



The Finishing Touch— Electric Light

She:—“Ah, there's an inviting house. What a difference light makes—especially electric light.”

He:—“That's Jones' house. Yes, electric lighting is the finishing touch to a perfect home—large or small. It insures health, convenience and comfort. It's one of the strong attractions of a popular home.”

She:—“Yes, that's very evident. Let's call on them and ask who wired their house. We must have electric light immediately.”

Willmar City Municipal Plant

Secretary's Office in Ruble Block, next to First National Bank on Benson Avenue.

Seminary Notes.

Rev. Tolo of Belgrade was a Seminary visitor Monday. Father Satterlee has been on the sick list the past week, but she is now able to be up and around again. The members of the dialogue entitled, "Fun in the Photograph Gallery," had their picture taken at the Rembrandt studio last Wednesday. A week ago Saturday the Seminary basket ball team journeyed to Grand Falls, and trimmed up the team of that place by a score of 20 to 27. The Senior History Examination recently, proved to be a stiff proposition to a large majority of the history class at the W. S. No advance notice about this examination was given, which was a great drawback that the class had to contend with. The social given Saturday evening was well attended, most of the students being present, as well as some outsiders. Mr. Rudolph Larson was master of ceremonies. The program given by the Osseo literary society, last Tuesday evening drew a twenty-four dollar house. The program was good, and well appreciated by the audience. One of the down-town barbers evidently mistook a bunch of W. S. students for transients, and consequently charged them accordingly for his services. We are glad to state that he found out his error, but that does not rectify it. The boys' glee club practiced Wednesday afternoon. The Osseo members had a short business meeting Friday, when different committees were elected to make up a program, serve refreshments, and to decorate the chapel for the 22nd of February program and reception. Last Saturday the monthly tests were given in all the courses. Harry Nelson spent Sunday at his home in Arctander. Mr. Lagrippe has nowhere in particular has at the present writing quite a few Seminary students in his strong grip. His favorite hold from which escape is almost impossible, until he lets go. It's pretty difficult to hook up to the right one in the dark; but that is what the stags had to do Saturday evening, when the lights did not work out in the hall. The Seminary felt more like an ice factory than a knowledge factory, Friday. The basket ball game between the Seminary team and the National Guard team of Olivia was a fast and hard fought affair from start to finish. The score was 15 to 20 in favor of the Seminary. The regular teachers' examination that has been given in February, will not be given at all this year. The main reason why it has been dropped out is as far as we could learn, is according to the State Department of Education, that they could find no place in the state capitol to read the papers, because the legislature is in session. It seems to indicate that our new state capitol is too small. These examinations as now given, look more like a farce than anything else. We hope to see the time when the state legislature will set definite dates for these examinations, and not leave it entirely to the discretion of the State Dept. of Education, whether they shall be given now, then, or not at all.

For modern dentistry at moderate prices see Dr. C. E. Anderson in Bank of Willmar building—Adv.

IF ?

Your income should stop today, yet your expenses will keep right on.

Better save while the dollars come regularly. Into every life comes a time when READY MONEY would be welcome. 'Tis a fund you yourself can create—through a SAVINGS account with the

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J. O. ESTREME, Vice President
F. A. LARSON, Asst. Cashier
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The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

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CHAPTER XX.

The Tempter's Voice.

AGAINST his judgment Stuart allowed Bivens to have his way. The little man clambered on deck and bustled about, giving orders to the sailor who was stowing the lunch and ammunition.

When Stuart stopped the tender at the first blind, about 500 yards away, Bivens protested.

"Here, here! I'm no mollycoddle if I have been sick. I can throw a stone to this blind. This isn't the one I want. There it is down yonder toward the end of that marsh. I saw thousands of ducks circling around it yesterday. I've given in to you every day we've been down here. I'm going to have my way this time."

He turned to the sailor who was running the tender's engine and spoke sharply.

"Go to that other blind!" The sailor sprang to the wheel, and the tender shot ahead. Stuart settled back in his seat with angry disgust, and Bivens laughed.

"Cheer up; it's no use to give orders for a funeral yet. If we can't get back to that yacht in fifteen minutes against any wind that blows today I'll eat my hat. I'm feeling better than I have for months. I'm in for a good time. Don't be a piker."

Stuart determined to make the best of it.

"All right," he answered cheerfully. "Good Lord, man. I could walk back to the yacht at low water—it all goes bare."

"Yes, unless the wind hauls in to the northeast and rolls in a big tide through that inlet."

"All right; let her roll. The tender will come back and pull us in."

"Why can't we walk along this marsh all the way to where the yacht lies?" Bivens asked fretfully. "We can fire a gun, and the doctor can help us on board."

"We can't go without the boat. The marsh is a string of islands cut by three creeks. The doctor has no way to get to us. Both tenders are gone."

Stuart kept Bivens moving just fast enough to maintain the warmth of his body without dangerous exhaustion. The tide suddenly ceased to run ebb and began to come in. The reason was an ominous one. The wind had hauled squarely into the north and increased its velocity to forty miles an hour, and each moment the cold grew more terrible. Stuart found the little boat afloat on the flood tide, jumped in without delay and began his desperate battle against wind and tide.

It was absolutely necessary for Bivens to keep his feet in motion, so Stuart gave him an oar and ordered him to get on his knees and help shove her ahead. He knew it was impossible for him to keep his feet.

Bivens tried to do as he was told and made a mess of it. He merely succeeded in shoving the boat around. Stuart saw they could never make headway by that method, turned and shot back into the marsh.

"Get out!" he shouted sternly. "You can walk along the edge. I can shove her alone."

Bivens grumbled, but did as he was ordered.

"Don't you leave the edge of that marsh ten feet!" Stuart shouted cheerfully. "I think we'll make it now."

It was a question whether one man had the strength to shove the little boat through the ice, roaring waters and keep her off the shore. He did it successfully for a hundred yards, and the wind and sea became so fierce he was driven in and could make no headway. He called Bivens, gave him an oar and made him walk in the edge of the water and hold the boat off while he placed his oar on the mud bottom and pushed.

It took two hours of desperate battling to make half a mile through the white, blinding, freezing, roaring waters. The yacht now lay but 300 feet away from the edge of the marsh.

"Say, why do we stop so much?" Bivens growled. "I'm freezing to death. Let's get to that yacht."

"We'll do our best," Stuart answered gravely. "If you know how to pray now's your time."

"Oh, tommyrot!" Bivens said contemptuously. "I can throw a stone to her from here."

"Get in," Stuart commanded, "and lie down again flat on your back!" Bivens obeyed, and the desperate fight began.

Stuart made the first few strokes with his oars successfully and cleared the shore, only to be driven back against it with a crash. A wave swept over the little craft.

Stuart grasped Bivens' hand and found a cake of ice on his wrist. He shoved the boat's nose again into the wind and pulled on his oars with a steady, desperate stroke, and she shot ahead. For five minutes he held her head into the sea and gained a few yards. He set his feet firmly against the oak timbers in the boat's side and began to lengthen his quick, powerful stroke. He found to his joy he was making headway. He looked over his shoulder and saw that he was half way. He couldn't be more than 150 feet and yet he didn't seem to be getting any nearer. It was now or never. He bent to his oars with the last ounce of reserve power in his tall sinewy frame, and the next moment an oar snapped, the boat spun round like a top and in a minute was hurled back helpless on the marsh.

As the sea dashed over her again

"Nor they'll bring up somewhere on a mud flat or marsh in the bay on this low water, but God help them if they can't fight their way back before flood-tide."

"Why?" Bivens asked incredulously. "They'd freeze to death in an open boat tonight."

"Norwegian sailors? Bosh! Not on your life! They were born on icebergs."

Stuart rose and looked anxiously at the receding tide. He determined to try to reach the yacht at once. He put the guns into their cases, snapped the lids of the ammunition boxes, stowed the ducks he had killed under the stern of the boat and stepped out into the snow, swiftly moving water. He decided to leave Bivens and regard him as so much junk. He pulled the boat out of the blind, shoved it among the decays and took them up quickly.

The snow had ceased to fall, and the cold was increasing every moment. Stuart scanned the horizon anxiously, but could see no sign of the disabled tender.

He had gone perhaps 200 yards when the boat grounded on the flats. He saw at once that it was impossible to make the yacht until flood tide. The safest thing to do was to get out and push to the island marsh, 200 or 300 yards away. There they could take exercise enough to keep warm until the tide came in again. It would be a wait of two hours in bitter cold and pitch darkness.

Bivens sat up and growled.

"What's the matter? Can't you hurry up? I'm freezing to death!"

"We can't make it on this tide. We will have to go to the marsh."

"Can't we walk over the flats and let the boat go?"

"I could walk it, but you couldn't."

"Why not?" Bivens asked angrily. "Because you haven't the strength."

"Nothing of the sort!" Bivens protested viciously.

He stepped out of the boat and started wading through the mud. He had made about ten steps when his boot stuck fast and he needed help. Stuart picked him up without comment and led him back to the boat.

Bivens was about to climb in when the lawyer spoke quickly:

"You can't sit down now. You've got to keep your body in motion or you'll freeze. Take hold of the stern of the boat and shove her."

Muttering incoherent curses, the little man obeyed while his friend walked in front, pulling on the bow line.

In fifteen minutes they reached the marsh and began the dreary tramp of two hours until the tide should rise high enough to float their boat again.

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Bivens' looked up stupidly and growled:

"Why don't you keep her straight?" Stuart sprang out and pulled the numbed man to his feet, half dragged and lifted him ashore.

"Here, here, wake up!" he shouted to his ear. "Get a move on you, or you're a goner." He began to rub Bivens' ice clad wrists and hands, and the little man snatched them away angrily.

"Stop it!" he snarled. "My hands are not cold now."

"No, they're freezing," he answered as he started across the marsh in a dog trot, pulling Bivens after him. The little man stood it for a hundred yards, suddenly tore himself loose and angrily faced his companion.

"Say, suppose you attend to your own hide—I can take care of myself."

"I tell you, you're freezing. You're getting numb. As soon as I can get your blood a little warm we've got to wade through that water for a hundred yards and make the yacht."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," Bivens said. "I'll stay here till the next tide and walk out when the water's ebbed off. I'm not half as cold as I was."

"You're losing the power to feel. You've got to plunge into that water with me now, and we can fight our way to safety in five minutes. The water is only three feet deep, and I can lift you over the big waves. We'll be there in a jiffy. Come on!"

He seized his arm again and dragged him to the edge of the water. Bivens stopped short and tore himself from Stuart's grip.

"I'll see you to the bottomless pit before I'll move another inch!" he yelled savagely. "Go to the devil and let me alone. I'll take care of myself."

"All right," Stuart said contemptuously as he turned and left him.

He began to walk briskly along the marsh to keep warm. All he had to do tonight was to apply the law of self-interest by which Bivens had lived and waxed mighty and tomorrow he could take the woman he loved in his arms, move into his palace its master and hers. There could be no mistake about that.

He had read the restraining of her heart with unerring insight. Visions of a life of splendor, beauty and power with her by his side swept his imagination.

"She's mine, and I'll take her!" he cried. "Let the little, scheming, oily, cunning scoundrel die tonight by his own law of self-interest. I've done my part."

There came a change; his heart was suddenly flooded with memories of his boyhood, his dreams of heroic deeds; his mother's serene face, his father's high sense of honor.

He turned quickly and retraced his steps. Bivens was crouching on his knees with his back to the fierce, icy wind, feebly striking his hands together.

"Are you going to fight your way with me back to that yacht, Cal?" he asked sternly.

"I am not," was the short answer. "I am going to walk the marsh till 4 o'clock."

"You haven't the strength. You can't walk fast enough to keep from freezing. You'll have to keep it up eight hours. You're cold and wet and exhausted. It's certain death if you stay."

"I've told you I'll take my chances here, and I want 'em."

He never finished the sentence. Stuart suddenly gripped his throat, threw him flat on his back and while he kicked and squirmed and swore drew a cord from his pocket and tied his hands and feet securely.

Paying no further attention to his groans and curses, he threw his little, plumped form across his shoulders, plunged into the water and began his struggle to reach the yacht. It was a difficult and dangerous task, but at last he was free.

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Handsomeness \$400 Upright Parlor Grand PIANO Given Away Free

IN A CONTEST FOR VOTES UNDER A NEW PLAN WHICH ELIMINATES ALL NAMES

Rules of the Contest

- No 1, Name of Contestant will not be known.
- No names of candidates will be published.
- Every Contestant gets 2,000 votes to start with.
- Every contestant gets a number.
- Standing by Numbers published weekly in the Willmar Tribune.
- All votes must be brought in Tuesday for recording.
- Votes must NOT be written on.
- The votes in package with Contestant's number and amount on top slip.
- Color of Certificates will be changed each month and must be recorded before change.
- The color for month of February will be blue.
- All green certificates must be recorded by Feb. 25, to be accepted.
- Votes are transferable only before recording.
- Contestant having the largest number of votes on June 4, 1913, wins Piano.

THIS IS SURELY A PRESENT WORTH WORKING FOR.

How to get Vote Tickets

WITH every purchase made at Gilbert O. Sand Co's, One Price Clothiers, votes will be given—100 VOTES FOR EVERY DOLLAR'S WORTH PURCHASED. Votes in the same proportion will also be given to persons paying accounts. If any of your friends need anything get them to patronize Gilbert O. Sand Co's, One Price Clothiers, and give you their votes. Now is the time to get busy. The earlier you start the more advantage you will have in final count. The date of the closing of the contest will be June 4, 1913.

Cut out Coupon below and present or mail to Gilbert O. Sand Co. before Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1912.

If your friends owe on account get them to pay and secure votes.

Claxton Upright Grand Piano Voting Contest

CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND BRING TO GILBERT O. SAND CO. ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS Willmar, Minn. IT WILL COUNT 25 VOTES

This Coupon and all printed in February must be recorded before Tuesday, February 25.

How to get Vote Tickets

WITH every yearly subscription to the Willmar Tribune accompanied by \$1.50 in cash, 3,000 votes will be given. This applies to back subscriptions, and you can pay for as many as you desire. You will be surprised how easy it is to get subscriptions to the Willmar Tribune if you try. CLOSING JUNE 4, 1913.

The subscription money is to be paid to the Tribune Printing Co. in the usual way, and the receipt taken be presented on some Tuesday of the same month to Gilbert O. Sand Co's. where the vote coupons will be issued.

It is easy to get a new subscriber to the Willmar Tribune in any home where it does not already come. In most cases they may be had by simply asking for them.

Join the Fun of the Contest—No names published—The exact standing known at close of each Month.

Notice.

The School for Nurses of the University of Minnesota will enter another class of beginning students at the opening of the second semester, February 1, 1913. Women who are graduates of first grade high schools or matriculants of colleges or universities, who are between the ages of 20 and 33, and in good health, are eligible as applicants for admission.

The School for Nurses, the first school under complete University control as a department of teaching, is thriving well; having entered the largest class in September that has been admitted.

Bulletins of information and blank applications for admission may be had of the Superintendent of the School for Nurses, University Hospitals.

Removal Notice.

Please take note of the fact that the Willmar Land Co., has established new quarters in the Carlson block, on second floor, where I will be glad to meet old and new patrons.

WM. O. JOHNSON.