Nothing But The Truth

By

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CHAPTER I.

The Temerity of Bob.

"It can't be done."

"Of course it can."

"A man couldn't survive the ordeal."

"Could do it myself."

The scene was the University club. The talk spread over a good deal of space, as talk will when pink cocktails, or "green gardens in a glass" confront, or are in front of, the talkees. Dickie said it couldn't be done and Bob said it was possible and that he could do it. He might not have felt such confidence had it not been for the verdant stimulation. He could have done anything just then, so why not this particular feat or stunt? And who was this temerarious one and what was he like?

As an excellent specimen of a masculine young animal, genus homo, Bob Bennett was good to look on. Some of those young ladies who wave banners when young men strain their backs and their arms and their legs in the cause of learning, had, in the days of the not remote past, dubbed him, sub rosa, the "blue-eyed Apollo." Some of the fellows not so euphemistically inclined had, however, during that same glorious period, found frequent occasion to refer to him less classically, if more truthfully, as "that darn fool, Bob Bennett." That was on account of a streak of wildness in him, for he was a free bold creature, was Bob. Conventional bars and gates chafed him. He may have looked like a "blue-eyed Apollo," but his spirit had the wings of a wild goose, than which there are no faster birds—for a wild goose is the biplane of the empyrean.

Now that Bob had ceased the chase for learning and was out in the wide world, he should have acquired an additional sobriquet—that of "Impecunious Bob." It would have fitted his pecuniary condition very nicely. Once he had had great expectations, but alas!—dad had just "come a cropper." They had sheared him on the street. The world in general didn't know about it yet, but Bob did.

"We're broke, Bob," said dad that very morning.

"That's all right, Gov.," said Bob. "Can you get up?"

"I can't even procure a pair of crutches to hobble with,' answered dad.

"Never mind," observed Bob magnanimously. "You've done pretty well by me up to date. Don't you worry or reproach yourself. I'm not going to heap abuse on those gray hairs."

"Thanks, Bob." Coolly. "I'm not worrying. You see, it's up to you now."

"Me?' Bob stared.

"Yes. You see I believe in the Japanese method."

"What's that?" Uneasily.

"Duty of a child to support his parent, when said child is grown up!"

Bob whistled. "Say, Gov., do you mean it?"

"'Pon honor!" Cheerfully.

"I never did like the Japanese," from Bob, sotto voce. "Blame lot of heathens—that's what they are!"

"I've got a dollar or two that I owe tucked away where no one can find it except me," went on dad, unmindful of Bob's little colloquy. "That will have to last until you come to the rescue."

"Gee! I'm glad you were thoughtful enough for that!" ejaculated the young man. "Sure you can keep it hidden?"

"Burglars couldn't find it," said dad confidently, "let alone my creditors—God bless them! But it won't last long, Bob. Bear that in mind. It'll be a mighty short respite."

"Oh, I'll not forget it. If—if it's not an impertinence, may I ask what you are going to do, dad?"

"I'm contemplating a fishing trip, first of all, and after that—quien sabe? Some pleasure suitable to my retired condition will undoubtedly suggest itself. I may take up the study of philosophy. Confucius has always interested me. They say it takes forty years to read him and then forty years to digest what you have read. The occupation would, no doubt, prove adequate. But don't concern yourself about that, dear boy. I'll get on. You owe me a large debt of gratitude. I'm thrusting a great responsibility on you. It should be the making of you." Bob had his secret doubts. "Get out and hustle, dear boy. It's up to you, now!" And he spread out his hands in care-free fashion and smiled blandly. No Buddha could have appeared more complacent—only instead of a lotus flower, Bob's dad held in his hand a long black weed, the puffing of which seemed to afford a large measure of ecstatic satisfaction. "Go!" He waved the free hand. "My blessing on your efforts."

Bob started to go, and then he lingered. "Perhaps," he said, "you can tell me what I am going to do?"

"Don't know." Cheerfully.

"What can I do?" Hopelessly.

"Couldn't say."

"I don't know anything."

"Ha! ha!" Dad laughed, as if son had sprung a joke. "Well, that is a condition experience will remove. Experience and hard knocks," he added.

Bob swore softly. His head was humming. No heroic purpose to get out and fight his way moved him. He didn't care about shoveling earth, or chopping down trees. He had no frenzied desire to brave the sixty-below-zero temperature of the Klondike in a mad search for gold. In a word, he didn't feel at all like the heroes in the books who conquer under almost impossible conditions in the vastnesses of the "open," and incidentally whallop a few herculean simple-minded sons of nature, just to prove that breed is better than brawn.

"Of course, I could give you a little advice, Bob," said the governor softly. "If you should find hustling a bit arduous for one of your luxurious nature, there's an alternative. It is always open to a young man upon whom nature has showered her favors."

"Don't know what you mean by that last," growled Bob, who disliked personalities. "But what is the alternative to hustling?"

"Get married," said dad cooly.

Bob changed color. Dad watched him keenly.

"There's always the matrimonial market for young men who have not learned to specialize. I've known many such marriages to turn out happily, too. Marrying right, my boy, is a practical, not a sentimental business."

Bob looked disgusted.

"There's Miss Gwendoline Gerald, for example. Millions in her own name, and—"

"Hold on, dad!" cried Bob. His face was flaming now. The blue eyes gleamed almost fiercely.

"I knew you were acquainted," observed dad softly, still studying him. "Besides she's a beautiful girl and—"

"Drop it, dad!" burst from Bob. "We've never had a quarrel but—" Suddenly he realized his attitude was actually menacing. And toward dad—his own dad! "I beg your pardon, sir," he muttered contritely. "I'm afraid I am forgetting myself. But please turn the talk."

"All right," said dad. I forgive you. I was only trying to elucidate your position. But since it's not to be the matrimonial market, it'll have to be a hustle, my boy. I'm too old to make another fortune. I've done my bit and now I'm going to retire on my son. Sounds fair and equitable, doesn't it, Bob?"

"I'd hate to contradict you, sir," the other answered moodily.

Dad walked up to him and laid an arm affectionately upon son's broad shoulders. "I've the utmost confidence in you, my boy," he said, with a bland smile.

"Thank you, sir," replied Bob. He always preserved an attitude of filial respect toward his one and only parent. But he tore himself away from dad now as soon as he could. He wanted to think. The average hero, thrust out into the world, has only a single load to carry. He has only to earn a living for himself. Bob's load was a double one and therefore he would have to be a double hero. Mechanically he walked on and on, cogitating upon his unenviable fate. Suddenly he stopped. He found himself in front of the club. Bob went in. And there he met Dickie, Clarence, Dan the doughty "commodore" and some others.

That Impecunious Bob should have said "It could be done" to Imperial Dickie's "It couldn't" and have allowed himself to be drawn further into the affair was, in itself, an impertinence. For Dickie was a person of importance. He had a string of simoleons so long that a newspaper mathemetician once computed if you spread them out, touching one another, they would reach half around the world. Or was it twice around? Anyhow, Dickie didn't have to worry about hustling, the way Bob did now. At the moment the latter was in a mood to contradict any one. He felt reckless. He was ready for almost anything—short of an imitation of that back-to-nature hero of a popular novel.

They had been going on about that "could" and 'couldn't" proposition for some time when some one staked Bob. That some one was promptly "called" by the "commodore"—as jolly a sea-dog as never trod a deck. Dan was a land-commodore, but he was very popular at the Yacht club, where something besides waves seethed when he was around. He didn't go often to the University club where he complained things were too pedagogic. (No one else ever complained of that.) He liked to see the decks—or floors—wave. Then he was in his element and would issue orders with the blithe abandon of a son of Neptune. There was no delay in "clapping on sail" when the commodore was at the helm. And if he said: "Clear the decks for action," there was action. When he did occasionally drift into the University, he brought with him the flavor of the sea. Things at once breezed up.

Well, the commodore called that some one quick.

"Five thousand he can't do it."

"For how long?" says Dickie.

"A week," answered the commodore.

"Make it two.'

"Oh, very well."

"Three, if you like!" from Bob, the stormy petrel.

They gazed at him admiringly.

"It isn't the green garden talking, is it, Bob?" asked Clarence Van Duzen, whose sole occupation was being a director in a few corporations—or, more strictly speaking, not being one. It took almost all Clarence's time to "direct" his wife, or try to.

Bob looked at Clarence reproachfully. "No," he said. "I'm still master of all my thoughts." Gloomily. "I couldn't forget if I tried."

"That's all right, then," said Dickie.

Then Clarence "took" some one else who staked Bob. And Dickie did likewise. And there was some more talk. And then Bob staked himself.

"Little short of cash at the bank just now," he observed. "But if you'll take my note—"

"Take your word if you want," said the commodore.

"No; here's my note." He gave it—a large amount—payable in thirty days. It was awful, but he did it. He hardly thought what he was doing. Having the utmost confidence he would win, he didn't stop to realize what a large contract he was taking on. But Dan, Dickie, Clarence and the others did.

"Of course, you can't go away and hide," said Dickie to Bob with sudden suspicion.

"No; you can't do that," from Clarence. "Or get yourself arrested and locked up for three weeks! That wouldn't be fair, old chap."

"Bob understands he's got to go on in the even tenor of his way," said the commodore.

Bob nodded. "Just as if nothing had happened!" he observed. "I'll not seek, or I'll not shirk. I'm on honor, you understand."

"That's good enough for me!" said Dickie. "Bob's honest."

"And me!" from Clarence.

"And me!" from half a dozen other good souls, including the non-aqueous commodore.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," said Bob, affected by this outburst of confidence. "I thank you for this display of—this display—"

"Cut it!"

"Cork it up! And speaking of corks—"

"When does it begin?" interrupted Bob.

"When you walk out of here."

"At the front door?"

"When your foot touches the sidewalk, son. The commodore, who was about forty in years, sometimes assumed the paternal.

"Never mind the 'son,' " Bob shuddered. "One father at a time, please!" And then hastily, not to seem ungracious: "I've got such a jolly, good, real dad, you understand—"

The commodore dropped the paternal. "Well, lads, here's a bumper to Bob," he said.

"We see his finish."

"No doubt of that."

"To Bob! Good old Bob! Ho! ho!"

"Ha! ha!" said Bob funereally.

Then he got up.

"Going?"

"Might as well."

The commodore drew out a watch. "Twelve minutes after three p. m., Monday, the twelfth of September, in the year of our Lord, 1913," he said. "You are all witnesses of the time the ball was opened?"

"We are."

"Good-by, Bob."

"Oh, let's go with him a way!"

"Might be interesting," from Clarence sardonically.

"It might. Least we can do is to see him start on his way rejoicing."

"That's so. Come on." Which they did.

Bob offered no objection. He didn't much care at the time whether they did or not. What would happen would. He braced himself for the inevitable.

(To be continued.)

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Pop was wawking up and down in the setting room smoaking last nite, and he sed, By the way mothir, wares that old bloo cote of mine, I was smoking in it yestidday and I left a 10 dollir bill in the pockit.

Impossibil, sed ma.

I admit it duz sownd impossible for me to have as mutch as 10 dollirs at eny wun time with the high cost of living fawling awl over itself trying to beet its own record, sed pop, but nevirtheless jest the saim notwithstanding I left a 10 spot in that old bloo cote yestidday.

But I sold that cote jest this moarning to that old cloze man thats got a littel plase erround the cornir, sed ma.

Impossibil, sed pop.

I did, sed ma, and I looked awl throo the pockits the day befoar yestidday.

But it was yestidday that I put the muny in it, sed pop, confownd it and ding it to blazes, blast it and smashding it awl ovir the plase, Im tired of having the very cloze sold awf of my back, 10 dollirs gawn to a ignerent junk man, hang it to smithereens.

Well hes ony erround the cornir and you can get it back frum him tomorrer moarning, sed ma, he awffered me a dollir and a haff for the old thing and I was glad to get rid of it, youve got to meny old smoaking cotes erround, enyhow, and besides I went awl throo the pockits carefilly the day befoar yestidday.

Well if thats eny consolayshin to you its not eny to me, bekause I put the muny thare yestidday, dident I tell you heck and blazes, sed pop. And this moarning he went erround to the old cloze mans plase, me going with him to show him ware it was, and the old cloze man was down in the seller ware he keeps his things and pop sed, Good moarning, my wife sold you a old bloo, worthless cote of mine for a dollir and a haff yestidday, and I wunt to buy it back bekause I value that cote for its associations, youve still got it, havent you.

Yes, I havent had time to look it ovir yet, sed the old cloze man, but I cant sell you that cote back for less than 3 dollirs, bekause I remembir thare was a speshil kind of buttins awn that cote so I coodent think of selling it back for less than than 3 dollirs you dont see buttins like that evvry day, 3 dollirs is wat I'll sell itb ack for.

So you mentioned, sed pop, well heers yure 3. And he gave the old cloze man 3 dollirs and the old cloze man gave him his old bloo cote and pop startid to go throo the pockets fast as enything and heer thare was nuthing in them but air, and pop sed Dash it awl, it wasent the bloo cote at awl, it was the gray cote, I remembir now.

And he sold it back to the old cloze man for a dollir and 25 cents and went kow nto the orfiss looking as mad as he was.

PROTESTS STYLE OF NEW COURT BUILDING

Sioux City, April 3.—W. S. Gilman has made a formal protest to the county board of supervisors against the type of building selected for the new $500,000 court house, the plans of which already have been approved by the board. They were drawn by W. L. Steels, a Sioux City architect, and Mr. Steele will receive a fee of approximately $35,000 on the design of the building and the furnishings, which also will be installed according to his designs. Mr. Gilman urges upon the board the warning that the subsoil at the site selected for the new building at Seventh and Douglas streets, contains much sand and that a swampy condition is to be found at a depth of twelve feet. The construction of a ten-story building on such a location, Mr. Gilman argues, would in his opinion be very unwise. He suggests a lower building of a solid square construction.

TRAPPING ANIMALS IS HIT HARD BLOW

Humboldt, April 3.—The business of trapping animals for their furs in Iowa, which used to be such a profitable occupation in the cold months, got the worst blow in its history the last winter. Never before have the animals been so scarce. The muskrat has always been the principal fur bearer, but his home has become cultivated farm land and the members of his family have slowly dwindled in number. Even the skunks have become scarcer, while the mink, the prize fur, are hard to find. And notwithstanding the scarcity of the fur bearers, the prices this year have been very poor and constantly falling. This is due to the war as the great fur market in London has had few buyers. The last week has brought back the first real spring flight of the wild fowl, which is much later than usual because of continued cold.

FARMER'S SIGHT PERILED.

Iowa City, April 3.—Guy Stumpf, a farmer of Richmond, was brought to an Iowa City hospital to make a fight to save an eye. When working in a corn field he accidentally pierced one eye with a corn stalk, and the sight may be lost. Surgeons are making a strong effort to avert blindness, however.

EXPECTING GOOD YEAR FOR FRUIT

EARLY BUDS ARE BEGINNING TO SWELL IN ORCHARDS OF SOUTHWESTERN IOWA.

Council Bluffs, April 3.—From many different sources comes the same story of the fine condition of the orchards of southwestern Iowa, and especially those in the immediate vicinity of Council Bluffs, indicating bumper crop of apples and other fruit this fall. This of course takes no posible account of possible frosts later on, and there will be much damage, doubtless, from different fruit pests in those orchards that are not sprayed properly.

The buds have been swelling more or less for a month past, and the early spring indications are of the very best. Some of the buds from the trees at the state farm have been sent to the horticultural laboratories at Ames, and the scientific decision was exactly in keeping with the opinion of the local fruit growers, based on their many years of experience.

While some of the other orchards have off years, the orchard at the state farm, with its excellent care, including thorough and proper spraying and scientific pruning, seems to produce a good crop every year. Last year was in a measure an off season with many of the privately-owned orchards in this vicinity, and in several instances these men state the advance indications point to a great crop this year.

At the state farm, J. W. Dorland, the superintendent, points out that different varieties seem to rotate in the lead each season. Thus while the Grimes Goldens and Greenings were perhaps the best bearers last year there are indications from the advance readings of the budding that these varieties will not do so well this year, though at that they will be very far from a crop failure.

Probably the Jonathans, the Missouri Pippins and the Winesaps are in the best condition, and seemingly will bear the biggest crop this year, according to Mr. Dorland.

MAN MISSING TEN DAYS FOUND DEAD

Davenport, April 3—Herman Schroeder, 35 years old, was found dead in a corn field on the farm of his brother-in-law, Rudolph Reins, six miles from Stockton, at noon today. He had been missing for ten days. Schroeder lived in Durant with his father, John Schroeder, and ten days ago went to the Reins place for a visit. He arrived in the evening and after staying in the house for a couple of hours, disappeared and that was the last seen of him alive.

Mr. Reins discovered the body in the field and called a physician from Durant, who said that Schroeder probably died shortly after he disappeared. He is said to have been a heavy drinker and friends believe that his death was due to some drug he had taken in an effort to break himself of the habit. This is not definitely known, however, and the cause of death will not be determined as a certainty until the coroner concludes his investigation. The coroner left Davenport for the Reins farm shortly after noon.

CRESTON MAN TO BUY OSCEOLA PLANT

Osceola, April 3,—Geo. Cornelius, of Creston, manager of the Creston electric light plant, was in the city Tuesday. He came to the city to negotiate for the purchase of the Osceola plant, is the thought expressed, though this is not an authorative statement from the management of the Osceola Light, Heat and Power Company. Mr. Cornelius has been in the city at times in the past, and it has been figured out that he desires to secure control of the Osceola property. On the other hand there is not the inclination of the Osceola people to sell, and no deal may result. It is known that the Osceola plant can change hands in a very few minutes if Osceola people are willing to let loose of their holdings. At the present time the Osceola plant is bringing about $2,500 yearly into the city and the money is spent here. It has been proposed to extend the line and bring even double or triple that sum to this city. The location of the various towns in this vicinity makes this an ideal point for distributing "juice," and the sale of such means that much money is brought here.

TOWN RESTRAINED FROM RAZING PLANT

Des Moines, April 3.—Federal authorities in Des Moines today received a temporary injunction signed by Judge Martin J. Wade restraining the city of Earlham and the town marshal, W. V. Ellis, from tearing down buildings at Earlham belonging to the Standard Oil company.

A copy of the petition in the case states that the oil company constructed a building on the Rock Island tracks during February, 1915, for the purpose of transacting a business at that place. The city council of Earlham in a recent session ordered the marshal to remove the building as it was in violation of the city ordinance claiming that no inflammable compositions should be placed within 200 feet of a residence.

The case will come up for hearing at Ottumwa, April 6.

FIGHT FOR PAVING.

Ida Grove, April 3.—The Ida Grove city council has passed a resolution of necessity as the first step for the securing of 22 blocks of paving for this town. Agitation for this improvement has been on for the past several years and the recent organization of the commercial club has brought the campaign to a focus.

AS SHOWN IN THE NEW YORK OPENINGS

Skirts of Wool, Silk or Organdy Scalloped at the Lower Edge

NEW MODES IN COLORS

New York, April 3.—All dresses are full short whether for morning, afternoon or evening wear. Collars are high in the back with some kind of an opening in front. One dress of black taffeta

A Simple Dress Developed in Striped Voile.

has a collar high in the back with a flaring white organdy collar above; around the collar and tying in a bow in front is a piece of black ribbon, giving the collar an old time stock appearance. Below the ribbon bow is an open V, where the bare neck shows. Another rather military model with a V neck has a collar high in the back and coming a little forward, where it is caught by a loop of cord to a brass button on each side.

Many skirts are finished with a slashed or scalloped lower edge, which is bound with the same or a contrasting material. One striking and practical dress which I have recently seen with this feature was of black voile over taffeta, in a shade of plum verging onto old rose. The bodice of the dress had almost the appearance of a jacket. The voile was fitted plain over the silk and both were gathered together at the waistline, so it had the appearance of being a shadowy solid color. The collar lined with the taffeta was high at the back, and on the sides were separate pieces, which looked like petals, to frame the face. The skirt of black voile hung independently of the silk underskirt, and was slashed around the bottom and bound with black voile and piped with the tiniest edge of the silk The underskirt was also slashed and bound of itself. A wide pleated girdle of the silk surrounded the waist, crossed in the back and tied loosely in the front. An important feature of this dress was the sleeves, which were three-quarter, and not full length. They were a narrow bell shape and faced back with the silk on the right side.

For the summer dress many models of pongee are shown. One pongee dress was trimmed with royal blue embroidery. The bodice was of pongee with a pleated front of chiffon exactly the same shade. The collar was low and extended out to the shoulder-tips, scalloped in the front and embroidered in the blue. A frill of ecru lace edged the collar and extended down the front of the waist. The long, close-fitting sleeves were finished with narrow cuffs embroidered with the blue. The skirt was made with a yoke in front, and falling from the yoke was a pleated section, while at the sides the yoke and skirt were in one.

All kinds of checks—wide, narrow, irregular and wavering—are used in the spring and summer frocks. They are usually made up and down of the stripe, but there is quite a vogue this year, for those who are slender enough to allow it, to have the stripes made up running round and round. Again the up and down is used, but with trimmings of bands running all around. In my first illustration is a simple, trim frock made up in striped blue and white crepe. Each blue stripe is checked blue and white and through the white stripe are flecks of heavier threads. The neat side closing of the waist corresponds with the side closing on the skirt. The cuffs and collar are of blue crepe which matches the blue in the stripe. Small cloth covered but-

The New Frilled Frocks, in This Instance Developed in Voile.

tons are used down the front of the waist in groups of four, and continue twice on the skirt.

My second illustration is of flowered voile. The skirt is ruffled at the bottom and in the middle with two narrow ruffles. The waist is quite simple with three-quarter bell sleeves. A vest and collar of white voile gives the dainty touch of white which adds so much to the dainty colors of the new materials.

Girdles and belts which are to be worn with the spring frocks and suits are both wide and narrow and many dresses have none at all so for once these may be suited to the individual's taste. Wide pleated girdles are to be seen on some dresses, ending with long sash ends, which are crossed either back or front and tied loosely, and ribbon girdles are very popular.

MAN FINED $25 FOR GIVING "PILL" PAPER

Knoxville, April 3.—At Shenandoah recently a man was arrested and fined $25 for giving away cigarette papers. This should be a strong hint to those who are letting the boys get hold of the wrappers for "coffin nails." A dealer is subject to a fine for merely keeping them in his place of business, and those who instead of selling them are merely setting the wrappers to one side and letting the boys find and "steal" them, buying tobacco then from inside the counter to smoke up with, are just as liable as though they had sold the wrappers for cash.

KEOTA MAN WILL SEND HORSES TO FAIR

Keota, April 3.—Keota will be represented at the big Panama exposition in San Francisco this fall. This is to be a large horse show and Singmasters and Hamilton Bros. will both be in it, shipping a car of horses together. The Iowa live stock commission is figuring on sending a special express stock train and our folks will be a part of this train. It will be a fine trip.

ORGANIZE DELMAR BRANCH.

Clinton, April 3.—The farmers of Bloomfield township in a meeting at Delmar organized a branch of the Iowa Farmers' Protective association and elected John McGinn president. A. S. Hurst was chosen secretary and Fred Schroeder, treasurer. The organization was effected through the efforts of State Secretary John Olson of Calamus. Mr. Johnson spoke at the meeting. Other speakers were Eli Anderson, A. J. Jhonson and ohn Edens.

ADD X-RAY TO HOSPITAL.

Clinton, April 3.—A new X-ray machine and other equipment will be added to Agatha hospital in Clinton, according to action taken at the annual meeting of the trustees yesterday. This hospital cared for 100 more patients last year than in any year previous.

JUDGE FINDS THAT HE HAS AUTHORITY

Knoxville, April 3.—The proceeding that was brought in the superior court yesterday to question the jurisdiction of that court in reference to its power to make commitments to the hospital for inebriates at Knoxville and cited various legal grounds in the contention came to naught Friday when Judge McNamara found that he had ample judicial authority in such cases and that it was plainly provided by statute.

After counsel for Joseph Phillips, who is resisting an application for his commitment to Knoxville, had argued copiously in behalf of his motion and had cited his authorities and defined his legal position. County Attorney McManus referred to an act passed by the legislature only six years ago and which specifically confers upon superior courts jurisdiction in the matter of commitments to the Knoxville hospital.

This statute settled the question in the mind of the judge and the Phillips case is still pending in the superior court. The matter of a formal trial is yet to be determined.

FOR CUMMINS CLUB.

Buxton, April 3.—The first club, it is claimed, to promote the candidacy of Senator Cummins for the presidential nomination in 1916 was organized at Buxton Tuesday night. George H. Woodson was chairman of the committee on resolutions. Permanent officers of the organization were elected as follows: E. A. Carter, president, and J. W. Neely, secretary. The officers were instructed to invite Senator Cummins to Buxton to address the club at an early date. The organization will be known as "Cummins for President Republican Club No. 1."

CLINTON BOY WINS.

Iowa City, April 3.—The annual freshman oratorical contest at Iowa university, resulted in a victory for Henry J. Kroeger of Clinton, who won the Lefevre memorial prize, $20 in gold. Second honors went to Lewis P. Holt of Osceola and third place to Leo Kopleman of Maquoketa.