

MEAL TIME—Eager children! Hungry grown-ups—Keen appetites to be appeased—And Libby's Sliced Dried Beef

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BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE

Users of the Telephone Will Be Apt to Condone Mr. Sulsman's Brief Loss of Temper.

He was just about exasperated with the telephone, was Mr. Sulsman. Ten times that morning he had tried to get on to a number, and each time something had prevented him from speaking. Either it was "number engaged," or the person he wanted to speak to was out, or else he had been suddenly cut off. At last he got through.

"Hello!" said he. "Is Mr. X. there?"

"Yes," replied a voice. "Do you want to speak to him?"

That was the last straw. Back came the reply in joy tones:

"Oh, no! Nothing of the sort. I merely rang up to hand him a cigar!"

Works in the Garden Now. Grown old in the service of his master and mistress, James was a privileged retainer.

He was waiting at table one day, when a guest politely asked for a fish fork. Strangely enough, the request was ignored.

Then the hostess noticed the episode and remarked in a most peremptory manner:

"James, Mr. Jones hasn't a fish fork. Get her one at once!"

"Madam," came the emphatic reply, "last time Mrs. Jones dined here we lost a fish fork."

James has now been relegated to the garden.

Instance. Kakeker—Do you use labor-saving devices?

Becker—Yes, a fishing pole will prevent you from having to take up the carp.

Of the Bird Kind. "What is it?"

"Is an aviary a hospital for aviators?"

Too Sleepy. Physician—What can I do for you? Patient—My foot gets asleep often and I want something to give it to—somnia.

FAMILY RUNT
Kansas Man Says Coffee Made Him That.

"Coffee has been used in our family of eleven—father, mother, five sons and four daughters—for thirty years. I am the eldest of the boys and have always been considered the runt of the family and a coffee toper."

"I continued to drink it for years until I grew to be a man, and then I found I had stomach trouble, nervous headaches, poor circulation, was unable to do a full day's work, took medicine for this, that and the other thing, without the least benefit. In fact I only weighed 116 when I was 33."

"Then I changed from coffee to Postum, being the first one in our family to do so. I noticed, as did the rest of the family, that I was surely gaining strength and flesh. Shortly after I was visiting my cousin who said, 'You look so much better—you're getting fat.'"

"At breakfast his wife passed me a cup of coffee, as she knew I was always such a coffee drinker, but I said, 'No, thank you.'"

"What?" said my cousin, "you quit coffee? What do you drink?"

"Postum," I said, "by water, and I am well!" They did not know what Postum was, but my cousin had stomach trouble and could not sleep at night from drinking coffee three times a day. He was glad to learn about Postum, but said he never knew coffee would hurt anyone. (This is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"After understanding my condition and how I got well he knew what to do for his wife. He arranged that she should have Postum for breakfast. She was unable to sleep at night from drinking coffee. A few days later she should see the change in her face. We both believe that it was Postum that cured her. Postum is sold by the Postum Co., 100 West 30th St., New York City. Postum is sold by the Postum Co., 100 West 30th St., New York City. Postum is sold by the Postum Co., 100 West 30th St., New York City.



SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter from the publisher and the night sets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, falling to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears, Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is a friend. Jenkins tells of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and persuades him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Francis. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night. Lightnut tells of his discovery of the priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"He, he!" he giggled. "Woke up and remembered had promised Flossie's Fandango of The Parisian Brothers a box of steamer howers. Gad, she's at ten; so I piled out and shot off a note to my florist, special delivery. Been trying to find out from that infernal card back there when's the first collection from the box below. You don't know, do you?"

By Jove, one of those foot-in-the-grave old stage-door Johnnies! The surprise took my breath.

"Why, the cheesy old sport!" I thought disgustedly. And I answered rather coldly: "Sorry, you know; no idea." And I opened the door wide.

But the old rascal never moved; just stood there, chuckling horribly.

"Well, she'll be back in the fall," he cackled. "And see here, old chap, will introduce you if you like. You need waking up!"

And here I gave a jump and yelled "Ouch!"

For the old fool had dug his thumb into my ribs. Only then did it dawn on me that he was drunk. Of course that was it, and unless I got rid of him the old bore would stand and twiddle the rest of the night. I reached for his hand and shook it.

"We'll have a talk about it some time," I said pleasantly. "Just now, don't you think we'd better each get to bed? So devilish late, you know."

He slapped me on the shoulder with a blow that almost brought me to the floor. Felt like he struck me with a hammer, don't you know?

"Right old chap," he said; "very delicately put; want keep you up another minute. Believe I'd like a drink first, though, if you don't mind."

Devilish bored as I was, I decided the easiest escape was to humor him.

"All right," I said, leaving the door open and stepping into the room; "I'll get you a glass of water."

"Water!" he exclaimed, following me in. "Say, don't get funny; it's not becoming to you." He leered at me hideously.

He went right to the corner where stood my cello. By Jove, give you my word I was so devilish stupefied I couldn't bring out a word. I wasn't sure what was coming, and as I didn't want Billings' rest disturbed, I quietly closed the door of his room.

The old cock in the black pajamas had uncorked a bottle and was smelling its contents. He grimaced over his shoulder.

"That's infernally rotten Scotch, I say," he exclaimed with a sort of snort. "Regular sell, by George!"

I was glad Billings didn't hear him, for it had been a present from him only the week before.

"Suppose I'll have to go the rye," he grumbled; and, grinning at me familiarly, he poured himself a drink. He tossed it off, neat. I reflected that perhaps he would go quietly now.

"Well," I said, advancing. "I expect you're anxious to get to your quarters, so I'll say good night to you in my hand. That ought to fetch him," I thought, "if he's a gentleman, no matter how jolly coked he may be."

In my grasp his hand felt like a small boxing glove, but when I glanced at it I saw that it was not unusual.

The old duck pumped my arm solemnly and cast his eyes to the ceiling.

The Glow of the Rubies
by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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"Oh, You Go to Bed."

as I joined him and we stepped aside. "Hadm't I better ring up the janitor on my house phone?"

"By Jove, the very thing," I agreed. "For he'll know where this chap belongs. A fiver, tell him, if he gets a move on. Hurry!"

I slipped back into the room as Jenkins disappeared. The jolly old barnacle had discarded his cigarette and was critically selecting a cigar from my humidor.

"I don't see why the devil you don't go to bed," he said, fixing himself comfortably with two chairs and lighting up.

"I'm not sleepy," I stammered, perching on the corner of a chair.

"I believe you're lying," he growled, scowling at me; "but if you're not sleepy, listen to this joke here—it's a cheery, but it's infernally good."

I never did know what the joke was, for I was listening for other sounds as he read. Suddenly I heard a whistle far down in the street; and I thought it was followed by a patter of running feet.

Then came the quivering rhythm of the elevator rapidly ascending, and while the anecdote was still being droned out between chuckles, I slipped out again into the hall and rejoined Jenkins.

"Janitor says there's no such tenant in this building as I described," Jenkins imparted hurriedly. "Might be a guest, of course; but he doesn't remember ever seeing him. So he whistled for a cop, to be on the safe side, and caught two. Here they are, sir."

Out from the elevator sprang the janitor, half-dressed and looking excited. Close on his heels came two big policemen.

I stepped into the outer corridor and explained the situation. The officers nodded reassuringly.

"Nough said," one of them commented. "We'll have him out, sir."

The janitor, who had been cautious, came running out.

"He shifted around, while I was looking, and I got a good look at him," he said with some excitement, "and I never saw him before. I wouldn't forget that mug!"

"Suppose you take a squint at him yourself," O'Keefe suggested the tailor of the coppers. "You've been on this beat so long."

In a minute or two O'Keefe came slipping back hurriedly. He drew his companion aside.

"Tell you what, Tim," I heard him say, "do you know, I'm after thinking it looks like old Braxton, known in the perishes as 'Foxy Grandpa.' He's a swell con man, but has just finished a stretch at Copper John's for going through a fat in the Bronx. He's done murder once."

The other turned to me. "May save a muss in your rooms if you'll just kinder call him out, sir," he suggested. "It will be simpler. He grinned significantly and glanced at his night stick."

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, looking at Jenkins. "By Jove, you know!"

Jenkins coughed. "Just say you want to speak to him a minute, sir," he said. "They'll do the rest—'a'nt!"

They all followed me into the hall, and I stepped to the doorway. And then I almost pitched forward, I was so devilish startled.



thing like that when I came in here tonight!"

By Jove, this was a little too much, even for an easy-going chap like myself! The jolly worm will turn, you know.

Dash me, before I knew what I was doing even, I had moved to his side and jerked the ruby from his hand. My face felt like a hot-water bottle as I did it.

"You haven't got it yet," I said, "and I'll take devilish good care you don't get it."

He fell back as though from a blow. "Why—why, old chap! Why, Lightnut!" he gasped. "What's the matter—what makes you look at me like that?"

"Your liberties have gone just a bit too far, don't you know," I said, looking steadily in his fishy old eye. "I've had enough of you, by Jove, that's all!"

He stared at me, and I could hear him breathing like a blacksmith's bellows. I would never have thought he had such lungs.

Slowly his hand came out, and dash me it wasn't shaking like he had the delirium what's-its-name. But for his tan, his face would have been as white as his hypocritical old whiskers.

"Is this some infernal joke?" His face summoned a sickly smile that almost instantly faded. His hand fell back to his side. "Why, old fellow, you don't think that way about me, do you? As for the ruby, I—I don't want it now—I just want you to accept my apology for anything I've done, and—let me get away."

There was a short laugh from the doorway.

"Likely enough," said Officer O'Keefe, his big figure swinging forward with long strides. "Keep him covered, Tim!"

He planted himself between us with a grin.

"You're 'it' again, Foxy! Jig's up. Will you go quietly?"

It did me good to see how completely the old scoundrel was taken back. His wide dilated bleary eyes shifted from O'Keefe to me and back again. It was a perfect surprise.

I motioned to Jenkins to close the door of my friend's bedroom. So far, he had evidently slept serenely through all the trouble, and, if possible, I wanted to avoid arousing him now. For a fat man, Billings had the deuce of a temper when stirred up over anything like an imposition upon him, and it would only add to the confusion for him to appear on the scene and learn about his wallet and his treasured ruby that I had rescued.

Foxy Grandpa's face had been rapidly undergoing a change. From pallid to pink it went; and then from pink to red. Now it was becoming scarlet. He threw his head back and faced me angrily.

"Lightnut, will you tell me what the hell this means?" And his heavy voice thundered.

"Here! Here! That'll be enough for this!" cried Officer O'Keefe sharply. "None of your grandstand play here, or it'll be the worse for you. And no tricks, Braxton, or—"

He clutched his stick menacingly. "Braxton!" snorted the old fellow. "Why, you born fool, my name's not Braxton!"

"Not now," grinned O'Keefe. "Say, what is your name, now, Foxy?"

"My name—" roared Foxy Grandpa, and paused abruptly. He looked rasher blankly from one officer to the other.

"See here; do I understand I'm under arrest?" he inquired.

"You certainly are talking, Foxy," chuckled O'Keefe.

"Then my name's Doe—John Doe," and I thought the fellow's quick glance at me held an appeal. Of what sort, I had no idea.

"And what may I ask, is the charge?" he asked again, with what was apparently a great effort at calmness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD THE BANDMASTER GOING

Governor Suffered Because His Request Was Not Couched in Plain Enough Language.

Mr. Melvil Dewey, state librarian of New York, said recently that librarians would do well to furnish free music rolls for players, just as they now furnish books.

"In Toledo," said Dr. Dewey the other day, "my project has been lately inaugurated. It will accomplish much for the musical art."

Then, apropos of music and ignorance, Dr. Dewey told a story.

"A certain governor," he said, "was being lunched at a seaside town. During the repast the local band played on the beach outside the hotel. The drum was in charge of a blacksmith, and he beat it so resonantly that at last this message was sent out:

"The governor requests the drummer to desist."

"The bandmaster was puzzled by this message for a moment; then his face brightened in a smile, and he said:

"More drum, Joe; the governor likes it."

FACE A SIGHT WITH TETTER

Moberly, Mo.—"My trouble began with a small pimple on the left side of my face and it spread all over my face and to my neck. It would be scarlet red when I got warm. My face was a sight. It looked very unpleasant, and it felt uncomfortable. My face was something awful; it just kept me in agony all the time. Some said it was tetter, and some said it was that awful eczema, but I rather think it was tetter. I had been troubled with it for about two years and tried many remedies, but got no relief until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"When I would wash my face with the Cuticura Soap and apply the Cuticura Ointment it would cool my skin and draw great big drops of matter out of the skin. You would think I was sweating; it would run down my face just as though I had washed it. It itched and smarted and I suffered in the day time most. I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for a month and I was cured of it." (Signed) Mrs. J. Brooksher, April 15, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

He Was Willing to Work. The Democratic members of the house of representatives have been besieged over by a horde of office seekers, willing to serve their country.

"It is refreshing," said one representative in discussing the office question, "to hear of an aspirant for public office who frankly admits his ambition, yet declines to seek a position in which he will have nothing to do but to draw his salary."

"Two wayide pilgrims were talking over things when one of them asked: "Dick, you ain't a-banker' after no government place, are ye?"

"I don't mind sayin' I'd take one of 'em if I could git it," responded the other, "but I don't want no job that's all fat. I'm willin' to earn my wages."

"An' what sort o' job would be about your size?"

"Well, I'd like to fill fountain pens for some assistant secretary of the treasury."—Judge.

Telling the Truth. On little Arthur's birthday, he received a present of a very large furry toy monkey.

Two days later his father found it lying in a corner with both eyes missing.

"My boy," asked father, more in sorrow than in anger, "why have you spoiled that beautiful monkey by pulling its eyes out?"

"Didn't," replied Arthur briefly. "Don't tell any untruths," snorted father, more in anger than in sorrow "or I'll punish you! Why did you pull the monkey's eyes out?"

"Didn't!" repeated little Arthur defiantly. Then he hurried on, as father took off his slipper. "I—I pushed them in!"

The New Sport. "These here New Yorkers is bound to have their sports, I see," said Uncle Silas.

"In what way?" asked the boarder. "Why," said Uncle Silas, "sense they give up boss-racin' they've gone in heavy for the turkey trot. Don't seem to me 's if they could get to very excitin'—Harper's Weekly.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

In Practice. Husband—Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg.

Well—Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.—London Opinion.

Trouble's Way. "He always climbed a tree when he saw trouble coming."

"And what did trouble do?" "Set fire to the tree and smoked him out again."

A Dare. To the Editor—Why do the most worthless men often get the best wives?

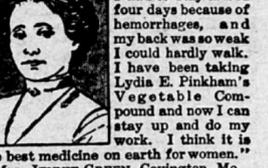
Answer—I don't know. Ask your husband.—Smart Set.

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WHERE DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Green's Health—Her Own Statement.

Covington, Mo.—"Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors' medicines. At every monthly period I had to stay in bed four days because of hemorrhages, and my back was so weak I could hardly walk. I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I can stay up and do my work. I think it is the best medicine on earth for women."



—Mrs. JENNIE GREEN, Covington, Mo.

How Mrs. Cline Avoided Operation. Brownville, Ind.—"I can say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me more good than anything else. One doctor said I must be operated upon for a serious female trouble and that nothing could help me but an operation.

"I had hemorrhages and at times could not get any medicine to stop them. I got in such a weak condition that I would have died if I had not got relief soon."

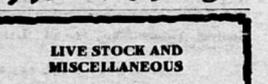
"Several women who had taken your Compound, told me to try it and I did and found it to be the right medicine to build up the system and overcome female troubles.

"I am now in great deal better health than I ever expected to be, so I think I ought to thank you for it."—Mrs. O. M. CLINE, S. Main St., Brownville, Ind.

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