

Attention Farmers

THIS is a splendid chance for farmers to take stock on their harvesting and haying machines, or any others they will use during the year. Look each one over carefully and note any part that may need replacement. A little later you will be pressed for time and then a thorough examination will be almost impossible.

The repair problem can be much simplified by this method. While we have always tried to meet promptly every call of this kind, realizing how valuable your time is, having this advance information will aid us very much in making our service complete.

A list of your possible requirements will enable us to check up our stock of repairs to see that not a single part you might need is missing.

We want to cut to a minimum the time between the need of a repair part and its supply. This you can help us do by giving us this list before or during Repair and Inspection Week, March 3-8.

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B. J. BIEREN

The Wide, Wide World

By S. B. HACKLEY

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Oh, Bobby, we can't tell you mother that! How will we tell her?"

Flora Nelson's large eyes filled as she clung to Robert Greer, who had just cautiously entered the back door of his mother's cottage.

Early that morning, in the courthouse at West Hartown, 100 miles from Burnham, Robert had seen his father, Charles Greer, sentenced for life to the state's prison. In the big front bedroom, Jael, the young fellow's mother, for six weeks close to death of fever, lay slowly recovering.

Two weeks before, the father, who worked aboard the river steamer Mary Ann, had quarreled with Cyrus Canter in West Hartown. Cyrus and Ananias, brothers and surly, had provoked the quarrel that ended in a fight with chairs. Green had not meant to kill the man, but he forgot the power in his arm, and Cyrus' neck was broken at the first blow.

Robert had warned their friends and neighbors to keep his mother in ignorance of what had happened, and hoped against hope that his father would go free. But the Canters were influential people in West Hartown, and the trial had ended unhappily for Greer.

The boy—he was scarcely twenty—took his sweetheart's face between his trembling hands.

"We won't tell her, Flo," he whispered, "we won't ever tell mother—not even if she comes to die. Dad said for me to make her believe he's dead!"

"Dead!" gasped Flora, "make her believe that? Why, she's looking for him today, as soon as the Mary Ann's unloaded. She came in about an hour ago."

"I know it!" Robert's lips trembled. "But we've just got to think of some way to make her believe dad's dead. He says we must be dead to him—never write to him nor try to see him—he couldn't bear that! The Mary Ann—"

A roar that shook the panes in the windows drowned his words. The Mary Ann would never run up the river again! Before many days the bodies of the captain and the three deckhands who died when the explosion sent the boat to the bottom of the river came to the muddy surface of the stream and were identified, but the bodies of the remainder of the crew were never recovered. It was easy to say that Charley Greer was one of the dead, but Jael refused to believe it.

"Charley was always the first man off the boat when she docked!" she insisted. "He'd always come to the house to see me a moment, then he'd go back and help unload. I tell you, Bobby, Charley isn't dead. He's alive and well somewhere! He's always wanted adventure and he's never got to have any. He begged me to go with him, when we were first married, to some wild country in South America, where he could hunt, but I was afraid. Then you and your three little sisters that died came along and he quit talking about it. And now, since you've been grown, Bobby, he's hated to say anything about wantin' to wander for fear you'd laugh at him. I just believe he's slipped off from us all to go somewhere and take his fun! And when he's had it he'll be coming back. Why, Bobby, what makes you cry? Don't you know daddy'll be coming back?"

When six months passed with no letters from her husband, Jael explained his silence to her son by the fact that he was in the wilds, where no mail could be sent out, but at the end of the year, at each meal, she set a fancy plate that Charles had always liked at his place at table.

"He'll be coming in at just any time now, Bobby," she told him. "A year is generally all the time men stay on a hunting trip, isn't it?"

"Why, no, mother," Robert explained. "I've read that Englishmen who hunt spend as much as six months or a year in one place, trying out the hunting in each place. Sometimes they put in five years or more at hunting big game, and if they take a notion to go on exploring trips there's no telling how long—"

Jael's face fell. "Stay away from their families all those years, Bobby?"

Robert averted his eyes. "Of course they know they're coming back to 'em, mother."

For an instant her lips quivered, then she smiled again.

"Of course, and we want daddy to have all the fun the rest of 'em have. He knows you'll look out for me and never leave me while he's gone, Bobby. Charley worked awful hard all them twenty years that's past; he's earned a long, long holiday. We oughtn't to say a word, even if he's taken a notion to tour the wide world around, and we'll stay right here in this house and wait for him until he comes back!"

Robert's ruddy face paled. Flora's mother had been ordered to Colorado to live, and Flora was her only child and support. Flora would have to go to Colorado with her; her cousin had already secured a teacher's place for her there—and he—he'd intended to take his mother and go out there, too. But now—He knew his mother's gentle obstinacy. Never would she leave her home while she expected his father back! And he could not leave her alone. There was nothing to do but to release Flora from her promise

to marry him. But somehow Flora did not understand.

"I'll keep mother out there where she can live, Bobby," she told him. "and I'll wait for you."

"But for how long?" Robert's voice was hoarse. "Mother'll never quit hoping, and I—I can't ever tell her about father, Flora!"

"I know," she answered. "I wouldn't want to walk to happiness over her broken heart. We—we won't be the first people that fate's kept apart, Bobby, and it isn't as if one of us were dead. We can keep on loving each other across that thousand miles, and—I'll wait for you, Bobby—I'll wait, if it's the rest of my life!"

Five governors had served in the twenty years before Claudius Bassett was elected. In the second month after his election, Bassett paid a visit to the state prison farm, and the impression made on him by the yearning eyes of the forgotten bits of humanity there—men whose names years before had been laid away in the state's files, as numbers, and forgotten, kept the young governor awake that night and for many nights afterward. It stirred him to investigate the records of convicts who had served long terms, to see that mercy was extended where mercy was due, and to permit the rewards of good conduct provided by law.

Governor Bassett's first visit to the prison farm was six weeks past, when one day Robert Greer sat in his mother's garden, while Jael for the twice ten-thousandth time hopefully set the evening table for three, and put the little vase of grass pinks that "Charley" loved, in the center of the white cloth.

The young man held an open letter in his hand—Flora's last letter.

"Dear Bobby," it read, "I'm in trouble. Mother has taken a notion to go back home to live. I don't know what I'm to do. She has not been sick one day in all the years we've been in these glorious mountains, but one winter back there, Bobby, would men her death! And, oh, Bobby, the letter went on. 'Col. Oscar McClean, that rich old rancher I told you about, has again taken it into his head to marry me! He worries me so, I'm afraid I'm getting more wrinkles than a woman of my age ought to have!'"

Robert dropped the letter on the grass with a groan.

"I've let her wait for me twenty years," he said aloud; "I can't stand it! I don't believe I can stand it any longer!"

The man who had come up silently behind him, touched his shoulder.

"What's that you can't stand, son?" Robert turned his head. "My God, daddy! Where did you come from?" he cried.

Greer drew his parole papers from his pocket. "I'm free, Robert! I've been here since yesterday, and I've found out what Jael thinks. I've spent a heap of time since I've been down there studyin' over maps and readin' about foreign countries I'd always wanted to see. I can tell her a lot about 'em and she can keep on thinkin' I've been travelin'. Maybe we can go to some of them places together!"

"Go in and tell her!" Robert pointed to the house. "I've got to send a telegram."

An hour later Flora received his message.

"Don't worry any more. I'm coming tomorrow!"

How Josh Billings Arrived.

Josh Billings, the humorist, was not appreciated when he offered his first contribution to a paper in his home town, according to a correspondent of Christian Register, who was personally acquainted with him. He then concluded to follow Artemus Ward's example and misspell his articles so as to attract attention. "In this absurd shape," he said, "I sent one of my unfortunate productions to the New York Weekly. I soon got a letter accepting my manuscript and asking me for more. In time I was under a big salary not to write for any other paper." One of Josh Billings' eccentricities described was his "Lecture on Milk." In this lecture he never said a word about milk, but a glassful of that liquid stood on his desk while he talked and was occasionally sipped by him as he spoke. As milk was his support while he talked, rather than water or something stronger, his lecture was in truth given "on milk."

Great Facts Hard to Win.

The highest truths are hard to put into entertaining forms. You expect to teach children through stories, games and the exhibition of the concrete. Grown-ups are expected to learn from the facts presented, arguments and the abstract. Empty heads and near-empty heads have to be constantly amused. Abstract facts are too elusive for their truant observation and perception. They need spoon-fed products. With men of brains it's different. They love problems hard to solve. They grow by responding to life's challenges. So when you think things tame begin to find why they are so. The chances are you will find the fault in yourself. You haven't given all the attention you should. The greatest facts have to be sought to be won. Only the ordinary and fleeting courts you.—Exchange.

Barbarity.

"Oh, the awful thing that's happened to Cutie Smith, over in France!" gasped Heloise of the rapid-fire restaurant. "He was in a front line trench, and them Hun devils attacked with flame throwers and burnt poor Cutie nearly all over!"

"Aw, a good kid like Cutie!" wailed Claudine of the same establishment. "Why couldn't they be decent enough to serve him rare instead of well done?"—Kansas City Star.

MUST INCREASE FOOD EXPORTS

America Called on by End of War to Supply Added Millions.

ECONOMY STILL NEEDED.

Over Three Times Pre-War Shipments Required—Situation in Wheat and Fats Proves Government's Policy Sound.

With the guns in Europe silenced, we have now to consider a new world food situation. But there can be no hope that the volume of our exports can be lightened to the slightest degree with the cessation of hostilities. Millions of people liberated from the Prussian yoke are now depending upon us for the food which will keep them from starvation.

With food the United States made it possible for the forces of democracy to hold out to victory. To insure democracy in the world, we must continue to live simply in order that we may supply these liberated nations of Europe with food. Hunger among a people inevitably breeds anarchy. American food must complete the work of making the world safe for democracy.

Last year we sent 11,820,000 tons of food to Europe. For the present year, with only the European Allies to feed, we had originally pledged ourselves to a program that would have increased our exports to 17,500,000 tons. Now, to feed the liberated nations, we will have to export a total of not less than 20,000,000 tons—practically the limit of loading capacity at our ports. Viewing the world food situation, we find that some foods will be obtainable in quantities sufficient to meet all world needs under a regime of economical consumption. On the other hand, there will be marked world shortages in some important commodities.

Return to Normal Bread Loaf.

With the enlarged wheat crops which American farmers have grown, and the supplies of Australia, the Argentine and other markets now accessible to shipping, there are bread grains enough to enable the nations to return to their normal wheat loaf, provided we continue to mill flour at a high percentage of extraction and maintain economy in eating and the avoidance of waste.

In fact there will be a heavy shortage—about 3,000,000,000 pounds—in pork products, dairy products and vegetable oils. While there will be a shortage of about three million tons in rich protein feeds for dairy animals, there will be sufficient supplies of other feedstuffs to allow economical consumption.

In the matter of beef, the world's supplies are limited to the capacity of the available refrigerating ships. The supplies of beef in Australia, the Argentine and the United States are sufficient to load these ships. There will be a shortage in the importing countries, but we cannot hope to expand exports materially for the next months in view of the bottle neck in transportation.

We will have a sufficient supply of sugar to allow normal consumption in this country if the other nations retain their present short rations of increase them only slightly. For the countries of Europe, however, to increase their present rations to a material extent will necessitate our sharing a part of our own supplies with them.

Twenty Million Tons of Food.

Of the world total, North America will furnish more than 60 per cent. The United States, including the West Indies, will be called upon to furnish 20,000,000 tons of food of all kinds as compared with our pre-war exports of about 6,000,000 tons.

While we will be able to change our program in many respects, even a casual survey of the world supplies in comparison to world demands shows conclusively that Europe will know famine unless the American people bring their home consumption down to the barest minimum that will maintain health and strength.

There are conditions of famine in Europe that will be beyond our power to remedy. There are 40,000,000 people in North Russia whom there is small chance of reaching with food this winter. Their transportation is demoralized in complete anarchy, and shortly many of their ports will be frozen, even if internal transport could be realized.

To Preserve Civilization.

At this moment Germany has not alone sucked the food and animals from all those masses of people she has dominated and left starving, but she has left behind her a total wreck of social institutions, and this mass of people is now confronted with absolute anarchy.

If we value our own safety and the social organization of the world, if we value the preservation of civilization itself, we cannot permit growth of this cancer in the world's vitals.

Famine is the mother of anarchy. From the inability of governments to secure food for their people grows revolution and chaos. From an ability to supply their people grows stability of government and the defeat of anarchy. Did we put it on no higher plane than our interests in the protection of our institutions, we must bestir ourselves in solution of this problem.



SEA ELEPHANTS.

"Good-day," said Mrs. Sea Elephant, as she saw Mrs. Sarah Sea Elephant. "How are you today?"

"Nicely thank you, and how about yourself?"

"Well indeed," said Mrs. Sea Elephant, generally known as Mrs. Sea.

"They say there are going to be great days ahead and that if every Mr. Sea Elephant doesn't get the Mrs. Sea Elephant he wants there'll be a battle," said Mrs. Sarah Sea Elephant.

"Isn't that glorious?" said Mrs. Sea. "That's the sort of a Sea Elephant mate I have. And so have you. When other Mr. Sea Elephants got in the way of our Mr. Sea Elephants before they had asked us to marry them, they quickly fought and got them out of the way."

"Yes," said Mrs. Sarah. "I wouldn't give a fig for a husband who wouldn't fight for me."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Sea. "I don't think you're saying much, for what in the world, or the sea, does a fig mean to you?"

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Sarah. "A fig doesn't mean anything to me. Gracious, no! Why a fig would be lost in the sea and figs most certainly don't mean anything to me, the little silly, sticky things."

"Why did you say that?" asked Mrs. Sea.

"I just used it as an expression and it shows how much we say—without



"It's Our Big Season of the Year."

thinking, I said that absolutely without thinking, for I meant to say that I wouldn't give anything for a man who wouldn't fight for his wife."

"That's better," said Mrs. Sea. "Well, all the Sea Elephants will fight for their mates. There are lots of battles around the mating season—lots of them."

"There are indeed," said Mrs. Sarah. "We never fight," said Mrs. Sea.

"No, ladies never do," said Mrs. Sarah. "I suppose they might and sometimes it would do a great deal of good but they never have—and custom is custom."

"They say," remarked Mrs. Sea. "that there is one part about us which can be hurt so that we are killed."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Sarah, "that is true."

"Tell me about it," begged Mrs. Sea. "I would like to keep that part out of sight if I dangerous enemies were around as I hear they sometimes are with guns and rifles and other firearms."

"Yes," said Mrs. Sarah. "sometimes we are shot at. We are like seals you know and we have very useful, valuable oil in us."

"All very well," said Mrs. Sea. "but I'm not generous. I prefer to keep my oil for myself."

"So do I," said Mrs. Sarah, "only I was telling you some facts."

"Yes, go ahead," said Mrs. Sea.

"Well," continued Mrs. Sarah, "you know when the mating season comes around and we are chosen by the handsome Mr. Sea Elephants as their mates we all lie about the beach and chat and gossip and have the very best of times. It's our big season of the year."

"I've heard of folks who go to summer resorts and winter resorts and to places for the baths, or the mountain air, or for some other reason. Well, our resort is the beach and we lie upon it when it is the mating season for then we are picked out and chosen."

"We can hear the tales of adventure which the Mr. Sea Elephants have to tell us and we can talk of the new styles—though we never have any really new ones. Still we can discuss fashions and the weather and how we think the water feels and tastes this year, and all such things!"

"But," asked Mrs. Sea. "you were going to tell me about the place about us which is not protected."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Sarah. "bullets from guns can hit us anywhere and not hurt us in the least but roll right off us, except in one spot which is soft, just above our eyes. That is the part to keep out of the range of our enemies."

"Thanks for telling me," said Mrs. Sea. "I am very glad to know it and so glad that all the rest of my big body is safe, quite safe!"

Rarest of Gifts.

One of the rarest of gifts is the ability to do a favor so as to leave no burdensome sense of obligation.

Meaning of Difficulty.

What is a difficulty? "Something that shows what we really are," was a great philosopher's answer.

The Chronicle

Can Handle Your Job Work. Try Us