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STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

Staged Battle Royal Far Below Earth's Surface

BROOKLYN.—When Thomas O'Malley regained consciousness in the Williamsburg hospital, he hastened to reiterate the statement he had made just before they began to sew him up. It was a succinct statement in Mr. O'Malley's well-known manner. It was to this effect: "I can lick him." In another part of the institution they were ministering tenderly to Andrew Peransky, who, however, after careful thought, declined to make any statement for publication. The surgeons believe that with complete rest, and if there be no complications, he will be able to leave the hospital within 60 days. O'Malley and Peransky are, or were employees of the contractor who is tunneling the new subway tube in the vicinity of North Seventh street. The men employed there work in a caisson under high air pressure. O'Malley and Peransky, both registered for the draft and neither returned to work that day. They entered the air chamber in the same cage the other day, and a glance at him convinced O'Malley's gangmates that it would be just as well not to cross him. Peransky, however, was in that state of exuberant Americanism which made him careless of who listened when he spoke up. In any event, after they had been in the air chamber less than 20 minutes somebody behind, but within earshot of O'Malley, gave utterance to the opinion that there was a man among them who had neglected to register for the draft because of anti-British prejudices of long standing. O'Malley turned and saw Peransky standing grinning at the jester and the jest. They had been fighting furiously for 20 minutes when Policeman Dalton, summoned by a foreman on the earth's surface who had received a distress signal from the earth's interior, arrived and stopped the fighting with a few well-aimed blows of his club. He had found the belligerents rolling on the floor of the air chamber, while their companions stood about terrified, in fear apparently that the fighters would do some damage to the walls of the air chamber and be the death of all hands. Dalton explained afterward that the two men had reached that point of fighting exhaustion where the task of separating them was not easy to draw heavily on the resources of a trained policeman. Mr. O'Malley is undecided about returning to subway work. He says that, after a holiday especially, the high air pressure is apt to go to his head and make him insensible to logic and logical consequences.



Little Bride's Dream of Fine Home Faded Away

CHICAGO.—It was a nice farm Bert Manning picked out for his bride to see. The wheat and cornfields showed heavy yields. Fat cows grazed in the pastures. The house was commodious, sheltered by trees, and deep in vines and flowers. Louise Haug, the little Chicago dressmaker, was entranced. It was the place of her dreams. "I can't take you in now," said Manning, as they drove past in his automobile. "I don't want my housekeeper to know I am going to be married. But we will live here soon. This is our nest, honey." They were married and lived happily for five days at the home of the dressmaker's brother-in-law. "Let's go to the farm now," said the bride. Manning agreed and packed the trunks in the automobile. Then he suggested that his wife draw her \$1,000 savings and take it to Hammond, the town nearest the farm. She gave him the money for safe keeping. "Now we will go just as soon as I get the gas," said Manning. He stepped into the car and started after gas. He is still going. Mrs. Manning told the police, and detectives are looking for Manning. He met his bride seven weeks ago through an advertisement in a German newspaper, in which he posed as a "wealthy bachelor," and said he wanted a German girl for a wife.



Don't Mention Holdup Men to Officer Blackwell

BROOKLYN.—Policeman George Blackwell, sauntering along Flatbush avenue, heard a crowd running and heard such shouts as: "They're holdup men!" "One's got a gun and the other a knife." Policeman Blackwell, being blessed with long legs, soon caught up with the pursuing throng and was informed that the "holdup men" had sought asylum in the cellar of an abandoned carpenter shop at Flatbush avenue and Chester street. The mouth of a hole under the foundation, through which the crowd said the fugitives had entered the cellar, yawned ominously. "Come out!" ordered the policeman. No answer was made. "Well," soliloquized the officer, "duty is duty." So, unlimbering his gun, the officer crawled through. Shivering and quaking in a far corner of the cellar were the fugitives, the holdup men, Emanuel Enos, eleven, of 515 Clinton street; Ray Cadarr, eleven, of Forty-second street, and Henry Coyle, eleven, of 354 Smith street. After the cars began to run again on Flatbush avenue the policeman learned that with the aid of a potato knife and a cap pistol the three boys had held up Henry Engvaldsen, nine, of 218 East Forty-second street, on Church avenue, near Fortieth street, and taken a quarter from him. Then, re-enforced by friends, the victim of the hold-up chased them all the way to the hole into which the boys ran like cotton-tails pursued by hound dogs. Justice Wilkin, successfully maintaining his gravity, heard the story in the children's court and paroled the "holdup men" for sentence.



Many Feline Aristocrats in Maine Coast Towns

BANGOR, ME.—Summer visitors to Maine coast towns marveled at the great number of handsome, long-haired cats to be seen in those places, even in the homes of the poorest people, and also at the number of old men and women who derive profit by breeding them. The progenitors of these feline aristocrats were brought to Maine many years ago by shipmasters trading up the Mediterranean, from Persian and African ports. Some highly successful breeders of Angora cats live in Penobscot bay towns, and they ship cats all over America. "The Angora," said one of these breeders, "is larger than the ordinary cat, or at least looks large because of the greater thickness of the fur. The 'coon' cat, so called, is a hybrid, an accident. The long-haired cat is liable to skip for a generation or two and then come back with qualities superior to those of its forebears. A white Angora with orange eyes is a valuable animal, worth as much as \$100 in some places. A 'coon,' or Angora male, with tiger stripes of black and gray, will bring \$25 to \$50. "If you see a cat with odd eyes—that is, with one eye red or orange and the other blue—you can be sure it is deaf. Yet it will catch as many mice as any other. "The average life of a cat is about ten years, although I have some fourteen and fifteen years old. I feed my cats on fresh fish when I can get it. It is not as heavy as meat and the cat is not so liable to disease. Milk is very good, but cats prefer fish to anything else, except beef. If you feed a cat on beef once it will want it ever afterward. "Many cats have the habit of licking the hair on their breasts with their tongues. They get little mats of hair in their stomachs, and unless they get rid of it it will finally cause death."



PEACE ADDS TO U. S. FOOD TASK

Europe Needs Nearly Double Last Year's Supplies From America.

ECONOMY MUST CONTINUE.

World Survey Shows Sufficient Wheat, But Shortage of Fats—Government's Stimulative Program Justified.

With the return of peace America is confronted by a food problem even harder of solution than that with which we coped in time of war. We have an entirely new world situation in food. It will mean essential changes in our domestic program. But more important than this, it must of necessity require increased export. Last year we shipped 11,820,000 tons of foodstuffs to the European Allies. Had the war continued we would have increased this enormous figure to 17,550,000 tons in the present year. Now, with the responsibility of feeding millions of people liberated from the German yoke, our exports must be brought up to at least 20,000,000 tons—practically the limit of loading capacity at our ports.

World Food Demand Increased.

The end of the war will create an enormously increased demand for food. Humanity demands that the starving millions freed from Prussian oppression shall have sufficient supplies to assure their return to health and prosperity. If these liberated nations are faced with starvation they cannot establish orderly governments. Hunger breeds anarchy in a people. The war to free the world for democracy will be lost after it has been won. America must continue its work to liberation and by sharing its food make democracy safe in the world.

Great Fat Shortage.

The most distinct reversal of policy will come with pork and dairy products, vegetable oils, sugar and coffee. Utmost economy will be required in the use of fats and oils, in which there is a world shortage of about 3,000,000,000 pounds. There are sufficient supplies for us to return to our normal sugar consumption if other nations continue their present short rations, or even if their rations are slightly increased. If the European countries, however, are to resume their normal sugar consumption it will be through our continued conservation in order to share with them. There is a surplus of coffee.

Of the world total required to produce these results North America will furnish more than 60 per cent. The United States, including the West Indies, will be in a position to furnish a total of about 20,000,000 tons—against our pre-war exports of about 8,000,000 tons.

The bread grains situation allows the world to abandon the use of substitutes in wheat bread. Large supplies have accumulated in the Argentine, Australia and other hitherto inaccessible markets. A continued high milling percentage, economy of consumption and elimination of waste make it possible for the world to return to a white wheat loaf.

Of all our export possibilities in fats, the largest and most important item is pork. While we cannot supply the world deficiency, we will be able to help it enormously because of the past policies of stimulating production and restricting consumption. The government's policy with regard to stimulating the production of wheat and of pork, the readiest source of fats, is thus amply justified by the situation upon the return of peace.

Famine Specter Still Stalks.

The people of the United States must continue care and wise economy in the use of food in order to complete the work of liberating the world. But even with the utmost conservation and production in this country there will be in Europe for the next year or more starvation beyond all human power to allay. In North Russia there are 40,000,000 people to whom food cannot be made accessible this winter. Their transportation is demoralized in complete anarchy. And even if internal transport can be assured their ports of entry would soon be frozen. Millions more who have felt keenly the oppression of war will be beyond reach of assistance.

We must realize that upon our shoulders rests a greater responsibility than we have ever before been asked to assume. We must realize that millions of lives depend absolutely upon the continued service and sacrifice of the American people.

We must realize that the specter of famine abroad now haunts the abundance of our table at home.

Are You Open-Minded?

The average American is open-minded.

American business is conducted by true Americans of vision, open-minded men who believe in their country and strive to meet their country's needs. The men in the packing industry are no exception to the rule.

The business of Swift & Company has grown as the nation has progressed. Its affairs have been conducted honorably, efficiently, and economically, reducing the margin between the cost of live stock and the selling price of dressed meat, until today the profit is only a fraction of a cent a pound—too small to have any noticeable effect on prices.

The packing industry is a big, vital industry—one of the most important in the country. Do you understand it?

Swift & Company presents facts in the advertisements that appear in this paper. They are addressed to every open-minded person in the country.

The booklet of preceding chapters in this story of the packing industry, will be mailed on request to Swift & Company Union Stock Yards - Chicago, Illinois

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