

## My Auto 'Tis of Thee

(Tune of "America.")

My auto 'tis of thee,  
Short cut to poverty  
Of thee I shant.  
I blew a pile of dough,  
On you two years ago  
Now you refuse to go  
Or won't or can't.

Through town and country side  
You were my joy and pride,  
A happy death.  
I love thy gaudy hue  
Thy four white tires so new,  
Now down and out for true  
In every way.

To thee old rattle box  
Came many bumps and knocks  
For thee I grieve.  
Badly thy top is torn  
Frayed are thy seats and worn,  
A cough affects thy horn  
I do believe.

Thy perfume swells the breeze,  
While good folks shock and wheeze  
As we pass by.  
I paid for thee a price  
'Twould buy a mansion twice  
Now all are a yelling ice  
I wonder why.

Thy motor has the gripe  
Thy spark plugs have the pip  
And woe is thine.  
I too have suffered chills  
Ague and kindred ills,  
Trying to pay my bills  
Since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bank roll now  
No more 'twould choke a cow,  
As once before.  
Yet if I had the mon  
So help be John, amen,  
I'd buy a car again  
And speed some more.

## Start New Year Right

The names given below are those who have renewed their subscriptions to the Chronicle as their subscriptions expired on or near the first of the year. The majority of them are old subscribers, having had their names on the list of the Chronicle as far back as eighteen years ago:

August Uhlenkott  
Mrs M P Andree  
Adolph Johnson  
Mat Seubert  
Joe Ritter  
Jos. Smith  
Wm Baune  
Alois Uhlorn  
F H Arnszen  
Otto Reis  
J E Gentry  
S W Hamill  
Eugene Andrews  
P R Cooper  
D A McKinley for self and  
Mrs. Elsie Stockard.  
S L Triplett  
A L Gentry  
W B Moughmer  
J W Crea  
Chris Mathison  
Gerhard Gehring  
Henry Nuttman

## Touching Scenes

Every day we meet touching scenes which reach the tender feelings of the most unsympathetic. The influenza plague has visited many homes and removed therefrom the loved ones, old and young. Wives, with little children, yet in the cradle, have suffered the loss of their husbands and we believe this is the most pitiful of them all, the wife and mother in mourning with the little babe innocent, presents a most pathetic case.

Such scenes are common and are to be seen in every city and hamlet in the country. Right in our own town three of such scenes were noticeable on our streets in a single day. Though they are seemingly alone in their sorrow, yet everyone who are cognizant of the facts deeply sympathize with them.

H. H. Nuxoll is busy remodeling the store room recently vacated by Dr. Schilling and it is reported it will be used by Albert Haener of Ferdinand in the near future as a grocery store.

## A DOUBLE SCOOP

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR.

Deane Marshall had made a good impression upon Elva Waters, or fancied he had. He was doubly anxious to win the good graces of her father, the Hon. Rupert Waters, judge, ex-mayor and present owner of the Daily Gazette. Rushton was a lively, up-to-date little city and boasted two daily newspapers, hot rivals, fighting each other every inch of the way and keeping things locally at fever heat.

Brian Danvers was the star reporter on the Field and once in a while called upon Elva, which Deane deemed an invasion of home territory. Danvers was a dyed-in-the-wool journalist, while Deane was a mere novice. The latter was striving hard to hold his position on the Gazette and win a better one, for that meant the good will of the judge and permanent position near to Elva. The policy of Danvers was obstructive. He did all he could to keep Deane from scoring a scoop or getting even his honest share of the news. This was exemplified one day when both young reporters stood on the platform of a junction. A politician of national fame was to reach there at 9 a. m., wait eight minutes for a connection and go on his way. Both reporters were to get a brief interview within that precious four hundred and eighty seconds time. The Field cared little for the item, as the politician was of a party antagonistic to its principles. For the Gazette it would be quite a feature.

In his usual fresh way, and knowing the ropes and full of assurance, Danvers got the ear of the politician first. Persistently he held his place by the side of the annoyed functionary, simply wasting the time to keep Deane from getting in a word edgewise. So nettled was Deane that as the next train pulled in he jumped aboard, determined if it took all day he would secure that coveted interview. At first the politician resented further infringement on his time, but Deane felt that he was making the play of his life.

"Mr. Ashton," he said, "my future as a reporter and possibly my life's happiness depend upon your indulgence. I am going to appeal to the sentimental side of your broad human nature."

"You interest me," acknowledged the politician, and Deane told his whole story. The politician smiled, spread himself, and, although it took eight hours to make connections, Deane got back to Rushton at dusk, chuckling over a two-column interview that was worthy of big headlines and told something.

"Of course I don't know what I have lost of the usual local grist, but I can soon catch up with that," ruminated Deane and started for the central police office to find it deserted.

"Why, where's the crowd?" he inquired of the night clerk.

"All off on the Fidelity bank case." "The what?" faltered Deane, with a sinking heart.

"Where you been—asleep? All the force and three extras on the Field are working up the biggest bank robbery that ever happened in Rushton. It was just at dark. A masked man overpowered the watchman at the Fidelity, grabbed a satchel with over one hundred thousand dollars in it and made off. The watchman is sure that he winged him as he put down the alley, but money and man haven't left a trace."

Deane reached the bank to find a crowd gathered there, but that was not the present center of interest. The emissaries of the law were scouring the district in every direction. Danvers and his extras, provided with automobiles, were following down clues. Deane got the primary facts of the case and rather disheartened paced down the alley. Turning toward the main street, as he passed an old unused barn he paused. A groan, quick, spasmodic, caught his hearing. He entered the lower dismantled story. He flashed his electric torch about. Something glistened where a broken ladder ran up a sidewalk.

"Blood!" muttered Deane, and ascended. Then again he flashed the light. There, lying face up and stiff upon the hay, was a man, a gaping wound in his throat. At his side was a satchel. At a glance Deane took in the situation—here was the thief and his booty!

The man, wounded, had crawled here hours since. He had just died. Any sentiment of help was useless. Deane became the astute reporter in the presence of a tremendous scoop. He thought quickly. He examined satchel and clothing. He took a flashlight of man and environment. He covered up the body with the hay, he took the satchel with him to the office and called up the home of his chief.

Behind guarded doors those two worked over the greatest newspaper triumph ever scored in Rushton. The thrilling story of the young reporter's gruesome discovery, the revelation of the identity of the bank robber, pictures, diagrams—with the political interview—here was such a page ready for the public as Rushton had never seen before.

About midnight Deane strolled down to police headquarters. Danvers was telling of four columns of clever "theories" the Field would put out in its morning issue. Deane smiled. Then, as he went homeward, proud, complacent, the smile grew to a grin, and then a chuckle, for he knew that with the morning the world would know that he had made his calling complete.

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## Louse Deadly Insect

Of the insects responsible for the deaths or disablement of hundreds of thousands in the war zone, the louse is declared authoritatively to have accounted for at least a million persons. That, however, is only a rough estimate, and the probability is that the total was infinitely higher, for in Serbia alone typhus, a louse-borne disease, infected nearly 1,000,000 persons and killed 500 a day in the little city of Jassy, while 200 of the 1200 medical officers in the country died from the disease. This disease spread over Russia, Austria, Germany and the Balkans generally.

The figures are vouched for in a publication prepared by Lieutenant Lloyd, who was chief entomologist in northern Rhodesia.

Properly fitting reading glasses shorten those long evenings. Have Dr. E. A. Schilling test your eyes and prescribe correct lenses. 14

The Cottonwood Chronicle for one year at \$2.00.

Received, a carload of alfalfa hay at the Farmers Union Warehouse. 51

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Dr. Cora E. Alcorn Office, Ferdinand  
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**THEO. F. SCHAECHER**

## Stockholder's Notice.

The annual meeting of the Cottonwood National Farm Loan Association will be held at Felix Martzen's office, Cottonwood, Idaho, January 14, 1919 at 10 o'clock, a. m., to elect directors to serve one year, and for such other business as may properly come before the meeting. This is a very important meeting. Please make it a point to attend. Dated Dec. 9, 1918.

Felix Martzen, Secy.-Treas.

James Rooke will leave for Salmon river after Christmas where he goes to do some carpenting work for Fred Russell.

## Clyde Von Barga Taxidermist

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Cottonwood, Idaho

This is open season for new resolutions. May you live up to them, for it is a hard thing to do.

## Have Your Cars Overhauled

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