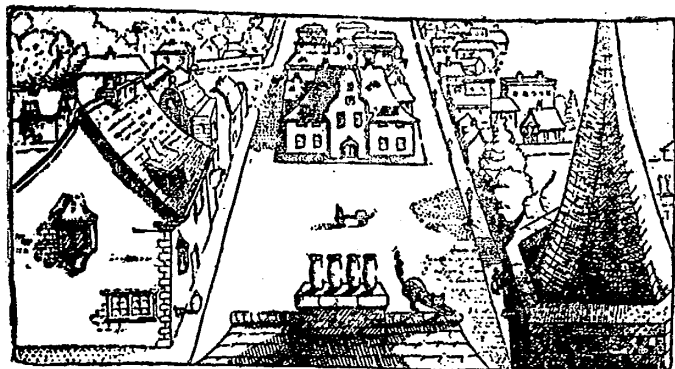


The Delightful Adventures of Doctor Dolittle



"A little town called Puddleby-on-the-Marsh"

THE FIRST CHAPTER PUDDLEBY



NCE upon a time, many years ago—when our grandfathers were little children—there was a doctor; and his name was Dolittle—John Dolittle, M. D. "M. D." means that he was a proper doctor and knew a whole lot.

He lived in a little town called Puddleby-on-the-Marsh. All the folks, young and old, knew him well by sight. And when he walked down the street in his high hat everyone would say, "There goes the doctor!"—He's a clever man." And the dogs and the children would all run up and follow behind him; and ever the crows that lived in the church-tower would caw and nod their heads.

The house he lived in, on the edge of the town, was quite small; but his garden was very large and had a wide lawn and stone seats and weeping-willows hanging over. His sister, Sarah Dolittle, was housekeeper for him; but the doctor looked after the garden himself.

He was very fond of animals and kept many kinds of pets. Besides the goldfish in the pond at the bottom of his garden, he had rabbits in the pantry, mice in his piano, a squirrel in the linen closet and a hedgehog in the cellar. He had a cow with a calf, too, and an old lame horse—25 years of age—and chickens and pigeons, and two lambs, and many other animals. But his favorite pets were Dab-Dab, the duck; Jip, the dog; Gub-Gub, the baby pig; Polynesia, the parrot, and the owl, Too-Too.

His sister used to crumble about these animals and said they made the house untidy. And one day when an old lady with rheumatism came to see the doctor, she sat on the hedgehog, who was sleeping on the sofa, and never came to see him any more, but drove every Saturday all the way to Oxen-thorne, another town 10 miles off, to see a different doctor.

Then his sister Sarah Dolittle came to him and said: "John, how can you expect sick people to come and see you when you keep all these animals in the house? It's a fine doctor would have his parlor full of hedgehogs and mice! That's the fourth personage these animals have driven away. Squire Jenkins and the pastor say they wouldn't come near your house again—no matter how sick they are. We are getting poorer every day. If you go on like this, none of the best people will have you for a doctor."

"But I like the animals better than the 'best people,'" said the doctor.

"You are ridiculous," said his sister, and walked out of the room.

So, as time went on, the doctor got more and more animals, and the people who came to see him got less and less. Till at last he had no one left—except the Cat's-meat-Man, who didn't mind any kind of animals. But the Cat's-meat-Man wasn't very rich and he only got sick once a year—at Christmas-time, when he used to give the doctor sixpence for a bottle of medicine.

Sixpence a year wasn't enough to live on—even in those days long ago; and if the doctor hadn't had some money saved up in his money-box, no one knows what would have happened.

And he kept on getting still more pets; and of course it cost a lot to feed them. And the money he had saved up grew littler and littler.

Then he sold his piano, and let the mice live in the bureau drawer. But the money he got for that began to go, so he sold the brown suit he wore on Sundays and went on becoming poorer and poorer.

And now, when he walked down the street in his high hat, people would say to one another, "There goes John Dolittle, M. D. There was a time when he was the best known doctor in the West Country—look at him now—he hasn't any money and his stockings are full of holes!"

But the dogs and the cat and the children still ran up and followed him through the town—the same as they had done when he was rich.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

THE TROUBLE WITH WHEAT

Too Much Talk and Too Little Action Secret of Wheat Crisis.

Too much talk by theorists who know nothing of actual farm conditions has greatly confused the popular mind on the subject of the present economic crisis in agriculture according to Jared Van Wagenen, Jr. writing in the American Agriculturist, who cites especially the wheat situation. Mr. Van Wagenen lays the blame at the door of over-production and advises a cut in acreage.

"Just now there is a topic that is earnestly discussed by all sorts of people—some of whom would not know a wheatfield from an onion patch—viz the price of the wheat. Wheat is conspicuously the sick man of agriculture.

"Now it needs no international congress of learned doctors to determine just what is the matter with wheat. Facts are that under the stimulus of high prices together with a good deal of 'grow more wheat' propaganda the larger part of the wheat-growing world speeded up production and had not yet slackened up enough to accommodate itself to post-war conditions. Always in America we grow more wheat than we can use for bread, and broadly speaking the price at which the surplus can be sold determines the price of the entire crop. This year it is said that there is from 150,000,000 to 250,000,000 bushels (the minimum and the maximum estimates) that must be sold abroad, to the highest bidder, in competition with wheat from Argentina, and Australia, and Canada, and India, and the Balkan States.

"What are we going to do about this situation? Well, for one thing, we are always planning a fairly radical reduction in our acreage.

The preliminary reports to the United States Department of Agriculture indicate a reduction of winter wheat acreage of more than 15 per cent. This is sound economics and as it should be. Then we ought to recognize that there is nothing sacred about wheat and should use more of it for chicken feed and other animal nutrition. We could thus use a big part of our exportable surplus and our hen population would be the happier and better for it. So, too, wheat replaces corn very satisfactorily as hog feed and a bushel of 60 pounds wheat is worth as much or a little more than a bushel of 56 pound corn. Such uses for animal feeding will really accomplish much more than any 'eat another slice of bread a day' slogan."

Mr. Van Wagenen pays his respects to several "statesmen" who figure largely in the daily news.

"By a great majority, Magnus Johnson is elected United States Senator from Minnesota. I do not question his sincerity or personal honesty, but some of his outgivings have the marks of economic lunacy. Yesterday I read the speech of a western Congressman. Either the man is a fool or much worse—a demagogue. I say much worse because in a democracy, the demagogue is infinitely more dangerous than the honest radical."

Not price-fixing nor government purchasing and storing of wheat will furnish a remedy, but real agricultural reconstruction, which will adjust production to a normal basis after the war inflation, is the answer to the present problem, according to Mr. Wagenen.

VEGETABLE 'GROWERS

TO MEET

Gathering Scheduled for Buffalo Sept. 17-20.

The Vegetable Growers' Association of America will hold its annual convention at the Hotel Statler, Buffalo, September 17-20. A very complete program has been arranged for the four-day session.

Wednesday, a tour of Erie County vegetable lands has been arranged. This will take in the farms of many of the prominent growers as well as a visit to a plant of the Erie County Growers and Shippers Association. Manager Schillroth of this association will describe in detail with the visitors how the vegetable crops are pooled and marketed.

Aaron Sapiro is to deliver an address on the subject "Cooperation in Marketing" at the Thursday afternoon session. O. E. Bratfoot, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, will deliver an address, describing the policies of that association on the same afternoon.

New York State will send a large delegation, which will be composed of individual growers as well as members of the various local vegetable marketing associations. From the program arrangements, this convention should prove one of the most successful ever held by the American Vegetable Growers.

Secretary Townsend of the New York State Vegetable Growers' Association has called on the members to turn out 100 per cent for the Buffalo meeting. The New York delegation is attempting to surpass

the Ohio delegation in numbers in order to win a fine banner donated by the Market Growers' Journal of Louisville, Kentucky, for the state having the largest attendance.

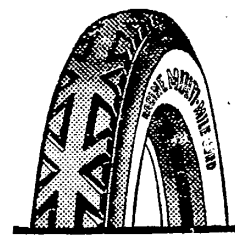
COUPLE IN AUTOMOBILE

MISS DEATH FOUR TIMES

New York.—Death-defying escapades are not always in the movies, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wallace found when they drove their coupe along a Grand Concourse bridge in the Bronx.

A motorbus struck them from the rear. The car hurtled thru an iron fence to a 25-foot drop. Plunging downward, it became entangled in live electric trolley wires, amid bursts of flame and showers of crackling sparks that threatened death for the occupants.

Turning a summersault, it landed with all four wheels on the ground—but square on the tracks of a rapidly approaching trolley car. The motorman jammed on the brakes as Mr. and Mrs. Wallace stepped uninjured from their machine, having escaped death four times in a few seconds.



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