

Chef of Great Smith Street

By GERALD BRENNAN

(Copyright.)

"Ah, m'sieu! Does not m'sieu remember me? I am Gouvin."

Wandesford stared at the speaker in mute astonishment. Could this seedy, starved-looking specimen of humanity be indeed Gouvin?—Gouvin, the famous chef whose cookery had been the talk of Paris?

"But the duke of Montmirall? You were his prize chef?"

Gouvin lifted both hands in eloquent protest. "Ah, m'sieu," he cried, "it is a sad story. Will m'sieu care to hear?"

Installed at a table in a modest restaurant, Gouvin opened his heart. "It was at the Hotel de Montmirall," he explained. "I was at the zenith of my glory. All Paris spoke of my dinners. His grace loaded me with honors. I lost my head, to such dizzy heights did I seem to soar."

"The duke worshipped at the shrine of Mlle. Mimi Martignues of the Varieties. In an evil moment I allowed myself to fall in love with that fairer of mortals. She invited me to call and wheedled out of me the recipe for the famous Sauce de Montmirall—the joint invention of the duke and myself."

"As we sat together the duke himself entered unexpectedly. Then the false Mimi denounced me as an upstart mental who had dared to pose as his master's rival."

"I was kicked out of Mimi's house and the next day dismissed from the Hotel de Montmirall."

Suddenly there came to Wandesford an inspiration.

"By Jove, Gouvin," he exclaimed, "I have it. You shall start a restaurant of your own in my house in Great Smith street."

II.

Reggie Van Hoopen rushed into the smoking-room of the Tepee club, shimmering with excitement.

"Hullo, Reggie!" sang out one of the youthful loungers, "you have got a secret—I can tell by your manner."

"I say," Reggie exclaimed, "does any one here know where Great Smith street is?"

There was a general head-shaking. "Then let me tell you," continued Reggie. "I was there last night. I had dinner there. And such a dinner! It was the best, the very best, I have ever indulged in."

"Well, my friend Wandesford," continued Van Hoopen, "asked me to dinner last night. I was simply pining for a little excitement and when he suggested a voyage into the unknown regions of the lower East side, I jumped at the proposition. Of course I did not intend to eat anything there. I merely wanted to see a little low life and have a little adventure."

"I assure you that I was well repaid. Out of a cellar came an old chap in genuine cook's rig and Wandesford and he had a talk. I pride myself on my French; but I really couldn't keep pace with those two."

"By and by dinner began to come in. The first sight of the soup set me thinking. Just to please Wandesford, I took a spoonful. It was simply a triumph! Never in all New York can you heat that potage a la Central Park. Thereafter I capitulated; and from soup to dessert, I did not miss a course. There were some 'coctelletes aux Monseigneur le Duc'—I suppose the chef took me for a duke—that haunt my palate still."

For some minutes there was silence in the smoking-room. Then the dean of the loungers said solemnly:

"Reggie, is this a practical joke? If it is—"

"Good heavens, no!" cried Mr. Van Hoopen. "Everything happened just as I told you. The dinner was superb. The chef is a treasure. Tell you what, let us go over there in a body tonight. I'll notify Wandesford, and he can act as guide. If the Great Smith street cellar is not just as I say, I promise to pay the entire reckoning."

III.

Wandesford strolled down the cellar steps in Great Smith street, a telegram in his hands. At the Kitchen table sat Gouvin, concocting a visionary menu.

"Hullo, Gouvin, victory is ours! To-night you must prepare dinner for 25 persons."

A smile of joy overspread the chef's features.

It was Thanksgiving evening, a murky, misty Thanksgiving, when the delegation from the Tepee club stole stealthily along Great Smith street and disappeared into the Gouvin cellar.

The dinner at the "Restaurant Gouvin" was all that Reggie Van Hoopen had painted it. At the close of the feast Gouvin was sent for.

Wandesford, in the name of the guests, complimented him heartily on the dinner and Gouvin was induced to give an account of the events which led to his downfall and exile. The love affair with the now famous Mimi Martignues completed his conquest of the Tepeans.

"Come with us," said the chairman of the Tepee house committee.

Today Gouvin is chef of the Tepee club, with a salary equal to that of a United States senator. Over his own luxurious apartments presides his wife, a somewhat faded, almost forgotten stage celebrity, once famous as the beautiful Mimi Martignues. The duke of Montmirall, it is said, still talks of the unrivaled chef he was so unfortunate as to lose.

Dead Sea Fruit

By FANNIE HURST

(Copyright.)

Life was bitter on Della's tongue—the great McChesney had fallen her! Now, McChesney may have had no part in the workings of the solar system, or any possible surveillance over the elements but it is certain that the grayness of the spring dusk and the chill which penetrated Della's brown jacket when she stepped from the emphysema door of the biggest store were traceable to that gentleman.

McChesney needs no introduction; he looked like an imported opera tenor, and sold shirts and gentlemen's hose; he wore knitted, flaring neckties which represented a wide and appreciative feminine following.

His past was checked over by Dellias, and his future promising; he was suggestive of musk, throat-tablets, and bay rum.

So much for McChesney. He had invited Della out to dinner, and incidentally transformed her world into an Eden of artificial palms and table d'hote, an enchanted wood fragrant with musk and bay rum.

But today McChesney had fallen her.

Late in the afternoon she saw him talking with Maisie Tompkins, of the Jewelry.

Della lived in New York in a lower West Side furnished room.

When Della reached her furnished room the evening that McChesney had sent her world tumbling about her the usual atmosphere of soaping clothes and warming stew smote her with unusual pungency.

She lighted her one-fourth candle-power gas jet. Then she sat down on the edge of her couch-bed and stared at herself in the dresser mirror.

No gentleman had ever taken her out before.

There had been another, Charley Spuggs. He had gone out of her life when he left the hardware department for the vague West, and his memory and his promises were as dim as the tintype on her dresser.

There came a knock at her door. Her landlady stood there.

"A gentleman down-stairs, Miss Dolly—Mr. Spuggs!"

"Tell him I'll be down," she said. She buttoned up her blouse and went down-stairs.

Charley Spuggs bounded up three steps to meet her.

"I've come back, Dolly!" he cried. "For what?"

His elbow poked at her arm, a habit she recalled.

"Fer you—I'm ready for you, honey," he chuckled, and watched her face for the effect of the bomb he had exploded.

"I'm makin' eighteen a week now—second assistant foreman, and I got a cottage rented for us just two blocks from the foundry—garden in front and stationary wash-tubs—eh, Dolly? That ain't bad for a fellow like me?"

Della moistened her lips.

"You're getting there, Charley," she replied.

"Eighteen per ain't bad money," she agreed.

He took her to a "Tables for Ladies" lunch room.

"Pittsfield's a tank town, ain't it?" she asked suddenly.

"It ain't, when you git used to it—you'll have a grand time, Dolly—there's four rooms in the cottage, and stationary wash-tubs. I ain't got no more hankering after this burg."

Charley took in a noisy mouthful of coffee.

"We'll be something in Pittsfield, all right, all right."

His sense of assurance and possession frightened her.

"One room in New York beats ten in a Reub town," insisted Della.

He crumpled his paper napkin into a tight wad.

"What do you get out of New York, I'd like to know?"

"I guess you're right," said Dolly, jabbing at the butter; "it ain't no life."

Charley Spuggs leaned across the table, and his nondescript face was even mellow.

"We're going to be married in the morning and clear out on the twelve-thirty—you're going to be a lady, honey—four rooms and stationary tubs."

They were out on the streets again. Almost simultaneously, Della caught a glimpse of McChesney. He was alone and it gave her a shock.

Then the human flux closed about the gorgeous man, and Dolly felt Charley's arm poking hers.

"How about it, Della; is it the twelve-thirty, tomorrow?"

"Yes," replied Della suddenly.

In the grimness of the front hall Charley printed a smacking kiss on the cheek she turned to him.

"Good night, honey. Be ready before nine?"

Then she closed the door after him and went upstairs.

There was a small box on her dresser.

It was a one-pound box of chocolate bonbons; underneath the lace paper was a note written in lead pencil.

Dear Kiddo:

Sweets to the sweet. Will you come to the hop with me tomorrow night at Clocot's if I call around for you?

After a while she crossed to her trunk, lifted out the top tray and dived—she came up with a small pair of dancing slippers.

She polished them carefully, and placed them on the window sill to dry.

Then she undressed and fell asleep with a smile on her slightly parted lips.

How to Live

Common Sense Comments on Health, Happiness and Longevity

By GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D.

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MENTAL HABITS.

No one escapes trouble, so whatever may be your condition you have no monopoly in suffering. You have your compensations. Don't whine and get the complaint habit. "Make the best of things." This homely phrase is, after all, the shibboleth of life. It is the faculty of seeing some good—of drawing some inspiration from the most hidden source, that makes life endurable, that glorifies it. Life is pleasant or unpleasant, hard or easy, according to the way you look at it, the way you think of life. Thoughts govern action, and he who governs his thoughts is master of his destiny. Destiny is not about you, but within you. Healthful, hopeful, optimistic thoughts are essential to strong minds and bodies.

Worry is one of the very bad mental habits; it injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutrient center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs or a combination of them arises, death finally ensues. Thus may the habit of worrying kill. Only too often mental habits are morbid in their nature, and consequently cast a morbid influence upon the physical system over which they rule. Especially is this true when our minds are centered on the involuntary functions of the body. A man who has his mind constantly upon his digestion will soon have indigestion. Nature purposes to run her own machinery, and when we undertake to supplant it by human plans or artificial ways we destroy the natural process and disease results.

Thinking of what is eaten during or after meals is a dangerous practice, and if continued until it becomes a habit will be a greater obstacle in the way of curing any disease of the stomach than any other factor.

A person who suffers pain, and suffers his mind to revert to it constantly, establishes a nerve habit of pain, and the sense of pain grows, while the capacity to endure pain lessens. There can be no greater calamity to chronic invalids than that they get together and tell their ailments to each other. Such a course is but nursing disease and rendering it less curable. It should always be the aim to cultivate reverse habits of expression to those we feel during illness. Sickness is not the least of the opportunities in life. It is the time for reflection. It does not come by accident usually, but is the effect of a cause. Reason and reflect upon the cause rather than the effect. The break in the wrong modes of living which is present affords the best opportunity to change the bad mental habits and a start in better ways.

Many people go into society just for the purpose of telling their aches and pains and troubles. Such people should be sent to the pest house and kept in quarantine until they are cured; they are as untouched by the myriad happy influences of life as the mole is by the light of a star or the flash of a comet. They say "No one is as bad off as I am." Their salutation is always one that plunges at once into the condition of the liver, stomach, nerves, or some bodily ailment. Forget it! Don't get the habit of talking about sickness with every one you meet. Can't you find a topic of conversation more elevating than that of your aches and pains and troubles?

Cheerfulness is to the body what sunshine is to vegetation. Hence with a person who is in search of health, the essential thing to do is to cultivate cheerfulness, helpfulness, courage, and not allow one's self to think of his ills, much less to talk about them, except to those who may find it necessary to know them in order to properly direct his life. LEARN HOW TO LIVE.

Life is the interval between one breath and another—he who only half breathes only half lives, but he who uses NATURE'S rhythm in breathing has control over every function of his being.

Many people treble their troubles, making three out of one, by looking forward, looking on, and looking back. Troubles grow mightily, if you brood over them.

Fatigue which is not recovered from after a night's rest, is incompatible with the leading of a normal, efficient, wholesome, and happy life.

The aim of life is to produce the perfect man, so one must watch over one's integrity of mind and body.

The requirements of health are good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness, and exercise and rest.

Work keeps the human being in contact with stimuli from without that are necessary to his health.

Self-distrust will destroy you; trust, surrender, abandon yourself; believe and thou shalt be healed.

The way to live long is to live wisely, and especially to be moderate in all things.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Final Proof.

I, George W. Capson, assignee of Albert L. Hammond, of Blackfoot, R. F. D. No. 1, Idaho, who made Entry No. 554 under the provisions of an act of the Legislature of the State of Idaho, commonly known as the "Carey Act," approved March 2nd, 1899, which embraces NW 1/4 NW 1/4 of section 9, of township 2 south, of range 35 East, B. M., do hereby give notice of my intention to make final proof to establish my claim to the land above described, and that I expect to prove that I have resided on, reclaimed and cultivated said land as required by law, before Lorenzo R. Thomas, Carey Act Commissioner at Blackfoot, Idaho, on the 20th day of May, 1921, by two of the following witnesses:

GEORGE W. CAPSON, Entryman.

Orson Nelson, Thomas H. Findlay, Christian Jensen, Peter Anderson, all of R. F. D. No. 1, Blackfoot, Idaho. A15-22-29 M6-13 5t

Meanings of Oats in Dream.

To dream of this grain foretells a journey by land; if an engaged young girl dreams of oats it denotes that her wedding tour is not far off. To see the field of oats is a good sign, but to see it cut down is an evil omen. To see oats stored away denotes famine. To sow oats signifies much happiness and gain.

NOTICE OF ATTACHMENT.

In the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Bingham.

Boise-Payette Lumber Company, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. Spencer and Addie Spencer, husband and wife, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that on the 29th day of March, A. D. 1921, an attachment issued out of the above-named court in the above entitled action against the property of the said defendants for the sum of Four Hundred Ninety-three and Ninety one-hundredths (\$493.90) dollars.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 29th day of March, A. D. 1921.

F. M. FISHER, Clerk. (Seal) By LEXA BENZLEY, Deputy Clerk. THOMAS & ANDERSEN, Attorneys for Plaintiff, address, Blackfoot Idaho. A1 to M6 6t

ALIAS SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Bingham.

V. K. Tuggle, Plaintiff, vs. Norman E. Bever, Alta C. Bever, G. A. Nelson, John Shull, M. A. Thompson, and C. H. Thompson, Defendants.

The state of Idaho sends greetings to Norman E. Bever, Alta C. Bever, G. A. Nelson, John Shull, M. A. Thompson, and C. H. Thompson, the above-named defendants.

You are hereby notified that a complaint has been filed against you in the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Bingham, by the above-named plaintiff, and you are hereby directed to appear and answer the said complaint within twenty days of the service of this summons. If served within said Judicial District, and within forty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby also notified that the said action is brought for the purpose of foreclosing a certain real estate mortgage given by the defendants, Norman E. Bever, and his wife Alta C. Bever, to the above-named plaintiff to secure a loan of Ten Thousand Dollars, all of which is more fully described and set out in the said plaintiff's amended complaint on file hereon.

And you are further notified, that unless you so appear and answer said complaint within the time hereinafter specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you as prayed in said complaint.

Witness my hand and the seal of said District Court, this 8th day of March, 1921.

F. M. FISHER, Clerk. (Seal) O. A. JOHANNESON, Attorney for plaintiff, Residence and postoffice address, Idaho Falls, Idaho. M11-18-25 A1-8-15 6t

ALIAS SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Sixth

Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Bingham.

Idaho State Life Insurance Company, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. Walter Hagen and Charlotte Hagen, husband and wife, Defendants.

The state of Idaho sends greetings to Walter Hagen and Charlotte Hagen, husband and wife, the above-named defendants.

You are hereby notified that a complaint has been filed against you in the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Bingham, by the above named plaintiff, and you are hereby directed to appear and answer the said complaint within twenty days of the service of this summons if served within said Judicial District, and within forty days if served elsewhere.

This action is brought for the purpose of collecting a note and foreclosing a mortgage dated the 16th day of April, 1918, executed and delivered by defendants to the plaintiff for the principal sum of \$2,200.00 together with interest as provided therein for the sum of \$128.31 taxes paid by the plaintiff on the property described in the mortgage for the additional sum of \$350, attorney's fees and for costs of suit. Said mortgage being of record in the County Recorder's office of Bingham county in Book 43 of Mortgages at page 56.

Plaintiff prays for the sale under foreclosure, for the satisfaction of said note and mortgage and the other amounts hereinabove stated of the lands described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit: W 1/2 NE 1/4, E 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 21, N 1/2 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 20, Twp. 2 South, Range 33, E. B. M., Bingham County, Idaho. For further particulars reference is hereby made to plaintiff's verified complaint on file hereon.

And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer said complaint within the time hereinafter specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you as prayed in said complaint.

Witness my hand and the seal of said District Court, this 21st day of March, 1921.

F. M. FISHER, Clerk. (Seal) By LEXA BENZLEY, Deputy. THOMAS & ANDERSEN, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Blackfoot, Idaho, Residence and Post Office address. M22-29 A5-12-19-26 6t

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