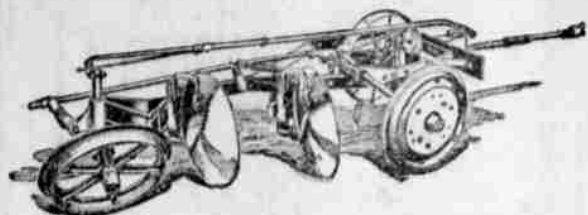


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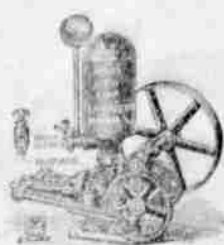


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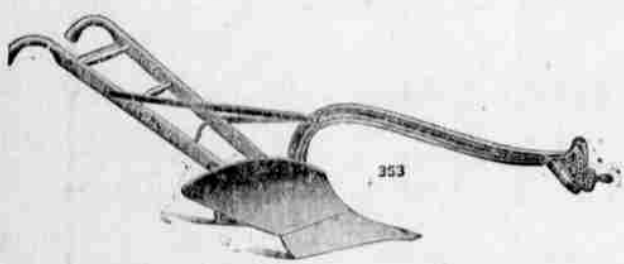
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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

THE FARMER AND THE STRIKE
In the account of the railroad meeting, held at the Majestic theater last Saturday night, printed in Monday's News-Review, one of the speakers expresses himself as follows:
"The laboring men, farmers and business men are in the same position, and at present the laboring men seem to be the only ones putting forth any effort to curb the reactionaries on Wall Street."

I confess I don't understand what Wall Street has to do with the strike. But I don't like to see the strike and farmer classed together—having followed the ancient and honorable calling of farming all my life.

The farmer, as a rule, is a broad-minded, patient old fellow, willing to live and let live, and loyal to the last degree to his country and its best interests. Suppose he should become a striker—sit down and think it over for five minutes. Would Wall Street and the millionaires suffer? Perhaps. But what about the millions of poor people—the majority of them helpless children—in the big cities—what would happen to them should the farmer go on a strike?

The famine in Russia is horrible enough—why have one at home? But, since we are comparing the farmer and the striker, hear what the New York Globe has to say on the subject:

"Both the wages of the railroad man and the gross value of farm products enjoyed a steady and rapid rise before and during the late war. Both have been deflated since its close. The value of farm products rose from nine billions in 1912 to thirteen billions in 1916. The peak was twenty-three billions in 1919, and fell to eighteen billions in 1920, and to twelve billions in 1921. 1922 will probably show a slight increase to thirteen billions."

Railroad wages, on the other hand, have not come down to anything like an equivalent ratio. They were \$761 in 1913, \$822 in 1916, \$1486 in 1919, and reached the peak of \$1820 in 1920, dropping to \$1684 in 1921, while \$1540 is the estimated rate this year.

"In 1921, says Professor Friday, railroad men were 4 1/2 percent of the population, and received 7 percent of the nation's purchasing power. Farmers were 26 percent, and received only 20 percent. The individual farm laborer received \$700 in 1921. He will get \$750 in 1922."

Are the farmers in sympathy with the railroad strike? How can they be? The fruit-growers of Yakima, Washington, whose crops are in grave danger because of the strike, at a mass meeting recently held at that place, went on record against it by declaring unanimously that they had rather lose their crops than that the strikers should win out. A young

man of the Wenatchee apple district remarked: "It will likely spell ruin for me—my place lacks a lot of being paid for and I had to borrow the money to run it this year because of doctor and hospital bills. But I am young and strong, and can make a living for my wife and three children. I had rather lose my orchard than have the strikers win, for the more they get the more they want."

Said a California farmer: "I want to see it fought out to a finish. A compromise can mean only more trouble in the near future."

I believe the fruit growers of Douglas county are far from being in sympathy with the strikers. The shortage of locomotives and refrigerator cars will work great hardship to those men and their families. Just another quotation from the article in Monday's News-Review: "They took a hard rap at scab labor, and claimed that in many instances foreigners are showing more spirit than are 'Americans.'" Exactly—the slow-thinking, sound-judging American farmer knows that foreigners from Bolshevik Russia and other European countries are doing all they can to make trouble in America. And why "scab" labor? Personally, I have a great admiration for a man who risks his life—for who can deny that striking and cruelty go hand in hand,—yes, risks his life to get money to support his family by taking a job the other fellow doesn't want. And if he has no family, he is a brave man, anyhow, and deserves credit for trying to keep his country in the same class with other nations.

But there are many, many good railroad men. All honor to those who were loyal enough to their employer and to their country to stick to their jobs.

In a recent article in the Spokesman-Review, saying that 577 men are now working in the railroad shops of the Great Northern at St. Cloud, Minnesota, one of the workmen is quoted as saying: "We are Jim Hill veterans, and we are satisfied, and think we owe something to the people who treated us fair for so many years." "We have everything we had before," said another, "and the cut of 5 to 9 cents an hour isn't a big item, and was to be expected. There are certain things a man owes his employer, and the men of St. Cloud have recognized the thing we call 'loyalty.'"

ELIZABETH J. PAGE.

AERIAL SLEEPING CAR ON BERLIN-MOSCOW RUN

(International News Service.)
LONDON, Aug. 28.—What is claimed to be the first aerial sleeping-car service has been inaugurated on the German-Russian railway, which runs an airplane service between Berlin and Moscow, mainly for the benefit of officials and courtiers.

The sleepers have three berths in a roomy saloon, which, when the beds are not required, can be readily converted into a parlor with arm chair accommodation for half a dozen travelers.

The machines used are Fokkers and it is claimed that recent party of official Russian courtiers bearing urgent documents did 1,125 odd miles journey in eighteen hours without once alighting.

MONKEYS INTERESTED IN FINGER-PRINTING

(International News Service.)
CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 28.—Sel Stephen, general manager of the zoo, has been away for two weeks on "monkey business," and recently there arrived at the Zoo forty-four monkeys of various kinds and one African baboon. The problem of identity arose, and a fingerprint expert was called in. The monkeys were highly interested in the results and insisted on making additional prints on the expert's face and hands.

SWORDFISH'S SMELLER SHATTERED ON SHIP

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—A gaudy swordfish, more voracious than a shark, struck his nose into a rough proposition, bent it, and then broke it off (the proboscis).

The fish, of which species few are ever seen in these waters, attacked the steamer trawler Ellis II, according to Captain Tutthill. With great rage he smote the sturdy hull of the trawler with his snout.

Captain Tutthill brought the fish's nose home in one hand and the rest of his in the other. There have been cases where swordfish have sunk light, thin-bottomed craft, but neither adage applies to the Ellis II.

"Anytime a swordfish wants his face pushed in, just let him try to remove the bottom of my boat while it is out at sea," says the captain.

Amaze Your Friends With Your Complexion

Do you want a clear fresh glowing skin—free from even the slightest trace of pimples or blackheads? You can have it easily. And so quickly that your friends will be amazed at the change in your appearance. Simply take Iridized Yeast—two tablets with each meal. Then watch the results. Before you know it, every pimple and blackhead will have disappeared and you will have a clear, youthful velvety skin—the kind that is envied by everyone. Iridized Yeast supplies your system with certain vital elements now lacking in your food—the very elements needed to keep your skin beautiful. You won't believe what a wonderful change it can bring in your complexion until you try it. Get it from your druggist today or mail postcard for Famous 3-Day FREE Test. Address Iridized Yeast Co., Dept. 99, Atlanta, Ga. Iridized Yeast is recommended and guaranteed by all good druggists.

What Happened When Sheila Elliston Refused Love

By Idah McGlone Gibson

Synopsis.

Young Mrs. Wilmington was recovering from a broken leg. Her nurse, a beautiful young woman, Sheila Elliston, intrigued her interest tremendously. Mrs. Elliston suspected an interesting story lay concealed in the life of her nurse. Mrs. Elliston's brother, Phil, returns unexpectedly from abroad. Phil meets Sheila. It is love at first sight. His sister, Mrs. Elliston, secretly approves, but cautions Phil that she knows nothing of the girl's past. Mrs. Elliston learns of an affair her brother had with Suzanne Jones, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Phil desires an engagement with Suzanne. Sheila has a heart-to-heart talk with Mrs. Elliston and told this story: Several years before, early in her career, she had been assigned as nurse to Walter Jones, Jr. They fell in love. They planned marriage as soon as Walter was well. He told Sheila to order the furniture for their apartment at his father's store and charge it to him. Then their apartment would be ready after the wedding. Sheila, with misgivings, did so. Walter's tyrannical father opposed the marriage. He had Sheila arrested for theft of the furniture.

A HARD PHILOSOPHY

"At last I summoned enough courage to ask the desk sergeant if he had not heard from Mrs. Walton and was told that he had not."

"Did you telephone to the hospital for Dr. Thornton?" I questioned hopefully.

"We can't find him," announced the officer with a note of suspicion in his voice, and I felt that he had decided in his own mind that I knew that these people were not to be heard from.

"Toward the end of the afternoon I quietly fainted. When I came to myself someone was saying: 'I tell you it is a shame. The girl has evidently had nothing to eat all day. Can't you find her friends?'"

"Oh, please, please try and find Dr. Thornton," I pleaded.

"The compassionate voice answered: 'I'll try it.' Then I heard orders issued that food be brought to me. In a few minutes a Negro arrived with some thick bread and butter and a cup of coffee."

"I could not swallow the bread, but I managed to drink the coffee. Toward evening the lights were turned on. Then I was curtly told to follow an officer and was thrust into a close, evil-smelling cell again. You can imagine my despair, Mrs. Elliston. I felt that everyone had forsaken me."

"In the same cell was a woman whose hard face wore a look of surprise as she glanced at me. She rushed forward and caught me as I stumbled and pulled me down on the bench beside her."

"My child, my child," she exclaimed, "surely this is no place for you."

"At these, the really first kind words I had had in this trouble, I began to sob, and let me sob out my agony on her shrunken breast."

"Finally I became calm enough to tell her my predicament. Being as I found out afterward, an old offender, she knew what to do, and sent out word that I wanted an attorney. She even told me the name of one and whispered in my ear, 'Of course he is'

a scoundrel, dearie, but your grand acquaintances and friends seem to be no better. They haven't come near you. He'll get you off if possible. You tell him the truth and I'll tell him that I'll see that you have the money. He knows me. He knows that I can dig up and bring up pay dirt when I think it is necessary."

"Oh, I am sure, madame, that if someone could reach Dr. Thornton that he would come to me," I pleaded, for I knew that no one had really tried to find the good doctor."

"She looked at me in silence and then broke out suddenly: 'You are learning your lesson earlier than I did and you are learning it in a little different way, but you are learning that no woman, young or old, should put her trust in a man. If he has nothing to lose he will betray her. He will be good to her as long as she interests him—no longer. He will help her—if, by doing so, he finds he can help himself. But no man, my child, ever will give to a woman the disinterested and unselfish help he gives to another man."

"When you are down and out you should turn only to a woman. And now remember what I am saying to you, child, and Mrs. Smith knows, she has been through it all. It is all a pack of lies about man being a woman's best friend. No man is ever a friend to woman. He is either her potential lover or her lover in fact, that's all. He may bear her the love of a father, or a husband or a sweetheart or a brother, but never the love of a friend."

"This woman proved a good friend to me, Mrs. Elliston, and as she knew all the ins and outs of the underworld, she made the men in the outer office try to find Dr. Thornton. She believed in me. That in itself was worth almost more than life to me. I did not care what she was, or who she was, and I did not know until later that she was a professional peddler of drugs and had been picked up that afternoon and arrested after the man she had depended upon had betrayed her to save his own skin."

"Even she finally gave up, and made me understand that nothing could be done that night."

"She told me to loosen my dress—'It is such a pretty frock,' she complimented, and tried to make me comfortable. God—that anyone could think of comfort in a place like that! Dimly it came to me that I had heard in the hospital that psychologists had said that there was a distinct odor to crime."

"I thought that in my work as a nurse I had smelled every stench nameable, yet my very soul recoiled at the horrible and indescribable odor that filled my nostrils as I tried to sleep in that jail."

"I could not sleep, Mrs. Ellington. Beating on my brain was that little poem I had idly read the night before:

"Beloved our pathway parts;
The idyl is ended
No thought of broken hearts;
Hearts soon are mended."

Hearts mend—but oh, the years That shall pass, leaving Sad memories, veiled in tears. Like gray mists' grieving."

"I could not think that Walter had left me. Although I have never heard from him from that day to this, I still cannot believe that Walter Jones left me of his own accord."

Tomorrow—The Plot.

CONDEMN PLACARDS ON VET'S MONUMENT FENCE

URBANA, Ohio, Aug. 29.—"They might as well tack their signs on our tombstones out at the cemetery," exclaimed one of a number of veterans of the Civil War who voiced objection to the display of political banners and other advertisements placed on the fence surrounding the soldiers' monument on the city square here. Other local citizens joined, and political candidates promptly had the signs removed.

Movie Closeups

LONG-HERALDED JONES PICTURE COMING SOON

Immediately following the announcement at the New York offices of William Fox that "Western Speed," the long-heralded Charles Jones production, was ready for release, the management of the Antlers theater booked the picture for a run here beginning tonight.

Critics who reviewed the picture in New York acclaimed it as one of the finest westerns of the year. The Fox star, who in the last year has come by leaps and bounds to the front rank in ranch life screen productions, is again seen in a story of unusual vitality.

Elton Percy is Jones' leading woman in this offering.

CURWOOD DRAMA OPENS AT LIBERTY TODAY

The vivid, colorful, turbulent life of the Canadian northwest forms the background for the stirring action of "Man From Hell's River," coming to the Liberty theater for two days, beginning today. It is the work of Jas. Oliver Curwood, who has written many successful for the screen. Irving Cummings, who directed the feature, also plays the leading role—that of an officer in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

"The story is one that requires the best sort of acting to 'put it over,' and Cummings' naturalness gives it its life appeal. To see it will make you clutch your seat and hang on to the finish. In the supporting cast are Eva Novak, Wallace Beery, and Ritz Tin, the mighty dog of valor."

MISSOURIAN, 104, DEAD; DIDN'T KNOW VOLSTEAD

(International News Service.)
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 29.—"Uncle Jack" Martin, otherwise known as Andrew Jackson Martin, 104 years old, who held the title of "the oldest man in St. Louis county," is dead. Diminutive Jack, who was 4 feet 2 inches in height, died from infirmities of old age.

"Uncle Jack" boasted of being a tobacco abstainer, but he drank whiskey since he was ten years old. He opposed prohibition and had not even a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Volstead or his act, he said.

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DR. M. H. PLYLER—Physician, 114 W. Cass St.

DR. L. A. WELLS, DENTIST, 112 W. Cass St. Phone 112.

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JAILED AS DRUNK, TRIES TO DRINK INK

(International News Service.)
CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 28.—White liquor and black ink seemed to attract each other in the case of Richard Warren, twenty-three, a homeless negro, who was arrested the other morning for being drunk. While the desk sergeant was registering him the prisoner seized the inkwell and tried to swallow the contents.

SCHEDULE OF PRICES HUNTER ICE COMPANY

Effective from date, Aug. 1, published for the benefit of our customers and others we hope to secure.
Ice Cream Manufacturers when unloaded in Ice House, minimum del. 100 lbs. 50c per 100 lbs.
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Grocery Stores, minimum del. 50 lbs. 60c per 100 lbs.
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