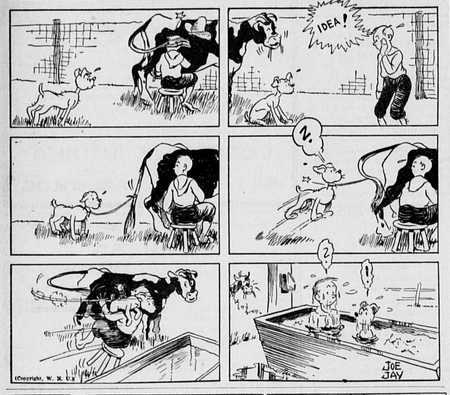
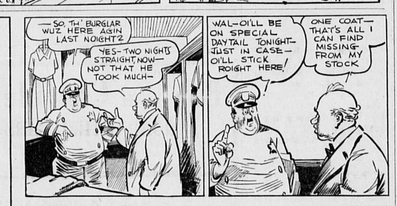
OUR COMIC SECTION

SNOOPIE



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



The FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

©—WNU

MECHANICS

"That eccentric fellow Winks went all and married a laundress."
"Well, she'll make a good washer to the nut."

That Was All

A stranger addressed the farmer's boy across the fence. "Young man, your corn looks kind o' yellow."
"Yes, that's the kind we planted."
"Don't look as if you'd get more than half a crop."
"Don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."
"Boy," said the stranger, after a pause, "there isn't much difference between you and a fool."
"No," replied the boy, "only the fence."—London Tit-Bits Magazine.

NEEDED THE DOUGH

"I suppose George married to settle down."
"No—To settle up."

The Rogues' Gallery

FRANK CONDON

Locates Man's Castle

New Yorkers love to dig their way into the garage of a February morning, wearing ear-laps and mittens, but not Condon. Read what he says:

By FRANK CONDON

IF YOU were to ask any ordinary American citizen where he would prefer to live if offered a free choice of all America, I am convinced he or she would say without hesitation: "California." If he didn't mention California, he would think an instant and say, "Florida." I am led to this conclusion, not because I happen to be a resident of California, but because I have been roaming about our fair land, asking people questions and listening to comment.

I passed through and canvassed the following states during this year's jaunt: Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Quebec, (not really a state, but it looks place one to me) and Florida; and in every state but one, the resident stood around in gasoline stations and said: "Gee, what would I give to live out there."

So I assume that almost everybody in America would love to live in California if he had the rather farе west and the assurance of a job. The one state where nothing was said about the joys of residing in California was, as a person might guess, Florida.

Floridians Boast of Weather.

They seem to be pretty well pleased with themselves down there in Florida and gab about their weather as much as we do and even more. When I said to them in an ordinary sneering tone: "How do you ever stand to live through the summers down here?" they replied as one man: "The summers down here aren't any hotter than they are in New York."

That seems to me a great, big fib, but I let them get away with it, as I wished to continue on friendly terms, or as near friendly terms as California cusses and Floridians can get. I happened to be there in the month of November, when it should have been cool and lovely, and it was so hot the locks came off my suit cases. I panted my way around town, waiting to see citizens fall over in droves, but nobody fell over, and when asked, they said it was rather nice weather.

Things Pleasantly Missing.

They have jitneys in Florida and we do not have either jitneys or slot machines in California, which at once puts us 12 miles in the lead. We do not have perspiration in California, except a mild and salubrious form of the same, which is fourth-giving and almost desirable. I have been the eighth passenger in a six-passenger jitney at Miami Beach, and on a warmish day, they have to take the fare out of your pocket, as you are only partly conscious.

To be certain, we have in California no steady breeze beating in off the ocean like the never-ending gale at Miami Beach, but on the other hand, we need no such monsoon. Our Pacific ocean delivers a reasonable draught of cold air, tempering the state, and in the evening you may need your light overcoat if going for a ride in the car. In Florida, you require no overcoat, no undercoat or suit, no shirt, underwear, socks or hair net.

The reason I am slightly put out about Miami is not the hot weather in November, or the jitneys, or the slot machines, although Heaven knows, I was no conquering hero with the slot machines. I am resentful because we could get no beer or any other drinks for the period of an entire day and when you spend one full day in Miami or Beach without any beer, you have every right to be peevish. It just happened to be election day in the town and everything was closed tight until seven in the evening, at which time the polls closed. Then you could purchase beer.

And what do you suppose they were electing about? They were not balloting for a new governor, sheriff, senator, congressman, mayor or important civic official. They were not voting to see whether Florida shall throw out the slot machines. No sir. They were voting to see if Miami should build a pavilion or coliseum to hold football games, track meets and boxing matches, and six honest California visitors with good money in their pockets, walked dazedly about the hot streets, their tongues hanging in the humidity. We wouldn't do a thing like that in California—not even to a Floridian.

Another item—I am certain that we native sons of the Golden West would never legalize or countenance that perfected form of the one-man mechanical crime— the slot machine. The last spot where a slot machine ever looked at home was the speak-easy and we no longer have the speak-easies.

Strangers Get "Taken."

They told me down there that some of the loot goes to the state and if that isn't a lovely excuse for dotting the civic landscape with nickel, dime and quarter mechanisms, where you have the same chance of winning as if you were Peggy Joyce and was Joe Louis and you had to fight me for the jack-pot!

I am not only indignant about these outrageous machines, but I am also out part of the sixty dollars our little party lost, showing you how silly strangers can get when in a tropic clime.

Unquestionably, the proper place to live is California, provided you have a small income, a good job, a modest home and a fairly good car. We never have any trouble with our weather, as it is always perfect or nearly so and a white shirt may last you a week. We used to have an occasional earthquake, but we don't even have that any more.

California men dress far more smartly than Florida males, for the simple reason that a Floridian's costume consists of a shirt and a pair of pants. Out here, our voters go in for elegant dressing and import the snappiest styles from Chicago.

On the other hand, the Florida girls—and I hate to say it, but truth must out—the Florida girls are better looking than ours, more sprightly, and wear their garments with a dash of allure that our damsels seem to have missed. Leaving our movie gals out of the count, Florida has us licked and it may be the moist climate. They may thrive on humidity. We boast a deal about the heavenly complexion of our San Francisco lassies, caressed by the eternal fogs, but if you wish to look at elegant complexions, stand on any Miami street corner and watch the parade.

California could easily shelter and feed the entire population of America, but has little desire to do so. Neither has Florida. A way out might be to let Florida have the uneasy part of our nationals in mid-winter and then turn them over to us for the rest of the year.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Cool, Smart, Comfortable

COOL is the word for Carrie when she wears one of these smart new frocks by Sew-Your-Own. No matter whether she's three or thirty, a June bride or a proud mama, Carrie will find what she needs for summer comfort here.

Left to Right.

The young frock with the interesting middle and sporty inverted pleat is one that's going in for extra credit at summer school. It has that advanced chic which readily distinguishes co-eds' clothes. If you're campus bound (or just bound for an ordinary vacation) be sure to have a couple of versions of this fashion first with you. Then you'll be set for that heavy summer schedule.

Lines for a Princess.

Second to none in the summer is this princess dress. As fit for golf as it is for dancing, you can see at a glance that this is the one dress you can't be even half-way happy without. Fresh in spirit, dainty in detail and becoming to all figures this simple-to-sew frock will introduce countless women to new chic this season. Come on, Milady, shake hands with Chic.

Tot's Tidbit.

Only when we're very young are we privileged to wear dresses as cute as this one. The most unaccustomed seamstress can make it with its half dozen pieces; the merest remnant will suffice for material. There is more than ordinary intrigue packed in the diminutive skirt that shows a couple of darling dimpled knees so lusciously sun tanned. Use it as a cool, cool top with panties as the ideal hot weather attire, or slip it on as an apron—either way it will be a fine little companion for mother's pet this summer.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1258 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 39 inch material plus 4½ yards for braid trimming as pictured.

Pattern 1323 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 5¾ yards of 39 inch material for the short length. Beach length requires 7¼ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1944 is designed for sizes 6 months, 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 1 year requires 1⅝ yards of 36 inch material. The pockets, cuffs and facings for collar in contrasting material require ¼ yard of 27 inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Hot Weather is Here—Beware of Biliousness!

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or bilious spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the more common symptoms or warnings of biliousness or so-called "torpid liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, combined. You will be delighted with the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pkg. twenty-five cts. At drug stores. (Adv.)

Of Good or Evil

What a day may bring a day may take away.

Your Work

Thy hand is never the worse for doing thine own work.

CHEW LONG BILL-NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c with your dealer's name for a Trial Package of 48 genuine Pe-Ko Jar Rings; sent prepaid.

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., Room 606, 1790 Broadway, New York

Your Advertising Dollar

buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons.

Let us tell you more about it.

Are You a 100% American?

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THIS is the time of year when most of us are likely to glory in our Americanism.

June 14, Flag Day, is just past and stolid indeed is the citizen who didn't find a few patriotic thrills chasing up and down his spine at the sight of the "Star Spangled Banner" displayed everywhere.

July 4 is at hand. True, the old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration with its flag-waving oratory and its invocation of the spirit of "the he-r-r-ro-o-o-es of '76" is pretty much a thing of the past. Yet there is something about that day which still has the power to stir the souls of this modern generation.

Yes, it's great to be an American. And what prouder boast than that a person is a "100% American"?

But wait! How many of us can say that and be speaking the literal truth?

Granted that you were born here and are therefore legally a citizen of the United States, i. e. an American. Your father and mother, no doubt, were also born here and perhaps their fathers and mothers before them. But when you begin tracing your ancestry back a few generations, what do you find?

Somewhere back there you come across the name of an ancestor who was born in England or France or Germany or Italy or some other European country and came to this country as an "immigrant." No matter if he or she did come over on the Mayflower or on one of the ships that brought Capt. John Smith's colonists to Virginia, they were "immigrants" just the same. So where does that leave you with your boast of being "100 per cent American," especially if ancestry is taken into account?

The Only Real "Americans."

Of course, if you happen to be an American Indian you can trace your ancestry back far enough on this continent to qualify as a one-hundred percenter in this respect. But there are only a few thousands of you who can. As for the rest of us—we who have white skins, or black or brown or yellow — we're all descendants of "immigrants" who came over here at one time or another during the last four centuries and immediately began helping themselves to the lands of the "natives."

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

Not only that, but the earliest "immigrants" tacked a name on to these "natives" which wasn't true at all. Christopher Columbus, the Italian, believing that he had sailed far enough west to reach the islands near the Asiatic country of India, called the copper-skinned inhabitants of those islands "Indians." Those who followed him, even though they knew that he was mistaken, didn't do anything about correcting this error in nomenclature. So "Indians" they have been to this day.

Moreover, when you call yourself an "American" just remember that you're doing it because back in 1507 a German geographer named Martin Waldseemuller suggested that the newly-discovered continent be called "America" for Americus Vespucci, an Italian explorer.

But giving you that name hasn't been the only contribution of other lands and other peoples to your every-day life in this "land of the free and home of the brave." Let's examine a typical day in your life and see how well this "100 per cent American" characterization applies.

You're awakened in the morning by a clock, which was invented in Europe in medieval times, you throw back an eiderdown quilt, first made in Scandinavia, and jump out of a bed which is built after exactly the same pattern as those originated in Persia or Asia Minor. You glance out of the window to see what sort of day it's going to be and you're looking through glass, first made by the ancient Egyptians. You take off your night-clothes (if it's pajamas you wear, they originated among the East Indians) and make a dash for the bathroom.

There you step across a floor of glazed tile, made by a process that originated in the Near East, run some water in a bowl of porcelain (first made in China with the Mediterranean artisans of the Bronze age contributing the art of enameling on metal) and start brushing your teeth—a European practice that didn't extend to America until late in the Eighteenth century. Next you begin stirring up some lather from soap (which was invented by the ancient Gauls) and start to shave, a rite first practiced by the heathen priests of ancient Egypt (and we don't dare tell you the reason for this rite!). Your razor blade is made from steel, which is an iron-carbon alloy discovered in India or Turkestan.

Having finished shaving, you hop into the bath tub which was invented by the ancient Romans and after you've finished your bath, you'll probably dry yourself with a Turkish towel. If your home is steam-heated, the only truly American invention in it is the radiator but, of course, it's made of iron, the use of which goes back to an ancient Asiatic industry.

Garments From Many Lands.

Now that you're finished with your ablutions (that's from a Latin word meaning "to wash") you start to get dressed. You put on close fitting garments whose form was first established by the skin clothing of nomadic tribes on the Asiatic steppes centuries ago. Your shirt is made from cotton, first domesticated in India; your scarf is made from silk which the Chinese first made and your coat, vest and trousers are wool taken from an animal that was a native of Asia Minor. Of course, if it's a hot day you may put on a linen suit and that was first domesticated in the Near East.

Next you sit down on a chair, which was invented in the Near East, and begin putting on a pair of shoes made from hide that is prepared by a process which was invented in ancient Egypt and cut according to patterns that originated in Greece. Take a final look at yourself in a shoulder length mirror and tie—your wearing it thus because "way back when" the Croats wore shoulder shawls. Notice those buttons on the sleeves of your coat—they're there because the fine gentlemen of Europe wore lace cuffs on their shirts and didn't want them dripping gravy on their hands. So they just buttoned them back on the sleeve buttons on their jackets.

Now it's time for breakfast. When you sit down at the table you find before you various pottery vessels which you call chinа—and that tells you what country it came from. "Fingers were made before forks," it's true, but since medieval times in Italy we've been using forks. You stir your first cup of coffee (an Abyssinian plant first discovered by the Arabs) with a spoon that's not much different from one which Julius Caesar used. You put in sugar, which was first made in India, and cream, "by courtesy of the original right-owners" on the domestication of cattle and the technique of milking—ancient inhabitants of Asia Minor.

American (?) Food.

Will you have some fruit now? Here's an orange, first domesticated in the region of the Mediterranean; a cantaloupe, first domesticated in Persia; grapes, domesticated in Asia Minor; or an apple (no, not from the Garden of Eden—but from the region where it was located). Now, how about some cereal? If it's made from wheat or barley or rye, those grains were domesticated in the Near East and the cereal itself has been prepared by methods which originated there. Of course, if you want a really "100 per cent American" cereal, you can have corn flakes or corn meal mush, for the Indian corn is really is "native."

If you like waffles, thank the Scandinavians for inventing them and the inhabitants of the Near East for originating the practice of making the butter which you put on the waffles. Bacon and eggs or ham and eggs next? One part of that famous combination comes from a bird domesticated in Southeastern Asia and the other from an animal domesticated in the same region, but the process of salting and smoking its flesh originated in Northern Europe.

Feeling well-fed now and ready for the day's work, you start out. Looks a bit rainy, doesn't it? Better go back and get an umbrella (invented in India) and your rubbers (made by a process discovered by the ancient Mexicans). On your way to work, you light a cigarette (also invented in Mexico) or a cigar (originally from Brazil) or a pipe (remember Sir Walter Raleigh and his servant who thought he was "on fire"?) and you inhale the fumes of a burning plant that really is "100 per cent American."

But it's about the only thing which you'll encounter during the day that is. For nearly every article which you use in work or play every day of your life has some European or Asiatic origin and fully 90 per cent of your daily habits are based on customs which started beyond the seas.

The Roman Influence.

Even as you read this article you'll be confronted with constant reminders of the past and of things which originated elsewhere than in America. If you're reading it during the month of June, remember that this month was named for a Roman family named Junius. If it's July, that's the month of Julius Caesar and if it's August, that was the month which Augustus Caesar named for himself—incidentally stealing a day from February to make his month as long as that of his and its predecessor. This year of Our Lord, 1937, represents a method of reckoning time which was originated by the Egyptians, improved by Julius Caesar, first connected with the birth of Christ by Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman

AMERIGO VESPUCCI

abbot in the Sixth century, and readjusted by Pope Gregory XIII.

This article is printed on paper which was first manufactured by the Chinese centuries ago and introduced into Europe in the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries. The letters of these words were devised by the Phoenicians, adopted by the Greeks, modified by the Romans and, so far as the "lower case" or "small letters" are concerned, changed by the scribes of medieval Europe.

This language in which the words are written is based upon a western German tongue used by the Teutonic invaders of England in the Fifth century and considerably altered when Latin and Norman-French words were mixed into it. It was brought to this country by English colonists three hundred years ago and if Capt. John Smith and Capt. Miles Standish came back to Jamestown and Plymouth today, they wouldn't have much difficulty in understanding the answers to their questions about all the astounding changes which have taken place since they first visited those places.

James Harvey Robinson, the historian, in commenting on such matters as these in his book "The Human Comedy," says "These are but a few of the ways we unconsciously perpetuate the past. But they are enough to depreciate the stock of the one hundred per cent American to a point where it would have to be reckoned in thirty-seconds of one per cent."

After reading all this, are you beginning to have doubts about your being "100 per cent American?" If so, perhaps you'll make a better showing if you consider yourself an "average American." What are the specifications for that individual? They were laid down 10 years ago when the American Magazine conducted a nation-wide search for that person.

First the 1020 census figures were divided by 40 and on the basis of population Iowa was found to be nearest the average state. Then Iowa's population was divided by 205, (the number of Iowa towns with a population of more than 1,000) and Fort Madison was found to have nearest the average population. American census figures showed that the average family contains 4.3 persons and out of Fort Madison's 11,299 citizens, Roy L. Gray, a clothing store operator, was chosen as the "Average American." Here are the "specifications":

His family numbered four—himself, his wife, a son and a daughter.

He is a native American born of native American parents.

He is neither short nor tall, thin nor fat.

His tastes are average, he likes business, makes money, believes in God, the soundness of the country and the virtue of his fellow-men. He sleeps late on Sundays. He drives a car. He likes peace, a pipe, slippers and the newspapers. Such is the "average American" (for further details see the picture of him reproduced with this article)—how closely do you resemble him?

Four years after the American Magazine announced his selection it started on a nation-wide statistical search for the "typical American family" — the one which most nearly typifies in every respect the 29,000,000 families in the United States. Chosen for that honor eventually was the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill J. Brown of Indianapolis, Ind., and their two children, John, thirteen, and Louise, fifteen.

In this typical family the father was forty-four and he was five feet, eight and one-half inches tall. His wife was five years younger and they had been married 17 years. Both children attended the public schools. Their home was a detached eight-room house equipped with electric sweeper, washer and ironer, automatic refrigerator, telephone and radio. Near the house was a garage where they kept the automobile in which they frequently went on trips together. But chiefly their pleasure was an evening together at home.

Look at the picture at the top of this article. Do you recognize yourself in that family group?

© Western Newspaper Union.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Preserving Broom.—Soaking a broom in boiling salt water every two weeks will help preserve it.

* * *

Picking Raspberries. — Red raspberries will keep better if picked early in the morning.

* * *

Fire Prevention.—To avoid fires keep all cleaning cloths that have been treated with oil in a covered metal container.

* * *

Apple and Rhubarb Jelly.—Cut apples into quarters. To every pound of apples add one cup of rhubarb juice. Simmer until the apples are soft. Strain through a jelly bag without pressure. To each pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Boil slowly, removing all scum until the juice will jell. Pour into tumblers and seal with paraffin.

* * *

Removing Peach Stains.—Fresh peach stains can be removed from linen with a weak solution of chloride of lime.

* * *

Washing White Gloves.—White gloves can be kept white by washing them after each wearing with a soft brush and a pure soap.

* * *

Cheese Molds.—Pour 1½ cupfuls milk over 2 cupfuls soft breadcrumbs; add 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 heaped cupful grated cheese, 1 teaspoonful salt, pepper to taste, and 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Pour into buttered molds and bake from 20 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

* * *

Orange Peel Marmalade.—Take six orange rinds, or four orange, two grapefruit or orange and lemon rinds, cover with water and pinch of soda, cook till tender; drain. Take out white pulp with spoon. Put rinds through chopper, yielding two cups chopped rind, add water to cover, about two cups add sugar, about two cups; simmer slowly for three hours. Bottle in the usual way.

* * *

Keeping Peeled Apples.—Peeled apples can be kept white until used by keeping them immersed in water to which a little salt has been added.

WNU Service.

Use of Copra

The word "copra" comes from the Malayan "kopperah," or coconut, and is now used to denote the dried meat of the nut. The oil extracted from copra is used for making soaps, candles and butter substitutes; the residue or pulp, is used for feeding cattle. Much of the product gathered on the South Sea islands goes to Sydney, Australia, for this purpose. Coconuts are the wealth of the islanders. They supply food and drink to the natives, and the milk of the growing nut is changed by fermentation into a toddy.

A Drop of Honey

"IF YOU would win a man to your cause," Lincoln said on one occasion, "first convince him that you are his true friend. Therein is a drop of honey which will catch his heart —and which, say what you will, is the greatest high road to his reason — and which, once gained, you will have little trouble in convincing him of the justness of your cause."

Lincoln prepared himself for every interview—he studied the prospect. "I spend one-third of my time figuring what I am going to say, and two-thirds of my time thinking what the other fellow is going to say."

Uncle Phil Says:

Better Improve the Other Foot

Put your best foot forward, of course, but that doesn't conceal the defects in the other one; it's got to come, too.

"Travel is broadening;" it makes one more resigned to the nuisances at home.

Civilization may not be doomed, but it may be doomed to a good many dark ages in which brains are flouted.

An Interest Worth While

You can't buy friendship. You can sometimes buy interest in yourself that turns to friendship.

One of the greatest of mistakes is to stop a man on the street to point out an error he has made.

People dress handsomely to please themselves more than to impress others.

There's one big fine word to say for a banquet; you forget the day's troubles there.

KOOL-AID MAKES DELICIOUS ICE CREAM SHERBET -OVER 1 QUART 5¢ AT GROCERS

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

WOMEN

Curl Your Own Hair Permanently in 30 minutes. Send 10c for two test curls or $1 for 30 curl supply. Toothbloom Corporation, 35 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS—PAMPHLETS

BE INDEPENDENT. Three book library of business opportunities, $2.50. One hundred beautiful photo pictures, $1.50. FLOYD SOVEREIGN, MILFORD, NEBR.

A Message to Farmers

WHO WANT TO MAKE MORE MONEY

"In order to liquidate property owned by the late George L. Carter, I have been ordered by Mr. James Walter Carter to sell at auction the famous FORT CHISWELL FARMS—located in the finest part of the Blue Grass section near Wytheville, in south western Virginia. I shall do so with the greatest pleasure; for this is some of the best land—bar none—that I have seen in all my 40 years' experience.

FORT CHISWELL FARMS have everything demanded by the farmer who wants to make the most money from his efforts:—unusually rich soil, a fine climate, well-watered fields, easily accessible markets.

So, if you are not farming "for your health", read carefully every word in this announcement. Then send for a free illustrated book which gives complete facts about FORT CHISWELL FARMS and the money making opportunities offered to those who attend the auction on July 3rd. 99

Joseph A. Day

33 FORT CHISWELL FARMS

parcels of 30 to 300 acres to be sold separately

AUCTION

SAT., JULY 3rd

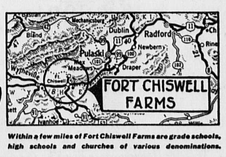
ON THE PROPERTY, RAIN OR SHINE AT 2 O'CLOCK

BETWEEN

PULASKI & WYTHEVILLE, VIRGINIA

at the junction of U. S. Routes No. 11 & No. 52

Most of the farms front on a U. S. or a Virginia highway, have electric current available and have tenant houses, farm and other buildings.



Within a few miles of Fort Chiswell Farms are grade schools, high schools and churches of various denominations.

LEADING AUTHORITIES AGREE:

Fort Chiswell Farms are among the finest in south western Virginia.

The land is good soil, well adapted to the production of corn, small grain and forage crops. Most of the farms are in good sod, blue grass being a predominant plant, which is splendid for grazing. Some of the lands are well-adapted to apples and other fruit. The farms rank far above the average for the county in productive ability. The fields are well-watered, making favorable conditions for all classes of live stock.

COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITIES: In addition to the opportunities that the auction will offer to farmers, there are a number of other money-making openings of unusual interest — such as excellent sites for gas stations, stores, etc.

LIBERAL TERMS

Joseph A. Day Auctioneer

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