

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

SUBSCRIPTIONS: ONE YEAR (In Advance) \$2.00
SIX MONTHS (In Advance) 1.00

Classified Advertising: 25c each (one cent a word in excess of 25)
Keyed or "blind" ads 50c. Local reader ads 16c per line
Cards of thanks \$1.00

**IT MAY SAVE
A LIFE.**

THE SUGGESTION, which is rapidly gaining favor in Cascade, that a stop light—or even a blinker—be installed at an intersection midway on this city's main street, is a laudable one.

Motorists, bound both north and south, tear through Cascade at a high rate of speed. There is no fire, there is no county fair—there is no hurry, yet they whiz by, paying but little heed to children crossing the streets or to other pedestrians:

The amount of money necessary for the installation of such a light is negligible—especially so when it is considered that it may save the life of some child or person.

Cascade's Main Street is not of city proportions. One stop light located midway of the street would serve to slow down and stop the speeding motorist, and to keep his speed down while traveling through the town. The cost of operation of such a sign, it is said, would be less than three cents an hour.

Both Council and New Meadows are installing one of these devices for the protection of their citizens. It would be well for Cascade to do likewise.

**REMINISCENCES ON
THE NEW DEAL.**

APPEARANCE of a series of articles in a national weekly by Professor Morley, first head of what was misnamed the Roosevelt Brain Trust, is a reminder that most of the early day advisors who helped start the administration on the road to its present destination, have disappeared from the public scene. Many of them have, indeed been forgotten by the public and will require identification to be located in their proper niche.

Morley has been ambitious to become an editor since his fall from grace, but has not achieved outstanding success. Morley was closer to the throne and rose higher than most of the rest. He rose so high, what with reporters referring to him as Assistant President, that his downfall was predestined. There can be no Assistant President under Roosevelt, as Morley now ruefully is aware.

Then there is Tugwell, remember him? Tuggy is the lad who was going to make the country over. Where is he now? He resigned as assistant secretary of agriculture, by request, when the publicity got too hot, and became vice president of a molasses company. But not for long. He is currently on the New York City payroll at \$15,000 a year or something like that.

Professor Warren was the name of the boy with the money ideas. He was an agricultural college professor, and what he couldn't do to make money grow, in theory, wasn't much. Warren is gone. He is probably playing with radishes and onions again.

Everybody remembers Hugh Johnson, the bird who was going to regiment the nation with his Blue Buzzard. Hugh also became too hot for the New Dealers and now he is resigning the head man where it will hurt most at every opportunity. Hugh is against all this New Deal foolishness if they're not going to let him play.

There are plenty of others, of course. But why go on. Nothing is too crazy for them to swallow or to promote while they are in the orbit of the Roosevelt smile. But when the Old Man turns thumbs down on them and cultivates new favorites, just hear them yell.

This is, of course, what break up freak political combinations such as the New Deal. Coop up all the zanies in one room and they are bound to start fighting with each other.

in the...
verted for our... pages in
sooner had the... locate
street, than we had him
He was under the sofa.

So, we have all four pups as
One is named "Pop-Eye" after
dad; another Houdini, because
gets out of everywhere; a third
call "What," so, as we have told
before, when we are asked "W
his name?" we can say "Yes."
And the fourth—the one we los
a while—we call Paderewski—bec
he's the pianist of them all.

Yep, it takes a lot of thou
and time to name dogs. Now so
people would have just called
"Rover," "Rex," "F.D.R.," or j
plain "Pup" and let it go at th

A friend of ours told us he s
in a haunted house the other nig
see what would happen. About
night, he declared a ghost
through one of the walls jus
though nothing was there. So
asked what he did then, and h
plained that he went through
other wall the same way.

After a good rest for a w
we took another try yesterday
horse-back riding. We bel
we're improving as our instru
told us we rode as if we wer
part of the horse.

He neglected to say what
This horse-back riding is goo
over-weight, too. George Ha
tried it recently, they tell u
gave it up when he had to dis
and carry the horse.

Scotty McIlwraith sez that
in the old country they feed
to their cows once a week.
way they get the hiccoughs
churn their own butter.

—Adios
THE BABY

**IN THE DISTRICT COURT
THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL
DISTRICT OF THE STATE
IDAHO, IN AND FOR
COUNTY OF VALLEY.**

**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE
FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE**

STATE OF IDAHO, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY FLORIN and ESSIE
RIN, his wife; M. H. FLO
ESTHER PLINE, his wife;
KERBY, and UNITED N
NATIONAL CORPORATION,
corporation, Defendants.
Under and by virtue of a
of sale issued out of and un
seal of the above entitled cou
judgment and decree of th
who said rendered in said c
the 11th day of July, 1930,
tered and filed in said court
11th day of July, 1930, and
with the clerk of said court
of the above named party
against the above named

