

CUB REPORTER TRIES THIS BACK-TO-THE-SOIL LIFE

BY THE CUB REPORTER

"Willie," said the City Editor one morning, "How would you like to take a short vacation down in the country for about a week?"

"The Cub Reporter ceased typewriting and looked around at the chief in disgust.

"Say, I wish that you would call that dope," he said. "It seems that you are always trying to throw a scare into me. You've got about as much of an idea of giving me a vacation as a jelly fish has about a clean shirt. Yes, I've got a life-size moving picture of you giving me a vacation."

"You're wrong this time, Willie," went on the City Editor. "I am in earnest and really mean to send you on a vacation. Of course there will be a small amount of work connected with it but you will have a chance to have a good time and rest up."

"The Cub commenced to get interested, and he pulled his chair over to where the City Editor sat, rolled a cigarette and lit it.

"Tell me the bunk," he said.

"Well," commenced the City Editor, "The paper is going to get out a Rural Edition in a week and a half, and we want several little stories with a lot of color in them to fill in the space. What we want is something concerning the life of the farmers and all the dope. Now I have made arrangements for you to go down into the country, put up at one of these real old-fashioned hayseed's farmhouses, where you will remain a week, or longer if necessary. That will give you ample time to get acquainted with the jays, learn the ways, and get hold of one or two good stories."

"That sounds easy," said the Cub. "When do I leave?"

"You will leave on the nine-fifteen train tomorrow morning, bound for Skaggsville, one of the roughest towns in the state. I have your ticket for you so be down here at the office the first thing in the morning and will give you your final instructions."

The Cub spent the most of the night in packing, and was down at the office bright and early the next morning. He met the City Editor and together they walked to the railroad station.

"Keep your eyes peeled for something good," said the City Editor as the train pulled out. "Shoot your stories in by mail as soon as you get them."

The Cub clambered into the Pullman, where he was soon comfortable, seated in one of the chairs with his nose buried in a late magazine. After a while he became drowsy by the movement of the train and fell asleep.

He was awakened a few hours later by a loud-mouthed individual bawling out the name of Skaggsville. Picking up his suitcase, the Cub descended onto the platform, and thence hurried out. It was just half-past four o'clock. The Cub glanced around him and soon came to the conclusion that the place where he was destined to remain for the next week was about as lonesome as a place would like to be.

The City Editor had told him that a farmer by the name of Perkins would meet him at the station, and that it was at the house of the said Perkins that he was to remain. Well, Perkins wasn't there, so the Cub walked over and sat down on an empty box and rolled another smoke, resolving that if Perkins didn't show up he would take the next train back to the city.

The Cub did not have to wait very long, for in a few minutes a wagon drawn by two horses loomed up in the distance and was soon at the station. The man who was driving jumped out of the vehicle and came over to where the Cub sat.

"Be you Mister William Scoop?" he asked.

"That's me," answered the Cub, as he shook hands with the farmer.

"My name is Perkins. What newspaper feller in the city told me how you'd come here and spend a week with us. We better be movin' right along as its a-gettin' late."

So the two got in the wagon and started off. The Cub began to feel that he was glad he had taken the assignment. The big fields, piled with now mown hay, and the apple trees, bounteously laden, proved to be a great treat after being cooped up in the city with all its bustle and roar.

After about a half hour's drive, they pulled up at one of those big, old-fashioned farm houses; the kind that one sees in New England. The drove up to the barn and after the horses were unhitched the two went inside, where the Cub was introduced to the farmer's wife, and then shown to his room.

After dinner that night (they called it supper on the farm), the Cub decided that he would take a walk around the place. It was nearly dark when he got started, and a couple of hours later found him about a mile from the place. He decided that he had best start back in order to get in bed at the usual nine o'clock period set by all farmers as the time for retiring.

After walking a while, he could see the dim silhouette of the farm house in the distance. As he walked along the road he came to a path which he believed to be a shortcut to the house; he turned onto this and finally came to a rail fence which he supposed was the cow corral. Climbing over the fence, he started for the other side when suddenly he was startled by a low sound in one corner under a low shed. It was quite dark by this time and the Cub was of the opinion that there was a cow loose in the corral. As he stopped to listen, the sound became plainer, and a harsh "Ba-a-aaa" smote upon his ears.

"A goat!" he said, in a stage whisper. "This is no place for me."

He started to leave the corral with all haste, but the capra hircus evidently did not intend to let the disturber of his sleep go unpunished, as the Cub could hear him coming out of the little shed.

Zowie! Something in the Cub's midships had flattened him on the ground. Thoroughly scared, the Cub got to his feet, when he was lifted what seemed to him to be about ten feet in the air, and bumped against the fence. He again got to his feet and made a dive for the top rail of the fence, and as his hands clasped he received the third of those impacts, and was sent sailing over the fence where he landed on a pile of stones.

Brused and battered, the Cub made his way toward the house, inwardly threatening to have the owner of the virtute ruminant sent to jail for life as he reached the house, the sound of happy little voices reached his ears, and, looking in the window, he perceived a number of small children playing in the lamplight. Amidst their shouting and laughter, a little voice called out:

"Butter, butter, who's got the butter?"

The Cub turned sadly away and wiped a tear from his eye.

"If you had of been out in the corral a minute ago, happy children," he said, "you would have seen who got the butter!" And he wearily made his way to the little room under the eaves.

(Continued in our next)

GOVERNMENT WILL BUY BLOODED STOCK

Under the provisions of the current appropriation act for the Department of Agriculture authorizing the inauguration of experiments in the breeding of horses for military purposes and providing \$50,000 for that purpose, the secretary of agriculture, with the concurrence of the secretary of war, has appointed the following gentlemen as advisory agents in the selection of stallions and to assist in the operation of the government's plan.

Dr. Henry Fairfax, of Virginia, for thoroughbreds; C. L. Ralney, of Kentucky, for American saddle horses; Dr. Walter Palmer, of Illinois, for standardbreds; Mr. Maxwell Everts, of Vermont, for Morgans.

Each gentleman acts with the officers of the government in the selection of stallions of the breed he represents. The secretary of war has designated Lieut. Col. D. S. Stanley of the quartermaster corps to represent the army and the secretary of agriculture has designated Mr. George M. Rommel, chief of the animal husbandry division of the bureau of animal industry, to represent the department of agriculture.

Thirteen stallions have been purchased to date, as follows:

Thoroughbreds: Gold Heels, by The Bard; dam, Heel and Toe. Charcot, by Common; dam, Spanish Match. Saddle horses: Young Bill; Golden King; dam by Bourbon Chief. Fair Acre King, by Bourbon King; dam, Alpha Chief. Richmond Choice, by Rex Peavine; dam by King Richard. Standardbreds: MacNamee, by MacDougal; dam, The Numa. Sisker, by Red Medium; dam, Maud Sisker. Be-gone, by Wiegman; dam, Lady Crescent. Twilight M, by Belmont Jr.; dam, May Fry. Lord Lion, by Arnot; dam, Madge Fullerton.

Morgans: Daniel Webster Lambert, by Joe Allen. Madison Lambert, by Lambert Jr. Prince M, by Ethan Allen 3d; dam, Tony M.

All of these horses are well bred and registered, and some are well known individuals. Gold Heels, for example, had a conspicuous career on the turf; Common, the sire of Charcot, was by isonomy, winner of the Derby and other important stakes in England. All the saddle horses thus far purchased have had winning records at the Kentucky fairs. Of the standardbreds, MacNamee is notable in that he, like Carmon at the Colorado stud of the department of agriculture, is a grandson of Robert McGreor. Sigler was first in two-year-old class of standardbred trotters at the national horse show in 1911; and Lord Lion's sire, Arion, sold for \$125,000. The Morgans thus far purchased are excellent representatives of the breed and should prove useful as sires of cavalry horses of good size and conformation. The sire of Prince M, Ethan Allen 3d, has left a remarkable impress on the character of the Morgans of the east side of Vermont.

The department of agriculture expects to make other purchases during the winter.

I read it in the Star-Bulletin. It must be so.

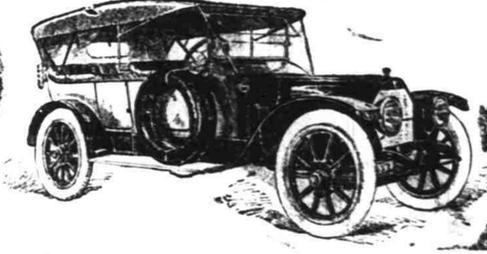
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The "54" HUDSON -- a "SIX"



Speed: 65 Miles per hour
58 Miles per hour
in 30 Seconds
from Standing Start

The Answer Is Here

to that oft asked question: "What will Howard E. Coffin do when he builds a 'Six?'"

The "54" HUDSON is Mr. Coffin's reply to the most frequently asked question heard since the beginning of six cylinder talk.

The car is here now. Experts who have driven on the "54" through mountains, over long tours, in both winter and summer; and who have observed its ideal smoothness and flexibility, claim it to have no superior in any automobile, regardless of make or cost.

Many owners of the highest priced cars have remarked after examining and riding in the "54" that it is foolish for anyone to pay more for an automobile than it sells for, no matter what demands they have or how fastidious they may be.

The surprise to all motorists is that Mr. Coffin developed the "54" HUDSON along entirely different lines from those he had followed in designing his four-cylinder cars.

He is too shrewd a designer to attempt such a departure unaided. Before starting his "Six" he built up his Board of 48 Expert Engineers. Then they all worked together for two years—until every man agreed that this was the best he knew.

CAME FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered from everywhere, possessing the training and experience acquired in 97 factories, some of them in Europe, these men have helped to build more than 200,000 automobiles.

Mr. Coffin wanted his six-cylinder to be a wonderful car. He knows, as well as anyone knows, the limit of any one man's ability. He knows there is much in six-cylinder cars, that four-cylinder experience has not taught. So he went after the men who had done the most as six-cylinder designers.

WHERE ONE-MAN CARS FALL SHORT

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No other designer has built as many successful automobiles. But the mastery of cars of the four-

cylinder type is no indication that the man is master of the six.

Many a designer has learned that to his sorrow. Six-cylinder cars have wrecked splendid reputations built up by years of four-cylinder accomplishment.

ADDING TWO CYLINDERS WON'T MAKE A GOOD SIX

Very few designers have been able to get in excess of 30 per cent increased power from their six-cylinder motors of the same bore and stroke as used in their "four." Although they have added 50 per cent to the piston displacement, have practically doubled the gasoline and oil consumption, have increased the weight and have made the car more costly to operate, many sixes have failed entirely to develop that flexible smoothness for which sixes are really built.

Thus is shown the shortcomings of the one-man idea of designing. When one man dominates in the designing of an automobile, it expresses his ability and his limitations. Every man is over-developed in one way or another. Every man is good at one thing and not so good at other things. No man is perfectly balanced, and no machine designed by any one man can be more rounded toward perfection than can be the ability and experience of the man who designed it.

THIS NOT A ONE-MAN NOR A ONE-IDEA CAR

But with 48 men, all concentrating on one car, not much is apt to be overlooked. No one man dominates. Each individual is a specialist in some branch of the work at which no one of his associates is quite his equal.

Consequently the "54" HUDSON is thoroughly proportioned.

It is not merely a "Six" which is made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car.

It has power. But its power is not abnormal in proportion to its other parts. It has beauty. But no detail of its mechanical design is overlooked.

It is completely equipped. Every detail that adds to comfort and luxury is included, but this is not done with the idea of attracting sales or through skimping in any other direction.

EACH SUPREME AT HIS WORK

Each expert is supreme in the work at which he leads. A badly proportioned car would be impossible under such methods of designing. Imagine the completeness of a car designed under such conditions. There are specialists among these 48 men, some of whom know nothing of motor designing. Their forte is in other directions. They have been gathered from everywhere.

The one-man car, no matter who built it—even though it were Howard E. Coffin himself—cannot be its equal, for no one man can ever possess the skill and experience these men combined possess.

But just as trained soldiers under proper generalship become a fighting machine of greater efficiency than are those same men without direction, so Howard E. Coffin by his inspiration and guidance brought out of his 47 associates work of which they are incapable under other conditions.

All that years of experience has taught in all the leading factories in all types of motor car construction, is represented by these 48 men.

This you can recognize when you examine the car, even though you know nothing of automobile designing. You can sense the distinction, for it is expressed in every line—in the ease of the seats, in the part of the motor, in its instant and powerful responsiveness, in the smoothness of its riding.

It gives an entirely different sensation from that experienced in other cars. Nothing short of actual demonstration is sufficient to convey an impression of the smooth, gliding sensation of comfort and safety you feel in riding in the "54" HUDSON.

Electric Self-Cranking--Electrically Lighted

COMFORT.

Modern automobile designing is tending toward comfort and convenience. The time was when people were willing to put up with a great deal of inconvenience in their automobile. They realized that a 150-mile drive in a day was fatiguing. Unless he was particularly robust, the driver hardly felt like covering a similar distance the next day. His passengers usually were tired and cross at the end of the day's journey.

But in the HUDSON every known development looking toward easy riding qualities is incorporated. The upholstery is 12 inches deep—Turkish type. You sink down into it and lounge restfully in its softness as you rest in a favorite chair. The springs are flexible, bodies rigid and well proportioned. There is roominess in the tonneau and in front.

COMPLETENESS.

The regular equipment includes an electric self-starter which, by the touching of a button and the pressure of a pedal starts the motor 100 times out of 100 trials. It is 100 per cent sure.

Electric lights are operated from a generator, also a part of the self-cranking arrangement. They project a brilliant light for a much greater distance than gas, and are controlled from the driver's seat.

The windshield has a rain vision arrangement which permits driving in a blinding rain with clear vision for the driver and with full protection to the occupants of the front seat. The windshield is made integral with the body.

The very appearance and feel of the "54" express its quality. A gauge indicates the flow of oil through the crank case. The oil itself is not seen. A hand records that proper lubrication is being given to all parts, and another gauge indicates the supply of gasoline. There is a speedometer and clock. All these are illuminated. The condition of the car and its supplies both day and night are at the immediate observation of the driver.

Demountable rims and big tires—36" x 4 1/2"—minimize all tire cares. Tire holder, tools and every item of convenience are also included. GET AWAY WITH POWER

From a standing start, the "54" HUDSON will attain in 30 seconds a speed of 58 miles an hour. That indicates its get-away. What other car do you know that will do as well? On the speedway at Indianapolis, a

stock car, fully equipped, having two extra tires and hauling four passengers, top down and glass windshield folded, traveled ten miles at the rate of 62 1/2 miles an hour. This is marvelous when you consider that only twelve months ago a \$500 prize was offered to the stock touring car similarly equipped that would do one mile in one minute flying start on that track. Several well-known cars attempted the test but failed to make good. Well-known racing drivers pronounced the "54" HUDSON the fastest stock touring car built. It was not planned as a speed car, but as an ideal automobile for every requirement. It will go as slowly as 2 1/2 miles an hour on high and fire evenly on all six cylinders. It will jump to 58 miles an hour within 30 seconds from a standing point. There is more speed in the "54" HUDSON than any driver, except an expert, traveling over a protected and absolutely cleared course, should ever demand of it.

THE CHASSIS IS SIMPLE.

There are but two grease cups on the motor. Other lubricating points throughout the chassis are just as accessible.

Consider the importance of choosing a car complete in every detail. In your selection of an automobile it is important that not one item of its design and construction has been overlooked.

It is equally apparent that no one man is so infallible that he is not apt to make mistakes. The safeguard against error is in having many experts design the car. What one overlooks or is unable to accomplish, an associate corrects, or is able to do. These 48 men, each a specialist in his line, have put into the car all that they have learned elsewhere. Can you imagine their leaving anything undone in a car they combined in building?

And can you think it possible that anyone is likely to soon produce anything that these men have not already anticipated and that is not already on the "54" HUDSON?

If you do not know the name of the HUDSON dealer nearest you, write us. We will arrange a demonstration that will give you a new meaning of automobile service.

If you are interested in automobiles it will pay you to have your name on our mailing list. Send us your address.

Electric Self-Cranking. Automatic. Will turn over motor 30 minutes.

Powerful enough to pull car with load. Free from complications. Simple. Positively effective.

Electric Lights. Brilliant head lights. Side lights. Tail lamp. Illuminated dash. Extension lamp for night work about car. All operated by handy switch on dash.

Ignition. Integral with electric cranking and electric lighting equipment. Gives magnetic spark. Known as Delco Patented System, the most effectively efficient yet produced.

Power. Six cylinders in blocks of three. Long stroke. New type, self-adjusting multiple jet carburetor. High efficiency, great economy, 57.8 horsepower, brake test. 54 horsepower at 1500 revolutions per minute.

Speedometer and Clock. Illuminated face. Magnetic construction. Low-velocity bearings. Eight-day keyless clock.

Windshield. Rain vision and ventilating. Not a makeshift. Not an attachment. A part of the body.

Upholstering. 12 inches deep. Highest development of automobile wheel steering. Turkish type. Soft, flexible, resilient. Comfortable positions. Hand-buffed leather.

Demountable Rims. Latest type. Light. Easily removed. Carry 26" x 4 1/2" inch Fisk tires—heavy car type. Extra rim.

Top. Genuine mohair. Graceful lines. Well fitted. Storm curtains. Dust envelopes.

Bodies. Note illustration. Deep, low, wide and comfortable. You sit in the car—not on it. High backs. Graceful lines. All finished according to best coach-painting practices. 21 coats—varnished and color.

Nickel trimmings throughout.

Gasoline Tank. Gasoline is carried in a tank at rear of car. Simple, effective, with two pound pump pressure. Keeps constant supply in carburetor either going up or down hill. Magnetic gasoline gauge continually indicates gasoline level.

Bearings. All roller bearings, thoroughly tested. Latest type.

Wheel Base. 127 inches.

Rear Axle. Pressed steel. Full adjustable, full floating. Large bearings. Heat-treated nickel steel shafts. Easily disassembled, an item which indicates the simplicity and get-at-ability of the entire car.

Simplicity. The HUDSON standard of simplicity is maintained. Every detail is accessible. There is no unnecessary weight. All other places are convenient. Every unit is so designed that it can be quickly and easily disassembled. Think what an advance this is over even the previous HUDSON—the "35"—the "Car with 1000 less parts."

Models and Prices. Five-Passenger Touring, Torpedo, Two-Passenger Roadster—\$2450, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$3100 additional. Limousine, 7-passenger, \$3750; Coupe, 3-passenger, 2550. Extra open bodies furnished with either Limousine or Coupe. Priced on request.

The Hudson "37"—The four-cylinder masterpiece with the same high quality of finish and equipment as is used on the "54" is \$1825, f. o. b. Detroit. It is furnished in models of 5-passenger Touring Car, Torpedo and 2-passenger Roadster. See it also.

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