

ROCK ISLAND NAMES FOUR NEW DIRECTORS

Presidency Will Remain Vacant As Long As Receivership of Road Continues.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—Four new directors, all bank presidents, representing some of the strongest financial interests in the east, including the Morgan group, were elected to the board of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad here yesterday at the annual meeting of the stockholders.

The annual report was not ready for submission but gross earnings for the fiscal year were said to aggregate \$75,352,320, an increase of \$4,400,000. Net earnings for the first two months of the new year increase \$1,195,532, it was said, or twice the amount necessary to pay the interest on the debentures for the entire year.

The new directors are: Jas. Speyer, Seward Prosser and Jas. Alexander of New York, and S. Davies Warfield of Baltimore, J. W. Burdick and W. B. Thompson, whose terms expired were re-elected.

Nathan W. Amster, chairman of the executive committee and John G. Sedd, chairman of the board stated that plans for reorganization are moving forward in a splendid manner and that discord among various interests was disappearing. Plans for dealing with the foreclosing suit brought by the Peabody committee of bondholders were discussed.

Soldier Dismissed For Writing Article.
EL PASO, Oct. 13.—Private Hugh Clark of D company, second Massachusetts infantry, who was sentenced to serve a prison sentence at Fort Leavenworth by a court martial at Columbus, N. M., because of an article he wrote to a Holyoke paper was released here today. His sentence was remitted but he was dishonorably discharged from service. It was claimed that the article criticized his superior officers.

PAIN GONE! RUB SORE, RHEUMATIC ACHING JOINTS

Rub pain away with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacob's Oil."

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress "St. Jacob's Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacob's Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away—Adv.

WOMEN! HERE'S ONE

Says you save \$5 in an hour by dry cleaning everything with Gasoline.

Dry cleaning at home is just as simple as laundering. Any woman can clean five dollars' worth of fifteen minutes at little cost by getting from the drug store two ounces of oil and putting this in two gallons of gasoline, where it quickly dissolves. Then immerse articles to be cleaned; rub a little and in a few moments the gasoline evaporates and the articles look bright and fresh as new.

You can dry clean silk waists, dresses, coats, ribbons, kid gloves, satin shoes, evening slippers, shawls, belts, yokes, furs, boas, muffs, neckties, lawns, dimity and chiffon dresses, draperies, fine laces, lace curtains, woolen garments, in fact, any and everything that would be ruined by soap and water as dry cleaning doesn't fade, shrink or wrinkle, making pressing unnecessary.

Your grocer or any garage will supply the gasoline and you can obtain two ounces of solvent at the drug store, which is simply a gasoline soap. Then a wash boiler or large dishpan completes your dry cleaning outfit.

As gasoline is very inflammable, be sure to do your dry cleaning out of doors or in a room away from fire or flame, with the windows left open—Adv.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

THE ADVENTURES OF CONSTANCE DUNLAP

BY ARTHUR P. REEVE.

"The Forgers"

Next Week—"THE EMBEZZLERS."

"WE HAVE found out also that the protective coloring was restored by water color. That was easy. Where the paper was scratched and the string taken off, it has been painted with a resinous substance to restore the glare to the eye. Well, a little alcohol takes that off too. Oh, the amateur forger may be the most dangerous kind, because the professional regularly follows the same line, leaves tracks, has associates, but," he concluded impressively, "all are caught sooner or later—sooner or later."

Dunlap managed to maintain his outward composure admirably. Still, the little lifting of the curtain on the hidden mysteries of the new detective art produced its effect. They were getting closer, and Dunlap knew it, as Drummond intended he should. And, as in every crisis, he turned naturally to Constance. Never had she meant so much to him as now.

That night as he entered the apartment he happened to glance behind him in the shadow down the street, a man dodged quickly behind a tree. The thing gave him a start. He was being watched.

"There is just one thing left," he said earnestly as he hurried upstairs with the news. "We must both disappear at this time."

"Constance took it very calmly. 'But we must not go together,' she added quickly, her fertile mind, as ever, hitting directly on a plan of action. 'If we separate, they will be less likely to trace us, for they will never think we would do that.'"

It was evident that the words were being forced out by the conflict of common sense and deep emotion. "Perhaps it will be best for you to stick to your original idea of going west. I shall go to one of the winter resorts. We shall communicate only through the personal column of the Star. Sign yourself Weston. I shall sign Easton."

The words fell on Carlton with his new and deeper love for her like a death sentence. It had never entered his mind that they were to be separated now. Dissolve their partnership in crime. To him it seemed as if they had just begun to live since that night when they had at last understood each other. And it had come to this—separation.

"A man can always shift for himself better if he has no impediments," she said, speaking rapidly as if to bolster up her own resolution. "A woman is always an impediment in a crisis like this."

In her face he saw what he had never seen before. There was love in it that would sacrifice everything. She was sending him away from her, not to save herself but to save him. Vainly he attempted to protest. She placed her fingers on his lips. Never before had he felt such overpowering love for her. And yet she held him in check in spite of himself.

"Take enough to last a few months," she added hastily. "Give me the rest I can hold it and take care of myself. Even if they track me I can get off. A woman can always do that more easily than a man. Don't worry about me, you somewhere, start a new life. If it takes years, I will wait. Let me know where you are. We can find some way in which I can come back into your life. No, no,"—Carlton had caught her passionately in his arms—"even that cannot weaken me. The die is cast. We must go."

She tore herself away from him and fled into her room, where, with set face and ashen lips, she stuffed article after article into her grip.

As they left the apartment they could see a man across the street following them closely. They were shadowed. In despair Carlton turned toward his wife. A sudden idea had flashed over her. There were two taxicabs at the station on the corner.

"I will take the first," she whispered. "Take the second and follow me. Then I cannot trace us."

They were off, leaving the baffled shadow only time to take the numbers of the cab. Constance had thought of that. She stopped, and Carlton joined her. After a short walk they took another cab.

As they stood before the gateway to the steps that led down into the long under-river tunnel which was to swallow them so soon and project them, each into a new life, hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles apart, Carlton realized as never before what it all had meant.

She tried to smile at him bravely. She understood. It was now or never. She knew it, the supreme effort. One word or look too many from her and all would be lost. She flung her arms about him and kissed him. "Remember—one week from today—a personal—in the Star," she pointed.

She literally tore herself from his arms, gathered up her grip and was gone.

A week passed. The quiet little woman at the Oceanview house was still as much a mystery to the other guests as when she arrived, travel-stained and worn with the repressed emotion of her sacrifice.

Only once a day did she betray the slightest concern about anything around her. That was when the New York papers arrived. Then she was always first at the news stand, and the boy handed out to her, as a matter of habit, the Star.

The strain and the suspense, a little show on her. Day after day passed, and it was nearly two weeks since the parting in New York. Day after day she grew more woe-begone and tearful. What had happened?

In desperation she herself scoured a personal in the paper. "Weston Write me at the Oceanview, Easton." For three days she waited for an answer. Then she wired the personal again. Still there was no reply and no hint of reply. Had they captured him? She hunted the news stand in the lobby of the beautiful, appointed hotel. Her desire to read newspapers grew. She read everything.

It was just two weeks since they had left New York on their separate journeys when, on the evening of another nameless day, she was crossing the news stand. From force of habit she glanced at an early edition of an evening paper. The big black type of the heading caught her eye.

"NOTED FORGER A SUICIDE." With a little shriek, half-suppressed, she seized the paper. It was Carlton. There was his name. He had shot himself in a room in a hotel in St. Louis. She ran her eye down the column, hardly able to read. In heavier type than the rest was the letter they had found on him.

"My Dearest Constance: "When you receive this, I who have wronged and deceived you beyond words, will be where I can no longer hurt you. Forgive me, for by this act I am a confessed embezzler and forger. I could not face you and tell you of the double life I was leading. So I have sent you away and have gone away myself—and may the Lord have mercy on the soul of—"

"Your devoted husband," "CARLTON DUNLAP." Over and over again she read the words as she clutched at the edge of the news stand to keep from fainting—"arouged and deceived you." "Double life I was leading." What did he mean? Had he, after all, been concealing something else from her? Had there really been another woman?

Suddenly the truth flashed over her. Tracked and almost overtaken, lacking her hand which had guided him, he had seen no other way out. And in his last act he had shouldered it all on himself, had shielded her nobly from the penalty, had opened wide for her the only door of escape.

(The End. New Stars Monday.)

COWBOY IS MADE HUNGRY BY BOLT OF LIGHTNING

Texas' Indigestion Vanished Permanently After Being Severely Shocked.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13. According to Mike Keating, a cowboy employed on the ranch of F. H. Boyce, near Del Hart, Tex., no remedy can begin to compare with a stroke of lightning for curing indigestion and restoring a badly impaired appetite.

Keating was standing by a wire fence when a bolt came kiting along and knocked him over. He was unconscious for several hours, and it was thought for a time he was done for. Finally he opened his eyes and looked about him, and his first words were: "Say, you all, get me something to eat mighty quick. I'm just about starved."

In the group around the vet was "cooker," who well remembered the hard time he had experienced for many months in trying to tempt Keating's dainty appetite and not arouse the pangs of which the cowboy was eternally complaining.

Give Your Shoes The Proper Thought. Are they expressive of your own personal neatness and refinement? But look closer—were they built to please the eye only? Sure they will give the service expected of them? Are the soles really leather or a miserable apology? Booterie Shoes For Discerning Women, Children and Men. Have an enviable, wide reputation for genuine quality to uphold. Rest assured your Booterie shoes are as perfect as a master shoemaker knows how to make them, and well worth their cost. Besides, it is really wonderful how shoes with such delicate gracefulness can give such substantial service. Versatility, novelty, grace and dash are embodied in the new boots, as never before! The newest models are from seven to nine inches in height; lace or button styles are both in evidence; clever models developed in all the wanted shades—mouse, Havana brown, battleship gray, pearl gray, ivory, etc. New Booterie shoes, in the new two-toned effects and fancy colors. Special Agents for Laird Schober Shoes. Finest Ladies' Shoes to be had. \$7 to \$15. THE BOOTERIE The Big Shoe Store 119 West Main Special Agents for Edwin Clapp's Men's Fine Shoes. \$7 to \$10.

A big new discovery in cigarette blending. The big thing about Chesterfields is their unique blend. The Chesterfield blend is an entirely new combination of tobaccos. This blend is the most important new development in cigarette making in 20 years. As a result, Chesterfields produce a totally new kind of cigarette enjoyment—they satisfy! Just like a "bite" before bedtime satisfies when you're hungry. But with all that, Chesterfields are MILD, too! This new enjoyment (satisfy, yet mild) comes ONLY in Chesterfields because no cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend. Liggatt & Myers Tobacco Co. "Give me a package of those cigarettes that SATISFY!" Chesterfield CIGARETTES. They SATISFY! and yet they're MILD. 20 for 10¢.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS. Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hacking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dizziness. No struggling for breath at night. Your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just time. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly—Adv.

Noonday Luncheon. Tables Reserved. Special Attention to Committee Meetings. LEE-HUCKINS.