

THE FLIVVER

By F. G. HARRINGTON.

When you go to New York they show you the Woolworth building at the Brooklyn bridge, and when with craned neck or bulging eyes you were by mass and exclaim "By heck!" then your Manhattan friend immediately turns away with the remark, "Not a bad little building."

Just as do the natives of Woodfield conduct their visiting friends to the Stafford poultry farm. Strangers invariably admire the magnificent home and grounds of the millionaire owner, and at sight of the immense farm just black with poultry houses invariably their eyes bulge, they gasp and declare, "Good night!" "It's certainly some place," they say, "but one thing puzzles me. You say this Stafford is a millionaire?"

"Yes, sir, Ted Stafford made his pile all right," and Cy smiles to himself as if enjoying some secret joke. "Well, why under the sun doesn't he buy a real automobile? These flivvers of his are camouflaged with wire wheels and made-to-order bodies so they almost deceive you, but still they're only flivvers when all's said and done."

"A-ha! Cy knew that was coming. He ticks his chops and begins. For of all the stories that Woodfield likes to tell about her citizens that is the favorite.

It was eight years ago in the month of June. Ted Stafford and his mother lived together on their little farm doing a very prosperous egg business, the nucleus of the Stafford poultry farm. When Ted graduated from Harvard two years previous he was entirely satisfied to settle down as a farmer.

This June afternoon, however, Ted was not farming. Just after dinner he took a bath and donned his "city" clothes. When he walked into the kitchen, straw hat in hand, his mother appraised him with an expression of proud admiration.

"Dear me, Ted," she joked, "it's no wonder Ruth likes Woodfield. I certainly admire her taste."

"Aw, cut it out, ma. Say, ma, do you like this tie?"

"Of course she did. And if ma did, then Ruth surely would."

Just now he was setting out for the station to meet the 3:45, which was bringing Ruth from the city.

It was about quarter-past three when Ted alighted from the depot wagon. He hustled into the station and shouted a greeting to Ira Jones, who performed the duties of ticket agent, baggage master and telegraph operator, and whose official title was "station agent." Ira was the news center of Woodfield, since he picked up the doings of the surrounding towns from the agents along the line. Outside of this, the use of the telegraph in Woodfield was negligible.

"What's new, Ira?" queried Ted.

"Well, they got a new barber down in Johnsonville, and there's a burlesque show comin' inter Eastway Thursday night. Reckon Woodfield's male population will be kinda depleted Thursday p. m. Think you'll go down?"

"No, I guess not, Ira."

Here their dialogue was interrupted by the clicking of the telegraph receiver. Ted snatched over to the gun machine and surveyed himself as best he could in the little circle of mirror. He bestowed a second or two on his tie and began to caress his mustache. At least Ted claimed it was a mustache; but were he not a six-footer some of his acquaintances might have differed. However, it was still very young and like all young things, was rather weak, with its best days before it.

"Ted!" Something in Ira's voice startled him, and he rushed to the ticket window. Conversation was written on every line of Ira's face.

"Say, Ted, w-was there some friend of yours on the 3:45?"

"What's the matter?"

"It's gone over the banking at Fair-bold Junction. Some mixup in signals—had a collision."

Ted felt the hot blood surge through his arteries. "My God! Iy, do they—was anybody hurt?"

Ira spent the next few minutes frantically clicking his instrument, while Ted waited tensely, as pale as a statue and as rigid.

"What they say, Ira—what they say?"

"He says they don't know for sure, but they expect considerable injuries or maybe some deaths." Ira was truthful but not tactful.

Ted commenced to pace the floor in a frenzy of anxiety. If he could only do something—if he could only act! But this suspense . . .

Meanwhile the little instrument was still clicking. This time Ira was taking a message in pencil. With the cessation of the clicking he called out, "A wire from Boston for Theodore Stafford."

Ted devoured the message and when he finished he was weak with joy. To this date he rates that telegram among his most valuable possessions.

Mr. Theodore Stafford, Woodfield, Mass.

I missed the 3:45. Will arrive tomorrow morning. Ted broke down and couldn't get another. It was a flivver. Blame Stevens any-way.

BUT!

"An' I swan," declared Cy, "Ted ain't never got over his flivver for flivver—no! If you saw his wife I'd guess you'd blame his flivver."

TO BE INAUGURATED FRIDAY

Next President of the United States Will Be Sworn In on a Day Considered Unlucky.

Whoever of the two presidential candidates takes his nameplate on the floor of the White House next year will have to be inaugurated on a Friday. One-third of the 27 presidents of the United States were inaugurated on Monday and only three on Friday, one of whom, Lincoln, was re-elected, and Pierce failed of re-election.

Friday has always seemed to be a dark, dreary and unlucky day for presidents. Tyler, Polk and Pierce died on Friday.

Lean year seems to have been had. Presidential offspring of lean years have been Taylor, who died in office; Pierce, who gained neither fame nor a second term, and Johnson, the only president to be born in late spring and early summer is impossible, and the later summer is scarcely to be thought of.

No president ever was born in May or June, the only chief executives midsummer has provided the nation being J. Q. Adams, born in July, and Benjamin Harrison. With one exception, aside from the two already mentioned, presidential birthdays have been restricted to the period between October and April.

Elephants One Man's Hobby. The late "Uncle John" Brushhear of Pittsburgh urged that every man should have a hobby; and Matthew C. Brush, president of the International Shipbuilding corporation, would subscribe to that dictum.

The leader of the vast undertaking at Hog Island has a hobby that is singularly picturesque.

He is a warm admirer of the elephant. He holds that for the combination of strength, sagacity, dignity and fidelity it is the model beast. In his pocket he carries tiny ivory and ebony images of the mighty pachyderm. At his apartment there are little elephants to be seen everywhere—on the mantelpiece, on the piano, in every place of vantage. It is said that the recent census taken by their owner showed he possessed more than 300 of the tiny figures.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Extensive Forest Planned.

New York state will lead the nation in intensive application of forestry to idle lands, under plans now being formulated in Otsego county. This country, whose hills and valleys, lakes and streams formed the setting for Cooper's Leatherstocking tales, is organizing a system of county and township forests, on the basis of a survey by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse. The plan is for each township to plant a forest of roughly 100 acres as a starting point. The several forests will be part of the county system and will be connected

with the highways to make them accessible from all parts of the county.

Bahamas to Protect the Flamingo. The flamingo will be protected by an order of council issued by the government of the Bahama islands, the National Geographic society announces. The birds nest in the marshes of the islands. The action of the island government followed an expedition which trailed the flamingo into the marshes and there took motion pictures of its habitat. It was estimated that since 1901 the number of the birds on the island has been reduced from 20,000 to about 7,000 by the depredations of sponge fishermen, who killed them for food.

Wanted. "Say, I think I should have something back on the price of that couch 'Strap I got last week," the customer suggested. "What was the matter with it?" the druggist asked in genuine surprise. "Why, I'd taken only half of it when my couch was absolutely cured, and there's half the bottle of stuff left, a total loss."

WELL EQUIPPED FOR DEFENSE

British Adopt Defensive Measures for Big Aircraft That Have Been Considered Easy Prey.

The helplessness of dirigibles in the face of airplane attacks may be considered a matter of the remote past. It seems that dirigibles of the near future will carry fast single seater fighting airplanes along with them for the purpose of defending themselves against airplane attacks.

The British, who appear to have taken the lead in dirigible construction and operation away from the Germans, have been carrying on extensive experiments with airplanes carried by dirigibles. The giant airship R-34—the dirigible which crossed the Atlantic last summer carries an airplane suspended below it. The airplane can be reached by passing through a trapdoor and down a swinging ladder. At the opportune moment the airplane, with motor going at proper speed, is released from the dirigible, and after a very slight drop goes forth on its own flight.

The disadvantage, of course, is that once the plane is launched it is not possible for it to return to the airship, so that the latter will be as much at the mercy of a second attack from hostile planes as under old conditions.—Scientific American.

Why Birds Never Fall.

Birds cannot open the foot when the leg is bent; that is the reason they do not fall off their perches when asleep. If you watch a hen walking you will notice that it closes its toes as it raises the foot and opens them when it touches the ground.

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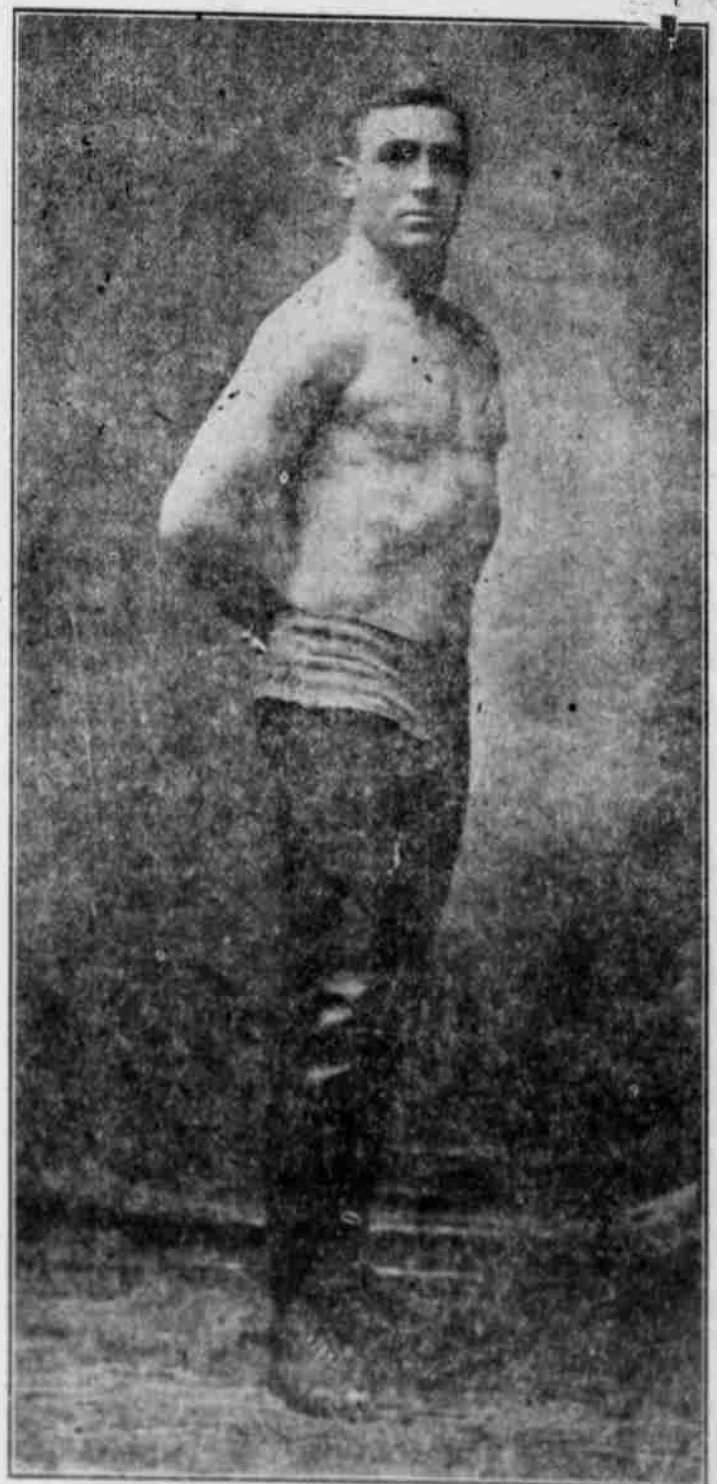
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