

# PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Tasty red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tins, humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moisture top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected! P. A.'s built to fit your smokeappetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimmidiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, put it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joy's jimmy pipe or the papers every once and a while. And, puff to beat the cards! Without a comeback! Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smoke! R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF AMERICA'S LOST CITY

With all the different means of transportation, this world has become a maze of highways and byways, more or less traveled. Beyond these, even a few miles beyond, there may be treasures and sights that would bring thousands of miles to see, if we but knew where to find them. When someone stumbles across one of these wonders, he may find it too awesome, too impressive in its grandeur to describe. No words are descriptive enough, no photographs realistic enough, to give someone else the feeling of sublime grandeur that we experience, when we look down upon the vale of the Lost City.

We must experience the immensity of it, the magnificent heights and depths at our feet, a thousand feet of sheer wall in red, brown, white and yellow, and play of ever-changing sunlight and shadows. One must feel the solitude of those thousands of square miles of fantastic realities, 700 feet above the sea level, and capped with a dome of ethereal blue, before we can gauge what our eye perceives.

At our feet is a canyon perhaps twelve miles in length, its greatest depth is 2000 feet, its width barely half a mile, a thousand feet below us lies what seems to be the lodges of some ancient amphitheater. It is the first known communal dwelling of the prehistoric cliff dwellers of America. It is barely forty miles from the city of Santa Fe, N. M., where the trip can be made by auto to the very brink of the canyon. It is one of the most inspiring and thrilling auto trips in the world.

Eighty miles distant, forming our horizon, are the snow-clad peaks of the Sangre de Cristo range (meaning blood of Christ), from their appearance at sunset. Now in silver, gray and blue, a sharp contrast with the vast panorama of spotted mesa country before our eyes.

At the bend of the river are the beginnings of the gigantic cliffs that form the huge chasm of the Rio Grande 2000 feet high, a wedge-shaped monstrosity of volcanic rock and ash, as perpendicular as a plumb line.

All about us are the tales of ancient volcanic fire, when the continent was in the making, dazzling white ash, crimson trap, lava, all in strange formation and various stages of perisolation.

Sometimes our road leads us through old forest of pine, three times we descend and ascend canyons hundreds of feet in depth, and heavily wooded, along zigzag trails that seem impenetrable, so dreadfully steep are the grade. All about us are the walls of centuries, with all the coloring of a kaleidoscope, a thousand scenes, each one a memory never to be forgotten.

Late in the afternoon as the sun is beginning to tinge the red cliffs with a fiery glow, we arrive at the very edge of the canyon, generally called the Sita de los Frijoles, and Tu-on-oyi, the ancient and first-known city of the Cochiti tribes, Pueblo-Indians of the Southwest.

Even the most hardened tourist who flits from place to place without really seeing anything will find that there is a power that will compel him to spend the night in the canyon. It is no hard-

## THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF AMERICA'S LOST CITY

ship to do so, for his host is a retired judge who has come to love every foot of the remarkable canyon, and who will be able to give those that are interested a wealth of information that has not yet been written in books. Mr. Abbott has erected comfortable tents, where one can enjoy all of the pleasure of the great outdoors, and at the same time enjoy meals that are a wonderful surprise, even to the most fastidious palate. Mr. Abbott is the government guardian of the canyon's historical relics.

With the peep of day, and it is well worth while to rise to see the dawn light up the deep recesses of the narrow gorge, your guide will be ready to show you some of the wonders of those ancient habitations.

You are standing before gigantic walls, sheer for a thousand feet, parts of it are red and brown, other parts dazzling white, and almost the entire surface is honeycombed with thousands of volcanic blow holes that once upon a time belched forth the sulphur fumes and steam of the earth's core.

When the early dwellers of this continent first beheld these openings in the face of inaccessible cliffs it must have occurred to them that here were the natural nuclei of homes that would be safe from attack, both from man and the possible giant beasts of the stone age, for using them as a center he patiently enlarged them until they assumed livable proportions. All of them are more or less circular and from ten to fifteen feet in width. The doorways are small, one would have to crawl in on hands and knees, making it safe against surprise attack. The ceilings are vaulted and always have an opening that was used as a chimney. In some cases it is natural and in others it has been connected by an artificial tunnel to some natural vent in the honeycombed rock.

Although the smoke of ancient fireplaces has obliterated much of the hieroglyphics upon the plastered walls, a careful study and removal of the top soil will reveal plainly many symbols of a race that was.

Some of these cliff dwellings are only the inner retreats of more pretentious houses built in front of them at the base of the cliffs.

These outer houses are built of rectangular bricks, probably made from powdered tufa. These bricks are cemented together, rafters being used to uphold the ceilings. Certain sections of the cliffs still show the mortise into which the rafters had been inserted, and prove beyond doubt that these dwellings were built in tiers three stories in height, probably in the form of a steps, such as are still used by the Oocoman and the Taos Indians of today.

Centuries of time have dealt savagely with these outer buildings, for very little is left standing.

You may wander for hours, visiting thousands of these dwellings, for it is said that there are about 20,000 of them, but the most complete as well as the most impressive memorial of these ancient people is the great ceremonial cave of Kiva. Its situation itself is amazing. Two-thirds up in the

## THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF AMERICA'S LOST CITY

face of the imposing wall, carved out of the solid rock, partly by nature, and partly by the hand of man, it appears as a gigantic eyrie of some prehistoric monster.

It is accessible only by means of ladders and a toilsome climb among slippery walls of volcanic ash, but it is well worth the trouble to see the underground Council Chamber of Kiva, and to live for a moment among the phantom councils and rituals of an unknown past. For these blank walls and recesses, where communion was held with the gods, will hold forever the mystery of life and love, that lived and died there, in a passing moment of infinite time.—By Charles D'Emery.

Washington Authorities Turned Down Suggestion That Was Made in Perfect Seriousness

It would be hard to say which of the many impractical suggestions toward "winning the war" that occurred to individuals and were submitted to Washington was the most imaginative, but conscripting the busy bees certainly deserves honorable mention. Enormous numbers of these millimeter or antipolous aculeate hymenopterous insects, as the dictionary calls them, were to be distributed by airplanes over the enemy trenches, presumably by dropping what might be called bee-bombs, and the confusion that would follow may easily be imagined by anybody who has ever got into trouble with a single beehive. But the military experts failed to see the utility of the scheme. Perhaps they foresaw that the enemy would promptly provide himself with netting and devise bee-armor. The aviators who distributed the bee-bombs would naturally have been called apiators. The idea was ridiculous, but let those laugh who have never thought of something that seemed sensible in the evening and absurd next morning.

"Big Four" Is Split Lloyd George Is Lost, Great Excitement

Montgomery, Ala., Aug. 16.—Great excitement, bordering on consternation, was caused here by the discovery that the world famous "Big Four" of the peace conference had apparently become divided and that Lloyd George was no longer with Wilson, Clemenceau and Orlando.

Of course, had it been merely the premier of Great Britain who had disappeared, folks hereabouts would not have taken the matter so much to heart. But, the missing one being Lloyd George, the \$10,000 rooster, one of the now world-famous quartette of fowls, it was realized that the matter was serious in the last degree. That is to say, it was so considered by the people of this city. It is not recorded that Wilson, Clemenceau or Orlando showed great concern.

The disappearance occurred between Demopolis and Selma while H. F. Snow was being the famous birds from the first named place to Montgomery. At Selma the quartette was intact. At Demopolis a fourth of it was missing. Confusion reigned.

To the relief of all, Lloyd George was found here after an extended and frantic search, which revealed that he had been misplaced by an expressman, but had reached this city, nevertheless.

## "KIDDIES" IN EUROPE ARE VAST PROBLEM

How Certain European Countries Are Handling Child Situation—Bolsheviks of Russian Take Children From Parents

New York, Aug. 16.—The "Kiddies" of Europe have been the greatest sufferers in the war, according to doctors of both Germany and France the two countries of Europe who watch their child production closest and take the most military attitude toward them. Both countries are making studies of the children situation with the view of minimizing the ravages of war on the future generation.

German scientists and doctors, compiling statistics for the government, calculate that Germany's greatest casualty list is not the roll of soldiers who fell on the battlefields, but is the unwritten casualty list of children that would have been brought to life had mothers been free from the strain of war. They say thousands of babies have died soon after birth.

The German scientists estimate that the Fatherland's infantile casualty list would be between three and four million, were it possible to write down the ungiven names along with the names of children under three years of age who died during the war. The German claim their country has the most stupendous losses in children due to the blockade, but think other Europeans nations have had higher casualties in this way than on the battlefields.

American doctors who are familiar with European conditions and who have investigated in both France and Germany are inclined to think these countries have not suffered so terribly despite the supposed loss of population. One of the cruelly kind features of this phase of casualties is that the weak have succumbed first. The coming generation in Europe will be one of the great power of resistance, according to many who have studied the child situation.

Generally speaking, the kiddies of Europe do not show the effects of the war, at least when one sees them now. For the most part they are lively and as healthy as American babes and they seem blissfully unconscious of the terrible strain of the world war.

In France, especially, the children are everywhere in evidence. Little villages show no signs of the much-talked-of-race suicide of the French. In Paris parks one sees thousands of kiddies every fair day, dressed up like little dolls, and without a spot of dirt anywhere on them or on their clothes. French kiddies of the better class are religiously kept from the dirt.

During the peace conference, the United Press correspondent saw a typical incident in the Tuilleries gardens, where two French nurses met for a chat. One had charge of two pretty doll-like little French children, about three years old. The other was nurse for a little Yankee of the same age. While the nurses were engaged in animated discussion, the children got acquainted. The little Yankee made his overtures and introduced himself and his nation by sipping a rough-house. Soon he had the two delighted French youngsters on the ground and covered with dirt, much to the disgust of all French witnesses of the incident, which almost started a riot between the nurses.

Near the front, thousands of French kiddies have lived within the incessant boom of cannon for their entire lives, and many have grown up under shell fire, or living in dug-outs. These front-line babes are as hardy as they are dirty and fat. They have suffered principally from lack of schooling. However, in other parts of France the schools have been kept running as well as possible, thought not with the same efficiency with which the Germans turned their schools over to the women. The Germans now have a serious problem on their hands in schools, where the men demand their monopoly schoolmastering again, and women insist that they are equally good as teachers.

Entering Germany following the blockade and experiencing the greatest difficulty in getting food, one anticipates seeing practically no German babes, and expects to find all children thin and emaciated. This is not the case. Berlin probably suffered as great as any city from want of food, but Berlin has swarms of children, especially in the outlying suburbs. They are lively and play happily in the wide streets and on the grass which the Germans have provided in the tenement districts. Compared to the children of New York tenement districts, the little Germans look equally as well despite their shortage of food, and have much better surroundings in which to grow up strong.

The situation of "kiddies" has probably changed during the war more in Russia than in any other country. Children in Russian ordinary families held very negligible standing, before the war, as did the women. Like the mothers the children were property of the men. But the Bolshevik revolution has changed family life enormously. The Bolsheviks are firm believers in the old doctrine, "give me the child

until he is twelve and you can have him the rest of his life."

The Bolsheviks have practically taken the kiddies of Russia away from their parents and families, and the government is assuming the position of a state mother. First of all, the state seeks to educate the children, that it may inoculate them with Bolshevik ideas. Theoretically the Russians kiddies must spend their days in a Bolshevik nursery, while the mother works. The state is supposed to feed and clothe the children, but so far Lenin's followers have not been able to carry out their plans, other than to stir up insurrections within the Russian families by spurring the children on to oppose and educate their parents if the latter are un-Bolshevik.

One other phase of the children problem is vital to Europe. It is the enormous number of parentless children in all countries, but especially Germany. The state is forced to mother and bring up thousands and thousands of waifs, some of whom are born illegitimately, and others that are deserted into the hands of the state by parents who dread the enormous cost of living, much worse than it is in America. Europeans are prone to take a very liberal view toward these children of the state, in all countries and in the German Republic especially, has this become a very common means of caring for the "kiddie" crop.

## ARE BROTHERS IN TREACHERY

American Indian at His Worst, and The Hun, Shown to Have Qualities in Common

The German is not the originator of the "Kamerad" ruse, according to Ed. Houston, a former living north of Junction City, Kan., who followed all accounts of battles in the big war very closely.

Mr. Houston says that the Indian was an adept at crying "Kamerad" in his own tongue, of course, long before the German empire was formed, and cites an experience of his own to prove it.

Mr. Houston was a member of Troop G, Seventh cavalry, the regiment commanded by the gallant Col. George Custer, for eight years. Under Captain Edgerly he went to the scene of the Pine Ridge troubles. The troops lined up to disarm a band of Indians that had given themselves up. They included the chief, Big Foot, and a large number of braves, as well as women and children.

The captives were herded together and soldiers formed a hollow square around them. Each Indian wore his blanket draped over his shoulders, and, with arms folded across the chest in the customary Indian position, maintained a stoical silence. It was known that a number of the Indians carried guns, but no treachery was suspected.

Suddenly, apparently without a given signal, one Indian opened fire on the surprised troopers. Instantly all of the other braves followed suit, and even the squaws and older children joined in the attack upon the soldiers. Little Indian boys with sawed-off shotguns fought until killed and the battle was a bloody affair. It ended when there were no more Indians, because the soldiers, angered at the trickery that had been shown, gave no quarter and the Indian asked for none.

The following day the Seventh went to Drexel Mission, where another battle took place. After the Pine Ridge trouble had been stamped out, the regiment returned to its station at Fort Riley, where Mr. Houston continued in service for a number of years.

## Great Genealogical Record

In mysterious Mecca's archives is the most wonderful genealogical record in the world—a roll of parchment about 50 feet long and four feet wide—on which each ruling emir of Mecca has written with his own hand his name. Every one is descendant of the Prophet Mohammed; the thirty-sixth in direct line of descent, and therefore the chief of the tribe of Korshid and Keeper of the Holy Places, is Hussein, new king of the Arabs, whose rise insured the downfall of the Turks. The thirty-seventh on the list of those who wear the prophet's green mantle is Faisal, the thirty-two year-old son of Hussein, who is now ruler of the Syrian government, with his seat in Saladin's city of Damascus. He is at present in Paris.

## During the War

The bride and bridegroom had uttered their solemn vows, the celebrant had blessed the couple and the service was over, when the priest—probably from force of habit, as he had done the same every Sunday since the war had begun—solemnly announced, "Let us now pray for peace."

## Bevo

Cold as ice—only 10 cents per bottle at all druggists' and soft drink stands.

The Strong Withstand the Winter Cold Better Than the Weak. You must have Health, Strength and Endurance to fight Colds, Grip and Influenza.

When your blood is not in a healthy condition and does not circulate properly, your system is unable to withstand the winter cold.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILI TONIC Fortifies the System Against Colds, Grip and Influenza by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. It contains the well-known tonic properties of Quinine and Iron in a form acceptable to the most delicate stomach, and is pleasant to take. You can soon feel its strengthening, invigorating effect. Price 50c.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Instantly relieves Itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 50c.

## This Drink Doesn't Change Its Price

Its quality doesn't vary, and it doesn't start a headache.

## The Original POSTUM CEREAL

is pure and drug-free. It will agree with you, and its rich, robust flavor makes it a big favorite.

Postum is a real part of any meal for old and young.

## "There's a Reason"

### COULD USE HIS HEAD, BUT—

Sam Would Have Had More Confidence Had He Been in Possession of Another Weapon

There was once a very successful business man, whose two pet hobbies were system and everlasting trying to impress on his employees the importance of doing their own thinking. His motto was "Use Your Head," and he had the office and the factory placarded with the sentiment.

One day he hired a likely looking colored man as his office porter. Sam—that of course being his name—forth with received the startling information that man is a thinking animal and he, Sam, must keep that in mind as much a possible.

About twenty minutes after Sam began work the boss, glancing out the office door toward the factory, noticed that a row had started among some of the factory hands and the whole bunch was trying to settle the argument in that peaceful and quiet way possible with plenty of good stiff stones.

"Now, Sam," said the boss, "I shall depend on you to break up that fight at once. The method to take must come from your own brain, but whatever you do, Sam, remember, 'Use your head.'"

"Yessah, yessah, it suttinly does look like Ah'd have to use my head, sah, but Ah—ah—shuah would feel a heap safsah, boss, of Ah had my razah too."

### DISCHARGES FROM U. S. ARMY REACH TOTAL OF 3,208,759

Washington, Aug. 18.—Discharges from the army now total 3,208,759, the War Department announced, leaving a net strength on August 12, of 509,699 officers and men, of whom 109,938 still were in Europe.

### Breaks the Glass

My uncle told me in a letter that there was a man in his camp that was so ugly he had to slip up on a dipper to get a drink.—Chicago Tribune.

## Lands for Sale

672 Arpents, improved, 3 1/2 miles West of Opelousas.....	\$50,000.00
541 Acres near Krotz Springs, partly improved.....	50.00 per acre
1325 Acres near Krotz Springs, timber land.....	25.00 per acre
600 Arpents improved rice farm, on Bayou Nezpique.....	50.00 per arpent
510 acre rice farm, near Welsh.....	60.00 per acre
230 Acres improved on Washington Road.....	110.00 per acre
200 Acres improved on Washington Road.....	100.00 per acre
650 Acres partly improved on Bayou Jack.....	25.00 per acre
180 Acres improved near Rosa, La.....	55.00 per acre
300 Arpents on Bayou Waxia partly improved.....	40 per arpent
70 Acres improved near Rosa, La.....	35.00 per acre
25 Arpents on Washington Road, improved.....	3,000.00
654 Acres at East Krotz Springs, woodland.....	15.00 per acre
1600 Acres cut over land on Bayou Beouf.....	10.00 per acre
108 Arpents improved East Bellevue.....	70.0 per arpent
640 Acres timber on Bayou Cocodrie.....	20.00 per acre
175 Acres, improved, on Little Teche.....	60.00 per acre
50 Acres improved on Little Teche.....	75.00 per acre
200 Arpents on Bayou Beouf, improved.....	30.00 per arpent
420 Arpents on Bayou Beouf, improved.....	45.00 per arpent
280 Acres cut over on Bayou Beouf.....	10.00 per acre
140 Arpents on Bayou Beouf, partly improved.....	15.00 per arpent
1400 Arpents partly improved, 5 miles East of Opelousas.....	25.00 per arpent
163 Arpents in West Bellevue.....	50.00 per arpent
1000 Arpents, improved on Bayou eBouf.....	45.00 per arpent
685 Acres, rice farm, Elton, La., with well and machinery, 45,000.00	
20,000 Acres of timber land, between Opelousas and Melville.....	25.00 per acre
5,000 Acres, cut over Eastern St. Landry Parish.....	10.00 per acre
2,000 Acres, cut over Evangeline Parish.....	10.00 per acre

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