

KENDRICK GAZETTE

VOLUME XXXV

KENDRICK, LATAH COUNTY, IDAHO, FRIDAY NOVEMBER 27, 1936

NO. 48

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN THANKSGIVINGS

One hundred and forty-seven Thanksgivings, each duly proclaimed by the president, have passed since George Washington changed a local custom into a national institution by writing the first Thanksgiving proclamation, October 3, 1789.

One hundred and forty-seven years have passed, but they have brought few changes either in our causes for gratitude or our "prayers and supplications" for future favors. With the possible exception of the expression of gratitude for the "kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a mighty nation," there is scarcely a word in Washington's document which is not as timely today as it was when written.

Washington was thankful for "the many and signal favors of Almighty God," among which he included the "manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; the degree of tranquillity, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed; the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; in general, for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us."

Washington did not stop with the listing of his country's achievements. None knew better than he how much it lacked. He besought God to "pardon our national and other transgressions." He asked aid that the government might be rendered a "blessing to all people," and that "religion, virtue, and science" might be protected. He sought blessing and guidance for all sovereigns and nations. Lastly, the Father of His Country asked that there be granted "to all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best."

One wonders, as every succeeding president, faced with the task of issuing a proclamation has done, how the feelings of a nation could better be voiced.

—By Ruth Haller, Twin Falls, senior in Journalism, U. of I.

PERSONAL MENTION

Art Ozmun was a Moscow visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Joe Davis was a Moscow visitor Friday.

Mrs. Bertha Eichner was up from Lewiston Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Curtiss was a Moscow passenger Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blewett were Lewiston callers Tuesday.

Clyde Daugherty spent the weekend in Spokane with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Emmett visited relatives in Clarkston Sunday.

Florian LaHatt of Craigmont was a Kendrick visitor over the week-end.

Hiram Galloway and Elbert Kuykendall were Moscow visitors Saturday.

Harry Flaig, Melvin Murphy and Edgar Dammarell were in Lewiston Monday.

Jean Fraser spent Saturday visiting at the Fred Bailey home on Texas ridge.

Mrs. W. J. Carroll of Clarkston spent a few days in town the first of the week visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lyle and children drove to Moscow Sunday afternoon to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Deobald and family were Saturday afternoon business visitors in Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Deobald and children were Lewiston visitors Saturday.

Bob Dammarell came over from Orofino Friday to visit his brother, Edgar Dammarell and family.

Mrs. Lester Hill arrived home Wednesday from Troy, where she had been confined in a hospital for the past two weeks.

Mrs. L. S. LaHatt, who has been visiting her son, Florian, in Craigmont for the past two weeks, returned home Saturday.

Cordelia Emmett left Sunday for her home in Seattle after a two-weeks visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Emmett.

Among those attending the Dad's Day football game at Moscow Saturday between the U. of I. and U. of N. D. were Edgar Long, Frank Curtiss, R. H. Ramey, J. L. Woody, Lester Wallace, John Wallace, Tommy Keene, Nolan Weeks and Rex Blewett.

A docile camel is a poor mother in captivity and is apt to step on its young.

To Our Correspondents

While our country correspondents always do a fine job, we would like them to make a special effort next week to send in all Thanksgiving parties, dinners and gatherings of any kind whatsoever. We will appreciate it, and so will your neighbors and friends.

Please write the long way of the paper and only on one side. When your supply runs low, notify us and more will be sent immediately.

LATAH COUNTY SPORTSMEN TO HOLD MEETING

The Isaac Walton League of Latah County is sponsoring a meeting on Tuesday night, December 8, at the Elks' Temple, Moscow, for the purpose of organizing a Latah County Wild Life Federation, a move designed to permit better protection and regulation of wild life in this county, and a move worthy of the support of every man who hunts and fishes, or who has growing children who hope to do so.

Following is a tentative program for the evening, with Prof. C. W. Chenoweth, U. of I., chairman: "Why Sportsmen Should Organize"..... The Chairman

"Latah County's Place In The Wild Life Federation".....

..... Clarence Jenks, Moscow

"Our Reaction And Our Problems"..... Response from representatives of Potlatch, Juliaetta, Kendrick, Genesee, Troy and Bovill.

"Shall We Organize A Latah County Wild Life Federation?".....

.....General discussion and action

"Matters Requiring Legislative Action"..... Jess Robertson, District Deputy Game Warden

New Business: Appointment of special and standing committees

"State Game Planting And Its Relation to Latah County".....Supt. E. Crawford, Lapwai Game Farm.

"New Fish Hatcheries And Their Relation to Latah County".....

..... Jess Robertson

"Winter Feeding Of Game Birds".....

..... Fred Stone, Moscow

Doughnuts and Coffee

This move is indeed one worthy of local consideration, and anyone interested should see F. M. Long, who has more detailed information.

Mr. Long is a member of the Isaac Walton League and is also chairman of the Fish and Game committee of the local Commercial Club.

Beryl Mill To Use Juice

Officials of the Beryl Metals company, Deary, stated this week that a satisfactory arrangement had been made with the Washington Water Power company for the supplying of current to the smelter at Deary for operation of the smelter furnace. T. F. Seidenschwarz, president of the company said that a satisfactory rate on the current had been offered and the electricity would be used instead of coke as first planned. He stated that a new circuit would likely be built from Moscow to Deary to carry the added load.

Workmen on the smelter site are going steadily ahead with the building construction; work having started on the erection of several buildings on the north end of their property, which will be used as the Deary headquarters of the company. Changes in the drainage structure in that particular block are contemplated and work is going ahead on water pipe construction work, so that water will be available to the smelter at starting time.

Mr. Seidenschwarz stated that the latest model of Westinghouse electric smelter furnace is now included in the plans, and a very complete metallurgical laboratory will be set up. Mr. Lavassar, chemist for the company, is already at Deary and will take charge of the laboratory as soon as it is completed. A furnace capable of handling 500 pounds of ore is to be included in the laboratory for making assays of ores previous to loading the big smelter.

The operations of the Beryl Metals company has put Deary on the map nationally, as business men there are receiving inquiries from all parts of the nation concerning the new and quite valuable metal.

Loses Hay and Wagon In Fire

Fred Stedman lost between 10 and 12 tons of hay in the stack and a wagon and rack Saturday, by fire, which was supposedly started by some careless hunter either dropping the remains of a lighted cigaret or a lighted match, which set the pine needles, which are as dry as tinder, on fire, causing a loss that is hard to repair at this time of the year.

J.-T. A. STYLE SHOW AND HARD-TIME PARTY SUCCESS

The program of the evening opened with group singing led by W. O. Orr.

The second number on the program was a duet by Mrs. D. A. Christensen and Mrs. T. E. Poindexter.

The third, and most important feature of the evening was the style show and wedding procession, put on by the men.

E. L. Pearson, becomingly attired, modeled ladies coat, hat and gloves (and where he got those ancient models is still the wonder of those in attendance).

L. D. Crocker, exquisitely gowned and painted like an Easter egg, was the next exhibit (modeling a sport suit, and many women wondered why they couldn't wear clothes like that. Geo. Barnum, fetchingly dressed in clashing colors, also modeled a sport suit. It was made of gingham, with matching garters. His blackened face and razor protruding from an exposed garter, precluded any flirtations. Silvie Cook, also modeling a sport dress, was quite the envy of many present, as nice warm long underwear showed enticingly through the runnered silk hose. W. L. McCrory was the last sport suit model, attired in this and that. His full bosom and slender ankles created quite a sensation.

E. T. Long, the only afternoon dress model, was more than becomingly attired in this and that, and galloped faithfully about the ring. One full breath on Tom's part and it would have been too bad for the dress (or sumpin').

O. E. Havens, strutting in the latest in pajamas, elicited many ohs and ahs, as he displayed—well, we'll leave it to your imagination.

H. B. Thompson, exquisitely gowned in somebody's evening dress, was the sole model for that event—and what a figure, what a strut—man, oh, man, you should have been there.

Henry Emery led the bathing suit parade—in a model that must have come from a museum—cries of "how about a date" and "Oh, you cutie" were plentiful as Hank trotted faithfully about the ring. Wade T. Keene, also modeling a bathing suit (even older than Hank's) was quite the thing till he dropped his hat, got tangled up in his parasol, got his false bosom lopsided—and had a "heck of a time" but strutted his stuff at that.

J. M. Lyle, modeling lingerie, was quite the sensation of the show until Phil Dresser appeared, also modeling lingerie. Phil was especially sweet in the briefest of brief panties and brassier, painted toenails and sandals. 'Twas rather hard on the hooks and snaps, however, but they bore up nobly under the strain. Then came Roy Ramey, attired in a 1938 or close to it bathing suit, consisting of bathing cap, halter (dinkey) and loin cloth (even dinkier)—who swam and strutted for the "edification" of the casual. (Several sales of this model were reported immediately following the show).

Next came the big bridal procession (showing what the well-dressed bride? will wear) with Ed. Long as the bride, W. Van Kleeck as the groom, Bob Whitehead and Paul Lind as flower girls and Ed. Deobald as sole bride's maid (they couldn't find another). The bride was dressed to perfection in silk hose, lace curtains, lip stick and wig. The groom attired in frock coat and stovepipe hat (what more can you say); the flower girl, Bob Whitehead had on a little of this and that, topped by a flowing picture hat and ending in shoes six sizes too big, and carried a bouquet of dill and cornstalks. Paul Lind (in blackface so the blushes wouldn't show) was also attired in some of this and a little of that, also carried a beautiful bouquet of corn stalks and dill weed. The lone bridesmaid, Ed. Deobald, was dressed to kill in a very modern evening gown (or was it?) and amid hushed "be careful of those hooks" from the owner, did his stuff in no uncertain way.

Harold Thomas, attired in full balloon pants, mutton chop whiskers, derby hat and soft shoes, showed what the well dressed beau brummel will wear in 1937.

The style show having come to an end, midst gales of laughter, Miss Ross and Miss Hockaday sang a duet, followed by a musical number by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thomas, and the program ended with group singing led by Mr. Orr.

At its conclusion games were played and refreshments served. Approximately \$30.00 was realized.

TWO MEN BREAK INTO FOREST CABIN; FINED

The first case this year in the Northern Rocky Mountain National forest region involving forced entry into a forest service cabin resulted a few days ago in fines of \$15.00 and \$3.00 costs for each of two hunters in the Nezperce National forest in northern Idaho.

Besides forcing their way into the cabin, the men, Marvin Wagrynen and Robert Benthin of Moscow, were said to have subsisted on forest service rations they found there. They were taken before a justice of the peace at Grangeville.

In entering the cabin and using the food there, the men thoughtlessly were endangering the lives of persons who are to follow later in the season—game patrolmen. The game patrolmen, who brave winter's hardships to carry on vital big game studies, depend upon food supplies placed at selected cabins in the back country, more than ever isolated in winter. Failure to find food at the expected places could easily bring serious consequences.

Two jail sentences and a fine were meted out to three men who caused forest fires. Donald Davis was given a 30-day suspended sentence and charged \$3.00 costs in a case coming from St. Joe National forest. Mike Gulcana was fined \$10.00 and \$3.50 costs in a Deerlodge National forest case, and two boys were let off with warnings in a Flathead National forest case. William Kelley was sentenced to 30 days in jail at Sandpoint, Idaho, in a Kamsku National forest case, charging the defendant with throwing a lighted cigaret on forest material.

More About Sales Tax

Pocatello.—Members of the Pocatello retail merchants' bureau voted unanimously Monday to cease collecting the Idaho 2 per cent sales tax beginning Tuesday.

The tax was voted out in a referendum November 3, but no date has been decreed for officially halting collection.

Boise.—The Idaho board of election canvassers met Monday and immediately recessed indefinitely when it was informed four counties have not reported results of the November 3 election to the secretary of state.

Besides Secretary of State Franklin Girard, members of the board are Gov. C. Ben Ross, Attorney-General Bert Miller, Treasurer Myrtle Enking and Auditor Harry Parsons.

"We'll meet again as soon as the rest of the reports come in," Girard said.

Leslie Shellworth, deputy state tax commissioner, warned again that the state 2 per cent retail sales tax law requires the tax must be collected until the law is terminated by a proclamation by C. Ben Ross. He said some merchants have stopped collecting the tax.

Rural Electrification

At a meeting of farmers held in Kendrick last week the question of rural electrification was discussed at some length, but just what final action was taken we are unable to say. This question is interesting rural folks more and more, and if they succeed in putting the matter over in Latah county, they will wonder how they ever got along without electric lights and power.

According to County Agent Thometz of Nez Perce county, more than 600 farmers of that county have signed the necessary papers for electricity on the farms.

The number signing or other action taken in Latah county still seems to be a deep, dark secret.

Sales Tax Still "Salling"

There has been about the same amount of fuss raised over when the sales tax will become extinct as there has been about other things that Attorney General Miller and Governor C. Ben have differed on. However, Ross holds the whip-hand this time and intends to keep his pet alive just as long as possible. North Idaho voted to retain the tax while those in the southern part voted against it. It is supposed to have been knocked out by a solar-plexus blow by some three thousand six hundred voters.

Ross is good at stalling and "buck-passing" witness our Arrow-Harvard road, and he'll probably keep these tactics up as long as he can retain the governor's seat.

Reindeer were imported into Alaska 44 years ago.

Watch Your Chimneys

Owing to the fact that the weather has been so extremely dry and roofs are like tinder, it might be advisable to look after chimneys before they catch fire and burn out causing your roof to catch fire. It might also be a good idea to have your chimneys inspected for they sometimes "contract" holes through which sparks might creep. Better be on the safe side.

GOVERNOR-ELECT CLARK PLANS ADMINISTRATION

Boise.—Democratic Governor-Elect Brazilla W. Clark asserted last Friday night one of his first official acts would be to carry his fight for municipal power development to the Idaho legislature. He told interviewers in a statement:

"I plan to include in my message to the legislature recommendations that the existing laws be revised to the end municipalities interested in developing their own power sites can do so free from the red tape that now makes it almost impossible."

Clark said he was giving "a good deal of time" to study of the state liquor control system, and added "education, character and example" will enter into his law enforcement policies.

He asserted he was "not too strong for capital punishment," but that he was in favor of "careful consideration of all pardon cases to the end dangerous criminals are not released."

The state board of pardons was severely criticized by Republicans during the recent campaign because of asserted laxity.

Discussing his visit Friday, Clark said he was "sizing up the men" and added he would choose or retain on the basis of efficiency and individual ability to get along with the public.

"I plan to spend most of my time from now on studying the problems of state," he said. "One thing is a certainty—the people will be kept well informed of the financial and other affairs of the state during the coming two years. I believe factual publicity is an essential of good government."

He promised to "devote my energies" to making "some kind of a showing" in reducing governmental expenses.

Still Have "Indian Summer"

Weather in the Potlatch section still remains "hazy" and dry. No rain has fallen to amount to anything, for the past several months, but aside from being too dry to do fall plowing and perhaps causing damage to early-sown wheat, the climatic conditions have been perfect—just cool enough at night to make one sleep well, and just right during the day to make one step lively.

If the weather keeps dry much longer, there will be very little fall wheat harvested in this section next fall.

Celebrate Spalding Anniversary

Next Sunday, November 29—just 100 years to the day—the arrival of Rev. Spalding and wife will be enacted, exactly as it took place 100 years ago, at Spalding. Indians only will take part.

Rev. Stephen Reubens, who was educated and baptised by Rev. Spalding, will have the leading part. The ceremony will take place at 2:00 o'clock p. m. All are cordially invited to attend. By request of Mrs. Joe Evans, formerly of Juliaetta.

Christmas Card Samples Here

We have received our new line of Christmas card samples—and are they beauties! Well, we'll say they are, and you will say the same thing when you see them—and the prices are right.

We extend a cordial invitation to all who want to send out personal greeting cards to call and see our line. We do not sell them singly. We can give you a lovely box with your name printed on each card for from \$2.00 for 25, up to as high as you care to go. They are indeed beauties.

Gazette In Bad

And now we are in bad! In reporting the Afternoon Bridge Club score for last week we gave Mrs. H. B. Thompson credit, while high score actually went to Mrs. W. B. Deobald.

We humbly apologize for we know just what such errors mean.

GRAIN MARKETS UNSETTLED WITH CASH PRICES LOWER

Grain markets became rather unsettled during the week ended on November 20, with futures firm to higher while cash prices were mostly lower, reflecting a less urgent current demand, according to the Weekly Grain Market Review of the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Wheat futures advanced 2c to 3c per bushel with the greatest gain in the July delivery which was influenced by continued lack of moisture in western sections of the winter wheat belt and in most of the spring wheat area. With some slackening in milling demand, however, premiums on cash grain were reduced and last week's prices on winter wheat were barely maintained, while cash quotations on spring wheat were lowered 2c to 3c per bushel. Oats and barley were steady to higher with a good feeder inquiry for the relatively light offerings.

While winter wheat continued to make favorable progress in eastern portions of the main belt, additional moisture was urgently needed from western Kansas westward to Colorado and Wyoming and in the Pacific Northwest. Subsoil moisture also remained deficient in the spring wheat area and occasioned some concern as to next season's crops. This unfavorable situation was largely responsible for the sharp advance in futures markets, particularly in July delivery. The strength in domestic futures markets, however, was not shared by foreign markets, where liberal offerings of southern hemisphere wheat was a weakening influence. Canadian markets showed only a fractional gain with the Canadian wheat board reported inclined to continue liquidation of stocks. At the close of the week No. 1 Manitoba Northern was quoted at Winnipeg at \$1.09.

The Liverpool market declined slightly as offerings from Argentina and Australia continued to increase. The heavy stocks on ocean passage totaling over 40,000 bushels was an additional weakening factor. The shipments from the southern hemisphere dropped off materially with 1,070,000 bushels reported from Argentina and 974,000 bushels from Australia. Black Sea shipments dropped to 1,160,000 bushels and Indian shipments to 352,000 bushels. Official estimates place remaining exportable cargoes of wheat in Argentina at 11,830,000 bushels. Italy continued to purchase wheat from Argentina and New South Wales shippers were reported collecting two cargoes of new wheat for early December shipment to Italy.

Domestic cash wheat markets did not follow the advance in futures with prices of winter wheat about unchanged and quotations on spring wheat lowered 2c to 3c per bushel. Marketings of winter wheat were fairly heavy for the time of year with 1,352 cars received at the principal winter wheat terminals. Most of the arrivals, however, went direct to mills. Current demand was only fair from millers, shippers and from storage interests. At the close of the week No. 2 hard winter ordinary protein was quoted at Kansas City at \$1.20 to \$1.24. No. 1 hard winter sold at Fort Worth at \$1.38 and No. 2 at Chicago at \$1.21 to \$1.23 per bushel. Trading was active with sales for shipment of around 450,000 bushels reported. Receipts remained small at St. Louis but were about sufficient for trade needs and prices held about unchanged with No. 1 hard quoted at \$1.23 per bushel. Soft winter wheat held about steady with No. 1 quoted at St. Louis at \$1.23, No. 2 at Chicago at \$1.18 to \$1.20 and at Kansas City at \$1.20 per bushel.

Marketings of spring wheat were only moderate with 505 cars reported at Minneapolis and 164 at Duluth. Milling inquiry was rather slow at mills with buying only for current needs.

Intermountain and Pacific Coast markets were steady to slightly higher, but trading on the coast was still restricted by labor troubles. Denver mills were offering \$1.10 for No. 2 northern spring and No. 2 hard winter. Mills at Ogden were bidding 83c for No. 2 soft white, 87c for No. 2 hard white and 96c for No. 2 northern spring. FOB Utah-Idaho common points.

The Portland cash market continued inactive but No. 2 soft and western white wheats were quoted nominally at around \$1.00 per bushel, sacked, delivered Portland. Only

(Continued on Inside)

SUGGESTED DRUG NEEDS

- ALKA-SELTZER—60c Size for ----- **49c**
- BISMA REX ----- 49c and \$1.25
- MI 31 ANTISEPTIC SOLUTION ----- 49c
- ENDERS RAZOR WITH 3 BLADES ----- 25c
- ALARM CLOCKS ----- 98c
- KLENZO FACIAL TISSUES, 500 for ----- 29c
- FIRST AID SANITARY NAPKINS ----- 15c
- WE ORDER FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

RED CROSS PHARMACY

The *Renall* Store

DROUTH FAMILY SURVEY REVEALS RECORD INFLUX

Oregon, Washington and Idaho gained approximately 8,800 new farm families, largely from drouth areas of the great plains, since January of 1936, according to a comprehensive survey of the westward migration of farm families completed by the resettlement administration. Completed October 1, the survey was made through county rehabilitation supervisors and state land use specialists, including all available sources of data such as county agents, local relief agencies, rural mail carrier reports, highway officials, county commissioners and chambers of commerce. Final figures were carefully checked to give as accurate estimates as possible.

Idaho, being the first state in the line of migration from mid-west drouth areas, leads with an indicated total of 4,500 new farm families. Washington is second with 2,300 and Oregon third with 1,900. The migration was apparently reaching its peak during September and the number of new families is not expected to be greatly increased during the next three months.

Three serious problems vital not only to the people of rural areas but to the entire Pacific Northwest are seen as a result of the unprecedented number of migrating families, it has been pointed out.

The survey estimated that about 4,800 of the total 8,800 new families are practically without funds except what they have been able to earn through seasonal agricultural work since their arrival in the Pacific northwest. The majority of these families will be forced to apply for work relief or subsistence grants this winter. An additional 1,400 families have some funds but will require loans of from \$500 to \$1,000 for farm equipment, livestock

and seed, to become established on farms even on a rental basis. The remaining 2,600 families, it was indicated have sufficient funds or outside assistance to establish themselves.

The second major problem involved is the scarcity of developed farm units available for lease or rent. The survey reported a total of approximately 1,100 completely developed farm units available in the three states for purchase or lease without displacement of present operators. While there is enough undeveloped good agricultural land in the three states to settle all the migrating families, the cost of development into a complete farm unit puts most of the land out of reach of the incoming families, unless federal aid in land clearing and other operations is made available.

Undirected settlement and settlement on lands unsuited to agriculture by families without sufficient capital to establish on productive farms constitutes a third problem. Such settlement would intensify relief, tax delinquency, high cost of public facilities and similar evils of poor land areas.

Fourteen per cent of the rehabilitation loans and 24 per cent of the emergency grants made by the resettlement administration during the past fiscal year went to farm families who came to the Pacific Northwest from drouth states. The rehabilitation program will be extended to as many of the new settlers this winter as limited funds will permit, he said.

If anyone finds Shepherd dog answering to name of Sparkie, please notify Fred Magee and receive reward. Phone 602. 48-1x

On the ski-jump at Littleton, Massachusetts, a speed of 75 miles per hour can be attained.

CHURCH NOTICES

Kendrick Community Church
T. Earl Poindexter, Pastor

Kendrick
Sunday School at 9:30.
Morning Worship at 10:30.
Evening worship at 7:30.
American Ridge:
Sunday school at 10:30.
Morning Worship at 11:45.

Community M. E. Church—Juliaetta
J. E. Walbeck, Pastor
Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m.
Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock; choir practice at 7:45.
Preaching every Sunday evening at 7:30 and every first, third and fifth Sundays at 11 a. m.
Preaching at Arrow every second and fourth Sunday at 11 a. m.

Southwick Community Church
Rev. Walter M. Platt, Pastor.

Bible school, 10 a. m.
Morning service, 11 a. m.
Evening service, 8 o'clock.
The pastor will preach at 11 a. m. at Crescent the first and third Sundays. You are invited to these services.

United Bretheran Church
Juliaetta, Idaho
Leland Skinner, Pastor

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching at 11:00 a. m.
U. B. C. E. at 7:00 p. m.
Evangelistic services at 8:00 p. m.
Prayer meet, Wed. evening, 8 p. m.

Full Gospel Mission

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m.
Church Service at 11:00 a. m.
Young People's at 7:00 p. m.
Services at 8:00 p. m.
Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Lutheran Church of Cameron
Theo. Meske, Pastor

Thanksgiving Day services in English at 10:30 a. m.
Sunday School at 9:30.
English services at 10:30.

Zion Lutheran Church—Juliaetta
Ervin E. Krebs, Pastor

Thanksgiving services will be held on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the English language. Sermon subject, "Why Give Thanks." The public is invited.

Sunday school immediately after the services. Study topic: "The First Commandment."

Hunters Return

George Crocker and Otto Rauschke returned Tuesday afternoon from a two-day hunt on Freeze-Out mountain with a fine mule deer each.

Ill With Cold

Rev. T. E. Poindexter has been confined to his bed this week by a severe cold.

It Had to Be Lockjaw

She was one of those nagging wives, but was aware of her fault. One day she attended a lecture on "A Smiling Face Wins Through." The lecture impressed her so much that she decided to try an experiment. Consequently, when her husband came down to breakfast next morning, he was met by a beaming smile. For a moment he stood dumbfounded in the doorway; then he collapsed into an armchair. "Gracious," he said quickly, "she's got lockjaw."

Breakfast Food

Star Boarder—What have we got for breakfast this morning? I s'pose it's the same old thing—ham and eggs.

Landlady—No, it ain't ham an' eggs this morning.
Boarder—What is it?
Landlady—Just ham!

Professor—Do the quick thinkers become leaders?

Freshman—Well, he who hesitates is bossed.

LUNCHES

Remember—We serve lunches of all kinds, at all hours. The ingredients are fresh and we know how to make them just right.

CANDY BARS

We have a new stock of fresh Candy Bars of all kinds for the school kiddies—and older ones.

ICE CREAM

BRICK ICE CREAM
SPECIAL
35c BRICK

Perryman's
Confectionery

INTERESTING NEWS NOTES FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A girls' sextet has been chosen, consisting of Enid Hill, Margaret Halseth, Arlene Deobald, Myra Kanikkeberg, Eleanor Hill and Wanda Johnson.

Both the boys' and girls' Glee clubs are doing fine work.

The Freshmen returned the Sophomore party last Wednesday. Games were played, after which refreshments were served. A good time was had by all.
There was no school this Thursday and Friday.

Sport News

The Kendrick basketball boys went to Bovill last Friday night and made a fair showing. Although this was the first game of the season, they still have some of last year's pep left, and defeated Bovill 19-15.

Kendrick Bovill
Abrams (3).....F..... (2) Smiley
Kuykendall.....F..... (6) Taglante
Keene (7).....C..... (6) Tarbox
Weeks (2).....G..... Noogle
Wallace (7).....G..... (3) Hall
Substitutes: Thompson, Silflow and Farrington for Kendrick; Eller, Denovan and Fagnon (3) for Bovill.

Where is that old-time bird, of that almost extinct race, the man who could become so enthused over a basketball game that he always left minus his hat? We are inclined to think that he still exists, but is held in obscurity by the attraction of a warm fire and the evening paper. Come on out, you old-timers, and tell them how to do it!

All you basketball fans should take advantage of seeing the preliminary practice games of the season. Come on out these wintery evening and root for your team. They promise some good playing, but they need your cheers and backing to encourage them.

Grade News

The third grade lost in a Health contest between the third and fourth grades, and therefore is giving the fourth grade a party.

Bobby Galloway and Noel Thomas are back in school after a week's absence.

Teddy Deobald won a prize in the fifth and sixth grade room for the best poster on National Book week, and received a book as his prize.

Last Friday Paula McKeever and Bobby Lind gave a puppet show.

HawkShaw!!!!

Hold everything, here it is! The old super-snooper with a bigger and better load of dirt than ever. The old eyes-dropper and his helpers have been very busy trying to see all that goes on with so many partys, etc., coming all at once.

Veva has been looking down-hearted this week. It couldn't be that Hudson has turned her down for another! (Or could it?)

Tom Keene said in a question for the press, "I'm off High School for life." We wonder if he means that for English teachers, too.

Davidson is being accused of keeping our basketball players from practice. Oh, well, a little skating won't hurt him—much.

Henry and Leeper made their first public appearance last Wednesday night. Say, Vernon, would you please sit a little more relaxed next time and not quite so close?

We wonder why Homer looks so blue since the play. Could it be he took "The Little Boy Dressed In Blue," to heart? Well, forget it, Homer, we know she was just trying to make you jealous.

Arnett swears that he didn't take Marjorie Onstott to the play, but when you see them sitting together you never can tell.

We hear there is a new attraction in town. Wallace and Dutch wouldn't know that she stays up near the bridge. They were just walking around. They even borrow a suit of clothes in order to make a big impression.

Hold everything!!! We hear that some of the Journalism staff (2) go courting at late hours. They even get the girls out of bed to come to the door. Would the editor have anything to do with that? We just wonder!!

More HawkShaw

Due to some last-minute ads. Hawkshaw was not printed last week, but this week we have last weeks' and a great deal more!

Some kind friend has been leaving HawkShaw items on the desk of the editor. We appreciate this and will accept any dirt anyone can gather. Just leave it on the editor's desk and he will see that it gets to HawkShaw.

It seems that Quentin P. has been thinking about sewet Violets lately—especially after the Freshman-Sophomore party.

More things happened after the Freshman-Sophomore party—just ask the assistant editor and Sidney Clemenhagen all about the particulars!!! Of course we don't expect they will tell you.

Mary D. certainly has captured a new man (Newman). It becomes worse every night—the time in question (?) was the Bovill basketball game Friday night.

Just Received

A

Big Carload of

Shingles

Rustic

and Flooring

Barnum Lbr. & Hdwe. Co.

Kendrick, Idaho

Phone 632

P. S.: All this came from the mysterious person who signs his notes XXXX and ZZZZ. Here is a mystery for some of the would-be detectives to solve as well as HawkShaw.

Rabbit hunting still continues. Phyllis is still on the trail of a poor little bunny, and it looks as if she has just about caught him. He don't seem to try to get away.

We see that Veva has another conquest. Poor Rex; all the girls seem to gravitate to you. Careful Jean.

It looks like a fight to a finish. After Veva had captured Rex for the Freshman-Sophomore party Jean had to strike back, so she took poor Rex home from Bovill—or was it Rex took Jean?

LINDEN NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Farrington went to Spokane Wednesday on a business trip.

Mrs. Mattie Garner, Mrs. Matilda Garner and Mrs. Edgar Bohn were Moscow visitors Thursday.

Miss Elsie Whybark spent the day Tuesday with Mrs. Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Williams, Lewiston, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. C. J. Jenkins and family.

Mrs. Starr spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Whybark.

Mrs. C. E. Harris, Mrs. Whybark and Miss Elsie Whybark visited Aunt Carrie Allen Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Israel and daughters were Lewiston visitors on Monday.

Jim Ball arrived from Spokane Saturday evening to visit his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Harris, old neighbors and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jenkins and children were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Whybark Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Israel visited with Mrs. Longfellow Sunday afternoon.

R. J. Kennedy finished the carpenter work for Arley Allen Thursday and is now building a scale shed for Addison Alexander.

Mrs. Louisa Fry was a Moscow visitor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Magee and Mrs. Mattie Garner were Lewiston visitors Tuesday.

Pal Of Mine

Sweetest Marjorie, pal so dear, Angles voices I shall hear, When I'm in Heaven far away There with Jesus I will stay. I'll hear the flutter of Angel wings, And the songs Jesus sings.

Lovely Marjorie, pal so sweet, With God I'll walk the golden street, And when I'm gone, so long I'll wait, But I'll caress you at the gate.

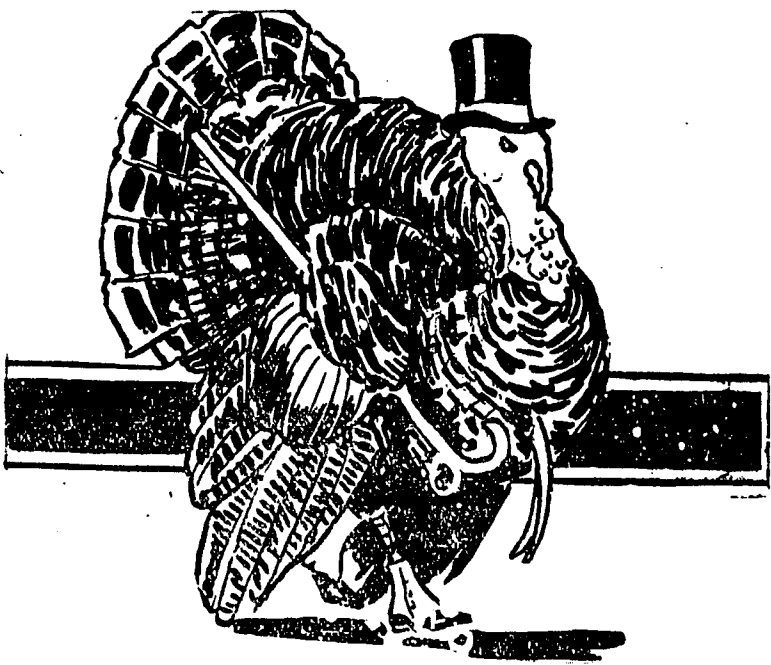
Sweetest Marjorie, before we meet, When I am gone you must not weep, We'll meet on the golden earth above, Good-bye my pal, in words of love.

—By a school girl.

Close Thanksgiving Day

Almost all Kendrick business houses will be closed Thanksgiving Day. About the only ones to remain open will be the confectioneries and garages, and they for only part of the day.

HIS MAJESY, KING TURK



Closed Thanksgiving Day

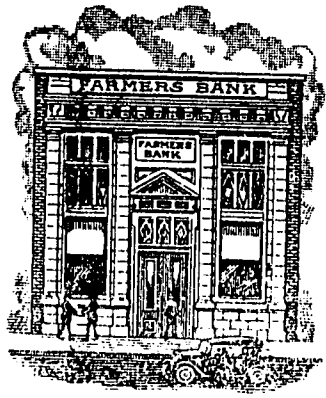
Kendrick State Bank

"A Home Bank"

Banking Hours:

9:00 A. M. to 12 Noon — 1:00 P. M. to 3:00 P. M.

Insured under the permanent plan for the Insurance of Deposits by the Federal Deposit Corporation, with maximum insurance of \$5,000.00 for each depositor.



We will be closed
Thanksgiving Day

The Farmers Bank

All That The Name Implies

A Good Bank in a Good Farming
Community

Complete Banking Service

Loans and Insurance

THE FARMERS BANK

Herman Meyer, President
Warney May, Vice-President
O. E. Havens, Cashier

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Golden Dawn

By Peter B. Kyne

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Theodore Gatlin decided to adopt a baby in a final effort to solve his matrimonial troubles. But all his love for the foster daughter could not shelter her childhood from the hatred of his wife, who had never wanted her. Their affairs ended in the divorce court but ten-year-old Penelope was given into the keeping of Mrs. Gatlin, except for two Sunday afternoons they set out joyfully to a baseball game. A ball, hit into the bleachers, struck Penelope on the nose and the neurotic Mrs. Gatlin removed her from the hospital to which her former husband had hurried her. Mrs. Gatlin spirited the child to Europe. Gatlin retired from business, would Penelope all his money, and was about to begin a search for his daughter when a motor accident ended his life.

CHAPTER II.—Some ten years later in San Francisco Stephen Burt, a rising young psychiatrist, was presented by Dan McNamara, chief of police, with a new patient—Nance Belden, a girl whose terrible childhood had left her with a dual personality, for which her "saddle nose" was in part responsible. McNamara did not think she was a responsible criminal and obtained Burt's expert testimony in court. Even so, the doctor's faithful office nurse, was won over to her cause despite McNamara's hard-boiled exterior.

CHAPTER III.—Nance's criminal record outweighed Doctor Burt's explanation of her case and she was sent to San Quentin penitentiary for two years. Lanny visited her and Nance persuaded her to smuggle out a letter, which a confederate stole from her handbag outside the prison walls.

CHAPTER IV.—Nance escaped, although shot, by swimming to a speed-boat manned by friends and went to Lanny's apartment. Lanny told Chief McNamara, who ordered her to bring Nance to his apartment and phoned for Doctor Burt.

CHAPTER V.—One of the men in the boat on which Nance escaped—two of them ex-convicts, the other a bootlegger—had been wounded and they went to Burt's office, where McNamara found them. The bootlegger he let go and he took the others to his home, ordering the uninjured one to care for Nance and his pal. From them he learned that Nance's real name was Penelope Gatlin. Detective Sergeants Flynn and Angellotti, seeking the reward offered for Nance's apprehension, went to Lanny's apartment in search of Nance. Looking over her San Quentin cell, McNamara found a blank check on a San Jose bank.

"Well, it might take ten minutes, at that," Flynn countered.

"At least that," Angellotti agreed.

"Besides, Pat, she works for a doctor and her stuff is probably good old prescription goods."

"We been hours out in the cold," Flynn added sadly.

Lanny mixed her guests each a highball. P. Flynn drank half of his at a gulp, set down his glass and said:

"Well, where's Nance Belden?"

"I see by the papers she escaped from San Quentin about six hours ago."

"She came here," Flynn charged.

"Prove it," Lanny challenged tartly; whereupon Flynn went out into the entrance hall and returned, dragging the end of the hall runner with him. He turned it over and revealed a large dark red spot. "Blood!" he announced.

Angellotti touched the spot. "Fresh blood!"

"Human blood," Flynn went on.

"Quite a clot of it. She must have fainted after Miss Lanning let her in. Undoubtedly she lay several minutes in the hall bleeding while Miss Lanning was fixing a bed for her."

"We know she came here," Angellotti charged. "We found two spots of blood on the sidewalk."

"That settles it," Flynn declared with ponderous finality. "Miss Lanning, you have this female convict secreted in your house and I advise you to give her up. Come now, give her up," he wheedled, "and we'll just give it out that we caught her trying to get into your house during your absence. We'll protect you."

"Search my house," Lanny offered in a queer, choked voice. She loathed herself for having overlooked that large blood stain on her hall runner.

Flynn and Angellotti needed no second invitation. They searched the house thoroughly and returned to the little drawing room to finish their drinks.

"You've taken her away," Flynn charged. "Where did you take her?"

"If you're such good detectives, go find her." Lanny was getting her courage back again. "She did come here, but I wasn't fool enough to receive her. She came in a car with two men and she did faint in my hallway and lie there for a little while. Of course she expected—why, I can't imagine—that I'd hide her and nurse her. But she's neither a friend nor a relative of mine; she met me once in Doctor Burt's office where I am employed and took a liking to me—in her funny way. She's a psycho-neurotic personality. She wrote me, asking me to call upon her, and I did—like a fool—because I felt sorry for her. She should be in a sanitarium, not a jail."

"Who brought her to Doctor Burt's office?"

"Chief McNamara."

Messrs. Flynn and Angellotti sat up. They glanced slowly at each other. "The old man's been up to his old tricks again," said Flynn. "What became of Nance Belden after you refused to receive her?"

"She left in the automobile," Lanny

was careful not to state which automobile or whose.

"You're an accessory to her escape. It was your duty, as a citizen, to hold her here, telephone police headquarters and have her taken down to the emergency hospital for treatment. You can go to the pen for this."

"Get out of my house," Lanny commanded fiercely.

"Sure, but you come with us." Thus Angellotti.

"You can't arrest me without a warrant."

"I said before, you ain't such a good lawyer. We can always pick up anybody that carries a gun without a permit. Into your hat and coat, Miss Lanning, and come with us."

"I'll telephone my lawyer and then go with you," said Lanny with dignity.

"Nothing doing," Flynn declared firmly.

"You two dare lay hands on me and I'll have you both broke, understand. Be careful. Call up Chief McNamara before you get fresh with me. The telephone is in the kitchen."

Flynn went into the kitchen and called up Dan McNamara. He was much subdued upon his return, and Lanny smiled. "We'll get you yet," he growled. "You must have a drag with the chief. He's pulled us off the case. Good night."

When they had gone, Lanny put out the hall light and watched them from behind the door curtain. They crossed the street to their car, climbed in and settled down for an all-night vigil—at least so Lanny decided.

So she dragged the hall runner into the kitchen, scrubbed the bloody spot thoroughly and dried it over the gas stove, reviling herself the while.

To the surprise of the machine gunner, Chief Dan McNamara did not ask him a single personal question—not even his name. Nor did he question him regarding his wounded friend. He and the chief partook of a breakfast which the Tommy man prepared, and discussed marksmanship, wounds, battles and sudden death. As the chief was leaving, he gave the machine gunner a list of tradesmen who supplied his house, and told him to telephone his orders; when delivery was made, they were to be left on a table in the basement.

"And don't you answer the telephone and don't show yourself outside or near the front windows," he warned.

The fellow nodded. "By the way, Chief, what's going to become of that speed boat? It belongs to Nance. She bought it for forty-five hundred dollars."

McNamara sat down and looked his amazement. "She paid forty-five hundred dollars for that boat—and yet she was doing time for pinching silk stockings? I don't like to ask you any questions you might be embarrassed to answer, boy, but today will be a total loss to me unless I find out where she keeps her bank roll."

"That's Nance's business an' I'll not discuss it. She sent the check out in the letter outlinin' her plan of escape."

"Who received the letter?"

"A friend who showed it to us—and we decided to help Nance out. We both owed her a debt we couldn't see no other way of payin'."

"But didn't you figure out the risks?"

"Sure—an' discounted 'em. Machine-gun fire ain't no new thing to us. We figured them guards wasn't top-notch machine gunners anyhow—that is, at long ranges. They never expect to have to do anything but close-range work; they know how to handle their guns, but they don't have their regular periods of target practice on the range, like a soldier does. In our boat, headed straight away from the fire at forty-five miles an hour, it would take an expert to get on us. An' they wouldn't know for sure whether we were accomplices or not until Nance reached the boat and we started pullin' her in; then, of course, they'd let us have it. But their first bursts on the boat were just as liable to be overs and shorts and we'd have the girl aboard before they could correct."

"There were eight other boats in the cove. Six of 'em was in our pay an' they was strung along in a line, so close together that as we run down the line o' them the guards would hold their fire for fear o' riddlin' innocent parties."

"An' we had another advantage. That speed boat throws a wide white bow wave, an' the water for fifty feet behind her and twenty feet on each side is a smother of foam when she's doing her stuff—bullets couldn't throw up any water that could be seen from a distance in the big spray. When you're machine gunnin' a fast movin' target, you got to see where your shots are droppin' if you're goin' to correct your range fast an' accurately. Then we had another advantage. The guards are in a watch tower on a hill or a high wall an' at the early ranges they'd be firin' down hill. Even the work of an expert gunner, firin' at a down angle, goes off considerable. The cockpit was lined with steel, so after the boy friend got Nance aboard, they flopped and were safe. The only trouble was that the edge of one burst got Gates before he could flop. The front cockpit was steel lined, too."

The man grinned sheepishly. "I wouldn't take that chance again, Chief. Those gunners were better than we figured them."

"You're both men after my own heart. Well, take good care of your friends. I've got to be on the job till midnight tonight."

"How long you goin' to keep us here?"

"You can bet your sweet life it won't be very long. You're too dangerous to me."

In his official car, driven by a police man chauffeur, McNamara motored

down to central station, where he immediately sent upstairs for Nance Belden's record and photographs and proceeded to San Quentin.

"Did that Belden girl who escaped yesterday leave anything in her cell? Letters, photographs?" he asked the warden.

"I've been in such a stew over her escape I haven't thought of investigating that angle," the warden confessed.

Ten minutes later he was in the cell, carefully looking over the clothing Nance Belden had left behind her. On a slip he found a small, cloth-covered metal tag, such as dry cleaners clamp on garments to identify them. This tag bore the initials "N. B." Inside and just below the collar of a worn tailored suit he found the silk tag

down to central station, where he immediately sent upstairs for Nance Belden's record and photographs and proceeded to San Quentin.

"I do not." He was interested. "But I remember her quite well—a very beautiful woman. Her first husband was a splendid chap—retail shoe dealer in this city, and very prosperous. He and his wife had a row and she divorced him and got the child. Gatlin was permitted by the court to have the child on two Sunday afternoons a month, and one day he took her to a ball game and they sat in the bleachers. A long hard ball flew into the bleachers and flattened the little girl's nose; Gatlin rushed the unconscious child to a hospital and his ex-wife came and took her home before anything but emergency treatment could be given. Gatlin suspected she was going to try to cure that ruined nose by prayer—so he kidnaped the child, was caught, arrested, and did sixty days in the county jail.

"While he was in jail Mrs. Gatlin fled to Europe with the little girl, and Gatlin was desolated. Subsequently Gatlin sold out his business, made most of his estate liquid and established a trust with us in favor of himself and his daughter. He had made a settlement with Mrs. Gatlin.

"When his wife fled to Europe with the child, Gatlin ceased to deposit the monthly check to her credit, in the belief that she'd write to know why. She didn't, but in some other manner he located her, and started for Europe with the intention of stealing the little girl from her. On the way to the station, an automobile hit the taxi he was in and Gatlin was killed."

"Did he leave a will?"

"He did. His daughter was his sole beneficiary. We were the executors and probated it. There was the ten thousand dollar letter of credit he had purchased just before starting on his fatal trip, and half a dozen pieces of city realty, which has since increased enormously in value. We advertised for the heir but received no answer, so the estate was closed and we handle it now, as trustee."

"How do you know Mrs. Gatlin has become Mrs. Merton?"

"She had leased the house Gatlin gave her in the divorce settlement, and about two years ago, when the lease expired and the old tenants departed, she came down here to have the place renovated and secure a new tenant. It was only then that she heard of Gatlin's death. She came to this bank, with her husband, making inquiries about Gatlin's estate, and tried hard to get control of it, but she was out of luck. That's how we located the heir."

"What were the conditions of the trust?"

"The income was to be permitted to accumulate and be reinvested and the child was to have two hundred and fifty dollars a month until her eighteenth birthday, when the total income from the trust was to be turned over to her. She can never touch the principal, however, although Gatlin did provide that she might have up to ten thousand dollars of it at any one time if, in the judgment of the trustee, the emergency requiring such withdrawal was deemed good and sufficient. Gatlin had faith that the real estate, if held long enough, would appreciate tremendously—and it has. The trust is now worth three-quarters of a million and the income is close to twenty thousand a year."

"You say Penelope Gatlin has a checking account also?"

"Yes. We deposit the income from the trust semi-annually, in her account."

"Has she ever asked for an emergency withdrawal of ten thousand dollars?"

"No."

"Is her checking account active?"

"Not very. The cashier was speaking to me about it less than two weeks ago. She draws checks sporadically. Her checking account has interested us considerably for the past two years, because her monthly statement and dead checks have all been returned by the post office. With the exception of about a dozen checks made out to local merchants and probably in payment of her bills, Miss Gatlin's checks have all been in favor of one Ella Cates, of San Francisco. We traced the Cates woman down through the endorsements on the checks, but she stated she didn't know Miss Gatlin's address; that Miss Gatlin visited her occasionally, wrote out checks and asked her to cash them for her at the local grocery store or drug store. These checks were cashed by her, but they collected the checks for her and then gave her the money. I don't like the looks of this, Chief."

"I'll soon find out all about it," McNamara promised. "And I know where Penelope Gatlin is—only I'm not going to tell you now. Would you mind letting me look over her old bank statements and the dead checks?"

The banker readily granted him the privilege, and McNamara went through the checks carefully, noting those drawn in favor of Ella Cates. The last one drawn was in favor of a man named Hugh P. Taylor, in sum of five thousand dollars, and deposited by him to the credit of his account in the Federal Trust company of San Francisco.

"I have all the information I want, with this exception." He drew forth one of the rogue's gallery photographs made at the central station by the police photographer. "Is that Penelope Gatlin?"

"That's the girl, Chief. Is she in trouble with the police?"

Dan McNamara laughed. "Not at all. She's the sweetest little thing on earth. The only trouble she's been in is that she's been lost. Amnesia. Can't remember who she is or anything about

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for quite a while, too, but she has closed that."

"Do you know where she lives at present?"

"I do not." He was interested. "But I remember her quite well—a very beautiful woman. Her first husband was a splendid chap—retail shoe dealer in this city, and very prosperous. He and his wife had a row and she divorced him and got the child. Gatlin was permitted by the court to have the child on two Sunday afternoons a month, and one day he took her to a ball game and they sat in the bleachers. A long hard ball flew into the bleachers and flattened the little girl's nose; Gatlin rushed the unconscious child to a hospital and his ex-wife came and took her home before anything but emergency treatment could be given. Gatlin suspected she was going to try to cure that ruined nose by prayer—so he kidnaped the child, was caught, arrested, and did sixty days in the county jail.

"While he was in jail Mrs. Gatlin fled to Europe with the little girl, and Gatlin was desolated. Subsequently Gatlin sold out his business, made most of his estate liquid and established a trust with us in favor of himself and his daughter. He had made a settlement with Mrs. Gatlin.

"When his wife fled to Europe with the child, Gatlin ceased to deposit the monthly check to her credit, in the belief that she'd write to know why. She didn't, but in some other manner he located her, and started for Europe with the intention of stealing the little girl from her. On the way to the station, an automobile hit the taxi he was in and Gatlin was killed."

"Did he leave a will?"

"He did. His daughter was his sole beneficiary. We were the executors and probated it. There was the ten thousand dollar letter of credit he had purchased just before starting on his fatal trip, and half a dozen pieces of city realty, which has since increased enormously in value. We advertised for the heir but received no answer, so the estate was closed and we handle it now, as trustee."

"How do you know Mrs. Gatlin has become Mrs. Merton?"

"She had leased the house Gatlin gave her in the divorce settlement, and about two years ago, when the lease expired and the old tenants departed, she came down here to have the place renovated and secure a new tenant. It was only then that she heard of Gatlin's death. She came to this bank, with her husband, making inquiries about Gatlin's estate, and tried hard to get control of it, but she was out of luck. That's how we located the heir."

her past life. Has several aliases she uses at will."

"How interesting—and how sad."

"Neither interesting nor sad—to me. We handle lots of cases like this. They're curable. You'll be good enough to regard this interview as strictly confidential, of course. It would be very embarrassing for the girl if news of her unfortunate predicament should leak out, for, of course, after her mind has been restored to its normal functions, she will have no memory of the period in which she has been lost. I know a doctor that will fix her up in jig time."

"And after he's done that," the banker suggested, "have a plastic surgeon fix up her nose. She used to be as lovely as a violet."

"Sorry about the nose," McNamara lied, "but I've had the best plastic surgeons in town examine it and there's no hope." He held out his hand. "Thanks for your courtesy. You've been a great help. Meanwhile, don't send out any more of those bank statements and dead checks. Mum's the word."

Back in San Francisco, McNamara went directly to the city prison and looked over the blotter to see what strange fish his men had brought in during his absence.

He found a woman, an old offender, booked for drunkenness, and ordered her sent to his office. When she arrived he locked the door, and fingerprinted her on the appropriate card, after which he lectured her on the error of her ways. Then he went upstairs to the identification bureau and asked the filing clerk to have pointed out to him the filing cabinets containing criminal records for the years 1914-15 and 1916.

He was searching for a face that was photographed on his remarkable memory, and at last he found it. It was that of a young woman, black-haired and with a "saddle" nose, but not quite so badly deformed as Nance Belden's nor did the contour of the face resemble Nance Belden's. However, since the original of that photograph had, to the chief's knowledge, been dead six months, he decided it would do. He slipped this record into his breast pocket and went back to his office. Here he carefully removed the three photographs from the card to which they were pasted in a row across the top. Below the row of photographs appeared the typewritten criminal history of the subject and in appropriate spaces on the reverse of the card appeared the subject's fingerprints.

McNamara picked up the fresh card, upon the reverse

Lanny's house. Lanny received them coldly. "Have you come to search my house again?" she demanded irritably. No mule's face could possibly have been longer and sadder than P. Flynn's. "We didn't come to annoy you, Miss Lanning. The chief's give us the inside story. We just called to apologize for an over suspectin' you."

"An officer," Angellotti explained, "has got to do a lot of things he don't like to do in the discharge of his duty. The apology goes double, Miss Lanning."

"It's accepted." Then they shook hands. "How about a shot in the arm?" Lanny, the worldling, suggested, much mollified.

Angellotti shrugged expressively. "Well, seein' as how," P. Flynn murmured. So they had three drinks and spent a very pleasant evening with Lanny and she was loath to see them depart.

Now, Lanny was aware that Stephen had planned to visit his queer patients after dinner that night. So she telephoned—and Dan McNamara answered.

"I shouldn't ring you up this late and get you out of bed—" "Not at all. Just got in this minute."

"I'm glad. How's everything, Dan?" "I haven't seen the patients, but my chief of staff was up waiting for me, and reports everything jake."

"That's all I wanted to know. Thanks, Dan. Oh, by the way, Flynn and Angellotti called on me again, tonight."

"What's that!" The chief's voice was a roar. "What are those two eggs up to? I told them to lay off you."

"They're doing that, Dan. They just called to apologize. They spent the evening with me. They only left a moment ago."

"The liquor must have run out." "Oh, Dan!" "I know those two. It would never occur to them to apologize to anybody if they didn't have a reason. It's just as I suspected, Lanny. They're going to hang on to this case on the quiet and trail you around."

An anguished thought popped into Lanny's agile brain. "Oh, Dan, suppose they took a notion to trail Stevie!"

"Hush! You don't have to paint me any picture, Lanny. When did these two busybodies call at your house?" "At nine-fifteen."

"Wait a minute," Lanny waited a minute and then McNamara said: "Stephen left here just about that time, so I guess we're safe tonight. And tomorrow I'll cover that loophole. I'm an ass not to have thought of it before. Good night."

In the morning Dan McNamara sent for Flynn and informed him he was to depart that night for Los Angeles to bring back a prisoner. Flynn begged Angellotti to keep his eyes on the job. But that night McNamara found other work for Angellotti. By the time Flynn returned, Angellotti was gone, and the same night, without a moment's notice, McNamara shot him up to Seattle on a similar job.

He let himself into the house that night with his latchkey, turned on the hall light and whistled. "Hello, everybody," he shouted. Nobody answered, so he hurried down to Nance's room. The door was open. He switched on the light and found a disordered bed with nobody in it. He searched the house thoroughly, only to discover he was alone in it; finally, on the living room table he found a note:

"Dear Chief: We think you mean well and we thank you for what you have done, but the dicks are watching this house. They trailed the doctor last night, but a friend of ours trailed them. Forgive us if we just can't trust any cop. Anyway, it would be embarrassing for you if your men found us here. Good-by and good luck."

McNamara sat down. He was suddenly weak. So he hadn't fooled Flynn and Angellotti after all. The smart devils! Well, they might suspect all they pleased, but unless they had seen his guests and recognized Nance they could never prove anything.

He realized now that his act in sending them out of the state would clinch their suspicions; they would be sure to have somebody in their confidence keep the house under constant surveillance until they got back. Evidently they had sent a bungler and the ex-soldier had spotted the fellow—he wondered if Nance and her loyal friends had made a clean getaway.

The front doorbell rang and he went to answer it. A thin, bent man stood in the entrance, and even in the dim light from the hall McNamara knew him for an ex-convict in his prison suit of civilian clothes.

"Chief McNamara?" he queried huskily. "Yes, I'm the chief."

"I got out of San Quentin this morning. I had a message for you, but I didn't want to come to headquarters to deliver it. Benny the Beetle told me to tell you to rest easy."

"Thanks, friend. Come in and rest easy yourself. Let's get acquainted," McNamara invited hospitably. In the clearer light of the living room he saw his visitor was far from being a well man. "What is it, kid?" he demanded. "Hop—or T. B.?"

He changed the linen on Nance's bed, put the room in order, laid out a suit of pajamas and ordered his guest to bed.

"And now, me bold buckos," he reflected, "keep on trailing Doctor Burt to my house, if you feel like it."

He waited up until Stephen Burt arrived, and explained the situation to him. Stephen considered it a tremendous joke but commended his line of attack on Flynn and Angellotti.

"The man does need treatment very badly," he told the chief. "I'll send around a practical nurse early tomorrow morning to look after him, and I'll continue to call upon the poor devil nightly until further orders. We're both involved in a tricky game now and must play the hand brought."

Doctor Burt was suddenly serious. "I do hope you haven't lost Nance, Dan. She's the most interesting psychological case I've ever seen."

"She ain't lost, but I'll bet a cookie she's well hid. But I'll locate her within twelve hours," Chief McNamara added, thinking of Ella Cates.

"I've run Nance's early history down since I saw her last, Doc," he announced suddenly. "I got busy the other day and luck was with me. She's an heiress and her name is Penelope Gatlin. She got it in the nose by a baseball—a long fly into the bleachers. But I also discovered something else. It's a question whether she ain't just a natural nut. Her mother is. She led Gatlin a h—l of a life."

"No, I don't think it's congenital, Dan. There's something about that girl that's healthy—mentally and physically. Did you meet her mother?"

"No, but I'm going to run her down easy enough."

Stephen sighed. "Oh, poor Nance! I'm afraid she's beyond my skill, after all. A bad family history, Mac—very bad. There's a structural weakness in some families that never gets bred out, and I suspect poor Nance has an inheritance of mental instability from her mother."

"Well, with that busted nose, her inheritance and her hellcat mother, she certainly had a fine start on the road to the foolish farm, didn't she, Doc? Excuse me, there's the telephone."

Lanny was calling. "Dan," she quavered, "my house has been burglarized. They jimmied the back door, and for all I know the burglars are upstairs still. I'm watching the staircase—got my pistol covering it. Come over quick, Dan—please."

"Coming right away, Lanny." He hung up and faced Stephen. "Lanny has burglars. Into your car, boy, and we'll beat it over."

CHAPTER VII

Lanny, very white and shaken, was in her living room, pistol in hand, watching the stairs, when McNamara and Stephen came noiselessly in the back door. The chief whipped out his pistol and went unhesitatingly up the stairs. Presently he called them to come up.

They found him standing in the doorway leading into Lanny's guest chamber. "Take a look at that," he ordered.

They looked. Lying in the bed, sound asleep, was Nance Belden!

McNamara switched off the light and softly closed the door. With his great head clasped in both huge hands he went down the stairs to the living room. "Doc," he pleaded, "whose loony now? I think I am because I'm seeing things that ain't in the book. Ochone, ochone, and wirra, wirra, the fairies have me in tow!"

"Got to get her out of here," Dan McNamara decided. "Flynn and Angellotti finally got on her trail, no doubt about that—and it's a mighty odd trail those two dicks can't follow. I suspected this, and the note she left at my house confirms it. It's just the mercy of God that Flynn and Angellotti didn't happen to slip into my domicile and find the note. If they had I'd be sunk. They can suspect all they want to, but hanging it on to me is another pair of boots, as the French say."

"Why, they wouldn't dare invade their own chief's house," Lanny protested.

"They wouldn't? You don't know those two bozos like I do. They'd dare anything if they figured they could get away with it."

"Can't you give the miserable snoopers an office job?" Lanny demanded. She was faintly provoked at Daniel for his lack of initiative.

"Would you herd cows with a couple of horses that had won the derby?" "Oh!"

"Wake that psychopathic nuisance up, Lanny, and get her down here, I've got to find out things or go crazy. Besides, she hasn't had any dinner."

"Let the poor lamb sleep, Dan," pleaded Lanny.

"I need a lot of sleep myself and I can't get it until I know how, when and where Nance and her gang made the getaway. Suppose Flynn and Angellotti let them make the getaway; suppose Flynn followed the men and Angellotti followed Nance? They'd do that; they wouldn't risk getting in Dutch with me by making the pinch as the gang came out of my house. They have some loyalty and a lot of common sense, and they know which side their bread is buttered on. When they take the girl they'll not turn her in to me. They'll waltz her straight back to San Quentin to the warden and let his men get the credit for recapturing her. All they want is the reward. Suppose they know she's here now and suppose they've seen me come here? Ouch! Murderation!"

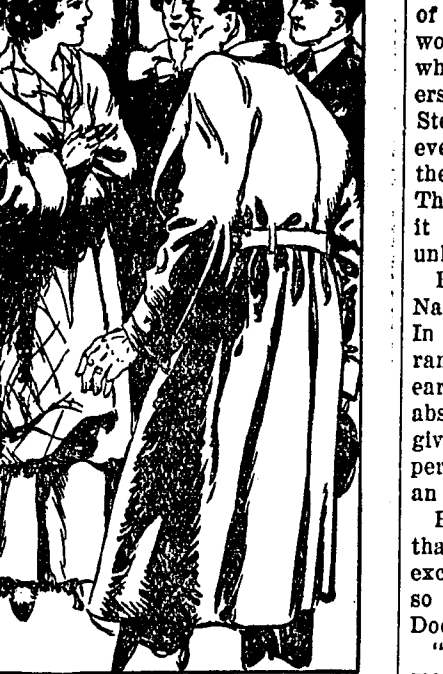
"Have her down, Lanny," Stephen commanded in his operating room voice, and Lanny had no alternative save to obey. So presently Nance came down

the stairs with her. The girl was arrayed in an old faded dressing gown of Lanny's, her hair was tousled, and she yawned sleepily.

"Hello, Stevie, old darling; hello, Dan, you great big beautiful thing. Here I am."

"Sit down," McNamara invited in honeyed accents.

So Nance sat down promptly—on his tremendous knees—put her arm around his burly neck and kissed him. "Now, don't get excited," she cooed. "I know exactly what's burning you up, but you needn't worry. One of the boys recognized Flynn and I recognized Angellotti, because he's the dick that pinched me the first time I got in Dutch. They kept circling the block in their car all



"Hello, Stevie, Old Darling."

the afternoon, and when it was almost dark we saw Flynn go into an alley alongside a vacant house across the street. We decided Angellotti had gone home for dinner. So we telephoned Angellotti's house and his wife said that he was eating his dinner, and unless it was important to call up in fifteen minutes. So we said it wasn't important, hung up and held a conference.

"We decided the back of the house wasn't guarded, so we telephoned the boy friend that met us at the yacht harbor that night, and he came and parked in the next street. We went out your back door, leaving the light in the front room burning and shinned over the back fence. Some job for two members of the party, I'll say. Once over the fence we had to crawl through the back yard of the house that abuts against the rear of your house—and a dog bit me, but not very hard. We got out in front and into the next street before anybody could come out and see what luck the dog had had; our car was there and we beat it. We're pretty sure nobody followed us, but we drove out to the park first with our lights doused, and when we were sure nobody was trailing us, the boys brought me here. We jimmied your back door, Lanny dear; then the boys said good-by to me for keeps. It seems you don't want me associating with them any more and they think you're right about that, Dan."

"Did your men scout the street in front of this house before pulling up in front of it?" asked McNamara sharply.

"Certainly. We circled the block twice."

"Feed our Nance, Lanny," McNamara urged happily. "She's a smart girl. How's the shoulder, dearie?"

"Fine. It'll be O. K. in another week."

"So am I." Mr. McNamara grinned horribly. "Flynn's home eating his dinner now, and Angellotti must be on guard in that alley. I'm going to mistake Angellotti for a suspicious character, lurking there in the dark—and put a mark on him so I can recognize him later. He just can't stand to mix it with me, and get recognized, of course, so when he runs I'll fire in the air. He'll know who I am but he'll never suspect I know who he is."

McNamara bade Nance, Lanny and Stephen goodnight and hurried away in a taxi. A block from his home he alighted and walked down the side of the street opposite his own house. He was whistling softly as he came abreast of Angellotti's hiding place, where he turned at right angles, apparently with the intention of crossing in the middle of the street to his own house. A step from the curb he halted, turned, bent his head in a listening attitude, then stepped resolutely into the alley.

"Who's there?" he demanded. Receiving no answer, he got out a small flashlight; he seemed to have some difficulty flashing it on, for he cursed softly, and suddenly a beam from the flashlight illuminated his own face for an instant, but long enough, he decided, to permit the watchful Angellotti to recognize him. The alley was empty, but in a little garden strip a large syringa bush grew, and instinct warned the chief that his prey was behind it. So he walked past it, his flashlight held close to the bush, and as he had anticipated, it was snatched from him. As he turned, one of his stout legs was jerked from under him by a man crouching low; so, before permitting himself to topple backward, McNamara dropped his good right arm to the level of his knee and swung a short, stabbing punch. He felt a cheekbone and the side of a nose; so he punched again, a little higher up, and then fell over backward. Instantly his assailant rose and fled like a doe.

"Halt! I'm an officer," McNamara shouted, and fired into the air. But the

running man did not even hesitate. In the morning he sent for Angellotti for a report on a certain case, and was charmed to note a faintly lemonish spot on the Italian's left cheek and a very noticeable iridescence under the left eye. The chief grinned. "What does the other fellow look like, Angle?" he queried innocently. "He couldn't have been more'n a flyweight or he'd have done more damage! How come you let some runt one-two you like that?"

"It was a dame I picked up for drunkenness," Angellotti lied with the glibness of long practice.

Following some discussion of the report, McNamara dismissed him, and sat down to decide what to do with Nance Belden. That Flynn and Angellotti were keeping his house under surveillance he knew now; undoubtedly they would enter his house at the earliest favorable opportunity.

The chief wondered what he would do if he stood in the shoes of his two detectives. "I'd wait for a night when I wouldn't be disturbed for a couple of hours," he decided. "What night would that be? Why, Thursday night, when the board of police commissioners meet and I am in attendance there. Stephen will make his usual early evening call—and as soon as he leaves the house those two will slip into it. The cellar door, of course. I'll make it easy for them. I'll leave the door unlocked."

He concluded that until then, Nance would be safe at Lanny's house. In the meantime, however, he must arrange to get her out of the city at an early date. The detectives were both absolutely satisfied Lanny had once given Nance sanctuary for a brief period; and thus, therefore, to keep an eye on Lanny's house.

He had in his office a telephone line that did not connect with the private exchange system in the central station, so he called Lanny on his phone at Doctor Burt's office now.

"Dan speaking, Lanny. Tomorrow morning you had better buy our pet nuisance a lot of clothes, so she'll be all ready to get out of town when I send for her. I think I'll have to fly her out and down to Tia Juana, Lower California."

"What will she do there?" "I don't know. We'll think about that when she gets there. At least my two dicks won't be there and Tia Juana is one place where that saddle nose of hers won't surprise anybody. And when she acts rough and tough in Tia Juana nobody will pay any attention to her. They have experts down there in that line."

"I'll think that Tia Juana stunt over," Lanny decided. "It has possibilities. Is there a good hospital there?"

"You numbskull, Dan McNamara! We have to find a quiet hospital where we can have her poor nose operated on."

"Well, if we can get her beeper restored and change that black bob of hers to a movie-tone gold, she could take Flynn and Angellotti out to dinner and they'd never suspect her."

"Stevie says her nose must be operated on first. Her present state of dissociated personality probably started in an inferiority complex, and the inferiority complex probably arose out of the knowledge that her nose made her unlovely. When it's safe to bring her back to this city, Stevie will take her soul out and look at it, dust it off, put it back and do a Little Jack Horner."

"Can he do that?" McNamara's heavy voice was freighted with awe. "He can, provided he can find a starting point for his investigation into her past life. There is always a reason for a dissociated personality. The ground for the mental shock that causes it is usually prepared long before the psychosis occurs. Rebellious thoughts, unhappiness, brooding—all these eventually have a serious effect upon sensitive and highly intelligent people and particularly, women of the hysterical type."

(Continued Next Week)

When Life Gets Too Dull

Life isn't always exciting. That wouldn't be best for everyone. But there should always be enough interest and excitement to keep life all around us.

Everyone should have a regular storehouse of interests and when that storehouse is emptied, a new harvest of interests should be gathered.

Interests keep us on our toes. People who are dull see life as dull. It couldn't be any other way. Eut people with interests and enthusiasms are never dull, and life seems good, be it filled with joy or sorrow for them, as of course it always is for people who think, act and do things.

The inactive human beings are the unhappy ones. They are the worrying, complaining folk.

We should all have a hobby of some sort or other. We should all form as many contacts as possible. We should all see and read and move about to the limit of our tastes—and then just a little more!

If we haven't the spirit of discovery in our makeup we are unfortunate indeed. Happily, however, most of us are so gifted.

When life gets too dull bury yourself in a book, hunt out a friend, go for a walk, listen to the song of a bird, buy some flowers and send them away, write a letter to someone—or just run away for a while—mostly from yourself!

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What were Lincoln's secrets of selling? Let's let him tell us: "If you would win a man to your cause," he said on one occasion, "first convince him that you are his true friend. Therein is a drop of honey which will catch his heart—and which, say what you will, is the greatest high road to his reason—and which, once gained, you will have little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justness of your cause, if indeed that cause is really just."

Lincoln believed in letting the other fellow talk—he studied the prospect. "I spend one-third of my time figuring out what I'm going to say, and two-thirds of my time thinking what the other fellow is going to say."

Lincoln practiced common sense. When asked the reason for his success as a lawyer, he replied: "I always say the most sensible thing I can think of."

And Lincoln believed in simplicity.

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NOTICE OF THE HEARING ON PETITION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In The Probate Court Of Latah County, State Of Idaho In The Matter Of The Estates Of Daniel Cauder and Mary Cauder, Both Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that Wm. Kauder, the only child of the above named decedents, Daniel Cauder and Mary Cauder, has filed his petition in the above entitled court alleging that said Daniel Cauder died on the 10th day of June, 1900, in Latah County, State of Idaho, and that said Mary Cauder died on the 15th day of August, 1915, in said Latah County, State of Idaho, and that they died seized of the following described community real property, to-wit:

The Southwest quarter of the Northwest quarter (SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$) Section Fourteen (14), Township Thirty-eight (38) North, of Range One (1), West Boise Meridian, in Latah county, state of Idaho.

That said petitioner, as sole surviving child of the said decedents, has an interest in the said described land as an heir of the above named decedents; and said petitioner prays that the court by its decree determine the time of the death of each decedent, the heir, or heirs at law, the degree of kinship to the decedents and the right of descent of the real property above described; and all persons interested in said estates, or in either of said estates, both creditors and heirs, are hereby notified that the court has fixed Friday, the 18th day of December, 1936, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the courtroom of said court, at the courthouse at Moscow, Latah county, state of Idaho, as the time and place for hearing said petition, when and where any person interested may show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Dated this 16th day of November, 1936.
 L. G. PETERSON,
 Probate Judge.
 Adrian Nelson, Moscow, Idaho,
 Attorney for Petitioner. 47-4

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LOST—Black and tan Shepherd, bob-tail, in Kendrick, last Sunday night. Notify Fred Magee for reward. 48-1x

FOR SALE—Round Oak heater, \$7.50, or will take wood. Mrs. John Behrens, Juliaetta. 48-2

FOUND—Packsack, Sunday, Nov. 15. Owner can have same by describing and paying for this notice. Alfred Boone, Juliaetta. 48-1

FOR SALE—25 tons good bundle hay. Lyle Harrison, Cameron, Ida. 48-4x

FOR SALE—CATTLE. Two miles east of Southwick. Mrs. Mary Pribyl, Southwick, Idaho. 45-8x

SUCKLING PIGS for sale at Mrs. Julia Ekman's farm, Southwick, Idaho. 44-6x

WANT to buy, sell, or trade anything? Try a want ad. 47-3

GRAIN MARKETS UNSETTLED WITH CASH PRICES LOWER

79 cars of wheat were received at Puget Sound and Columbia River terminals during the week, and these went principally to mills on earlier sales. Because of their inability to make water shipment of flour, several of the larger mills have closed. Some northwestern wheat was sold for rail shipment to Minneapolis and Kansas City.

California wheat markets strengthened somewhat, influenced by advances at eastern markets and improvement in local demand. Labor difficulties restricted trading at San Francisco but central California mills were purchasing increased quantities and feeders were turning to wheat because of the high prices of corn and barley. Additional sales of No. 1 soft white were made to Texas at around \$1.27 $\frac{1}{2}$ per bushel, delivered. About 75,000 bushels of central California wheat moved eastward by rail during October. At the close of the week No. 1 hard white was quoted at San Francisco at 98c to \$1.00 and No. 1 soft white wheat at 97c to 99c per bushel.

Pacific Northwestern barley markets were inactive with labor difficulties continuing to restrict business. Supplies of malting barley are practically exhausted. A fairly good inquiry for feeding types was in evidence at country points which was reflected in a direct movement from surplus to deficit areas. Feed manufacturing industries reported a good consumer inquiry for mixed products. Prices were nominally unchanged from those prevailing at the beginning of labor difficulties when No. 2 bright western barley was quoted at \$1.75 per 100, sacked.

Oats markets displayed independent firmness principally reflecting light offerings and only a fair inquiry. Pacific Northwestern oats markets were quiet. Considerable quantities were reported being ground and fed at country points as a result of labor difficulties which interrupted a number of mills. No. 2 white oats were nominally quoted at \$1.50 per 100, sacked.

Pierson-Glenn
 Bruce Glenn of Troy and Josephine Pierson of Kendrick were married Saturday afternoon in Moscow. Dr. H. F. Pemberton, pastor of the Methodist church, read the ceremony at his home on East Third street.

RUPTURE
 H. L. Hoffman, Expert, Minneapolis, Minn., will demonstrate without charge his "Perfect Retention Shield" in

MOSCOW FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11 at the Moscow Hotel

From 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Please come early. Evenings by appointment. Your physician will tell you about this serious condition. Any rupture allowed to protrude is dangerous.

My "Retention Shields" will hold your rupture under any condition of exercise and work. They are sanitary waterproof and practically indestructible.

Do not wear trusses that will enlarge the opening and don't neglect the children. Many satisfied clients in this community. No mail order.

HOME OFFICE
 305 Lincoln Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 48-2

NOTICE OF OFFER OF LANDS IN LATAH COUNTY, IDAHO, FOR GRAZING LEASE.

Pursuant to the order of the Secretary of the Interior, dated August 29, 1936, and to the provisions of section 15 of the act of June 25, 1934 (48 Stat. 1269), commonly known as the Taylor Grazing Act, as amended by the act approved June 26, 1936 (Public, No. 827, 74th Congress), notice is hereby given that all of the vacant, unreserved, and unappropriated public lands located within Latah County, Idaho, are hereby offered for lease for grazing purposes on such terms and conditions as may hereafter be prescribed. Any and all persons having adverse or conflicting claims to such lands or desiring to lease any part thereof for grazing purposes under authority of said act, must file notice of their claims, or proper grazing lease applications in the United States district land office at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Anyone desiring to assert a preference right to lease isolated or disconnected tracts of 760 acres or less in accordance with said act as amended will be allowed 90 days from date of the first publication of this notice within which to file a proper application for lease.

FRED W. JOHNSON,
 Commissioner, General Land Office.
 Date of first publication: Nov. 27, 1936. 48-4

CALL FOR BIDS

Sealed bids will be received up to and including December 4, 1936, by the Clerk of Joint School District No. 24, Kendrick, Idaho, for the furnishing of 100 cords of seasoned, green cut red fir wood, to be cut 42 inches in length, to be delivered to and piled in the wood pit of the Kendrick school building on or before the 15th day of August, 1937. For the purpose of measurement a cord is to consist of 42 inches by four feet by eight feet.

Successful bidder is to furnish bond for fulfillment of contract. The Trustees reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

L. D. ROCKNER, Clerk. 47-3

MUCH BIG GAME KILLED IN SPECIAL ELK HUNT

Total figures covering the special elk hunt in the Selway game preserve between September 15 and Oct. 4, as announced by Jess Robertson, assistant chief deputy game warden with headquarters at Kamiah, show that 308 hunters checked at the six stations killed 175 elk. At No-See-Um Meadows 105 hunters were checked, 43 got no game, 43 bulls and 16 cows were killed. At Fish Lake 14 hunters were checked, three came out without game and 9 bulls and two cow elk were killed. At Old Man's Lake 22 hunters were checked, eight had no game and 11 bulls and three cows were killed. At Bear creek 5 hunters were checked, all got game and four bulls and one cow were downed. At Moose creek 15 hunters all got their big game and 11 bulls and four cows were taken out. At the Powell station 147 hunters were checked, 76 came out without game and 52 bulls and 19 cows were brought in.

The checks at the Sutter creek station during the regular big game season, the station covering parts of the Lochsa and Selway regions on the middle fork of the Clearwater river nine miles east of Kooskia, shows that 1,269 hunters were registered. They took out 269 bulls and 239 cow elk for a total of 508 elk, 160 buck deer and 117 does for a total of 277 deer, five billy goats and 11 nannies for a total of 16 mountain goat and 13 bear. Last year this same station reported checking 1,035 hunters with 310 elk, 275 deer and 10 mountain goats.

According to Warden Robertson the season just closed has been unusually successful from the standpoint of big game hunters despite the fact that it has been exceedingly dry, most of the hunting being done before the first snowfall.—Lewiston Tribune.

FAIRVIEW ITEMS

Pearson-Glenn
 Miss Agnes Pearson of Troy and Bruce Glenn of this place were quietly married in Moscow Saturday. They were charvariated at the John Glenn home Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Heffel returned Saturday evening from a two-weeks honeymoon. They were given a tin-can serenade Sunday evening.

Mrs. Walter Cochran of Juliaetta spent the past week in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Glenn.

Mrs. R. B. Parks, Betty and Buddy Parks called on Mrs. R. E. Woody Wednesday afternoon.

The John Glenn and Paul Dagefoerde families and Harold Parks were Lewiston visitors Wednesday. Bruce Glenn was a Lewiston visitor Thursday.

Oney Walker left Saturday for Stites to spend several weeks visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Walker.

Kenneth Slead of Cameron spent Sunday with his brother, Lester Slead.

Mrs. Harold Parks returned Sunday from a hospital in Colfax. She is recovering nicely from her operation. Miss Margaret Whiting is doing the housework for Mrs. Parks.

Robert Hall of Fix ridge spent Monday in the home of his son, Paul Hall.

Mrs. Belle Walker is visiting her father, George L. Frederickson.

The J. M. Woodward, John Glenn and R. E. Woody families were among the Lewiston visitors Monday.

Glen Fleshman is visiting in the Oney Walker home.

Mrs. Roy Craig spent Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Heffel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Glenn called Sunday evening on Mrs. Albert Glenn and the new grandson.

FIX RIDGE NEWS

Caus Clark went to Kendrick Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Taber were Kendrick visitors Saturday.

Miss Zelva Dahl was a week-end visitor in Craigmont.

George Dennier, Sr., and daughter Martha went to Lewiston Saturday. Mrs. Alvin Nye went to Kendrick Saturday.

Pearl, Ethel, Eddie and Paul Richardson were in Kendrick Saturday.

Donna Jean Nye visited at the Alvin Nye home Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Dennier and Emma visited Frieda and Ella Dennier on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall went to Moscow Saturday.

George Dennier, Sr., went to Kendrick Monday.

SHORT'S FUNERAL PARLORS
 Earl Alden, Manager
 Licensed in Idaho and Washington and a graduate of the U. of I. Parlors formerly owned by Mrs. Pickerd.
 Phone 30 — Troy, Idaho
 or
 Call N. E. Walker, Phone 353, Kendrick, Ida.

WANTED More young men and women for office positions. We furnish help for many responsible firms. Our personal-help-plan trains you in shortest time. Write for booklet.
 Established for 33 Years
Lewision Business College
 FRED L. ULEN, President
 Lewiston, Idaho

"Nobody Reads Paper"
 "Nobody reads the paper," yet if the editor gets the mumps, the linotype breaks down or anything else happens to delay the paper the post-office and editor are swamped with calls from indignant subscribers.

Will Rogers in "State Fair"
 One of Will Rogers' masterpieces, one of the pictures that brought his greatest fame—"State Fair"—will be shown at the Kendrick Theatre this Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights.

A veritable constellation of stars surrounds the beloved humorist in "State Fair," headed by Janet Gaynor. The excitement, the laughter, the romance and adventure of a great state fair is reflected in the Frake family (of whom Rogers is the head) as they prepare to depart for the great event that they have eagerly awaited for a year. As the event is to last for a complete week, the Frakes pitch their tent at the fair grounds.

As the fair moves through its exciting week, many things happen to the Frake family. Love, humor and excitement are blended and the result will be one of the greatest laughs you have ever had with this humorist who perhaps knew more about human nature than any man now living.

Other regular features will also be shown.

This picture has never before been shown in Kendrick.
 Read the ads.—keep posted.

BOILED POTATOES

DON'T MAKE A BANQUET!



Don't expect ONE Better Sight Lamp to give you BALANCED LIGHT!



Boiled potatoes are far better than nothing at all, and so is one I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp...but you wouldn't expect to banquet your guests on boiled potatoes alone! Don't expect one Better Sight Lamp to give you balanced light!

Your eyes need balanced light... just as your body needs a balanced diet for health. Be sure you have enough light, both direct and indirect, well-diffused, free from glare and widely spread...and the stately lines and graceful proportions of the new Better Sight Lamps. For new beauty and balanced light you need one of these lamps at every easy chair...at both ends of the davenport...at every desk...wherever visual tasks are performed! Buy several now.

Sight is priceless...light is cheap.

Shown Here
SEMI-INDIRECT FLOOR LAMP
\$14.95

ELECTRICITY THE WASHINGTON WATER POWER CO.
 Ad. No. 546 M36

LOOK FOR THE I. E. S. TAG

Better Sight Lamps Also Sold By
CURTISS HARDWARE CO.
BARNUM LUMBER & HDWE. CO.

THE Bull itin

WE NEED MORE CONTENTED COWS
HAROLD THOMAS, Editor

EDITORIAL

Well, Folks—Christmas is coming, and with it the need for more money—Christmas gifts and all that sort of thing—are you taking full advantage of your opportunities to increase your income for that event by selling us your cream? It's so simply and easy to get that check. There's no fuss, delay or waiting for the mail or can. Simply bring it to us, and get your pay.

Let our ice cream form the dessert for your Thanksgiving dinner. You'll find it just the thing to top off that meal.

Guide in Egypt: "It took hundreds of years to build the pyramids."

Tourist: "Oh, I see! It was a Government job."

"Operator, get me the Amateur Hour.—Hello, hello! Is this the Amateur Hour? Well, I think I'm out with one of your gang. Come on over and get her."

Mama Mosquito: "If you children are good, I'll take you to a Nudist Camp tonight."

Friend Mabel thought a universal joint was the kind of a dump where anyone was welcome.

SOUTHWICK NEWS NOTES

The girls and boys were both victorious in their first basketball games of the season, held here Friday night, when they played the Peck teams. The girls won 33 to 13 and the boys 30 to 24.

Albert Jones returned home from Boise Friday. He brought reports that Dick Jones and Naomi Armitage were both operated on Thursday morning. Dick will be up in a few days, but Naomi will have to stay in bed several weeks. We all wish them both a successful and speedy recovery. All visited with Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Grimm in Boise Monday, and saw the new boy that has arrived in that home this fall.

Tom King took John Stalaker to Colfax Saturday, where Mrs. Stalaker underwent a goiter operation some days ago.

Mr. Dalberg treated the high school students to candy and cigars

WINTER TIME AND HEARTY MEAL TIME IS NOW AT HAND

WITH THE COMING OF COLDER WEATHER WE ALL CHANGE OUR DIET. WE GO IN FOR HEAVIER MEALS — HEARTY BREAKFASTS OF HOT-CAKES AND BACON, HAM AND EGGS, HOT CEREALS AND TOAST, ETC., AND WE NEARLY ALWAYS START THAT MEAL WITH FRUIT, ORANGE JUICE, GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS, ETC. WE HAVE ALL THE NECESSARY INGREDIENTS — SEE US!

FOR LUNCH AT NOON — A STEAK, POTATOES, GRAVEY, SALAD AND DESSERT — WITH A CRISP SALAD ON THE SIDE — AND COFFEE OR TEA. YOU WILL FIND THAT JUICY STEAK, THOSE GOOD SPUDS, THOSE SALAD INGREDIENTS AND LIBBY'S CANNED FRUIT FOR DESSERT! TRY IT.

FOR DINNER IN THE EVENING — A JUICY ROAST, MASHED OR BAKED POTATOES, VEGETABLE OF SOME SORT, SALAD, COFFEE AND HOT ROLLS. WE WILL SUPPLY THAT LOVELY ROAST, THE SALAD ITEMS FROM THE LIBBY LINE — FLOUR FOR THE HOT ROLLS, ETC.

IN FACT — WE OFFER A VERY COMPLETE FOOD SERVICE.

TRY US AND SEE!

WE DELIVER

BLEWETT'S
Cash Grocery

PHONE 192

Flash!

WE FEATURE STANDARD OIL PRODUCTS

PEARL OIL (Kerosene) Gal. 23c

ORONITE FLY SPRAY, pt. 25c

SELF POLISHING FLOOR WAX, pint can 45c

STANDARD OIL FURNITURE POLISH, 1/2-pint bottle 30c

WE ALSO CARRY HIGH-TEST AVIATION GAS—In 5-gallon cans, per gallon 35c

BUY YOUR FLOUR NOW—BEFORE IT GOES UP

48-Lb. CRESCENT FLOUR \$1.45

18-Lb. CRESCENT FARINA 45c

BLEWETT'S

Kendrick Theatre

Thanksgiving Show

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 26, 27 AND 28



REMEMBER HOW IT THRILLED YOUR HEART? YOU CAN HAVE THAT THRILL AGAIN!

will ROGERS GAYNOR in STATE FAIR

LEW AYRES • SALLY EILEAN
NORMAN FOSTER • LOUISE DRESSER
FRANK CRAVEN • VICTOR JOBY
DORIS & PHIL STONG
A HENRY KING PRODUCTION

(NOTE—This is the first time this picture has ever been shown here).

SELECTED SHORTS
Shows at 7 and 9
10c Admission 25c

Last Chance To Buy

AT THESE LOW PRICES

Sale Closes Monday Night, November 30

Store Auction of Merchandise

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28

From 2 to 3 P. m.

Remember the hour and date and be here with the crowd. Col. Newt Ware, with his usual wit and humor, will occupy the auction block. Don't miss it.

FREE MERCHANDISE AWAITING

Immediately after the auction, get your sales slips in the box—you might be lucky.

JUST A FEW OF OUR REAL BUYS

COFFEE— 3 pounds 49c	BOYS' MAKINAWs— Each \$2.49	HEAVY SUEDE SHIRTS 98c
SUGAR— 10 pounds 55c	BOYS' SHOES— Pair \$1.88	MEN'S UNION-SUITS 89c
PINEAPPLE— Can 19c	LADIES' OXFORDS— Pair \$2.78	MEN'S DRESS HATS \$1.49
CATSUP— 2 Bottles 25c	CANVAS GLOVES— Pair 12 1/2c	HOPE MUSLIN— Yard 12c
	CHILDREN'S HOSE— Pair 19c	

N. B. LONG & SONS

SHELLS --

All Gauges and Loads

STOVES --

WE ARE FEATURING THIS SEASON A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF ALLEN'S BETTER STOVES. In this line will be found wood burners, in parlor furnace and regular styles — combination wood and coal stoves and parlor furnaces. The Allen line is well known for its heat producing and lasting qualities — and this year they are more beautiful than ever. We invite you to come in and see this line.

THINKING OF AN OIL BURNER — If so come in and talk it over with us. A demonstrator is now burning on our floor. Many models to select from.

CURTISS

HARDWARE COMPANY

Thursday morning in honor of the 8-pound son who arrived at his home last week. The baby has been named Bobby Lee. Mrs. Dalberg and son will join him here in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Southwick called at the Gordon Harris home Thursday afternoon.

Dr. Christensen and Miss Campbell gave physical examinations to the high school students one day last week.

Mrs. Commie Perry and children went to Moscow Sunday, where they will visit her mother, Mrs. Chas. Hayward, for a few days.

George Benjamin spent a few days last week visiting relatives here.

Miss Frances Farrish, teacher at Crescent, spent the week-end at the Ziemann home.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Southwick were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hoppe.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Betts and Mrs. Gilman enjoyed Sunday dinner with Mrs. Emma Betts.

The Arnie Cuddy and Howard Southwick families were Sunday visitors at the John Lettenmaier home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hoppe returned last Tuesday from a week's visit with relatives at Spokane, Spangle and Pomeroy.

The date for the Ladies Aid sale is December 4. There will be a program, starting at 7 p. m., followed by the auctioning of fancy work and pies.

Mrs. Roy Martin and Irene visited Monday with Mrs. Hoppe.

Mrs. John Lettenmaier spent Wednesday with Mrs. Homer Betts and Mrs. Gilman.

the musical numbers and songs given by the Hund brothers of Kendrick. Proceeds of the bazaar and dinner amounted to \$224.00.

A very near serious accident occurred here Sunday afternoon on the hill by the Hugh Parks place, when cars driven by Rev. A. L. Metcalf and George Davidson collided. We are glad to say no one was injured, although the cars were pretty badly battered up.

Word was received here by Mrs. Emma Cook and Miss Ellen Erickson of the death of their sister, Mrs. Nels Larson of Portland, last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Larson leaves a host of friends here who deeply mourn her passing. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to them in their bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith were guests at the R. C. Smith home Sunday.

Mrs. Salsbury of Lewiston spent the week-end here with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Salsbury.

Mrs. Alec Larson spent the week-end in Lewiston.

Miss Mildred Fleshman of Lewiston visited over the week-end at the Chas. Johnson home.

Mrs. Jennie Hund is confined to her bed by sickness this week.

Food Fallacies Exploded

Trenchermen whose appetites run to exotic combinations such as lobsters and ice cream took cheer from

Dr. Clifford Barborke's assurance that it wouldn't hurt them.

Even milk and cherries could be eaten without fear of snarling up the digestive processes asserted the Northwestern university medical school faculty member—with the stipulation, however, that the diner partake in moderation.

Dr. Barborke listed his belief in the harmfulness of such foods when consumed together as among the popular food fallacies exploded by science.

Some other fallacies, he told a joint meeting of two Cook County Federations of Women's clubs, are:

That onions will cure a cold.

That celery is a nerve tonic.

That fish is a brain food.

That milk is fattening.

That oranges cause acid stomach.

"The study of foods," he related, "has become increasingly important within recent years because modern civilization has developed an environment too complex either for man's brain or body.

"Regardless of the fact that America has today a wider range of foods to choose from than any nation on earth," he said, "nutritional condition and physical vigor of our nation have deteriorated—due possibly to the fact that only about 10 percent of our people eat good, well selected foods in adequate amounts."

The Canistel tree of Latin America bears fruit that tastes like a five-minute egg.

LELAND NEWSLETTERS

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cook spent the week-end at the E. Cook home. They attended the bazaar while here.

Elmer Peters is spending a few days at home.

Visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Harrison Sunday were Mrs. Rachel Daugherty of Spokane, mother of Mrs. Harrison; Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Daugherty and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Peters and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Peters and daughter Darlene, Laurel Fleshman, Orval and Warren Walker of Leland and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Melcher of Teakane and Miss Janette Goudzward of Leland.

Mrs. Rachel Daugherty of Spokane is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Peters and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Peters were guests at the Lyle Harrison home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Larson were Lewiston visitors Saturday.

The Ladies Missionary society gave their annual bazaar and chicken dinner Friday night, November 20. It was a very gratifying success owing to the attendance of friends and neighbors of the surrounding country as well as our own immediate community. A pleasing feature of the evenings entertainment was

CAMERON NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Carl L. Wegner, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Koepf and son Walter, Herbert Schwarz, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Brunseik spent Wednesday evening at the August Brammer home.

Sunday dinner guests at the Otto Silflow home were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wendt and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Silflow and family, Miss Lily Henningsen, Mrs. J. Kennedy and Rev. T. Meske.

Mrs. Mary Wilken, Mrs. Slead and Frank Wilken and son Milton spent last Wednesday at the Chas. Schultz home.

Mrs. Ida Silflow returned home

Compare These Prices

3 CANS TOMATOES	27c
3 CANS LIMA BEANS	25c
5-POUND CAN PEANUT BUTTER	85c
5 POUNDS BULK PEANUT BUTTER	75c
49-LB. SACK GENERAL PURPOSE FLOUR	\$1.49
5 BARS A-PLUS HEALTH SOAP	25c
4 POUNDS RICE	25c
3 PKGS. CORN FLAKES FOR	25c
8 BARS HARMONY SOAP	25c
2 LBS. MOTHERS COCOA	19c
1 PKG. SPERRY'S PANCAKE FLOUR AND	
1 PKG. ROLLED OATS—BOTH FOR	25c
3 LARGE OVAL CANS VAN CAMPS SARDINES	25c

Morgan's Grocery

Phone 582 We Deliver Phone 582