

HONORARY TITLE FOR DR. HAINES

Presbyterians Name Retiring Minister 'Pastor Emeritus.'

Dr. M. L. Haines received the title of "pastor emeritus" from the First Presbyterian church in appreciation of his thirty-five years' service at a congregational meeting last night which had been called by Dr. Haines to act upon his resignation.

The honorary position was created for Dr. Haines at the suggestion of J. W. Lilly, who said that this would be the only material act of appreciation for Dr. Haines' faithful service since the passage of resolutions would not be as fitting as the creation of a position which would not be a burden or responsibility to him.

Dr. Haines said his resignation was for reasons of health.

A proposal that a monetary expression of appreciation be made, was suggested by John F. Hobbs.

A committee was appointed to make the presentation to Dr. Haines when his resignation becomes effective Nov. 1.

Fifteen members of the congregation were appointed to select a new pastor to succeed Dr. Haines.

The following were appointed on the committee:

Dr. David Ross, J. F. Wild, C. W. Mayer, Harry St. John, Evans Woollen, L. C. Messmann, Irving Williams, Joseph Daniels, Richard Habbe, J. H. Pattison, Mrs. Jacob P. Dunn, Mrs. William Adams, Mrs. William N. Pritchard, Mrs. Mary Deal and Mrs. A. Smith Bowman.

Once Barren Land Now Grows Cotton

LOS ANGELES, July 9.—Seventy-five million dollars is the estimated value of the 1920 cotton crop, now growing largely on what ten years ago was barren desert, in California and Arizona.

Figures compiled by the Pacific Cotton Exchange show 260,550 acres planted to long staple cotton this year in the two states.

Of this total 120,000 acres is in the Salt River valley of Arizona, irrigated almost entirely by the Roosevelt dam, which turned the Arizona desert into a flower garden almost over night.

The California acreage is 43,550 and is expected to yield a crop worth \$25,000,000 at present prices.

The Arizona crop is expected to bring crop \$20,000,000.

It is the largest cotton acreage yet planted in the southwest.

The bulk of the product is sold to rubber companies for use in automobile tires.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By DAVID CORY.

You remember in the last story we left off just as Puss Junior reached the top of the giant beanstalk.

And I was awfully sorry not to be able to tell you more last night what happened after that, but I didn't have any more room.

Well, all of a sudden, as Puss looked around to find a path, he saw a little yellow hen.

"I am dreadfully tired of laying golden eggs," she said, and then she ran her bright red comb through her feathers, and after that she sang this little song:

To lay every day
Is all work and no play.
"Have you seen Jack?" inquired Puss, for he was anxious to find him.

You know, because his mother was very fond of him, and she had a tender heart. He knew how mothers work when their little boys don't get home for supper, and Jack, of course, hadn't been home for two nights!

"Oh, he's up at the Giant's house," replied the little yellow hen, and she combed her feathers again with her bright red comb, and then she cackled three times and a half.

And after that she showed Puss the

MOTHER!

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WATCH FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

BAKER BROS.

Big Mattress Sale

SEE MONDAY'S PAPER

way, and by and by, not so very long, they came to the Giant's house, which was a great big gloomy castle built on a high rock.

So they opened the great door and there sat the Giant in his dining room smoking his great pipe.

"Come, chick," said the great big man, "lay me a golden egg for breakfast."

"Please let me off today," said the little yellow hen; "I'm dreadfully tired."

But when the Giant heard this he gave a great roar. My goodness, it was such a dreadful roar that the window panes rattled and one of the candles on the big mantelpiece fell over and went out with a splutter!

"How dare you be so cruel, Sir Giant!"

To lay every day

Is all work and no play.

"Have you seen Jack?" inquired Puss, for he was anxious to find him.

You know, because his mother was very fond of him, and she had a tender heart.

He knew how mothers work when their little boys don't get home for supper, and Jack, of course, hadn't been home for two nights!

"Oh, he's up at the Giant's house," replied the little yellow hen, and she combed her feathers again with her bright red comb, and then she cackled three times and a half.

And after that she showed Puss the

big bow for heroes that speaks to me like a captain of the guard!"

"Puss in Boots, Junior," replied our little hero, and he wasn't the least bit frightened, either, let me tell you.

"On one condition will I let the yellow hen off," said the Giant, "and that is that you tell me one of your adventures, Sir Puss in Boots Junior."

"I will agree to that," said Puss, with a bow for heroes that speaks to me like a captain of the guard!"

"I am dreadfully tired of laying golden eggs," she said, and then she ran her bright red comb through her feathers, and after that she sang this little song:

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