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This is a car so good that its makers are not afraid to back it with a full-value, One-Year Written guarantee. The unusual confidence that this guarantee implies has been inspired by the record that the car has made for itself through the actual driving experience of many thousands of owners all over the country. A guarantee backed by folks whose successful manufacturing career extends over a period of more than 40 years.

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Nichols & Nichols GENERAL GARAGE

Ward Avenue

Telephone 171

Caruthersville, Missouri

PROF. RILES IN SERIOUS ACCIDENT

Prof. Carl Riles happened to a very serious accident last Sunday night. It was dark and raining. The streets were deserted and silent. The electric lights feebly strove to penetrate the gloom, where but one pedestrian ventured to stride alone. He was Prof. Carl Riles, school teacher, and well known about town. Passing the Kohn Quality Store, he noticed a hole had been smashed into the front window. He stopped, hesitated, then acted. Some thief in there, he bethought himself. It was darker still on the inside of the big store, but neither that nor the fear of the burglar deterred the Professor from entering into a situation that he shortly afterwards was made to regret. Not much sooner had he entered the hole and sought the burglar than he began to detect moving flashlights and suspicious sounds on the outside. What a predicament! While the burglar had evidently escaped, vanished as a ghostly shadow, might he not, himself, be mistook for the real thing? There he was. And on the outside the flashlights began to multiply like fireflies on a summer night, and there was an ominous accretion instead of deceleration of the curious crowd, that hesitated for the reason that none of them possessed the Professor's bravery to enter the darkened hole in chase of what appeared a burglarious intruder, who might be waiting approach with loaded and

cocked gun. About this time along came one John Stout, a resident of Pascola, and attracted by the mysterious crowd, he, too, stopped to investigate. Learning the difficulty, he volunteered to explore the situation. He entered, but kept his cerebellum tank carefully behind the breastworks of a well loaded six-shooter. Mr. Stout's exploration soon led to the Professor's place of concealment, for he had taken fright at the embarrassing situation and crawled under a rack of men's suits. Thinking he was being attacked by a brigade of burglars—with but one brave enough to bring up the front—he put up a flimsy argument with Mr. Stout that was more emphasizing than convincing. But a mutual recognition was soon realized, though the Professor was unable to explain to the satisfaction of his credulous captors that he was the hero of the hour, and despite his protestations, was locked up in the city jail to protect him from the hazards of the balance of the night. Next day he was arraigned before a justice of the peace and bound over to the Circuit Court in the sum of \$1000 to answer upon a charge of burglary, which bond he gave and was given his liberty. Prof. Riles belongs to a good family and had borne a good reputation, and his friends regret the tangled threads of embarrassment his daring venture has gotten him into. We never heard of anything like it before except a story—a true

story, however—that Newt Maxwell used to tell before he joined the church. One day Newt was out hunting, and having bad luck. He climbed upon the trunk of a hollow log. Directly he heard his dog bay, and as he listened the bark came nearer, nearer. Here came a swamp rabbit, and without hesitation entered the hollow log on which Newt stood. Next the dog came and lunged in after the rabbit. No sooner than the dog had begun to dig for his rabbitship, than out through the switch cane, likity-brindle, came a wolf and ran in behind the dog, and immediately thereafter, or a little sooner, Newt said, there commenced the fiercest fight he ever heard of before or since. The hollow log rolled over, stood on end and buckjumped like a mustang, but when the commotion ceased, he had both the rabbit and wolf. So, Professor Riles' experience is not without corroboration.

ANNUAL LANDHOLDERS' MEETING AND ELECTION

Notice to all land owners of The Little River Drainage District: You are hereby notified that the meeting of all owners of lands within The Little River Drainage District and all persons interested in any of said lands will be held at 9:00 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 21st day of November, 1922, in the City Hall, in the City of Morehouse, in the County of New Madrid, State of Missouri, for the purpose of electing one member of the Board of Supervisors of The Little River Drainage District, and to transact and attend to all other business or matters that may properly come before said meeting. The polls will be open until 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, and each owner of land is entitled to one vote for each and every acre of land owned by him in the district on which a benefit has been assessed. All proxies and power of attorney must be in writing, signed by the owner or owners of the land.
JOHN H. HIMMELBERGER,
President of Board of Supervisors.
B. F. BURNS,
Secretary of Board of Supervisors.

EVOLUTION.

(The following is a very rare and beautiful poem and we are sorry that we cannot give the name of the author.—Ed.)

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skitted with manw a caudal flip
Through the depth of the Cambrian den;
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rife of the Carodoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the iathe of time
The hot lands heaved amaln,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and talled,
And dumb as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Napoleonic shore.
The cons came and the cons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was given away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balm of the fronded palms
In the hush of the moonless nights;
And, Oh, what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our sense thrilled
In the faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath and death by death,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was, thewed like an Aurochs bull,
And tusked like the great cave bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair;
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell over the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint in a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it head and haft,
Then I hid me close to the reedy turn
Where the mammoth came to drink,
Through the brawn and bone I drove the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin,
From West and East to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in;
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl with many a growl
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone
With rude and hairy hand,
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall,
That men might understand,
For we lived by blood and the right of might,
Ere human jaws were drawn,
And the age of sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight in the mellow light
We sit at Delmonico's,
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay
And the scrap of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our homes in the Bag-shot stones
And deep in the Coraline Crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come again;

Success Depends on Efficiency
KEEP WELL

A REXALL Preparation for Every Ordinary Illness----

Laxative Aspirin Cold Tablets
FOR that Cold

Peptona
Our Best Tonic

Beef, Wine and Iron
An Old Reliable Tonic

ReXall Throat Gargle
For Sore Throats

Cherry Bark Cough Syrup
To Stop Coughing

Many Others at Right Prices

The REXALL Store

WELLS DRUG CO.

Largest and Busiest Drug Store in the County

HAYTI

MISSOURI

—Sylvan flour is the best; demand it, at Buckleys' Store.

A man should keep an eye on his enemies, and he should not talk too much to his friends.

—Pancakes on frosty mornings. Good! Mama's Pancake Flour, at Buckleys'.

Mrs. J. E. Duncan was in Caruthersville Wednesday.

Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again?

Then as we linger at luncheon here
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I a fish.

FOR SALE

Eight registered Duroc-Jersey sows, at \$50 and up; 20 spring gilts at \$20 to \$25, weighing from 150 to 200 pounds; 30 fall pigs. \$30 trio no akin. W. A. Joplin, phone No. 19F23, Hayti, Mo. 52-3

Hon. Corley Overall, representing the income tax department, paid this office a pleasant call this afternoon.

—Wood heaters, stove pipe, stove boards, dampers and coal hods, at Buckleys'.

Billie Barnett of Caruthersville passed through Hayti Wednesday—going north.

—Swansdown Cake flour makes perfect cakes, at Buckleys.

See the

1924 Sport Model

Buick

at the

Sprague Motor

Caruthersville Co. Missouri

See W. B. Bernard or O. R. Sprague for information, prices and terms

Announcement

DURING THE PAST FEW DAYS THERE HAVE BEEN SOME CAMPAIGN LIES MADE AGAINST ME. SAME WILL BE ANSWERED PUBLICLY IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

H. J. Reinhard

FOR QUALITY MONUMENTS, SEE



MALDEN MARBLE WORKS
Malden, Mo.
E. D. JOHNSON,
Prop.

Phone or Write Him

Work Erected Any Place. Designs Cheerfully Furnished to Those Interested.