

Mrs. Mary C. Sweet.



"I am sure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my daughter's life."

Two Mine Victims Buried. Pittsburgh—Residents of the little town of Horning Sunday gave up their watch at the mouth of Horning No. 4 mine of the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal company long enough to attend the funerals of two of the victims of last Wednesday's disaster.

John Dee was an English mathematician and astronomer; born in London on the 13th of July, 1527. He was educated at Cambridge and spent some time studying abroad and in Holland.

Causes of Monsoons. A monsoon is a wind that blows along the Atlantic coast of the Pacific over the extent of about 40 degrees latitude, in winter from the northeast (dry monsoon) and in summer more violently from the southwest (wet monsoon).

Clocks and Watches. To keep the works of a watch clean, and to insure that it will run smoothly, cut a piece of white paper the size of the cover, and after soaking the paper in petrol, place it in the inner case of the watch.

Earthquakes in Old Rome. There never was any outstanding destruction in Rome as a result of earthquakes, but the city did have its quakes, and some historians contend that many Roman palaces and temples said to have been destroyed by the barbarians between the Fifth and the Ninth centuries were really shaken down by earth tremors.

Locks for French Windows. It will be found that French windows, owing to their size and being hung on hinges, are subject to warping. To stop this it is well to have two locks or catches, one located midway between the center and top and the other between the center and bottom of window.

Elephants Slaughtered. Thirty thousand male elephants are killed every year in the Belgian Congo.

Possible Explanation. A writer says Eskimos never spank their children. It probably would take most of the day to get the children undressed to a degree where a spanking would be noticed.—Kansas City Star.

Where's Intuition? Woman's intuition isn't so impressive when she is deciding which way to turn in traffic.—Rochester Times-Union.

Sea Shells in Oil Well. At 1,900 feet depth, the baller on the Copenlog oil well, near Bowie, Ariz., brought up a number of small shells, of type common on the seacoast.

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THE PROFESSIONAL RECALL

By REX T. STOUT

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

THEY met at Quimby's unexpectedly, for the first time in three months, and after the handshake proceeded to their old table in the corner.

"Well, how goes it?" asked Bandy. "Bandy," said Dudd Bronson, ignoring the question, "I am the greatest man in the world. I, myself, am for ham and cabbage, since it tickles my feelings, but I won't want anything from peacocks' hearts to marmalade, it's on me."

"One day, about two weeks ago, I walk into the sanctum of David Jetmore. Jetmore is the best lawyer in Horton, over in Jersey."

"Mr. Jetmore," says I, "my name is Abe Delman. I been running it a store over in Pauline with my brother Leo. We had a fight over a personal matter and now I want to get my half of the store, and you should write to Leo's lawyer, who is Mr. Devlin of Ironton, about a settlement."

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "my name is Leo Delman. I been running it a store over in Pauline with my brother Abe. We had a fight over a personal matter which ain't to the purpose, and Abe left for parts unknown. Two days ago comes a letter from Abe's lawyer, Mr. Jetmore of Horton, about Abe's share in the store, which he didn't wait to take with him, and I told him to write to you, because you should make it a settlement for me."

"I goes to the stenographer's desk, picks out a nice printed letterhead, and writes on it as follows: March 21, 1925. Mr. David Jetmore, Horton, N. J. Dear Sir:

"As per advice contained in your favor of the 20th inst., I am enclosing herewith check for twelve hundred dollars in full payment of the claim of Abe Delman against Leo Delman."

"I had already practiced Devlin's hand till I was sick of it, and I signed that letter so that Devlin himself couldn't a' told the difference. Then I pulls out a blank check, makes it to the order of Devlin for twelve hundred dollars and signs it 'Leo Delman' and indorses Devlin's name on the back."

"Of course, I could have done some of this work in my own boodwar, but I wanted to use Devlin's typewriter. "When Devlin come back I had the

letter all ready to mail stowed away in my pocket. "Have you got that twelve hundred?" says he. "No," says I, "but I'll get it in three days or bust."

"You'd better," says he, "for when Jetmore says three days he don't mean four."

"I mailed the letter and check in Ironton that afternoon, and next day—that was Friday—I goes over to Horton on the very first train, and pedestriates into Jetmore's office on the stroke of ten."

"Jetmore met me cordial like a mule that's just found something to kick. He'd smelled my money. "Did you get it?" says I. "He pulled out the check I'd mailed in Ironton the day before."

"I guess about fifty of that belongs to you," says I. "Fifty?" says he. "Fifty?" "No," says I, "I only said it once."

"That's what comes of gettin' into the clutches of one of them grafters, Bandy. But I let it go at a hundred to preserve my own interests."

"Well," says I, "give me the check." "Give me my hundred," says he. "I ain't got it," says I. "Then we'll cash the check," says he, and puts on his coat and hat.

"Bandy, ain't that pitiful? Ain't it pitiful? It was comin' so easy I yawned right in his face. Says he, 'then we'll cash the check.' Oh, the big fat boob!

"We goes down to the bank, and Jetmore steps up to the window. "Good-morning, Mr. Jetmore," says the teller, takes a look. "Jetmore takes a pen, indorses the check, and passes it through the window."

"Give it to us in hundreds," says he. "Not for me," says I, steppin' up. "Make it twenties."

"The teller counts out ten twenties, slaps 'em on top of a pile with a bandage on 'em, and shoves 'em through the window to Jetmore. He counts off five and I sticks the rest in my pocket."

"Better count 'em," says Jetmore. "I'll take a chance," says I. "The young man looks honest." The truth is, I was beginning to get the shivers. "Me and Jetmore turned to go. Just as we reached the door I felt that pile of twenties jump right out of my pocket and slap me in the face. Standin' there lakin' at us was Devlin."

"Hello, Jetmore," says he. Good-morning, Mr. Delman. "Bandy, stand up. No man can sit unrespectful while I relate the sequence. It fills my eyes with tears to think of it. I've been a modest man, but this is too much for me. I must tell the truth."

"I was in a hole, all right, but I still had hold of the rope. I knew that Devlin thinks I'm Leo and Jetmore thinks I'm Abe, and as long as they didn't get a chin on it I was glad."

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "I'm glad to see you. There's a little matter I want to ask you about." "Jetmore started to spout before Devlin could answer and I interspersed."

"It's an important matter," says I, "and I won't keep you long." "Devlin stood lookin' at us like he didn't understand. Of course, Jetmore knew I knew Devlin, because I'd told him he was mine and Leo's lawyer before the fight."

CALIFORNIA BIG COTTON PRODUCER

Harvests Greater Crop Now Than Virginia.

Sacramento, Cal.—For 75 years the Golden state has been trying to become known as the land of cotton, and at last its efforts are meeting with a success as striking as were some of its early failures.

Figures of the federal Department of Agriculture disclose that for several years California has produced more cotton than Virginia, the oldest cotton-producing state; that California's average yield per acre is the highest of any cotton-producing state, and that California seals cotton sells at a premium on the cotton markets of the United States.

It was not always thus. In 1851, when farmers were still throwing away their plows to join the rush for California gold, T. O. Selby received some cottonseed from Mississippi and planted it on his ranch just outside the city of Sacramento. Three years later the Sacramento Union acknowledged on its editorial page the receipt of "a lot of beautiful cotton" grown on the Selby ranch. It quoted Mr. Selby as saying that only the high price of labor prevented California from becoming within a few years "one of the heaviest cotton-producing states in the republic."

Under the lash of World-war development Imperial valley's cotton production expanded prodigiously and tempted other districts to try growing on a commercial scale. The first important San Joaquin valley production was in 1918 and expansion was so rapid that in 1925 more than half the state's cotton acreage was in this region. Last year the state had an acreage of 172,000, the average yield being estimated at 351 pounds per acre as against 162.3 pounds for the United States at large. The estimated total production was 125,000 bales.

State legislation has set aside certain counties where only acala cotton may be grown, to protect growers from the seed stock deterioration that comes from intercrossing. A rigid and persistent quarantine is preserved against the boll weevil.

Fights Right of Dogs to Destroy Unpunished

Oklahoma City.—A revolt against dogs' rights—acquired during the fabled days of England—is in progress in Oklahoma.

The common law principle of scienter, which was established when the canine pets of Norman oppressors were permitted with impunity to wreak destruction on Saxon flocks, has been passed down intact to the statute books of Oklahoma—a state not yet twenty years old. The principle means simply that a dog owner is not responsible for the depredation of his animals if he is not aware of their mischievous nature.

It was one thing, declare assailants of canine prerogatives, for dogs to destroy feudal flocks which were mere articles of exchange, and something else for them to slaughter modern turkeys that have a commercial value of around 50 cents a pound during the holiday season.

With the aim of curtailing some of an Oklahoma dog's privileges, C. C. McDonald of Wagoner county is seeking to have the state Supreme court pass for the third time on a case involving this principle.

The litigation started in 1920 when fifteen turkeys belonging to McDonald, were killed by dogs.

Angry Boy Blows Up Companion With Bomb. Minot, N. D.—Revenge inspired a fifteen-year-old boy to send an "infernal machine" to his fellow high school student, Clarence Stromwood, which resulted in an explosion which severely injured the latter. The boy was held by the police, who refused to divulge his name, to face federal charges. The "machine" was composed of dangerous explosive chemicals of the lad's own invention, he told the authorities. Stromwood, the lad said, "played dirty tricks on me."

Warns Women. San Antonio, Texas.—Wives of army officers stationed here have been warned by Brig. Gen. Paul B. Malone of the bad effect on their husbands' career of the drinking of liquor at dinner parties.

Wed 60 Years, Still Live in Same Cabin. Marton, Ill.—Just east of Williamson county live Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Absher, in a log house constructed before the Civil war. They recently celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary and are now beginning their sixty-first year of married life in the same house.

Mr. Absher is one of the few men now living who accompanied General Sherman on his march to the sea in the Civil war, and the meageries which he now recalls of that four years of strife include his capture by the Confederate forces and long weeks passed in the Libby and Salisbury prisons.

This veteran has been a farmer all of his life and is still an unusually active man for his eighty-two years.

The cleanest and sweetest cream is obtained when milk is separated immediately after milking and then cooled to near fifty degrees.

News of the Churches

FIRST A. M. E. ZION CHURCH. 417 Williams Ave. Rev. John F. Moreland, pastor. The Stranger's Sabbath Home

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST. 62nd St. and 33rd Ave. S. E. Sabbath School, 10 A. M. Bible Study, 11 A. M. Y. P. M. V. society, 2 P. M. Mrs. K. O. Johnson, Leader. Visitors welcome.

ST. PHILLIPS MISSION. Rodney at Knott St. Morning service, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 12 m. Archdeacon Black in charge; Mr. B. Coles, lay reader. A cordial welcome awaits you at St. Phillips.

SHILOH BAPTIST CHURCH. 76th and E. Everett St. Preaching 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.

BETHEL A. M. E. CHURCH. Larrabee and McMillen Streets. Rev. F. X. Runyon, Pastor. E. L. Jameson, Assistant

Mt. Olivet Baptist Church. East First & Schuyler Streets. Rev. E. C. Dyer, Pastor. Phones: East 3333; Tabor 1491

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Strait-Tex Hair Grower. 25c per oz. Not only promotes growth of the hair, but makes it soft, pliable and lustrant. An excellent pressing oil.

Gloss-Tex Brilliantine. 50c per oz. Makes the hair soft and glossy and keeps it in good condition without leaving it oily or gummy.

Strait-Tex Herbs. \$1.00 per oz. Is a vegetable preparation that actually straightens and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Color permanent—positively will not rub off, no matter how often the hair is shampooed. Three shades: Black, Brown and Chestnut-Brown.

Kokomo Shampoo. 40c per oz. Is made from pure coconut oil; cleans the scalp and roots of the hair in a natural, healthy manner.

Bronze Beauty Vanishing Cream. 50c per oz. Is a soothing, greaseless vanishing face cream that will not grow hair.

Bronze Beauty Lemon Cream. 50c per oz. Is nourishing, softening and stimulating to the skin; is filled with a triple strength of oil of lemon—making it a mild, bleaching cream.

Bronze Beauty Face Powders. 50c per oz. Are suited to all complexions. Can be successfully used on dry or oily skin. The shades: High Brown and Bronze Glow are favorites.

Mollyglosco. \$1.00 per oz. Is a special hair straightener for men; positively guaranteed to straighten the most stubborn hair in from 10 to 20 minutes without the use of hot irons. Will not injure the scalp or turn the hair red.

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Levi P. Jones Post No. 118. Meets every first Wednesday night in each month at 8 o'clock at its Headquarters and Club Rooms, 284 1/2 N. 17th Street. All ex-service men are welcome to join. For further information CALL BROADWAY 5426 SAMUEL MALVERN, Post Commander

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