

DEMOCRATIC FIGHT  
BRYAN VS. WILSON

FORCES IN PARTY ALREADY LIN-  
ING UP FOR PRESIDENTIAL  
CAMPAIGN IN 1916.

FACTIONAL FIRES TO FLAME  
HIGH WHEN PEACE COMES

Battle Within Ranks of Party Over-  
shadowed For Moment by Conflict in  
Europe—Little Doubt That Wilson  
Will Be Renominated—Election De-  
pends on Avoidance of Complications

[Special Correspondence.]

Washington, June 17.—Already the  
business of lining up in the democratic  
party as president Wilson and  
William Jennings Bryan has begun.

Nothing is needed to cause the fac-  
tional war within the party to flame  
up force and high except the calming  
down of the international situation.  
If the shadow of possible war with  
Germany is once removed from the  
country, so that the politicians can  
busy themselves with domestic issues,  
there is no doubt what will happen.

A fight of the most rancorous sort  
will ensue between the Wilson and the  
Bryan elements in the party. In this,  
Bryan will have the encouragement  
of that part of the public which sin-  
cerely believes in his peace policy and  
of much of the pro-German element  
which is engaged now in backing  
Bryan for obvious reasons.

President Wilson's friends within the  
democratic party have no question  
that he will be renominated. They are  
convinced that he will not only be re-  
nominated by his party but that, if he  
carries the foreign complications suc-  
cessfully thru the troubled currents of  
diplomacy, he will be hard to defeat at  
the polls. Nevertheless, they do not  
purpose to go to sleep.

Consider Nomination Clinched.  
Before the Bryan resignation, the  
Wilson leaders did not expect to have  
any difficulty in clinching his nomi-  
nation. They considered it clinched.  
But they are convinced Mr. Bryan is  
out to make trouble. They think he  
will try at least to dictate the next  
democratic platform and they are not  
sure that he will not try to get the  
nomination himself.

Not to be caught napping, the Wil-  
son leaders are going to bestir them-  
selves without delay in finding out  
definitely where their friends are and  
where are the democrats who are go-  
ing to stand by Bryan.

Presence here today of Fred Lynch,  
national committeeman from Minne-  
sota, and the new chairman of the  
democratic executive committee, was  
taken to indicate the Wilson leaders  
already are working. Mr. Lynch's re-  
cent selection as chairman of the  
executive committee and the fact he  
is believed to be the probable new  
chairman of the committee to succeed  
Chairman McCombs is one of the  
things which added to the restiveness  
of Mr. Bryan as a member of the cam-  
paign. Mr. Bryan was much displeas-  
ed because Mr. Lynch was chosen, con-  
sidering him to belong to the element  
in the party which is anti-Bryan.

Big Man of Party For Wilson.  
Already, some of the big men in the  
democratic party have come out  
strongly for Wilson. Senator Simmon-  
son is one of them. Congressman  
Adamson, of Georgia, chairman of the  
interstate commerce committee, is an-  
other. The action of Judge Adamson  
has attracted the most notice, how-  
ever, since Senator Hiram Smith, of Georgia,  
has come out in a statement which is  
construed as for Bryan and against  
Wilson while National Committeeman  
Clark Howell has declared flatly  
against Bryan.

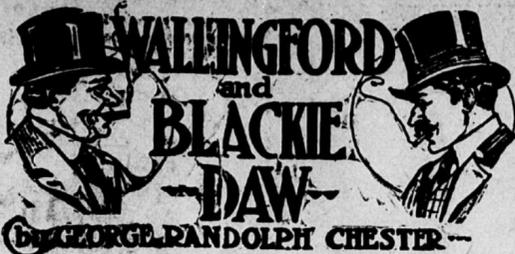
On the whole, it is quite clear that  
extremely few of the democrats hold-  
ing office are going back on the ad-  
ministration. They will line up with  
the president. Such support as Bryan  
gets in the party will be from old ad-  
herents who have sworn to support  
him without regard to office and from  
pro-German democrats.

Cost of Stopping a Train.  
In the campaign which the Ohio rail-  
roads have been making for higher  
passenger rates that state all kinds  
of statistics have been filed with the  
legislative committee. Probably the  
statistics which deal with train stops,  
filed by President Willard of the Balti-  
more & Ohio, are among the most in-  
teresting. His memorandum asserts  
that it costs from \$1.35 to \$1.85 to stop  
a passenger train at a station on the  
Ohio roads, or at an average of about  
\$1.60 a stop. In other words, with a  
train making seventeen stops there  
would be a cost to the railroad of  
\$27.80 for the starting and stopping  
alone. Among the items entering into  
the cost of stopping a train the most  
important is coal, as when a train is  
stopped the brakes are applied and the  
coal is used to generate the steam  
which compresses the air. There is  
great wear and tear on equipment be-  
cause of these stoppages, and the car  
wheels, the brake shoes and the rails  
are worn away, because of friction. In  
starting after a stop there is a great  
expenditure of steam in getting under  
headway, and there is more wear and  
tear on equipment. Some railroad men  
say that President Willard's figures are  
too low, and that, taking the train with  
seventeen stops, it would require at  
least thirty through passengers to pay  
for the cost of starting and stopping  
the train.—Wall Street Journal.

Since Baby Came.  
Since baby came in last mid-May  
I have not seen a single fly.  
The never broods unspread—  
A little life I've owned instead.  
So full of heavenly lines, and sweet  
From silken head to rose-pink feet.

Since baby came, with needs so great,  
My hair and frocks are out of date;  
Her carriage, cot and garments small  
Have swallowed up our little all;  
But other things I gladly miss,  
My baby's blossom face to kiss.

Since baby came a look of home  
Upon our tiny house has come;  
Her toys are scattered here and there,  
Her little touch is everywhere,  
And love is dearer, holier flame,  
And brighter burns—since baby came.  
—London Chronicle.



WALLINGFORD  
and  
BLACKIE  
Daw  
By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

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CHAPTER XVI.  
New York "Eats."

A STOOP shouldered old farmer  
who was practicing an occa-  
sional hoodlum step grabbed  
Jeff as he entered the bar.

"Hear you got some New York folks  
over at your place," he observed.  
"Yah," returned Jeff grimly. "By  
the time I buy provisions I'll lose  
money."

"Dang 'em, gouge 'em," advised the  
stoop shouldered one. "That's what  
they do to us in New York."

"Too late!" groaned Jeff. "I already  
made 'em a price. Regular rates; dol-  
lar a day apiece."

"If I show you how to get around  
that will you stand treat?" bargained  
the other, his little red eyes leering up  
with a sly twinkle.

"Well, let's hear it," cautiously held  
out Jeff.

"Little snake oil, Sam," jabbed the  
inventor and danced his little pigeon  
toed hoodlum. "Simple as A B C."  
he went on. "You just tell them folks  
that the price you made 'em was for  
the room. Meals extra."

"By jinks, I'll pay for the treat!" de-  
clared Jeff recklessly. "That lets me  
add 75 cents a day on each one."

Sam Blodgson, setting out the snake  
oil, suddenly chuckled. "Two bits a  
meal," he scooped. "Here, I'll give  
you a New York bill of fare. I brought  
it home from Broadway last trip," and  
from his safe he produced a gaudily  
printed souvenir menu of one of the  
lobster square cafes.

Jeff opened that awe inspiring pub-  
lication and studied it with gasps.  
"Great Jehoshaphat!" he exclaimed.  
"Ham and eggs, 80 cents! How much  
ham and eggs is that?"

"For one person," explained Sam  
with quiet pride. "One slice of ham  
the size and thickness of a theater  
ticket and two regular eggs. Bread  
and butter free, but toast and potatoes  
and jam and griddlecakes all extra and  
from two to four bits apiece."

"Gosh a'mighty!" breathed Jeff. "Say,  
I'dassent do it, ask 'em these prices.  
Besides, I ain't got hardly any of the  
stuff that's on this bill."

"Tell 'em you're out," advised Sam.  
"That's what they do in New York.  
Wait, I'll fix you."

Receiving a flower postal card from his  
stationary case, he peeped it at the  
outside of the big folder over the name  
of the restaurant.

"Now take my rubber stamp outta  
and print on these 'Hotel Party Cafe.'"

While Wallingford slept the middle-  
weight Miss Purdy, who was now in a  
pink gingham bobble stir which al-  
lowed her to see wherever she felt like  
it, presented that astounding menu to  
Blackie and snatched while the hand-  
some stranger studied it with gasping  
incredulity.

"This is an unexpected treat," he as-  
sured the ample young lady, looking  
up at her and smiling with a friendly  
wish to share the joke with some one.  
Miss Purdy shyly averted her blin-  
gling blue eyes and giggled.

"I think I'll have some pure St.  
Germaine, some—"

"Where?" asked the girl, looking  
hastily over his shoulder.

Courteously Blackie pointed out the  
item. "Pure St. Germaine, 75 cents for  
two persons or 50 cents for one, if  
this were a real card, and I may say,  
lady— By the way, what is your  
name?"

"Mushwanka," she told him and  
put one hand behind her head and gig-  
gled.

"Mush—" he gasped and stopped.  
"—wanka," she finished for him,  
holding the pose. "It's an Indian name.  
Maw got it from the picture of a beau-  
tiful Indian princess on the label of  
Swanwick's Bess and Bark Bitters, but  
I don't use that medicine any more,  
since the Ladies' Constant Adviser ex-  
posed it. It's the prettiest name in the  
country, everybody says."

"It's a considerable name," admitted  
Blackie—"musical, rhythmical and  
mystical—but what do they call you  
when you're not all dolled up? I know!  
Don't tell me, I guess it, Mushy?"

Presently a smaller edition of the  
bulgily coy Mushwanka came in,  
with her one braid of hair ornamented  
by a huge plaid bow and the four top  
rose buttons open, for self explanatory  
reasons. "Mush has got the giggles  
and can't come back," explained the  
youngest hope of the house of Purdy,  
pouncing Blackie with so frankly in-  
terested directness of gaze that he al-  
most blushed. "What's the rest of  
your order?"

"Oh, yes, the rest of my order,"  
mused Blackie wonderingly. "First of  
all, do I get the pure St. Germaine?"

"Sure as shootin'," she contemptu-  
ously assured him. "It's only pea soup,  
Nasturium, that's my oldest sister.  
She looked it up in Ladies' Constant  
Advertiser Cook Book. What else?"

"What's before?" murmured Blackie,  
examining the card with fresh hope.  
"We'll try it if we may have a nice, plain  
fried spring chicken, country style,  
with some ordinary French fried pota-  
toes, some stewed beans, a little salad  
of some convenient sort and dand-  
tasse."

"Dandtasse?" she repeated. "But  
what?"

"Here," he politely informed her,  
placing his finger on the spot.  
"Oh," she observed, and went away  
blinking.

Chicken, Fried Country Style, \$2.50.  
"That's it," he agreed, looking as  
much puzzled as she did. He saw no  
French to confuse the intellect.

"Oh," returned the girl. "Well, Mr.  
Daw, I'll have to tell you something.  
We ain't got any milk fed chickens.  
We're—we're out."

"Tell you the truth, I don't believe  
there are any in the world," replied  
Blackie cheerfully, "and, as a matter of  
fact, I prefer regular chicken anyhow."

"Oh," commented the girl still more  
fainly. "Would you rather have spring  
chicken?"

Blackie began to lose faith. "I have  
an immoderate fondness for spring  
chicken," he confessed.

"Well, we got some," she hesitated,  
"but it's awful late in the fall now,  
and they're tough. We got some that  
was hatched late in the summer that's  
just right for tryin'."

"You have my permission to fry the  
late summer crop," granted Blackie  
heartily. "By the way, what's your  
name?"

"Pete," she told him briskly, and  
left the room.

Wallingford was lying with his eyes  
closed when dinner time came, but  
when his pure St. Germaine was  
brought into the room in a deep yellow  
bowl with a nick in the rim he sat  
straight up.

Blackie, taking his dinner at the bed-  
side, sipped of the soup from his own  
blue bowl and hitobed his chair closer.  
Mushy did not appear during the meal,  
which was served with expedition and  
dispatch by Pete, short for Patricia,  
and when Blackie had eaten his fill of  
the late summer chicken, fried country  
style, he turned upward to that young  
lady eyes that were almost tearful  
with happiness.

"It's a lie," he confided to Walling-  
ford when Pete had departed with the  
plate of chicken bones and all the  
other debris.

"I know it," agreed Wallingford with  
an oily sigh. "Nothing like this ever  
happened in the country. I'm going to  
find out which one of those girls fried  
that chicken and insinuate her name  
into my will."

"Hush!" admonished Blackie. "There  
is more to follow."

The more was a decorative low bowl  
of dried grasses in various red and  
brown colors, which was deposited  
hastily in the center of the white cloth  
by the promptly vanishing Pete, whose  
next appearance was with two plat-  
ers of salad and two clean forks.

The salad was of celery chopped with  
apples and nuts, covered with cream  
mayonnaise and garnished with strips  
of red peppers, and at last Blackie  
knew the answer.

"The Ladies' Constant Adviser," he  
guessed, tasting the salad with ap-  
proval.

"Yes, we get everything from that,"  
replied Pete—"fashions and cooking  
recipes and etiquette and art, but we  
don't get to practice much. We hob-  
bled our dresses last spring, but now  
the hobble's gone out, and the Adviser  
hasn't published any article on how to  
unhobble them. Say, we haven't any  
demitasse cups. Do you care if we fill  
a regular cup half full?"

"You may do anything you please  
and go as far as you like," granted  
Blackie. "I'm going to subscribe to  
the Ladies' Constant Adviser."

Filled and comforted and soothing  
himself with a cigarette, Blackie sat  
watching Wallingford drop into satis-  
fied slumber, when Jeff Purdy plodded  
in and sat on the edge of a chair.

"How's the invalid?" he was kind  
enough to inquire.

"Stuffed and happy," replied Blackie,  
lazily offering his host a cigarette.

Jeff Purdy struggled with a weighty  
problem. "Your dinner up to the  
mark?" he finally ventured.

"I don't like to talk about it; it's sac-  
rilegious," said Blackie.

Again a painful silence.

"Did you notice the prices?"

"Not particularly, except that they  
seemed familiar."

"Then it's so, I guess," decided Jeff,  
with a sigh. "Your dinner was \$5.50."

Blackie considered that with the  
complacency of a perfectly pacified  
male animal. "Well, considering the  
grub, I wouldn't kick at Forty-second  
street, and I don't see why I should  
here," he fairly declared.

Again a silence. Jeff Purdy cleared  
his throat.

"I reckon when you pay this kind of  
prices you pay as you go," he finally  
suggested.

It was Blackie's turn for cogitation.  
"We'll stick to that menu card and let  
the women work their heads off be-  
cause they're having the time of their  
lives," he decided. "Also, we'll pay  
the printed prices, and before we go  
Jim and I will collect the entire amount  
from Sam Blodgson."

"Honest to gosh, can you do that?"  
inquired Jeff eagerly. "If you can I  
can take this money with a clean con-  
science, and Lord knows I love it!"

"You tell your conscience to sit right  
up and be suspicious," laughed Blackie.  
"It won't catch you with the goods.  
By the way, landlord, send Pete in  
with the change. I'm going through  
on the Broadway basis."

Pete entered presently with the  
change on a little hand painted plate,  
according to the custom gleaned from  
the fashionable fiction in the Ladies'  
Constant Adviser, but her jaw dropped  
when Blackie left a dollar on the plate.

"This dollar," he carefully explained,  
"belongs to mother and Nasturium  
and Mushwanka and Pete. It's the  
start of the unhoobling fund."

"Thanks!" gasped Pete. "Thank  
you, sir, I mean," and with her pigtail  
sticking straight out she blurted out  
into the kitchen with the beginning of  
an absorbing financial calculation that  
was to last seven days.

Sam Blodgson walked out on his  
porch when he opened his store doors  
early on the following Saturday morn-  
ing and batted his eyes at the unfa-  
miliar appearance of Jeff Purdy's wag-  
on sled, which opened on the road just  
a few rods away. Over the wide slid-  
ing boards, in the gable where only an  
old rusty horseshoe had hung, there  
now stared a brand new black and  
white sign:

Plain and Fancy Everything at Whole-  
sale Prices Plus 10 Per Cent. Ask to See  
the Wholesale Bills.

In front of the store stood the big  
seven passenger touring car in which  
Paul Pollet had been entertaining the  
Finky county belles for the last week,  
and on its broad sides were canvas  
streamers painted:

Wallingford & Daw, Robins' Corners.  
Fancy Everything.  
(To Be Continued.)

Better Have Left It Alone.

Duncan's wife had the reputation of  
being a first-class shrew. When  
Duncan died his neighbors put a tomb-  
stone over his grave with the epitaph,  
"Asleep in Peace." Widow Duncan  
was wild. It was meant as a slam at  
her and she knew it was. It meant  
that she did not let him sleep in  
peace when alive. The neighbors as-  
sured her that it was not meant that  
way. "Then it ought to say so." To  
please her they got a stone cutter to  
add. "We all believe that he did have  
peace here, when he slept," much to  
the merriment of the neighbors.

Proper View of Life.  
How intolerable and incomprehen-  
sible life would be if we only saw the  
tapestry at the back, with all its tan-  
gled skeins and unintelligible colors.  
To anybody with any power of im-  
agination it is a baffling enigma un-  
less he clings to the belief that some-  
how all this tangle is the back of the  
tapestry, and the real pattern which  
explains it all is on the other side.  
The whole progress of the world de-  
pends upon people being willing to  
work for an end that they will never  
see.—Canon Masterman.

FLUFFY RUFFLES FROCK  
OF ALICE BLUE SILK  
WITH LACE COLLAR

Ruffled "fore and aft" is the pretty  
youthful frock shown here. The skirt  
is in three tiers, with a plain panel in  
the front and ruffles upon the three  
tiers. The little jacket is ruffled about  
the edges, and the bell sleeves are also  
ruffled and button trimmed. The lace  
collar is part of the blouse.

AFTERNOON DRESS

Slit inflammation of the bronchial  
tubes causes a distressing cough and  
makes refreshing sleep impossible.  
Foley's Honey and Tar Compound  
covers a raw, inflamed, irritated surface  
with a soothing, healing coating and  
stops that annoying tickling, relieving  
the racking, trying cough. Take this  
so-called cough medicine with you on  
summer trips. It is good for coughs,  
colds, croup, bronchial affections and  
la grippe coughs. McBride & Will  
Drug Company.



AFTERNOON DRESS

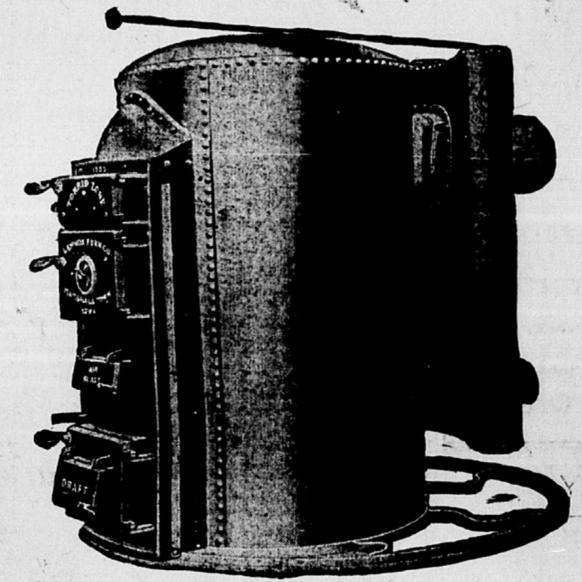
To Sleep Well in Summer.  
Slight inflammation of the bronchial  
tubes causes a distressing cough and  
makes refreshing sleep impossible.  
Foley's Honey and Tar Compound  
covers a raw, inflamed, irritated surface  
with a soothing, healing coating and  
stops that annoying tickling, relieving  
the racking, trying cough. Take this  
so-called cough medicine with you on  
summer trips. It is good for coughs,  
colds, croup, bronchial affections and  
la grippe coughs. McBride & Will  
Drug Company.

# Fresh Air Heating

Pure, fresh air heating is as essential to good health during the six months of closed in housing as sleeping on the porch. Stoves and iron radiators must heat the same foul air of a room over and over again. There is no provision for fresh air in houses heated by stoves, steam or hot water plan's and hence it is that living rooms and sleeping rooms so often smell foul and "stuffy" when several people have occupied the rooms until the air in them has become vitiated.

Lennox Torrid Zone steel furnaces warm with a constant supply of fresh air. Either the pure air from the unoccupied rooms is recirculated thruout the building or fresh air from outside is carried constantly to all parts of the house. So fundamental is this mechanical principle and so important to health that many states prohibit the heating of public audience rooms and school house with direct radiation of any kind.

As to cleanliness there was a time thirty years ago when furnaces were considered dirty. It was because the warm air furnace of that day was made of cast iron sections and would leak gas and dirt into the house because the joints between the sections could not be made gas tight. They were cemented but when the iron became heated it would expand and loosen the cement and fire pots would crack.



For twenty years now Lennox Torrid Zone furnaces have been made of heavy steel plates riveted and caulked gas tight like a steam boiler. They will warm a house with less dirt than the radiator which smuts the wall paper clear to the ceiling wherever it stands.

Upright smoke travel and smooth steel causes all soot to fall back into the fire to be consumed for fuel. It can not retard radiation and the instant heating quality of steel causes the greatest amount of heat to radiate from the fuel used so that these furnaces of steel are sold thruout the Canadian northwest where none but the most powerful heaters can battle with a northern winter.

Lennox Torrid Zone steel furnaces are cheaper to install than hot water or steam plants and will heat with less fuel. They will heat quicker and are far more simple to operate. They are vastly cleaner than any other kind of a warm air furnace or stoves and cleaner even than hot water or steam radiators. They heat with fresh air which is absolutely essential to health, and they are provided with water pans which make it possible to have the moisture of sea breezes in your house if you will use water enough.

## CONSULT WITH OUR HEATING ENGINEERS

Ackley.....	Carstens Bros.	Gilman.....	Failor Bros.	Plainfield.....	Boyd/Merc./Co.
Alden.....	O. S. Beneshoff	Gladbrook.....	F. L. Carlisle	Plymouth.....	W. H. Borman
Alexander.....	E. R. Green	Grafton.....	Uoker & Miller	Readylin.....	J. W. Kehe
Allison.....	A. W. Johnson	Greene.....	Nolterricke Bros.	Reinbeck.....	Grundy Center Imp. Co.
Aredale.....	Folbrecht & Tiedmann	Hampton.....	G. C. Pettit	Rockford.....	Kluckholm & Koerner
Belmond.....	C. N. Reese	Hampton.....	Chas. Beed & Son	Rockwell.....	P. B. Bristol & Co.
Blairtown.....	F. M. Davis	Horton.....	Boyd Merc. Co.	Rowan.....	Whitton & Huber
Bradford.....	Jones Bros.	Hubbard.....	C. A. Clancy	Sheffield.....	Egman & Kammeier Co.
Brooklyn.....	Breckenridge & Co.	Hudson.....	Hudson Imp. Co.	St. Anthony.....	Jacob Mayer
Chelsea.....	Comte & Son	Keystone.....	Henry Miller	State Center.....	Schilling Bros.
Clarion.....	Staples Bros.	Klemme.....	Gruetzmacher Bros.	Steamboat Rock.....	Geardes & Eckhoff
Clarkville.....	J. L. Cerney	Ladora.....	Snavely Bros.	Tama.....	E. G. Purvess
Clear Lake.....	Knutton Hdw. Co.	LaPorte City.....	Lehman Bros.	Toledo.....	A. H. Conant
Collins.....	O. B. Patterson	Marengo.....	W. A. Snavely	Traer.....	B. F. Thomas & Son
Celo.....	H. E. Ransom & Co.	Mason City.....	Currie Hdw. Co.	Tripoli.....	Standard Hdw. Co.
Conrad.....	Trumbull & Leibsch	Melbourne.....	Hauser Bros.	Union.....	J. E. Eeklund & Co.
Deep River.....	Winders & Craver	Meservey.....	H. K. Pais	Van Home.....	P. N. Paulson & Son
Dike.....	D. H. Hagerman	Montezuma.....	A. Mentzer	Victor.....	D. P. Lanning
Durant.....	D. C. Wanger & Co.	Nevada.....	Dodge & Wall	Waterloo.....	C. M. Berkley/Helm Co.
Dysart.....	Dysart Hdw. Co.	New Hartford.....	Yokem Bros.	Waverly.....	Luhring & Pape
Elberon.....	J. J. Shanda	Frederickburg.....	Triplett Hdw. Co.	Whitesburg.....	Boving & Plesener
Garner.....	C. J. Schneider	Geneva.....	H. C. Clock & Sons	Willhamsburg.....	D. Milton Jones

# Lennox Furnace Co.

Marshalltown, Iowa