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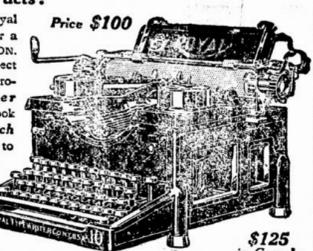
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**ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY**  
107 American Central Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Texas—a man ain't got no chance in this country." Joe cast his eyes around at his father.

"Jim Sullivan's a lazy, triflin', whiskey drinkin' liar; that's all I've got to say about it," responded Tom Weston emphatically. "An' I reckon I ought to know, for I've proved it."

"Well, if he's going to sell those pigs of chop I'll buy 'em, for it's a good stock of hogs."

"Yes, and while you're about it you better buy the old sow too. She's a good mother to them pigs, mighty reliable."

Down the road a boy was approaching on horseback at a lope. He reined at the gate and called:

"Joe, here's a note Mr. Somerville sent you."

Joe was alarmed and could not imagine what it was as he tore the envelope open. A yellow telegraph envelope fell out.

"Dear Joe," wrote Mr. Somerville, "here's a telegram which came for you this morning. Of course the company does not deliver messages in the country, so I put this chap on a horse and sent it out. Hope it is good news. Your friend, J. Somerville."

With trembling fingers Joe opened the message, and the typewritten words swam before his eyes. It was from the state superintendent of agriculture:

"Congratulations. You win state championship by margin of five bushels and \$2 less expense. Four thousand two hundred contestants. Also awarded nitrate and fertilizer prizes. Report my office 30th for trip to Washington."

His father read the message over his shoulder, and as both finished they grinned foolishly at each other and stood there shaking hands.

"Well, by gum!" said Mr. Weston, "no place like home." "Nothing else to say and remarked 'Well, by gum!' again.

"There's two hundred more to slap on this place!" said Joe as his wits came back to him. "We'll only owe a thousand then!"

"Well, by gum!" wonderingly replied his father. Then he grabbed Joe by the arm.

"Come on and let's go tell the gals about it!"

"Son, when you get to Washington and shake hands with the president," said Mrs. Weston, pausing a moment to look at him as she packed his suitcase for the trip, "you just remember there's an old countrywoman 'way down here in a split log house that thinks you're a sight bigger man than he is. Don't you ever forget that!"

Joe and his father were riding home toward the railroad station. Joe's trip to Washington as the champion corn raiser of his state was over.

As they rounded the shoulder of the hill and saw the little farm home in the bright morning sunshine Joe's face wreathed in a smile.

"You know," he said earnestly, "I can understand that song 'Home, Sweet Home' a heap better now. There is no place like home." It was mighty fine and all the time in Washington, but I'm sure glad to be back."

"I'm proud to hear ye say that, boy!" answered his father. "I was a bit fearful you'd come back here disgruntled 'an' maybe after awhile go away an' leave us."

"A bit of it!" said Joe stoutly. "I've come back with the idea of sticking right here and making this the best farm in the state."

"Well, hooray for that!"

"I mean it too. I've got to have a lot more schooling, but I'm going to mix it in with my work."

"So you think you'll stick to farming, son?"

"Ayer, sir!"

"After seeing all the government at Washington I'd 'a' thought you'd want to be a lawyer or something!"

"I did think of that before I went there, but the president took me to the window and pointed out the capitol and the treasury and postoffice buildings and some others."

"You think all this is great, don't you, Joe?" says the president.

"Of course I do, says I."

"You're the greatest, these things or that makes them possible?" he asked, looking back at me.

"The cause of 'em, of course—that which makes 'em possible, I told him."

"Do you know what that is?" he asked me. I told him I reckoned it was the people.

"Yes, the people, but particularly the farmer. The whole structure of government is founded on him, for people must eat before they are governed. I think a good farmer is just as valuable as a good senator," he said.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Weston. "I had no idee we farmers were that important."

"Me either," said Joe, "but right then I made up my mind to be a farmer, and a good one. I've got a heap more respect for farmers now."

Annie spied them down the road and came racing to meet them. Mrs. Weston waved an affectionate greeting from the front gate. Joe rushed in and gave his mother a hug.

"It sure is fine to be home again and see you all. How's everything getting along?"

"Just fine! Chickens started to laying and we're six little new pigs."

"An' a new calf named Spot?" insisted Annie.

"Come on in and tell us about your trip. Did you really see the president?" inquired Mrs. Weston.

"Yes'm, and a mighty fine man he is, too. We had a big argument!"

"What? You didn't argue with the president, did you, son?" she inquired in horrified tones.

"Yes'm, I sure did. He started it, sturdily answered Joe.

"Good gracious, I hope you didn't talk sassy to him, did you, son?" anxiously asked his father, who had entered the room in time to hear part of the conversation.

"Why, of course not, but we argued just the same. And he asked me to stay to lunch with him, and I stayed."

"That's a good idee. What'll we call it—Prize Acre Farm?"

"No, I don't like that. How's the Advance Farm?"

"That's all right. If mother and Annie like it, she goes."

"I think I'll ride over this afternoon and see Jim Sullivan."

"What for?"

"I heard Jim was trying to sell off everything he has. Says he's going to

**JOE THE BOOK FARMER**

**MAKING GOOD ON THE LAND**

By **GARRARD HARRIS**

Copyright, 1915, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

**SYNOPSIS**

Joe Weston, fourteen years old, decides to make a success of his father's run-down farm. He reads the latest scientific books. Mr. Somerville, a merchant, agrees to help him.

Joe's father is pessimistic. He sneers at book farming and book farmers. Mr. Somerville, struck with Joe's business ability and ambition, backs him in prize competitions.

Passionately on the road longer to watch Joe operate. The acres that were in evidence at first soon give way to looks of surprise. Joe is showing them something as a farmer.

Joe's father's pessimism gradually tumbles away. He watches Joe work. He sees him perform wonders with the soil. He soon is as enthusiastic as Joe. His conversion pleases Mr. Somerville.

Joe's corn is the wonder of the countryside. With money he received from a commission merchant for his product he starts a bank account, which he proudly exhibits to his father.

There is a constant demand for the corn Joe is raising. In the prize competition Joe makes 38 bushels on an acre at a cost of \$120.

It is announced that Joe Weston, the book farmer, won the first corn prize for his county. His father says, "Son, I'm powerful proud of ye."



With Trembling Fingers Joe Opened the Message.

**CHAPTER IX.**

**Joe Makes Mother Happy.**

HERE remained now only \$1,220 to pay on the place. After discussing their affairs all the way home, when Joe and his father unbilted the team and started to the house, Tom Weston handed Joe the paper the lawyer had prepared, which insured a home to the two womenfolk.

"You hand it to her, Joe. It's your don't-mine mine," he said.

Joe thought of a little speech he would make, but at the supper table he forgot all about it and merely poked the paper at his mother.

"There's a home for you and sis," was all he could say.

As his mother read tears of happiness welled from her eyes, and she threw her arms about their necks.

"Oh, I'm proud of my two boys, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart, but the dearest thing to me is that you're beginning to understand each other and are such good comrades."

"We are sure enough partners now, mother-ain't we, Joe?"

"Ain't, mother, when we get this place paid for we're agoin' to build a sure enough nice house on it, with lots of closets an' a big piazzas, an' all painted nice, an' a lightnin' rod on it."

"That will be fine; but, Tom, I love every log in this dear old place, and I don't want you and Joe to put yourselves under a big strain to do that account. Let's get something ahead first."

Joe and his father lost no time getting the land in shape for next year and followed the method Joe used the year before. All the barnyard fertilizer was now carefully scraped up and saved, leaves and trash hauled and put into the soil as a permanent in-

"I know him," said Mr. Weston proudly.

"Yes, sir, he told me to give you his regards, and he's going to send me some flowers and bulbs from the department. Well, as I was saying, the crowd was leaving the capitol, and I said I'd rather stay and watch 'em make laws. The senator said he'd look after me and see I got back to the hotel all right. That was about half past 10 in the morning. The senate and house don't meet until noon."

"That was powerful clever of him," asserted Mr. Weston.

"So we were walking through the rounds, right under the big dome you see in the pictures, when we met another senator. He came up and said: 'Have you seen the president about that matter you promised to take up with him?' And our senator said, 'No, by George, I forgot it, but I'll go right on to the White House now and see him.'"

"So we went down the long flight of steps you see in the pictures sometimes. Really, they're at the back of the capitol. It faces the other way. Down at the head of Pennsylvania avenue there were a lot of cabs and automobiles standing."

"Did you ride in one of them autos?" inquired Annie hopefully.

"Yes, but not right then."

"Ride or walk, Joe?" asked the senator.

"I'd rather walk, I told him."

"Me, too," says the senator. "I ate too many buckwheat cakes for breakfast and I need the exercise," and he laughed, and we struck out down the avenue."

"He stopped in a jewelry store to get his watch he left there to be fixed and then he picked out a pair of cuff buttons and pays \$4 for them and hands 'em to me."

"Take those with my compliments, Joe, as a souvenir. They are historical. They are made out of steel from the battleship Maine that was blown up in Havana harbor, and which caused the war with Spain."

"Le's see 'em?" excitedly asked Mr. Weston. Joe exhibited the blue steel buttoned buttons, which he was wearing. "You sure ought to be proud of 'em. Are they actually made out of part of the Maine?"

"Yes, sir; no doubt about it, the senator said. There was a certificate there from the navy department showing that some of the steel from the ship had been sold the jeweler, and another certificate from the manufacturer that the buttons were made of that identical steel, so I'm sure they're genuine."

"It's a present worth having," said Mr. Weston. "They're real handsome too."

"Then we walked on up the avenue, and the senator showed me a lot of interesting things. Then when we got to the end of the avenue we turned to the right and passed the beautiful treasury department building. It has the buttons were made of that identical steel, so I'm sure they're genuine."

**CHAPTER X.**

**Joe Describes White House Visit.**

"An' you went right in where the president lives?" inquired Anne in awed tones.

"Did nothing with 'em, I said."

"You ought to have pulled 'em off," says the president.

"No, sir. It would have been a waste of time and work," says I.

"That's not accordin' to reason," he answered, mighty positive. "If you pulled those suckers off the strength they take goes into the main stalk and helps mature the corn."

"That's what I thought about it too, I said, 'but I found out that it really didn't matter.'"

"You must be mistaken," said the president.

"I believe I'm right, I told him."

"How are we going to settle it?" he asks, like he had me.

"I'll leave it to the head of the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture," I said. I knew I had him, for I had seen one of the bulletins from the department that said he'd shown that it really did not make any difference about the suckers."

"That's fair. He ought to know. I'll just call him on the phone and see him up, and sure enough, he told Mr. President just what I said, that it was not worth the time and trouble to take the suckers off."

"Well, you win! says the president, turning to me and grinning in a mighty good humor."

"What do you think of that, pa?" wondered Mrs. Weston. "What else did he say, Joe?"

"He said it had taught him a lesson—not to be so sure he knew anything until he knew he knew it."

"And was concerning restive under the talk and was growing restive under more material things."

"Where'd you and him go to eat your lunch—out under the trees? An' why didn't you have some dinner 'stead of just a lunch, an' what did you have to eat?"

"It really was what we call dinner, sis," laughed Joe, "but not quite so much of it. Those very busy people up there eat a snack in the middle of the day and call it a luncheon, and then at 6 o'clock, or along that time, they have what they call dinner—at the time we eat supper."

"I think it's very silly to change things up so. But tell me what do presidents eat—cake and pie and ice cream," persisted Annie. "like kings do?" as she grasped Joe's hand.

"I don't know what kings eat, sis, and I don't know what presidents eat all the time, but I know for lunch we had some mighty good potato soup and some fine roast beef and mashed potatoes and a dish of spinach and poached eggs on it and a glass of rich cream and a big slice of apple pie."

"How was the pie?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Weston.

"It was good pie," judicially admitted Joe, "but I don't think it was as good as you make, ma."

She gave him a hug, and her face was radiant the rest of the day. It was a comforting thought to her the balance of her years to think that she could make better apple pie than the president of the United States had set before him.

"Anything else?" persisted Annie.

"No, except the president said he liked turnip greens!"

"And when was it he told you that about the farmer?" asked Mr. Weston.

"Just before he sent one of the doorkeepers back to the hotel with me. And he gave me a picture of himself with his name written on it. I saw him write it. And the last thing he said to me was, standing there, with my hand in his and his other hand on my shoulder:

"Joe," says he, "just remember this, that a good farmer—a real good farmer and an honest man—is just as useful and occupies just as high a place in this country as president, senator or congressman. Don't forget that. Be proud of the fact that you are a farmer if you are a good one."

Joe returned from Washington on Friday. Sunday afternoon he was scrambling around in the closets and on the shelves of the attic room, hauling out old school books and dusting them off.

"Where are you up to, Joe?" inquired Mrs. Weston.

"Just trying to get some books together. I'm going to start to school again tomorrow."

"Well, I do know!" remarked Mr. Weston in awed tones, taking a long breath.

"He seems to have acted just like folks," commented Joe's mother.

"Yes'm, and one of the nicest gentlemen I ever saw. I forgot all about his being president or anything else except just a fine, friendly man. He made me feel right at home. So we got to talking about raising corn, and I told him how I did it."

"You said something about argyfin' with him?" inquired Mr. Weston anxiously.

"I'm coming to that. And when I was telling about cultivating the corn 'I kind of hate for you to do it," mused his mother. "You ought to be able to go in higher classes than that?"

"Oh, I reckon I could keep up, but I'm trying to be honest with myself. I don't know my arithmetic, and I don't know grammar, and I don't know how to spell. I didn't study like I ought to have done when I was there before, so it's for my own good."

"That started you on such an idea, Joe?"

"The president. When he told me goodby he looked me right in the eyes and said, 'Whatever happens, always be honest and absolutely square with yourself.' So I got to thinking about it. I hadn't been honest with myself the last year I was in school because I skimmed, and it wasn't honest to the teacher either. I'm going back and make it good."

It took a good deal of courage to go to the teacher and be placed in classes with boys three and four years younger than himself, but Joe took his medicine like a man. Of course he was grieved, but he took it humbly, and that's all right. Go ahead, my fellows, and have all the fun out of it you can. I'm paying for not studying. If you'd tell the truth about it a lot of you would be right in this class with me. Go ahead. I've got it coming to me, and it don't make me mad."

He grinned amiably at their chaffing, and when the boys found he would not lose his temper over it they let him alone.

The second week after he started to school the county superintendent of education came over to get ready for the approaching season. Somehow there seemed to be an utter lack of enthusiasm among the boys. They did not applaud his utterances, and only a few of them went forward and signed the roll.

"What on earth is the matter with them?" whispered the superintendent to the teacher, consternation written all over his countenance.

"Goodness knows, but it is something that is certain," she replied in an undertone.

Joe Weston instinctively felt that he was in some way concerned in the refusal of the boys to join. He caught several of them looking at him out of the corners of their eyes and shifting their glances when he looked in their direction.

Then at recess he overheard a group of the boys talking. They did not know he was near. Reddy Hayward was holding forth, and the rest of the boys were listening intently.

"Ain't we use our goin' in that Corn club—Joe Weston's goin' in. He's all ready now, the state championship and knows how. What chance we got? No more'n a rabbit in a burning sedge field."

"Me, too! Me, too!" echoed several others.

The whole situation was clear now. Joe Weston went to the principal and the county superintendent.

"I've found out what's the matter with 'em," he said. "When we take in, if you'll let me, I think, maybe, I can fix things."

Accordingly, after the bell rang and the school was seated, Joe rose in his seat.

"Mr. Superintendent, I want to say a few words, if you please," he said, in a self possessed manner. The superintendent nodded affirmatively and looked at the principal.

"The school will pay attention to Joe Weston," said the teacher, rapping for order.

"Mr. Principal, I find the boys of the school don't want to go in this Corn club because they think I am going in, and because I have made a state record, they think they will have no chance with me in it."

"I just want to say this, that I am going in the club, but I won't compete for the county prizes. And I won't compete for any of the state prizes if any of the boys from this county come near enough to my record this coming year to make it a competition between me and them. Is that fair enough?"

In answer a storm of applause greeted the words. Joe smiled with pleasure.

"I'm going in this club this year to benefit myself and try to learn something more. I raised a big crop of corn and won the state prize on amount, but that ain't the main thing. It is to learn how to raise a big crop at small cost. That is the business and of it. If it costs you in fertilizer and labor about what your corn is worth to make it, then you've had your work for nothing. It ain't a bit better than raising a small crop at little or no cost on poor land."

"Now, I want to say this—that if there's any boy in this club who wants the benefit of what I've learned I'll gladly help him in every way I can. You fellows go on in, and if you can win do it, and I'll be glad to see it. I'm working on other lines now, but at any rate, I don't think it just fair to you boys to compete against you, and I ain't going to do it. That's all I've got to say."

There was another silence for a moment after Joe sat down, and the applause broke forth afresh.

"I think Joe has acted admirably and fairly," said the county superintendent.

"You boys have seen what he has done against more odds than any one of you will ever be called on to face. First, he has satisfied himself that he can make the ground produce largely, and now he's figuring on how to do so at the least cost. That is the lesson we want you to learn. Now the books are open. Who else will join?"

Every boy in the school marched forward and enrolled for the contest.

(To be continued.)

he asked me what I did with the 'suckers' thrown out at the base of the stalks didn't matter."

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(First publication Dec. 15-18.)

**NOTICE OF SALE OF DITCHING JOBS.**

Notice is hereby given, That on Tuesday, the 11th day of January, A. D. 1916 at 1 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the County Auditor's Office, in the county commissioners' room in the Court House, in the City of Willmar, Kandiyohi County, Minnesota, I will sell the jobs of digging and constructing County Ditch No. 34 of said county, established by the Board of County Commissioners of Kandiyohi County, Minnesota, by their order bearing date the 8th day of December, A. D. 1915, viz.:

For digging and constructing the entire work, either as one job, or in one or more linear sections of one hundred feet each, each of said sections to be known and numbered by the stake, or monument set by the engineer at the foot of each such section, as shown in the engineer's report, commencing at the one including the source, and thence in succession up the stream to the one including the source, and that separate bids will be entertained as follows:

First: For the entire job. Second: For furnishing of all labor necessary to lay the tile to the required grade, and installing the open work and all material and labor for the bulk head, and Third: For all tile delivered on the ground, to the responsible bidder or bidders, and the bids are invited for said work; said work to be completed within the time required and in the manner specified in the said engineer's report.

And no bid will be entertained which exceeds more than thirty (30) per cent over and above the estimated cost of the construction; And the successful bidder or bidders, will be required to give a satisfactory surety bond, to be approved by the County Auditor and the County Attorney; said bond to be for the faithful performance and fulfillment of his contract, and to pay all damages that may accrue by reason of his failure to complete the job within the time required in the contract.

The order, estimate and profiles are on file and may be seen at the office of the county auditor of said county.

The approximate amount of work to be done in the construction of said ditch is as follows:

Main Ditch, Open Work.	Minimum Maximum		Average
	depth—feet	depth—feet	
Station 121 to Station 115—458 cu. yards.	1.88	6.40	3.30
Station 115 to Station 78—18 inch tile.	3.10	13.29	7.18
Station 78 to Station 54—18 inch tile.	5.01	10.37	8.19
Station 54 to Station 43—12 inch tile.	5.01	5.71	5.26
Station 43 to Station 14—10 inch tile.	5.44	11.34	7.70
Station 14 to Station 0—8 inch tile.	3.21	13.99	5.33
Branch No. 1—Tile.			
Station 0 to Station 26—8 inch tile.	3.90	8.10	5.95
Station 26 to Station 47 plus 65—10 inch tile.	5.35	11.50	8.30
Branch No. 2—Tile.			
Station 0 to Station 10—6 inch tile.	4.04	6.02	4.90
Station 10 to Station 33 plus 33—8 inch tile.	5.98	12.24	8.00
Tile to be furnished to conform to specifications of engineer.			
Estimated cost of open work.			\$ 91.60
Estimated cost of laying tile.			4,102.34
Estimated cost of furnishing tile.			3,477.91
Total estimated cost of system.			\$7,672.35

All bids must be sealed and marked "Bids for County Ditch No. 34," and accompanied by a certified check payable to the County Auditor for not less than ten per cent of each bid. The right to reject any or all bids is hereby reserved.

Dated at Willmar, Minnesota, December 14th, 1915.

SAMUEL NELSON,  
County Auditor of Kandiyohi County, Minn.

(First publication Dec. 8-4.)

**Citation for Hearing on Petition to Mortgage Land.**

Estate of Benny Olson, Edith Olson and Annie Olson, minors.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Benny Olson, Edith Olson and Annie Olson, minors.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the granting of administration of the estate of said decedent:

The petition of Chas. Clausen having been filed in this Court, representing that Chas. Clausen, late of the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, died intestate on or about the 14th day of October, 1915, and praying that letters of administration of his estate be granted to him, the Court has ordered that notice of said petition be given to all persons interested in the estate of said decedent.

Now, Therefore, You and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this Court, at the Court Room in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 21st day of January, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, The Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 2nd day of December, 1915.

(COURT SEAL)

IDA A. SANDERSON,  
Clerk of Probate Court.

GEORGE MULLER,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
Willmar, Minn.

(First publication Dec. 8-4.)

**Citation for Hearing on Petition for Probate of Will.**

Estate of Andrew K. Botten, also known as Andrew Knutson.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Andrew K. Botten, also known as Andrew Knutson, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the allowance and probate of the will of said decedent:

The petition of Knut A. Botten being duly filed in this court, representing that Andrew K. Botten also known as Andrew Knutson, then a resident of the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, died on the 15th day of August, 1915, leaving a last will and testament which is presented to this court with said petition, and praying that said instrument be allowed as the last will and testament of said decedent.

Therefore, You and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this Court, at the Court Room in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 3rd day of January, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness, The Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 3rd day of December, 1915.

(COURT SEAL)

IDA A. SANDERSON,  
Clerk of Probate Court.

CHARLES JOHNSON,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
Willmar, Minn.

(First publication Dec. 29-4.)

**Order Limiting Time to File Claims, and for Hearing Thereon.**

Estate of Harry B. Stromert.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Harry B. Stromert, Decedent.

Letters of Administration this day having been granted to Ida C. Stromert.

It is Ordered, that the time within which all creditors of the above named decedent may present claims against his estate in this court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to six months from and after the date hereof; and that Monday, the 12th day of June, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., in the Probate Court Rooms, at the Court House at Willmar in said County, be, and the same hereby is, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in the Willmar Tribune as provided by law.

Dated Dec. 5, 1915.

(SEAL) IDA A. SANDERSON,  
Clerk of Probate Court.

CHARLES JOHNSON,  
Attorney, Willmar, Minn.

**If We Say It, It's So. If It's So, We Say It.**