

BUY TWINE OF THE CO-OPERATIVE CO.

We have several thousand pounds of twine for sale at attractive prices. Get our figures before you purchase elsewhere.

AT THE CHURCHES

Union services at Christian church July 16., 8 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. Linkletter.

DANISH LUTHERAN
Sunday School 9:30 A. M.
Service 10:30
Hamlin
8 P. M.
Rev. P. Rasmussen.

CHRISTIAN
Sunday School 10:00 A. M.
Service 11:00 A. M.
Christian Endeavor 7:00 P. M.
O. S. Linkletter.

METHODIST
Sabbath School at 10 A. M.
Service 11 A. M.
Epworth League 7:00 P. M.
Old Hamlin.
Service 3 P. M.
Every one is cordially invited to attend both the services of the day. W. B. Cox, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL
Sabbath school 10 A. M.
Service 11 A. M.
Junior Endeavor at 2:30 P. M.
Bible Study every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. at parsonage.
Fans when it is hot. Good music always, and welcome for all.
Jessie G. Heath, Minister.

UNION BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.
Preaching 11:00 A. M.
B. Y. P. U. 7:30 P. M.
Preaching 8:30 P. M.
Chas F. Thomas, Pastor.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Adds under this head will run till ordered out.

Test for Acid Soil.
The Journal will send the Little Lookout Alfalfa Scout, a packet containing full instructions for testing and correcting acid soils, together with litmus paper to make the test, for ten cents in stamps or silver. All soil should be tested before clover or alfalfa is sown in it; the Little Lookout Alfalfa Scout makes the testing simple and easy. Address The Journal.

HIDES WANTED—
Bring your hides to the Exira hide station. Highest cash price. J. C. Coe Prop.

FARM FOR TRADE
The north half of sec. 34 Hamlin township for smaller farm. Easy terms on difference.
t. f. John H. Rendleman.

LOST
A gold bracelet. Leave at Journal Office.

FOR SALE.
A nearly new buggy can be seen at my residence in Exira.
H. P. Hansen
Exira, Ia. J13pd

FOR SALE.
50 gallon steel Gasoline tank.
Call Earl Thomas, Exira.

FAIRMS FOR SALE
80 acres near Exira,
160 acres near Audubon.
200 acres near Exira.
240 acres near Exira.
210 acres near Audubon.
The terms are easy and the prices right.
Write to or call up,
J. B. J. Lohner,
T.F. Exira

FOR SALE.
Having sold my business and am going to leave the state; I offer my modern dwelling for sale. It is located south of Mrs. William Baylors and previously occupied by Miss Cattie Dodge, deceased.
Henry Hansen, Exira.

The Girl at Clancy's Ball

She Had One Short Romance.

By CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAMS
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

John Harmon of the Morning Bulletin puffed abstractedly upon his cigar and gazed around the tumultuous hall. It was the night of Boss Clancy's ball. The dancing floor was crowded with rotating men and women. Girls of the shop and factory swayed and gyrated in the clasp of men, coarse featured and unintelligent.

Harmon roused from his contemplation of the noisy scene and turned to his companion, Mowbray of the Recorder. "If anything's going to break here tonight let it come soon," he remarked. Mowbray shrugged indifferently.

A young girl, her face flushed from the last dance, hurried toward the reporters' table. She was a frail little creature of twenty, blue eyed and blond. Frequently as she approached she looked back and fluttered a frightened glance at a man following her.

"Excuse me," she said half breathlessly, halting before the newspaper men and addressing Harmon. "Help me out of this, please. This man has been annoying me—wants me to dance with him. I'm afraid of him."

"Sit down," Harmon said crisply. He faced her and affected a conversation. The man came up presently and, pausing only to glare belligerently at Harmon, reached over and seized the girl's arm.

"Never mind your dandy dude friend," he blurted; "spiel this with me." The girl drew back and shook her head.

"Come on," the stranger insisted, retaining her arm. The girl made a sudden, violent movement and wrenched herself from his grasp. He leaned forward to clutch her, but Harmon caught his hand.

"What's the use?" he remarked, laughing. "You can't make the girl dance. Don't insist. You'll cause a scene."

The stranger turned to Harmon, his mouth drawn into a menacing snarl. "Don't mix in this unless— He waved his hand threateningly. "Well, you don't want to be sorry, do you?" He became enraged at Harmon's cool glance.

"Who are you, anyway?" he bawled. "Know who I am? I'm one of Clancy's men."

Harmon smiled. "I'm not at all interested in your pedigree," he said. "It seems to me you might let her alone in spite of it."

A malignant light glowed in the stranger's eyes. "Sny," he said, "I do things my own way." His voice rose to a shout. "An' this is my gal, see?"

He placed his hands upon Harmon's shoulders. Before the reporter could rise from his chair he was hurled backward, but he caught the edge of the table and escaped a nasty fall.

With lips compressed in an effort to control an outburst, he scrambled to his feet and stood silent a moment considering what he might best do to avert the fellow's violence and yet assist the girl.

He opened his lips to speak, but was interrupted by the cry of "A fight!" which went up from a nearby table.

There was a scuffling of feet, and a group of eager eyed, expectant men and women gathered about them. Mowbray stepped between the two men.

"Steady, John," he said. "This sort of thing is hardly—"

Harmon felt a ringing blow upon his head, then suddenly he went blind and unconscious.

Later, in the hospital, he opened his eyes wide and staring. He stirred unasily and rolled his pounding head upon the pillows.

Somewhat indistinctly he saw the many cots and heard the heavy breathing of those about him. He was bewildered for a space, but sensations of dull, pulsating pain assured him he was back in a real world.

He was pleased to see that they had omitted any reference to the incident at the ball. For this he mutely thanked Mowbray.

In the evening as the lights were being switched on the nurse announced the return of his visitor.

A few moments afterward she appeared in the doorway. Harmon recognized her in one sweeping glance as she approached his cot—the girl at the ball.

"Well?" he said, repressing his astonishment. She looked timidly down at him.

"You know me?" she asked in a frightened tone. He nodded and smiled to put her at her ease. There was an embarrassed pause.

"I felt I ought to come and thank you," she broke in. He made a careless gesture.

"Quite unavoidable, Miss"— "Rogers—Sadie Rogers," she prompted, a touch of color appearing in her thin, white cheeks.

Harmon lifted his head and bowed an awkward acknowledgment. "What happened to me?" he asked.

"No one seemed to know anything about it," she explained, "except that you were hit with a bottle. They couldn't find out who did it. I'm glad, anyway, nobody was arrested. I'd have gone, too, I suppose."

Harmon nodded comprehension. "How did you find me?" he went on. "Your friend told me who you were and where they had taken you," she replied, smiling.

She had been standing with her hands behind her as they chatted. Suddenly she made an impulsive little movement and thrust forth a small cluster of roses.

"Will you take these? They help me say 'thanks,'" she said. Harmon looked at her in surprise and for the first time observed closely her appearance. There was no health in her cheeks, and she looked worn and weary.

The cheap finery of the previous evening had vanished, and in its place had come a coarse black skirt, an ill fitting blue jacket and a broad, flat hat that seemed to accentuate her pale, blue eyed wistfulness.

"It's nice of you," he said at length. A queer little smile flashed across her face, and she placed the flowers in his hand.

Sadie, faint voiced and diffident, called at the hospital each day thereafter. Her visits were brief and uneventful. She remained for a few moments to exchange the usual common-places with Harmon. Always, despite his protests, she brought a cluster of fresh roses.

In the beginning Harmon had decided not to permit her to continue to see him, but she sounded a sympathetic note in his nature, and he found himself unable to send her away.

Though she seemed a poor, pitiable bit of drift, she revealed traces of uncultivated intelligence and refinement, and he became interested in her. In the end he resolved to learn more about her and, if possible, to help her.

"You are going home tomorrow?" she asked on the evening of the last day. "Not really home," he replied, laughing. "I'll hall from the country." Her tired face brightened.

"Indeed! I'm from up state myself." "You're all alone here?" he inquired. She nodded slowly.

"Tell me about coming here—everything," he invited. She plucked at a jacket button and seemed reluctant to answer, but after a moment said: "Well, father wasn't a much account man, so when mother died I hiked out. We had folks up from New York, and I heard so much about the city I thought it was a great place. So I came."

"I'm not a fool," she continued, with a dispirited smile. "Up in the country I went to school as long as I could, but when I got down here it didn't help me any."

"What could I do? I didn't know anything about offices. I wasn't a type writer, and there wasn't much time to decide, so I went into one of the big stores."

"What I make just about goes round for room and meals and something to wear. Once in awhile there's a moving picture show."

"Clancy's ball was free, so me and a couple of girls went there. But I'll know better next time."

A Conquest In Ten Days

By ALAN HINSDALE

"Alec, I'm engaged." "The deuce you are!" "Yes, I became engaged the day before yesterday."

"And the reaction has set in?" "What reaction?" "Why, I was engaged once myself. For awhile I was in heaven. Then I began to think of what I'd done, and I was in the other place."

"That's me exactly." "Can't you get out of it?" "How?" "I made the girl mad, and she shook me."

"Good plan. I'll try it on." Alec Broadhead didn't see his friend, Andy Pelham, for a week. When they met again Pelham wore a shamefaced look.

"Well?" queried Alec. "I tried your plan and succeeded admirably, but I couldn't stand the racket. I went back to her and told her that if she wouldn't forgive me I'd jump in the river."

"More fool you." "Oh, you'd have done the same thing if you'd have been really in love." "Not on your life."

Not long after Andy had been married Alec received a note from him saying that he must spend some time away from home on business and would Alec look out for his wife evenings during his absence. She would be lonely between 8 and 10 p. m. Alec replied that he supposed he would have to accommodate him.

When Mr. Broadhead called on Mrs. Pelham he found her sitting in a cozy room beside a light with a pink shade doing some fancy work. She was a pretty woman and received him with a pleasant smile. It occurred to him that perhaps his friend in marrying had not been such a fool after all. He passed a very pleasant evening and at 10 o'clock bade the lady adieu and went to his club.

Mrs. Pelham had told him to come every evening he chose during her husband's absence, but on no account to feel compelled to come. He had intended to remain away the second evening and after dining at his club tried to compose himself to spending the evening there. The effort was a failure. At ten minutes after 8 he rang the Pelham doorbell. There sat the lady beside the pink light plying her needle, and the scene was even more attractive than the evening before.

"How good of you," said the hostess, "to deprive yourself of all your bachelor pleasures to come to this dull house to oblige your friend! You men stand by one another splendidly. Women won't sacrifice themselves for a chum as men do."

"Um" was the laconic reply. It is quite likely that Alec Broadhead could have visited Mrs. Pelham possibly for years without disgracing himself by falling in love with his friend's wife had she behaved with the circumspection required of a married woman. But she did not. Alec by a great effort succeeded in cutting out the third evening, remaining away from her. When he called on the fourth she pouted. It isn't much to say she pouted, but it expressed a great deal to Alec. At any rate it influenced him when he left her at 11 o'clock, she giving him her hand at parting to hold it just a little bit longer than was advisable under the circumstances.

He called the very next evening and found her on a lounge covered with a silken quilt, evidently indisposed.

"I'm so glad you have come," she said, pressing the hand he gave her and looking up at him tenderly. "I'm not feeling well and would not like to be alone."

Alec's countenance was full of sympathy, and his eyes reflected the tenderness with which she had favored him. He smoothed her pillow half a dozen times during the evening, took her hand for the purpose of feeling her pulse and otherwise played the attentive nurse. Though it would seem that, invalided, she should have retired early, Alec did not leave her till the clock struck 12.

Ten days—or, rather, ten evenings—of this sort of thing may seem a short time for a man's sense of honor to his friend to be undermined, but it was enough for the purpose in this case. Alec was one evening bending down over the lady in the languishing fashion of a lover when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Andy Pelham, followed by a lady, stepped into the room.

"Well, I like that!" he said to Alec. "I leave my chum to keep my wife from being lonely, and what does he do?"

"Now, Andy," said the lady who had entered with him, "this has gone far enough. Mr. Broadhead, I'm Mrs. Pelham. This young lady is my friend Miss—"

"Madge Merlweather," interrupted Andy, "the worst flirt in America. We've put up a job on you, old man. I told these ladies how you felt about women, and she bet she could bring you down within ten days. I haven't been away at all, but upstairs every evening that you've been here spooning with Madge."

The expression on Alec's face was a study. There were shame, relief and the dawn of happiness.

"All I have to say," he finally remarked, "is that Miss Merlweather has won the bet."

This was Miss Merlweather's last conquest. She married Alec Broadhead.

Bananas 15c Saturday

Libby's Veal Loaf	can	15c
Libby's Cooked Lunch Tongue	"	20c
Libby's Roast Beef	"	20c
R & R Boned Chicken	"	35c
Pickled Lambs Tongue	glass	15c
Beech-Nut Brand Dried Beef,	glass	18c & 30c

Shrimps	Lobsters	Sardines
Salmon	Codfish	Fish-Flakes

Peter Hassenfeldt

LAND OWNERS ATTENTION

Section 1565-A-S.S. Provides that all noxious weeds along road and fence roads shall be cut by August 1st.

The State Highway Commissioners have notified the trustees that the law will have to be complied with this year, so kindly govern yourselves accordingly.

A. W. Harvey, Twp. Clerk.

NOTICE

The Board of Directors of Hamlin township will sell at public auction school house No. 9, to the highest bidder for cash on July 28th, 1916, at 2 o'clock P. M. at School house in said district. The Board reserved the right to reject all bids. J27.

James W. Wood, Pres. T. J. Coglan, Sec.

HOW THE ALLIES PREPARED FOR THE DRIVE

Built 3,000 miles of railroads to facilitate moving munitions and troops and handling the wounded. Put a metal surface on all the turnpikes.

Rebuilt or strengthened every bridge and railroad. Concentrated 1,200,000 fighting men, backed by 1/2 million auxiliary workmen, doctors, bridge and railroad builders.

Filled the whole region with hidden guns, new British guns of the largest caliber, many of them 15-inch mortars, and manned these guns with French artillery experts.

Installed all over the region a new telephone system with concrete poles, augmented by a network of telegraph wires and stations and field hospitals.

Buried ammunition everywhere together with medicines and food supplies, so that no matter where the troops moved in an emergency they would have shells and food without the trouble and delay of ordinary modes of transportation.

Concealed from the Germans the massing of the allied troops back of the front. Arranged big guns in arcs to provide concentric fire from many guns on small areas of the German trenches.

"THEY DO COME BACK FOR IT"

If "they do come back for it" as is claimed they do, no Dealer can afford not to have Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh constantly in stock. It should be remembered that when a customer is unable to get a well known, old established preparation that he wants, he often switches his trade to the store that can supply his demands. Full information regarding this preparation, which is stocked by all leading Jobbers, will be cheerfully supplied by the G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co.

Ne's Mikkielsen bought a car for his family.

R. W. Powers is the name of our new depot agent.

Thomas Williams and wife of Atlantic came up Saturday and visited his sons Frank and J. S. and their families.

Miss Marie Hansen of Hamlin visited over Sunday with her friend Lizzie Gude.

John Nelsen and son Fred, autoed to Menlo, Thursday, visiting relatives on his farm.

Peter Andersen west of town is a possessor of a new car.

Bertel Jensen and family of Audubon came down Thursday evening to take home their son, Harold, who had been visiting at the John Nelsen home.

Chris Johnson who we mentioned as having had a leg broken while dragging roads is gaining nicely but still has his leg in a cast. He attended the celebration here however.

Oscar Jensen wife and two children moved to Lorah, Cass County, Friday last where he will clerk in the store there.

George Gregersen who is working at the Exira Creamery will leave here for Duluth Minnesota in a few days. Chris is looking for a young man skilled in the art, from New Jersey.

Chris Petersen and Chris Bertram autoed to Audubon Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Baier daughter, Miss Karline accompanied by the former's Sister Evaline autoed to Anita Sunday to visit at the home of their sister Mrs. L. F. Posschl and family.

RETURNED TO CARROLL—
Mrs. Frank Rape after a short visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Thielon and family, south of town, departed for her home in Carroll the last of the week.

GONE TO DAKOTA—
Mrs. Abel Stone and Miss Meta Anderson left Saturday morning for Langford, South Dakota where they will make an extended visit with relatives.

Robert, son of John Riley Jr. and wife was taken sick, Tuesday afternoon, but is recovering now.

Miss Marie Freeman of Brayton, went to Lake Okoboji to enjoy an outing at that place. She accompanied the Hans Petersen family.

John Riley went to Des Moines Tuesday, to attend the Democratic Convention, where he was sent as a delegate. He will return home today.

BOUGHT HARDWARE STOCK—
T. E. Mason, the photographer in Audubon who also was the photographer in Exira, will leave Audubon about the first of August and goes to Primghar, Iowa. He has purchased a stock of hardware and furniture in that city and will go there to take possession.

WILL ATTEND FUNERAL—
F. P. Fredrickson and wife, who reside near Elk Horn left Friday, for Tyler, Minnesota, where they went to attend the funeral of Mr. Fredrickson's mother.

SOMETHING UNUSUALLY LARGE—
George Scott of Guthrie Center, claiming to hold the record for fast auto driving; Exira to Guthrie Center in fifty five minutes. And his record on gasoline used on the trip as three quarts which is about one-half the quantity that it usually takes by any one to make the trip. Now come on what can you do or have done?