

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN FRANCE EXPERIENCES ON THE FIRING LINE

An Interesting Letter From an American Volunteer, Who Now Wears U. S. Buttons on the French Uniform He Has Worn for Two Years.

Serial 8. Action at the Front Somewhere in France.

Dear Family:

Unfortunately, as you see, the yellow paper and pencil still exist and continue in use. Yes, the pencil is yellow too, but neither bears any significance or relation to the colorful type of journalism. But it is useless, for lack of more refined materials for correspondence. For the extent of these, so let's hope your interest in this letter will be sufficient quite, to obscure any thought of material used in its composition. For after all, as the great poet wisely remarked, "the play's the thing." So let's go on with the play.

To begin with, this is to be the letter I kind of a letter which I have longed to write you ever since coming to France, because it concerns action at the front—action in which I was personally engaged and can therefore relate with the authority of an observer. Also, since it contains news only of past events and places no longer recalled, I must be freely with little or no fear of exciting the wrath of the censor, by violating the oath of secrecy concerning all things military. For we have had the case of our last activity and are now "en repos," somewhere else in France, and what I have to relate will disclose nothing as to our or the army's location, which is the main thing to be avoided. So please remember, I speak only in the past, disclosing nothing in any way damaging to the cause of the allies which is usually assumed to be avoided, since their cause is now ours. And now in supplication, all that follows I offer up to the eyes of some kind and indulgent censor. May he be lenient.

My last letter, No. 7, you will recall, was written from somewhere at the seasons from where we were quartered in a little village scarcely five miles from the Chemin des Dames, that famous bit of roadway (hardly recognizable as such) where the present session of which terrible conflict has been raging those past few months and is still much disputed, as the papers have told you. You can realize from this into what an active sector we were sent.

This former roadway runs east and west along a high plateau up to the trenches and, topping as it does a great area of surrounding country, this commanding a view of many miles to the north and south. Here, along this roadway, two lines of trenches extend with fighting in progress all the while for complete possession.

And here our work took us, up to within four or five hundred yards of where were located two of our Poste de Secours, or first aid stations. One was more of a primary station for three relieving cars, was somewhat farther to the rear, though well within range as we came to the front. The Germans, all one afternoon, bombarded with shrapnel, a supposed battery position scarcely a quarter of a mile distant where we had a machine gun and smoked the shells as they exploded on the top of the hill, the noise from the explosions sounding as though they were breaking in "the yard directly behind me. Just how I came to be there after telling you how duty confined me to the barracks, is another story. At any rate, I want to say, however, that I was once for experience and again to replace another man who was unable to go, which accounts for both trips. I shall probably be ordered to again, but, having been and seen, the experience is now mine, and, out of this grows the rest of this story.

It was just a week or two, Wednesday, the 12th, called to the Poste, when I set out for Poste and my first adventure. It was blustery and cool with the sky cloudy and overcast, making the day seem for all the world like an early fall fog ball day at Hanover. Having elected to visit first the Poste beyond the lines, our way the first car to have a little of interest along the road as the night traffic had ceased and there was scarcely evidence of any activity whatever, more than the passing of a few straggling squads of soldiers, returning, doubtless, from their night's labor. And only, when we reached a cross road where there stood a sign "Vers A" (This way to A) did I realize that we were nearing the front. A is in the front and our second Poste located here. A long procession of the road before reaching A was exposed to the full view of the German observation posts and at night is usually under the watchful eyes of traffic to all the world like an early fall fog ball day at Hanover.

Passing through A we had just a half mile to go to the farthest Poste, F, and between A and F—our interest in the trip thickened considerably at the sight of numerous and fresh large shell holes lining the road on both sides, but fortunately, and to the credit of the German manning, none of them hit it. One tremendous hole was pretty near, however, and as our ambulance bumped over the fact that the trench, in which the explosion had hurled into the middle of the road, I could not help exchanging congratulations with the driver and our machine had in no way coincided.

Arriving at F—we parked the car as second to the protection of the hill as possible and then I got out of the machine to behold the ruins. Frankly there is something about the place to make every man's eyes bulge. Everything has been absolutely demolished, and when I say ruins, it has more meaning than one ever dreamed of, includ-

ing Rome and Athens, and the more ancient, better of Troy and Sidon. The Poste de Secours at F—is in a large post in large cave, dug near the top of a hill, just under the crest, and extending deep down into the clay and limestone formation. The cave consists of four large rooms, with a large center air shaft and hand power fan ventilator supplying the "fresh air" as it is called. On the way up from the car to the cave, Rodg indicated the various points of interest, namely, the observation poste above; the machine gun alarm; the place where the shell landed a few days before not over 25 yards from one of the men, showering him with mud and rocks and the concussion nearly knocking him down; and, most interesting of all a few old shell holes filled with water from recent rains and which the men, taking advantage of these benefits of nature, were using as bathtubs in which to perform their morning ablutions.

This was very interesting and without any particular danger or excitement, I was beginning to think, when suddenly I became conscious of a very strange sound similar to what one hears when steam is escaping, with a hiss or a whistle, or when someone somewhere is tearing a heavy piece of sheeting, the noise fast becoming louder and nearer.

Under Shell Fire
It took me only a brief moment to realize the source and true significance and meaning of the sound—a shell was arriving somewhere in our very near vicinity. And while I do not know the particular alarm, possible this was due to the fact that a Frenchman standing quite near me was quite calm and composed and I must have absorbed some of his composure. Most of the shells have ears well tuned to the whistle so that they can tell from the sound just about where an article is going to land. But probably my feeling was that of more or less helplessness, and being a novice, I could derive no comfort whatever from the situation in which some Boche gunner had certainly placed me. My one main idea, reverting to the prime instinct of self preservation was to duck the flat, and I crouched down, and got under cover. But following the example of my Gallic neighbor, I stuck to the spot and fortunately had occasion to be a little later, for a little later, because the shell fell short and exploded on top of the hill, and an otherwise luminous situation, at my expense, was thereby averted.

This may sound like folly to you, but not all. We have all learned to do as the Frenchmen do, only more so—we duck all the time. In this case experience would have told me that this particular shell was not intended for me, but that you, if you had been standing near, I would have been hit on the ground, or in a hole, if one had been conveniently near. Of course, you had been only a few minutes after the first arrival, a second came whining over and, being close to a shell which happened to be in a manner that I could not see, it was just ahead of me, but only just. The shell struck about 60 yards from us.

The Samoll's Wrist Watch
This was the excitement at F—because the rest of the morning was quiet as a New England Sunday and "nothing more" of interest may have been in the air. I was with a young lieutenant who was making an effort to speak English, equally as painful as mine to speak French, and the conversation turned to the watch which I had on my wrist. Americans are there in France; when we came and where we landed, and how long do we think the war will last. But I certainly did derive some amusement from seeing a coal black native from Samoll land come walking out of the cave, and in passing, he raised his wrist, turned back his hand, and took the time of day from a little silver wrist watch he was wearing. Can you beat it? Imagine Ed. Fleisher of "The Editor's Henry in a similar position.

At noon, just as we were ready to eat our lunch, they brought in a "wounded" man in a stretcher, the badly wounded he has to lie down, and this of course meant a trip to the hospital. After dressing his wound (he had been hit in the knee) they carried him down to the car. And that little procession of four brandcarriers with the stretcher on their shoulders, went down the hill, stopping once at a group of men in a little dug out to lower the man for a handshank and last word of parting cheer from his comrades, he was taken to the hospital. A most strange reason I called to mind that picture of Siegfried's death in that old book, "Stories From the Opera," we were told that a man in a man's name (Remember, mother). Again, after the stretcher had been put into the car and the door closed, another comrade came running up to have us open the door again, so he could climb in and add his word of farewell cheer. All of which cheer was well added, being a man in a man's name, I was something to buoy up his spirits, for an ambulance at best is not comfortable over that long and somewhat rough ride. I was sitting in the ambulance as slowly and carefully as we do when a "coucho" is in the car. From the hospital we came back to the motor turned over to our system, we were third on call.

The afternoon was comparatively quiet, only two cars going out, and until supper time. This gave us an opportunity to view the long procession of supplies, ammunition and men from the front to the rear, and at nightfall, moving in a continuous line on up past our poste and on up to the front line position. The horses



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plodding along at a steady, slow pace and the men driving them or walking at the head of a team were quiet and solemn-faced, making it seem not at all like the tremendous circus parade it would impress you as being, were it not for the fact that the progress being made was toward the water.

"Drive Like Hell!"

At 8:30 our call came to replace the car at A—which had just come down and passed with its load of battered humanity. "Squid," the driver, passed the wheel over to me, climbed hell because they are shelling the road. This was no too pleasant a thought with the road already crowded with traffic slow. Besides, in the afternoon, at the way back from the hospital, our car had developed carburetor trouble, and had water on the fenders, we couldn't discover which. So we looked for a stormy passage, and we were not disappointed. Hardly had we passed a small section of wagons ahead of us, when the old engine gave a cough and died on our hands.

Having located the difficulty, Rodg turned the wheel over to me, climbed on the front fender, and raising the hood, lay there priming the carburetor, feeding it gasoline every time the motor turned over in starting. And so we rode all the way to A—and never shall I forget the experience. The night was very dark, darker, as B. L. T. remarked than the inside of a cow's stomach. Naturally we were without lights, so the presence of a

vehicle in the road was indicated only by the driver's cigarette, if he happened to be smoking one and the vehicle coming toward us. Wagons a little ahead and going in our direction were indicated only by the occasional sparks from a horse's hoof striking against a stone in the road, because nothing could be seen and nothing heard above the noise of our own engine until we were close upon it. Added to this we were not allowed to use a horn but could only whistle, so with these difficulties, and the extra care of driving with Rodg on the front fender, you can imagine somewhat my hardship in driving. At one crossroad where we met a whole battery coming back, I failed to locate one wagon at all, in spite of Rodg's loud cries of direction and nearly scraped him off his perch. This was the nearest we came to having any casualty to report.

I must admit a slight nervousness, however, while we were crossing that exposed portion of the road, because with an unreliable engine, and shells flying overhead, and the progress being slowed down by congested traffic, there was little comfort to be had in such a situation.

But the most intense moment came when we reached A—and were held up at the cross road not more than 50 yards from the poste, by a double line of wagons going up and coming down. German shells were passing directly overhead, added to which was the startling noise of a French bat-

tery of 75s belching away scarcely 100 yards to the side of the road. I was alone in the car at the time, Rodg having gone ahead to discover a break in the line, and a more welcome sound I can never imagine than his voice from somewhere out of the darkness up ahead calling "All o k. Jim—come on ahead."

The poste was the next stop, where we stayed all night, and the progress being slow, it was not until the afternoon of my first experience on duty at the front.

The Aviator "Phantomus"
My second trip was three days later, and while it included several similar experiences, one or two incidents were decidedly new and worth recording. The first incident concerned "Phantomus," a daring German aviator, who daily, and always at the same hour,

comes flying low over the French lines to empty his machine gun into the French positions, seldom doing more harm than wounding a man now and then, but very annoying, and always escaping untouched, though a perfect rainstorm of rifle and machine gun bullets surround him, and also a heavy curtain of shrapnel shells. His unaccountable escape each time from such heavy fire at such very close range has prompted the French to give him this name which suggests his own meaning.

We were at A—and had just finished our supper when Phantomus appeared on the scene, flying low enough for the crosses on his plane to be seen, and popping away with his little old machine gun. Immediately a daring German aviator, who daily, and always at the same hour,

(Continued on Page 3)

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AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN

(Continued From Page 3)

On his arrival the merry dance started up, and while we had to duck inside to keep from being targets for him, we got the benefit of all the noise, and if you can imagine an army of our riflemen at work on a busy scrap, you have some idea of the noise when all these rifles and machine guns opened fire.

When he was a little way over, we crawled out of our hole—long enough to see him completely surrounded with hissing, barrelling shrapnel, but he called dodging along and was soon lost to view over the German line. Other than for the psychological effect, I can't imagine why he commits such a folly daily, because they're going to get him sooner or later. But they simply have to hand it to him for his nerve in such an undertaking.

Saturday Night Concert. After this all was quiet again, except for an occasional arrival which would come whistling over our heads and break somewhere, doubtless upon the road which was the engine's last get and object of the German Vesper of Hate. During the lull we sat in the doorway of the poste with the doctor, listening American fighting tunes to the accompaniment of their beating out the syncopated time. This finally led to a lot of organized noise which the doctor humorously termed "the grand Band d'A" which played or anything from Protty Baby up to the sublime opera aria from Aida, Rigoleto and Madam Butterfly. It was Saturday night by the way, and everybody and their dog, as Maury says in Washington Park at home, you had nothing on us that same evening out at the front.

With the end of the concert came an end of the lull outside, because it was the night when the "revitalment" or re-victualizing train, were due, and this fact being already well known to the Germans, as the doctor explained. So the shells began to whistle some more and in more frequent numbers, while we sat inside trusting there would be no call to go, because it was only too evident from the proximity of the bursting shells that they had the range of that rather accurately recorded. But luck was not with us, as three slightly wounded were brought in and we received orders to go. Fortunately for them, they were not badly wounded and could all sit up. For I question if a badly hit fellow would ever have survived which then followed.

Advertisement for Snow Flakes featuring an illustration of a child and text: 'Don't ask for Crackers say SNOW FLAKES'.

poete, exploding, it showered dirt and small stones down upon us and patterned like rain on top of the car. The doctor stepped out and ordered us to wait five minutes, thinking it might be the last. So we waited, but we were sorry that we did, for another shell followed shortly afterwards, breaking directly over the cross road by which we had to pass.

Stack in Shell Hole. After this one, however, acting on the theory that they never hit twice in the same place, we decided to put out. The "get away" was good and we passed the crossroad in safety, all going well until passing down the hill, where we discovered a hole in which Jude was obliged to turn out for some wagons, and in doing so in the dark, plump, our car wheel slipped into a shaft hole and there we stuck, progress stopped both forward and back.

With shells zipping by us we might as well have been in a hole if we had had time to think about them. But we were both too occupied with the business in hand of getting out of there, so too too notice of anything of value, finally after fifteen minutes of labor, with the help of two poles, and a gunny sack under the wheel, we managed to back out, and certainly lost no time getting over the rest of the road. Just what the poor wounded thought during all this is more than I can imagine. They were inside the car, all the while, and with all the standing and backing, got a terrible shaking up, as we learned later when one of them, an Arab, on arriving at the hospital, showed black eyes to me, which I could see by the lantern, was very black, and pointing to it in a pathetic manner, said in French, "Which I could well understand, that he had gotten it in the car on the way down. And we could guess where it happened.

We arrived at V. from the hospital in about 3:30 and our experience for the day ended there because we were last on call and got no other call during the night. In Now "En Repos". And so my story ended. The tumult and the shouting have died, for we are now "en repos," and such opportunity for experience and adventure will hardly come again. The oddest has been observed, and must remain at the home and attend to my duties. But once or twice in a man's lifetime such opportunities are to be welcomed, not spurned, and I am doubly thankful that my name came and passed without my name appearing under the list of latest casualties. For the experience is, now mine, and I can say with confidence that I saw and returned with my boots on.

I have not made my story more colorful than it should be pointed. If I have erred at all, it has been in the other direction, though frankly, I have

Advertisement for Pacific Coast Resort Co. featuring text: 'PACIFIC COAST RESORT CO. Portland, Oregon.' and 'L. F. FRATER'.

tried to have you see things exactly as they happened and my only hope is that this passes through the censor's hands as it should, unaltered. The main thing is for you to be wary, and all over my mind or safety. The war will be over soon and I will return only too glad to be able to say that I have had a part in it, and that part, though not the best, has been on the side of the allies and in their cause, in their fighting for democracy.

As for further news, you know by now the way the war is going, and I am enlisted under the good old colors and have already been decorated for the office of sergeant. If I can draw a great one, has been a section, so much the better, let the commissions fall where they may. I want the confirmation of my appointment first.

Continue the same address, 21 Rue Raymond, Paris, for though we are now under the government, there has been absolutely no change in the U. S. buttons on our uniforms and receive pay for our services. Other things remain as usual.

THE FIGHTING TRAIL

THIS STORY SHOWN AT THE ORPHEUM THEATRE

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOPLAY Each chapter is a complete story in itself, and a jump can be made from one to the other without the least destroying the sequence of the story. William Duncan and Carol Holloway in the stellar roles accomplish some death defying stunts. The tale in brief follows the adventures which befall the discoverer of a valuable ingredient for the making of a powerful explosive, and the efforts of a foreign enemy to get possession of the secret. The photography is unusually beautiful and artistic.

The marvelous adventure story of the great outdoors written by J. Stuart Blackton and Cyrus Townsend Brady. THE CAST John Gwyn, William Duncan, American mining engineer on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of furnishing the United States government with a rare mineral used in the manufacture of a very high explosive shell. Nan Lewis, the heroine. Carol Holloway "Cut Deep" Rawls, an outlaw. "Skeg" Gray, Drifter. Joe Ryan Hendrick Von Block.

Walter Rogers, an enemy to an individual, but to a country—an international spy.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

John Gwyn, an American mining engineer, is working a western mine to furnish the government with the ingredients of a powerful explosive essential to the manufacture of ammunition. He is sought by an agent of the Central Powers whose outlaw tools murder the owner of the mine and when Gwyn saves the daughter, try and almost succeed, several times, in killing them. They finally attack the mine in force and capture it, together with the deeds.

CHAPTER 9

As he spoke, Gwyn pushed the throttle over the last notch. The ponderous engine made the bridge creak beneath it as it tore like a mad steed at the center it seemed for a moment, as though the whole structure, with the engine, must hurtle down the rise before it by a miracle, the bridge held the weight, and the engine emerged safely from the smoke at the other end of the bridge. "Thank God, the bridge was safe," said, relieved. "It was one chance in—"

"Look! Look! Stop!" Nan shouted. "The chasm bridge. See? They've blocked the track."

Gwyn peered ahead through the dark of approaching night. Directly in the center of the track he could see a great, dark form loom up at the end of the chasm bridge nearest him. Von Block and his men had piled lumber and stones over the bridge. It was impossible for him to pass, and if he attempted to break through the blockade, they would be thrown into the chasm to their doom. There was no alternative; Gwyn shut off the throttle and threw on the brakes with a jam. The wheels scraped and the engine slowed to a final stop. "It was within but a few feet of the obstruction. The old cable ferry, which was close enough to be within plain view, was the first thing to attract Gwyn's attention. "We've got to risk that cable," Gwyn cried to Nan. "If we don't get to town everything is off. Are you willing to try?"

did heed his warning, and drove ahead at full speed.

At the other end of the bridge Nan and Gwyn had landed safely from their perilous ride across the chasm. They were in a quarry as they now proceeded to town, when Gwyn's automobile, standing where Nan had seen it on her trip to the mine, met Gwyn, by shooting into the other had a thrilling race between the engine and the auto began.

For several miles the race continued until they arrived at a spot where the road was unusually close to the track. A bullet from the engine had punctured one of Gwyn's tires and as "Gwyn" looked off a balance, but Gwyn, by shooting into the other had overcome this difficulty. The engine was drawing dangerously close to the auto. Nan looked back and screamed a warning, but Gwyn could do nothing. He had already been running the car at its highest speed.

Suddenly, as Gwyn was struggling back to the motor over the hole, a shrieked. There was a terrific explosion that shook the ground, and the engine was enveloped in smoke.

Under the cab they found the engine dead, beside his throttle. They were still searching the wreckage when the whistle of another engine announced the arrival of the sheriff. Von Block they found at the foot of the embankment, a very much bruised and battered man, but stunned rather than seriously hurt.

"I'm glad he isn't dead," Gwyn told the sheriff. "but I shall have to ask you to put him under arrest before he escapes." He and his confederates have stolen the deeds to the mine!

(Concluded Next Tuesday)

See this story in Photo Play form to-day—Tuesday and Wednesday matinees and in the afternoon Theatre. Every chapter a complete story in itself. A jump can be made from

one to the other without losing the thread of the story.

Thirty housewives read the Pure Food Section on Tuesday's in the TIMES.

LEGAL PUBLICATIONS

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the state of Idaho, in and for the county of Twin Falls, Lucy Boyle, plaintiff, vs. James H. Boyle, defendant. Alias Summons.

The state of Idaho sends greetings to James H. Boyle, the above named defendant. You are hereby notified that a complaint has been filed against you in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the state of Idaho, in and for the county of Twin Falls, by the above named plaintiff. This action is brought to secure a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant above named, said action being brought upon the grounds of extreme cruelty, that the community property be decreed to be that of the plaintiff, and for the restoration of the plaintiff's maiden name.

In said complaint, Witness my hand and the seal of said District Court, this 20th day of October, 1917.

R. J. FINCH, Clerk.

By C. L. BOWEN, Deputy.

E. M. Wolfe and J. F. Martin, attorneys for plaintiff, residing at Twin Falls, Idaho. 19-23-34; 11-4-15-19

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Advertisement for 'Produce of All Kinds Bought at Your Nearest Railroad Station' with text: 'Money Advanced on Storage Stock. Telephone Your Wants to No. 966. H. B. TABB & CO., M. T. PECK, District Mgr.'

Large advertisement for 'Bull Durham Tobacco' featuring an illustration of a man in a hat, text: 'French People Identify American Troops By Their "Bull" Durham Tags!', and 'GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO. The "Makings" of a Nation. Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED. A Suggestion To Pipe Smokers: Buy Bull Durham with your favorite pipe tobacco. Like Sugar in Your Coffee.'

THE TWIN FALLS TIMES

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AN ELECTION—AND A LESSON

At the special election, last Saturday at the proposed issue of county bonds for improvement of roads was defeated by a vote (not including the dozen or so ballots in Butte and Shoshone Basins) of 2857 "yes" to 1332 "no"—25 short of the required two-thirds majority.

An analysis of the vote cast shows some very unusual and remarkable facts. There are twenty-six voting precincts in the county. Six of these, concentrated in the Kingdom of Bull, comprising one-fourth, roughly, of the county area, voted 1422 "no" to 87 "yes"—an adverse majority of more than sixteen to one. The remaining precincts, scattered over all the rest of the county, registered 2310 "yes" to 497 "no"—an affirmative majority of six to one!

It is perfectly safe to assume that the sentiment of those who did not vote would divide substantially in the same proportion as that of those who did; therefore it is certain that six-sevenths of all the votes in three-fourths of this county are in favor of a legal issue at the present time in order that the construction of a system of good roads may be inaugurated.

When we admit, as everyone must, that in a general way, what is good for one citizen of the county is good for all, we shall be hard put to it to assign a valid reason for the showing made by the hard-shell and close-companion Bullites. It is not the purpose of the TIMES to impugn motives or to call names; neither will it here and now attempt any detailed explanation of this very strange phenomenon. It is, however, quite plain that its investigators can not even conceive themselves with the mantle of self-interest, but must be credited with a compelling desire either to punish the rest of the county for sins of the past, or to place it in a distinct disadvantage in the future.

Whatever the motive may have been, it was certainly powerful and deep-seated. Witness, the fact that the town of Bull cast 98 more votes, and the six recalcitrant precincts together only 66 less votes, than at last fall's presidential election! This, while the remainder of the county polled only 3289 votes to 6514 last fall; and the city of Twin Falls but 1845 now to 3214 then!

One other conclusion is enforced, namely: If Twin Falls city really deemed the bond issue essential to its life and progress, the lack of interest and enthusiasm so plainly manifested amounted to deliberate suicide. If our people regarded this election as a great opportunity, as professed, it is quite evident that they could have grasped it with only a tithe of the zeal that Bull used to throw it away. It does not, in fact and under all the circumstances, appear that Twin Falls has "any kick coming."

Market Live Stock Bureau Is Formed

Prominent Stockmen and Farmers Meet Together to Devise Means to Ship Small Lots.

At a meeting of prominent farmers and stockmen Saturday, a plan was formulated and an organization perfected to market livestock through a co-operative stock and stock raisers' bureau. The plan is being supported by the large stock raisers for the same reason that of handling their small lots, when not large enough to justify a shipment of their own.

Under the rules adopted anyone owning even a single head will have the privilege of having it shipped with others to market, where each owner's stock is packed separately, and weighed separately. The bureau will advance and pay all costs which will be apportioned against each owner pro rata according to net weight of animals at market.



Are You Reading One of These Little Tobacco Kits to the Boys "Over There." If You Haven't, Bring in Your "Kit" and Make Some of Our Soldier Lads Happy.

January 1, 1917, has been secured to manage the bureau. Leo's high standard of business dealings the two years he has resided here has commended him to the farmers and stockmen who are supporting the bureau and already enough stock has been pledged to make the plan an assured success. Shipments will be made each week as cars can be procured. Mr. Tuttle was instructed to have stationary and blanks printed at once and as soon as obtainable an office will be equipped. In the meantime Mr. Tuttle offered the use of his room in the Perrine hotel. When asked when he would be ready to do business he replied that he would be ready for any kind of business Monday at Room C, Perrine hotel.

Thanksgiving Proclamation by the Governor of the State of Idaho.

Whereas, the president of the United States has by proclamation designated Thursday the twenty-ninth day of this November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer;

Whereas, Divine Providence has blessed our nation and especially the people of the State of Idaho, with the high ideals of American citizenship; and

Whereas, the State of Idaho in company with the other states of the American Union has contributed its quota of men to the government of the United States for the maintenance and defense of the principles of the Declaration of Independence in the struggle now being waged with the most arrogant military autocracy on earth which is seeking to overthrow those sacred principles;

Whereas, the defeat of our arms would re-establish in the world the principle of the Divine Right of Kings; and the rights of Man as set forth in that immortal charter of liberty, the Declaration of Independence; and

Whereas, the president, and by reason of the premises, I, Moses Alexander, governor of the State of Idaho, do hereby proclaim Thursday the twenty-ninth day of this month as a public holiday of feast, thanksgiving and prayer; and I call upon all loyal and law-abiding people of this state to congregate in their preferred places of worship on said day, and then to unite in prayer, and to give thanks to all in thankfulness and humility that Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth; and for the bountiful blessings that He has bestowed upon us in the material things of the world; and that we may have peace in ourselves and our beloved country and for the success of our army and navy; that we may be strong and of good courage; and that He may help us to our duty in these days that try men's souls. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and have caused the Great Seal of the State of Idaho to be affixed.

Done at Boise, the capital of Idaho, this sixteenth day of November, 1917, the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, and of the Independence on the United States the One Hundred and Forty-second. M. ALEXANDER, Governor. (Seal.) W. T. DOUGHERTY, Secretary of State. GARFIELD AFTER THE ROADS WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Drastic action will be taken against railroads in order to avert the possibility of a strike and the resulting lack of transportation for coal. Dr. Garfield, fuel ad-

ministrator, stated late this afternoon. There must be a pooling of all facilities and advantages by railroads, Dr. Garfield declared.

TWIN FALLS BOYS ALL WELL SAYS E. J. OSTRANDER

ALL ENTHUSIASTIC AND NONE ARE GRUMBLING IN ANY WAY

Ready to Move Where Ever Ordered

No Inking of When or Where They Go—New York City and All the East Filled With Enthusiastic Patriotism.

That the boys are all in fine health, that the east is enthusiastically patriotic, that the pro-German element in New York City is confined to the men who voted for Hill, the Socialists, and that the big city itself and the surrounding towns are brimming over with sound and exuberant Americanism, is the report brought home yesterday by E. J. Ostrander who went to visit his son at Camp Mills, L. I. and returned yesterday. Mrs. Ostrander and Mrs. E. W. Nichol, who accompanied him are visiting in the east.

Mr. Ostrander says that the boys are in the finest of health and spirits. They are absolutely contented and do not complain. He did not hear a single grumble while he was there, although he heard of a disagreeable place with soggy ground and lots of rain, while chilly winds from the sound and sea sweep over it.

There is a general feeling that they will be there but a short time, but whether they will be moved abroad or not, or where, not a soul had the slightest intimation. The government keeps its own council and moves them when they like. They all send love back to Twin Falls.

Mr. Ostrander says that patriotic manifestations are more frequent and intense in the east than here. The idea that every member of the patriotic is wholly wrong. The big city is alive for the nation. The Socialist vote included the entire district from a front line trench. While other towns around about are enthusiastic for the country and for the prosecution of the war.

"your kit" in making one of the boys more contented in the hard grind of war.

In each kit is packed a post card, addressed to you and stamped for return. The soldier will send you his thanks in this way and let you know his appreciation.

This newspaper is co-operating with the government and the French Government and the Red Cross to enable you to give a soldier the right kind of good, American smokes that he's always running short of in the trenches.

- Here's 65 cents worth of tobacco which is sent for your quarters: A package of Tuxedo tobacco and four books of cigarette papers. Two packages of Lucky Strike cigarettes, twenty cigarettes in each package. A return postal card addressed to the contributor on which the soldier will pen his appreciation and gratitude for the gift.

Attorneys to Help Raise Draft Army

State Divided Into Seven Districts—J. B. Bothwell and M. J. Sweeley Recommended From Twin Falls.

Boise, Ida., Nov. 16th, 1917. Hon. M. Alexander, Governor of State of Idaho, Boise, Idaho. Your Excellency: On yesterday, Thursday, November 15th, you called a meeting of the executive offices of the State of Idaho, and there announced that the government of the United States sought the aid of able attorneys, members of the bar of the State of Idaho, in raising the great draft army, which will typify the answer of democracy to the challenge of German autocracy.

The more presentation of the request of the United States government has for us the full force of a command, and every member of the bar present at the meeting, and we believe practically the united Bar of Idaho will consider any demands such may be made upon their services in this great patriotic movement, at once an honor and a privilege. The outcome of the meeting called by you was the appointment of a committee to formulate plans for the drafting of the State of Idaho, and the suggestion of names of members of the bar to be appointed as members of the committees for the various districts. We, therefore, respectfully present our best judgment upon this matter.

"FATTY IN CONEY ISLAND"—A SCREAM

"CALL OF THE EAST" PROVES SESSUE HAYAKAWA'S BEST WORK—PICTURE WITH UNIQUE MODERN PLOT OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

There is not a dull spot anywhere on the Idaho bill for the first of the week. "Fatty in Coney Island" featuring Sessue Hayakawa, ranked as "escapee" (written) as a "denature" mauler in a bustling city, nearly convinced the Monday night audience.



Among the thrills of "Fatty's" day at Coney Island, is a trip down the "shoots" into the laconic. The boat strikes the water and bounces into the air, but "Fatty" and his fair friend land not again in the boat, but in the water. It is one of the funniest scenes ever made.

Their act, consisting of vocal and instrumental numbers, was well received. The program continues without change Tuesday and Wednesday, and is well worth making a special effort to see.

With the Film Folk

"The Narrow Trail," featuring William S. Hart, the first live production for Arterart, was written by Hart himself. The idea originated on a "break" for Hart. He was traveling on the Limited through the Dakotas where he spent his childhood days. An old pioneer came through the train at a stop in Hart's country, and wanted to know if "young Bill Hart" was aboard. The aged man was a friend of Hart's father, and had taught him the ways of the frontier.

which "The Narrow Trail" is based.

It is improbable that the general public has accorded to the transcendent problem suggested by the title, "Are Wages Safe," the next Mack Sennett comedy, the thoughtless impression, who are and ingenuity of the Mack Sennett force will suffice to bring to the public attention the machinations to which ladies of the "Hash House" are subjected.

with headquarters at Lewiston, Idaho. District No. 3.—This district to consist of the following counties: Adams, Washington, Valley, Payette, Gem, Ada, Blaine, Canyon, Elmore, Owyhee, with headquarters at Boise, Idaho. District No. 4.—This district to consist of the following counties: Camas, Blaine, Gooding, Lincoln, with headquarters at Shoshone, Idaho. District No. 5.—This district to consist of the following counties: Twin Falls, Cassia, Blaine, with headquarters at Twin Falls, Idaho. District No. 6.—This district to consist of the following counties: Bingham, Blaine, Lincoln, with headquarters at Pocatello, Idaho. District No. 7.—This district to consist of the following counties: Blaine, Bonneville, Madison, Jefferson, Teton, Fremont, with headquarters at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

boards to appoint such members of the bar as they may desire, who will collect the funds which may be deemed necessary for the efficient and successful carrying on of the legal advisory work for which these boards are organized. This report has the full approval and sanction of the members of the Bar called into conference by the governor of the State of Idaho. Respectfully submitted, F. J. PERCE, JESS HAWLEY, Committee.

Previously acknowledged \$100.00 R. J. Danner 1.00 John Lundahl 1.00 Herbert Cavender .50 Mrs. C. C. Sigrist 1.00 W. S. Spear 1.00 Nema Lund .25 Pearl Lund .25 Neta Lund .25 C. A. Robinson 1.00 H. Applebaum 1.00 Mrs. Minnie Sigbee 1.00

Farm For Sale

160 acres 5 miles west, 2 1/2 miles south of Jorgmo, 3 1/2 miles south of Appleton siding. All fenced and cross fenced, 80 acres cleared, 80 acres sage brush, 60 acres clover and alfalfa. This is an exceptionally good 160, very little rock, about 15 acres sandy land. Located on a good road in a well improved neighborhood near school and church, telephone rural mail service past place. This land is so located that it picks up from a foot to two feet of waste water at points where it can all be used in addition to the regular water right of 2-second feet. A bargain at \$100 per acre. \$2000 down, balance easy terms.

If interested call on FRED C. REED owner 5 miles west, 3 miles south, one-half mile west of Jerome.

HOME VISITORS EXCURSIONS EAST

VIA Oregon Short Line (Union Pacific System)

October 27; November 24, and 27; December 20, 22, and 24; Limit: Three months from date of sale. Rates apply to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Memphis, Chicago, Minneapolis, and many other points.

ASK ANY O. S. L. AGENT FOR DETAILS

PURE FOOD AND MARKET PAGE

GOOD SERVICE PURE FOOD LOWEST PRICE

The Best is None Too Good

For the Economical Housewife who eliminates waste by purchasing PURE, WHOLESOME FOODS

We Are At Your Service

CITY MARKETING CO.
PHONE 330

BREAD FACTS

Bread yields twice as much nourishment as rice, or potatoes, and ten times as much as an equal value of meat.

Ask Your Grocer for Mother's Bread

ROYAL BAKERY

DO YOU LIKE Cottage Cheese?

If You Do, WHY PAY 35c FOR A SIRLOIN STEAK When a Pound of Cottage Cheese Equals 127 Pounds of Sirloin Steak? Your Grocer Will Supply You With Sterling Cottage Cheese for 25c Per Pound.

The specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture say that Cottage Cheese contains a larger percentage of protein (the chief material for body building) than most meats. Besides there is no waste as there is in meat. A pound of cottage cheese daily would supply all the protein required by the ordinary adult engaged in a sedentary occupation.

STERLING CREAMERY

THE LUCKY GROCERY
C. N. LAUBENHEIM, Prop.

"WHERE \$ HAS MORE YOUR CENTS"

600 North Main Phone 246

E - CO - NO - MY

In eating is of two kinds:
(1) Eat little or poorly;
(2) Eat well with agreeable surroundings and accessories, where prices are moderate because the business is so large and efficiently managed—that's QUALITY-ECONOMY.

PALACE CAFE

EGGS---

Our best grade is obtained direct from the farmer. Get them of us if you want to be sure they are fresh.

SOUTH PARK CASH GROCERY
End of Shoshone W.

1 Qt. of Milk=Equals
2 lbs. of Codfish.

Compare the price

SANITARY DAIRY
Phone 506-R-3

Better Babies

Are Raised on
CLEAN, PURE MILK

From the
BLUE RIBBON DAIRY

BUY OF HOME MERCHANT

Why should you buy at home? Because it is cheaper in the long run and good business generally. In the first place, article by article, you get by item you can buy more cheaply, quality considered, at home than you can at the mail order house. Investigate this and you will see that our statement is true. It is not true in every case, for the mail order houses put low prices on some things in order to get customers. They pretend to cut them on all. They publish prices in catalogues and the readers of these publications see an article that appeals to them and they get the false impression, which is not often definitely stated, that this article cannot be secured at home, or that if it can it will cost more than it would from the local merchant.

Let us assume that on the average the price is the same and the advantage of buying at home from every point of view is overwhelming. In the first place, you get what you want at once, which you do not from the mail order house. Now the deferring of gratification is a real cause of interest. If you have to wait for what you want until somebody sends it from a distance, you are entitled to interest for the period you have to wait. Besides, you do not see what you are getting when you buy. True, you can return an article which you need at once and get another, and if that is not satisfactory, you can get a third trial before accepting, but speaking generally you do not do this. Most of the time you accept the article because it is not quite satisfactory and if you do not like it very well, because of the time and trouble involved in returning it to the house you pay as much or more, you have to wait and you get less satisfactory service.

These defects are vital. Regardless of the "build-the-home-market" argument they are of paramount importance. The difference in value of one business block over another only 300 feet away is that the former is located 200 feet closer to the centre of business, so that people do not have to lose the time involved in walking 100 yards. And their perceptions are sound. Time is money. The advantage of getting what you want, when you want it and where you want it without inconvenience and without delay, is a definite source of money, and those who neglect this fact do not succeed in business.

With the familiar argument that you should patronize home merchants and build up your home community is too familiar and too unanswerable to need elaboration, but eliminating this from consideration, there is every reason why it is good business from a narrow, and purely selfish point of view to buy at home.

DO YOU KNOW—
That every bit of unseasoned cereal can be used to thicken soups, stews, or gravies?

That stale bread can be used as the basis for many attractive meat, salads, hot breads and desserts?

That every ounce of skimmed milk or whole milk contains valuable nourishment? That every drop of milk to drink or to add nourishment to cereals, soups, sauces, and other foods? If you do not want milk to sour, keep it cool, clean, and covered continually. Remember, too, that sour milk, buttermilk, and sour cream are valuable in cooking; so do not waste any. Sour milk and buttermilk can be used with soda in making hot breads, or sour milk can be turned easily into cottage cheese, cream, or clabber. Sour cream is a good shortening in making cakes and cookies, and useful for salad dressings and gravies for meat.

That every bit of meat and fish can be combined with cereal or vegetables for making meat cakes, meat or fish pies, and so on, and to add flavor and food value to made dishes?

Bean Profits Not Fixed by Uncle Sam

Reply To Farm Bureau Food Administrator Sets Unfounded Rumor At Rest.

Authoritative denial of the report that the United States had set a price on beans was contained in the following letter received by Secretary W. F. Edwards of the Twin Falls county farm bureau:

Dear Sir:

Referring to your favor of October 25th, we have tried to give publicity through trade journals as well as daily press, to the effect that the food administration has fixed no prices whatever on beans. The actual requirements of the army and the navy were recently purchased by the quartermaster general of the army and paymaster general of the navy. They contacted the federal trade commission regarding their costs and they also asked the opinion of the food administration regarding markets. The federal trade commission reported that dealers were holding considerable quantities of beans, which they have contracted early from growers at prices ranging from \$1.25 to 3c. This requisition of specific lots was made almost entirely from dealers of that kind.

The food administration has no authority to fix prices on beans and does not contemplate doing so, so far as growers are concerned. We are understanding to see that dealers do not exact unreasonable profits or speculate.

Very truly yours,
U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
Per C. H. Bentley

Subscribe for the Times, and get all the latest news.



MRS. H. F. SCHINDLER
Pure Food Editor

Just Smell That Coffee

I Bought It At the
GRAND UNION TEA CO.
120 Shoshone S. Phone 192
SEE OUR PRICES

Fresh, Pure MILK

Shaw's Dairy
USE MILK EVERY DAY

Ice Cream

IS A REAL FOOD. A generous sized 10c dish of rich ICE CREAM equals 7 bananas, or 5 lbs. of cabbage or 3-4 lb of steak.

IT IS REAL-ECONOMY to use it on your table every day.

KANDY KITCHEN

Next door to Idaho theater

Everything in
Meats,
Fresh Fruits,
Vegetables,
Staple and Fancy Groceries

CENTRAL MARKET

Our Sales Are Going "Over the Top"

With the Greatest Month's Business Since Locating in the City

This is a fact that should interest every saving housewife in Twin Falls. It proves that more new patrons are joining the big army of money savers. Bear in mind that quantity purchases help conservation. Buy in dozens or in case lots where it is possible and save. Buy a coupon book and save 5 per cent.

NEW CROP CORN

Standard quality. Note the saving and buy liberally. Stock up:	5 pounds	75c
1 can	15 pounds	1.45
5 cans	30 pounds	65c
12 cans		79c
1 case		\$1.57
		\$3.12

IDAHOME Flour, the great bread flour.

100 lb. sack	\$2.75
50 lb. sack	1.45
25 lb. bag, pure Pennsylvania buckwheat flour	\$2.05
ARMOUR PICNIC HAMS, 50 lb. per pound	1.00

THESE SPECIALS ARE FOR WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY ONLY OF THIS WEEK

TWIN FALLS MERC. CO.

The Name Behind the Brand

And What It Means to the Person Who Reasons

Sound business reasons guide people who buy our products—They discriminate between popularity that is METEORIC and success that is MERITED—We stand back of our products.

ECONOMY CASH GROCERY
225 MAIN AVE. EAST PHONE 311

The More Particular

you are about your groceries, the more reason for patronizing this store—

WOLFE'S GROCERY
216 MAIN AVE. N.—PHONE 327

OUR PLACE IS ALWAYS CROWDED

"EAT"

"There's a Reason"

MODEL CAFE
124 Shoshone W.

A RIB CHOP

You know: Those nice, little ones. They're so tender, juicy and tasty that one can almost eat the bones, too. Well, next time you come in, ask for a half dozen. Let us fix them up for you "our style." They're great.

MODERN PACKING CO.
Corner Shoshone and Second South
Phone 246 Regular Delivery Twin Falls, Idaho

HAMS
that are
HAMS

INDEPENDENT MEAT MARKET
147 Main Ave. W. Phone 162

ALIEN ENEMIES FORBIDDEN

(Continued from page one) and upon what security their residence shall be permitted, and to provide for the removal of those not being permitted to reside within the United States, refuse or neglect to depart therefrom; and to establish any other regulations which are found necessary in the premises and for the public safety.

son, president of the United States of America; pursuant to the authority vested in me, hereby declare and establish the following regulations, additional and supplementary to those declared and established by said proclamation of April 6, 1917, which additional and supplemental regulations I find necessary in the premises and for the public safety.

12—An alien enemy shall not approach or be found within one hundred yards of any wharf, pier, drydock used directly by or by means of lighters or by any vessel or vessel of over five hundred (500) tons gross, engaged in foreign or domestic trade other than fishing, nor within one hundred yards of any warehouse, shed, elevator, railroad terminal or other terminal storage or transfer facility adjacent to or operated in connection with such wharf, pier, or dock, and wherever the distance between any

two of such wharves, piers, or docks, measured along the shore line connecting them, is less than eight hundred and eighty yards, an alien enemy shall not approach or be found within one hundred yards of such shore line.

14—Whenever the attorney general of the United States deems it to be necessary for the public safety and the protection of transportation, to exclude alien enemies from the vicinity of any warehouse, elevator or railroad depot, yard, or terminal which is not located within prohibited area designated by this proclamation or the proclamation of April 6, 1917, when an alien enemy shall not approach or be found within such distance of any such warehouse, elevator, depot, yard or terminal as may be specified by the attorney general in regulations duly made and declared, by him; and the attorney general is hereby authorized to fix, by regulations to be made and declared from time to time, the area surrounding any such warehouse, elevator, depot, yard or terminal from which he deems it necessary for the public safety and the protection of transportation to exclude alien enemies.

NEW BOND ISSUE PROPOSED

(Continued From Page One) and extending the system through County by way of the Salinas to the Nevada line. That such bond issue would carry there is no question. Bull has shot her wad. All the votes that could be delivered on the west and against the bond issue were delivered Saturday. On the other hand, it is now evident that Twin Falls and all other parts of the county can deliver a much larger vote than they did; and easily carry a bond issue against the solid Bull vote.

No other district is needed. Let another county bond issue be submitted on the bond issue and did not vote. They should have voted, and probably would have done so had they known that their votes were needed. They could be depended on not to make a similar mistake a second time. And a county bond issue for the special needs of the eastern part of the county would be much more popular therein than one in which the western part was given first and greatest consideration, as was the case this time.

The whole thing is yet in the air and nothing of the sort suggested may be developed, but it is one of the things favorably urged by the press.

The following is the vote of all the precincts except Butte and Shoshone Basin, where left a score of votes were polled last November:

Table with 2 columns: Precinct Name, Yes, No. Includes precincts like Butte, Deep Creep, Lucerne, Clover, Maroa, etc.

The Times prints butter wrappers any day in the week.



SESSUE HAYAKAWA LASKY-PARAMOUNT STAR

STAR OF "THE CALL OF THE EAST" ON IDAHO PROGRAM TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY WITH ROSCOE ARBUCKLE'S "FATTY IN CONEY ISLAND"

COAL SHORTAGE DUE TO DROP IN MINE CAPACITY

By John C. Mallett. (I. N. S. Staff Correspondent) WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Reasons why your furnace and your neighbors' may yaw for coal and receive little or none this winter are set forth in statistics just announced by the department of the interior. Unusual demands by the big manufacturing factories have depleted supplies, and heavy exports have further cut into domestic production.

ATTRACTIVE BILL NOW PLAYING AT IDAHO

Patrons at the Idaho theater were delightfully surprised by the nice attractive bill, "The Call of the East," as portrayed by Sessue Hayakawa brings forth the attentions and inquiries of the Orient, and yet the cleverness of the piece is not anticipated.

THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT CHECKS AMOUNTS MINED, TONS CARRIED BY RAILROADS, NUMBER OF STRIKES AND THEIR EFFECT ON PRODUCTION, AND VARIOUS OTHER FACTORS TENDING TO AFFECT PRODUCTION.

During the fall months, September and October, the nation's coal mines produced from a minimum of 60.6 per cent of their capacity, up to 76.4 per cent. Strikes in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma had a depressing effect, for when they were at their peak the percentage of capacity production was at its lowest.

MADE IN TWIN FALLS CHOCOLATES

35c TO 80c POUND Rich Creamy Centers With a Coating of Hershey's Famous Chocolate VARNEY, the Live Candy Man 139 Main West

"Our Boys in France" TOBACCO FUND

Tear Out This Coupon, Fill It In and Send as Much Money as You Can Spare to Buy Tobacco for Our Fighting Men. Each Dollar Provides Four Packages, Enough for One Man for a Month.

Form for tobacco fund coupon with fields for Name, Address, City.

A SPECULATIVE OPPORTUNITY

(I Offer for sale) \$10,000 Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Co., 6 per cent Bonds Price: 60c on the dollar \$14,100 Twin Falls Oakley Land & Water Co., 8 per cent Bonds Price: 15c on the dollar \$9,000 Twin Falls Salmon River Land & Water Co., 8 per cent Bonds Price: 15c on the dollar

FRANK P. WARD 15 Broad Street, New York Dealer in Bonds, Stocks and Notes

Read the Ads.

Advertisement for 'Read the Ads' with various sub-headers like 'READ THE ADS' and 'MONEY TALKS'.

MONEY TALKS

Advertisement for 'The young men of today will rule the enterprises of our Nation in the future. Those with BANK ACCOUNTS will find first favor'.

Advertisement for 'FIRST NATIONAL BANK' with text about bank accounts and interest.

Advertisement for 'GRAVELY'S CELEBRATED CHEWING PLUG' featuring an illustration of two men and a dog.

BERGER ITEMS

W. R. Crawford and family have moved to their home in Long Beach, California. C. E. Mills and wife are going to farm the farm four miles west of Berger.

GRAVELY'S CELEBRATED CHEWING PLUG

BEFORE THE INVENTION OF OUR PATENT AIR-PROOF POUCH GRAVELY PLUG TOBACCO MADE STRICTLY FOR ITS CHEWING QUALITY WOULD NOT KEEP FRESH IN THIS MEDIUM NOW THE PATENT POUCH KEEPS IT FRESH AND CLEAN AND GOOD.

EVERYBODY IS FALLING INTO STEP - BILL POSTERS' BILLBOARDS ARE BEING REPRODUCED.

BERGER ITEMS

W. R. Crawford and family have moved to their home in Long Beach, California. C. E. Mills and wife are going to farm the farm four miles west of Berger.