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COAL—Rock Springs, Castle Gate and Clear Creek Gillette Coal Co., 155 West 27th St. Phones 1074.
STAR OUTFIELDER SUSPENDED FOR FAILURE TO OBEY RULES
Philadelphia, Sept. 6.—Sherwood Magee, the star outfielder of the Philadelphia Nationals, has been suspended indefinitely without pay, by Manager William Murray, for insubordination. In Sunday's game at Brooklyn, Magee is said to have disregarded instructions to play close to second base instead of taking a long lead. Magee was finally caught between the bases. Magee declares that if anything is deducted from his salary he will never again play in a Philadelphia uniform.
CHICAGO DEFEATS PITTSBURG.
Pittsburg, Sept. 6.—National: Pittsburg, 1 9 2; Chicago, 3 10 0.

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you use in baking whether the Bread, Rolls, Biscuit, etc., are light, healthful and nutritious or not.
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Good Judgment and Good Baking say "Buy a sack of Peery's Crescent Flour today."
WANT ADS BRING BIG RESULTS

OFFICER WARDLAW SHOOTS AND KILLS AN ITALIAN

DRUNKEN QUARREL RESULTS IN A STABBING AFFRAY, FOLLOWED BY A CALL FOR OFFICERS WHICH ENDS IN WIELDER OF A STILETTO BEING SHOT TO DEATH.

Mike Eddaell, the Italian who was so badly stabbed in the affray this morning which resulted in the killing of another Italian named Virgil by Detective Wardlaw, is alive this afternoon but is in a very precarious condition. The doctors are doubtful as to his recovery and say it really is miraculous that the fellow was alive when found back of the old shack on lower Twenty-fifth street. The man is still at the city jail, but it is expected that arrangements will soon be made to remove him to the hospital. He is suffering much pain and is rational only at times.

It develops today that the fight between the Italians occurred on lower Thirtieth street and that Eddaell made his way to Twenty-fifth street after he had been so severely stabbed. The doctors who are attending to him say the man could have made that distance in his condition. The body of Virgil was taken to the morgue at Larkin's Undertaking establishment where it will be held, pending a coroner's inquest which will be held tomorrow. Sheriff Wilson this afternoon summoned the following jury to investigate the killing: JOHN DOUGLASS, A. W. RANKAM, E. M. ALLISON, SR.

The jury briefly viewed the remains at the morgue and adjourned until the time which will be set for the hearing. The man was found to be shot twice once through the head, and the other shot passing through the lower part of the abdomen. Officer Wardlaw has a sore arm from the gunshot wound in the left arm, but no serious results are anticipated. Mr. Wardlaw regrets that he did not shoot the Italian but feels that it was an absolute necessity in order to properly perform his duty as an officer and protect his life.

Domlnick Virgil an Italian, is dead, Mike Eddaell, another Italian, is so dangerously cut that there is but little chance for his recovery, and City Detective George Wardlaw has a revolver wound through the fleshy portion of his left arm, as the result of a hand-to-hand conflict between the officer and Virgil at an early hour this morning.

As he came to the police station about 2 o'clock this morning, that an Italian was lying fatally cut back of a saloon. Detective Wardlaw and Charles Pincock immediately started an investigation. Mike Eddaell was found lying on the ground with blood flowing from cuts all over his body. One of the wounds on the left side of the face is six inches long, laying open the flesh so that the teeth can be plainly seen. Another gash was found on the left side of the abdomen several inches long and another on the right side. While waiting for the

patrol wagon to carry the injured man to the station for surgical attention, Detective Pincock was called to the Union depot to answer another call.

Officer Is Shot.
Detective Wardlaw waited in a dark place for the two men who were with the wounded man to make their appearance, as the officer surmised that they intended to return to their bunk nearby to get their belongings. In a few seconds both of the men suddenly stepped from the shadows.

Mr. Wardlaw promptly ordered them to surrender their weapons. One of the men ran away, but Virgil made a vicious lunge for the officer. The two men closed and fought for several minutes, both rolling over on the ground. The Italian drew his revolver and pressed it to the side of the officer's head. Wardlaw, however, shot and killed the Italian. Virgil was then shot through the head and killed.

They both regained their footing and resumed the scuffle. The officer was handcuffed with his dark lantern, which was held in his left hand, and his revolver in the other. Finally the Italian freed himself and although he had been beaten over the head with the butt end of the officer's revolver, he managed to fire a shot which passed through the detective's left arm between the elbow and shoulder. The Italian then started to run.

Fires at Fleeing Men.
Wardlaw after firing a shot in the air for assistance, fired twice at the fleeing man. The patrol wagon arrived and the wounded Italian and the officer were taken to the police station. An hour afterwards officers in search for the Italians, stumbled upon the dead body of Virgil, who had fallen after Wardlaw fired the last shot.

At the police station Dr. Alfred A. Robinson and City Physician W. J. Browning were called in to dress the injuries of the wounded men. Before the chloroform was administered to Eddaell he told the officers that Virgil and another Italian, Louie Fowler, were the men who cut him.

The Italians, with other members of a construction gang in the employ of the Telluride Power company, had been celebrating with a keg of beer at one of the bunks down on Thirtieth street. It was there that the difficulty arose which resulted in Eddaell being slashed with a stiletto. Although badly wounded he managed to make his way to his bunk at the rear of the Assembly saloon. The two men who were said to have been working with him there followed him to get their effects from the bunk when Detective Wardlaw ordered them to throw up their hands.

Mr. Wardlaw's wound is not considered serious. It is doubtful, however, if Eddaell will live.

DAVIDSON TO SURRENDER HIMSELF

MAN WHO KILLED SCHWENDLER GOES TO ELKO, NEV.
Claims He Did Not Shoot to Kill the Trespasser in the Yards at Montello.

R. J. Davidson, the Southern Pacific watchman who shot and killed Charles Schwendler in the railroad yards at Montello last Wednesday night, came up from Salt Lake this morning and went west on passenger train No. 3 to give himself up to the authorities in Nevada. It is thought he will be released on bonds and his trial will come up later.

In explanation of the shooting of Schwendler, Davidson says there were three men on the train in the yards at Montello Wednesday night, and that a horde of tramp tourists and trespassers were "milling" around about and through the yards after dark. He, as a railroad watchman, endeavored to keep the various and numerous gangs moving out of the yards and away from the loaded cars, and to advise and hold in check the lawless element, he repeatedly fired his automatic gun in the air and into the ground. He maintains that he had repeatedly driven Schwendler and two companions from the vicinity of one of the loaded cars, and they returned again and again after he had warned them away.

He claims to know absolutely nothing of the shooting, aside from the fact that in the discharge of his duties he had repeatedly fired his gun, but without aim at any person or without purpose of shooting directly at any one.

After it became known that Schwendler had been shot and fatally wounded, it is maintained that Davidson was advised by his friends to leave Montello until the excitement incident to the tragedy had subsided, and he came to Ogden and later on continued to Salt Lake, where his presence was known to Secret Service Agents Jones and Cordon and other officials of that department of the Oregon Short Line company, and, in accordance with the advice of friends, Davidson has now returned to Montello to face any charges that have been made against him.

R. J. Davidson has been in the employ of the Harriman lines for several years. He was formerly stationed as a watchman at Lovelocks, Nev., and during over a year ago was transferred to Montello, where he has been in active service until after the shooting of last Wednesday evening.

A. V. P. EXPOSITION RATES.
Via Oregon Short Line R. R. \$3.50 from Ogden to Seattle and return; on sale daily, commencing June 1st. Ask agents for further particulars.

MILWAUKEE'S MAYOR IS HERE

COMES TO TALK ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION.
Taken Out to the Fair and Later Is to Visit the Canyon—He Speaks This Evening.

Mayor David S. Rose of Milwaukee passed through Ogden this morning at 2 o'clock on his way to the fair grounds, where he spent a few hours and returned to Ogden at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon, when he was taken to the canyon for a chicken and trout dinner, the return trip to be made in time for the meeting at the Tabernacle at 8 o'clock this evening.

Those who have the meeting in charge state that there is promise that the Tabernacle will be filled to its capacity this evening. The speaker is among the most eloquent and logical on the subject and he is well supplied with material for his argument on "Temperance, Not Prohibition."

Mr. Rose will lecture in the Salt Lake theater tomorrow night and it is thought it will be the largest gathering of its kind ever held in the capital city. It is thought that the distinguished visitor should lecture in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake, but the president of the church finally concluded that it would perhaps be better to have the lecture given in the Salt Lake theater, which place he readily placed at the speaker's disposal.

ENTRIES FOR RACES AT FAIR GROUNDS TUESDAY

The card for the running races tomorrow is an even more pretentious one than that offered for the opening day of the big fair. The fields called out for the five events for the running are such in size, class and balance as to insure sport of the most interesting kind. In the matter of class, represented the program is undoubtedly the best that has ever been offered in Utah and as attractive one as has ever been offered at any half-mile track.

The entries are as follows:
FIRST RACE—Class 2:40, trot or pace, best 3 in 5.
BLACK—May Day.
WHITE—Klatter Gray.
BLUE—King Outstatch.
RED—May Day.
YELLOW—Fleet.
PINK—Rhodiola.
SECOND RACE—Four furlongs, four-year-olds and up; selling. Mollie Montrose, 114; Gossiper II, 114; Nap. A. Murray, 114; Whetstone, 114; Swagerton, 114; Ontario, Oregon, 117; Lady Powell, 114; La Chata, 114; Ericson, 117.
THIRD RACE—Six furlongs, three-year-olds and up; Ellerd, 112; Tom Reid, 110; Lord Nelson, 110;

Byron, 107; Pricessless Jewel, 111; Mary F., 115; Incontinent, 110.
FOURTH RACE—One mile, Ogden Canyon handicap, three-year-olds and up; Bardonia, 98; Little Buttercup, 104; Merliago, 98; Buckhorn, 96; Ethel Day, 107; Jolter, 102; Ellerd, 95; Kopeck, 100.
FIFTH RACE—Seven furlongs, selling, three-year-olds and up; Prince of Castle, 113; Cardinal Sario, 107; Little Buttercup, 107; Charley Falno, 107; Biskra, 107; Cobleskill, 107; No Quarter, 106.
SIXTH RACE—Seven furlongs, selling, three-year-olds and up; Mabel Hollander, 107; Dutton, 110; Invader, 107; Lana, 101; Friar of Elgin, 107; Gene Wood, 107; The Mouser, 107.

G. A. R. PARADE AT JOIE THEATER

Tonight the people of Ogden will have the opportunity of witnessing the great G. A. R. parade as it was seen in Salt Lake during the recent G. A. R. Encampment. The film will be shown Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday only. Don't miss the opportunity. Come early and avoid the crowd. Other features on the program: Entire change today. Hear Miss Thatcher, our new singer, in illustrated songs. Get the Joie habit.

FOUNTAINS AND YAPS IN SALT LAKE

Editor The Standard: The event that Utah has been planning for during more than a year has transpired. The annual encampment of the G. A. R. is over. The old soldiers have come and gone, and nothing remains but for Salt Lake City to wash and hang out the dirty linen.

In the language of Kipling, "The captains and the kings depart. Low burn the fires on dune and hill. And, lest we forget, let us see, what lessons can be learned from the story of the encampment."
About 5,000 Ogden people went to Salt Lake City on the great day—Wednesday—the day the old veterans paraded on State street, marching a mile down the hill and back again. I had not been in the capital for some time, so was on the lookout for changes, alterations and improvements. I hunted up the sky-scrapers and wished we had them and Sam Newhouse in Ogden. I noted the streets swept clean as a ball room and wished we had that in Ogden, too.

Then I caught sight of the water fountains at the corners of the streets. They were beauties, nicker-plated, ornamental and useful. People stepped up to them and drank from the little columns of water that bubbled up, and not down as they do in Ogden. There were no unsanitary tin cups to be stolen or lost. No pool of water about the base of the fountain. Those drinking fountains were as far ahead of Ogden's fountains as the old town pump was superior to the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

Opposite the Judge building I met one of Ogden's best known business men. I have seen him nearly every day for twenty years on the streets of Ogden, but he hailed me another like long-lost brothers, meeting by chance in the enemy's country. "Have you seen them?" he asked eagerly. When my friend gets excited his voice sinks to a whisper. "What, the soldiers? I should say." "No, no. Not the soldiers." "O, you mean the sky-scrapers? Yes, and they look like a silk hat on a cowboy. Still, I wish we—"
"No, no. You don't understand I mean the new drinking fountains," and the whisper came back again. "Yes, I saw them," I admitted reluctantly. "Isn't it a shame—a measly shame?" His voice choked up and the whisper became a croak. "Why," said I, "they look good to me."

"Of course. Of course. That's just it. Salt Lake gets ahead of us every time. They get the first sky-scrapers—but, these drinking fountains—we might have beat them to that. It makes my face burn with shame when I think of that miserable old cast iron thing at the corner of the City Hall, with the water splashing over you every time you go near it."
"And the other in front of the Post-office," I suggested.
"Yes, and no tin cup half the time." "And break your neck trying to drink out of the spout?" "Yes, and think of Salt Lake with not enough water to put out a fire in a box car, and these fountains all over the business part of town."
"I don't know," I said.
"And with water to burn and only three public drinking fountains in the whole town, including the parks."
"There are certainly more than three," I said.
"No, three, count 'em, three," he whispered.
"Well, I remember that a number of years ago a big petition went to the city council and they bought two new drinking fountains."
"Just so. Just so." Still the small whisper. "They bought two new fountains. The best temperance people. Then they dug out three of the old fountains. That pleased the saloonmen and the drug stores. See? Everybody satisfied."
"Then," I suggested, "you think that there is too much 'thirst parlor' influence in town?"
"I know it, why there is that fountain that used to be in Lester park, what? and the one at the old Z. C. M. I. corner? and that one in front of the court house? All gone."
I admitted all of the above.
"Why do they do it with all the money?" One of these fountains, all set, would not cost over \$150. I pay over \$500 a year taxes. What becomes of it?" he demanded in a fierce whisper. "I don't know. Don't ask me," I hastened to say.
"I'll tell you." He was getting impulsive and tapped me with his lead pencil in the neighborhood of my lower, left-hand vest pocket. "I'll tell you, I'll tell you. That city council—Oh—how do you do Mr. Browning. It's warmer here than in Ogden, don't you think?"
I turned and saw Sam Browning, president of the Ogden City council, passing by with a party of friends. My friend caught my arm and whispered, "Do you suppose he will see them?"
"Sure thing," I replied. "He can't help it."
"Then we are all right. Sam knows

A good thing when—look—there's Doc Powers coming with that bunch of old soldiers. I believe I will tackle him right now about those fountains." "Don't do it," I begged. "This is his day. He is with the old boys. He has forgotten Ogden. Don't spring anything disagreeable."
"That's right, but I'll jump him up first time I see him in Ogden."
A whistle was blowing.
"There he comes," he shouted. "I must go and hunt up my seat in the grandstand."
I watched the parade from the sidewalk in front of the Federal building. We stood six deep behind the ropes that fenced off the street and watched the special policemen while they tried to keep the streets cleared. All the world loves a special policeman. He is everybody's friend.

After a while I found myself in the second rank of spectators. A Salt Lake man who knew me reached out to shake hands and called, "Hello there, Ogden!"
A lot of Salt Lake people turned and glared at me. The sun came out from behind a cloud and glared at me. It was very uncomfortable. An Ogden man finds it very hot in Salt Lake—"Some people don't like heat."
Are we Utah people defective in the matter of enthusiasm? The old soldiers must have thought so. They say that at reunions held in Eastern cities the enthusiasm is so intense while the parade is passing that Indian tobacco alms have been known to jump down from their pedestals, snatch their war bonnets off, and yell themselves hoarse while they made kindling wood of their moccasins stamping on the sidewalks. That is enthusiasm.

But I saw nothing of that sort in Salt Lake. The crowd was very quiet and lady-like in its demeanor. There was some feeble hand-clapping occasionally. The old soldiers did some cheering themselves at times. The regulars and the state militia were applauded. The band from the industrial school did not "get a hand."

There was one Salt Lake woman who cheered when the Kentucky veterans marched past. She actually yelled, "Oh! Mother, look! There is Kentucky. They are right from the blue grass country. Kentucky! Kentucky! Yee-ee-ee!"
"Hush," said her mother. "I don't care. Kentucky! Kentucky!" she screamed. "Yee-ee-ee!"
The rest of us were almost shocked. A girl dressed in white stood in a window of the Boston building as the Iowa soldiers passed and waved a ten-foot stalk while she yelled—yes, yelled—"Eye-o-way! Eye-o-way!" one hundred times.

Every one within a block heard her and knew that such lugs and such enthusiastic vitality were not "alfalfa feed."

It was a pretty long parade. The old soldiers did not seem to mind it, but the crowd got tired and unruly and invaded the street. First we stepped across the water flowing in the gutter. The special policemen in a mild and apologetic way came along and said sweetly, "Stand back, please."

We did not do it.
Are we Utah people unruly and hard to manage in a crowd, or is it that we do not know any better?
The Salt Lakers seemed to be better trained and stuck to the sidewalks pretty well, but the Yaps from Mill Creek, Kanosh, Koshone, Bountiful and Ogden swarmed into the street. We gathered in crowds about the ambulances. We stood in the way of the marching veterans. Old soldiers ran back and forth along the line pleading with the crowd. They said, "Now just give us the street for 15 minutes longer and then you can have it for all the rest of the year."

I was actually ashamed of the crowd. The special policemen tried to exert some influence but failed. People were getting tired of the show. I saw two men standing with their backs to the marching soldiers and one said, "Don't you think it about time that we went and hunted up a restaurant before the crowds scatter?"
I saw yaps and yapesses walking along with their little fingers interlocked, as at a county fair—walking down the middle of the street, going in the opposite direction to the marching column, and yawning in the very faces of the old veterans.

Just then a policeman poked me with his club and said, "stand back, please."
I looked around. I was standing in the front rank of all the yaps. They had to push us out of the way to let the "War Prisoners" get past—to make room, so that the men who saw Libby and Andersonville could get through the streets of Salt Lake. I went away back and stood on the sidewalk. I was almost alone, and with drinking fountains and yaps there is lots for an Ogden man to learn in the capital city.

O. A. KENNEDY.

CHIEF BROWNING TALKS TO PEOPLE OF PLEASANT VIEW

At a meeting of the parents' class of Pleasant View yesterday, Chief of Police Thomas E. Browning delivered an interesting talk on the subject of what is best for the discipline and education of the children.
Mr. Browning feels there should be co-operation between the parents and the educators and also between the parents and the officers of the law. The wayward boy or girl necessarily comes within the jurisdiction of the officers and the chief thinks that if the parents are advised somewhat as to the true conditions they can materially aid the officers in the discharge of their duties and at the same time be

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the means of helping to save some of the young people from the destruction that results from traveling the downward course in life.

The chief's address was heartily received by the audience and his auditors were free to express their appreciation of the same. Mr. Browning said in part:

"The invitation from your president of the parents' class to address you, I feel proud to accept, and if I can only say a few words that will be well taken and do some good, I will feel still better. Realize that rearing a family is a great responsibility. Even in some cases where the parents show every sign of kindness, it seems impossible to keep some children from going wrong. Still, if you do your duty, your conscience will be clear. Some people are cruel to their children. To talk to the parents in every day walk of life you would not believe they are such hypocrites. We have in the state of Utah a humane law that would punish such vicious parents, but I believe people should be complained of and prosecuted. Even cruelty to animals has become a misdemeanor punishable by law. And this is one grand step in the direction of education. Of course some animals, as well as children are more vicious and unmanageable than others. A downward boy or girl necessarily comes within the jurisdiction of the officers and the chief thinks that if the parents are advised somewhat as to the true conditions they can materially aid the officers in the discharge of their duties and at the same time be

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of hope and promise in life which made him a man.
"Let us be kind to one another. Nothing pays so well in return and nothing is so cheap in its investment. The existing juvenile courts in the state of Utah, and the treatment of the first offenders gives prominence to what I believe is the proper remedy for, and correction of, some of our unruly boys. We have always the opportunity to work along the same lines. We are living in an age which demands the exemplification of that humanitarian spirit which dominates the brotherhood of man. Our consideration should be extended towards the soul-lifting of those subjects with whom we come in contact. We need not be obtusous, we need not obtrude ourselves, but just the use of a little rugged common sense properly exercised towards directing straying feet on the pathway of a better life. I do not propose that we should qualify as evangelists but we should qualify as evangelists should inspire us to use the means at hand."

Be sure and get Fels-Naptha from your grocer today.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—A great bargain, 3 houses connected with sewer, bath, toilet, all street improvements. You can buy the three for \$3,750. O. A. White, 962 25th Street. 9 6 3t

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TWELVE-room house for rent and furniture of 4 rooms for sale, 2375 Grant. 9 6 1wk

FOR SALE—Railroad ticket to Elko, Nev. Inquire at 222 25th street. Star Restaurant. 9 6 3t