

General Blacksmithing

Wheelright and Vehicle Woodwork

Oxy-Acetylene Welding

Lathe Work

Key Seat Cutting and Machining; Gum Saws, circular or Crosscut; Repair Steam Boilers; New Boiler Tubes carried in stock; Repairs for any Gas Engine built; Handle Go-Tractors, Oliver Plows, Aermotor Windmills, Tanks and Pipe.

E. L. MORLAN

Located in Grant-Warner Lumber Building.

An armload of old papers for 5c at The Democrat office.

(Continued from Page One)

soil seemed to be a gravelly loam. The wheat crop was nearly a total failure, the black rust having killed a great deal of it. We saw thousands of acres that had never been shocked or threshed on account of it.

From Velva, N. D., to Minot we followed the Moose river all the way and camped on its banks one night, Sept. 19, just east of Minot. This is said to be the most crooked river in the world, coming out of Canada and then running back again.

Leaving Minot the roads were fair, nearly all dirt, and followed around the hills. We met two wagons of emigrants coming from Montana. They had sold their 320-acre farms for \$2,700 and were moving back to Minnesota.

We entered the state of Montana Sunday, Sept. 21, and oh, so glad, for we were getting quite tired. We had been facing a very strong wind all the time while traveling through Dakota. This day we spent driving through the Fort Peck Indian reservation, meeting many of the Indians coming from Poplar, Mont., where they had been attending the county fair. They, or many of them, I should say, were wearing their Indian blankets and moccasins, and had their hair in two braids. Some of them seemed to be quite intelligent, but most of the older ones can speak nothing but their native tongue. They had stopped at a small station and were filling the water barrels they carried in their wagons. They were having a great time among themselves. We tried to get some pictures, but as they dislike to have their pictures taken we didn't succeed in getting any.

That night it was very cold, so stayed at the hotel—the first and only time while traveling we didn't camp out.

The following day the roads were better. Leaving the reservation about 10 a. m., later in the day we passed by several irrigation ditches where the U. S. reclamation service had been irrigating a part of the Milk river valley. The crops were looking fine on the irrigated land. We camped that night near Malta, on the banks of the Milk river, in a private grove, which made a fine camping place. Also, hearing the coyotes howling, it seemed real western-like. We went to bed early, planning on an early start the next morning, thinking we could easily make Chester, Mont., our first stop on our long, long trip.

Well, we arrived in Chester Tuesday, Sept. 23, about 5:30 p. m., tired and our faces sunburned nearly to a blister. We certainly looked like real auto tramps, having covered 1,722 miles. We met Virgil Rose, our cousin, just leaving town for his home, and stopped and talked to him for some time, and as his folks were not at home he informed us where they lived and for us to go in and make ourselves at home.

We soon found their place and it wasn't long until they came and were very much surprised to find us there. As father has a brother who is living there, too—Uncle Wess, who drove from near Warsaw, Ind., to California a year ago, then back to Montana last spring, and has been living there ever since—we had several relatives to visit with.

Well, we spent nearly two weeks there in that desolate country, not a tree in sight. One can hardly realize what a country would look like with no trees at all as far as the eye could see. There is something about it, though, that one likes, and father thinks there are great bargains in land there now, for it is selling very cheap because of lack of rain for the last three years no crops have been raised.

We certainly enjoyed our visit while there, even though the

weather was very disagreeable, they having their first snowfall while we were there.

We left Chester Thursday, Oct. 2, and the roads being soft from the snow we had some trouble, only going a short distance when we got mired down in a gumbo hill and worked for about three hours to get out. This was the first and only time we used our shovel. After getting out we took a different track down a grade. It seemed nearly impossible without upsetting, but daddy stood on the other side on the running board and we got through with no accident.

But the roads continued very bad the rest of the day, we having to run on second and low speeds most of the day. In the early evening we came to a little town, Juneau, Mont., so we stopped and found a small vacant house there and decided to camp. There was a small heating stove in it ready for use and we thought ourselves quite fortunate, for it was a cold, rainy night. No matter how far away from home one gets he usually finds someone that knows somebody he knows. Here in this little town, 30 miles from a railroad station, the storekeeper knew one of your prominent business men—John Eger. He had some years ago been a traveling man and had sold Mr. Eger groceries, so he said.

We started on the next morning after having had a very comfortable night. We didn't drive far until we came to better roads, much to our delight.

About 3:30 p. m. we reached the Rocky Mountains and had some pretty good grades to make, but the roads were fine and we had no trouble, our Oakland Six never going back on us. When we reached Helena, Mont., the state capital, we stopped and got some information, and found we would have to go by Salt Lake City, thence across the desert, instead of by Spokane, Wash., as we had intended, on account of road work through the Fourth of July canyon, near Spokane.

Our drive through the mountains was very interesting. Coming through Wolf creek the scenery was very beautiful. It was a deep canyon, but the roads were good. Saw some large flocks of sheep, some containing as many as 2,000 to 3,000 head, with their herder and his dog, and in the distance, along the mountain side, could be seen his little shack—his home. We camped this night at a farmhouse and could see the mountains very plainly. The lady there remarked, "You can see Old Baldy" very plainly tonight. It is a snow-capped mountain. They had lived there 65 years and thought of the mountains as their friends. The next day we crossed the Bitter Root mountains, the summit being at Menida, an elevation of 7,000 feet. After leaving Montana we entered Idaho. Most of the roads were gravel and graded dirt, with a slightly rolling country. Between Spencer, Idaho, and Idaho Falls was all lava beds, the old formation in many places remaining intact. One could still see where the molten rock ran like thick molasses. The small crevices, though, were filled with soil.

The next state we entered was Utah—quite an agricultural country—seeing lots of sugar beets, also saw one large sugar refinery.

We also saw our first auto wreck that day. Just as we turned out to pass, as we met on a rather steep hill which was covered with loose gravel, two men driving a Ford touring car at about 30 miles an hour, skidded in the gravel and their car turned upside down just as we were passing. We stopped and hurried back, but no one was seriously injured. One of the men had quite a bad cut on one of his fingers from the broken windshield. We assisted them in straightening the car and it surely was pretty badly broken up.

This is also a great apple country, the land being irrigated and the fruit is of a fine quality.

We arrived at Salt Lake City Wednesday, Oct. 8. Had fine roads this day, most of them being concrete.

We camped on the public camping ground with 10 other cars—three from Detroit, Mich.; one from Waterloo, Ia.; one from Denver, Colo.; one from Seattle, Wash., and one from Texas. The one from Iowa was going to Long Beach, Calif., so they prolonged their stay another day and we made the onward trip together.

The next day we spent sight seeing in Salt Lake City. A great place, the home of the Mormons, you know. Their grounds are all enclosed with a 10-foot cement wall. There is a guide who meets the tourists and escorts them to the various buildings. He took us to the great tabernacle to hear the mid-day pipe organ recital. This building is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide and 75 feet from floor to ceiling; seats 8,000 comfortably and can seat 10,000 people. There are no nails used in the roof, which is dome-shaped. The joists are all bound together with wooden pegs, then wound with green rawhide. After the recital was over the guide told us he would drop a pin to the floor to see if we could hear it strike, which we did quite distinctly. He then spoke in a whisper, which could also easily be heard, thus demonstrating the sound reproducing properties of the building. We then went to the temple and viewed it from the outside as no one but Mormons are allowed to enter. This building is made of granite and it took 40 years to construct it. It was finished in 1893, costing \$4,000,000.

The king and queen of Belgium arrived on an afternoon train. They were met at the depot by the city officials with their cars decorated with the American and Belgian flags, making quite a pretty parade. Salt Lake is a very pretty place, its streets being very wide and it is such a clean city.

We left Salt Lake City and took a western route. Reno, Nev., was our next large city. Before leaving Salt Lake we got an extra five gallons of gas and a supply of eatables. In crossing the desert we did not know what our opportunity would be in securing such things.

We made 136 miles that day and did not start until 10 a. m. We camped that night on the eastern slope of a foot-hill overlooking the desert we had just crossed. It certainly was a desolate looking place, not even a living thing in sight, cactus not even growing there. The soil seemed to be a soft, fine, very silty substance and was wet underneath, which was contrary to our idea of a desert. They had been building a new road, so part of the highway was very good.

This was a beautiful night, full moon, desert and snow-capped peaks in the distance, but we were ready for a night's rest, having ridden all day, first crossing the plains then coming to the foot-hills, then another desert plain with great runs in the road which were filled with sand and on each side of us we could see nothing but the desert, sagebrush growing in some places and in some places nothing—just a wide scope of white substance between us and the mountains of about 50 miles distance, looking like a field in Indiana covered lightly with snow.

Our next day's drive was about the same kind of roads—couldn't have been much worse. We also went over the famous Sheridan pass. It certainly was a terrible climb. Had a little trouble—the float in the carburetor stuck—but got that fixed and finally got over the top and then had some grade going down.

We reached Ely, Nev., the next evening and camped. Had a very nice camp ground with iron grates fixed for stoves, adding greatly to our convenience in getting supper, as the boys had shot two rabbits that day that were dodging in and out of the sage brush. We seemed to have plenty of company at each camp grounds, several cars also being here.

The next day the roads were worse than any we had found so far, through mountains, across alkali flats, through washouts, very bad ones, too. We thought surely they were the worst in the United States. We hadn't gone far from Ely, a mining district, when a car went around us while we had stopped by the roadside. They waved very friendly, and then later we caught up with them, and found that the lady was formerly from Lafayette, Ind., and they seemed very glad to meet us. Her father was an old friend of Abe Hardy, whom many of your readers know. This lady's name was Hicks, but have forgotten her christian name.

We camped at Eureka, Nev., that night, the oldest silver mining town in the U. S. The streets were crooked and the buildings old. The sidewalks were made of boards and it certainly looked to be a very old town.

The roads the next day were much better, but had enough at that. The party we had with us had two broken leafs in one rear spring of their car, so had to stop at a town and get it fixed. They made an earlier start than we did from Alpoil ranch, where we had camped in order to continue our trip together. This was a great ranch, having 145,000 head of sheep thereon.

We reached Reno the next day. Having had good roads made the distance seem much shorter. We saw lots of alfalfa growing on irrigated land. Reno is quite a nice place. You remember, the Jeffries Johnson prize fight was held here.

Left Reno Wednesday, Oct. 15, and this was the most interesting drive of any by far the most beautiful. Climbing the Sierra Nevada mountains was certainly wonderful.

Roads very good and wide enough in most places for cars to pass. It was a 11-mile climb from 10 to 15 per cent grade. The side of the mountains were thickly covered with evergreen trees.

After climbing the grade for about four or five miles we came to Lake Tahoe, situated in the mountains. We stopped and went out on the pier and the water was the clearest of any lake water we had ever seen. Being fed by mountain streams, we presumed, accounted for it. This is also a great summer resort, but of course all the buildings were closed then. On leaving Lake Tahoe we followed the winding road around the lake and on up the mountain, it being the steepest grade we had had. Looking down into the valley the farmhouses looked like play houses.

On reaching the summit of the mountains, which was 7,630 feet, we stopped at a fine observation post station. A pedestal was arranged here so that a two-foot piece of one-inch gas pipe set in a swivel served as a guide-arm. By allowing it to rest on short pipes of various lengths and marked according to the peaks, you could change it around and easily find and see these various interesting places—Mt. Tallac, elevation 9,875 feet; Angonia peak, elevation 8,625 feet; Job's Sister, elevation 10,000. One also could see Lake Tahoe, which I have just spoken of. In this little station was a large book in which all tourists were supposed to register. We went in and registered, and from the appearance of the register there had been people from all over the U. S. here.

We were following the Old Immigrant trail where the "Forty-niners" had traveled to California in search of gold. All the interesting places were marked, making a very pleasing trip.

Our trip down the grade was about the same as coming up, as far as scenery was concerned, as the road followed in and out around the mountains, now and then meeting a car, but of course going down grade was much easier than coming up. That night we camped in the canyon of the American river, under a large pine tree, the trunk of which was about seven feet in diameter at the base and 150 feet high, near White Hall resort.

Our drive the next day was on down the mountains, through the dense forest. The most interesting thing we saw was a waterfall about 40 feet high coming from a mountain far above us and falling into a ditch and running under a bridge to the other side of the road, and no doubt would be used for irrigating down in the valley. We came to Placerfield, our first town in California, about 2 p. m., and it seemed good to think we would soon be to the end of our journey. Seeing the roses and other flowers in bloom and the beautiful palm and pepper trees we thought California very pretty. From here—much to our delight—we found macadam roads to Sacramento, the capital, and camped there with about 75 other tourists. This was a fine camping ground, and provided with many conveniences, such as grates for stoves, tables, a place to wash the cars and was well lighted by electricity. We found in most of the western towns of any size free camping grounds, and I am sure all tourists fully appreciate them.

The next day we passed several large pink and white grape vineyards, the largest bunches of grapes, of course, I had ever seen, one we got I am sure wouldn't have gone into a one-gallon jar, and they were certainly of a fine quality.

We got to San Jose about 6 o'clock, and as it was late we didn't try to locate our cousin until the next morning. We then spent Saturday and Sunday with her, and on Sunday we all took a drive out to Big Basin and saw some large redwood trees. Several of them were named. The "father" tree being the largest, was 31 steps around it, while the "mother" tree, the tallest, being 327 feet high. Then there was the chimney tree, which had a hole through the center of it. One could stand inside and easily see the sky, there being a large opening, hence it was called the "chimney" tree. There were many others. We went back and spent the night with our cousin and started on the next morning for Los Angeles. The roads being paved we could make good time.

We came through the apple region of the Santa Clara valley, the first day after leaving San Jose. It also seemed quite a dairy country. We were greatly surprised to find California so sparsely settled. We camped that night in an eucalyptus grove at the edge of King City.

We had a fine drive the next day over paved roads. (Had not gone far until we found a Shepherd dog that was running down the road, seeming to be lost, so we picked him up. He made friends with us right away and we named him "Jack," and we still have him with us and think he is a fine dog.)

We saw the "Old Pacific" for the first time and camped within 75 yards of it that night and could hear the surf breaking over the beach.

The next day we saw several orange and English walnut groves, which looked very good to us. We camped in the camping grounds at Los Angeles that night; had to pay for the first time. Los Angeles is quite a large city, much larger than we thought.

The next day we drove to Pomona and then to San Dimas and saw our cousins who are living there. Then went to Long Beach, and as it was late camped out. It rained that night and it was the first time we had camped during a rain and we wished it to be the last. The following day was nice and we finally found some rooms and were glad, too, for it had been

three weeks since leaving Chester, Mont., and we were getting a little tired, having traveled in all 4,032 miles and using 223½ gallons of gasoline, giving a mileage of 18.02 per gallon. The highest price paid was 45 cents per gallon, in Nevada. We used 11 gallons of oil, giving a mileage of 366.36 miles per gallon, or 91.59 miles per quart.

On the following Sunday we drove to San Pedro and saw the submarine base and four submarines. We also saw the Vitograph Film Co. take a scene where "Slim" Cole of the police force rode a motorcycle off the end of the dock, making about a 100-foot leap!

While here in Long Beach we met a Mr. and Mrs. Hargy of Seattle, Wash. They were also tourists and were spending a short time in California and then were going to Honolulu, H. I., to spend about six months. We all decided we would go to San Diego together, which we did and rented a little five-room furnished bungalow and all lived together. Houses and rooms were more plentiful and also cheaper there than here. While there we drove to Tia Juana, Mexico, to see the sights and to be on foreign soil.

We had to get passports before going across the border and gave them back and be searched before re-entering the U. S. Tia Juana is just a small place, made up of gambling dens, saloons and curio shops, and Mexicans everywhere. It didn't take very long to see all there was there and we started back. We stopped at a lemon packing house and saw where they washed, sorted and packed this fruit. The lemons are picked while green, then sorted and left under a canvas to be protected from the light, as light causes them to shrink. They are graded by machinery but sorted and also packed by hand. Several girls were employed at this place and each would pack about 50 boxes per day, some more and some less, receiving 6 cents per box for their work.

Carrie Jacobson's and Madame Schuman-Heink's home are not far from San Diego. The former's home is just an ordinary little brown bungalow, built at the very top of a hill, about 500 feet above the valley. Schuman-Heink's home is built of white stone and has a red tile roof, and is quite a large place.

Then we went out to "old town," which is just at the out edge of San Diego. This was formerly called Old San Diego and marks the place where California was born. Some of the interesting things one may see there are the incomplete brick church, marking the spot where Father Junipero Serra first planted the cross; the old plaza and monument where General Fremont first planted the U. S. flag; the first palm tree, which is 147 years old, and here in old town, in the chapel of the old Estudillo house, is known as the marriage place of Romona, a story sweet and beautiful, written by Helen Hunt Jackson, away back in 1884. She gathered the material for her story in southern California and she called it Romona, and as her heroine was married to her Indian sweetheart, Alessandro, here in this chapel, it has become known as the "Marriage Place of Romona," and here in the museum rooms one can see hundreds of relics, including the arm chair used at Guajome ranch by Helen Hunt Jackson while writing "Romona"; the old Yuma stage coach and Mexican carreta; mission chair used by the first district judge of California, and the Aguinaldo flag, captured by Lieut. Sidney Malze, and also many other interesting things. We considered our afternoon well spent.

Balboa park is another very interesting place to visit while in San Diego. The "Painted Desert" is shown here. A very large pipe organ out in the open is used for recitals each afternoon in the park.

After spending about 10 days at San Diego, we all decided to go to Redlands, Calif., which we did Nov. 22. It was about 100 miles distant, but didn't take long to make the trip. We were there 11 days, camping all the time. They had the best camp grounds we had found anywhere, and at the edge of a very beautiful park. There was even a five-burner gas stove for cooking, good water and electric lights, all free.

Our friends left the next morning for San Jose to visit friends a few days, then to San Francisco, from which place they were to set sail. But we had plenty of company all the time. Met some people from Illinois not very far from our home. While in Redlands we called on Mr. and Mrs. Will Morris and Mr. and Mrs. William Shepherd, all formerly of Remington, where Mr. Shepherd conducted a grocery many years ago. He is now owner of an orange grove and has a very pretty place not far from the center of town, while Mr. Morris is a dentist and lives in town. They were greatly surprised to see us and were pleased to hear about their Remington friends.

We were at Redlands for Thanksgiving. It had been raining and was quite cold the night before, but decided we would camp anyway, as we were accustomed to most anything by this time. But Thanksgiving morning we were certainly surprised when we got up and found the ground white with snow. We supposed the fruit was damaged, but they told us snow would come at 32 degrees while oranges would stand a much lower temperature. We went to a football game in the afternoon, just across the Redlands university campus grounds, which was at one side of our park, between Redlands and San Bernardino. It was a very interesting game as neither team had lost a game all fall, and Redlands had not even been scored against. But San Bernardino had lost several good men, so Redlands

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won by a score of 37 to 7. It was a hard-fought game, and at the ending of the first half it stood a tie.

Well, we decided we liked Long Beach best, so came back and got some rooms. It was not long until we happened to meet the Illinois people we met at Redlands, so we became close friends and all had a fine time together. New Year's day we drove to Pasadena together to see the Rose Tournament. There were some wonderful floats made of flowers and carried on automobiles. The parade was two or three miles long. There were several bands in the parade, including a bag-pipe band, a ladies' band and a saxophone band. It was a fine, warm day and the streets were crowded with a jam of people.

Long Beach is a fine place and it surely is crowded with tourists. They say there are more here than has ever been known before. It has a beautiful beach and people have a great time bathing and watching the waves roll in and break. We have seen the breakers when they would be 8 to 12 feet high.

Each Monday afternoon all the old soldiers have a meeting out on the pier. They have a fife and drum corps and the old "vets" surely do enjoy it. Then they go into the auditorium, which will easily seat 5,000 people, and have more speaking and music. The old soldiers are called upon to speak and they will respond from nearly every state in the Union, both Blue and Gray. One of them said the other day that Abraham Lincoln was the first president he ever voted for and that he voted for him while he lay sick in the hospital from a wound.

On other afternoons of the week band concerts and speaking are had at this auditorium, and each Sunday afternoon and night a religious program is given.

The people of Long Beach certainly believe in entertaining the tourist, and we surely enjoy it with the warm sunshine and the beautiful flowers, blooming all the time. It hardly seems possible you have been having such cold weather as we read of.

Well, no doubt you and your readers have grown very tired of this long letter, but there seemed no place to stop. But guess I have now told all. We are all well and have certainly enjoyed the winter very much. Are planning on being back in the good old Hoosier state by next fall anyway.

Father is enclosing a money order to pay his subscription for The Democrat, which we receive regularly and surely enjoy reading the news from home. Sincerely, STELLA TAYLOR.

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