken to the Ross's house, and I know from the structure of the walls they will lock me in an interior room in the east wing. Use the window on that side nearest the north corner. My one wish is that you will come at once to save me."

Bruce's eyes leaped over the paper; then he thrust it into his pocket. He slipped through the rear door of the house, into the shadows.

"Linda," he said again. "It's Bruce. Are you here?"

His Mystery.

"What's that?" remarked Linda. "That's what I'm trying to resist, so I'll wait for them in the front room and maybe they won't find this note. They've taken to the Ross's house, and I know from the structure of the walls they will lock me in an interior room in the east wing. Use the window on that side nearest the north corner. My one wish is that you will come at once to save me."

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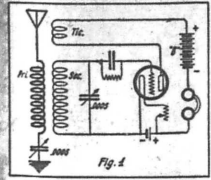
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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

Editor of Radio Merchandising.
By J. F. BUTTON
The need for a family-controlled receiver which will cover all broadcast wavelengths with a minimum number of controls is quite evident.



and which makes use of a standard circuit. Low construction cost has also been taken into consideration.

- The approximate list of material needed for the set is as follows:
1 6x1 1/2-inch panel.
1 8-inch deep cabinet.
2 2 1/2-plate var. cond. at 45-degree.
1 pound No. 24 S.C.C. wire.

As will be seen by the diagram, Figure 1, the circuit is a standard three-coil honeycomb, but uses spiderweb coils instead.

Into these slots is wound, zig-zagging No. 24 S. C. wire as follows: Primary 65 turns, secondary 40 turns and tickler 50 turns. No taps are taken, as tuning is done by variable condensers.

Some Good Cures for Wave Length Troubles
Once a receiving set has been properly loaded, there will be stations on their own wave length, although at present some are experiencing difficulty in getting those stations working on waves higher than 400 meters.

Standard regenerative. If the primary has at least 60 turns, no loading is needed. Shunt the secondary circuit, including both grid variometer and the secondary of the coupler, by a .0005 micro variable condenser. Insert a 50-turn H. C. coil or similar load coil in series with the plate variometer.

Way to Hold Panels in Your Own Workshop
Working on large panels it is convenient to mount them between two matched boards, screwed to the base-board, with the grooves toward the center of each other.

Proper Value of Fixed Condenser is Important
Don't condemn a reflex set until you have tried various types and sizes of condensers, if any are used. Assemble the set with exactly the condenser values specified and if it does not work try changing them. Varying lengths of wire in the variable condenser connections, so that the load coil really has the effect of increasing the size of the rotor.

Belmont circuit. Insert in grid coil a 50-turn H. C. or similar series loading. In one design an extra tap was provided for this purpose and the coil between the last used tap

BEHIND A MASK

With the exception of children, who are just beginning to find their way about through a labyrinth of words of perplexing colorings, meanings and difficulties, the great majority of humans habitually hide the truth behind a carefully adjusted mask.

We like to magnify ourselves in the eyes of others, just as they seek to enlarge themselves as they strut before us, preen their fine feathers and crow in sheer vanity.

Men You May Marry

Has a man like this proposed to you?
Symptoms: You fall for him for he believes in woman. He is just short of tall, deep voice, not over-clean hands or over-brushed clothes—a bit baggy altogether.

He likes you because you're the only woman who thinks he is his own man.

Prescription for His Bride:
Forget his equality notions because he has.
Absorb this:
As a Man Talketh so Often is He Not.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

"HERO" is the sort of fearless, dashing creature that every married man secretly thinks he'd be, if he weren't married.

Marching up the white-ribbed aisle to the strains of Lohengrin is like climbing the golden stair—for the bride; for the bridegroom, it is merely shutting his eyes and "walking the plank."

Even the most devoted husband has to practice the most painful self-restraint, in order not to babble to his wife about how his girls at the office "fall for him."

Cosmetics, like clothes and morals, are a matter of geography; in China a lipstick is a necessity, in Paris a habit, in Boston "vulgarity," in Philadelphia...

Mother's Cook Book

"The one who wins is the one who works; Who settles labor nor trouble strikes; Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes. The one who wins is the one who tries."

THINGS WE LIKE

There are many housewives who prefer the dried fruits (some of them) in preparing preserves. One that is especially good is apricots. The dried ones, and canned pineapple. Cook as usual, long and well, and put into glasses; seal as usual.

Baked Ham With Center Cut. Lay a thick slice of potato cut of ham in the bottom of a casserole. Rub into the ham a teaspoonful of mustard and two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. Cover the ham with thinly sliced potatoes, enough to furnish the family, adding one finely shredded onion. Cover with milk and add such quantities of salt and pepper as needed. Bake long and slow in moderate oven until the milk is all cooked into the potatoes, and makes a rich brown gravy with the fat from the ham. Serve from the casserole. This is a nice dinner for a busy day. As it may be prepared, put into the

oven and left for hours without cooking.

Spinach a la Parisienne. Cook the amount of spinach needed for the family, washing it carefully and cooking until tender with only the water that clings to the washed leaves. Dry, very dry after cooking until nearly tender, drain dry in a cloth, pressing out all the liquor before chopping. Season with butter, pepper, salt and a little nutmeg; cook until tender, then add a pinch of soda, a small teaspoonful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of rich cream; whip to a paste, boil up once and serve very hot.

Onion Sandwich. Lay thin slices of mild onion in cold water to crisp, then wipe dry and cover with seasoned dressing; let stand ten minutes and place between slices of buttered bread. Serve at once.

More Than a Minute. "Can you spare me a minute?" "I can spare you all the rest of your life."

Women's Feet Deformed. Sixty-nine pairs of women's feet out of a 100 are horribly deformed by the wearing of high-heeled shoes, says Sir Hubert Barker, the famous manipulative surgeon, of London, who avers that he has seen in the course of his work as a bonesetter more women's feet than any other person in the world.

ONLY A HURDY-GURDY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MUSIC beneath your window— Suddenly sweet, a tune— Maybe a song recalling— Song of another June. "Where is it from, the music? Look and see, if you can." "It's only a hurdy-gurdy. And a hurdy-gurdy man."

Music beneath your window, Suddenly sweet a tune, Maybe a song recalling— Song of another June— Playing up the heart-strings— Only a hurdy-gurdy. And a hurdy-gurdy man.

SCHOOL DAYS



The Young Lady Across the Way

Sometimes, it would seem kinder if a man would only kiss a woman's love by some big, cruel act, instead of gradually choking it to death, by a lot of little, foolish ones.

The only trouble with marriage, is that it has never been scientifically perfected; there is as much difference of today and the terrible working model of the future, as there was between the flying machine of Lullius Green and that of the Wright brothers.

Telling a man that he "MUSTN'T make love" to you is a clever little way of pretending to try to extinguish the flame of love by throwing naptha on it.



Poultry Hints

Good hens are scratching out a good living for many poultry raisers. Why not for you?

Never frighten the turkeys. If you have occasion to drive them, do it slowly so as not to scare them.

Poultry raisers must learn that the best hen medicine is sanitation and must give big doses of it regularly.

Sour and moldy food should never be fed to poultry. The health of the fowls is worth more than the saving on the cost of the feed.

There ought to be more goose. We find them the most economical poultry to keep and the easiest to raise.

Chaff and straw and hay should be used liberally on the poultry house floor. They suggest leaves and seeds to the hens and are valuable in promoting exercise.

Any unhealthy looking fowl should be removed from the rest of the flock and the trouble and a remedy sought. Sick fowls should never be kept with the healthy ones.



CHEAPEST FEEDS TO PRODUCE MOST EGGS

When the farmer's wife wants to make a good showing on eggs, she at once wants a good variety of feeds from which she can prepare the dry mash and scratch feeds for the flock. Sometimes there are feeds in our rations that cannot be included because of expense in some parts of the state, or availability in others. The cheapest ration, which will produce the most eggs is our aim, rather than the best ration regardless of price. Here are some suggestions by L. E. Card, University of Illinois:

"For example, wheat mixed feed or ground whole wheat may replace bran and middlings in the mash if local prices for these latter are too high. Standard middlings will occasionally be cheaper than the combination of bran and four middlings and may be substituted for these. Hominy feed may replace corn meal."

"Tillage or cradling meal may replace meat scrap if the latter is too costly. However, meat scrap is more readily eaten and it is therefore usually unwise to replace it with tillage unless there is a considerable difference in price. A difference of ten dollars a ton between a trap and tillage means a difference of only one to two cents a day in the cost of feeding a flock of one hundred hens. One extra egg daily will pay for this small difference."

"Any change in the ration should be made gradually rather than abruptly for the reason that marked changes suddenly in such matters are sure to cause a drop in egg production and may cause the birds to molt."

Mature Turkey Gobbler for Breeding Purposes

The mature turkey gobbler, or tom, as he is more rightly called, often attains a weight of from thirty-two to forty-five pounds when two years old or over, says a writer in the Successful Farmer. He is fat, clumsy and awkward and not as active as a cockerel of the breeding season.

Under no condition should a tom of the weights given above be used on females weighing less than twenty-five pounds and even then the spurs should always be clipped off and the sharp ends of the toenails removed with a file. If this is not done, he is likely to tear the skin over the backs of the hens in such manner as to cause death. This is especially true if the hen is very fat. Some breeders protect the hens when using a heavy tom by placing a cloth over the back during the breeding season.

Well-developed cockerels and yearling toms are usually very satisfactory for breeding purposes. With most varieties of turkeys one tom to twelve or fifteen females is quite enough for safety in breeding. In flocks where two or more toms must be kept, it is advisable to allow only one tom with the female. It is better to let a tom that they will often fight and injure one another badly enough to interfere with their breeding ability.

Rearing of Chickens is Most Difficult Problem

Unfortunately many people seem to think that when the chicks are hatched in an incubator the worst of the work is over. Such, however, is not the case. With a first-class incubator, good hatches are comparatively easy and sure, but rearing the chicks is a more difficult matter.

Rearing and care, the same right kind of brooding is necessary. That means that plenty of warmth, plenty of circulation of pure air so that both air and moisture do not stagnate in the house and that the chicks, if absolutely necessary, to bring off a new lot of chicks and then try to breed them "his hand" in a makeshift brooder is to fruit trouble and loss. A good brooder will last a good many years and therefore is not expensive, even if the purchase price does seem a little high.

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FIRST VICTIM OF WAR FORTGOTTEN BY GOVERNMENT

(From page one)

parents of Mrs. Ayres, believe that the government should consider their daughter on the same basis as any other soldier and not penalize her for the misfortune of being killed before the insurance law became effective.

The following letter written by one who knew Mrs. Ayres, is self-explanatory:

Hon. Earl C. Michener
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Earl:
The enclosed from a Washington paper of a few days ago has made such an impression on me that I call it to your attention. You appreciate why I am submitting it to you instead of the Representative from that District.

Both you and Mrs. Ayres were born in the same neighborhood, where my childhood days were spent. Her mother and I as children attended the country school in this same neighborhood. As I recall, the Michener farm where you were born, the Smith farm, the birthplace of Mrs. Ayres, and the Gaddis farm, where I grew to young manhood, were practically adjacent—only separated by the Carpenter farm. Being younger than I am, I presume both you and Mrs. Michener were personally acquainted with both Mrs. Ayres and her husband and that you know something of her family.

It seems to me that we Northern people are deficient in sentiment, indifferent and cold-hearted, and I venture the assertion had Mrs. Ayres been born and reared in a similar suburban community anywhere in the South this article would never have appeared in the public press. Be this as it may, it occurs to me our National Government should do something in her honor and perpetuation of her memory.

Very truly yours,
Eugene E. Gaddis

WAR MATERIALS TO MEXICO

More than a million dollars' worth of surplus war material has been sold by the United States to the Obregon faction in Mexico in virtually continuous transactions dating from the first sale last January.

Inquiry at the War Department revealed that about eight sales have been negotiated to date involving the delivery to the Obregon forces of 2,500 bombs for use of aircraft operating against revolutionists headed by Adolfo de la Huerta, in addition to 33 machine guns, 15,100 Enfield rifles, 5,000 Russian rifles, 6,010,000 rounds of rifle ammunition and 11 DH-airplanes.

War department officials explained that not all of the materials included in the various sales had been delivered to the Mexican government's representatives and that only a small number of the 2,500 bombs have been sent across the border. Practically all of the 20,100 rifles and rifle ammunition, however, have been turned over to accredited Mexican officials.

Efforts have been made to have the transactions conducted quietly, it was explained, that revolutionary forces might have less chance of capturing the materials. On February 16 Secretary Weeks informed the House subcommittee on army appropriations that the additional sales of arms were being made and that bombs, machine guns and Russian rifles had been added to the list of materials sold in the earlier transactions.

Couldn't Have Been

Did my wife speak at the meeting yesterday?

I don't know your wife, but there was a tall, thin lady, who rose and said she could not find words to express her feelings. That was my wife.

One who is "short" naturally has a hard time to get along.

Every man knows whether he is a success or a failure, but nobody else does.

THESE POINTS LEAD IN RAISING CHICKS

"Fresh ground and milk; have them both in abundance." These are the most important points in rearing chicks, says G.S. Vickers, poultry extension specialist at the Ohio State University, in a letter to 1100 poultrymen who are cooperating with the University in an effort to produce eggs more efficiently.

"We have given what we think are the best suggestions for raising chicks," Mr. Vickers continues "in the Big Ten rules for chick rearing published recently. Nothing is any good unless it works. Last season in Putnam County these suggestions meant that slightly over 90 percent of the chicks were raised. Get these Big Ten rules from your county agent. They mean money."

Turning to chick feeds the poultry specialist says: "We continually hear people denounce some particular brand of commercial chick feed because it kills chickens. We do not believe that any one of these feeds will kill chicks. Feed companies couldn't put out such fool-year after year and stay in business."

"Often the previous season's feed is held over; it becomes musty. This will certainly kill chicks, but it is not the fault of the feed."

"We know of no chick feed that is better than the Ohio Ration when fed with milk, as recommended in our bulletin. As to home-bred or commercial feeds, the question should be determined entirely on the basis of economy."

ABOUT WITTENBERG

Dr. T. Bruce Birch, Ph. D., professor of philosophy at Wittenberg, has been made overseas member of the Authors' Club, London, England. Recognition is thus made of philosophical books written by Dr. Birch.

Wittenberg Men's Glee Club and Ladies chorus will give a joint concert here April 10. Neither song group has made a home appearance, although both have been on winter tours.

Wittenberg men debate talking for and against the League of Nations convinced 18 out of 22 judges that they knew more about it than did their opponents.

All available musical talent of Wittenberg college will be thrown into the presentation of the operetta "In Guam" at Memorial Hall here May 14 and 15. The operetta was composed by Professor B. D. Gilliland, formerly conductor of the famous Klitjes band, now professor of orchestra and band at Wittenberg. We will direct a 40 piece orchestra. The 80 voices are being trained by Professor F. L. Bach, director of the Wittenberg School of Music, and Professors J. T. Williams and Charles Keep. Improvised scenery and costumes will add professional color.

Worse Than That

Thomas was not a prime favorite with his rich uncle. In vain did he try to impress him, but the old man was not easily impressed.

One evening the young man went to his uncle's home for a call, and in the course of conversation asked:

"Uncle, don't you think it would be rather foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, Thomas, was the reply. Worse than foolish—impossible!"

Her Immunity

After the epidemic had been checked an old negro protested vigorously when the health officer started to take down the sign they had put up on her house.

"Why don't you want us to take it down? one of the officers asked. Here ain't be'n a bill collect nash dis house since dat sign was nailed up. You all please let it alone."

"A woman sometimes becomes 'catty' because her husband barks at her."

What Are Yonkers?

The English girl was endeavoring to become a saleswoman in a New York department store, her specialty being boy's clothing. She heard the buyer say to a customer:

"Yes, we have wonderful values in rompers, and the youngsters fairly live in rompers now?"

Shortly afterward she heard the buyer say on the telephone: "Well, you know I live in Yonkers now."

She went to one of the saleswomen and said: "Now, I know what rompers are, but what in the wide world are yonkers?"

A married man has more bills to pay than a single one, but the married man's creditors are usually more sympathetic.

An optimist is one who while shoveling snow is happy because he doesn't have to mow the lawn.

Sometimes a man finds a girl

after his own heart only to find later that she really was after his pocketbook.

COAXING YOU TO SMILE

When Dreams Come True Have any of your childhood ambitions been realized?

Yes, when my mother used to cut my hair I always wished I hadn't any.

In one of the numbers played by a brass band in Wick park, not

long since, the trap drummer imitated a jig dancer by rubbing together two blocks covered with sandpaper.

A little girl in the audience immediately took interest. "Do you hear that?" she asked her mother.

"Yes dear, the mother replied. "Do you know what it sounds like to me?"

"Well, it sounds just like Uncle Ben scrubbing his teeth with a toothbrush."

Are You Prepared for Easter?

Ready to take your place with the thousands of men and women in the Easter Sunday dress parade.

Easter is a most appropriate time for new clothes; all nature puts on new dress then, and it is particularly fitting that men should do the same thing, the ladies, --bless 'em--don't need to be reminded to attend to it.

We've spent months of time preparing for the annual dress event and the result is that we are able to spread before you the finest line of spring clothes, hats, shoes and furnishings it was ever your good fortune to behold.

New Styles - New Colors

In Mens and young Mens Clothes for Spring

The styles, are easy fitting english types; the colors are the new shades of blue and gray overplaid; the extra value is in the fine imported and domestic woolsens and in the expert needle work.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits \$35 to \$55
Other well known makes \$20 to \$35
Many of these have two pairs of pants.

What About Your Topcoat

You'll need one for Easter; you'll find the best variety here best style and quality too. Prices range \$20 to \$40

It's Here!

That's another thing you can't miss—a new hat, all the new shapes are here. New colors and new values. Prices range \$3 to \$5.

William Glick

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS
SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY
ONE PRICE and 5 percent discount for CASH
WILLARD, OHIO

THE GEEVUM GIRLS

