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Almiesa Explorations on Life's Journey Mean the Squandering of Time and Energy.

No matter what the way is in life you must keep on going to get somewhere. The greater the delights of the way, the slower will be the progress. The bee that sips from every flower may be a long time collecting his load of honey. The wise bee goes straight to the honey flowers and to the place of their greatest abundance. The child that loiters by the road side is usually chided when

KEEP TO THE STRAIGHT PATH | he reaches the Journey's end. You may escape the chiding, but nature and time will charge you with delinquency. To be abreast of your ability you must keep on going. Put your head to work and your feet will carry you in the right direction, and regulate your conduct when you reach the goal. There is too much at stake to squander time and energy on aimless explorations. Learn what your goal in life is to be and then see to it that you make every ounce of energy contribute towards its realization. Chart your life and the course It should follow and then make every day bring you nearer to the desired



The fine golds of the ancients have been surpassed by the craftsmen of today, and the modern woman now totes an armor mesh bag, which is finer and lighter than silk. It is the newest idea in small hand bag. and a fashion which which stores to stay awhile, due to the art in its works

achievement. You are bound to succeed if you learn how to pass the dividing of the ways .- Grit.

Host-I can assure you, this meat is bully. Ex-Soldier (shuddering)-Don't tell

me it's bully beef.



Connecticut Man Is Chosen Depart

ment Adjutant for Period of Three Years.

Thomas J. Bannigan has received the unique distinction of being elected adjutant of the Connecticut department of the American Legion for a period

of three years. He is also in charge

of the service division at department

Mr. Bannigan was born in Utica.

N. Y. He received his education in

schools of that city and in George-

town Academy. He came to New

Britain, Conn., 25 years ago and in

1911 moved to Hartford where he is

engaged in the wholesale and retail

During the war Mr. Bannigan served

as a captain. Returning to Hartford

at the end of the war, he gave his ef-

cigar business.

forts to revitalizing his business. In February, 1919, when the city of Hartford needed a capable man to direct lts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines' club, Mr. Bannigan was asked to take the job. Despite the call of his business, he abandoned it again, through patriotic motives, to supervise the club.

A record-maker in the formation and organization of Rau-Locke post No. 8, Mr. Bannigan soon became one of the most prominent Legionnaires in the state and was elected as the first state adjutant. Department headquarters had been without a permanent location, using a room in the Service club as quarters. Br. Bannigan prevailed upon the city authorities to turn the building over to the

Mr. Bannigan is also a member of the national committee on war risk insurance and compensation and is chairman of the Hartford Elks' national soldiers' fund committee.

TO TURN HOSPITAL TO STATE

Texas Department of American Legion ville Institution.

The Texas department of the American Legion is completing arrangements to turn the Legion Memorial hospital at Kerrville over to the state, in order that the provisions of the bill appropriating \$1,500,000 to expand the institution to a capacity of 600 tubercular patients, passed by the state legislature, may be carried out.

The Legion will maintain its hospital organization, which will co-operate with the state health officer, the superintendent of the state tuberculosis sanitarium and the chairman of the state board of control, the officers designated to supervise the expenditure of the appropriation.

Charles W. Scruggs, state adjutant of the Legion, has expressed the appreciation of the ex-service men as fol-

"The governor of the great State of Texas has met our expectations and 1 am firmly convinced has only consummated the sentiment of the people of Texas by signing the Legion Memorial hospital bill. The Legion is proud to share with the governor and with the legislature our inordinate pride in the consummation of this splendid endower and fulfillment of our fundamental duty to Texas' disabled exservice men."

Kansas Passes Laws for Legion. That the voice of the ex-service mer of Kansas, as represented by the American Legion, has been heard is manifested by the generous enactment of legislation beneficial to veterans of the World war. The legislature of that state has passed the following bills affecting ex-service men: An adjusted compensation bill, in the form of at enabling act; an act granting to all ex-service men of the World war the same rights, privileges and immunities granted to veterans of other wars; an appropriation of \$1,000 a year for general expenses of state beadquarters the Legion; an act protecting the Legen and Auxiliary emblems from unauthorized use exemption from taxation of all property held in the name of the Legion; an act placing under the care of Legion posts erring young boys paroled from industrial schools; and a boxing bill.

Eight Bars on Victory Medal. George Leander, a member of Argonne Post of the American Legion at Des Moines, In., has eight bars on

his Victory medal.

THE BLUE SHADOW

By MARY WHITNEY.

It is now eight years that I have been on my chicken farm and 1 shall never leave it. The thought of scientific research fills me with the same horror that I felt when I saw Marie lying dead in the garden, a faint blue shadow on her forehead.

I was just out of college when I went to work for Dr. Gaspard. From the first he impressed me uncannily, as a person of too strong imagination. Then, too, I thought that he was not over careful in the handling of explosives. But no one dared remonstrate except Marie, and she was too light-hearted and happy.

At least she was happy until Lord Hackett threw her over for rich Sam Orcutt's widow. I shall never forget that morning. I saw her run down the hill, his letter in her hand, and fling open the door of the laboratory without knocking, an act that was strictly forbidden to us both. In a second I heard a spit, then a roar and I could see the flash of purple flame. The doctor was scarcely hurt at all, but Marie was burned and the poisonous fumes had quenched forever the light in her eyes.

It seemed as if every part of feeling in the doctor turned to something grim and terrible. The next morning he called me to the library and asked me what I knew about the pineal gland. He pointed to the open dictionary and bade me read aloud. In a voice that trembled a little I obeyed: "In man a small, conical, reddish gray body attached to the third ventricle of the brain. It has the structure of an eye with a more or less distinct retina or lens. It is evidently a remnant of an important sense organ. Its present function is unknown."

"Bear this in mind," said the doctor when I had finished, "there is no death, only change. Countless factors have atrophled that gland. Now I shall play upon it by every stimulus to awaken it."

"To what end?" I asked weakly. "To give her an eye, to her and all the world."

"But there is no place, no socket." "One will form. I can only mark the ends, not the processes of nature. All ask of you, Miss Robinson, is to attend to my supplies, file my notes and to keep your mouth shut. I know that you are capable of all three."

In about two months the process began. Every morning I led Marie to the laboratory, the doctor locked the door and I walked outside. Sometimes I could hear strange gurglings and moans, but Marie declared that she did not suffer much. After the treatment she would sleep. And she would always dream. At first it was of tall trees and lush grasses, then the thickets would be peopled with great monsters and flying reptiles. She would awaken hungry and ask for chops, always complaining that they were

I watched these changes with dismay, but the doctor frowned grimly. "It's awakening," he said, "and with its stirring it brings to her subconscious mind the evolution of the race." One day Marle did not sleep as usual. She kept murmuring thickly about the wind in the tree tops. The doctor called to me to help a moment

with some apparatus, and when I returned she had disappeared. I called to the doctor and we ran out into the garden. She had climbed to the lower limb of an old pear-tree and sat with face uplifted as if drinking in the beauty of the leaves against the sky,

When Marie heard our steps she grasped the trunk with both hands and began to climb. It was a Louis Bond tree, very straight and tall.

"Come down, dearle," cried the doctor, "come down to your daddy here." Marie leaned toward us. The branches had unloosened her long hair and it was swaying gently. "Father," she said, "I wonder if I

see the trees? It almost seems as if I do." "Perhaps so, dearest. Come down

and tell me about it. You're not afraid of your old daddy, are you?" "I'm not afraid of anything but

Just then the first breath of the evening breeze rustled the leaves of the pear trees. It caught a lock of Marie's

hair and whipped it across her face. "Oh!" she screamed, "a snake; I felt him!" She brushed frantically at her face, lost her hold and fell at our

Tenderly we carried her into the library and laid her on the couch. 1 pushed back her hair and, for the first time, we saw a faint, blue, oval shadow

on her forehead.

And that is all the story of Marie Gaspard. The doctor went to France and I in a few months bought my chicken farm. Sometimes, on moon light nights, I see my pear trees rustling in the breeze. Sometimes a white misty figure bends toward me from the branches and I catch a alimpse of Marie's sweet face, a faint blue shadow on her forehead.

In Peaceful Grave. In an open field not very far from

London, England, there is a solitary grave of one who was an ardent lover of the surrounding country. This was a woman who did not wish to be buried in the crowded cemeteries of the city. And one cannot help feeling that she was a little wise, for where she rests the countryside is full of

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