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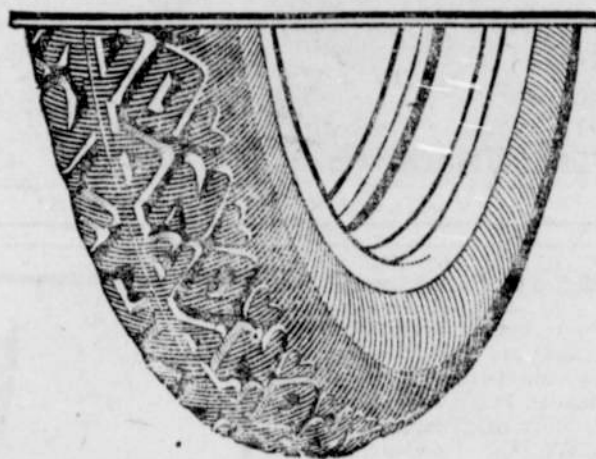


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(non skid)

\$22.50

Gray Tube \$3.75
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Most Miles per Dollar

The Next President.

There is a platform of principles upon which any loyal American may stand proudly. A worthy ticket, a winning ticket, has been nominated. America expects every Republican to do his, or her, duty in this crisis which means so much.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

By the selection of Warren G. Harding as the candidate of the Republican party for the high office of President and Calvin Coolidge for Vice president the convention at Chicago has reached a happy solution of the difficulties that confronted it.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

"There will be no Republican split; nor even any dissatisfaction to amount to anything. Therefore, the Democrats should not delude themselves into thinking that Harding will be easy to beat."—From the New York Times.

Mr. Harding is a man of brains and force and high character. He is a senator of strong, reliable, conservative type, who will bring to the White House the qualities that make for sobriety, sanity and safety.—Philadelphia Press.

Harding resembles Garfield somewhat in his qualities, but the people of Ohio, who know him best, see a closer comparison with McKinley. He is, without doubt, a man of the McKinley type, having much the same sane and balanced judgment, the same soberness of demeanor, the same conservatism of speech.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Other men well qualified to sit in the President's chair were considered but the choice went to Harding, for in him was recognized an able and worthy leader who could command the united support of his party and the adherence of a large part of that politically unclassified body of voters called, for lack of a better term, independents. He is a standard bearer worthy of the party he represents.—Hartford Courant.

The voters can be sure that Mr. Harding is right in his views of the domestic needs of the Nation, right in his views as to the functions of the Executive, right in his ideas of the balanced co-ordination of the government, right in his sense of the Nation's international responsibilities, right in regard to all the things that are now of such importance in the vista of the four years in which there shall be a new Executive in the White House.—Baltimore American.

It is no reflection upon any of the other men whom it had under consideration to say that the Republican national convention has given to the party and the country a ticket more closely approaching the ideal than any other combination that could have been made up from the material at the convention's disposal. It is a ticket which deserves and will receive the support of every Republican—one which every independent voter ought to be glad to support.—New York Sun-Herald.

The candidate is a four-square American, who has worked his way up from the humblest beginning to the highest position from which he is, we believe, to be called to the highest office in the land. His character is unblemished and he has proved himself in private and public life worthy of unshaken confidence. His experience is many sided, as that of a chief executive of our government must be if he is to fulfill his complicated and heavy duties with judgment tested by real knowledge of affairs.—Chicago Tribune.

In nominating Harding for President, the Republican national convention has made a capital choice. Senator Harding is a good American, a good Republican and a good citizen—and a good winner. At no time in his public career has he been false to the traditions, the ideals, the principles of the candidates of the Republican party. As a fitting close of a good day's work the convention named Calvin Coolidge, governor of Massachusetts, for Vice President. No more popular selection could have been made.—Los Angeles Times.

There is not the slightest taint of heterodoxy in his partisanship. He is much of the staid, plodding, respectable and always dependable type of McKinley—with out the Hanna handicap. But as a forward-looking man for these new times that are opening to a future imperious finger to our puissant American, Mr. Harding is an own brother to Lot's wife.—Providence Tribune.

The nomination of Senator Warren G. Harding if Ohio, came finally as the logical, if not the inevitable, result of the rivalry for the nomination in the convention, though he had been counted out of the probabilities at the start.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Senator Harding is simply an able, clear-headed, steady figure about whom to rally and through whom to exercise such ability for government as the Republican party contains. He is avowedly the champion of the sort of government—irrespective of which party controls it—that we had under William McKinley, a stronger man by far than McKinley, an able man, but yet a man who would be willing to look for the John Hays and Elihu Root of his party to help him run the executive department and who would do his best to get the best out of that co-ordinate branch of government, the Congress, and still see in the latter formal embodiment of the power and functioning of body politic.—Baltimore News.

Coaxing You to Smile.

A Penny Saved.
The butcher grumbled angrily to himself as he put up the ten-cent meat order. "Cheap skate," he muttered, "if she ever let loose of a dollar."

Just then a small boy burst excitedly in the door.
"Hey," he shouted, "are you putting up mama's order of cat meat?"
"Yeah," replied the butcher, "and all I gotta say is—"
"Unwrap it right away," announced the boy. "Kitty's caught a sparrow."

Going Up.
Mrs. Getaway—Twenty-seven dollars for that ticket! Why, I bought the same trip last year for \$26.50.
Husband—But the price of paper has advanced since then.

"How much will this cloth cost a yard?" asked the man who was being measured for a suit.
"Twenty-seven fifty," replied the tailor.
"H'm," mused the customer. "I guess I don't need a suit. You'd better just make me up a watch-fob."

Passenger (after first night on board ship)—"I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?"
Steward—"Where did you put them last night?"
"I folded them up carefully and put them in that cupboard over there."
"Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door, sir!"
"Lor' bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard. That's the porthole."

Danger! Beware!
A woman who was too economical to subscribe for her home paper sent her little son to borrow the copy taken by her neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a four dollar stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a five dollar pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating corn. Hearing the racket, the mother ran, upset a four gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole litter. In her hurry she dropped and broke, past all hope of mending, a twenty-five dollar set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a twenty dollar carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off of four fine shirts.

And all to save five cents!

Moral: Subscribe for this paper at once and protect yourself from such calamities.

Shocking.
An elderly lady of very prim and severe aspect was seated next a young couple who were discussing the merits of their motor cars.

"What color is your body?" asked the young man of the girl at his side, meaning of course, the body of her motor.
"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"
"Mine is brown with wide yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from the table, she exclaimed: "When young people come to asking each other the color of their bodies at a dinner party it is time I left the room."

The High Cost of Language.
"Hey, Bill!"
"What is it?"
"Your doctor's out here with a flat tire."
"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter, and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That's the way he does biz."

Innuendo.
Doris—Yes, she was furious about the way in which the newspaper reported her marriage.
Helen—Did it allude to her age?
Doris—Indirectly. It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of antiques.

Enough.
A big, powerful motor car slowed up as the occupants perceived a car of very modest proportions standing by the roadside in rather battered condition. The owner of the car was on his knees, endeavoring to straighten out some of the parts.

"Have an accident, my man?" queried the man in the big car.
"No, thank you," grimly returned the other; "just had one."

Dismay Is Right!
There was a young lady named Banker.

Who slept while the ship was at anchor.
She woke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."

The Higher Hope.
The son of the family was home on his first vacation since he had attained the dignity of college perfect. He and his father were discussing affairs of the day, and finally the boy remarked.

"Say, gov, I hope when I am as old as you are I'll know more than you do."
"I'll go you one better, my boy," the father replied. "I hope that when you are that old you will know as much as you think you do now."

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