

WOODMEN BUY FAMOUS JERSEY HERD FOR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



WOODMEN SANITORIUM

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Eighty Jersey cows from the famous Turrell herd owned by Judge Lamhall Turrell of San Antonio, have been purchased by the Woodmen of the World to provide milk for the patients in the society's war memorial hospital established near an Angelo for members afflicted with tuberculosis, according to a report from Commander W. A. Fraser.

With the addition of several other herds, the cows, it is expected, will form the foundation of one of the largest registered Jersey herds in the Southwest. The Turrell herd was the original Jersey herd of Texas and comprises some of the best Jersey strains in existence. It was established forty years ago and was the parent of the famous Lassiter herd. Cows from the Turrell herd have won nation-wide prizes in com-

petitions and have been among the heaviest milkers and butter producers in the United States.

"In addition to fresh milk and butter from the Jersey cows," said Mr. Fraser, "the patients are provided with fresh vegetables from the hospital farm the year round as well as eggs from a flock of 500 White Leghorn hens. Patients receive only the most nourishing and healthful foods. They are given the best of medical care and attention by a staff of experts and no expense is being spared to bring the afflicted ones back to health."

"The Woodmen of the World war memorial hospital represents one of the first steps in a comprehensive program of philanthropy and altruism to which the order is committed. A home for aged members and another for orphaned children are soon to be built. The program further contemplates the establish-



W. A. FRASER

DAY FOR WOMEN AT CHARLOTTE EXPOSITION

Mrs. Palmer Jerman to Be Chief Speaker—Charlotte, Sept. 17.—Mrs. Palmer Jerman, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and former president of the Woman's Club of Raleigh, will be the principal speaker at the luncheon given by the women of the social, civic and patriotic organizations of Charlotte to the state presidents of women's organizations on Friday, September 28th, "Woman's Day" at the Made-in-Carolinas Exposition at Charlotte. Mrs. Jerman, recognized as one of the best and most entertaining speakers in club activities in North Carolina, will talk on "The Industrial Progression of Women in North Carolina."

David Owens, chairman of the music committee for the exposition, has promised one of the best day's musical programs for "Woman's Day" at the exposition, and this program will include some of the best known metropolitan artists who will appear here during the two weeks of September 24—October 6th.

The luncheon for the visiting state presidents of women's organizations, which will be held at the chamber of commerce at 1 o'clock on "Woman's Day" will be the biggest feature of the day. Mrs. J. Renwick Wilkes, chairman of the luncheon committee, stated yesterday that unless reservations for places at this luncheon are received by Monday, September 24th, for out of town guests, these places will not be reserved, but will be given to the club women of Charlotte. The reservations for out of town guests may be made with Mrs. Wilkes, or with Mrs. Charles W. Tillett, Jr., chairman of the League of Women Voters.

Special invitations have been extended Mrs. Edith Vanderbilt, president of the North Carolina State Fair Association; Miss Ida Morrison, sister of Governor Cameron Morrison, and Mrs. Thomas G. McLeod, wife of Governor McLeod, of South Carolina.

Some people take so much pleasure in telling what they know that it is a pity they know so little.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Parents Take Heed.
A device in a radio patent is described as "Resistance included in arms." Fathers and mothers will approve.



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet, who is engaged to marry Lenore Hardenworth, is shipwrecked with her and they take refuge on an island. With them is Bess Gilbert, a seamstress. The island is occupied by a brute named Doomsdorf and his Indian wife.

The master of the island takes Ned and the girls prisoners and bids them build a cabin for themselves. He gives them an old stove. Lenore is allowed to remain with the squaw and help with the housework, but Bess and Ned are forced to labor until they both fall unconscious.

When the cabin is completed Doomsdorf announces that he means to have his slaves do his winter trapping for him. Bess and Ned are started on different routes. Ned is allowed to remain with the squaw and help with the housework, but Bess and Ned are forced to labor until they both fall unconscious.

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NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Ned did not wait to catch the full force of that blow. His powerful thighs, made iron hard in these last bitter weeks, drove him out and on in an offensive assault. His long body seemed to meet that of the wolf full in the air. Then they rolled together into the drifts.

The wolf wriggled free, sending home one vicious bite into the flesh just under the arm; and for a breath both contestants seemed to be playing some weird, pinwheel game in the snow. The silence of the everlasting wild was torn to shreds by the noise of battle—the frantic snarling of the wolf, the wild shouts of this madman who had just found his strength.

Then for a moment both contestants seemed to be motionless in the snow. The wolf lay like a great hound before the firs—fore legs stretched in front, body at full length. Ned lay at one side, the animal's body between his knees, one arm around his neck, the other thrusting back the great head. The whole issue of life or death, victory or defeat, was suddenly immensely simplified. It depended solely on whether or not Ned had the physical might to push back the shaggy head and shatter the vertebrae.

Time stood still. A thousand half-crazed fancies flew through Ned's mind. His life blood seemed to be starting from his pores, and his heart was tearing itself to shreds in his breast. But the wolf was quivering now. Its eyes were full of strange, unworshipful fire. And then Ned gave a last, terrific wrench.

A bone broke with a distinct crack in the utter silence. And as he fell forward, spent, the great white form slacked down and went limp in his arms.



HIS LONG BODY SEEMED TO MEET THAT OF THE WOLF FULL IN THE AIR.

He scarcely felt the need of extra caution.

The crossing, however, was not quite the same as on the previous occasion. Before the ice had been covered, completely across, with a heavy snowfall, no harder to walk on than the open barrens. He soon found now that the snow prevailed only to the summit of the glacier, and the descent beyond the summit had been swept clean by the winds.

Below him stretched a half-mile of glare ice, ivory white like the fangs of some fabulous beast of prey. Here and there it was gashed with crevices—those deep glacier chasms into which a stone falls in silence. For a moment Ned regarded it with considerable displeasure.

He decided to take a chance. He removed his snowshoes and ventured carefully out upon the ice.

It was easier than it looked. His moccasins clung very well. Steadily gaining confidence, he walked at a faster pace. The slope was not much on this side, the glacier ending in an abrupt cliff many hundred feet in height, so he felt little need of special precaution. It was, in fact, the easiest walking that he had since his arrival upon the island, so he decided not to turn off clear until he reached the high ground just to one side of the ice cliff. He crawled down a series of shelves, picked his way about a jagged promontory, and fetched up at last at the edge of a dark crevice scarcely 50 feet from the edge of the snow.

The crevice was not much over

five feet wide at this point, and looking along, he saw that a hundred yards to his right it ended in a snow-bank. But there was no need of following it down. He could leap it at a standing jump; with a running start he could bound ten feet beyond. He was tired, eager to get to camp—and this was the zero hour. He drew back three paces, preparatory to making the leap.

All the wilderness world seemed to be straining—listening. The man leaped forward.

At that instant the North gave him some sign of its power. His first running step was firm, but at the second his moccasins failed to hold, slipping straight back. He pitched forward on his hands and knees, grasping at the hard, slippery ice.

He slid rather slowly, with that sickening helplessness that so often characterizes the events of a tragic dream; and the wilderness seemed still to be waiting, watching, in unutterable indifference. Then he pitched forward into the crevice.

He was not to die at once. There was still hope of life. He fetched up, as if by a miracle, on an icy shelf ten feet below the mouth of the crevice—with sheer walls rising on each side.

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NED knew what fear was, well enough, as he lay in the darkened chasm, staring up at the white line of the crevice above him. The shelf on which he had fallen was scarcely wider than his body, and only because it projected at an upward incline from the sheer wall had he come to rest upon it. It was perhaps 50 feet long, practically on a level all the way. The wall was sheer for ten feet above him; beyond the shelf was only the impenetrable darkness of the crevice, extending apparently into the bowels of the earth.

Very cautiously, in imminent danger of pitching backward into the abyss, he climbed to his feet. He was a tall man, but his hands, reaching up, did not come within two feet of the ledge. And there was nothing whatever for his hands to cling to.

If only there were irregularities in the ice. With a surge of hope he thought of his axe.

This tool, however, had either fallen into the crevice or had dropped from his shoulder and lay on the ice above. But there remained his sharp knife. He drew it carefully from his pocket.

Already he felt the icy chill of the glacier stealing through him, the cold fingers of death itself. He must lose no time in going to work. He began to cut, two feet above the ledge, a sharp-edged hole in the ice.

He finished the cut at last, then started on another a foot above. He hewed out a foothold with great care. He did not forget that the handholds, to which his fingers must cling, were yet to be made. They had to be finished with even greater skill than the footholds. Very wisely, he turned to them next.

He made the first of them as high as he could reach. Then he put one in about a foot below. Three more footholds were put in at about 12-inch intervals between.

Placing the knife between his teeth, he put his moccasins into the first foothold and pulled himself up. It did not take long, however, to convince him that the remaining work bordered practically on the impossible. These holes in the ice were not like irregularities in stone. The fingers slipped over them; it was almost impossible to cling on both hands, much less one. But clinging with all his might, he tried to free his right hand to procure his knife.

He made it at last, and at a frightful cost of nervous energy succeeded in cutting some sort of a grab in the icy wall above his head. Standing so close he could not look up, it was impossible to do more than back out a jagged hole. And because he lay this way and no other, he put the blade once more between his teeth, reached his right hand into the hole, and tried to pull himself up again.

But disaster, bitter and complete, followed that attempt. His scrambling hands failed to hold under the strain, and he slipped all the way back to his chair. Something was sharp against the ice wall, but he had him.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

A Builder of Prosperity

The Southern Railway System spent last year in the South \$20,000,000 more than it received from the South.

Our total payments to individuals, municipalities and industries in the South were \$136,636,000, while our receipts from the South were \$116,790,000.

For every dollar collected from the South we gave back \$1.17.

The Southern Railway System is a Southern institution—with a Southern personnel knowing the needs of the South—and is a builder of Southern prosperity.

Equipment of the Southern Railway System includes 2,200 locomotives and 70,000 cars operating on 8,300 miles of lines.

Southern Railway System deposits in Southern banks an average of \$150,500 each banking hour.

TRY SULPHUR ON AN ECZEMA SKIN

Costs Little and Overcomes Trouble Almost Over Night

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth.

It seldom fails to relieve the torment without delay. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowles' Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

The SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

STATE POULTRY SHOW IS ATTRACTING MUCH INTEREST

It is Expected That 2,000 Chickens Will Be Entered in the Show This Year.

Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 18.—The official North Carolina state poultry show will be conducted here December 5, 6 and 7 under the auspices of the Central Carolina Poultry Association and the North Carolina Poultry Association and officials of the two organizations already are making extensive plans for the show, which they say is expected to be the best in every respect ever put on in this state.

More than 1,200 fowls were exhibited at the show conducted by the two poultry associations last year. The number is expected to be increased to at least 2,000, according to executives of the two associations who met here recently to make pre-

liminary arrangements for this year's show.

Jacob Eberly, of Dallastown, Pa., and Charles Nixon, of Washington, N. J., have been secured to serve as judges at the fowl exhibit, it was announced. Mr. Eberly, who attended the state show here last year, has served as judge at some of the largest and most important poultry shows in the country, it was said. Mr. Nixon also is regarded as an expert poultry judge, chicken breeders here declare.

A committee on housing is endeavoring to secure a suitable building in the city in which to hold the show. The purchase of 300 special exhibit coops has been authorized and provisions have been made for renting other coops needed.

In connection with the state exhibition, it was announced by officials of the two poultry associations conducting the show and who met here recently, exhibitions will be made by the State Rhode Island Red club, the State White Plymouth Rock club and the State Cornish club.

Loving cups and cash prizes have been announced as premiums to be given winners in the various contests of the poultry show.

Officials of the Central Carolina Poultry Association are B. H. Mitchell, president; Olan Barnes, secretary and Ed Benbow, state show superintendent. Officials of the North Carolina Poultry Association are C. F. Chapin, Greensboro, president; Dr. B. F. Kaupp, Raleigh, secretary.

21 1-2 cents; romper cloth 20 cents; 27-inch staples, 16 cents; 32-inch staples, 19 cents.

At the request of jobbers, the policy of future dating on bills will be maintained, the new bills carrying April dating.

With a slight exception in the case of staples these prices are the same as those made for spring 1923, when cotton was five cents a pound lower, and when wage-schedules in the mills were on a 15 per cent, lower basis.

USE THE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS

It's a body-builder for young and old.

MILKMAID BREAD
CONCORD BAKERY
YOUR STAFF OF LIFE

New Prices on Spring 1924 Gingham Announced by Firm.

New York, Sept. 18.—New prices on spring 1924 gingham were announced here tonight by a large manufacturing company, of Manchester. The new prices which have long been expected are as follows:

10,000 range, 17 1-2 cents; utility,