

West Virginia Briefs

WHEELING: While walking down a flight of stairs at the home of Mrs. William Uermohlen, where he had eaten his dinner, Michael Travis, 45, fell from the top of the stairs into the rear yard. Mrs. Uermohlen went into the yard and found him dead. Heart trouble was the cause.

WHEELING: A double tragedy was enacted at Brilliant, near here, when after remarking to a neighbor, "Good-bye, I won't see you any more," James McNeal, 44, went to his home a short distance away, shot his wife and then turned the revolver on himself. Mrs. McNeal succumbed to her wounds a short time later, while McNeal is lingering at the point of death.

GRAFTON: A movement has been started here to have this city selected as the camping place for at least one regiment of the West Virginia national guard this year. Organizations of business men have taken up the matter, and the movement is gaining a strong impetus.

WELLSBURG: Ray Curtis, of this city, is the owner of four young crows, which he received from his brother, who is in Colorado. The crows are about three or four weeks old and resemble a fox.

WHEELING: Israel Lazear, who has gained somewhat of a reputation as a political prophet, says that Theodore Roosevelt is certain to be the Republican nominee for president.

HUNTINGTON: Five members of

the John T. Hinton, Jr. family were injured, Mrs. Hinton probably fatally, when the Hinton automobile was struck by an itinerant car in the western section of the city.

HUNTINGTON: Caught in a whirlpool in the Ohio river at the foot of sixteenth street, Halley Adkins, 15, was drowned. It was several hours before the body was recovered.

LOGAN: Whiskey at \$3 per quart. Step up gentlemen. If a quart is too much have a drink at twenty-five cents. These are the prices that whiskey retails for in Logan county as told by certain individuals who paid the price once but never again, they say.

HUNTINGTON: Firemen rescued six persons, a man, woman and four children, from the second story of a building at 811 Third avenue, when flames threatened the structure.

WHEELING: A large rat attacked the six-year-old daughter of Albert Lutz, of McMechen, while she was asleep. The rodent severely bit the child about the nose and fingers, and was frightened away by the screams of the mother.

HUNTINGTON: The American Defense Society has opened negotiations with Mayor E. Sehon for the holding of a monster preparedness parade here sometime in the near future. A local committee on arrangements probably will be appointed by the mayor.

"No," I admitted. Well, Why Not Politics? "Also," he continued, "you write about dancing and baseball and fighting and babies and poker games and auction bridge whist and so on. What do you know about them?" he asked me.

"Nothing," I admitted. "All right," he says. "Then your stuff about politics can't be no worse than anything else you do."

"All right," I admitted. So he says I was to start Monday and stick to the politics till it was all over, meaning the convention here and the banquet in St. Louis.

So I found out by inquiry that the convention didn't start till Wednesday and I would find the news Monday and Tuesday at the Congress hotel, that was named after Congress, but not the Congress that's been down to Washington, D. C., recently because you would not name a hotel after that unless you was pretty sore at the rooms and board.

He Goes a-Scouring. So I showed up at the Congress yesterday P. M. and the first thing that happened after I got in the lobby was a whole lot of musicians and saxophone players come in ahead of a parade and parades was all selling something and I could not make out what it was, but they all had Indiana banners and what they yelled sounded like the Wabash, but I didn't believe they would be boasting about a thing like that, so I went up closer and listened and found out it was Fairbanks that they was yelling. They were just boosters for soap or scales one of the two.

But I forgot to say that before I went to the Congress hotel I got a letter that cleaned up and when I got there and seen the delegates I realize where I had made a mistake and had become a conspicuous figure.

I knocked several delegates down and got across the lobby to the desk and sat them where was the newspaper men located at because I had not seen one soul that acted like he knew me or wanted to.

"Where is the newspaper men?" I ask the clerk.

After waiting on everybody else he says: "Try room 1696," he says.

Waiting for a Lift. So I tried four or five times to get in the nearest elevator and was told I was too big and finely one of the elevator men let me get in and we went up near the top and I says: "Where is 1696?" I ask him.

"Not in this building," he answered. "It's in the other building," he replied.

I went in all the surrounding buildings and when I sat for 1696 I got laughed at, so I came back to the Congress and went in the Pompey room and sat them for a sandwich and while I was masticating it I noticed that they was boarding up the fountain in the middle of the room, and I ask them why and they says because some of delegates might walk into it by mistake and get bathed.

So then I went into the other room and met a man that was cordial and he says: "Are you for Weeks?" he ask me.

"Yes," I says, "two of them. But it looks like I won't last."

He's for Theodore. So he didn't laugh enough to suit me and the next guy I run into was Mr. Runkel that's got stuck in the Cubs and Sen. Sherman.

"What do you think of our chances?" he ask me.

"You'll be all right when Sater starts hitting," I replied.

"I men, what do you think of Sater's chances?" he ask me.

"What position does he play?" I

ask him back.

"He's running for president," he says.

"Oh," I says, "you mean he is running for president of the United States. I am for Roosevelt," I says.

"Why?" he ask me.

"Because I wrote a song about him," I says and give him the name of the song and publisher.

"Why didn't you write about a live one?" he ask me.

Ring—Prize Orator. And then we got into a political argument and I got the best of it. It follows:

"They call this a government by the people," I says. "But fifteen out of every twenty people wants to vote for Roosevelt, but they can't because the delegates probably won't nominate him."

"That's bunk," he says. "The delegates no matter how they're instructed must please the people that elected them delegates. It's the people that decides."

"Yes," I says, "I suppose that's how Mr. Taft got nominated in 1914 or whenever it was."

"This is different," he says, and walked away from me.

But I run into him later on and talk baseball and parted friends.

Then I made up my mind that they was no news to be got in the hotel and started out and run in to some of the delegates from Maryland. We got up an informal quartet and sung brown skin where you been.

Letting the Readers In. But I couldn't come back to the office without no politics and I hunted around till I found out what the convention was about to tell the readers.

You see they are here to nominate a president to succeed Mr. Wil-

son. I looks now like they would be a hot fight for the nomination, and the man that wins it will run for president. It looks like it is between several people. If I was ast to make a prophecy I would say that Wm. Hale Thompson or Jim Larkin would be nominated on the first ballot. They's been several other names mentioned, including Weeks, that played halfback for Columbia, and Root that led the cheers at the football game, and Hughes that used to pitch for Washington and now he's

out on the coast somewhere's and be a hot fight for the nomination, Lodge that must be an Elk or an Odd Fellow or something, and Ford and Bryan and Debs and so on.

So when I got all this information I come back to the loop and run in to Charley White, the boxer, and he ast me would I have dinner with him, and I says when at, and he says right away, because he had to go home soon, and I had to turn it down on account of writing this stuff. Tomorrow I will know the ropes and the stuff will be better.

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RING LARDNER TAKES HIS PEN IN HAND

If You Don't Know What He Writes About You Have Nothing on Him—He Doesn't Know Either.

I usually write stuff on the sporting page, but along last May or April I received a letter from a newspaper in Quakertown, where there's a Quaker girl, and this letter said they would slip me so-and-so if I would cover the Republican and Democrat conventions. So I took the letter

GREAT AMERICAN SHOWS COME HERE WELL RECOMMENDED

The following clipping is from the Herald-Dispatch of Huntington, dated May 26, 1916:

Crowds attended the Woodman shows; many on midway Thursday night; attractive features are clean; newbies had great time as guests of the management.

Thursday night at the Woodmen carnival was the banner night of the week thus far. All shows were well patronized and the crowds seemed well pleased with all the attractions. The great American shows are presenting a different class of attractions than have visited Huntington in the past three years as every attraction that is carried by the great American shows is clean and any lady or child can attend any of them without an escort. Lieutenant Snellenberger, who does some daredevil riding in the stidrome, is an ex-lieutenant in the Kaiser's army, having served in the Prussian motorcycle corps before the outbreak of the war, and has been on a leave of absence, has been recalled, and will shortly leave to join the German army. Bristol's society circus is holding the crowds spellbound with the clever performance of his Arabian horses and mules. Peggy's Palace still continues to mystify and baffle the motes of them and many have been in there about a dozen times to find out how it is done. The stidrome is packed with large crowds who are amazed by the death defying riding of daredevil Zeke, who cuts figure eights, rides with hands off the handlebars and does some other clever tricks on the perpendicular wall. The athletic show has quite a large audience each night and Mr. Elmer Taylor, a local boy, has been giving Joe Nassur, who claims the middleweight championship of the world, some tough battles, having stayed each night the limit and receiving a dollar for each minute he stays. Friday night, a local policeman has challenged Nassur to a fifteen minute match and a good bout is looked for. The newsboys of the Herald-Dispatch were guests of the management last night and took in the midway from one end to the other, and all seemed to enjoy the sights.

The Great American Shows will exhibit here under the auspices of the Norwood baseball club, June 12 to 17 inclusive, at the Clarksburg Mill Lot, at the forks of Main and Pike streets.—Advertisement.

ter into the boss because the letter offered me a flat offer of some money and he says:

"What about it?" he says.

"Well," I says, "I would love to do the work on account of the money."

"You," he says, "but are you working for a Quakertown newspaper or are you working for us?"

"Either way, you flatter me," I says.

"Well," he says, "if you report this convention for anybody we would rather have you do it for us that pays you your salary for doing nothing. If you finely made it up in your mind to work, it is only just and fair that you work for us."

"All right," I says, on account of loyalty.

Cold Truth Dawns. But lately I got to thinking about it and thought maybe this will be a whole lot of work and something I don't know nothing about, and if I can duck it and play golf every P. M. and just keep up the Wake of the News column on the sporting page that's easy as pie to write so much the better. So the day of the parade of the people that would a whole lot rather walk around the loop than fight I went to the managing editor and says:

"Say," I says, "this was a kind of a joke about me reporting the convention?"

"Yes," he says, "I thought so, too, but the higher ups says you was to do it and that settles it."

"Yes," I says, "but I don't know absolutely nothing concerning politics."

"Listen," he says, "Don't you often write something about football?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Do you know something about it?" he ask me.

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT EXPRESSED IN PRAYER.
 CHICAGO, June 7.—The Rev. John Timothy Stone, minister of the Fourth Presbyterian church of this city, delivered the following prayer at the opening of the Republican national convention here today.

"Most holy and eternal God, we bow before Thee with reverent hearts and thankful minds. Thou art our God; Thou art the God of all nations; Thou art the God of our nation. Thou hast been the God of our fathers. Thou hast been our Guide in times of peace and amid the perplexities of war. Thou hast given to us freedom, liberty, purpose and prosperity.

"Although the immediate interests which now control our gathering together have reference to some own national issues, we would not forget the warring, suffering nations of the earth. We pray Thee to bring them speedily, if it be Thy holy will, to terms of peace and conditions of adjustment.

"We bow before Thee and, pausing quietly, ask Thy blessing before entering upon the deliberations of this convention. As Thou dost order the affairs of men, so frame the desires of this great body. Save from all hasty and ill-spoken word. Control judgments, purposes, plans and platforms, that all may have Thy purest of wisdom and strength.

"May the men of Thy choice be our choice, and may motive, method and result center in Thy sure laws of right and in Thy lasting victories of truth and righteousness.

"Direct, suggest, control, this day.

"All we desire or do or say; That all our powers, with all their might,

"In Thy full glory may unite; We ask it all in the name of our common Master and Lord. Amen."

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Nothing is to be gained by delay. Much may be lost.

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