

NEWS OF GEM COUNTY

By The Index's Correspondents

LINCOLN LINES

Amos Helmick Sr., and Amos, Jr., accompanied by the correspondent leave the first of this week for a four or five days fishing trip into Bear valley. The object is to catch a few salmon and rest our minds if not our stomachs, for all great minds need rest occasionally. As a result of our hurried departure Lincoln Lines will be cut short as usual, we hope however, some day to fulfill all our promises and anticipations, then friend Editor will have to get out a special edition.

We received word Saturday that

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able Companies  
Emmett, Idaho

Gus Amen, our long time friend and neighbor who fate struck down in his prime has passed over the great divide into the beyond. Mr. Amen died at the hospital where he was under treatment last Saturday morning. Mr. Amen was a man of rugged character, straightforward and as honest as the day is long, toiling from sun 'till sun for his loved ones and for the betterment of the community. We extend our sympathy and sorrow with the grief stricken for the world has lost a man, a father who was ever mindful of his family, a citizen ever thoughtful of the public's good, may peace abide by his soul on the long journey he has taken. The fraternal organizations he belonged to will have charge of the remains which are to be buried under the azure skies of the communities burial ground. Another race is run and the grim reaper has collected all beta.

Clayton Hall returned the latter part of last week and will visit with home folks a few days before returning to his work in Oregon where he is punching cattle, breaking bronchos and living the free life in the open. Mrs. John Rynearson reports a freak occurrence which she found in a chickens crew she was cleaning the other day. The freak part of it was the fact she found some 35 pieces of machinery, dishes, horse collars, and other things. Some six or eight copper rivets were in the collection but the points were worn smooth and round. Mrs. Rynearson almost ruined a butcher knife trying to open the claw of the chicken but finally had to tear it apart by hand. We claim that chicken ought not to have been killed for an animal or bird that will collect such a bunch of souvenirs etc. as that chicken did is as valuable as the golden egged goose.

Ed Modin has purchased a brand splinter new Durant touring car which he obtained from the Bodenheimer garage last Saturday. We noticed Ed still hammering the old mare on the tail Monday so came to the conclusion that the boys have annexed it to their collection. This makes the second Durant the Bodenheimers have sold the past week, the other was sold to John Jacobson.

Claud Cotter has taken his little span of grays and is now busy on the dam work building highway. Please do not think we are swearing in this item.

Ross Modin has been assisting with the mechanical work at Bodenheimer's garage. Slim and Oscar Bodenheimer are two of a kind, in fact, one tries to be Barney Oldfield and the other Ralph DePalma.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott leave this week, on Tuesday for Columbus, Kan., on their return trip home. They have been out west most all the summer so far and are rather anxious to get back to the United States as Uncle John states. They were in attendance at the Kansas-Missouri-Iowa celebration and picnic at Dewey's grove and Uncle John said he saw less chicken there than at any picnic that he could remember about. He had reference to yellow legged chicken, of course.

Frank Popham, the purchaser of the Nina Johnson twenty, will leave soon for Parma to take charge of the Parma schools the ensuing winter term. Mr. Popham is a teacher and instructor of many years standing and is high in the educational world. Crickets are singing harder every evening, the air crisper and the bed more comfortable every morning, when one has to get up so we guess pretty safely that fall has commenced.

James and Mary Francis Hitt were visiting friends and relatives in this section over the week end. Jim is still with his parents at Indian Cove where they have a hay ranch. He says there isn't a fruit tree in the valley however, which is quite a change from what he is used to. Miss Mary Francis has been up in the Dakota's teaching school the past two terms. They expect to return the first of the week to their home on Snake river.

Prunes are falling quite fast and many are puzzling their heads over this queer happening. The fruit has about all the signs of being ripe. That is it has the bloom and blue color, with an odd spot on it, then it turns rather yellow near the stem and drops off. Many trees are fast losing their burden of fruit this way, until, many ranchers believe, the crop will be quite short.

Threshing has started, and the ranchers are stacking preparatory to catching the machine at their earliest convenience. Dad Wiley was down from his job near Knox last Saturday, returning on Monday to that place. Business brought Dad out from the tall sticks and he made the trip from Knox in only a few hours, leaving that place at 9 o'clock in the morning, he was in New Plymouth at 4 p. m. Years ago it would have taken several long hard days' drive, so we are whipping right along as every one can notice if they take the time.

Irl and Yvonne Shaw located on the Brundage Mountain lookout, out from McCall state that several sections of forest are so badly infected with the white moth or pine beetle that it looks like a fire had swept thru there. And when the moth are flying it looks like a snow storm.

Miss Flora Carter, sister of Mrs. Marvin Hutton, returned last week from Albion where she has been taking summer normal. It is needless to state that a brand new Durant car is purring over that way several times a day.

BUTTE

Mrs. Bonnie Fowler and Genevieve were Emmett visitors Saturday.

The Misses Marie and Avis Fowler assisted Mrs. Mabel Smith and Mrs. Ruth McNutt prepare for threshers Saturday.

Mrs. Sadie Kingman and Mrs. McCartney spent the day Saturday at

the McNutt and Smith home. Charles Talbot threshed Monday. Mrs. May Talbot's sister, Mrs. Carver of Nebraska is making her a visit.

Orville Kroush of the bench has been assisting the butte ranchers thresh the past week.

Mrs. Sadie Kingman, Mrs. McCartney and Glen McCartney made a trip to Emmett Monday.

Mrs. Sarah Durham, sister of Mrs. Luther Phillips, went to the Tom Maruaga home in Emmett Saturday evening, after a week's visit on the butte.

Mrs. Luther Phillips and her sister, Mrs. Durham called on Mrs. Albert Martin Wednesday afternoon.

Douglas Hanson has been very sick for several days past. We hope to learn soon of his recovery.

John Muruga was an Emmett visitor Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fowler called at the McNutt and Smith home Friday afternoon.

John Martin and Leonard Hanson were picking apricots at the Charlie Kingman ranch Sunday afternoon.

Charles Smith spent Monday afternoon with Glen McCartney.

Mrs. Bonnie Fowler called on Mrs. Maggie Martin Monday.

Mrs. Mabel Smith and Mrs. Ruth McNutt assisted Mrs. Kingman prepare for threshers Tuesday.

Mrs. Bonnie Fowler assisted Mrs. Adam Klingback prepare for threshers Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McNutt and Mildred went down to the S.A. Russell home on the bench Thursday. Charles is going to help Mr. Russell in haying.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith went to the Hot Springs near Montour Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Klingback were shopping in Emmett Thursday.

Uncle Warren Klingback was an Emmett visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Charlie Klingback, Mrs. May Talbot, and her sister, Mrs. Carver climbed the Butte Wednesday.

LITTLE ROCK

Mrs. Myron Whiteley and Mrs. J. A. Olsen were callers on the slope Tuesday, procuring a quantity of peaches at the Bethel ranch, thence going to Lucht's where they purchased a bountiful supply of fine tomatoes.

Mesdames C. A. and Mrs. G. I. Mills spent Tuesday at the Harry Peery home.

Mrs. Fannie Jones is employed by Andy Little to do the cooking for his hay and harvest hands.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Mills made a business trip to Caldwell Monday, finding the roads in an almost impassible condition.

Mrs. Kirkman moved to Emmett Tuesday to join her husband who has been employed at a barber shop for some time past, leaving Vaughn Ballenger, who makes his home with Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman to take care of the farm and things pertaining thereto. The near neighbors say, though young in years, he is adapting himself to bachelor hoodism admirably.

The Robinson boys left one day last week with two four horse teams and fresnos, erecting their camp at the Black Canyon dam where they have employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irwin and son Robert, Jr., Mr. Irwin the head telephone manager, and Mrs. Irwin the bookkeeper of the Nampa exchange accompanied by Mrs. Evelyn Irwin, wife of the chief dispatcher of the O. S. L. railroad at Nampa, spent Tuesday evening at the Mills.

Myron Whiteley had a very narrow escape Wednesday, when the pin holding the derrick boom broke, causing the boom to fall on the wagon from which he was unloading, missing him by a narrow margin.

J. A. Olsen spent Thursday night with his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Hoyt and family of Emmett.

Miss Myra Olsen arrived home on Friday after having spent the past month in Emmett with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Hoyt.

The Hale brothers, who are employed on the bench, spent Sunday with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Peery and son Paul spent Saturday night and Sunday in Emmett with his parents, and a brother and family, who have arrived from Minnesota for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gordon and son Dorris, accompanied by his father and mother who are here visiting from Provo, Utah, toured Weiser and other points, sightseeing Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Wampler spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Miles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mills and Mrs. Lloyd Mills spent Sunday night in Boise with Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Corn.

Dorris Gordon left Monday for the Black Canyon damsite, where he has secured employment.

Uniform Came in Handy.  
I gave up my profession as trained nurse after my marriage and sometimes wore my uniforms for house dresses. One day, while in the front room, I heard the back door open and close. I was alone in the house and on going to investigate I saw a rough-looking stranger coming through the kitchen straight toward me. Presence of mind came to my rescue. I raised my hand and said, "Don't come in here, we have a scarlet fever patient." He quickly scanned my uniform and made a hasty retreat through the rear door. —Chicago Journal.

An Egg Mystery.  
If you want to mystify your friends, show them how you can get an egg into a bottle the mouth of which appears to be far too narrow for the purpose. It can be done by soaking the egg in a strong solution of acetic acid and water. The egg becomes soft and can be pressed into any shape. When it falls into the water in the bottle it will harden again. —Tit-Bits.

Salt and Blood Pressure.  
It is said to be positively determined that by cutting out the salt from one's diet the blood pressure rating will be very much reduced.

WITH THE WITS.

The Essentials.  
North—What are the three necessities of human life?  
West—Coin, cash and money.

Lost.  
Stella—Did she lose her heart?  
Bella—Yes, she wants it returned with one question asked.

Next!  
Rub—Are you engaged to Mary?  
Dub—No, but I'm on her waiting list.—Kansas City Star.

Typographical.  
"Are you from Chicago?"  
"No, Beloit."  
"How far below?"—Harvard Lampoon.

Too Communicative.  
"Clara holds her age well."  
"Yes, but she tells everybody else's."  
—Boston Transcript.

Darwinian.  
The war on bathing suits is welcome if it means a survival of the best fitting.—Life.

The Cheerful Liar.  
First Trunk—Enjoy your vacation?  
Second Trunk—Feeling fine; I could lick my weight in baggage men.

Quite So.  
Speaking of home brew, prohibition may be said to be its raisin d'etre.—Boston Transcript.

Defined.  
Knicker—What is a cellar?  
Bocker—A brick pocket.—New York Herald.

The Reason.  
"I hear Charlie's on his feet again."  
"Yes, the poor boy, his creditors took his car."

Mutual.  
Revenue Officer—I don't know what to make of it.  
Home Brewer—I didn't either.

Sartorial Note.  
Some of our flighty flappers seem to think that when a woman's dress is above reproach it is beneath contempt.

CARRIED SECRET TO GRAVE  
Canadian Prospector Refused to  
Divulge Location Where Gold  
Cropped Out.

A man who kept his secret to the end was the Canadian hunter Gilbertson. Sixty years ago, when he was making a canoe trip up the Wapshe river, the New York Evening Post states, he struck camp for the night near what later discoveries indicate must have been a large body of gold-bearing ore. Without knowing what this ornamental stone was, he took home a big piece to use for a door weight. A while after this a geologist who was visiting Gilbertson identified the ore, and a rush to stake claims along the Wapshe ensued. But the unwitting prospector would never tell where he made his great find. In later years he became insane and died, still refusing to reveal the location. This season a systematic search of that country is being made in hope of rediscovering "the Gilbertson lode."

Aunt Susan's Dilemma.  
Aunt Susan, an old Maryland darkey, was being registered for the first time. Like many other women who were torn between their desire to vote and retain their youth, Aunt Susan neither relished telling her age nor discussing her private matters.

"What are your affiliations?" asked the registrar.

"Why, boss, I don't have to tell dem, do I?" queried Aunt Susan in dismay.

"Answer the question," commanded the hard-hearted registrar.

"But, boss," protested Aunt Susan, "I don't like to. He's got a wife and five children."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Reverse English.  
"Rather thoughtful of the people who sell ingredients for making beer in the home."

"How's that?"  
"They tell you what not to do to make it intoxicating."

"Sly fellows. But for fear somebody might mistake their meaning they ought to put the 'not' in parentheses." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

He Had It.  
The Sunday school teacher had been reading about Cannan, the land flowing with milk and honey.

"Now," she said to the class, "what do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?"

"Please, teacher," was the instant reply, "sticky."

The Necessary Doctor.  
Mr. Timseed—I see by the papers our congressman's been made a doctor of laws.

His Wife—I reckon that's so he can write doctor's prescriptions under the Volstead law.

Checking Up.  
The sultan of Zanzibar and his wives have landed at Durban. We understand that the captain asked him to count them carefully, as mistakes could not be rectified after leaving the ship.—London Punch.

In the Wilds.  
"Was it primeval where you went?"  
"You bet. Some place you couldn't buy a postcard."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

APRICOTS

Will soon be over, so get yours for canning right away.

Orders taken for string beans for canning.

We have jars of all sizes and kinds; also all the necessary articles for canning.

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