

Over The County

Deary Press: Dairying in Idaho made a rapid increase during the past year, in spite of adverse conditions. It is now a \$35,000,000 industry, and is rapidly growing. The state has 861 silos, half of which were built the last year. Stock is being improved by the organization of testing associations, the elimination of inferior cows and greater care in breeding. We hope and believe that at next Wednesday's meeting something can be done to give a greater impetus to the industry in this section. Mr. Fletcher will advance a plan that should appeal to all who are interested.

Troy News: The first of the week the Troy Fire Brick company received an order for a carload of brick to be shipped to Elk River. And the manager, J. B. Watson, who is on the coast, telegraphed in some good healthy orders. The company is doing a nice business despite the depression of times.

Genesee News: Spokane and other would-be egg producing centers have recently been making much fuss over some of the large eggs produced in their respective communities, one of which measured better than seven inches around the long way. We rise to remark right here and now that they are not in it for a minute—nor any fraction thereof—when it comes to the size of "cackle berries." Mrs. J. N. Hasfurther sent one to this office on Tuesday that was produced by one of her old Rhode Island "birds" that measures six by eight inches in size and weighs a strong 3 1/2 ounces and it is now on display at the News office.

We would like to have Spokane or any other place, produce one of larger size.

Juliaetta Record: It is expected that the final papers in the deal whereby A. Wilmot will acquire the interests of Frank Vincent in the light franchise and system of wiring in Juliaetta, will be made out and signed within the next few days. Juliaetta will then be connected up with the Washington Water Power Company by a line coming down American ridge and the town will again have lights probably within the next month or six weeks at most. Mr. Vincent still retains his home here and the power site of the old mill and light plant. The water wheel and penstock was not hurt by the fire which destroyed the mill and Mr. Vincent is figuring on installing a feed mill on the site and if conditions appear favorable he may order the equipment before long.

Had Narrow Escape

Eddie Deobald, John L. Woody and George Carlson had a narrow escape last Tuesday while driving up Little Bear ridge grade. Mr. Deobald was driving Elmer Bechtol's car and when the party had just reached the top of the steepest place on the grade, a hub flange of one of the rear wheels broke, bringing the car to a standstill. The cracked flange allowed the axle to turn in the wheel, so the foot break was useless and the emergency break was out of commission. The car started back and all went well until it had reached the bottom of the steep pitch, when the rear wheels skidded. In attempting to cramp the car to keep the rear wheels in the road, one front wheel slid over the bank and the car started down the steep slope head on. The three occupants got out before the car left the road.

After plunging down the embankment a distance of approximately 100 feet, one front wheel ran against a pine tree and stopped the car. Aside from a broken wheel there was little damage done. Just before the car left the road it had slowed down considerably, but Mr. Deobald said that at one stage of the game they were traveling backwards at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Club Members Entertained

Mrs. R. D. Newton and Mrs. A. K. Carlson entertained the members of the Okoke Kloutchman Club, their husbands and a few friends at a card party Thursday evening, January 20. The guests were met at the door by Marjorie Newton and Elizabeth Carlson.

Five tables were devoted to progressive "500" and the fact that four ladies and three men tied for first honors would indicate that the hands were most interesting. It was left to the cards to decide the winners for the evening, Mrs. Herres cutting the high card for the ladies and Mr. Bechtol for the men. Mrs. Herres received a beautiful bunch of cut flowers and Mr. Bechtol a book.

After the cards the guests were given a test of their literary ability. Slips of paper, on which a picture had been pasted, were passed around and each person was requested to write an original verse with the picture as the subject. Fifteen minutes time was allowed for writing and each paper was signed by the author, after which they were collected and again passed around, after being thoroughly "shuffled." The verses were then read and a vote taken to decide the winner. Mrs. Dunkle received an overwhelming majority and was presented with a pencil to encourage her literary genius.

A two-course luncheon was served consisting of cream chicken in Pate, hot rolls, fruit salad, coffee, salted almonds, ice cream roll, cake, Marguerites and bon bons. The color scheme of yellow and white was carried throughout.

Following is the list of those present: Messrs. and Mesdames Lutz, Kaaberg, Dunkle, E. Long, McCrea, Knepper, E. Bechtol, McConnell, Herres, Newton and Carlson.

Two Suits Are Filed

Tribune: A case was filed in the district court yesterday by Augusta Schoeffler against Fred Schoeffler, in which it is claimed that the plaintiff is the owner of an Overland car, household furniture, chickens, pump and a number of other articles held and wrongfully taken by the defendant, and converted to his personal use. The plaintiff asks \$2,000 damages, or recovery of the possession of the property.

In another complaint filed, Augusta Schoeffler as the guardian of the person and estate of Otto Schoeffler, is the plaintiff, and Fred Schoeffler is the defendant. In the complaint, it is maintained by the plaintiff that Otto Schoeffler, a 15-year-old son, has been performing work for the defendant during the past three years and that she is entitled to the wages and earnings of the minor son, which she claims amounts to \$600. The defendant is the son of the plaintiff.

Roy Long's Party

Mrs. Edagr Long, assisted by her sister, Mrs. James Benjamin, entertained a number of little folks at a birthday party, Friday, in honor of Roy's fifth birthday. Games were played after which the feature of the afternoon—a big birthday cake with five candles, and other delightful refreshments were served.

Following is a list of the little folks present: Johnny Kite, Edwardine Bechtol, Jack Bailey, Ruth and Mary Houd, Elizabeth and Frederick Carlson, Donald MacPherson, Erma Lee Braden, Marjorie Newton, Margaret Metlock, Jean Dunkle and Roy Long.

Basketball Tonight

The Kendrick High School basketball team will play the Gifford High School here tonight at the gymnasium. Gifford has a good team this year and is the only team that has won a game against Culesac so far this season.

Runaway Last Saturday

Dick Rierson of Little Bear ridge was quite badly injured here last Saturday when his team became frightened at the freight train, which was switching in the yards, and ran away. Mr. Rierson fell from the high seat of his wagon and the wheels passed over both legs and also grazed the side of his head, causing very painful bruises. Dr. Kelley attended him immediately and he was soon resting easy.

The team broke loose from the wagon but aside from a broken reach it was not damaged.

Mr. Rierson remained in Kendrick until Monday noon when he took the train for Troy and from there was taken to his home on the ridge. While here he was a guest of Canyon Post No. 66 of the American Legion, and was treated royally by the "bunch."

Mr. Rierson's brother was killed in an aeroplane accident a few months ago.

To The Buying Public

If men and women are not employed, they cannot consume. If people don't consume, the farmer cannot sell his crops, the merchant his stock and the manufacturer his product.

Men and women cannot be employed unless you keep on buying. Keep on buying now that prices are down—don't wait.

By not buying what you need, you prevent the consumption of things on which you depend for your own living.

Why wait, now that prices are down?

Waiting means less work all down the line in factories, railroads, banks, retail and wholesale stores, etc.

Waiting means unemployment, unemployment means less consumption of the products of farm and factory and general business stagnation.

Which means bread-lines. You can't sell your crops or your labor to the bread-line man.

Keep on buying—what you need—now.

Commissioners Fix Wages

Star-Mirror: The county commissioners have fixed the wages to be paid for road work in Latah County this year and the new wages will be considerably lower than those paid last year. Road overseers are to be paid \$4 per day, or 50 cents an hour. Men working on the roads or doing other labor for the county will be paid \$3.20 per day, or 40 cents an hour. A two-horse team will be paid \$3 and the county will pay \$2 additional for each team driven by one man. Thus a man and two horses will be paid \$6.20 and a man and four horses \$8.20 a day.

The board has not fixed the salaries of county officers or deputies. This will come up at the meeting to begin on February 14. The board cut the salary of the county physician, Dr. J. W. Stevenson, from \$700 to \$600 per year, and re-appointed him for two years, which means a saving to the county of \$200 for the two year term.

New Music Room

The Red Cross Pharmacy is having a balcony built in the rear of the drug store room which will be used for the phonograph lines. The room will be away from the noise of the store and will be a much pleasanter place for those who wish to buy records or have a machine demonstrated. A stairway will lead from the center of the first floor to the new music room. H. H. Stevens, local carpenter, has the contract of building the room.

Ullie Ellis arrived last week from Burk to visit his parents. He will return to the Coeur d'Alenes and work in the mines.

Theo Riley Inherits Farm

Mr. and Mrs. Theo Riley returned Monday night from a business trip to Pullman where they went for the purpose of settling up the estate of Mr. Riley's father, which has been held in trust for a number of years, by his second wife, whose death occurred at Moscow last week. After the death of his step-mother, Mr. Riley came into possession of an eighty-acre farm 3 1/2 miles from Pullman. It was a part of a quarter section homestead taken up by his father in 1877 and is a fine piece of ground. Mr. Riley was offered \$175 an acre for it, last Monday but refused to sell. The land is all in crop.

Leland Items

The Leland Community Club which meets once a month in the I. O. O. F. Hall, was postponed last week, on account of the revival meetings which were in progress at that time, until Friday evening, February 4. Don't forget the date. Come and get acquainted with your neighbors and enjoy a good time in general. A speaker from Lewiston is expected on that evening.

Sorry to say the sleighing on this ridge is almost a thing of the past unless we get more snow.

The revival meetings which continued for three weeks, closed Sunday evening. Rev. Carlston preached a most excellent sermon Sunday evening. The church was filled to its utmost. Miss Carrie LeBaron led the League Sunday evening.

The members of the Leonard Davis family, who had the sad misfortune of losing their nice home and nearly all its contents, by fire last Wednesday evening, have moved into the little green cottage on Main street.

Miss Edyth Locke went to Lewiston Tuesday to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. May McCall, who has been quite sick for two weeks, is convalescing, we are glad to report.

R. M. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodward were passengers to Lewiston, Thursday.

Big Bear Ridge

✕ Mrs. Mary Halseth and children, John and Miss Tora, of Kendrick, and Mrs. A. Sater of Greenwood, B. C. are spending the week at the A. Hooker home.

Mrs. W. C. Berg was a Moscow visitor, Tuesday.

✕ Mr. and Mrs. Pete Halseth and children of near Deary are spending the week with relatives and friends here.

✕ Mr. and Mrs. Einar Bruseth of Spokane were visiting at the Ole Lien home the first of the week.

✕ Miss Wilma Fairfield and Mrs. Grant Thayer are visiting their sister at Craigmont, Idaho.

The Lutheran Ladies' Aid was entertained by Mrs. A. Hooker, Monday afternoon.

✕ Gabriel Forest and Oscar Slind were Lewiston visitors last week.

✕ Miss Ruth Norman of Deary spent the week end with Miss Emma Nelson.

Power Line Progressing

✕ The local light company has let a contract with Groseclose Bros. of Teakean to furnish poles for the construction of the new line between Kendrick and Juliaetta, and Craig Bros. have contracted to haul the poles from Teakean. It was found that a substantial saving over the price at Troy could be made by getting the poles at Teakean. It will take approximately 120 poles to build the line. The line will be built in the canyon between the two towns. The wire is already at Juliaetta and the cross arms are being made here as rapidly as possible, so that construction will be under way in a very short time.

Sam Callison returned, Monday, from a fishing trip on the North Fork. He went to Absahka on the train, Friday, and from there walked to the DuRoss place the next morning. He brought home some fine trout.

School Notes

Mrs. Jody Long is teaching the third and fourth grades this week during Miss Malloy's illness.

The basketball team returned Sunday from their last trip, for this season. The boys are learning that defeat comes occasionally and to take it manfully, as part of the game. The game at Asotin resulted in a score of 28-17, Asotin's favor; while Saturday night at Anatone they were beaten 60-31.

Come out Friday night and be sure that your throat is clear so you can yell for Ol' K. H. S. Gifford's going to play a game of basketball with we'uns, and if we don't beat 'em, they are sure going to feel like it anyway.

The averages for the first semester grades are: Freshmen 83.6; Sophomore 88.2; Junior 84.2; Senior 92.3; Girls 86.1; Boys 83.6.

The high school play, "Brown Eyed Betty", previously mentioned, will be given at the Grand Theatre, February 4. The cast is as follows:

- Jonas Hutchins - Elmer McGuire
- Violet Hutchins, his granddaughter, Joyce Hunt
- Miranda Hutchins, his sister, the minister's housekeeper, Tula McGuire
- Rev. Hardy - Kester Dammarell
- Hiram Whitcomb - Curtis Bailey
- Harry Leon, of the Vitinay Moving Picture Company - Cecil Carlisle
- Jim Blum, a Boston detective, Cecil Chamberlain
- Sam Mason - Walter May
- Letha Starbird, the village seamstress, Lena Bibb
- Lucinda Mason, Sam's wife, Nellie Dean
- Huldah Griffin, Juanita McDowell
- Betty - Minnie Torgerson

Potlatch Mill Will Close

According to a statement by the manager of the Potlatch Lumber Co., the sawmill at Potlatch will close down Saturday, January 29, for an indefinite period. The closing down of this mill will throw approximately 200 men out of employment. The logging operations of the company have been very light this winter, only a small crew being employed in the woods.

The reason given for the closing of the mill is the lack of demand for lumber and that the yards are now overstocked. It is believed that within the next couple of months it will be possible to again resume operations in the mill and woods.

Texas Ridge

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Frantzich visited a few days with relatives near Troy.

Mrs. Ray Bogar spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Dahlgren.

Mesdames Miller and Hayes spent Thursday, with Mrs. Albert Pierce.

Mrs. H. W. Comstock and Mae Weber visited with Mrs. Nester Olson, Thursday.

Elsie Thomas of Kendrick is visiting at the Drury home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dahlgren and Mrs. Ray Bogar visited at the Head home, Sunday.

Miss Georgia Drury, who is attending school at Bovill, spent the week end visiting home folks.

Mrs. George Eacker and Mrs. Albert Pierce were callers at the James Miller home, Monday.

A large crowd attended the basket social at Buckhorn.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Anderson attended the preaching service at Buckhorn, Sunday.

Mrs. E. C. Babcock was a caller at the James Pierce home Thursday afternoon.

Ha! Ha! Mr. Knudson, next time you take your lady out riding be sure your driver has the sled box fastened on.

There will be literary and a basket social at the Elwood school house, Saturday night, and everybody come.

Louis E. Halseth

The entire community was deeply grieved last Saturday morning to learn of the death of Louis Halseth, which occurred at his home here after an acute illness of less than a week. While having suffered at times for a number of years from asthma, his condition was not serious until last week. While in Spokane the first of last week he became quite ill and was brought home. In a day or two it was thought he was gaining, but shortly afterwards his strength began to fail and death came at midnight Friday.

Mr. Halseth was a man of splendid character and his pleasing disposition made for him a large circle of staunch friends. He was always cheerful and had a genial word for everyone. Although he had been afflicted with asthma he bore his suffering patiently and never complained.

Mr. Halseth was born at Thingvold, Norway, May 2, 1848. At the age of 28 he came to America. After spending 10 years in Michigan and Colorado he moved to the Palouse country and was one of the first to homestead near Helmer, in 1886. He was united in marriage to Miss Mary Sater at Moscow, Idaho. In 1906 the family moved to Big Bear ridge on a farm which they bought at that time. For eight years he farmed the place and then retired and moved to Kendrick, which was his home until he was taken by death at the age of 73 years, 8 months and 21 days. Prayer service was held at the family home in Kendrick on Sunday, January 23, where prayer was offered by Rev. H. W. Mort. A large number of friends went from here to attend the funeral service, at the Lutheran church on Bear ridge, which was conducted by Rev. Peter Hesley, Lutheran pastor of Deary. Music was furnished by a choir and the beautiful song, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was sung by A. N. Kognstad.

The members of the family who survive him are his wife, three sons, Peter, Edward and John and a daughter, Tora. He is also survived by the memory of his cheerful, pleasant disposition, which his friends will ever cherish.

Rebekah Lodge Prospers

Kendrick Star Rebekah Lodge at its first meeting in January initiated a class of 11 candidates, after which a good lunch was served. At the second meeting the elective and appointive officers were installed as follows: Mable Kelley, N. G.; Dolly Lewis, V. G.; Eliza Compton, Sec.; H. P. Hull, Fin. Sec.; Minnie McDowell, Treas.; Lucy Thomas, Warden; Carrie Bechtol, Conductor; Pearl Long, R. S. N. G.; Mattie McLaughlin, L. S. N. G.; Susan Pemberton, R. S. V. G.; Nellie Deeter, L. S. V. G.; Mabelle McCrery, I. G.; Nettie Housley, O. G.

American Legion Notes

On account of the unfavorable financial condition of the county, the local American Legion post decided to drop, at least for the time being, the matter of organizing a club room here. Next fall when money is more plentiful another attempt will be made. The members of Canyon Post No. 66 wish to thank those who offered to help finance the organizing of the club.

The next American Legion dance will be held at the Fraternal Temple, Friday night, February 4. Barton's orchestra of Lewiston will furnish the music.

All members of the local post who do not wish to be dropped from the mailing list and membership ranks should send in their dues (\$4.00) at once, to Jack Bechtol, Post adjutant. The state branch notified the local post that unless the dues were in by February 1, the members would be considered delinquent and might be dropped from the roll.

Ole And The Banker

No doubt bankers through this section could tell some pretty good stories—or repeat them as told to them by farmers and others who are after an extension of credit to tide them over another year, but the best one we have heard is the following, told of a North Dakota Swede and his note collecting banker:

"Good morning, Ole, your note has been placed in my hands for collection."

"Vell, I guess you got your hands full, den."

"Now, Ole, this account has been running for years."

"I should worry. If it can't run any longer let it walk."

"I called to have it settled."

"I'm villin' to call it settled."

"Where is the bull we have the mortgage on?"

"Bull got sick and went capute."

"Now, Ole, we are in need of money."

"So as I. Dat's vat made d' bull sick."

"Have you sold his hide?"

"Oh joy! I traded it for a yug of

Marcaroni alcohol. Come by me to the house and I give you vun drink and you see twenty bulls."

"No fooling, Ole, we expect you to pay this note."

"Dat's more den I expect."

"Understand, you must pay it in full."

"I will be full, alright, ven I pay it."

"And don't forget the interest."

"Maybe you got more interest in it den I hav'."

"Ole, I am going to bring the sheriff to serve papers on you."

"Gude for you! I got nothin' to read now but d' Nonpartisan Lader. If you tink of it bring along a box of snoose."

Walt Mason: The young girls paint their faces, and look like works of art; they frequent public places, and nearly break my heart. Old girls have ample reasons for art work, well designed; they look quite out of season unless they're kalsomined. But young girls should be tinted by Natures tender care; paint never should be hinted by any hues they wear.

Kendrick Gazette

Ralph B. Knepper, Publisher

Entered as second-class matter 1892 at Kendrick, Idaho, under the Act of Congress of March, 1879.

Foreign Advertising Representative THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

According to our local merchant everything is going down except skirts.

An exchange says that the cutting of wages and the slashing of prices is what we have been needing, but there is sure tragedy and hardship going with it, for no more are we to be delighted with the sight of working girls wearing \$5 silk hose and laboring men resplendent in gorgeous \$15 silk shirts and wearing \$20 shoes. Soon laboring men will have to wear as plain clothes as the bankers have been wearing.

There is a good deal of discussion lately regarding the chances of putting up ice here this winter. Some of the old settlers say there will be plenty of zero weather in February. Others tell about the time when they put up goof, thick ice here in March. Potlatch weather is somewhat similar to the wheat market—you never can tell.

Sentiment seems to be growing stronger here in favor of securing a rock crusher for Kendrick Highway District. There are short strips of road that are practically ready now for the crushed rock and when it is put on, the road is permanent and will require but little work and expense for upkeep. With the big tractor, grader and rock crusher this district would be equipped to do some real road work. Permanent road building is the only kind that ought to be tolerated from now on, as this country has had enough of makeshift roads.

Now that wheat prices are unsatisfactory there ought to be considerable interest taken in seeding a part of the farm to alfalfa or clover. Charles McKeever stated this week that prices for alfalfa seed have returned to pre-war figures and are just half what they were last year. Clover seed has been reduced to less than half the price charged last year. With these prices in effect there is no reason why at least a small part of the farm land should not be seeded to one of these splendid, soil-building crops.

Rev. Mort may feel secure in the knowledge that he has Rev. Green of Lewiston to assist him with the revival meetings which will be started here next week. Rev. Green is well known here and in his short visits during the past year has made a number of warm friends. He is an able, earnest speaker and his meetings will be productive of much good.

Rev. Mort has had a number of

offers from traveling evangelists to hold revival meetings here but he preferred to have a man whom he knew.

Sandpoint and Walla Walla have both had unpleasant experiences with traveling evangelists this week. At Sandpoint the evangelist made some extremely slanderous statements about the school children of that place and the school board gave him just so long to get out of town. At Walla Walla a committee waited upon an evangelist and escorted him out of town for extreme statements he had made. Some time ago Moscow had union revival meetings under the direction of Dr. Bulgin, a professional soul saver and from all reports the spiritual welfare of the town was none the better after his sojourn there.

A home talent play would be a good drawing card here this winter. Someone with initiative ought to take charge of the proposition as it would prove very popular. There is plenty of talent in town to put on a splendid play. Aaron McCrery displayed exceptional ability in the little comedy given by members of the W. O. W. Lodge last week. There are others who have taken important parts in some of the successful high school plays, who could help to make a home talent production a grand success. Someone ought to volunteer to manage the play.

Kendrick is fairly well supplied with lodges but needs one more—the Noble Order of Gloom Chasers. With the wheat still struggling along at about the same old price and the roads not quite good enough for either cars or sleds, and the merchants loaded up with accounts that probably won't be paid until the wheat market either makes or breaks—it's about time for the optimists to get busy before gloom settles in the Potlatch. It doesn't take half so long to enumerate the evils facing us as it would to tell all the good things that we have with us—that's why we started on the evils. It's the easiest thing in the world to get a grouch started if we let ourselves feel that way. Gloom Chasers always look on the bright side of everything, and conditions are never so badly out of gear that there isn't a bright side either in the present or just around the corner in the near future.

Probably there is no better remedy for discontentment than to get away for a while and see what the other fellow is doing to make his way in the world. We firmly believe that anyone in the Potlatch who feels that business conditions are not good here as compared to other points, might "get his eyes opened" by visiting other towns in the Inland Empire. We have very little cause for complaint here.

Business is not booming but it is as good or better than was expected. Living conditions are as nearly normal as they are anywhere in the country today. We are past the worst stage of the re-adjustment period and those who know say that the very near future, from a business standpoint, looks brighter than ever.

Methodist Church

Howard W. Mort, Pastor

Beginning Sunday evening the church will start a series of special meetings. Rev. Henry T. Greene, a very sincere and forceful evangelistic speaker will assist the pastor in these meetings and it is hoped that great good will result. Sensible heart-to-heart talks of a sane and sensible nature will characterize these meetings and we want you with us as often and as much as possible.

Beginning Monday night Rev. Greene will preach each evening. A half hour song service including special music will be a part of the regular service.

Every night except Saturday at 7:30 p. m. Everyone is most cordially welcome.

No morning worship Sunday.

Remember Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m.

Come and bring your friends.

CARD OF THANKS

We sincerely wish to express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to the many friend and neighbors for the many acts of kindness and sympathy shown us, during the illness, death and burial of our beloved husband and father.

Mrs. Mary Halseth
Tora Halseth
John Halseth
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Halseth
Mr. and Mrs. Pete Halseth.

Fancy Work

Claims Your Attention Just Now

You will like our line of embroidery silk, fibre rope silk and embroidery cottons, D. M. C. white crochet cotton and white and colors in Star Brand. Large stock of embroidery transfer patterns.

Don't forget that we carry a large line of Standard Patterns—most all numbers.

Coffee

We have your favorite brand of coffee. We buy in small quantities and buy often, assuring a strictly fresh product.

Such well known brands as Hills Bros., Chase & Sanborns, Golden West, Schillings, Folgers and Crescent Cream. Buy just the brand that you particularly like—and buy it here.

N. B. Long & Sons

The home of Good Things to Eat and Wear.

Grand Theater

Kendrick, Idaho

Monday, Jan. 31

Just One Jolly Night

The Funny Swedish Comedy Drama

"Ole the Swede"

20 Years of Success 20

Prices 55 and 30 cents

THIS IS NOT A PICTURE

The Farmers Elevator And Warehouses

Will pay highest market prices for grain and sells Binder Twine and all kinds of feed at the lowest possible margin.

We also handle the celebrated

Martin's Best

FLOUR

\$10 Per Barrel

Every Sack Guaranteed

Our aim is to treat you the year

Kendrick Rochdale Co.

FORDSON

More and more every day the demand for the Fordson Tractor increases because the Fordson has demonstrated so much usefulness, so much economy, so much labor saving, so much money saving, along so many lines of activity. The farmer has discovered that not only for plowing, harrowing, discing, seeding, mowing, reaping and threshing, but a multitude of other uses; cutting wood, feed, grinding feed, churning, washing, furnishing water in the house; making electric light possible in the house and around the barns; so that, as a matter of fact, there is hardly an hour in the day when the tractor cannot be made a profitable servant. There is ditching to do; there are roads to fix; and so on all down along the line of the numerous calls that constantly face the farmer, the Fordson steps in and does the work, shoulders the complete burden of the toil and the hard work, one might almost say "drudgery."

This is the Age of Machinery, the day when man plans the day's work, or the year's work, and then turns it over to the Tractor to execute. Get the book, "The Fordson at Work," because it is free. If you cannot call for it, write and we will mail it to you. The Tractor is not only a necessity to every farmer but it is an established utility along a great many commercial lines. Our allotment is limited to so many each month. Let's have your order now,

SPIKER & JEFFREYS
LEWISTON, IDAHO

"It sure will Tickle You"

says the Good Judge



To find how long the full rich taste of the Real Tobacco Chew lasts.

That's why it really saves you money to use this class of tobacco instead of the ordinary kinds.

Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco.

1107 Broadway, New York City

Painless Parker The Famous Dentist

PEOPLE living a hundred miles or more away come to my offices to have their teeth fixed up. I make it a rule that those from a distance shall be waited upon immediately and their work be completed first, so they can go back home as soon as possible.



twenty-eight offices, and all my associates in these offices have been taught how to practice painless dentistry as well as I can do it myself. We have fixed up the teeth of over a million people, and call our way of practicing

Years ago I discovered how to extract and fix teeth without hurting, and was so successful that people called me "Painless" Parker. My practice has grown until I now have



If your teeth are bothering you, and you want them put in good shape without hurting and without paying a fancy price, come to our nearest office, which you will find located at

521 Main Street, Lewiston

Luck and Lack

Don't trust to luck. Luck is untrustworthy. Systematic, scientific striving for any goal is far more likely to bring you success than any mere faith in your success.

Just as changing a single letter changes "Luck" to "Lack," so will the reverses of a single day change plenty to want. But you can insure yourself against this by building your success on the habit of saving.

Save and Win

Be well dressed. Make friends. Increase your influence in your community. Enjoy the respect of all your associates.

These things do not come to those who trust to luck for them. Systematic saving will win them for you. Systematic saving will accumulate for you a small fortune that can safely and readily be expanded to a large one.

Decide on a regular deposit and start depositing NOW.



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

Kendrick State Bank

Harness, Robes, Saddles, Horse Blankets and Whips

All kinds of Harness supplies and Repairing

Kendrick Harness Shop

N. E. Walker, Prop.

IDAHO BEST FLOUR

Hard Wheat Blend

Farina, Corn Meal, Graham, Rye Flour

Feed

Ground and Rolled Feed, O. K. Scratch Feed
Cracked Wheat, Meat Scraps
Grit and Shell

KENDRICK MILL

KEEP SUITABLE FARM ACCOUNTS

Farming Is a Profession and Must Be Conducted in a Businesslike Manner

HELPS CREDIT AT THE BANK

Once the Principles of Bookkeeping Are Understood a Simple System Can Be Developed to Meet the Farmer's Needs.

Farmer Jones desired to negotiate a loan at his local bank.

"Just what is your financial condition?" the banker asked him.

"Why," said Jones, "I own a house and land, and a couple of horses and some cows and live stock, and an orchard and—"

"Have you a detailed inventory showing the value of these things?" the banker interrupted him.

"No—," the farmer replied. "I haven't time to bother keeping books."

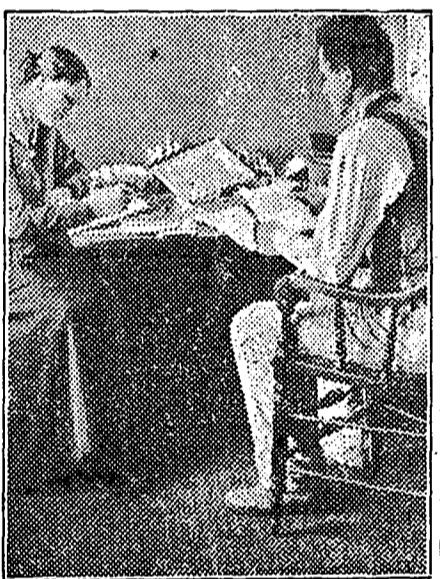
"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed the banker, "anyone can keep books. The way the thing's worked out nowadays it doesn't require more than five minutes' work a day. Then when you come here for a loan you could produce a sheet of paper and say, 'Here's what I've got, here's what I owe, and here's what I'd have in cash if I sold out tomorrow.' As it is, I'm afraid I can't let you have the money until I have this information."

This conversation takes place in hundreds of towns every day, according to specialists of the office of farm management and farm economics, United States department of agriculture. Of course farmers are very busy men. They haven't the time to study complicated accounting methods. But, according to the federal specialists, once the principles of bookkeeping are understood and all farm conditions studied, a simple system of bookkeeping can be developed to meet the farmer's needs.

Show Assets and Liabilities.

The foundation of any set of books is an inventory showing the farmer's assets and liabilities. The assets include real estate, live stock, machinery

and tools, produce, feed and supplies, cash on hand and in bank, and accounts receivable at the date the inventory is taken. Each item under these headings should be listed separately. Real estate should be valued at what it can be sold for under normal conditions; live stock, feed and farm produce at market prices, less cost of marketing; farm supplies at cost; machinery and tools at a price allowing for annual depreciation. The liabilities should include mortgages, notes and accounts payable. The sum of the liabilities deducted from the total assets will show the farmer's net worth.



Farmer's Wife Proves an Able Assistant in Keeping Farm Accounts.

Classification of Accounts. While an inventory is generally the first thing a banker asks for when making a loan he also wants to know the sources of income. By going just a little further the farmer can keep records that will enable him to know his profits and losses. This requires a classification of accounts in which certain principles should be followed. The precise classification to be used is determined by the prevailing conditions on the farm in question.

Full details regarding the various phases of farm bookkeeping are contained in Farmers' Bulletin 511, "Farm Bookkeeping;" Farmers' Bulletin 572, "A System of Farm Cost Accounting," and Farmers' Bulletin 782, "The Use of a Diary for Farm Accounts." These bulletins can be had upon request of the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

JAPS OWE DEBT TO AMERICA

Old Confederate Ironclad Was the Real Basis of Their Present Great Naval Power.

A confederate ironclad, originally named the Stonewall Jackson, was the real basis of the Japanese navy. It was sold at the close of the Civil war to the Japanese, and renamed the Adzuma. When, in 1867, Admiral Enomoto fled with all the Japanese fleet except the ironclad, and attempted to set up an independent government at Hakodate it was the smelly, grim and wallowing old ironclad that pro-

ceeded to tear the rest of the navy to bits, as well as destroy the forts under the command of the rebel leader.

So thoroughly did the ironclad do its work that the rebellion failed, and its leaders were seized and exhibited in iron cages throughout the country. The work of the ironclad was not lost on the Japanese, and they listened the more willingly to the advice of Henry Walton Grinnell, an American naval officer who entered the emperor's service and rose to the rank of admiral. They began a navy that steadily grew in strength and number, and one that received encouragement from both American and British naval heads.

HOW ANTWERP WAS NAMED

Exploit of Robber Baron Said to Be Responsible for Cognomen of Belgian City.

The city of Antwerp received its name in a curious fashion. The first habitation was a castle of three towers on the River Scheldt, ruled by a great robber named Antigonus. Legend gives him a height of 40 feet, and strength in proportion. As the main road ran by his castle gates he formed the jolly habit of halting travelers and demanding heavy toll ere he would allow them to proceed. In case they refused, or had not the money, he seized them and cut off their hands, holding that the sight of such unfortunate wretches wandering about the country would be excellent propaganda to the effect that he meant business. The hands he threw or tossed into the river, and in time the spot became known as "Hantwerpen" or "Hand-tossing."

A giant wooden figure of Antigonus is in existence, and on great parades it is dragged through the streets with a man inside, who by means of a lever, works the head back and forth in a somewhat life-like manner. The figure is 40 feet in height.

UNGRATEFUL PARISIANS.

Marshal Foch is about to remove to a larger house that is being prepared for him in the old-fashioned quarter of Paris, between the Invalides and the chamber of deputies, says the continental edition of the London Daily Mail. His present flat in the Avenue de Saxe, where he has lived since before the war, is too small to contain all the presentations and trophies that have been offered to him, or to receive the guests which the position requires him to receive. When his staff officers were looking for new accommodations for the marshal they are said to have met with objections from the landlords of some of the flats at which they looked. "The marshal would have too many callers," they said, "and if another war broke out there would be people coming at all hours of the day and night."

ALL SOUND BANISHED.

Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the silencer for firearms, has now devised a "house of silence." He has suggested that apartment houses, hospitals and hotels, instead of opening their windows, could be ventilated by air supplied through the roof. On top of the main air duct a silencer would gather up the noise waves which came from phonographs and crying babies and, by a series of spirals in a chamber of sound-deadening material, take all the noise out of them.

What a Difference.

"Very well, then," sighed the stout sutor as he knelt before his adored one, "if you won't, you won't, but will you be kind enough to give me your hand?"

"Why, I have just positively and definitely refused you!" the fair maid exclaimed in astonishment.

"Oh, I understand that. I'm not again asking for your hand in marriage, but to help me to my feet."

RATION OF COTTONSEED MEAL

One Pound Per Day for Each 1,000 Pounds Live Weight Is Most Satisfactory.

One pound of cottonseed meal per day for each 1,000 pounds live weight is the most satisfactory quantity to feed work animals, according to recent experiments conducted by the United States department of agriculture. A test in feeding cottonseed meal to work horses and mules at the government farm, Beltsville, Md., was begun in 1918, and continued last year. When the meal was fed in large quantities harmful effects were apparent, however, indicating that cottonseed meal, like any other high-protein feed must be fed with care to horses and mules.

BIG REDUCTION

\$30.00 Decline on all

Great Majestic Family Ranges

In a letter just received from the Majestic Manufacturing Co., we have been instructed to reduce prices on all Majestic Family Ranges.

This decline is an extraordinary effort on the part of the manufacturers and ourselves to stabilize business in general.

Through co-operation of Majestic Dealers and the factory this exceptional decline was decided on at this time, rather than string it out over the entire year 1921.

In the New Model Great Majestic we offer the highest standard of range perfection, and with this extra low price, probably lower than it will be this fall, there is no reason why your kitchen should be without one of these wonderful ranges.

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**Farmers Hardware
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Critical music lovers
prefer
The Brunswick

IT is always a certain friend, an enthusiastic one, we find, who hears The Brunswick and then compares it.

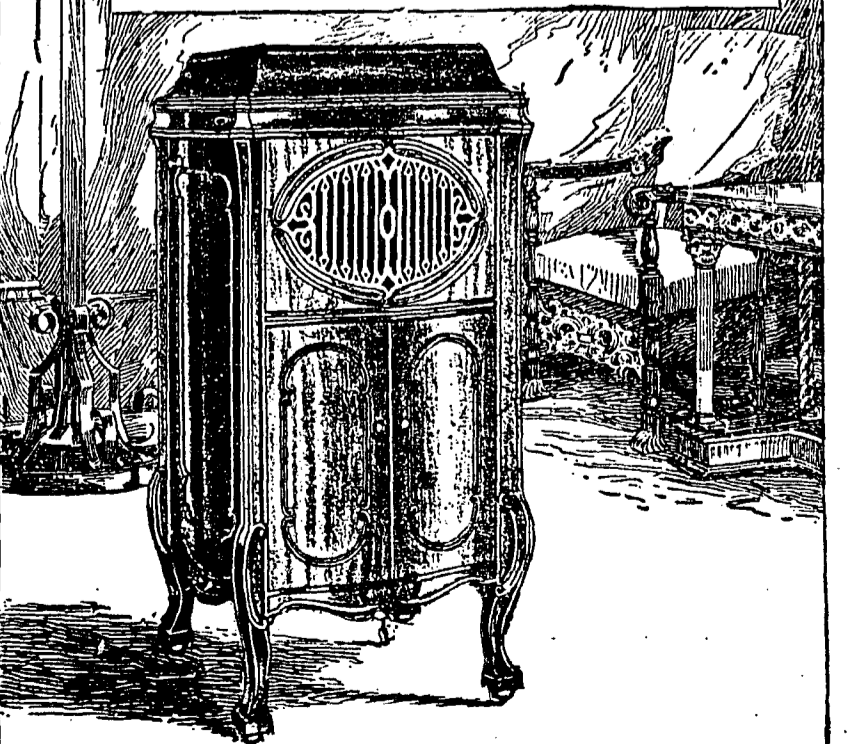
The ear is quick to appreciate its superior tone. The eye is quick to note its finer cabinet work. And the mind is quick to reason out why Brunswick is a final-type instrument in every way.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction has brought new standards in the phonographic art—better tone, truer tone. Tones hitherto lost are now ever-present.

Every hearer is convinced. That is the reason for the great popularity—that accounts for The Brunswick winning such headway in a field where limits were supposed to have been reached.

Since The Brunswick came, they all say "Plays all records." But just you find out how they do it and then investigate the Brunswick way.

Red Cross Pharmacy



Try one of the ones from
"111"
 "One-Eleven"

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"111"
 20 cigarettes 15¢

TAXI

An Adventure Romance

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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Chapter I. Continued

In short, Maggie and her charge, traced down the ladder of reputable, disreputable and impossible lodgings, had slipped ultimately from sight and the ken of people with addresses, and, as a result, Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, whose relationship to Mr. Asa Thornton is of no import whatever to this tale of cause and effect, came into ten thousand a year and a string—the string being the possible reappearance of Miss Imogene Pamela.

"Bob," had said old Asa, on the verge of a tardy demise, "I'm not introducing you to a war between conscience and self-interest. There's no silly story-book test about my money; you are under no obligation to look for Imogene or to shout if you step on her by any twist of chance. My lawyers have all the instructions necessary along those lines; they are to make every reasonable effort, and if they succeed, why, you're man enough to look out for yourself. It isn't going to make a devil of a lot of difference to me where the cash goes so long as I die with—die with the credit."

With that last sentence, his mind had stumbled and wandered off to memories of his nephew Brewster. Looking back from the vantage of twenty-six years, Randolph caught, for the first time, the full import of Asa Thornton's farewell words to him and to life: "Die with the credit." They held the kernel of the old man's carefully measured amend.

"Great old top!" murmured Mr. Randolph aloud, and half unconsciously turned to the left at Forty-second street. Five minutes later he was caught in the maelstrom of the Thanksgiving crowd milling around Times square.

Presently he found himself on the edge of a human sea, banked up to give passage to a honking empty taxi-cab. Here was another question for a suddenly inquiring mind. Where did taxi-cabs, empty ones, go to in such a hurry? The door of this one was swinging open, and the proof of how intent the crowd was on its myriad individual goals is evidenced by the fact that a dozen voices did not inform the driver that the season was off for fans on wheels.

The cab was moving more slowly than Mr. Randolph's subconscious mind, which led him to step into it and quietly close the inviting door. Upon seating himself, he tried to analyze the impulse that had lifted him from the curb. He decided that it was not so much the curiosity as to the destination of empty cabs as a natural and ancient dislike for being pushed and elbowed by people.

It was not long before the cab, unwittingly loaded for bear, drew up with a final honk at the stage-door of the Crocodile. Immediately came a rasping voice that was vaguely familiar to Mr. Randolph.

"Well," it said, "you sure took your own time getting here." The driver, expert in aggravating repartee without words, pressed the bulb of his atrocious horn three times. "Cut it out!" said the rasping voice. "There isn't any hurry now."

It was incredible, reasoned Mr. Randolph with himself, that anyone should forget that voice once heard, and he was right. He remembered it. It was the voice of Mr. Duke Beamer, whom he had had the distinct pleasure of blackballing for one club in college and three in town. Mr. Beamer, to his honest mind, was the best living example of animated slime in tailor-made clothes.

Mr. B. was not alone; Mr. Randolph could just see his companion through the slant of the half-raised window-glass, and even that distorted glimpse was very close to a vision. The girl was young, beautiful, and troubled. Her cheeks were thin and pale, her parted lips aquiver; her chin was a tremble. Of course she was very cheaply but neatly clothed.

"Make up your mind," said the rasping voice. "Ride with me or walk the streets by yourself, and don't forget that there's no job behind you. You've said good-by to that door for good."

The girl's wan face went through that contortion which says, "I won't cry," and doesn't, thereby achieving a pity beyond the meed of tears. The quivering of her lips, the trembling of her chin grew more pronounced—only to steady down as she swept up stricken and imploring eyes to the face of the unseen man.

"Oh, Duke," she begged, "promise—promise you'll be always good to me."
 "Of course, little one," said the rasping voice, promptly and much-relieved, promising lightly to pay on demand, in full for a soul delivered in advance. "You'll never regret it, believe me."

The girl tore her doubting eyes from his face and stepped toward the cab. Mr. Randolph made himself exceedingly small in the corner nearest

the curb. An unseen agent opened the door; the girl slipped in and turned to seat herself; her escort made to follow. Then did Mr. Randolph suddenly lean forward and proceed to push in the face of Mr. Beamer with his open hand and the full weight of his shoulder. That astonished scion of a once gentlemanly house reeled backward and sat down on the pavement kerplunk.

"My, what a bump!" spoke a keen young voice over Mr. Randolph's



"My, What a Bump!"

shoulder, but he was too occupied to take note of it at the time. He leaned far out so that the driver could get the full effect of his modish top-hat and spoke cryptic words.

"Ten dollars' worth of the park," is what he said.

The driver welcomed the sudden apparition with a friendly grin, honked defiantly three times, and threw in the clutch. They were off, and trailing after them came such a string of blasphemous utterances as made Mr. Randolph wince.

The girl was laughing. No longer did her eyes search for a gleam they thought they had lost forever. "It was there within them, come back to rolick in her pupils and spill itself in reckless spending."

"Oh! Oh! What a bump!" she gasped.

"Funny, wasn't it?" said Mr. Randolph weakly.

"Awfully," said the girl. Thereupon fell a long silence. The cab cut across the traffic, reached the Avenue, and eventually the dark park before Mr. Randolph found anything further to say.

"Funny, wasn't it?" he remarked. The girl cast him a startled look.

"Why," she gurgled, "that's what you said before."

"So I did," said Mr. Randolph, frowning thoughtfully. "So I did. By the way, what's your name?"

The girl caught her breath and swallowed her laughter. "Vivienne Vivierre," she said, after a pause.

"How awful!" commented Mr. Randolph. "One of those deliberate alterations that go with the back row of the chorus."

"Front row," Vivienne defended promptly, but unsmiling. Her lips twitched down at the corners. "At least, it was front row."

"I know," said Mr. Randolph. "You've been fired. I heard what Beamer said to you. How long have you known that snake?"

"Not very long," she answered. "He got me on, and I suppose he got me off." She drew a long breath and turned appealing eyes to Randolph.

"Please," she said, "don't let's talk about him. I want so to be happy for a few minutes. I love the park at night with its border of lights. Let's play a game."

"A game?" said Randolph doubtfully.

"Yes. We'll guess which is Central Park West and which is One Hundred and Tenth street and which is the avenue. It is not as easy as you think after you've been going round a while. I'm feeling d-dizzy a-already."

"You are!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Well, let me tell you it isn't from buzzing round a two-mile circuit. What did you have for dinner?"

Miss Vivienne shut her lips tight. "Won't you please play my game?" she asked faintly.

Mr. Randolph frowned as though considering the subject very seriously, but the matter that held his attention was not the proposed guessing-match. That would not have been fair nor amusing, as the deadlights of his own

very comfortable apartment blinked at him every time they came to Fifty-ninth street. He was justifying to himself a very questionable move. He wished to feel this stray damsel and, at the same time, talk to her with a purpose. He could not see himself doing it in a cabaret, and every hotel supper room had already become one of those things. He came to a decision and spoke.

"I'll take a hand in your game, all right, but not just as you think. Do you—would you trust me?"

Immediately the girl was on her guard. She looked into his face and read it.

"I would never have thought of not trusting you if you hadn't asked that old, old trap question," she said gravely.

"Forget that I asked it," said Mr. Randolph promptly, and leaned out to give the driver his address. A thin-lipped and weary scorn was still on that individual's face when he drew up before Mr. Randolph's abode and honked three times derisively to the world in general as seen from the front of a taxi.

"Wait," said Mr. Randolph to the Jehu, as he handed out the girl. She paused with one foot half-way to the curb, but that single word directing anything as expensive as a taxi to stand by reassured her.

Randolph preceded her to show the way and turn on lights. He never looked back to see if she followed, and this implied trust in herself seemed to drag her after him up the single flight of stairs that led to his rooms.

"Old-fashioned but cozy," he said, as he applied a latch-key and opened a door that gave directly on a large square sitting room. "I hate elevators in a place you call home."

In an open grate was a dying wood fire. He proceeded to poke and feed it at once, saying over his shoulder:

"Sit down anywhere, will you?"

Facing the fire was a deep and much worn leather couch, with a pedestal at each end carrying shaded lamps. They were the only ones he had lighted and their glow was so subdued that it blended with that of the fire without fighting it. The girl chose to seat herself stiffly in a corner of this couch.

Mr. Randolph looked at her rigid pose with marked disapproval, but said nothing. Having rejuvenated the fire till it leaped merrily to an attack on the fresh backlog, he left the room and was absent for a considerable time. When he returned, it was to place a small table before his guest, and then he fetched a tray well loaded with those things which grace in perpetuity a healthy bachelor's larder.

He drew up a chair for himself and, with an inviting nod, started to eat a great deal and very rapidly.

"Get in on the lunch while there's time," he admonished. "I warn you there's nothing more in the house."

The girl gave him a grateful look and proceeded to fill herself with the most sustaining food within reach.

She did not fail to note that there was nothing to drink but water. When they could eat no more, Mr. Randolph removed the table, and then seated himself in the opposite corner of the couch.

"You don't seem to be at ease here," he said presently. "If you think you'll be more comfortable, we can go down and sit in the cab. I want to talk to you."

The girl considered gravely for a moment; then her face broke into a rippling smile that swept up and settled in her eyes. She reached for a cushion, put it at her back, tucked one



"Now Talk," She Said.

foot under herself, and waved the other in the same fashion as had Miss Van Teller earlier in the evening.

"Now talk," she said.

"Do you like me?" asked Mr. Randolph.

She nodded her head.

"You're not afraid to be here?" She shook denial.

"Have you ever been in a man's room before?"

She looked him straight in the eyes and made no other sign.

It was Mr. Randolph's turn to flush. "Then," he said, "if you like me and if you're not afraid, please begin at the start and tell me all about it."

The girl's eyes fell and sought the fire. Her face slowly paled to the shade of her somber thoughts. She was no longer pretty; she was beautiful, with a revealing transparency that made her seem unfeathered, a disembodied spirit of sincerity and truth, indubitably pure.

(To Be Continued)

Summons

In the District Court, Second Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Latah. Josephine P. Brewer, plaintiff, vs. Sylvester Brewer, Defendant.

The State of Idaho Sends Greetings To Sylvester Brewer the above named defendant. You are hereby notified that a complaint has been filed against you in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Latah, by the above named plaintiff, of the nature in general terms as follows:

To obtain a decree of divorce from defendant on the grounds of desertion.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer the said complaint within twenty days of the service of this summons, if served within said Judicial District, and within forty days if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer said complaint within the time herein specified, the plaintiff will take judgement against you as prayed in said complaint.

Witness my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for Latah County, this 3rd day of January, A. D., 1921.

(Seal) Homer E. Estes, Clerk. By Adrian Nelson, Deputy. H. R. Smith, Residence Moscow, Idaho, attorney for Plaintiff. 1-6t

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FOR SALE: Leland Piano. See Julius Petrick, Kendrick. 43tt

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The Stradivara Sound Board of edge-grained wood gives a new character to music's reproduction. With it you hear only the sweet, fluty, naturalness of the original music. Whether instrument or voice, the true character of tone is perfectly reproduced through the magic of this Patented Sound Board, and it is an exclusive and patented feature of the Stradivara.

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Bad Cold and Cough Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

Several years ago C. D. Glass, Gardiner, Me., contracted a severe cold and cough. He tried various medicines but instead of getting well he kept adding to it by contracting fresh colds. Nothing he had taken for it was of any permanent benefit until a druggist advised him to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says "I was completely cured by this remedy and have since always turned to it when I had a cold and soon find relief."

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We are offering some exceptional values in men's, boys' and girls' shoes, also a few sizes in ladies shoes. Boys' brown dress shoes, english last, a good serviceable shoe, reduced to **\$4.75**
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We specialize on Hills Bros coffees because by handling the one best line we can give you better coffee value. Our stock is always fresh.

SPECIAL: one lot of about 60 lbs of whole roast coffee in bulk to close out in 5 lb lots or more, per pound. **20c**

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In canned fruits we carry the best brands that are to be had in peaches, pears, apricots, cherries and grapes as well as pineapple, and the prices are as low as you could have canned the fruit yourself last fall.

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ORANGES

Fancy naval oranges, per doz. **45c and 60c**

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KENDRICK, IDAHO

TAXI

An
Adventure
Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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Continued from Previous Page

"I had a nurse once," she said, in a low voice, "and a wire-haired terrier, a show-dog and a darling. His name was Sport." She raised solemn eyes to Randolph's face as though measuring his powers of understanding. "My nurse died and then, one day, I had to sell Sport; I wasn't old enough to sell myself."

She stopped speaking with an unmistakable finality. Randolph was overwhelmed by the flood of information that this slip of a girl had packed into two-score words. A life-story in four lines and a revelation of the heart thrown in for good measure! Over and above that, he had to reckon with the confirmation of a suspicion which had been slowly establishing itself in his mind that he had met her before, that not for the first time this night had those soft lips, curved for merry words, cried, "My, what a bump!" within his hearing.

So many considerations pressed to his immediate attention that he awoke to the actual present too late to stem the tide of tears that suddenly rose to the girl's eyes. "Oh," she sobbed, "what is to become of me? I was so happy here, if you hadn't made me think!"

If anything has been said in the course of these pages to give the impression that Mr. Randolph was modeled after Joseph or heven out of ice or packed with probity to the exclusion of red blood, forget it. At the sight of those tears, he slid the length of the couch to first base, fielded the girl in his arms, switched her round so that she lay across his knees, drew her face against his shoulder, and rocked her gently.

"You poor kiddie," he said softly, "what a devil of a time you've had! But believe me when I tell you it's all over. This is the night that starts your old happy sun into the blue sky again. Don't worry."

She stopped crying and looked up into the honest face so close to her own, puzzling as to how just those words could have come from it; but the world had taught her a hard lesson in varying standards. She drew a long quivering sigh.

"If you could only wait until I love you, body and soul," she breathed. "What on earth do you mean?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Why, then it wouldn't be so bad—so ugly."

"I don't get you," remarked Robert Hervey.

"A man told me just a little while ago that he was making a catalogue of reasons why women give themselves," she continued. "He had eleven already, and yet he was one of the nicest men I've met. He talked to me as though he were showing me a way that I must travel alone."

"Really?" said Mr. Randolph, stifling perceptibly.

"The lowest reason of all was for cold cash," she went on, as though he had not spoken. "Then came the glitter of precious stones, and, after that, silk underwear!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, mystified and interested in spite of himself.

"Of course you couldn't understand that," she said, "not unless you had seen some poor girl bury her face in crepe de chine and lace, tremble to try them on, and then sob because she had to wear clothes over them."

"Look here," said Mr. Randolph, shuddering at the ploy of it: "we'll pass on to the next, if you don't mind."

"Curiosity comes next," resumed the girl obediently. "A woman is weak until she knows everything. Then comes a funny one that you won't understand at all. It's called 'Because.' 'Because he had on a coat that reminded her of an old coat that a man she had loved used to wear.'"

"My dear girl—" protested Mr. Randolph.

"I said they weren't interesting," she reminded him dispassionately. Her eyes widened. "And now," she continued, "we go up and up—spite that stabs its own heart; the lonely soul; consuming fire, and, last and greatest reason of all, just love." Her eyes glowed to some distant focus. "If all myself, my honor, my past, and my future dissolve to the single drop of a present moment in the crystal cup of love, then let me give myself to a lover's lips for, once drained, nothing will be left upon which to hang the badge of shame—nothing remain in all the world but the spirit and—and the sacrifice."

"Girl," said Mr. Randolph, crushing her to him as though he snatched her back from just beyond his clasp, "where is your mind wandering? What have you been thinking? That I was asking you to—give yourself to me?"

Her eyes came suddenly to his face. "Yes," she said; "I thought that." He stared at her for a long silent moment, his lips wavering nervously between pity and severity. A flush

swept over her face, and into her eyes crept a look of fear. "You don't want me?" she whispered; then, as he did not speak: "Kiss me, I wish you to kiss me."

There was something in her insistence that clutched at his heart and bent him forward. He drew her head up slowly to meet his lips and kissed her as lightly, as impersonally as brother ever saluted sister, but far more fearfully. Immediately her body went limp in his arms, turned to a dead weight of uninspired flesh.

"It is true," she murmured, desperately. "You don't really want me and I can never love you now."

Randolph awoke to that still cry. He shook her, seized her head in both his hands, and forced her eyes to meet the blaze in his.

"You generous, careless, adorable little fool!" he growled. "Why, you're the most desirable and precious bundle of lovable charm that robber man ever trembled to hold in sacrilegious arms!"

She stared at him amazed. "Why don't you kiss the way you talk?" she demanded.

"Because there's no reason for your desperate barter, my dear Imogene Pamela Thornton."

In one lithe motion she was out of his arms, on her feet, back to the fire, head upthrown.

"How dare you—how dare you call me by that name?" She was transformed; her eyes flashed with such a light as made the blaze in his own a paltry thing. "Do you think she would lie in your arms?" She asked, gulping out the words. "Vivienne Vivierre—her lips curled in distaste at the name—'ah, yes; poor despairing thing! But I—Pamela Thornton! Oh, who are you? Why did you?' She dropped her face in her hands and sobbed as though her heart had broken."

Randolph did not leap to comfort her this time; he did not even watch her. With his eyes on the edges of fire that peeped from between and round her ankles, he began to talk.

"I knew you; I knew Sport; I knew Maggie. Just once I met you all, and I've never forgotten. I couldn't." He smiled crookedly. "You and I sat down so hard together and you cried out, 'My, what a bump!' and laughed and laughed—just like tonight, back there at the stage-door of the Crocodile."

Pamela stopped crying.

"So you were that awfully nice boy," she said, disclosing tear-stained cheeks and looking him over as though she were inventorying a long list of points of deterioration.

Robert Hervey Randolph, six feet tall, freckled-nosed, open-faced, blue-eyed and broad-shouldered, looked up at her almost appealingly as if his whole sun and substance were crying out to be appraised at face value but no less.

"That's me," he said rapidly. "My name is Robert Hervey Randolph. Some people call me 'Bob,' some 'Hervey,' and the sidley ones say 'Randy.'"

"And I shall call you 'Mr. Randolph,'" said Miss Thornton bravely, and then broke into: "After—after I've th—thank you again and—and again from my heart. I'm going now."

"That's a wrong guess," said Robert, smiling happily—he didn't know exactly why. "I'm the one that's going, after you promise me that you'll stay here until ten o'clock tomorrow. But before we come to that, please don't thank me ever. It's selfish, but I'd simply love to have you remember me as Bob or Hervey or, at the very worst, Randy. Won't you?"

She looked this way and that before she let her face ripple to its wondrous smile.

"I'll go as far as Randy," she conceded mischievously; then the smile went and the shadow came. "But I really can't stay here, you know."

Mr. Randolph leaped to his feet, reached her in a single stride and caught her by both wrists. "Look at me!" he said. "If you won't promise to stay here without a break till ten o'clock tomorrow and thereafter at your pleasure, I'll stay myself and hold you. Now, do you or don't you? One—two—"

"I do."

"Do what?" inquired Robert.

"I promise."

"Make yourself absolutely at home, then," he said, as he dropped her hands and turned toward the door.

"I feel like Christmas eve," said Miss Thornton meekly. "Won't you please tell me what's going to happen?"

"You've guessed it—Christmas," he answered enigmatically, tossed the latch-key on the table, and left her.

She can be excused for spying upon him from the curtained window. She saw him awake the cabman, and then watched the pantomime of a long colloquy.

"Oh!" she moaned. "No wonder! The awful, awful price of those horrid clock things! Why did I let him tell it to wait?"

Presently she was amazed to see both the driver and Mr. Randolph disappear into the dark recesses of the cab and close after them its door. For twenty breathless minutes she watched, tormented by the thought that they had retired to have it out where they wouldn't be disturbed by the police. But at last they issued—both of them. Mr. Randolph proceeded to crank the car and then, walking rather strangely, went off, headed west; the driver mounted his box, threw in the clutch, and scurried to the east as though he were off to meet the morning.

"Strange doings!" thought Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, as she turned from the window to start on a privately conducted voyage of discovery.

Strange doings, indeed, and stranger still could Imogene Pamela have heard

as well as seen. This is what really happened: Mr. Randolph awoke the cabman gently but thoroughly; then he said:

"Look here: I want to buy your wagon."

"Gowan, boss; wot d'yer takk me for? Here I been freezin' most to det' fer two mortal hours an' a gent like you starts right in kickin' on the clock widout even readin' it."

"Slucks!" said Mr. Randolph. "What's biting you? Never mind the meter-reading; here's twenty for you to forget that. Now tell me: Who owns your buzz-wagon? You?"

"Naw; the Village Cab company," replied the saturnine cabman as he stuffed the twenty-dollar bill into his trousers pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "you and I are about the same build and I've got a proposition for you. Change clothes, hand me over your cab, and take two hundred dollars to see yourself to another job."

The driver showed no surprise; he contemplated the offer with half-closed eyes and dubiously working lips.

"More than that," went on Randolph: "I'm not taking your job just for tonight; I'm going to hold it. The only thing I want you to promise is that you'll keep your trap closed if you see any ads in the personal columns looking for me."

"How do I know you won't lift the car and whoop it up fer New Haven?" Randolph fixed him in the eye.

"You know I won't, because I say it."

"Sure—that's all right, boss," said the driver conciliatingly. "No bones broke. Now, there's just one thing more: have you figured that it's five hours to the opening of second-hand Sixth avenue or the Bowery, an' I'd have to wear those clothes of yourn all that time?"

"What's the matter with these clothes?" asked Randolph, a little peeved. "Well, you've heard my offer. Take it or leave it."

"Sure I'll take it!" said the driver promptly. "If I wasn't a-goin' to have took it from the first, what would I 'a' been standin' here talkin' for?"

Whereupon they entered to the cramped privacy of the cab and exchanged garments. Randolph was ready in ten minutes, but it took him another ten to complete the appareling of the puzzled chauffeur. In Randolph's best evening suit a sickly grin.

"Say," he asked, "how do I look?" Mr. Randolph surveyed him.

"Oh, you'll do, all right. You look about the way I would if I'd been on a bat. Better have a few drinks, if you can find them, and the world will fall for your clothes. What time do I turn for your clothes. What time do I go on again? Do you bunk at the garage, by any chance?"

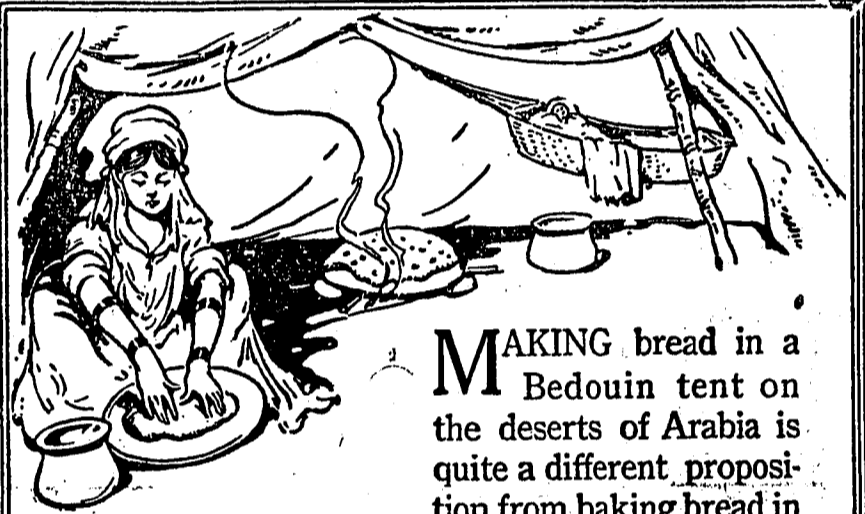
"Never you mind where I bunk," said the ex-cabman suspiciously. "D'you think I'm goin' to throw in a happy home for two hundred? You're on the night shift for this week. Read the rules and regulations when you get to the garage. Say good-by to the boys for me an' tell the manager to go to blazes."

They followed this remark out of the cab; the tough in fop's clothing cranked the car and turned westward, as previously chronicled, while Mr. Randolph, now substitute to Patrick O'Reilly as driver of the Village Cab company's No. 1898, hurried his chariot eastward, not to meet the morning, as it had appeared to the watching Miss Thornton, but in search of the residence of the head of the legal firm charged with the duty of carrying out the instructions of the defunct Mr. Asa Thornton.

(To Be Continued)

Not If As Rich As Ceresus

If you were as Ceresus you could not buy a better remedy for constipation than Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easy and pleasant to take and when the proper dose is taken produce a mild and gentle effect. They also strengthen the digestion.



MAKING bread in a Bedouin tent on the deserts of Arabia is quite a different proposition from baking bread in

our modern establishment—a difference the people of this community appreciate.

Our Bread

has that delicious flavor that gives it a place distinctively its own in homes where "good eating" is appreciated. The same thing is true of our pies, cakes, doughnuts and all other forms of pastry.

Quality and cleanliness are the twin mottoes of this bakery at all times.

Regular Meals at Reasonable Prices

Short Orders at all hours.

We especially cater to the Farmer trade. For a quick lunch or a good meal drop in at the

The Electric Bakery and Cafe

Pearson & Braden, Props.

LUMBER

Native and coast lumber and all kinds of building material at prices as low as the lumber market will justify. We carry a large supply for your convenience. Get our figures first.

STANDARD LUMBER CO.

J. A. Kite, Manager.

GLEANINGS

M. Bleck was able to be out for a while Monday, the first time for several weeks.

S. T. Rector of Juliaetta was in Kendrick, Monday, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bechtol returned from Spokane, last Saturday after spending a greater part of the winter there. They will again make their home in Kendrick and are glad to get back.

Mrs. Pearson went to Coeur d'Alene last Saturday to spend a week or two with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Lewis.

Mrs. Fred Lucht, Arthur and Josephine Winter arrived Sunday from Arlington, Minn., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wegner and the Rogers family. Mrs. Lucht is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wegner, and Arthur and Josephine are their nephew and niece.

Floyd Stevens began carrying mail on Big Bear ridge, on route 2, the first of the week. Fred Bailey resigned and has rented a farm on Bear ridge from Al McKee.

Leonard Davis and family of Lewiston returned, Thursday, from a visit at Lewiston.

Gus Wegner of Big Bear ridge was a Moscow visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. Jack Kennedy of Hilo, H. T., arrived on the Monday night train to make a short visit with Mrs. A. V. Dunkle. From here she went to her home in Hawaii.

Mrs. N. E. Ware and daughter, Neva, were Clarkston visitors the first of the week.

Miss Edith Compton came up from Lewiston, Saturday, to spend the week end with her folks.

Mrs. Leo Raaberg entertained the members of the Okeke Kloutchman Club at her home Wednesday evening.

According to a report received here the first of the week the Moser family at Lewiston are all out of quarantine. Everyone in the family had smallpox in a light form. One of the girls was exposed at school, where a number of cases had developed.

Mrs. E. E. Calkins, returned to her home in Moscow, Friday, after visiting her daughter Mrs. Ralph Knepper.

The annual meeting of school trustees of Nez Perce county will take place today and tomorrow in the court house at Lewiston. The opening session will begin at 11 o'clock Friday morning and the afternoon session at 1 p. m.

J. W. Davis from the lower end of Potlatch ridge was transacting business in Kendrick the first of the week.

Oscar Torgerson, who has been visiting his brother, George, went to Bovill, Tuesday, to work in the woods.

George Holbrook shipped a carload of cattle from Kendrick the first of the week. He shipped in the neighborhood of 20 carloads from here during 1920.

A crowd numbering over seventy people attended the social at the Methodist church Thursday evening, January 20. About \$17 in cash was taken in during the evening.

Miss Maud Eichner, who is attending school at Lewiston, spent Sunday on American ridge with her folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Berriman and daughter, Reva, went to Lewiston, Sunday, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Einar Brusseth of Spokane were here Sunday to attend the funeral of Louis Haiseth.

Miss English of Juliaetta spent the week end with Mrs. Killian.

Prosecuting Attorney Nisbet was in Kendrick last Saturday on business.

A large crowd attended the American Legion dance here last Friday night. A number of out-of-town people were present and reported a very good time.

Frank Meyers was in town Saturday. He came in from the home-stand about five miles beyond Crescent, where he and his father are spending the winter holding down a claim.

Mrs. Howard W. Mort was called to Portland, Monday, on account of the critical condition of her mother, who was injured in an automobile accident. Rev. Mort accompanied her as far as Lewiston.

Charles Norman, a former Kendrick resident, now of Farmington, Wash., arrived the first of the week to visit Richard Haizlip. Mr. Norman and Mr. Haizlip were in business together here under the firm name of Haizlip & Norman, before the fire of 1904. They had a general merchandise store on the corner where the Fraternal Temple now stands.

Miss Elsie Zimmerman and her sister, Mrs. Will Starr went to Culdesac, Wednesday, where they will make their home for several months.

Charles McKeever returned Sunday morning from Seattle where he attended the hardware men's convention. He also visited his son, Wallace, at Portland before returning home.

Dr. Stoneburner of Leland was a Lewiston visitor, Wednesday.

At Genesee they are getting up a subscription of small lots of wheat and expect in this way to secure a carload which will be shipped to famine stricken China.

A number of children in the lower grades here were sent home the first of the week on account of having contracted the itch—yes, just plain old-fashioned itch. We thought the malady was all out of date and that no one had it any more, but it seems to be the real thing and a number of cases have developed.

Mrs. Lathrop of Clarkston arrived Wednesday to visit her son, Leo Raaberg.

Rev. Green of Lewiston delivered an illustrated lecture at the Methodist church Tuesday night. There was a good attendance and those who heard the lecture pronounced it very interesting and instructive. Rev. Green is a most pleasing speaker and always draws a good crowd in Kendrick.

Dexter White of Lewiston was in Kendrick, Tuesday, on business.

The interior of the Fraternal Temple is being thoroughly overhauled this week. Jones & Son are tearing off the old paper and will give the walls and ceiling a coat of kalsomine. The Temple Company has contemplated having this work done for some time and got bids on the job about a year ago, but at that time the cost was prohibitive.

The Grand Theater is advertising a benefit show for a week from Tuesday, February 8. The proceeds from the show will be turned over to help relieve the suffering children of Europe.

Miss Eva Smith of Linden went to Moscow, Wednesday afternoon, to undergo an operation for appendicitis. Her sister, Leah, who is teaching on Camas prairie, met her here and accompanied her to Moscow.

W. A. Perryman started remodeling the interior of his building this week, preparatory to installing his stock of confectionery and fixtures. The interior is being kalsomined and repaired and will be put in first class shape before the stock is moved in. Mr. Perryman promises to have one of the best confectioneries in the inland Empire.

Sam Bigham writes from Seattle that the weather is fine there and people are beginning to make garden. He sends a clipping written by his son-in-law, Lyn Fox, (Zella's husband) which was published in the Seattle Star. It follows:

LINE'S

(To the party who advertised for a Jap chauffeur)

"No doubt you are the gentleman who waved the biggest flag;

Who cheered the loudest and the most and never failed to brag

About our gallant soldiers eating up the Boche in France—

Yet hoped the war'd continue while you made their coats and pants.

No doubt you were a speaker in the Victory Loan campaign

(Yet kept your dollars working where they netted greater gain).

No doubt while fired by noble thoughts to Uncle Sam, you sent

An offer of the coats and pants at cost plus 10 per cent!

But now the war is over and we really can't expect

A guy who made it pay like you to offer to protect

Or help a mere ex-service man by giving him a job—

It takes a Jap in livery to satisfy a snob!

—

After a small boy was put to bed something in the dark scared him and in answer to his screams, his mother came up to console him and tell him not to be afraid—that God was up there with him. "All—all—all right," he managed to say between sobs, "you stay up here with God, I'm going down stairs with papa."

When the American army polo team from the Rhine sector was in England recently, King George visited the field and asked a sergeant how the Americans were getting along in England. The British Tommies standing nearby at rigid attention, were petrified by the Yank sergeants reply. "Oh, pretty well, king," said he, "but say, this tea we have for breakfast is fierce—can't you fix it so we can have coffee?" Next morning the Yankees had their favorite beverage for breakfast.

Let OLDFIELD repair your watch through the Red Cross Pharmacy's repair service. 49-1f.

Presbyterian Church

Robert M. Hood, Minister.

Don't forget that there will be preaching twice next Sunday, at 11 o'clock and at 7:30.

If the children are not attending the Junior C. E., let them go at 3:00 o'clock Sunday afternoon, they will enjoy it and will receive good from it.

Sunday school meets at 10 o'clock and the lessons are very helpful.

Summons

In the District Court, Second Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Latah.

Willard Heaton, Plaintiff,

vs.

The State of Idaho, First National Bank of Kennewick, State of Washington, a banking corporation and all unknown owners of and all unknown claimants to any right or title to or interest in, or lien or claim upon the Southwest quarter (SW¼) and the Northwest quarter (NW¼) of the Northwest quarter (SE¼) of Section Sixteen (Sec. 16) in Township Forty-two (Twp. 42) North, of Range Five (R. 5) West of the Boise Meridian, containing 200 acres more or less, or any part or portion thereof, defendants.

The State of Idaho Sends Greeting To each and all of the above named defendants.

You are hereby notified that a complaint has been filed against you in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Latah, by the above named plaintiff, of the nature in general terms as follows:

To quiet title to the Southwest quarter (SW¼) and the Northwest quarter (NW¼) of the Southeast quarter (SE¼) of Section Sixteen (Sec. 16) in Township Forty-two (Twp. 42) North, of Range Five (R. 5) West of the Boise Meridian, containing 200 acres, more or less.

And you are hereby directed to appear and answer the said complaint within twenty days of the service of this summons, if served within said Judicial District, and within forty days if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer said complaint within the time herein specified, the plaintiff will take judgement against you as prayed in said complaint.

Witness my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for Latah County, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1920.

Homer E. Estes, Clerk (Seal) By Adrian Nelson, Deputy Frank L. Moore, residence Moscow, Idaho, Attorney for Plaintiff. 4-6t.

For a Persistent Cough

Some years ago H. P. Burbage, a student at law in Greenville, S. C. had been troubled for a long while with a persistent cough which he says, greatly alarmed me, causing me to fear that I was in the first stage of consumption." Having seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised he concluded to try it. "I soon felt a remarkable change and after using two bottles of the small size was permanently cured."

SATURDAY

Jan. 29

The Happy Play With the Glad Girl

The Grand Theatre

Announces

Bessie Love

In a play that is clean and wholesome, with sentiment woven with deft hands and an eye to the lighter things of life will prove doubly attractive in these troubled days when world sorrow is so thickly clouded above us all.

BENEFIT SHOW

Feb. 8

Carpenter and Contractor

Phone 236

H. H. Stevens

Kendrick, Idaho

REMNANTS

See our nice line of remnants. Lots of short lengths in silks, woolen goods, gingham and percales. Some yardage as high as 6 yards all nice clean merchandise.

Bathtowels

Bathtowels for the entire family at 27c, 39c, 40c, 50c.

Extra large size, white, 85c, \$1.25.

Large size, pink, blue and yellow border, 95c, \$1.45.

College Girl Corsets

Made for slender, medium and heavy figures, range in price up to \$6.00, new low prices on every pair. We have the low bust elastic corset for girls also Dr. Parker's waist and garters.

Ginghams

Our line of plaid gingham are ready for you to select that new dress. Come in and let us help you. 17c to 35c per yard.

Bargains Extraordinary

You will be pleasantly surprised at the new low prices in effect at this store.

Men's, Ladies' and Children's shoes for spring have arrived and we are sure your purse will be glad, for shoes are very much down in price. Come in and see.

Do not put off buying your underwear. We have cut the price on all Men's, Ladies' and Children's underwear to the bone and can surely suit you.

Two-Minute Oat Food, 2 packages 25c.

Fancy Sweet Potatoes

Kendrick Store Company

"Everything to Eat and Wear"

A Brighter Future

We are all getting started on our affairs for 1921. The spirit of pessimism is being left behind and we should all be optimists now. The year is before us and it is up to us to make good.

Many lines of merchandise have declined, and among them an increasing number in hardware. While at this time we cannot list all of these declines, we will give you a few that are noticeable: Galvanized Iron Pipe and Galvanized Tubs, Paint, Glass, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, White Lead, Botts field seeds, such as Alfalfa, Red Clover and Timothy. On all articles in our store we are following the decline.

After a long time in which little painting has been done, now is a good time to paint. Remember, "Save the surface and you save all."

Builders' hardware and building material have reached a point where we can build new and repair old buildings very economically.

To All Farmers

We call your attention to our annual repair week—don't forget it. The date will be announced later. This will save many anxious moments and expensive delays when work time comes.

Bone, Shell, Grit, Oil Meal, for the Poultry

At Your Service

The Kendrick Hardware Co.