

The past few days were cool. Why not have the home that way all the time?

Ocean Breezes Brought to You We Have Electric Fans

Different sizes, different prices. Think it over. Enjoy your home, enjoy your office.

McCARTEN Plumbing Co.

Elks' Building Marshalltown.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the district court of Iowa, in and for Marshall county:

September Term, A. D. 1914.

Ralph A. Buck, plaintiff, vs. Thomas B. Abell, Joseph Garwood, Isaac L. Stevens, I. L. Stevens, George W. Haines, Isaac B. Howard, Ira Stockwell, Jonathan Hall, Nettie A. Capron, J. L. Warner, Jane Spencer, C. S. Root, Charles J. Lane, Carrie N. Lane, Ana B. Johnson, Benjamin B. Potter, Joseph Tilley, George W. Thompson, R. H. Johnson, E. B. Shattuck, James L. Breaken, LaFare & Bartree, and unknown claimants of Lots one, two and three (1, 2 and 3) in block two (2), and lots five and nine (5, 8 and 9) in block four (4); all in LaMolle, of Marshall county, Iowa; also, lots one, two, three and four (1, 2, 3 and 4) in block A, Keith's addition to LaMolle, Marshall county, Iowa; and particularly all unknown claimants of said lands and lots, or any part thereof, by, thru or under the defendants above named, or either of them, either as heir, devisee, assignee, creditor, spouse, surviving spouse, or in any other capacity, and all persons claiming by, thru or under the above named defendants and unknown claimants of the above described real estate:

You and each of you are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of Iowa, in and for Marshall county, the petition of Ralph A. Buck, claiming of you that he is the absolute fee simple owner of the real estate above described, and that he became such owner thru prior grants and conveyances executed by the owners of the fee simple title in and to said premises and each and every part thereof in succession in the chain of title.

That he is informed and believes that you and each of you have or make some claim to said property or to some interest therein, as to which he avers that each and all of said claimants are junior and inferior to the fee simple title in interest of plaintiff; that the names and residences of the unknown claimants above designated are unknown to this plaintiff, altho he has sought diligently to learn the same; that any right, claim, title or interest upon the part of each and all of said defendants and unknown claimants in and to the said premises or to any part thereof is barred by the statute of limitations; that the plaintiff and his prior grantors in the chain of title have been in absolute, open, apparent, undisputed, adverse and uninterrupted possession of said premises under claim of right and color of title for more than ten (10) years last past, and that the above defendants and unknown claimants, their heirs, devisees, assignees, creditors, and the surviving spouse of any such defendants or unknown claimants, are wholly divested of any right, claim, title or interest in and to the said premises by reason of the conveyances, and the facts as alleged in plaintiff's petition; that plaintiff asks that this absolute fee simple title in and to the above described premises be quieted and confirmed in him against the adverse claims of the defendants above named and unknown claimants and that the said defendants and all unknown claimants and all persons claiming by, thru or under them any of them, be barred and forever estopped from having or claiming any right, title or interest adverse to this plaintiff in and to the said premises, and for such relief as may be suitable in the premises, and for costs. Plaintiff makes no claim for personal judgment against any of said defendants or unknown claimants.

Now, unless you appear thereto and make defense at or before noon of the second day of the September term, A. D. 1914, of the said district court, to be begun and held at Marshalltown, Iowa, on the 7th day of September, A. D. 1914, your default will be entered and a decree rendered thereon, as prayed for in said petition.

Dated this 16th day of July, A. D. 1914.

C. H. VAN LAW, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The above original notice being presented to the undersigned, a Judge of the district court of Iowa, in and for Marshall county, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1914, is hereby approved, and such approval is endorsed hereon, and

Wallingford In His Prime

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XI. A Great Scheme.

"I WISH I were broke," declared Wallingford, looking gloomily down sunlit Broadway. "I've got back that horse on the avenue for Fannie and laid in a couple of boxes of bonds for her and the boy, and I've bought about everything that money will buy for a man who doesn't care to be a senator. The fun's all gone. What can I do with money anyhow?" "You can buy me a drink," promptly responded Blackie Daw. "After that I'll hunt up somebody with money who feels like you do about it and sick you on to each other."

"I pass," refused Wallingford emphatically. "You could show me a college professor, a sailor and a crooked bank cashier, all with money to invest, and my tongue wouldn't even moisten." "Mine never will if you don't buy me that drink pretty soon," insisted Blackie. "They keep it right in here," and taking Wallingford's arm he whisked him about face and conducted him into the bar of the hotel in front of which they had been displaying their premature fall outfits.

They found their favorite corner occupied by a seedy looking, withered fat man and a dapperly dressed pie dyspeptic. Blackie, with a careless nod to the ex-fat man, whose clothing hung on him in festoons, was about to lead Wallingford to another padded corner, when the withered one halted him. "Hello, Blackie," he called in a voice that rasped with that huskiness that is bottled in bond. "I haven't seen you in a couple of years. Where have you been?" "Sober, Dan," replied Blackie cheerfully.

"I've made it a business of a lifetime to cure that," asserted Dan. "Come and have something."

"I knew I'd get a drink some place," Blackie observed, stepping over to the table. "Mr. Sicksels, meet my friend Jim Wallingford, better known to the police as J. Rufus."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Wallingford," husked Mr. Sicksels. "Mr. Wallingford, Mr. Dillon. Mr. Daw, Mr. Dillon. Now, gentlemen, what shall it be?" and he looked from one to the other with the exaggerated cheerfulness of a willing but necessarily infrequent spender.

"Vichy," ordered Blackie, who talked about alcohol much more than he indulged in it.

"Is this the Mr. Dillon of the Dillon Department Stores company?" inquired Wallingford pleasantly, after echoing Blackie's order for refreshments.

Mr. Dillon, having also ordered vichy, to the keen regard of Sicksels, who saw that he would be compelled to drink his whisky alone, moved his ash tray

to the right of his empty milk glass and laid his milk glass to the left of his cigarette box, then carefully closed up the gaps among the three articles before he replied.

"I am that Dillon," he admitted.

"I've been greatly interested in your issue of popular stock in the Dillon company," pursued Wallingford.

"What success are you having with that?"

Mr. Dillon restored his toys to their original position. "Excellent," he replied, passing his long thin fingers over his brow. "His public is taking to it very kindly."

"It's a great scheme," said Wallingford admiringly. "People who buy five shares or even one share of the stock are bound to remain steady customers of your store."

Mr. Dillon took a cigarette from his box, lighted a match, laid down the cigarette and blew out the match.

"They're earning a profit on their own expenses," he asserted, quoting from his latest advertisements. "The shares are guaranteed to yield a minimum of 5 per cent dividends," and he thrummed upon the table with the fingers

of both hands. "I'm really very proud of the idea. I don't think I slept a wink for two weeks while I was figuring it out. I don't sleep very well anyhow," and at last Wallingford understood the tensely drawn eyebrows and the compressed drooping lips.

"The beauty of it is that it adds so many safe credit customers to our books, and, of course, credit purchasers are much more generous buyers than those who pay cash." And with a nervous little laugh he again shifted and rearranged his playthings.

"I see," returned Wallingford, eyeing the man's nervous movements in fascination. "It's a wonderful scheme. A customer with one share of stock has \$100 monthly credit, and if the bills are not paid the stock, and I presume the interest, becomes forfeited. In the meantime you can loan out their money for the 5 per cent you are bound to pay them."

"Or use it in the extension of the business," amended Dillon, now increasing the tempo of his rearrangement to such a degree that Wallingford found himself jerking his own right heel upon the floor in sheer nervous sympathy, while Blackie Daw was tapping his finger nail against his teeth.

Dan Sicksels alone remained silent. He still had left some of his glass of whisky. "The Dillon store are to have a new home in the near future, the largest concern of the sort in the United States. Do you suppose, Sicksels, that I might interest your friends in some preferred bonds of the increased corporation?"

Both Wallingford and Blackie promptly shook their heads.

"Don't let's talk about investments," protested Blackie, glancing over his shoulder in mock fear. "I'm afraid my wife might guess I was thinking about it."

"How about you, Mr. Wallingford?" asked Dillon, with a smile.

"I'm all tied up, Mr. Dillon," replied Wallingford suavely. "Even if I were not I'm tired. I want a vacation. I don't intend to engage in business of any sort for the next six months at least."

"I'll bet a pair of pink suspenders that you do," ordered Blackie suddenly. "I'll take you," agreed Wallingford, laughing. "I'll even give you the odds of a pink silk undershirt if you catch me engaged in any money making occupation during the next six months."

Mr. Dillon looked at his watch and hastily arose. "If you don't mind I think I'll send you a prospectus of the new Dillon company," he remarked, beating a tattoo upon the head of his cane with his fingers.

"Wait just a moment, please," begged Blackie, producing a little red memorandum book and a fountain pen. "I want witnesses to this. I bet Wallingford a pair of pink suspenders against the same and a pink silk undershirt, winner's selection, that he does engage in some money making business within the next six months. You will remember this, gentlemen."

"I shall," assented Dillon, laughing. "And if you'll come over to the store when the lot is decided I'll be your clerk and let the loser have the goods at cost price."

"Thank you," said Blackie. "I'll just add that to the memorandum of the bet," and he wrote it down.

They all breathed a sigh of relief when Dillon had gone.

"I'd have had the St. Vitus twostep in ten minutes if that man had stayed here," announced Blackie. "He reminds me of one of those quivering frog toys that you hold in your hands to see if your nerves are steady."

"He'll end in a sanatorium," observed Wallingford. "If he ever succeeds in building his solid block retail store he'll make a quicker failure than the full dress cafe or the New theater."

"No! Do you think so?" inquired Sicksels eagerly. "He wants to buy my theater. It's the only important building in the block he wants to tear down for the site of his new store."

"Mr. Sicksels is the owner of the Avon theater, where Violet Bonnie made her first big hit," explained Blackie.

"The Avon!" returned Wallingford. "I should think you'd be glad to get a good offer for that, Mr. Sicksels. It hasn't been doing a paying business for years, has it?"

"I should say not," confessed Sicksels. "It was dark all last season. But I don't feel like selling it for \$200,000 in the stock of a company that's likely to swell up and burst. Ten years ago I was offered \$400,000 cash and wouldn't take it. Now it keeps me so broke that I'm a rich man and take a holiday if I have \$7 in my pocket."

"Why didn't you sell?" was Wallingford's natural inquiry.

"I was making more money and scattering it the full length of the Rue de Mazama."

"You were wishing awhile ago that you were broke, Jim," Blackie reminded him. "You ought to try Dan's stunt. He wouldn't sell his house of hits to either the syndicate or the independents, so they made an object lesson of him with rotten bookings. Would Dan's Irish blood stand for that? No! He leased the house to individual producers and put over eleven straight dividers. Now it's the hoodooed Avon, and it can't even put a moving picture show across."

A boy came through the bar just then, paging Mr. Daw, and that gentleman, after hurrying to the telephone, came back, laughing. "You're to come out to the house for dinner, Jim," he advised Wallingford. "Fannie's there, and Violet won't let her go home."

"Give my regards to Violet Bonnie, won't you?" begged Sicksels. "The hit she made in 'The Pink Canary' was what put the Avon on its feet, and I never had a star in the house that made so little trouble or was such an all around good fellow."

"After you get past the age for mash notes the mail brings you nothing but trouble," complained Violet Bonnie as she returned to the library of the new Daw residence, where Mrs. Wallingford wandered idly from case to case inspecting the shining new backs of standard books which never had been opened and which probably never would be. "Why, Fannie, right after I made my first big hit in 'The Pink Canary' they had to give me six pl-

gones in the stage entrance mail box, and I had to hire a secretary to open my mail and send the presents back. Now if I get a letter it's either from a dressmaker or an old time chum who wants me to steer her daughter on to the stage or warn her away from it."

Mrs. Wallingford smiled quietly. "I don't see why either class of letters should annoy you," she observed. "You have good dressmakers, and you don't object to paying the bills, and I should think it would be a pleasant task to encourage budding genius or to warn weak girls away from the stage."

"I don't know why in either case I should nurse and bottle feed and bring up by hand a grouch against the stage," retorted Violet, massaging her trace of an extra chin. "It brought me some perfectly good husbands besides Blackie. Say, I hate my old chums anyhow."

"You're making your nose red, Vi," warned Mrs. Wallingford, with a hilarious laugh.

"Honest, am I?" and Violet hurried to the mirror. "I am too fat to get mad," she confessed, "but it certainly does get my Angora for girls I used to know to write me that they have grown up daughters. It makes me feel so old, and I won't be old!"

"That's it, is it? Who has been reminding you of your only enemy?" "Martha Tripp," snapped Violet Bon-

nie. "Martha was my schoolteacher in St. Augustus. She wore cork-soled curbs on both sides of her face, but she ought to have worn 'em in front, for she was so ugly that she had to get up in the middle of the night to rest from it. If I remember her Melissa, she was a game, shanked hat with frizzles and a snub nose. Melissa is now in the flower of youth, this letter says, and all her mother wants me to do is to show her to a manager. Melissa is supposed to do the rest. The balance of the good news is that Melissa is on her way here right now. She will be among us probably by the time this humble missive intrudes itself upon me." Martha means by the time I get the letter. Honest, Fannie, I never did a mean thing to any living creature in my life.

"I think you must be lacking too tightly," Vi, remonstrated Fannie mildly, "else you've had an awfully bad day of it."

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet.

"I can put my whole arm down in any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your drooping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"Graceous heavens, there she is!" The ring at the bell, however, proved to be only Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford.

"I see you're getting a new maid," observed Blackie as he inspected the contents of a cellaret that had been ingeniously built in among the bookcases. "I'll guess I'll have you, Jim. How about you? We have so many servants now, Vi, that we don't get any service."

"I don't know anything about a new maid," his wife returned. "Blackie's scheme of having a cellaret in every room in the house was all right, but you'll have to get combination locks. It's no fun to find three servants half soused in different rooms all on the same day. What about this maid?"

"We just passed her coming up the drive," replied Blackie. "Say when, Jim. She had a paper alligator skin suit case in each hand and was bringing father along to see that the place is strictly moral."

"I'm afraid my machine splashed a little spilling on father and maybe on daughter," confessed Wallingford regretfully. "Father was a real nice little man, and I think he apologized, but daughter has a snub nose, and I could see it work."

"Don't drink that, Blackie!" commanded Violet, taking the glass of rye

from his hand. "I need it. I know your maid by the snub nose. She's Melissa."

"She looked to me very much," suggested Blackie.

"If that was Melissa, have another. You'll need two. By the way, who is Melissa?"

"Honest, is she that awful?" asked Violet.

"She's worse, if anything," answered Wallingford with a chuckle. "She has a round fat wafer of rouge on each cheek bone and wears a green hobbie skirt trimmed with yellow beads."

Violet brightened. "I guess I get a laugh, anyhow," she decided. "But who's father? Old Man Tripp was awful dead when I knew Martha."

From the rear hall there came a faint buzz, and the four of them waited in silence until a glassy eyed butler appeared, openly grinning, to announce:

"Miss Tripp and Professor Flegata" (To Be Continued.)

Differentiate Blood Spots. Medical jurists had until recently no certain means of distinguishing the blood of a man from that of, say, a dog. Research, however, has evolved a new and most subtle process whereby, in a case of fresh blood, at any rate, absolute differentiation can now be achieved.

Classified Advertisements

ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION—NO AD. RECEIVED FOR LE 65 THAN 15 CTS

WANTED—FOUND—LOST

WANTED.

Wanted—Horses to shoe. New shoes 40 cents each. W. B. Hawkins, corner Church and Center streets.

Wanted—Your wants be known. Call Real Estate and Employment Agency, Phone 950.

Wanted—To rent a furnished hotel or restaurant. Address B-7 care Times-Republican.

Wanted to Rent—Large hall or building to be used for roller skating rink. Address box 402, City.

Wanted—Roomers and boarders, 3 East Webster street.

Wanted—By Sept. 15 a modern six or seven room house in good location. Phone Mrs. Carroll, 1507 Green.

Wanted—Windows to clean. Phone 1199 yellow for prices.

Wanted—Washings to do at home. Phone 510 red.

Wanted—To rent, farm with fair improvements; some stock and implements if possible. M. C. Miner, box 110, East Des Moines, Iowa.

Wanted—Names of prospective buyers of farms, lands, city and other property. I will do the rest. On first sale made to each buyer furnished, I allow \$10 reward to the first sender of such name. Address Salesman, care Times-Republican.

Wanted—Ashes, rubbish and garbage to haul. Phone 801 Green.

Wanted—House moving. H. S. Miller, 110 North Fourth street.

Wanted—Upholstering, refinishing and furniture repairing. Mattresses made over. See me now about your work. Phone 525, Roberts Upholstery, 119 West Main street.

Wanted—To connect with some one who is going to buy an auto. I can save him some money on a new five passenger car or a used car. Address "Auto Bargain," care T-R.

Wanted—List your property with me. I will bring buyers and sellers together. Always have demand for property on installment plan. Let your wants be known. W. E. Crawford, real estate and employment. Phone 888, Over 214 East Main.

Wanted—Everyone to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by