

Just Come in and taste our ice cream and soda ONCE

The Rexall Store
BELL & PAINTER
 Leon - Iowa

Langreder, The Tailor

Suits made from \$12.00 up to \$40.00
 Overcoats made from \$15.00 up to \$30.00
 Pants made from \$4.00 up to \$10.00

All Goods of the Latest Pattern.
 Suits pressed and cleaned, while you wait 50c
 Suits CLEANED AND PRESSED.
 Ladies' suits cleaned and pressed 50c
 Special Attention Paid to Alterations and Repairing.

LANGREDER, The Tailor.

"Meet me at Cherrington's."
 Wall paper bargains this week at the Rexall store.

A big load of cinders delivered any place in town for 75 cents. Phone Leon Electric Co.

Thank goodness pepper does not get soggy and sulk when you try to get it out of the shaker.

The O. E. S. will hold a special meeting for initiation Monday evening, August 16th, at 8 o'clock.

For Sale—Pedigreed Scotch collie pups. A. F. Cozad, Elmdale Farm, R. F. D. No. 1, Pleasanton, Ia. 51-2t

Miss Rhea, a student at Vinton, the school for the blind, was a guest at the "story hour" at the library Saturday. She gave an interesting talk concerning the school and her work, which was much appreciated.

Rags Wanted—The Reporter office wants to buy a quantity of clean cotton rags. Must not be less than 12 inches square, and larger preferred. Will pay 2 cents per pound. We cannot use heavy woolen rags. Bring in your rags and get the money.

J. W. Gammon of north of Leon brought in a sample of his potato crop the past week in the shape of an Early Rose which measured ten inches in length and weighed a pound and a quarter. Not for many years has the potato crop in Decatur county been as good as it is this year.

A fire alarm was sounded last Friday morning about 9 o'clock, calling the fire boys to the home of Jesse Albee, who resides in the Givens property near the Christian church, where a blazing gasoline stove was causing trouble but the fire was extinguished without any damage being done to the house.

In every direction can be seen threshing crews at work, and good progress has been made with threshing the past week. Reports from many of the threshers indicate that small grain is threshing out much better than it was anticipated. The hay crop is one of the best in many years and rapid progress has been made in putting it up since it quit raining.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McKinley, of Rialto, California, and daughter, Mrs. Hallie Gelston, of Bloomington, California, who had been visiting at the home of Dr. J. W. Robinson, in this city departed Monday morning for their western homes. Mrs. McKinley is the mother and Mrs. Gelston a sister of Mrs. Robinson. They were accompanied as far as Osceola by Mrs. Robinson.

Miss Martha Owens went to Leon Friday evening to visit her friend, Miss Georgia Stewart, returning yesterday morning. Misses Owens and Stewart were co-teachers in the local high school for two years, the former teaching mathematics and the latter English. After discontinuing teaching here Miss Stewart was taught in the Humeston schools, and Miss Owens took post-graduate work in the State University and taught in the State University and taught in the State University. Mt. Airy, N. C.

When Pa Is Sick.
 When pa is sick,
 He's scared to death,
 An' ma an' us
 Just hold our breath.
 He crawls in bed,
 An' puffs an' grunts,
 An' does all kinds
 Of crazy stunts.
 He wants the doctor,
 An' mighty quick:
 For when pa's ill,
 He's awful sick,
 He gasps and groans
 An' sort of sighs,
 He talks so queer,
 An' rolls his eyes,
 Ma jumps and runs,
 An' all of us,
 An' all the house
 An' peace an' joy
 Is mighty keecee—
 When pa is sick,
 It's something fierce.

When Ma Is Sick.
 When ma is sick,
 She pegs away;
 She's quiet though,
 Not much 't say,
 She goes right on
 A doin' things,
 An' sometimes laughs,
 'Er even sings,
 She says she don't
 Feel extra well,
 But then it's just
 A kind o' spell,
 She'll be all right
 Tomorrow, sure,
 A good old sleep
 Will be the cure.
 An' pa he sniffs
 An' makes no kick,
 For woman folks
 Is always sick.
 An' ma she smiles,
 Let's on she's glad—
 When ma is sick,
 It ain't so bad.

A Worthy Appeal.
 The work of the Secours National Committee of New York City in sending comfort kits to the destitute children of France, has awakened the interest of Americans throughout the country. The responses have been numerous and generous, but the need for relief is still great. Many of these unfortunates are homeless; all of them are helpless and must depend upon others for actual existence. They are looking to those of generous hearts to supply them with the positive necessities of life. That is what the Secours National, through its treasurer, Mrs. Whitney Warren, is trying to do for the war orphans and homeless waifs of invaded France.

There are thousands of these little ones who need help. Many are babies, born since the beginning of the war, many more are those who, taken captives by the Germans, are now being turned back to France. One of the most tragic things about this terrible situation is that in the disposal of the prisoners, hundreds of small children have been separated from their parents. These cannot talk and therefore cannot give their names or any information whatever about themselves. While they have been tagged by the Germans, these tags mean nothing to the French people in those trying to follow such a system as has been resorted to by the Germans in the disposal of these civil prisoners.

One cannot but be reminded of revolutionary days by this struggle in which France is now engaged. America fought for her liberty then, and it was the French republic that helped her to win it. Also it was the French people in those trying days who not only sent ships and men and munitions of war, but who clothed the ragged continental soldiers and safeguarded them from the exposure of icy winter. It is the descendants of these friends across the sea who are fighting today for their own liberty. It is their little children who are in need and suffering; their helpless little children whom Americans are asked to aid.

These pathetic little figures, in the shadow of hopeless despair, from a striking, a tragic contrast to the happy and prosperous children of America.

It is to these children as well as their elders that the little French waifs are stretching out their hands in mute appeal. Not in aid of the soldiers in the fighting branch, not children who ask for aid. It is in the name of humanity that the comfort kits are being sent to these unfortunates. It is for little children who cannot help themselves that the Secours National appeals for funds.

A donation of two dollars (\$2) means that one of these needy waifs will be clothed and made happy. This small sum may be the means of saving the life of one of these children.

Will you help them?
 All contributions should be sent to Mrs. Whitney Warren, Treasurer, Secours National, 16 East 47th Street, New York City.

Butler, the jeweler.
 Lunch at Cherrington's.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Moore, of Leon, are the parents of a fine little daughter born to them last Sunday.

A little girl baby arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Shinn, of near Leon, on Monday last week.

Some women are awful touchy. A widow has brought an action against a paper which said her husband had gone to a happier home.

For Sale—One of the most desirable residence lots in northwest Leon. Will be sold at a very low price. See F. S. Stewart at the Big Furniture and Rug Store.

John Franklin, who is employed on the county bridge gang is off duty for a time, suffering from several broken ribs, the result of falling over the side of a wagon box a few days ago. John is pretty sore, but will be as good as ever in a short time.

Farmers who are threshing their timothy seed this year are going to have a paying crop, as new seed is now quoted by the Biddison Coal and Grain Co., at \$2.10 a bushel, and the timothy which has been threshed is showing a much better yield per acre than it did last year.

E. J. Sankey buys and sells land on commission, makes farm loans on approved security at the best rates, and does a general real estate business. Has had 20 years' experience in the business. Office upstairs, northwest corner Main and Commercial streets, Leon, Iowa.

One of the big racing cars which participated in the 300 mile auto race at Des Moines last Saturday, passed through Leon Tuesday evening. It was No. 14, an Anderson Special driven by A. F. Scott, and was one of the last cars to finish. The car was being taken to Kansas City to be overhauled after which it goes to Elgin, Illinois, for the big race meet there.

Capt. J. D. Brown entertained about forty of his gentlemen friends at his home on south Main street last Thursday evening. He was 75 years of age on the previous Sunday, but he is still one of the boys and there is no one in Decatur county who enjoys having his friends with him more than the Captain. Refreshments were served and the guests spent a pleasant evening, and extended their congratulations to him on his having attained his seventy-fifth birthday and still enjoying robust health.

J. R. Bowsher and wife, Will A. Brown and wife and Harry J. Vogt and wife spent a very quiet day out in the country near Tuskegee last Thursday. They had started in Mr. Bowsher's car to attend the reunion at Kellerton, but had hard luck, having one tire blow out after another until their supply of casings and tubes were exhausted and they finally had to phone to Leon and have Will Kimpo drive out with more tires. They had good eats with them and just camped by the roadside and enjoyed a quiet day.

CLEANING & PRESSING

thoroughly cleans the garments, removing all dirt and spots and does not leave any rings or streaks. Mr. Connor is building up a fine business and he is turning out as good work as you can get in any city.

When Pa Is Sick.
 When pa is sick,
 He's scared to death,
 An' ma an' us
 Just hold our breath.
 He crawls in bed,
 An' puffs an' grunts,
 An' does all kinds
 Of crazy stunts.
 He wants the doctor,
 An' mighty quick:
 For when pa's ill,
 He's awful sick,
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 He talks so queer,
 An' rolls his eyes,
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 Not much 't say,
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 A doin' things,
 An' sometimes laughs,
 'Er even sings,
 She says she don't
 Feel extra well,
 But then it's just
 A kind o' spell,
 She'll be all right
 Tomorrow, sure,
 A good old sleep
 Will be the cure.
 An' pa he sniffs
 An' makes no kick,
 For woman folks
 Is always sick.
 An' ma she smiles,
 Let's on she's glad—
 When ma is sick,
 It ain't so bad.

A BUCKING ELEPHANT.
 Did You Ever See One?—He is With Yankee Robinson This Year.

The boys of the west know how to tackle broncs of all kinds, can handle steers and bull dodges for fair, but they have never tackled a bucking elephant.

Yankee Robinson has an elephant that ought to be a prize winner at any stampede. He will carry as high as twenty-five people on his back all day long without a sign of being naughty. At the command of his keeper—in fact the keeper whispers in the elephant's ear—the big fellow starts piling people in every direction.

If there are any good riders in this vicinity, they will be asked to ride the big elephant during the performance.—At Davis City, Thursday, August 19.

Burr Oak Ridge.

Quite a large delegation from Woodland and vicinity have been attending the Apostolic meetings at Davis City.

Pearl and Eva Rumley and Mrs. Webster were Sunday visitors at W. A. Johnson's.

Ed Turner drove up from Davis City Sunday and took Chas. Chastain and family down to Apostolic meeting, returning home with them in the evening. Mrs. Mary Brown of Ellston also returned with them, having spent a few days at Davis City with her brother, W. H. McCall.

Clay Bros. have been in this vicinity with their threshing machine the past week.

W. H. McCalla, Mr. Hadley, wife and children of Aurora, Indiana, drove up from Davis City Monday bringing Clara, James and Frances Chastain home who had spent Sunday at Davis City with their grandparents.

Otis Deisher delivered about twenty loads of hogs in Leon the past week.

Mrs. Hampton and children spent Monday at Chas. Chastain's.

Fairview.

Mrs. Alice Bright and son Arlo spent Wednesday at the home of Don Moore.

H. E. Bright helped Don Moore put up hay last week.

Walter Phipps and Mr. Taylor of Morgan threshed for Oscar Peck last week.

Mrs. H. E. Bright and children spent Thursday at the Don Moore home.

Archie Riggs called at the home of James Ely Thursday of last week. Don Moore and family spent Sunday at the home of Milt Moore.

H. E. Bright and family spent Sunday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Caroline Stover near New Salem.

Don Moore and family and Mrs. Blanche Dobson and daughter, Vinetta attended the show at Lineville Saturday night.

Merl Grimes and Agatha Adair called at the home of James Ely Sunday evening.

Mrs. Blanche Dobson and Mrs. Don Moore helped their mother, Mrs. Pete Bright, cook for threshers a couple of days last week.

Mrs. Pearl Bright and children visited at the home of Albert Willis Monday.

Pete Bright and wife and Wayne Lovett and family attended the Apostolic meeting at Davis City Sunday.

H. E. Bright helped Willis Dillon with his threshing Tuesday.

Frank Bright is on the sick list.

Union No. 1.

M. C. Williams was hauling corn one day last week.

J. E. Woodmansee was a business caller at Lamoni last Thursday.

Many from these parts attended the Kellerton reunion last week.

Richard Boord helped J. H. Sincop put up his hay last week.

J. L. Wion and family were business visitors at Kellerton last Thursday.

Many of the farmers are busy at this writing putting up their hay. Albert Stoberg of Lamoni was seen in these parts last Thursday.

Chas. Mills was a business caller at Chas. Piercy's last Thursday morning.

Flour, feed and coal.
 Gammon Bros. Mill.
 "Meet me at Cherrington's."

5 Per Cent Loans

I am authorized by the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co. to take applications for farm loans at 5 per cent net to the company. Commission 2 per cent for one year only.

E. J. Sankey.

Alfalfa seed for sale by Biddison Coal & Grain Co.

Hotpoint Conveniences

We believe the majority of the wives of Leon do not get to sit down with the rest of the family at the breakfast table, for there is always the coffee and toast to make and the cakes to bake, so she is kept in the kitchen until the rest of the family have finished the meal.

Where there is electricity in the home this is no longer necessary for with the El Perco and the El Toasto she can make coffee and toast and with the El Stovo she can bake cakes just as they are needed right on the dining table and what is more can do it better than in the old way in the kitchen.

LET US SHOW YOU

Cherrington's
 OF COURSE

A SPECIAL OF LOCAL INTEREST.
 Idle Hour Theatre Will Present "The Quest," by F. McGrew Willis, a Decatur County Boy.

The Idle Hour theatre on next Monday, August 16th, will present a big special feature play, "The Quest," a distinctive American creation written by F. McGrew Willis, son of J. M. Willis, of Pleasanton, who is well known here, having spent his boyhood days at the town of Pleasanton. The play is a five part feature play presented by the American Film Co., featuring Margarita Fischer, America's most beautiful and attractive photoplay artist, supported by an all star cast including Harry Pollard and Joseph Singleton, Robyn Adair, William Carroll, Lucille Ward, Nan Christy and other stars of unusual ability.

The story of the play follows: John Douglas, a bachelor and society man, is a cynic concerning the women of society and has pictured as his ideal one whom he calls his dream girl. Often in his musings she has appeared to him, but he has never seen her in the flesh. Tired of society and wishing to avoid the approaching social season, he sails on a freighter for a trip to the orient, but the ship is wrecked and he is the sole survivor. Exhausted among the wreckage, a vision of the dream girl appears as if drawing him on to a place of safety. Finally he lands on an island inhabited by a strange race of white people, who never before have seen any one but members of the tribe.

Nai, daughter of the chief, Neto, rescues John from the water, and he recognizes her as his girl of dreams. Frightened at his behavior when first rescued, Nai defends herself and knocks John unconscious with a rock. Summoning help, she has him carried to the village, where he is accepted as a guest of the tribe.

John learns from the priest of the tribe that an old legion relates that their ancestors landed on the island from a shipwreck. Kaura, growing more jealous, demands that Nai be married to him at once, but this awakens her love for John and she appeals to him to save her. In a primitive battle with Kaura, John is worsted and cast out of the tribe, while Nai is placed in her father's hut, with a guard to watch her. At night John overpowers the guard and escapes with Nai to the priest's cave, where they are married. Pursued by Kaura and his men, they flee to the rocky coast, and in the storm which breaks, Kaura is killed by lightning.

For months they live in the forest, Nai growing more proficient at playing upon a large harp that John has made for her. Finally a yacht is seen anchored some distance off shore, and John hurries to erect a signal, but before it is completed, night comes on and they retire into the forest. Here they find the priest, who has come with the word from Nai's father that if they will return they can rule the tribe. John refuses and takes his accustomed place before Nai's hut to guard her during the night. He falls asleep and dreams of their rescue. On the ship is De Villiers, his former close friend, a bachelor and a flirt. John grows jealous of De Villiers' attention to his wife, and the climax is reached at Nai's first reception. In a terrible struggle, he shoots Nai and is about to strangle De Villiers, when Nai seizes his arm and he awakes from his dream, finding her trying to rouse him. He hears down the signal and he and Nai and the priest watch the yacht sail away. Then the three start back to the village of the tribe.

The usual 3 o'clock afternoon matinee will be given and the first evening show will start at 7 o'clock, admission 10 and 15 cents.

Velie
 Decatur County Auto Co.
 Decatur, Iowa.

We can use some choice first mortgage farm loans. Farmers & Traders State Bank, Leon.

Vose & Sons, the home piano. Edwards Piano Co., Humeston, Iowa.