

FAIR TEST SHOULD COME ON DRY FIELD SAY RIVAL COACHES

Bezdek of Oregon Declares Victorious Team Was "Varsity at Best."

BREAKS AGAINST AGGIES

Dr. Stewart Laments Sloppiness of Field Which Put O. A. C. at Dis-advantage in Classic Conflict.

University of Oregon, Eugene, Or., Nov. 20.—The outcome of the O. A. C.-Oregon game has given birth to a plethora of statements. Practically all of the critics, however, praise "Old Hoga" for accomplishing a feat in football coaching.

Bezdek Radiates Happiness. Coach Bezdek stated that the team that played and won from O. A. C. Oregon at its best, although a dry field would have increased the offensive strength of the lemon-yellow eleven considerably.

Stewart Lauds Both Teams. Dr. E. J. Stewart, coach of the Oregon Aggies, said: "The day went against us. All the breaks went against our boys, but both teams played great ball. I certainly wish it had been a dry field. I wish I could have grasped Coach Bezdek's hands and told him that the best team won."

Umpire Looked for Even Break. Roscoe Pawcett, umpire of the game, said: "Oregon showed up stronger than I expected. But it was a bad day and a miserable field. I looked for an even break. It's hard to say what would have happened on a dry field. The slippery field injured the offensive of both teams. In such a case the team that can take advantage of its own mistakes wins. The Oregon showed great fight and resourcefulness in making the most of these breaks. Otherwise I would have looked for an even score."

Dr. Tom Ross says it was the greatest fighting game he had ever seen.

"For fierce fighting without let-up for four quarters I never saw anything like it. It is a pity the field was in such a bad condition," he said.

HARRISBURG WINS TWICE

Harrisburg, Or., Nov. 20.—Harrisburg high school won both games of a double-header of basketball here last night. The second team won from Halsey's team, 21 to 20, and the first team won from Halsey high by a score of 51 to 15. Harrisburg high plays Albany high at Albany, December 2.

MAKE WAY FOR JONES

Clarence M. Jones of Exeter, Ohio, brother of Howard and Ted Jones, two of Yale's most famous former athletes, recently won the 100 yard dash in the fall sports staged in the New Haven institution, covering the distance in 19 3/5 seconds.

WAR CAN'T STOP SPRINTS

In spite of the European war, there is a remarkable interest in professional sprinting in some parts of England. In a recent 100 yard handicap at Newcastle-on-Tyne there were 238 entries necessitating 30 preliminary heats. A 50 yard handicap at Audenshaw drew 200 entries.

Columbia Gets Swimming

Columbia University, New York city, will stage the annual Intercollegiate Swimming association championships on Friday, March 24, 1916.

IF BACK HURTS TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS

Says Backache is sure sign you have been eating too much meat.

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS KIDNEYS AND IRRITATES THE BLADDER.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

FOUGHT MANY BATTLES

Former Lightweight Boxing Champion Oscar Battling Matthew Nelson a few days ago engaged in his 145th ring contest in Kansas City, Mo. The Durable Dane has been fighting for 19 years and still believes he can beat many of the present day lightweights.

STECKER GETS BIG MATCH

Yusuf Hussane, the "Terrible Turk," will wrestle Joe Stecker, the Lodge, Iowa, star who is heralded as a worthy mat artist to wear Frank Gotch's crown. The contest will be staged, where the best inducements are offered, Omaha may secure it and stage the event December 3. It is to be a finish.

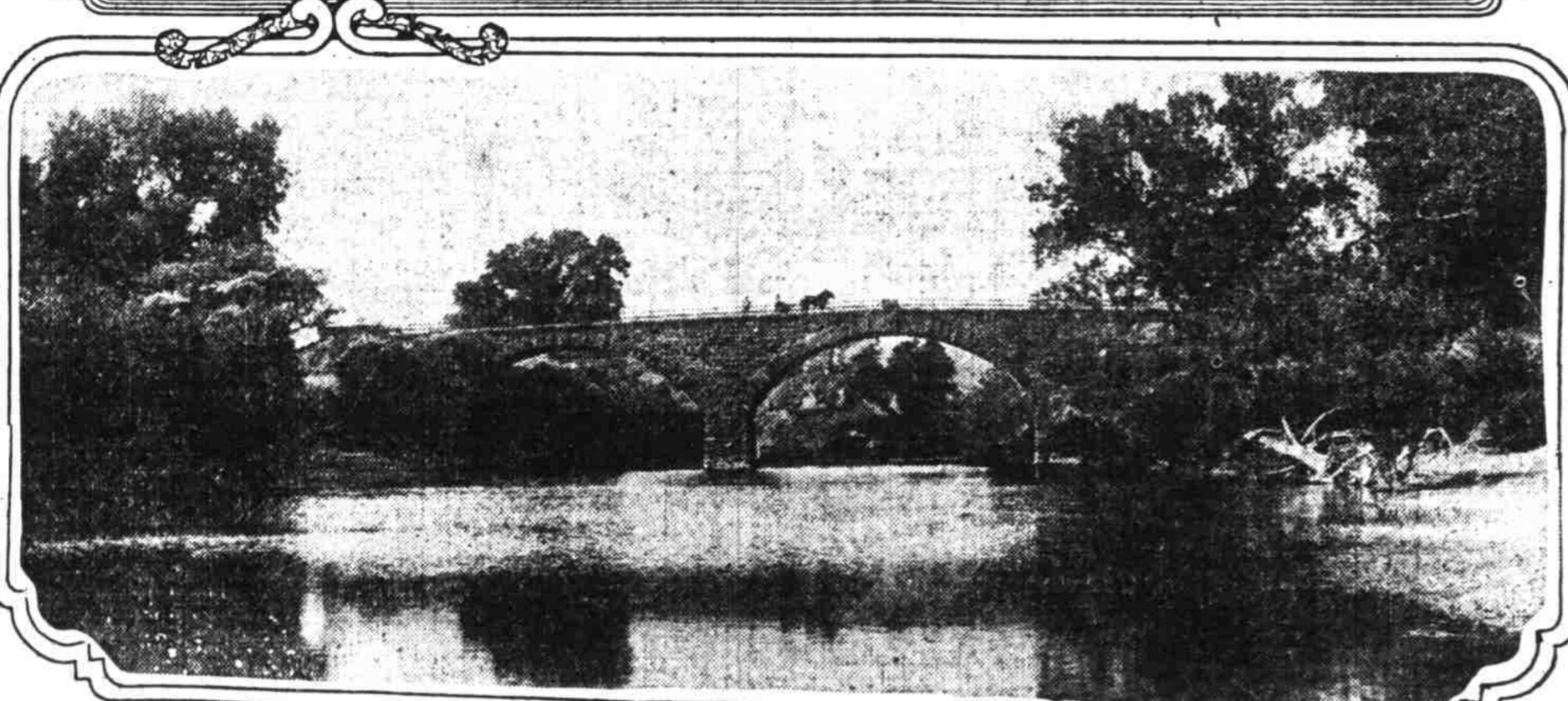
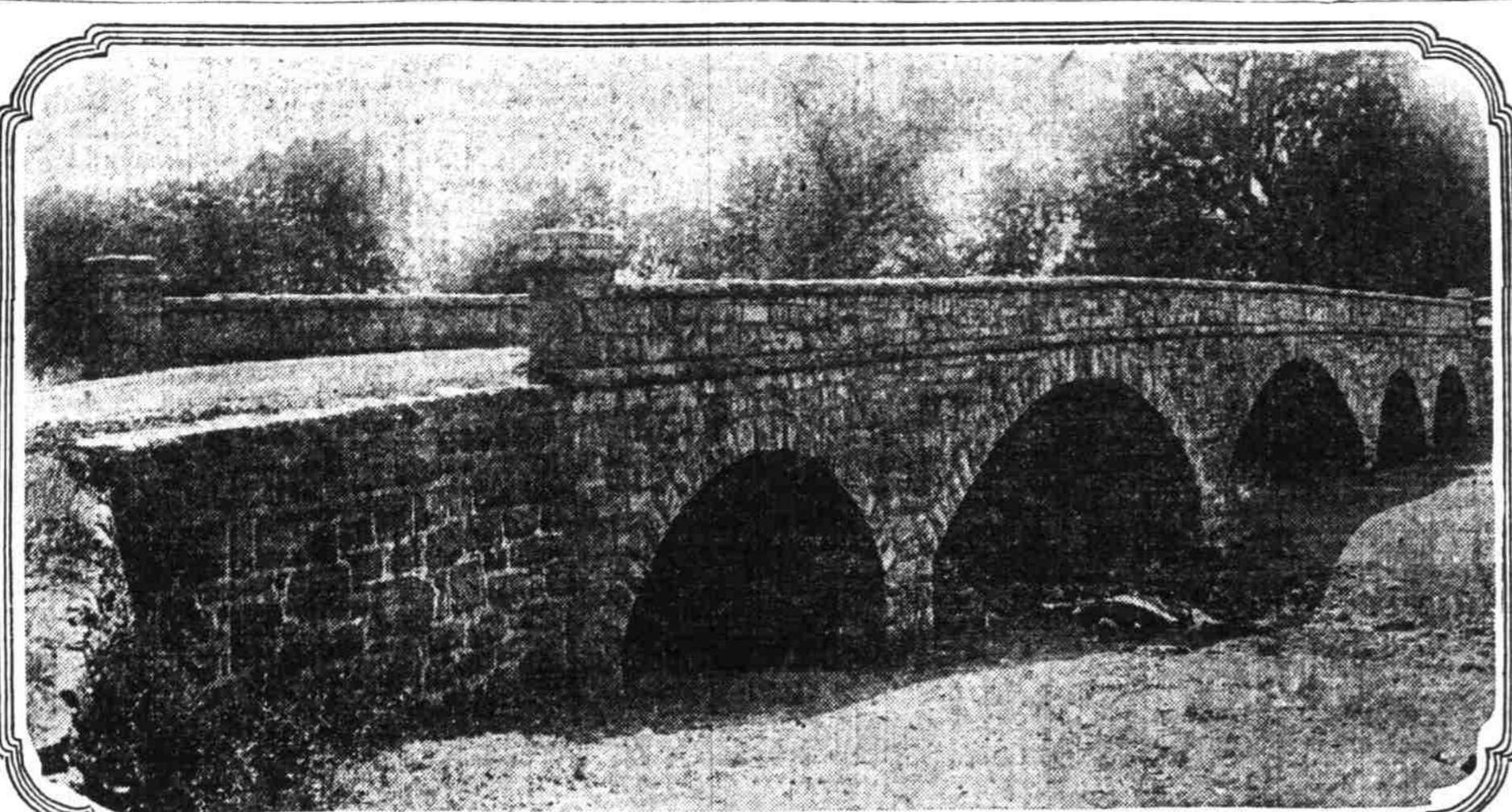
ARMY ELEVEN QUITS DRILL

West Point has stopped military drills for the football players and the men are being drilled for the annual contest with the navy, which will take place in the Polo grounds, the home of the New York Giants, on Saturday, November 27, this being the final game of the eastern season.

JUAREZ RACES OPEN NOVEMBER 25

Winter horse racing will begin at the Jockey club Juarez course November 25 when it is proposed to start the 100 days' program. The Cuban season will start at Marianna, a suburb of Havana, on December 10 and continue 82 days, closing March 19, 1916.

NAPA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, BUILDS STONE BRIDGES



Types of stone bridges constructed by the supervisors of Napa county, California. Above—Little Frances bridge, near Napa. Below—Putah creek bridge.

San Francisco, Nov. 20.—The tourists coming from Oregon to California or any other part of the west often marvel at the construction of concrete and steel bridges in other parts is not very impressive.

There is an exception. That is in Napa county, California, where the supervisors have covered the entire county with stone bridges, all after one general pattern.

Stone Bridges in Napa County. The county has so far built 231 of them from native stone and is still at work covering every creek and every culvert with a bridge of the stone arch type.

The stone work heretofore has meant a higher cost than concrete but this county has been able to build these types at a cost which in each instance has been at least 10 per cent less than the engineers estimate on concrete construction.

The size of the bridges is not limited. The Monticello bridge for instance, has three spans of 70 feet each.

Figuring that these bridges are a great scenic asset, the board of county supervisors of Napa is now planning more roads, one part of which will mean the bottom land short cut to San Francisco. On all this work the stone bridge will be used. This work

is all done without bond issue, being paid for from the general road funds. The work on the Black Point cut off is progressing very rapidly and will shorten the distance between Napa and San Francisco about 15 miles. This connects with the state highway under construction from Sacramento across the overflow lands. This will open up what will eventually be the north fork of the Lincoln highway.

Scenic Aspects of New Highway. Along this road the tourist will find many scenes of interest among them the famous Caledonia Hot Springs, Mount St. Helena and the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, where he spent his honeymoon and wrote many

of his earlier works and the petrified forest on the Sonoma county line.

In Sonoma county is the Sonoma Mission, the home and plants of Luther Burbank, the Bear Flag monument, and any number of sights all of which deserve the attention of the travelers seeing California. In Marin county are Mount Tamalpais, Muir woods, and the many beautiful vistas of the San Francisco suburban homes.

To make this short cut possible when the state highway commission found itself short of funds, the three counties mentioned raised more than \$200,000 by direct taxation. The work now well along and will be completed by next spring.

BOYS AND GIRLS DELIGHT IN SCHOOL SWIMMING POOLS

The pupils of the public schools are not the only bathers who enjoy the conveniences of the two new swimming pools, for the hours allotted the public at these tanks draw hundreds of happy bathers.

The weekly social swims held every Wednesday evening at both of the tanks have proved a great success. The evening is divided into three periods of an hour each, the first starting at 7 o'clock, the second at 8 and the third at 9 o'clock. Twenty-five couples is the maximum allowed in at one time, so as to prevent overcrowding.

The high school boys have the use of the Shattuck pool on Monday and Tuesday evenings, from 7 to 8 o'clock, and the Couch pool Thursday and Friday evenings, from 7 to 8 o'clock. Business men and older boys have the use of the Couch pool on Thursday and Friday evenings at the same hours as those allotted them at the Shattuck school.

On the Memorial. The following Shattuck school boys have successfully passed the required test for swimming leaders and are thereby entitled to the school swimming emblems: Suddex Yamashita, David Strively, Frank Berardo, Leonard Segal, William Nunn, Carl Mullin, Frank Mullin, Edwin Boehl, Edward Lillis, Richard Gerdes, Carl Riess, Roy Joubert, William Van Arman, Archie Davis, Melvin Clay, Rudolph Smith, Charles Lewis, Paul Gray, Charles Cardwell, Albert Speilman, Howard Joyn, Meyer Silverstein, Harry Adler, Marnie Adler.

The requirements for swimming emblems are very strict and anybody such aquatic tasks as swimming the tank 11 times; swimming 120 feet on the back; carrying a helpless companion 60 feet and performing a practical method of resuscitation upon him; performing a back dive and two straight front dives; swimming 30 feet under water and plunging 25 feet for distance.

The following Couch school swimmers are entitled to the school swimming emblem: John Huluck, Lewis Coulter, Paul Hill, Fred Hedecker, Lawrence Jones, Roy Bibray, Leonard Wilmot, William Smith and Paul Harris.

Breaks a Cold in a Few Hours. First dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves all gripe misery.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sore headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only 25 cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute. (Adv.)

WHEN Self-starter, Magneto, or any Electrical troubles with your car. Remember, "There's Just One."

IT'S BATTERIES

GIBSON ELECTRICAL GARAGE and STORAGE BATTERY CO. Twelfth and Alder Streets Phone Marshall 1752

Panama Plays Baseball. Panama has an eight club baseball league made up of players employed in the canal zone, men from the army and civilians. An effort is being made to have some of the major league teams take spring practice there in 1916.

Sprinter Is With Allies. Jack Donaldson, the Victoria, Australia, ex-professional sprinting champion, has two brothers with the Australian army. One of them is a promising sprinter. He is more powerfully built than his famous brother.

Her Boy Is 16; Thinks He's a Man Mother Is Lonesome; That's the Rub

By Jack Lait. DEAR MRS. N.—Your letter about your 16-year-old boy appeals to me, and I can conceive of no better use for the space this reply will occupy if its message carries to the hearts of other mothers worried by similar problems.

Let me sum up your own facts about your son: Here is a boy of 16, is pathetically anxious to be a sport, and thinks the way to start is to smoke cigarettes; hasn't been to church for a year; doesn't get along with mother any more; stays out late, plays pool and thinks he's good at it; wants to sit behind a glass of beer and smile at a cabaret singer; works downtown; earns little; asks you for money; is not steady at his work; doesn't get enough sleep or rest; thinks his boss is down on him.

Well, it is a typical case. And before we go further let me tell you the near-men of 21 or so. That isn't a chronic disease. Ten to one he'll be a fine man. But that "one" frightens me, so let's see what we can do to get the near-men of 21 or so. That isn't a chronic disease. Ten to one he'll be a fine man. But that "one" frightens me, so let's see what we can do to get the near-men of 21 or so.

It seems to be given to a great many boys that they turn about 15 to grow impatient because the hair on the lip doesn't flourish as fast as it did on Hip Van Winkle and to ape the near-men of 21 or so. That isn't a chronic disease. Ten to one he'll be a fine man. But that "one" frightens me, so let's see what we can do to get the near-men of 21 or so.

That he no longer chums with you is distressing but not necessarily without remedy. In the long run, he should be on the job. A man's work probably is the most important factor in his life after a certain age. It is his identity. When anyone asks, "Who's that man?" the answer isn't "John Smith's oldest son" but "the assistant foreman of the tin can works" or "private secretary to Watkins, the lumber dealer," or something connected with a job.

Insist that he be home at a certain hour—say 10 o'clock. It isn't the pleasantest way to get him home, but it seems the only way, and it's probably better in the long run than letting him stay away at all. Always sit up for him. That's a great deterrent against late hours. If he knows you're sleepily waiting, it may prick his conscience, and I'm sure he has plenty of conscience.

And don't give him any money. If he can't live and play pool on the money he earns, he'll get out of the board to you, he doesn't deserve to spend any. There's an incentive for him to attend to his business. Make him know that he can't get any money except by earning it and that he will have plenty to spend when he earns plenty. The motive may not be high, but the results will be good, and by the time he gets along in business he'll get wrapped up in it and "go" down a good deal of the cabaret fever, and then he'll have a good start toward a substantial future.

I know it's hard to refuse the lad a few little dabs of Heave-Ho, but all you have to do for. What else can you do with it? But you mustn't. Since luck has cast him to earn his living, make him realize that he has to play his own luck.

For you being lonesome—that's where I stop. This is about the boy, lady, not about you. I'm sorry for you in your long hours, but I, myself, probably couldn't endure it. But I'm afraid you must. Mothers, pretty generally, have to go through the experience of seeing their babies grow up, watching over them, weeping over them, worrying over them, then seeing them fade gradually out of the life that lives for them. I'm sorry, but that is life's way.

I hope these little dabs of advice will help you get closer to the boy or, at least, will help him sidestep a few snares that are not necessary or wholesome milestones on the path of a boy that he at least is sober. Make him promise and make him keep his promise. If he breaks it he has no heart and no conscience.

In later life we look back and smile about the way we played hooky and fribbed to mother and teacher; about the way we slipped out to meet the girl next door and told ma we were going to study with Louie; about the way, even, that we stretched the truth a bit to get a chance to play pool.

And these recollections aren't bitter. Boys aren't angels. They have a lot of thoughts and desires that mother couldn't understand, even though she is mother.

But drinking liquor isn't in that class. A boy who will lie to his mother about drinking something that is poison to him and poison to her and may bring him home any night a corpse or a murderer or a thief—that boy is getting far and away outside the purview of the "boys will be boys" will be boys' license. Stop him.

I'm sorry the lad doesn't get along well in business. That's a sorry sign, of course, and a boy of 16 was never meant to attend to business at all. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work. Of course he should want to be better in the long run than he is now. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work.

Insist that he be home at a certain hour—say 10 o'clock. It isn't the pleasantest way to get him home, but it seems the only way, and it's probably better in the long run than letting him stay away at all. Always sit up for him. That's a great deterrent against late hours. If he knows you're sleepily waiting, it may prick his conscience, and I'm sure he has plenty of conscience.

And don't give him any money. If he can't live and play pool on the money he earns, he'll get out of the board to you, he doesn't deserve to spend any. There's an incentive for him to attend to his business. Make him know that he can't get any money except by earning it and that he will have plenty to spend when he earns plenty. The motive may not be high, but the results will be good, and by the time he gets along in business he'll get wrapped up in it and "go" down a good deal of the cabaret fever, and then he'll have a good start toward a substantial future.

I know it's hard to refuse the lad a few little dabs of Heave-Ho, but all you have to do for. What else can you do with it? But you mustn't. Since luck has cast him to earn his living, make him realize that he has to play his own luck.

For you being lonesome—that's where I stop. This is about the boy, lady, not about you. I'm sorry for you in your long hours, but I, myself, probably couldn't endure it. But I'm afraid you must. Mothers, pretty generally, have to go through the experience of seeing their babies grow up, watching over them, weeping over them, worrying over them, then seeing them fade gradually out of the life that lives for them. I'm sorry, but that is life's way.

I hope these little dabs of advice will help you get closer to the boy or, at least, will help him sidestep a few snares that are not necessary or wholesome milestones on the path of a boy that he at least is sober. Make him promise and make him keep his promise. If he breaks it he has no heart and no conscience.

In later life we look back and smile about the way we played hooky and fribbed to mother and teacher; about the way we slipped out to meet the girl next door and told ma we were going to study with Louie; about the way, even, that we stretched the truth a bit to get a chance to play pool.

And these recollections aren't bitter. Boys aren't angels. They have a lot of thoughts and desires that mother couldn't understand, even though she is mother.

But drinking liquor isn't in that class. A boy who will lie to his mother about drinking something that is poison to him and poison to her and may bring him home any night a corpse or a murderer or a thief—that boy is getting far and away outside the purview of the "boys will be boys" will be boys' license. Stop him.

I'm sorry the lad doesn't get along well in business. That's a sorry sign, of course, and a boy of 16 was never meant to attend to business at all. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work. Of course he should want to be better in the long run than he is now. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work.

Insist that he be home at a certain hour—say 10 o'clock. It isn't the pleasantest way to get him home, but it seems the only way, and it's probably better in the long run than letting him stay away at all. Always sit up for him. That's a great deterrent against late hours. If he knows you're sleepily waiting, it may prick his conscience, and I'm sure he has plenty of conscience.

And don't give him any money. If he can't live and play pool on the money he earns, he'll get out of the board to you, he doesn't deserve to spend any. There's an incentive for him to attend to his business. Make him know that he can't get any money except by earning it and that he will have plenty to spend when he earns plenty. The motive may not be high, but the results will be good, and by the time he gets along in business he'll get wrapped up in it and "go" down a good deal of the cabaret fever, and then he'll have a good start toward a substantial future.

I know it's hard to refuse the lad a few little dabs of Heave-Ho, but all you have to do for. What else can you do with it? But you mustn't. Since luck has cast him to earn his living, make him realize that he has to play his own luck.

For you being lonesome—that's where I stop. This is about the boy, lady, not about you. I'm sorry for you in your long hours, but I, myself, probably couldn't endure it. But I'm afraid you must. Mothers, pretty generally, have to go through the experience of seeing their babies grow up, watching over them, weeping over them, worrying over them, then seeing them fade gradually out of the life that lives for them. I'm sorry, but that is life's way.

I hope these little dabs of advice will help you get closer to the boy or, at least, will help him sidestep a few snares that are not necessary or wholesome milestones on the path of a boy that he at least is sober. Make him promise and make him keep his promise. If he breaks it he has no heart and no conscience.

In later life we look back and smile about the way we played hooky and fribbed to mother and teacher; about the way we slipped out to meet the girl next door and told ma we were going to study with Louie; about the way, even, that we stretched the truth a bit to get a chance to play pool.

And these recollections aren't bitter. Boys aren't angels. They have a lot of thoughts and desires that mother couldn't understand, even though she is mother.

But drinking liquor isn't in that class. A boy who will lie to his mother about drinking something that is poison to him and poison to her and may bring him home any night a corpse or a murderer or a thief—that boy is getting far and away outside the purview of the "boys will be boys" will be boys' license. Stop him.

I'm sorry the lad doesn't get along well in business. That's a sorry sign, of course, and a boy of 16 was never meant to attend to business at all. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work. Of course he should want to be better in the long run than he is now. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work.

Insist that he be home at a certain hour—say 10 o'clock. It isn't the pleasantest way to get him home, but it seems the only way, and it's probably better in the long run than letting him stay away at all. Always sit up for him. That's a great deterrent against late hours. If he knows you're sleepily waiting, it may prick his conscience, and I'm sure he has plenty of conscience.

And don't give him any money. If he can't live and play pool on the money he earns, he'll get out of the board to you, he doesn't deserve to spend any. There's an incentive for him to attend to his business. Make him know that he can't get any money except by earning it and that he will have plenty to spend when he earns plenty. The motive may not be high, but the results will be good, and by the time he gets along in business he'll get wrapped up in it and "go" down a good deal of the cabaret fever, and then he'll have a good start toward a substantial future.

I know it's hard to refuse the lad a few little dabs of Heave-Ho, but all you have to do for. What else can you do with it? But you mustn't. Since luck has cast him to earn his living, make him realize that he has to play his own luck.

For you being lonesome—that's where I stop. This is about the boy, lady, not about you. I'm sorry for you in your long hours, but I, myself, probably couldn't endure it. But I'm afraid you must. Mothers, pretty generally, have to go through the experience of seeing their babies grow up, watching over them, weeping over them, worrying over them, then seeing them fade gradually out of the life that lives for them. I'm sorry, but that is life's way.

I hope these little dabs of advice will help you get closer to the boy or, at least, will help him sidestep a few snares that are not necessary or wholesome milestones on the path of a boy that he at least is sober. Make him promise and make him keep his promise. If he breaks it he has no heart and no conscience.

In later life we look back and smile about the way we played hooky and fribbed to mother and teacher; about the way we slipped out to meet the girl next door and told ma we were going to study with Louie; about the way, even, that we stretched the truth a bit to get a chance to play pool.

And these recollections aren't bitter. Boys aren't angels. They have a lot of thoughts and desires that mother couldn't understand, even though she is mother.

But drinking liquor isn't in that class. A boy who will lie to his mother about drinking something that is poison to him and poison to her and may bring him home any night a corpse or a murderer or a thief—that boy is getting far and away outside the purview of the "boys will be boys" will be boys' license. Stop him.

I'm sorry the lad doesn't get along well in business. That's a sorry sign, of course, and a boy of 16 was never meant to attend to business at all. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work. Of course he should want to be better in the long run than he is now. It's only our social lack of system, which twists everything out of its natural shape and bounds, that puts him to work.

Insist that he be home at a certain hour—say 10 o'clock. It isn't the pleasantest way to get him home, but it seems the only way, and it's probably better in the long run than letting him stay away at all. Always sit up for him. That's a great deterrent against late hours. If he knows you're sleepily waiting, it may prick his conscience, and I'm sure he has plenty of conscience.

And don't give him any money. If he can't live and play pool on the money he earns, he'll get out of the board to you, he doesn't deserve to spend any. There's an incentive for him to attend to his business. Make him know that he can't get any money except by earning it and that he will have plenty to spend when he earns plenty. The motive may not be high, but the results will be good, and by the time he gets along in business he'll get wrapped up in it and "go" down a good deal of the cabaret fever, and then he'll have a good start toward a substantial future.

I know it's hard to refuse the lad a few little dabs of Heave-Ho, but all you have to do for. What else can you do with it? But you mustn't. Since luck has cast him to earn his living, make him realize that he has to play his own luck.

For you being lonesome—that's where I stop. This is about the boy, lady, not about you. I'm sorry for you in your long hours, but I, myself, probably couldn't endure it. But I'm afraid you must. Mothers, pretty generally, have to go through the experience of seeing their babies grow up, watching over them, weeping over them, worrying over them, then seeing them fade gradually out of the life that lives for them. I'm sorry, but that is life's way.

Fred Welsh List of Eligibles Dwindles

Freddie Welsh's list of eligibles for his lightweight championship has dwindled to three—Charlie White, Ted Lewis and Johnny Dundee. Willie Ritchie eliminated himself by losing a 10 round decision to Dundee at Madison Square Garden. The other night, says an eastern writer.

Ritchie Eliminated Himself. Ritchie virtually defeated himself before he entered the ring. His easy mode of living added surfeit weight, and he went into the arena weighing 141 1/2 pounds, about five pounds over his normal weight. Dundee scaled only 132 1/2 pounds, yet administered a beating to the top heavy Ritchie.

Welsh was at the ringside, and smiled a knowing smile while Dundee was pasting Ritchie. The lightweight boss had reason to smile. Here was a prospective opponent minus a wallop; and it would occasion little surprise if Welsh agreed to take on Dundee first upon his return to the ring.

Welsh Applauds Ritchie. The author was sitting alongside Welsh the evening of the Ritchie-Dundee match. As the men were about to enter the ring, Welsh was all attention. Ritchie was first over the ropes, and Welsh joined in the applause. His handclapping could almost be heard above the din, and it surprised us. We turned to Freddie and said: "You don't mean to say that you are sincere in applauding for Ritchie?"

"Of course I am," replied Freddie. "And why shouldn't I be? If it wasn't for him I wouldn't be lightweight champion."

Kerry Wins Gaelic Title. The Gaelic football championship of Ireland was won by the Kerry team which defeated the Westford combination in the deciding match, two goals and two points, a total of eight points to one goal and two points, a total of five points, in Dublin before 38,000 persons.

Tickets Bear Signature. In order to try and keep tickets for the annual Army vs. Navy football game which will be played at the Polo grounds, New York, November 27, with President Wilson probably in attendance, the tickets will bear the name of the individual to whom issued, written in indelible ink.

Dean to Coach Yale. W. E. Dean, a former English association football referee, has been engaged to coach the Yale university eleven which is playing in the eastern intercollegiate league being opposed by Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Haverford college teams.

Run is in Boin's Honor. The first Prix Jean Boin race, which will be an annual fixture in memory of the famous French runner who was killed in the war, took place a few weeks ago in Paris and was won by Auidin in 9 minutes 30 seconds. The distance was 3000 meters, 240 yards short of two miles.

Sprint Races Scheduled. The annual sprint bicycle races, which precede New York's six day bicycle races, will be staged in Madison Square Garden, December 4.

above, but one that each lad has to find by his own flickering lights. The symptoms are typical. There isn't very much the matter with your boy that time isn't straightening out right now. Hop on it. (Copyright, 1915, by J. Keely.)

Advertisement for Goodrich tires. Features a large image of a tire and text: 'Mark the advent of the new "Black-Tread" Goodrich Tire. A DEPENDABLE Fabric Tire, with the fine BLACK-Tread style of the aristocratic "Silvertown" Cord Tire. We can't supply "Silvertowns" fast enough to meet the demand for them (until three times as much of the special Machinery required for sufficient volume can be completed). So, we do the next-best thing, -viz: supply the "Silvertown Cord" appearance, in its native and long-established color and design, on the standard Goodrich Fabric Tire, at the usual low "Fair-List" prices. All the Mileage and Dependability that is "Goodrich," in a handsome new dress. Observe that in this, as in practically all other real advances in Tire-building and Rubber-manufacturing, the pioneer work is done by—The B. F. Goodrich Co. of Akron, O.'