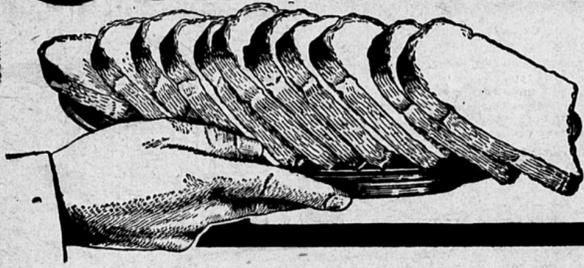


# Ceresota Flour



## TABLE TALK:

"After all, Daddy, there is everything in quality. Ceresota Flour makes bread that IS bread."



### PRESIDENT RIPLEY IS GLOOMY

SAYS EARNINGS OF SANTA FE MAY SHRINK.

Admits Later, However, That Road Has Paid Dividends for Ten Years.

Chicago, Aug. 31.—President E. P. Ripley, of the Santa Fe system of railroads, on the witness stand before Special Examiner G. M. Brown, of the interstate commerce commission, in support of the contention of the railroads that higher rates are just and right, declared that wages paid by the roads have increased largely, making operating expenses a greater burden. He also declared that the outlook for next year is not good and that general conditions are so considered in the judgment of merchants and those familiar with the trend of events. Further in his testimony Mr. Ripley said that he thought it not improbable that next year the earnings of the road may shrink so that they would not more than pay the dividends.

close regarding items of expense and earnings contained in different exhibits presented by the railroad. The pessimistic view of the president of the road came in the direct examination by Attorney Frank Lyon, counsel for the interstate commerce commission and followed questions concerning what proportion of each dollar earned by the road was returned to the public in the shape of wages for labor and in operating expenses. Reverting to the subject later in the hearing under cross-examination by Attorney Clifford Thorne, representing livestock shippers in Iowa, Mr. Ripley admitted that for ten years the Santa Fe had paid its dividends.

Special Examiner Brown shut off questions touching the bond issue for the Kansas City depot, saying "the question of the Kansas City depot has nothing to do with this general proposition."

#### Woman Burned in Home.

Fairmont, Minn., Aug. 31.—Mrs. John Gundelfinger, of Ceylon, was burned to death as a result of kindling the fire with kerosene. The house and all its contents were destroyed and the woman and child rescued with great difficulty from the burning building by the neighbors. The child was not seriously burned, but the woman died soon after being carried to a place of safety.

## VIRGINIA OF THE AIR

By HERBERT QUICK

### CHAPTER XII.

MR. CRAIGHEAD IN CUSTODY.

THE money for the last touches to the airship was to be the extent of Mr. Waddy's new financial venture, and then came Craighead with his new batched plan for actually monopolizing the air, and Mr. Waddy, having submitted it to his local lawyer, hesitated and was lost.

"I'll go into it," he said. "We'll make everybody come and settle that wants a trip by airship. Hey?"

"Exactly," replied Craighead. "Just as if the whole country was our farm," cried Mr. Waddy.

"It will be for circumstantial purposes," replied Craighead. "And, as you so well said, a farm's a cinch. And remember, Mr. Waddy, in putting Shayne and his pirates down and out we and our pirates are making way for the matchless, unsinkable, double acting, universal speed, direct drive, nonhalation, orthochromatic Carson aeroplane. Don't forget our haughty southern conspirator who will wing his way to Illinois by the time we return. Don't fall down and forget that."

"Well, you'd better have him on hand," said Mr. Waddy, "as he promised, or I'll know why he took my good hard money."

It was on occasions of this sort that Mr. Craighead had sweated telegrams begging to know if Theodore really had any airship.

"But think, my dear sir," protested Mr. Craighead, "of the untold millions in the Broom Idea—meral monopoly. Even if Theodore should be only four clubs and a spade, we still hold the ace, my dear Mr. Waddy. Do not grind your teeth thus so long as the American Nitrate and Air Products company remains as the Archimedean lever with which to pry up and dump the world. We are ahead whatever happens to the aeroplane end of the deal."

"Well, the aeroplane end," said Mr. Waddy, "had better come to the center or I'll see what law there is for getting money by false pretenses."

The two men were the best of traveling companions. Mr. Waddy insisted on going in the smoker. Mr. Craighead took the stateroom while his money lasted and then borrowed of Mr. Waddy.

Mr. Craighead had advertised for people to organize a rapid business campaign covering the civilized world to meet him in West Twenty-third street at the studio of an acquaintance to whom he had neglected to impart any knowledge of the trust with the specialists. Waddy and Craighead arrived somewhat late on account of the time consumed in adjusting Mr. Craighead's aura and found a crush of people entirely alien to the fine arts, filling the studio and the hall outside. Craighead's sculptor friend, with a lady model, escaped the angry mob into the scaffolding of an equestrian group rep-

resenting an Indian maiden in a stampee of buffaloes. The model had been posing for something—an Indian maiden perhaps—and had feathers in her hair.

Craighead broke through by imperiousness an officer, shouting "Make way for the police!" and uttering the crowd with his elbows.

"Hello, De Land!" said he, nodding

to the sculptor. "Most beautiful princess of the Apaches, how?"

"That you, Craig?" called down the sculptor. "What, not sober? Go after the police. Turn these people out, please, Craig!"

"Friends of mine," said Craighead. "I advertised for 'em. How you haven't been incommunicado, old man."

"Not at all!" replied the sculptor sarcastically. "But get them out so Miss Brown and I can descend."

Craighead's manner of disposing of the crowd commanded Mr. Waddy's sincere respect. He went about with marvelous rapidity, sending away those whose nonutility was unquestionable and making engagements with others at "our Wall street office," the name of which made everybody more respectful.

The dinner to which Mr. Craighead took Mr. De Land, Miss Brown and Mr. Waddy was the first of a series which reduced Mr. Waddy to torpor. The old gentleman, in his long frock coat which buttoned to a surtout, his frowzy face and his evident attachment to Mr. Craighead, was remembered in certain ultra bohemian circles for his surreptitious sinking into the dimmest corners of cafes and roof gardens. He had a dark secret, Mr. Craighead said, which he did not explain, originated in Mr. Waddy's agreement with the lady in goggles that the whole situation was improper. He felt obliged to keep with Craighead because of a suspicion that the aeroplane was a figment of two Slatery Institute imaginations, and he did not purpose to let any guilty man escape. So he providently engaged a detective to shadow both himself and Mr. Craighead, the unremitting presence of whom in very plain clothes made Mr. Waddy feel and look guilty and fugitive.

His second reason for becoming Mr. Craighead's double was his sense of duty of preventing that pupil of Dr. Witherspoon from breaking the vow of abstinence. So he drank most of the intoxicants served to Craighead, somewhat to the injury of his health, but much to the betterment of his reputation as a roisterer. Altogether it was a relief to get Craighead back home, where he installed him as a lodger and boarder, charging him well for his accommodation and lending him the money on his note to pay for E. On arrival he went to bed and turned Craighead over to Mrs. Graybill, with strict injunctions to telephone the sheriff's office if he was unaccounted for for more than an hour.

It was a situation with some unique aspects. Mr. Craighead began whiling away time with a work on the "Morphology of the Crawfish" and dips into De Quincey's "Spanish Nun." Looking from the library window, he saw Mrs. Graybill enter a summer house, leaving a red hat on the railing outside.

The "Morphology" grew uninteresting. Craighead stepped from the window, went into the summer house and started at finding Mrs. Graybill there, her hair tousled about her head, her little nose elevated in that comical resemblance to her father's. "Mr. Waddy informs me that the late Mr. Graybill was a minister of the gospel," she ventured.

"Yes," she replied, "he was."

"And that he has been called," Craighead went on, "to a better life a year or more?"

"Fourteen months," answered Mrs. Graybill.

"I have been reading," said Craighead, "a work on the 'Morphology of the Crawfish.' It holds me enthralled. The person who falls to glean wisdom from the crawfish has never tested his intelligence with a bare toe or studied his morphology."

Mrs. Graybill looked at Craighead sternly.

"Don't pose!" said she. "Don't think that I want a beautiful lesson in everything, if I have been a minister's wife. Tell me of Mr. De Land and—Saddle Brown and the chop suey and—and that life. Tell me, Mr. Craighead!"

The point here is that there was no danger of Craighead's running off while she listened with such breathless interest to his adventures. He explained his natural transition from the study of artistic anatomy to surgery and then through medical jurisprudence to law, and over all gloomed the shadow of his wonderful, his poetic, his epic dissipation. Mrs. Graybill was shocked, but she asked for all the horrible tale that he might so relieve him to drink again.

"Only one thing would ever do that," said he, "or maybe two. The pang of despised love."

"Which you have never experi-

## OF A Romance Of Flying LANES

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"Only one thing would ever do that," said he, "or maybe two. The pang of despised love."

"Which you have never experi-

enced?" she asked.

"Never," said he. "As I am now likely to!"

"And the other shock that might overturn your self control?"

"The failure of Carson," replied Craighead. "That would put me down and out—down and out!"

The relations of Craighead to Mr. Waddy became more and more strained for the former could no longer explain satisfactorily the failure of Carson to appear with his airship. Finally as a last resort Mr. Waddy resolved to take Craighead and Mrs. Graybill and go to the south to settle the whole problem. Thus it was that the three were at Palmetto Beach when Captain Harrod with the launch passed through Strong's bayou with Virginia and Mrs. Stott on the way to the cabin where the first Carson aeroplane was preparing for its delayed flight north. Tickets had been bought to Palmetto Beach on Craighead's statement that Carson was here.

"Ah!" said Craighead. "How natural it all looks! I seem never to have left these halcyon, if somewhat sandy, shades. Dear old Yupon Hedge Inn!"

Mr. Craighead was halted by a livered attendant.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he. "This is a private clubhouse. The inn's over there."

"Oh, certainly," replied Craighead. "All cement walks look alike to me."

"The one over at the inn looks like brick," said Mr. Waddy grimly.

Craighead searched in vain after their arrival at the inn for Carson.

If Craighead's easy flow of speech was somewhat impeded by his sense of the uncertainties, not to say dangers, of his position, it was worse when he and Mr. Waddy and the handsome, sympathetic Mrs. Graybill returned from the plantation, having elicited from the reluctant Chloe the information that Mr. Theodore, his machine, his niece and his niece's companion were at Harrod's camp on the beach, which was "off that way."

They just went down the river, through a marsh across some land, and then they were there. She didn't know about no aeroplane, but Mr. Theodore was a 'pro-jectin' around with some flyin' machine. She reckoned the canal at Palmetto Beach was the one, but she didn't know. This information, Mr. Craighead declared, made everything clear, but on returning to the inn Mr. Waddy hired a local officer to guard Mr. Craighead's room and began taking thought of having a warrant issued against him for something—Mr. Waddy was not quite clear for what.

Craighead was trapped, lost, betrayed. He sat in his room, chewing a cigar and calculating the distance to the ground. It looked feasible to get down a pillar of the veranda and into the gulch, across some land, and then they were there. She didn't know about no aeroplane, but Mr. Theodore was a 'pro-jectin' around with some flyin' machine. She reckoned the canal at Palmetto Beach was the one, but she didn't know. This information, Mr. Craighead declared, made everything clear, but on returning to the inn Mr. Waddy hired a local officer to guard Mr. Craighead's room and began taking thought of having a warrant issued against him for something—Mr. Waddy was not quite clear for what.

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"Ting-a-ling-ting-ting-g-g-g!" His telephone rang. Was his good angel Mrs. Graybill on the wire? She was.

"You know who this is?"

"Know these tones?" he gushed.

"Why, were I in deepest hades through geological depths of burning marl and lignite and other carboniferous deposits I'd know them! What is it, fair one?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I have just learned at the postoffice that Mr. Carson is back a few miles, through a lagoon, and the man will get us a guide with a boat to take us through those narrows in the morning. Is that all right?"

"You are—My God, Caroline, you have saved me from you know not what! I shall love you, love you, love you!"

And the telephone was hung up.

They went through the canal in great style. They skimmed the black waters of Freshwater lake and landed at the shelly hummock. While the boatman searched for the path to the gulf beach they sat on the shell mound, fascinated by the strange landscape. The expanse of black pools and reedy marshes between them and the line of surf, which they could hear roaring beyond the dunes, was dotted with clumps of tall pines and splashed with scrub oak thickets.

"Those pines," said Mrs. Graybill, "are like palms. Why, what's that?"

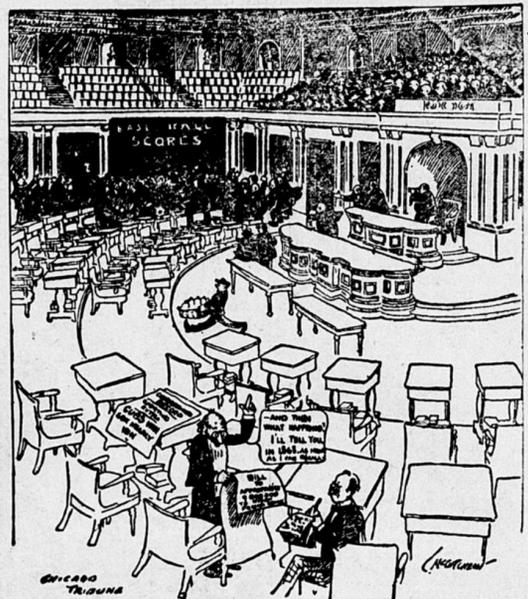
Exclaimed Mrs. Graybill.

Rising from beyond the dunes, as if from the sea, there soared a great something which moved like a bird. It swelled like a magic ship as it neared them, sailing low and dominating the sky like a cloud. It came with the most amazing speed, like an eagle in midwisp, so swift, so light, so facile that all impression of weight was abolished, and the huge thing filled the mind with the notion of levity—like a humming bird.

"Oh, of course," said Craighead, his hands trembling, his face white. "This man Carson is a fraud! Oh, yes, we knew it all the time! But you see that his aeroplane has gone through the empty form of eventuating, all the same. Flying like a frigate bird! Shayne, charge! Roll over, Silberberg, and don't dare move till I say so! Oh, this is rotten—rotten! I've got to kiss some one! Hurry!"

Mrs. Graybill was running along the path after the guide, Mr. Waddy puffing along behind, hopelessly unplaced.

### WHEN BASEBALL MAGNATES BECOME SENATORS



"Did you see Carson?" said Craighead. "And there was a girl with him."

Emerging from the dunes, they saw the airship skimming off along the line of beach foam. Down the beach stood Mrs. Stott and Captain Harrod, looking after the airship in amazement and delight. Then, turning like a frightened heron, she swept seaward and came down the wind like an arrow, Virginia waving an American flag over the rail and Theodore swinging his hat.

Suddenly as she passed them with a maneuver so astounding for aerial craft that they could scarcely believe their eyes she stopped. The sharp whirl of the beating wing sections told of the sudden reversal of their stroke and of the unprecedented phenomenon of the almost instant arrest of such a machine in midair. It was an unnecessary strain, thought the captain.

He saw the reason, however, a moment later. A black slimy nose—the nose of the Stickleback—poked itself above water right ahead of the Virginia. A boat that looked stove and sinking drew away from her with a struggling, gesticulating figure in it waving a signal of distress. The slimy nose sank, and the apparent castaway was left as if to perish unless rescued by the Virginia.

Accepting the humane task, lower, lower, lower sank the aeroplane, until its car appeared almost to touch the waves. The man in distress seemed to throw something like a lasso over the nacelle of the airship, and the great bird rose slightly, as if to be safe from the billows. The Stickleback again peeped above the waves, her manhole opened, and the castaway of the stove boat went down into the submarine.

It was absolutely beyond the power of any one looking on to guess what was taking place. Why had the man made the signals for help if the submarine was standing by? If the coming of the submarine to his rescue was unexpected, why had he not cast off the line from the aeroplane? Why—And suddenly they all felt that something sinister, something devilish, was taking place. They heard a shout from Theodore, a scream from Virginia. The submarine had come awash again, and from her open manhole came the crack of a pistol—a pistol aimed at the airship. Then she sank again, and the airship was drawn downward by the line. Struggling toward land, hanging by the fatal thread, like a trapped bird, she strained at her tether, while the grim submarine, like a devilish which had thrown a tentacle about a waterfowl, made seaward, out into the gulf, out into deep water, with a purpose as manifest as it was deadly.

(To be continued)

Saved A Soldier's Life.

Facing death from shot and shell in the civil war was more agreeable to J. A. Stone, of Kemp, Tex., than facing it from what doctors said was consumption. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough, that stuck to me in spite of all remedies for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. I now weigh 178 pounds." For coughs, colds, la grippe, asthma, hemorrhage, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough and lung trouble, it's supreme. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. A. Clemmer. Tues

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## SEN. DOLLIVER AIDS LAFOLETTE

IOWA SENATOR PUTS WISCONSIN COLLEAGUE AT HEAD OF VANGUARD.

HE SMITES THE STAND PATTERS

Says He Was First to Recognize Conflict Within the Party—Hawkeye Man Quotes St. Paul.

Milwaukee, Aug. 30.—United States Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, made the first of a series of speeches in Wisconsin in the interest of Senator Robert M. La Follette at the Hippodrome in Milwaukee.

The Iowa senator said that the first among Republican political leaders to comprehend the character of the irresponsible conflict within the party between public interests and the present day organizations of private business, was Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin.

"It is proposed now to put an end to his career—to cancel his commission—to make an example of him," said Senator Dolliver, "so that the young men of the United States in the future may perceive how much more comfortable it is—how much safer—how much more profitable to serve the impudent financial interests which are trying to capture the strongholds of the government, than it is to care for that scattered and unorganized constituency—the people of the United States."

"It may be that he can afford to go back to the quiet and repose of private life, but if the state of Wisconsin—yielding to the corrupt influences at this moment flowing in upon her from all directions—shall go back to the old form of government by political bosses, owing their allegiance to foreign corporations, it would be a calamity almost inconceivable in its disaster to you and your children."

He quotes St. Paul, Senator Dolliver said there were two schools, the Aldrich school, which says "hold fast all I give you," and the school of the apostle, who in a single sentence pointed out a plain road well suited to the progress of society—"Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

"It is an encouraging thing," he said, "that while the Aldrich school has been closed, not for repairs, but permanently—the American people by the million are studying the precept laid down by the apostle, with results so far reaching in their influence as to amount to political revolution. The course of study is a short one in this school, which now numbers among its students a most distinguished pupil who already holds the diploma of the other school—the president of the United States."

In conclusion he said the Republican party did not need bosses to tell it what to do, but rather leaders to pursue a path of wisdom and guides to point out the pitfalls that lie on every side.

La Crosse, Aug. 30.—Senator Cummings, of Iowa, invaded Wisconsin delivering the first of a series of three speeches in this state.

He devoted the larger part of two hours to discussing the tariff bill.

"Some men have said we passed a good law," he asserted. "I don't think so, although it is a better law than the Democrats could have passed. Leaders of the senate and house deliberately repudiated the Republican party platform and revised the tariff in the interests of the manufacturers and big corporations and not in the interests of the great American public."

"I refuse to follow the leadership of Cannon, Dalzell, Aldrich, Lodge and others, I don't look at them as sitting on a great white throne representing the Republican party."

"Whenever the American people have an opportunity to pass judgment upon that tariff bill, they will consign the men who made it to eternal infamy."

The speaker promised that the tariff would be revised again soon by a progressive Republican congress. He outlined his plan for revision of one schedule at a time and strongly favored an independent tariff commission with power to publish information produced broadcast over the country.

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