

SPLENDID OUTLOOK FOR CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA

RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE GRAIN FIELDS SHOW THAT THE PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

This is the time of year when considerable anxiety is felt in all the northern agricultural districts as to the probable outcome of the growing crops. Central Canada, comprising the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their 18,000,000 acres of wheat, oats, barley and flax, of which 6,000,000 acres may be said to be sown to wheat alone, has become a great factor in the grain markets of the world. Besides this, government returns show that every state in the Union has representatives in these provinces, and naturally the friends of these representatives are anxious to hear of their success. It has never been said of that country that it is absolutely faultless. There are, and have been, districts that have experienced the vagaries of the weather, the same as in districts south of the boundary line between the two countries, but these are only such as are to be expected in any agricultural country. The past has proven that the agricultural possibilities of this portion of Canada are probably more attractive in every way than most countries where grain raising is the chief industry. The present year promises to be even better than past years, and in a month or six weeks it is felt there will be produced the evidence that warrants the enthusiasm of the present. Then these great broad acres will have the ripened wheat, oats, barley and flax, and the farmer, who has been looking forward to making his last payment on his big farm will be satisfied. At the time of writing, all crops give the promise of reaching the most sanguine expectations.

In the central portion of Alberta, it is said that crop conditions are more favorable than in any previous year. Heavy rains recently visited this part, and the whole of this grain growing section has been covered. Reports like the following come from all parts:

"Splendid heavy rain yesterday. Crops forging ahead. Great prospects. All grains more than a week ahead of last year. Weather warm last week. Good rains last night."

From southern Alberta the reports to hand indicate sufficient rain. Crops in excellent condition. Labor scarce.

Throughout Saskatchewan all grains are looking well, and there has been sufficient rain to carry them through to harvest.

From all portions of Manitoba there comes an assurance of an abundant yield of all grains. Throughout southern Manitoba, where rain was needed a few weeks ago, there has lately been abundant precipitation, and that portion of the province will in all probability have a crop to equal the best anticipations. A large quantity of grain was sown on the stubble in the newer west, which is never a satisfactory method of farming, and may reduce the general average.

Taken altogether, the country is now fully two weeks in advance of last year, and in all grains the acreage sown are much larger than in 1911. This means that with auspicious weather the west will have the grandest harvest in its history. Two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat has been mentioned as an estimate of the present growing crop, and it looks now as if that guess will be none too large.

When we can't be overlooked. Somehow or other we never take much notice of the coming man till he gets there.

The Cheerful Color.
Gabe—Do you ever get the blues?
Steve—Not if I have the long green.

People who are thrifty are apt to get a reputation for being stingy.

Stout City Directory
"Hub of the Northwest"

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We install the best. Satisfaction guaranteed. And your local gas dealer or electrician will be glad to refer you to us. 223 Maple Street, Stout City, Ia.

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The kind with the YELLOW BAND
Sold by all grocers, the bands are valuable

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Electric Light Plants
for farms and towns. All kinds of electric fixtures and supplies.
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WANT A BIT
of the best of everything. Gold watches, diamonds, pearls, etc. Buy from the largest and most comfortable store in the room and wheeled for breath.

"And, Jenkins!" He raised one fat finger while he took a gasp. "Don't stand if I do have a package of



The Glow of the Rubies

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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Dicky's Koroskos and a sloop fliz—not too sweet, you know; and you may—"
Billings broke off suddenly. Then he climbed heavily to his feet, and without warning, heaved himself across the room and seized the button I had just uncovered. Dashed if he didn't almost upset me.

"Here, I say!" I protested. "Don't lose that cap." I picked it up from where he had jerked it to the floor. "It's the cover to hide that glass, you know."

"Wh-a-a-t!"
Billings swung round, staring at me with the most curious expression.

"See here, Dicky," he exclaimed rather excitedly, but in a low tone, as he cut a side glance at Jenkins slipping the fliz over at the collar.

"What in thunder have you been doing now?"

"By Jove, I turned cold for a minute. I was that startled. I thought he was going to use the pajamas as an introduction for reference to last night. But in a minute I saw that he did not mean that."

"Where on earth did you get anything like this?"
"Oh, I say now!" I remonstrated, alarm changing to a mild dudgeon. Billings' devilish rude manners are so offensive at times. "What do you mean? It's a present from a friend in China."

"Present!" Billings' eyes bulged queerly. He stooped toward me, whispering: "Did he know what this button was?"

"Why, of course he didn't," I answered indignantly. "Never dreamed of it, of course. I tell you, it was all nicely covered, was what-you-call-it—unpolished, you know—with devilish nice silk. I cut it off accidentally, trying to force the thing through that loop. That left the marble exposed."

Billings took the glass mechanically from the tray tendered by Jenkins and slipped it slowly, eyeing me curiously over the top. Then he set it back, very deliberately, wiped his mouth with the bit of napery, and without taking his glance from me, waited until Jenkins had left the room. Whereupon, after another searching look at the button, he dropped it with the garment upon the table, and with hands jammed deep in his pockets, faced me with a long-drawn whistle.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. "Just a coarse, vulgar, old button, you know—no sense to it; no point at all, you know—that's Billings."

He caught up the coat again. "And these other four of them—are they just the same?" he demanded sharply.

"Dash it, how should I know? I suppose so," I answered indifferently.

CHAPTER IX.
An Amazing Revelation.
I stared blankly at Billings. "Rubies!" I gasped.

He nodded. "Genuine pigeon bloods, my son, no less."

"Oh, come now, Billings," I protested. "I felt a little miffed, just a little you know. So jolly raw to try it on that way."

"By Jove, old chap, you must think me a common ass," I suggested disgustedly.

Billings grinned at the very idea. "You a common ass, Dicky?" he ejaculated. "Nobody who knows you would ever think that, old man."

"But, I say—"
"See here, Dicky boy, I'm in dead earnest," he interrupted eagerly. "Don't you remember my one fad—gems? Got enough tied up in them



"Have You Really No Idea What These Are?"
And I closed my eyes and leaned back, feeling a bit—just a bit—wearied. Somehow, Billings is always so exhausting when he gets started on something.

"Oh, cut it out, old chap," I protested, drowsy-like.

"I will," I heard him say. Then I guess I must have dropped off a bit, for the next thing I knew he was shaking me.

"Dicky! Dicky! Say, look here! I did look, and—well, I was jolly vexed, that's all."

"Oh, I say now!" I spoke severely—just that way, you know. I went on, remonstrating: "Devilish silly joke, if you ask me. You've gone and ruined the thing, Billings! Flashy buttons like that, you know—too tawdry, too cheap!"

"Cheap!" He almost shouted it. Then he leaned over the back of the leather chair and pounded his fat head against the cushions, writhing his big bulk from side to side.

"Quite impossible," I said firmly. "Not on earth at all, you know!" And I fixed my glass and stared gloomily at the things. The five shiny buttons just lay there against the delicate silk like so many fiery crimson cherries.

He leered at me, chuckling. "Look cheap to you, eh? What you might call out, so to speak?"

Woman With Prominent Jaw Did Not Get the Seat She So Evidently Desired.
She had a jaw that somehow reminded one of the cowcatcher on a locomotive—perhaps because it was always somewhat in advance of her countenance. Also there was a look of determination in her eyes, and it was evident from the manner in which she elbowed other passengers aside, that she had no desire to be regarded as a shrinking violet. Yet she was rather good looking, and she was dressed in such a manner as to indicate that she was free from the necessity of practicing economy. After she had fought her way into the car she looked at the men who were occupying seats and then stationed herself in front of a small, gray-haired gentleman whose expression was kind and even lamblike.

The woman engaged his attention



nothing like them in all New York from Tiffany's down to Maiden Lane, and never has been. I never saw anything like—near like any of them—except the one in the Russian crown of Anna Ivanovna. That's bigger, but it hasn't the same fire."

I just laughed at him. "Why, Billings, these pajamas were sent me by a friend in China, and I assure you—"
"Assure? What can you assure—what do you know about it?" said Billings rudely. "What did your friend know, or the one he had these things from—or the one before him—or the one still before that? 'Pshaw!' And he snapped his fingers."

With his hand he swept up the little caps and the long, wirelike threads that held them and sniffed the handkerchief curiously.

"Hm! Funky sort of aromatic smell—balsam, cedar oil or something like that," he muttered half aloud. "That accounts for the preservation. But still—"

He crossed his legs and puffed thoughtfully.

"Tell you how I figure this out, Dicky," he said finally. "These nightgowns your friend has sent you are awfully rare and old; and for delicate, dainty elegance and that sort of thing they've got everything else in the silk way shaved off the clothes-line. But as to these jewels, you can just bet all you've got that whoever passed them on was not wise to them being under these covers."

Here he got to looking at one of the buttons and murmuring his admiration—regular trance, you know.

"By Jove!" I remarked, just to stir him up a bit. And he unlaced a great funnel of smoke and continued:

"My theory is that during some danger, some mandarins' war, likely, somebody got cold feet about these jewels and roped them in with these bits of silk—see how different they are from the rest of the stuff! Then, when the roughhouse came, these pajamas were swept along in the sackings—sort of spoils of pillage, you know. It was a clever method of concealment—clever because simple—a hiding place unlikely to be thought of because right under the eye. You recall Poe's story of 'The Purloined Letter'?"

I asked Billings how much he thought one of the rubies was worth. I had in mind how devilish hungry he had looked at them. But he sighed, then frowned and answered impatiently:

"That's it! That's the trouble about all the rare and beautiful things of this life! Always some degrading, prohibitive sordid money value, dammit!"

He squinted at the stones again and let the weight of one rest upon his finger. He shook his head, sighing.

"Well, they're over twenty carats each, and therefore, of course, many times the value of first water diamonds. After you get above five carats with real Oriental rubies, diamonds are not in it."

With an abrupt gesture he pushed the things away and rose. His pipe had gone out, but he noticed that he did not relight it. I held the gems full in the rays of the lamp, and Billings paused, holding a hungry gaze over his shoulder.

"I say, Billings, how much did you say one was worth?" I asked carelessly. For a moment he did not reply, but muttered to himself.

"I didn't say," he finally replied, and rather crossly. "Then he whirled on me impulsively. "See here, Light-nut," he exclaimed, "if you'll let me have one of those for my collection, I'll give you twenty-five thousand for it—there!"

He gulped and continued:

"I'll have to make some sacrifices, but I don't mind that. I—"

But I shook my head. Really, I could hardly keep from laughing in his face.

"Sorry! Can't see it, old chap," I said. "Wouldn't sell one of them at any price."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delicate Plant.
"The flower of the air" is a plant found in Chili and also in Japan. This appetition is given to it because it has no roots, and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent, and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported two or three hundred leagues, and vegetates as it travels, suspended on a twig.

She Picked the Wrong Man
Woman With Prominent Jaw Did Not Get the Seat She So Evidently Desired.

Old friends are best, but many a woman deludes herself with the idea that she is too young to have any old friends.

Old Michigan's wonderful batter Eats Toasties, 'tis said, once a day, For he knows they are healthful and wholesome And furnish him strength for the fray.

His rivals have wondered and marvelled To see him so much on the job, Not knowing his strength and endurance Is due to the corn in TY COBB.

Written by J. P. MARRAS, 210 W. Washington St., Free Press, Wis.

One of the 50 flanges for which the Freeman Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$1000.00 in May.

Two Enough for Her.
He was a small boy with a dark, eager face and he was waiting at the end of the line of eight or ten persons for a chance to make his wants known to the librarian. When his turn came he inquired briefly: "Have you got 'Twenty Thousand Legs Under the sea'?"

"No," responded the librarian a little snappily, for she was tired. "I'm thankful to say I've only got two. They're not under the sea!"

Persuasion.
"What made Mr. Chuggins buy an automobile?"
"His wife persuaded him by calling his attention to the economy of having gasoline on hand to clean gloves with."—Washington Star.

The Writer Who Does Most.
That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time.—C. C. Colton.

A girl may not marry the best man at her own wedding, but she should try to make the best of the man she marries.



FOR Luncheon—or picnic sandwiches, nothing equals

Libby's Veal Loaf
Or, serve it cold with crisp new lettuce. It is a tasty treat and economical as well.
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MADE BIG PROFIT FOR STATE

Purely Business Argument for the Establishment of Sanitoriums for the Tuberculous.

According to figures contained in the annual report of Dr. H. L. Barnes, superintendent of the Rhode Island state sanatorium, the earnings of the patients of that institution during the year 1911 would amount to over \$266,000. This is a sum three times as large as that spent each year for maintenance of the institution, including four per cent interest and depreciation charges.

The actual earnings in 1911 of 170 ex-patients were obtained by Dr. Barnes. These ranged from \$2 to \$31 per week, the total earnings for the year amounting to \$102,752. On this basis, Dr. Barnes computes the figures above given. He says, however: "While institutions for the cure of tuberculosis are good investments, there is good reason for thinking that institutions for the isolation of far-advanced cases would be still better investments."

Out of a total of 46,450 hospital days' treatment given, 39,147, or 84 per cent, were free, the treatment costing the state on an average \$200 per patient. Out of 188 free cases investigated, 56 had no families and no income on admission to the sanatorium. Out of 132 patients having homes, the number in the family averaged 5.2, and the average family earnings were \$5.46. In 59 cases the families had no income, and in only five cases were there any savings, none of which amounted to as much as \$100.

LOGICAL QUESTION.



Stage Manager—Why didn't you go on when you got your cue, "Come forth?"
Supe—Ol was waitin' for the other three to go on first. Sure, an' how could I come forth if I wait first?

The Middle-Aged Woman.
Of the many ways in which the middle-aged woman may give the effect of her afternoon gowns none is simpler than the use of a collar and cuffs of white voile edged with scalloping and embroidery in a floral design. Another change may be the frock set of white chiffon with border of black malines, and still another is the one of black net hemmatted with silver thread. Some of these collars are so long in front that they terminate only at the waist line, where they cross in surplice effect and are tucked away under the girdle. An excellent model of this sort is of light blue lawn embroidered with black dots, and a second is of white agate trimmed with tiny folds of broadcloth, alternating with eponge.

Too Eager.

Fred Poyner, a Chicago dentist, was recently at a banquet given by the Dental association.

He said: "On one side is the right of things and on the other is wrong; sometimes the difference between the two is slight. As the following story shows: A gypsy upon release from jail met a friend. 'What were you in for?' asked the friend.

"I found a horse," the gypsy replied.

"Found a horse? Nonsense! They would never put you in jail for finding a horse."

"Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

Excellent Plan.

"I see," said Mrs. De Jones, while Mrs. Van Tyle was calling "that you have a Chinese chauffeur. Do you find him satisfactory?"

"He's perfectly fine," said Mrs. Van Tyle. "To begin with, his yellow complexion is such that at the end of a long, dusty ride he doesn't show any spots, and then when I am out in my limousine I have his pigtails stuck through a little hole in the plate glass window and I use it as a sort of bell rope to tell him where to stop."

Harper's Weekly.

Height of Selfishness.

Some men are so selfish that if they were living in a haunted house they wouldn't be willing to give up the ghost.—Florida Times Union.

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A Lottery.

"Is that picture one of the old masters you were telling me about?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes," replied the art dealer. "It is a genuine treasure; absolutely authentic."

"I'll buy it. I already have three just like it, and somewhere in the bunch I'm liable to hit the original."

Laying a Foundation.

Little Bobby (the guest)—Mrs. Skimper, when I heard we were going to have dinner at your house I started right in trainin' fer it.

Mrs. Skimper (the hostess)—By savin' up your appetite, Bobby?

Little Bobby—No'm. By eatin' a square meal first.

Let's Be Thankful for That.

At any rate a woman's shoes haven't yet reached the point where they button up the back.

Many a girl strives to make a name for herself rather than attempt to make a loaf of bread.

People who live in clean houses shouldn't throw mud.