

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE—LAND SALE

By virtue of an order of sale entered by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County in the Special Proceeding entitled "Henry McDowell et al., Ex-Parte", and under date of the 26th day of August, 1924, the undersigned will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on the premises in Handlemans township, Randolph County, North Carolina, at 2 o'clock P. M. on Saturday the 27th day of September, 1924, the following described lands, to-wit:

Tract No. 1. Beginning at a stone in the road, John VanWerry's corner, and running West 11 chains and 14 links to a stone in Field's line; thence South 13 chains and 70 links to a stone in the original line and in Dick's line; thence East 10 chains to a stone in the road; thence nearly North with the road 14 chains and 50 links to the beginning; containing 1-2 acres, more or less, the same being lot No. 1 of the Jarrell land.

Tract No. 2. Beginning at a stone Milton Lamb's corner; running thence West 11 chains and 57 links to a stone in a meadow; thence North 13 chains and 25 links to a stone in Ingold's line (now Tom Kirkman's) thence North 11 chains to a stone in said Hughes line, Milton Lamb's corner; thence South 25 degrees East 25 chains to the beginning; containing 25 acres, more or less.

Tract No. 3. Beginning at a stone (Baldwin's corner) on the East side of the public road leading from New Salem to Randleman, running thence South 69 degrees West four chains and forty-eight links to a stone, Lineberry's line; thence North 21 degrees East one chain and sixty-eight links to a stone in Lineberry's line; thence North 69 degrees East four chains and forty-eight links to a stone in the edge of said road; thence South 21 degrees West on the line of said road, containing 3-4 acres, more or less.

Tract No. 4. Beginning at a stone Susanna Balden's corner, now Charlie Lamb's, running thence S. 69 degrees E. 4 chains and 48 links to a stone, Susanna Balden's corner, now Charlie Lamb's; thence S. 69 degrees E. 1 chain and 68 links to a stone, thence N. 69 degrees W. 4 chains and 48 links to a stone on East side of New Salem and Randleman Road; thence with said road N. 21 degrees E. 1 chain and 68 links to the beginning, containing 3-4 acres, more or less.

Said sale is subject to the confirmation of the court. This the 26th day of August, 1924. L. R. HUGHES, Commissioner, Randleman, N. C.

NOTICE

Having qualified as executor on the estate of Louisa V. Brady, deceased, before D. M. Weatherly, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County; All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 23rd day of August, 1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 1st day of August, 1924. C. L. BRAY, Extr., Liberty, N. C.

NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of Martha A. Presnell, deceased, before D. M. Weatherly, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County; All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 2nd day of August, 1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 29th day of July, 1924. J. S. RIDGE, Admr., Asheboro, N. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of Nancy J. Scott, deceased, late of Randolph County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said deceased to present same to the undersigned on or before the 10th day of August, 1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This the 10th day of July, 1924. B. H. SCOTT, Administrator of Nancy J. Scott, Deed, Rameaux, N. C., R. F. D. No. 1, 6t 8 7 24.

NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of Gilbert Gatlin, deceased, before D. M. Weatherly, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County; All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 1st day of September, 1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 16th day of August, 1924. B. F. BRITAIN, Administrator of Gilbert Gatlin, Dec'd, 6t 8 21 24.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION

North Carolina, Randolph County, In the Superior Court City Transfer Company vs. Clyde Woolley. The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Randolph County, for the purpose of obtaining judgment against the defendant for the non-payment of certain notes given by the defendant and endorsed by the plaintiff, and the defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County, North Carolina, on or before the 15th day of September, 1924, then and there to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I have sold my interest in the business heretofore conducted by the undersigned and Nick Vlahos, in the Town of Asheboro, N. C., known as the Sanitary Cafe, to the said Nick Vlahos, and this is to notify all persons that I will not be responsible for any obligations that may hereafter be contracted by the said Sanitary Cafe. This the 15th day of May, 1924. THEODORE VLAHOS, 4t 8 14 24.

NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of J. H. Phillips, deceased, before D. M. Weatherly, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County; All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 8th day of August, 1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 8th day of August, 1924. ROBT. L. ELKIN, Admr., 6t 8 7 24 Liberty, N. C.

NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix on the estate of L. P. Craven, deceased, before D. M. Weatherly, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County; All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 7th day of August, 1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 4th day of August, 1924. EMMA CRAVEN, Admr., J. A. Spence, Atty., 6t 8 7 24 Coleridge, N. C.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Randolph County in that certain proceeding entitled J. B. Allen, et al. against Carl Rich, I will on the 20th day of September, 1924, at 12 o'clock M., sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the court house door in Asheboro, Randolph County, N. C., the following described real estate.

First Tract: Situate, lying and being in the County of Randolph on the waters of Uwharrie river and bounded as follows: Beginning at a forked gum tree on the East bank of said river and running; thence North 85 degrees East on Bingham's line 22 1-2 chains to a stake; thence North 13 chains to a Sawood Debarck Showa corner; thence West on his line 24 1-2 chains to a pine; thence North 12 chains and 25 links to a black oak; thence North 75 degrees West 29 chains to a small pine in the old field; thence North 85 degrees West 6 1-2 chains to a poplar tree on a high bank; thence North 19 degrees West 2 1-2 chains to a hickory tree on the East bank of said river above the bank; thence down said river to the various corners to the beginning, containing 115 acres more or less.

Terms of sale cash upon confirmation. This the 18th day of August, 1924. JOHN T. BRITAIN, Commissioner, 4t 8 28 24

NOTICE

Having qualified as executrix on the estate of A. V. Williams, deceased, before D. M. Weatherly, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County; All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 6th day of August, 1925, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 30th day of August, 1924. G. E. PETTY, Admr., 6t 9 4 24 Arcobdale, N. C.

NOTICE—LAND SALE

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Randolph County entered under date of August 26, 1924, in the Special Proceeding entitled "Ella Martin by her next friend I. G. Martin et al. Plaintiffs, vs. Della Harmon and William Apple, defendants" the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the terms of one-third cash, balance in six months from date of sale, with interest thereon from day of sale until paid, or in cash at the purchaser's option, on the premises in Liberty Township, Randolph County, North Carolina, at 2 o'clock P. M. on Saturday the 4th day of October, 1924, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Tract No. 1. Situate on the Southeast side of the National Highway near the Town of Liberty, adjoining the lands of Staley, Highfill and Way; Beginning at a rock in Staley's line near branch, corner with Highfill; thence running South with Staley's line to Way's corner a rock or dogwood about 25 rods; thence West with Way's line about 40 rods to a stake on the side of said highway; thence North-east with the highway to a stake on the East side of said road in Highfill's line; thence East with said Highfill's line about 22 poles to the beginning corner and containing seven and one-third (7 1-3) acres, more or less.

Tract No. 2. Adjoining Highfill and others, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake, Aiston's corner in road, running thence North 50 degrees East 35 poles to a rock, Highfill's corner; thence South 1 degree West 3 poles to a rock; thence South 19 degrees West 35 poles to a stake in said road; thence North 20 degrees East to the beginning, containing one-half (1/2) acre, more or less.

The sale is subject to confirmation of the court. This the 15th day of August, 1924. J. L. ZIMMERMAN, Mortgagee, MAMIE HEGE, Assignee, 2t 9 4 24

NOTICE OF RESALE OF LAND

By virtue of an order of resale made by the Superior Court of Randolph County in the sale of certain property owned by R. P. Coplee and Asheboro, N. C., known as the Sanitary Cafe, to the said Nick Vlahos, and this is to notify all persons that I will not be responsible for any obligations that may hereafter be contracted by the said Sanitary Cafe. This the 15th day of May, 1924. THEODORE VLAHOS, 4t 8 14 24.

Beginning at a beach stump in Ingram's line; thence North 1 1-2 degrees E. 67 chains and 55 links to a stone, formerly a dogwood, on Ellen Welbourn's line; thence W. 88 1-2 degrees W. 13 chains to the old McCulloch line; thence S. 70 degrees W. with said line 17 chains to a stake in said line; thence S. 1 1-2 degrees W. 61 chains and 70 links to a white oak, formerly a pine, Ingram's corner; thence S. 85 degrees E. 32 chains to the beginning, containing two hundred and twenty-one (211) acres, more or less, excepting the foregoing bounded dairies, two parcels of land bounded as follows: 1st Tract: Beginning at a stake in the middle of the road on the original running S. 1 1-2 degrees W. 64 1-2 poles to a rock, original corner; thence W. 5 degrees N. on the original line 24 poles and 20 links to a stone in said line; thence N. 1 1-2 degrees E. 67 poles to the middle of the public road, a white oak on the south side of said road marked for a corner; thence N. 79 degrees along said road to the beginning, containing (10) acres, more or less. 2nd Tract: Beginning at a white oak, Ingram's corner on Rice's line; thence E. 523 feet to a stone; thence N. 392 feet to an oak; thence W. 523 to a stone; S. 392 to the beginning, containing four and one-half (4 1-2) acres.

This tract being resold by reason of an advanced bid having been placed on the price at which it was bid off at a former sale. This the 29th day of August, 1924. J. L. ZIMMERMAN, Mortgagee, MAMIE HEGE, Assignee, 2t 9 4 24

GLYCERINE MIXTURE FOR GAS ON STOMACH

Simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adlerika, helps any case gas on the stomach in TEN minutes. Most medicinal act, only on lower bowel but Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes all gasses and poisons. Brings out matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for obstinate constipation. Guards against appendicitis. Standard Drug Company.

Jake Polakavetz To Open Store In Randleman Mr. Jake Polakavetz of Troy has leased the brick building on Main street in Randleman formerly occupied by the Randolph Grocery Company, next to the drug store, and will put in a stock of dry goods, and clothing. The building is being put in condition for the opening. Mr. Polakavetz is a very successful merchant, having for a number of years conducted a large store in Troy and has more recently opened up a large store in Greensboro. He is also interested in a manufacturing plant in Troy and has large real estate interests there. A number of years ago, probably 25, Mr. Polakavetz used to travel over Randolph county peddling. By good business management he continued to enlarge his business until he was able to open up a store in Troy and since that time has continued to expand his business.

John Hagaman, aged 80 years, a Confederate veteran, narrowly escaped death at Statesville Thursday when he was knocked down by a freight train.

THEY WILL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN (New York Times.) Mr. Davis's speech had at least one instant effect. It destroyed a lot of ammunition which the republicans had piled up ready for use. Now it is but so many "Duds" on their hands. Senator Walsh and Mr. Davis between them effectually disposed of the myth that the lawyer's heart beats in sympathy only with his retainers. As for Mr. Davis in the guise of a Wall Street man, that has now become so supremely ridiculous—nowhere more so than in Wall Street itself—that we shall hear of it no more. There was also a fine fancy picture of Mr. Davis as a bred and born "conservative," who, if he had happened to live in the north, would surely have been a republican. This supposed affinity with the republicans must have been the reason why they disliked him so intensely! Accepting the current republican accounts of Mr. Davis, an English political correspondent, writing to his paper immediately after the democratic national convention, drew a portrait of the democratic candidate that was positively amusing. In this counterfeit presentation Mr. Davis appeared as one of the old line of southern aristocrats, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of the farm, dear to all the plain people with which America swarms? Well, ask the folks down in Clarkburg. They seem to find plenty of fault with the republicans. It is plain that the republican managers have already waked up to the fact that Mr. Davis has forced them to change their tactics. The opponent of their comfortable imaginings has disappeared, and in his place stands a white-waistcoated and perfumed aristocrat, presumably a cotton planter, at any rate a fastidious gentleman who had never touched the hard work of the world with one of his fingers. What headway, asked this correspondent, could such a white-waistcoated and perfumed candidate expect to make against President Coolidge, son of the soil, child of