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GAME WAR HERO LOSES HIS NERVE

Exposed to Police by His Wife, Crippled Veteran Tries to End His Life.

IS CAUGHT IN HOLDUP

Escapes From Prison, Goes to Chicago to Meet His Wife and Finds Detectives at Rendezvous Instead.

Chicago.—Overseas they called him "the gamest man of a hard-bolled regiment." In the midst of the terrific artillery bombardments at Toul and San Mihiel he drove his team and plied his shovel and never faltered under fire until he dropped.

Roy Little, top sergeant of company B of the forty-fifth engineers, came home from the war to Chicago with his left arm and side paralyzed from shell shock. He was able to work but little. His government pension didn't come.

He was cheerful withal. He could battle with life and win against all the hard knocks, he said.

Then he fell in love. After a while they were married and took up their home near Twenty-eighth street and Cottage Grove avenue. A few months—and discord.

Little was broke. His pension still hadn't arrived. He was crippled, and no one wanted a crippled employee. He was discouraged and desperate. This was in September, 1919.

Meets Tempters, Falls.

About that time he met two men who gave the names of Philip Hurt and James Walsh. They told how easy money could be gotten; they professed great friendship for him. They proposed, finally, a trip to Milwaukee. Little went.

The trio held up a jewelry store, were caught, and sentenced to seven years each in Waupun prison.

Little, crippled, was sent by the Wisconsin authorities to the prison hospital at Mendota. He became a trusty and escaped. He went first to Duluth, thence to St. Paul, Kansas



Lay in a Widening Pool of Blood. City, St. Louis. He came back to Chicago on Friday.

Wife Traps Him.

He telephoned his wife that he was here. "I'm going straight," he told her. "If I hadn't been blue and desperate, I wouldn't have gone crooked before. But now I'm through. Will you meet me?"

She did—Friday afternoon. Little's pension of \$90 a month had been granted finally and was coming to her regularly. Friday night she said she'd meet him again, at Cottage Grove avenue and Twenty-eighth street.

Instead of Mrs. Little, Detective Sergeants William O'Connor, Charles Egan, and Thomas Burke accosted him. Little fought them with his one good arm until they locked him in cell No. 1 at the detective bureau.

"Who betrayed me?" he asked.

"Was it my wife?"

That evening he was found in his cell with his withered arm hanging limply on the floor in a widening pool of blood. He had torn the handle from a tin cup and severed the arteries in one wrist. He then lay down to bleed to death.

His Name Was "Booze."

Excelsior Springs, Mo.—Suspicion rested on a stranger in Liberty a few days ago when he stepped into a restaurant and asked permission to leave his grip a short time. Officers of the law in the restaurant suspected the man and the grip immediately and decided to keep a watch for results. On lifting the bag it was found to be heavy. After sniffing it one sleuth declared it contained beer beyond a doubt, while the other held out strongly for wine. When the owner returned he was immediately put under arrest. "What have you in that grip," asked the officer, and trembling the man returned "Only Boozie." Whereupon he opened his baggage willingly and out hopped a little puppy who answered to the name.

THE LIGHT

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Janet Darcy stepped from the train at Willowby Junction, and stood peering through the half-darkness. The small station was closed and locked for the night, and the great train rushing again on its way left Janet a solitary arrival. Troubled, she walked the length of the platform, then sat down on the crude steps to think the situation over. She had left her beautiful city home that afternoon hastily, and in an unenviable frame of mind. Mother, father and the governor were all insistent in their demands for an early marriage, while Janet was not sure that she wanted to be married at all.

In her hasty departure Janet had never considered the possibility of her present position. Taxis, she supposed, awaited train arrivals in even Willowby town.

Aunt Clarabelle's cottage, Janet knew, nestled at the foot of the straggling village street, two miles away. It was not the walk of the two miles that she feared to attempt, but the unaccustomed darkness of the tree-bordered road. As she sat on the station steps, the sheltered girl became nervously alarmed; the spot was exceedingly desolate and the purse in her traveling cloak pocket was filled with bills. Desperately, at last she arose and began her stumbling way. Ruts and twisted brambles seemed set like a trap for the unwary.

Then, almost directly before her, she suddenly saw a light. Someone, had come from among the trees to the roadside, and the someone carried a lighted lantern. Janet drew back fearfully, but as the light went twinkling on, noiselessly she followed. It would be useless to try to locate Aunt Clarabelle's abode in the confusing twist of ways.

This light must lead to some companionship, perhaps to the village, where she might be accommodated for the night; Janet steadily and with new courage pressed onward. The striding figure before her turned abruptly down a hidden lane; at its end Janet saw the outlines of a small house.

The man, as she drew near, put down his lantern to open the house door. Janet silently waited, as unannounced he entered and struck a light. She saw at a side of the room a sick woman lying upon bed, with a child fretting at her side. The tall man advancing lifted the child gently in his arms and with a laughing word sent it after an orange tossed on the floor. Then, throwing aside his cloak, he bent an anxious face over the sick woman, Janet, studiously regarding his face, was all at once reassured. "Yes, doctor," she heard the woman gaspingly answer a question; then, impulsively, Janet stepped past the lantern into the room. The doctor glanced up sharply.

"Take off your wraps," he startlingly commanded, "and come here."

Half unconscious of her own action Janet Darcy obeyed.

"We will have to work fast," the man told her. "Kindly follow directions without question. Hot water at once." Peremptorily he issued his orders.

Janet, the sleeves of her white waist rolled high, went to the cold kitchen stove. There was wood piled near, and matches.

Desperately, as the woman's labored breathing reached her, she bent to her task. A fire was crackling at last beneath the kettle. Janet's soft fingers were smudged and blistered, but her eyes shone victoriously.

She saw the perspiration on the young doctor's forehead as she responded eagerly to his demands.

"It's pneumonia," he told her as they rested. "Pretty bad, but I think we will be able to break it. Rural postman informed me of the case, returning from his route this evening. Immediately I telephoned to the city for you. That is, I telephoned for my usual nurse, but I suppose you happened to be the only one available at the time. You made good time getting out. Now, we will leave our patient. Look to the comfort of the child."

Janet turned with a smile in her weariness—this language of command she had never known impressed her pleasantly. It was as if between the strong capable man and herself existed some bond of understanding and sympathy.

Janet washed and fed and consoled the baby to sleep. Then, disheveled and star-eyed, she sought the watchfully alert physician.

"Any further orders?" she asked quietly.

It was ten days later when Janet Darcy stood in the small house doorway, while Sukey Wells sang inside, with the patient now well on her way to recovery. Alan Brent, looking down on the volunteer nurse, smiled a very, very tender smile. To him, she had just made full confession; to him she had told her story.

"You are wonderful," he said softly. "I think," mused Alan Brent, the doctor, "that I will send little Sukey Wells, our general helper, in the morning. You will both be kept busy."

"But, oh! Janet, you who have been so sheltered, are you certain that you will never regret your refusal to marry the great governor?"

Janet Darcy's answering smile was confident.

"Your light," she said, "showed me my true way."

USED SNAKES TO ROUT FOE

Hannibal on Record as Having Played Mean Trick on King Eumenes of Pergamus.

When Hannibal was about to be attacked by King Eumenes of Pergamus at sea, that crafty person decided that in a fair fight the king would win. The enemy had more ships and more men, and Hannibal and all his followers would be at the bottom of the sea if any attempt were made by him to engage the vessels of the king as individual units. Hannibal therefore gave out word that all his ships were to join in an attack on the ship carrying the king, on the theory that without a leader the enemy would soon be demoralized. To find out what ship the king was on he sent a messenger just before the battle with a tablet to the enemy's fleet. The messenger was directed to the ship bearing Eumenes, and all of Hannibal's fleet had merely to watch the little boat to identify the king's vessel.

When the battle began Hannibal's boat rushed to the side of Eumenes' ship, and the former's sailors began to hurl great earthenware pots into the king's boat. The defenders of the ship at first laughed at this queer method of warfare, but their laughter promptly changed to howls of terror when it was discovered that the pots were filled with poisonous snakes of the most deadly variety. The ship turned and fled for shore, its decks alive with the hissing, gliding snakes. The other ships also treated to snake bombs followed suit, and Hannibal was the victor.

FRUGALITY DECREED BY LAW

Early French Monarch Must Have Been Unpopular with the Fair Sex in His Dominions.

In the reign of Philip the Fair of France (1294) an economy wave spread throughout the country. This movement was largely influenced by the extravagance of the higherups as well as the mounting costs of living, which seemed to embarrass the poor folk in those days as much as it does at the present time.

In order to curb this extravagance a statute was passed during Philip's reign which prohibited common citizens from wearing furs, precious stones or gold. This privilege was bestowed only upon those who could afford it, such as dukes, counts and barons, whose annual income amounted to 6,000 livres a year. At the same time, ladies of this rank were restricted to one single gown each year.

Knights whose incomes exceeded 3,000 livres per annum were permitted to have more than two suits each year either by gift or purchase. If his income was less than this he would be compelled to appear before the magistrate and explain his extravagance.

Perfect in One Particular.

The old and highly esteemed coachman of a family has at last resigned himself to a pension and a lodge-gate keeper's duties—if he is by no means resigned to the sight of the chauffeur who now reigns in his stead. The blow of the loss of his post has been softened slightly by the presentation of a handsome portrait, or, as he calls

it, "likeness," of himself in full regalia, a pair of his favorite horses cavorting nobly under his whip. The old man is right well pleased with the effect, and so is his good dame, though, when questioned as to the portrait's resemblance to her husband, her answer was somewhat equivocal. "Very like," she said, "but particular the buttons."—London Tit-Bits.

Croesus' Immense Wealth.

Croesus was king of Lydia in the middle of the sixth century before Christ, and, while most of our men of affluence began in comparative poverty, he inherited riches gathered by a long line of wealthy ancestors, each of whom combined in his own person financier, monopolist and king.

Croesus, who inherited a fortune steadily increasing through many generations, had control of wide realms of agriculture, rich mines and the commerce of wealthy and populous nations. If the monopoly of a single industry can now produce hundreds of millions in a single generation, what could measure the wealth coming from a monopoly of many industries for nearly two centuries?

Philosopher Exonerated.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, son of a watchmaker, born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1712, is one of Geneva's best-known celebrities. He disapproved of the unjust distinction then made between the aristocracy and the poorer classes, and as champion of the latter he exposed his convictions in the "Contrat Social," which, together with his "Emile," was committed to the flames by the public executioner. But the very descendants of his fierce opponents erected a statue in his honor on the tiny island which he—as an almost pious devotee of nature—loved so much, and which is now known as Rousseau's Isle.

The Society Invasion.

"Spike" Scroggins, the prize-fight announcer, is wearing evening clothes for the first time in his life.

"He looks somewhat embarrassed." "Not more so than the referee. He was so flabbergasted he addressed 'Spike' as 'mister.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The law has no hand in the greatest punishment of all—that of having to live for life with the person whose heart you have stolen.

Concerning Proverbs.

A proverb is seen at its best when it is not over-familiar to us. Then we can enjoy the sudden salt flavor of cynicism, the searching irony that made Bacon describe proverbs as "edge tools of speech, which cut and penetrate the knots of business of affairs."

France, as might be expected, is rich in the edge-tool variety of proverb—though the edge, naturally, suffers in translation. "He that cannot pay let him pay." "The nearer the church, the farther from God." Spain has proverbs, with a smoothness, a characteristic blandness in place of the sharp French rapier thrust. "Let that which is lost be for God." "A fool, unless he knows Latin is never a great fool."—V. H. Friedlaender, in Country Life.

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