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POT POURRI
By LONE STAR

Well, folks—we begin the evening with one on Andy Soule. We like Andy so we will promise not to hit him very hard, as he has troubles of his own. What with the Murphys and two or three other things, we sometimes wonder how the poor fellow keeps his temper at all, and yet we have yet to see him without that proverbial old-fashioned smile on his face. But that's aside from what I want to tell you about him. So here goes:

Some years ago Andy was practicing medicine in San Francisco. One day he had a call to a certain point, a junction of two main thoroughfares, but when he got there he found that there was nothing to do. All the victims had been injured so slightly that they were able to walk home. Andy was keenly disappointed, but his chauffeur was equal to the occasion, and, walking up to him said in a nice, kind sort of a way, "Never mind, Doc—just jump in the car—I'll run some business down for you before we get home."

Then they tell another one on Andy, but we will not vouch for the truth of this one, although—oh well—nuff sed. You know, Andy has a little girl and she's exceptionally smart for her age. The little girl and one of her playmates were playing in Daddy's office not so long ago when suddenly the little invited guest pulled open a closet door, and exposed to view an articulated skeleton. "For the land's sake," said the little fellow who was playing with Lois, "what under the sun is that thing?" "Oh," said the baby, "my daddy is

very proud of that skeleton." "Is he?" asked the other little tot; "why?" "Oh, I don't know just why, but he is—maybe it was his first patient."

Jim Hilton planted 59 acres of spuds. You folks, he planted them all right. And James had rare visions of wealth permeating his mind. My, what Jim wasn't going to do when them thar taters a' cum up. Police force?—not much—no more police force for Brother Hilton. We heard it was a Pierce Arrow that James was figuring on. Anyhow it was some such high-priced car as that. But—sad to relate, all James' pipe dreams have gone up in smoke—there ain't no more taters. Well, but you say didn't he plant them? Oh, yes—50 acres of them—and there ain't a darned spud left out of the whole caboodle of 'em.

You see, folks, it's like this—A colony of jack rabbits about six inches long happened to get a line on Jim's spud patch, with the result that the little jack rabbits are now about three feet long, and Yim ain't got a spud to his name. It's too bad, but these young fellows will get these big ideas into their minds—and the devil and all his angels can't stop them, so what are you going to do. Maybe they'll learn in time, and then they may confine their efforts to making an honest living, and not to dabbling in high finance.

The next time you see Hilton on the street, go up to him and say, "Hello there, jack rabbit"—and see what he says to you.

Chances are he will run you in but if he does just send in a hurry up call to the Herald office, and Mr. Murray will get in touch with the Lone Star, and, having some pull himself he will see what he can do towards getting you out.

Better keep your hands off high finance, Yim—leave that to the A. C. P. Sascitelle. They are much more competent to deal in those sort of propositions than you are. And besides there are a few bootleggers left around town yet, whom it might pay you to try and round up. That is of course if it does not interfere with your regular police duty.

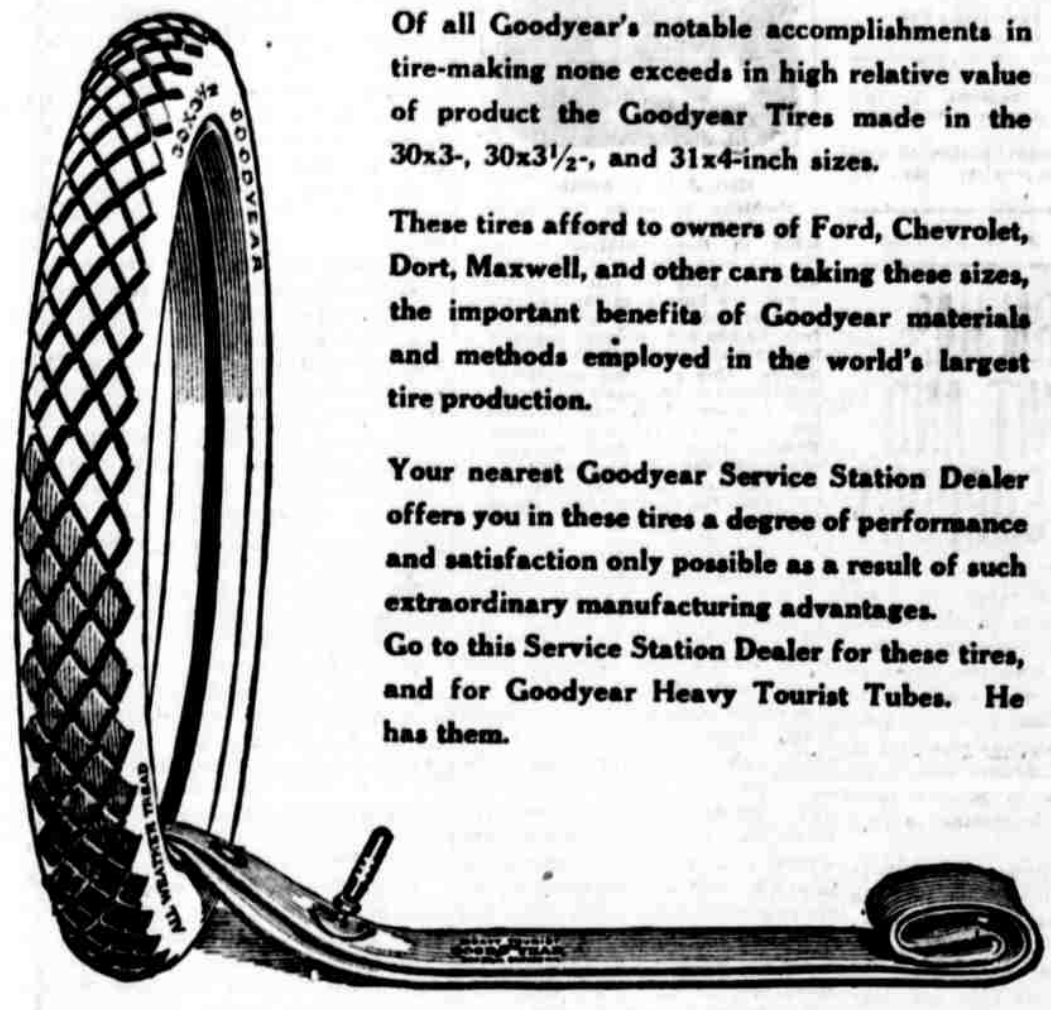
By the way Yim, here's a pretty good receipt to catch jack rabbits. Put some salt on their tails.

Inidentally we wonder why Jim Hilton don't wear a smile once in a while. Just because he's a bull don't signify that he's got to look like one all the time. As they used to say in the service—snap out of the dope, Jim—there will be pertaters long after you and I are dead and gone. So why be blue?

Take a lesson from a tea-kettle, Yim—it's up to its neck in hot water, and still it's singing all the time.

Harry Thrasher has been sick and we met him on the street outside Swanson's barber shop yesterday. "Did the doctor treat you today?" we

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asked him. "No," replied Thrasher, "he charged us \$5."

Mother—"Are you asleep, Tommy?"
Tommy—"Not quite—but one of my feet is."

Oh, say folks, what do you think? We've just heard the news that we are to be blessed with another "Tules." Well, well—that's nice. Gee, that's going some. But they deserve it after the trouble they had to go to get a permit. There is always a certain amount of expense—ahem—and trouble attendant to an effort to get a permit, and we believe that after the fight they had to put up to get the council in an appreciative mood, that they are entitled to it.

Frank Upp is some fellow though at that, folks—don't you think so? He is always so willing to help the other fellow out. Especially when it's an honest effort to make an "honest" living in a "legitimate" way. And Frank always "acts with his eyes open," as he said. Go to it Frank—you're all right. We suggest that you slip around the new "Tules" every once in a while to see that the business being conducted is "legitimate."

And Brandenburg—he's there with the "salve," too, we notice. Well—we have every respect for old "Brandy" (sounds good folks, don't it?) and we believe that he really was buffaloed into granting that permit. But—listen Brandy—be awfully careful after this when you vote for rooming house permits, you might be voting for something that the MAJORITY OF THE VOTERS DON'T WANT.

But we are writing too fast tonight. We almost forgot to tell you what Frank Upp said about the new rooming house. Listen, folks—it's good.

"If the rooming house is not conducted in lawful and orderly fashion, then that situation must be dealt

FLYING PARSON'S AIR DOG PUPPIES TO HELP RELIEF FUND



Lieutenant Belvin Maynard, the Flying Parson, winner of the great U. S. Air Derby from New York to San Francisco and return, is again in the limelight. His famous air mascot, Trizie, the first dog to fly across the continent, has pups. The pups are to be auctioned, the proceeds to go to the Near-East Relief Fund. The picture shows the Flying Parson's two little girls, Rosalind and Evelyn, with Trizie and her puppies.

28 Ft. on Main Street

Owner says: "I need the money, so must sell at once." So if you want the lot adjoining the New Central Hotel, see

J. T. WARD & COMPANY

Phone 375 834 Main Street

(Continued on page 7)