

IS IT THE TRUTH  
GENUINE GRAVELLY  
IN THIS PART OF  
THE COUNTRY!

YES, AND THE NEW  
POUCH KEEPS IT FRESH AND  
GOOD TILL USED

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BEFORE THE INVENTION  
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GRAVELLY PLUG TOBACCO  
MADE STRICTLY FOR ITS CHEWING QUALITY  
WOULD NOT KEEP FRESH IN THIS SECTION.  
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A LITTLE CHEW OF GRAVELLY IS ENOUGH  
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SEE THAT SMILE-BILL POSTERS  
BILLBOARDS ARE SPREAD WITH  
MIGHTY PLEASING INFORMATION  
TODAY

# Overboard

## A Labor Day Story

By John Twining

An ocean liner was coming across the Atlantic. In the main portion of the ship, fitted up with every convenience, every luxury were millionaires and multimillionaires, some of whom had been prominent in the London social season, and not a few brought with them jewels, a fortune in themselves, that had blazed in many a ballroom in England's capital. There was one man aboard occupying a suit of apartments the price of which for a four days' trip would give a workman a comfortable home for a lifetime. These people, seemingly regardless of being suspended between the heavens above and the bottom of an ocean several miles beneath them, wore their fine clothes at dinner, and in the evening ate choice viands, drank the best wines, listened to music, flirted, even danced, while the hours glided happily away to the wish of the waves against the leviathan's side—a gayly careless lot, seemingly oblivious to the cares and sorrows of this world.

How different the underworld, which on shipboard is as far beneath the upper world as on land! In the stowage were many a family packer, in their narrow quarters, eating the homeliest fare, and many, though accustomed to the ordinary wine of their country, were drinking only water, and that out of tin cups.

Among these steerage passengers was one Adolph Stahr, a Swede, a young man twenty-five years old, with his bride, Amelia, six years his junior. They had left their native country, their simple peasant life, to seek a home in the new world. Adolph was a mason by trade, and Amelia had worked in a factory in her native land, becoming expert at weaving. They had heard that in America the price of labor had, by the united effort of the laborers, been raised to what seemed to them a very high figure. Accustomed as they had been to living on a pittance, they believed that, receiving their wages, they could save the money enough within a few years to build them a home in which they might live comfortably for the rest of their days.

And so, putting together all the money they had with something that their parents gave them, they set out on their long journey for what was to them a land of promise. Taking ship for England, they there re-embarked for America.

At the journey across the Atlantic had been accomplished when one afternoon a fog settled down over the waters. Fogs on the sea are dreaded by mariners, and, although the dressing in fine clothes, the feasting, the wine drinking, the music, went on among the passengers in the main part of the ship, many heard the constant, deep toned toot-toot of the fog whistle every few minutes.

At last all aboard the great ship except those whose duty it was to sail her were in their berths.

Suddenly there was a crash forward, the sleepers were awakened, all jarred, some thrown out of their berths. There was a mad rush to the deck, many going up in their nightclothes, where they found confusion and saw the lights of the steamer fading away from them. Fading into the fog they soon passed out of sight. The captain stood on the bridge coolly giving his orders, but few of them were obeyed. Above the babel was the wild cry for help from the wireless machine. From the first the crew realized that the liner had been hard hit, and the worst was feared. Those who were sent to examine the damage came running back to report that the foremast was missing and was rapidly falling and that others astern of it were in danger of giving way.

An hour later when it was known that the ship was sinking the boats were lowered and the women and children put into them. The men of millions for the first time in their lives came to a position where the wife and child were permanent and permitted to step into a lifeboat while they themselves must remain to go down with the ship.

One party among those who were to go and those who were to remain in it is the province of this story to mention. Amelia Stahr clung to her husband and refused to leave him. Taking her in his arms, he carried her to one of the boats, put her in and fastened her, but she would not get lowered and pulled away from the ship. The gray of the morning revealed the leviathan a few miles distant, half sunken, resting on the water like a dying sea monster. Slowly she settled, watched by those in the boats, nearly all of whom knew that some loved one was soon to go down to death with her. Then raising her huge stern she plunged downward, and the place where she had been was but a part of the boundless ocean.

Safety came for those in the boats in the appearance of a steamer that had heard the wireless cry for succor. The boats were relieved of their burden, and those who had left the sunken ship were carried into an American port.

Amelia Stahr on reaching the land with her fellow sufferers received every attention. But for this case would have been had indeed. Nevertheless it did not relieve the desolation of coming to a new land a bride widow. As soon as it was known what labor she could do those entrusted with the work of assisting the women and children who had lost husband and father secured her a place in a mill where she could ply her trade, and she became self supporting. Some time after her arrival in America a little girl was born to her, and, although there was a melancholy in not having her husband with her at the time, she welcomed the child as a memento of her husband and as a solace in her loneliness.

Amelia for awhile had a lingering hope that Adolph might be picked up and brought to land by some passing vessel, but as month after month passed and she heard nothing from him the hope gradually died away. She was well skilled in her work and received every attention and encouragement, as did all survivors of that terrible shipwreck.

And so time passed. The widow worked hard and saved that she might educate her child. Amelia was still young and comely, with the fair hair and complexion of the people of the north and a pair of melancholy blue eyes. Suitors came, but she listened to none of them. From childhood she had been Adolph Stahr's sweetheart, and there was little prospect of her ever giving herself to any other man.

Six years passed. Little Lena Stahr, who was now old enough to be amused by pageants, when a Labor day came round besought her mother to take her to see the procession.

So Mrs. Stahr, putting on the child's best clothes, took her into the city and found a vacant spot where they would be sufficiently elevated to see the marching men. There they waited. The child was wild with that excitement children of her age display at some unusual occurrence, especially a parade. When necks were craned in the direction of the floats the people expected she would shout, "Here they come!" and when disappointed would begin to look forward for the next float of the approach. In this way an hour passed, when a distant roll of drums was heard, followed by faint strains of martial music. Then Lena danced and clapped her hands and laughed with anticipation.

At last came the band, headed by the drum major, whose tossing of his staff was a delight to all onlooking children. Then the grand marshal, surrounded by his aids, passed by, followed by one union after another. When the masons passed suddenly a man darted from the ranks, pushed his way through the crowd that lined the sidewalk and, leaving over several small boys and disarranging the big hats of a number of women, clasped Amelia in his arms.

The man was Adolph Stahr, her husband. Amelia saw him and knew him before he reached her. Almost before his arms were about her she lost consciousness. Her first act after coming to herself was to point to Lena. Adolph understood, and taking the child in his arms, the three were united in one embrace.

Stahr after parting with his wife on the sinking vessel began to think of himself. First he picked up a life preserver and put it about him. He was cool and took forethought for a possible saving of his life. He secured a bottle of water and some meat and bread. These, with a small flask of liquor he had brought with him on his journey, he stowed away as best he could on his person, then, returning to the deck, gathered what loose material he could to make a raft. Stahr, her husband, the latter stood him in good stead, for, embarking upon it, he managed to paddle himself far enough away from the ship not to be drawn down with her when she sank. He was among a very few who did so, and soon after the ship went down he became separat-



# OLLE I SKRATTHULT

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The Favorite Songstress of Swedish Folk Songs  
**Olga Lindgren Peterson**  
The Accordeon Virtuoso  
**BIRGER NORDSTROM**  
and well known Chicago pianist  
**KARL O. ERICSON**

NEW LONDON, M. W. A. Hall, Monday, September 24  
SPICER, M. W. A. Hall, Tuesday, September 25  
WILLMAR, at Carlson Hall, Friday, September 28  
EACH EVENING AT 8:15 P. M. DANCING AFTER THE PROGRAM

# ATWATER

Rev. Stromberg returned last week from the M. E. conference. He has been re-appointed to this charge for the coming year.

Mrs. C. Johnson of Willmar and Mrs. F. VanHouten of Breckenridge, mother and sister of the editor, spent Wednesday with him before his departure for Colorado.

Mrs. Carrie Hanson returned last Saturday from a couple of days' stay with her daughter, Evelyn in Willmar who had undergone an operation at the Willmar hospital.

Geo. E. Johnson, editor of the Republican-Press, expects to leave next Monday for Colorado, where he will again spend the winter. During his absence the business here will again be in charge of Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Okerman in conducting the affairs of the office.

The N. Lundgren family inform us that they hear very good reports from Edwin, who is stationed at Ft. Sill, Okla., as a member of Battery F, Field Artillery. He has now been promoted to the rank of a corporal. The new grain houses, that of the Atwater Milling Co. and also the Farmers' Co-operative Elevator Co., are very well along in construction and it is expected will be ready to take care of the heavy crop movement this season.

Arnold Anderson and Vernon Peterson played with the Granite Falls band at the state fair during the last three days of the fair. Mrs. Balzer (nee Lillian Rudeen) also helped the band with her cornet playing.

P. G. Thompson and mother and Mr. and Mrs. P. Johnson of New London visited relatives at the Oliver Erickson and Erick Bayvall homes last week. They left here by auto for Red Wing and Carver on a visit with relatives. Miss Christine Erickson accompanied them as far as the cities.

Ole P. Fuegelm sold his farm in Sec. 19, town of Genessee, last week to Charles Nelson of Willmar. The consideration was \$12,200. The farm comprises 160 acres and above amount is at the rate of \$76.25 per acre. The new owner will take possession next March. The Fuegelm family expect to move to North Dakota this fall. Atwater Republican-Press.

**ROSELILLIAN.**  
Roselillian, Sept. 17.—Mrs. E. Rosen and Mrs. A. E. Bloomquist were Svea visitors last Friday.

Miss Sarah Johnson returned to her home Monday.

Willie Olson spent last Saturday at the R. Soderberg home.

G. P. Erickson visited with friends in Willmar last Thursday.

Mrs. C. Hawkinson visited at the E. Rosen home last Monday.

Oscar Anderson was a business caller in Willmar last Thursday.

Charlie Kostka visited with some of his neighbors last Tuesday.

Mrs. O. Bloomquist is at present staying at the R. W. Julius home. Mr. and Mrs. Emil Stahr are the happy parents of a son born last week.

Arthur Eastman is again the proud owner of a car—this time it is a Sax on.

R. W. Julius made a business call at the Mrs. A. Aspaas home last Friday.

Arthur Eastman is at present employed with the Johnson Bros.' threshing rig.

Sarah Johnson of Oak Park is at present visiting at the O. Bloomquist home.

Milton Eastlund entertained a few friends at his home last Saturday afternoon.

Rosy, Ruby and Arthur Eastman were Willmar visitors last Saturday evening.

Annette and Hazel Renstrom made a call at the Louis Lippert home last Tuesday.

Mrs. A. O. Renstrom and family visited at the Ole Tatting home last Thursday.

A. O. Renstrom made a business call at the Mrs. F. Kostka home last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Julius are the proud parents of a daughter born last Wednesday.

Mrs. Wahlgvist and Hildur Gibson visited with friends in Willmar Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Aspaas spent the latter part of last week at her parental home.

Henry Aspaas and Richard Julius made a business call in Olivia last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Oscar Wahlgvist of Willmar spent the latter part of the week at her parental home here.

Mildred Leverenz returned last week to her home here after a few months' stay in Minneapolis.

Harold and Elvera Bloomquist, Mrs. H. Aspaas and Sarah Johnson visited at the R. W. Julius home last Saturday.

Willie Olson spent a few days last week at his brother's home. Willie will leave next week for Des Moines and is now busy driving around the county in his Ford to say farewell to his friends.

The marriage of Henry Aspaas of Lake Lillian and Hilma J. Bloomquist of Roseland took place at the Swedish Baptist parsonage at Milaca, Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Rev. L. Linder officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Sarah Johnson of Oak Park and David Aspaas acted as best man. The bride wore a pale blue crepe de meteor gown. Mr. and Mrs. H. Aspaas will make their home at Portland, Oregon after Dec. 1.

**ROSELAND.**  
Roseland, Sept. 15.—Rev. Lammar of Silver Creek, Minn., occupied the pulpit here Sunday.

Mr. Nick Brouwer visited in Prinsburg Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Stahr are the proud parents of a son.

Miss Angie Knoll is assisting at the Ed. Roelofs home in Prinsburg.

David Roelofs and Miss Nellie Nype of Prinsburg spent Sunday here.

Miss Grace Nype spent a few days last week with Mrs. John Damhof.

Miss Lena Kohrs assisted her sister, Mrs. John Brouwer during threshing.

Mrs. John Dykema and son, Warren spent Wednesday at the J. Zuidema home.

School opened in Dist. No. 34 last week. Miss Emma Bergum is teaching this year.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Van Den Einde are the happy parents of a ten pound son born last Thursday.

Mrs. John Buikema and daughter, Mrs. Jake Bulthuis called at the H. J. Dragt home Monday afternoon.

Master George Dykema spent the weekend at the home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Watkins of Willmar.

Mrs. Rheinar Kost and daughter, Bernice have returned to their home after a several week's stay at her parental home in Raymond, convalescing from the injuries received during the recent tornado.

Meinard Kohrs and sisters, Emma and Lena and Mr. Henry Brouwer autored to Minneapolis to attend the state fair. They report a very enjoyable trip. Were delayed a short time on their return by the rain Saturday evening.

**NEW LONDON TIMES.**  
A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Larson in Roseville, yesterday morning.

S. Amundson of Georgeville went to Willmar Tuesday, where he has secured employment.

Mrs. Carlisle Larson of the Interlachen, who fractured her wrist a couple of weeks ago is now getting along nicely.

Miss Ruth Lundquist went to Cloquet last Thursday, where she has been engaged as primary instructor in the Cloquet schools.

E. G. Almedst, on Monday, traded his equity where he now lives, west of the Ivory barn for Mike Schmitt's equity in an 80 acre farm in Beltrami county.

Elmar Broberg and Edward Lundstrom and the Misses Kluge Broberg and Blanche Batterberry autored to Ortonville last Saturday and visited at the S. A. Paulson home until Monday.

Cecil Ogren, who went to Minneapolis last week and enlisted in the quartermaster's department of the U. S. Army as chauffeur, passed the examination and is now in training at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Lawrence Eckman who graduated from the state university last June as chemist, has accepted a position at the university as assistant in food analysis and gas and fuel analysis. He will also work for a master's degree.

Mrs. John Hassett, who resides near Georgeville broke her collar bone one day last week. She was driving from her home to Georgeville, when an automobile came along, frightened the team and Mrs. Hassett was thrown out of the rig with the above result. She is now recovering rapidly.—New London Times.

**DOVRE.**  
Sept. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Sletten and daughter, Marie, Mrs. S. Flatebo and Mrs. O. N. Sletten autored to Spicer on Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Lind is at present visiting with Mrs. Peter Olson.

Mrs. Andrew Olson is at present visiting with her daughter in South Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Dale and family called at the Marcus Sanderson home Wednesday.

Mrs. Leslie Backlund assisted her mother, Mrs. M. C. Tommeraaen during threshing this week.

Mrs. Peter Olson and Miss Mabel Lind visited with Mrs. Marcus Sanderson Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Strandberg of Smith Lake visited at the Albin Bjork home from Wednesday until Saturday.

Miss Allie Sandbo assisted Mrs. Josie Estness with the work while the latter attended the State Fair.

Messrs. Clarence Tommeraaen, Ole Olson, Thor and George Kallevig autored to Minneapolis Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Christ Otterness and daughter, Alpha and Charles Miner called at the John Otterness home on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. John Otterness, Mrs. Louise Birkeland and Mrs. Josie Estness left for Minneapolis Friday to attend the Fair. They returned on Monday.

**LAKE FLORIDA.**  
Lake Florida, Sept. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Gust Lindgren and children of Willmar visited at the Peter Skoglund home here last Sunday.

Miss Ruth Palmquist visited with Mabel Skoglund last Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Laurents Larson on Sunday of last week, a daughter.

Some of the farmers around here have had their silos filled during the past week.

Several parties from Minneapolis and Duluth were out at Lake Florida on Sunday shooting ducks.

Mrs. Andrew Danielson and daughter Annie visited at William Peterson's Thursday afternoon of last week.

**SALEM.**  
Salem—Farmers have been very busy this week filling their silos with winter feed.

A few friends called at the M. Magnuson home last Sunday p.m.

Andrew Erickson of Willmar spent Sunday with friends in Salem.

Mrs. Otto Holmgren was on the sick list a few days last week but is improving at this writing.

Mrs. John Iverson and daughter, Ruby and Kathryn Loberg visited with friends in Irving township Sunday.

**"IN A BAD WAY"**  
Many a Willmar Reader Will Feel Grateful for This Information.

If your back gives out; Becomes lame, weak or aching; Bladder troubles set in; Perhaps your kidneys are "in a bad way." Don't delay—use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Here is good evidence of their worth.

Mrs. Sarah Peters, Litchfield, Minn., says: "My back was so weak, lame and painful that I couldn't even walk across the floor. I had distressing headaches and such bad dizzy spells that sometimes I nearly fell. I couldn't get in or out of bed without help. At night my back ached the most and so I had that I could hardly turn in bed. I had a swelling over my kidneys and my feet and ankles were also swollen. My kidneys were also troubled. I had been subject to these attacks for years, but this was the worst one I ever had. I had always worked hard and I believe it was that, together with colds, that affected my kidneys. I finally got Doan's Kidney Pills. I began to improve right away and after finishing two boxes, I was perfectly well."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Peters had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. (Paid advertisement.)

—Word was received the first of the week from Harold Swenson who is with the Clint and Bessie Robbins Stock Co. They have left their summer home at Matiland, Missouri and are now on the road. George McDonald is another of the Willmar boys playing in this company's orchestra.

## An Effective Introduction

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Worthington was at the seashore. The day was foggy, but since there was nothing to do at the hotel he concluded to walk on the beach. He could not see the waves as they rolled in, but he could hear them break and the swishing sound as they slid up on the sands. That at least was better than lounging over a magazine or knocking balls about on a billiard table.

For awhile he kept between the dunes and the verge of the ocean. He could see nothing a dozen feet before him, but occasionally when a dune towered above him he caught a flimsy sight of it. At times he diverged from his line of direction toward the ocean and could see the foam ready to encircle his feet. Aiming to keep midway between the dunes and the foam, when he got too near the one he bent his course toward the other.

Why did he continue to walk about off from everything save the sands beneath his feet? Why do we do anything we are not obliged to do? Why will a man risk his life climbing a cliff? Why will one who has made a fortune continue in the slavery of business? Why does the sailor imprison himself in a ship when he has the whole earth to wander on?

He didn't know. He had begun to saunter to avoid ennui. But as he proceeded he forgot those at the hotel sitting about listlessly with a bored look on their faces. He was walking in the mist because he wished to. There was something he liked in being thus shut off from the world he knew to be about him but could not see. He had sympathized with blind persons and wondered how they could be cheerful, as many of them were. Now he understood. But he could not give his understanding in words.

Something dark loomed before him, and in another moment a woman stood facing him, a few feet from him. She was young and pleasant to look upon. There was a zest in this meeting, though the person met was a stranger to him. He might have met a girl, many girls, time and again on a beach when the whole panorama of nature was spread out before him and not one have attracted his attention. But here out of nothingness a child sprung a living being. It was like a child coming from the unknown. One does not consider anything remarkable in a stone falling at his feet even if it comes from a meteorite, but a living human being suddenly entering into his life—this was a wonder.

An introduction, essential under other circumstances, would have been incongruous. Worthington forgot even to raise his hat. The girl at first started, then her features broke into a quick, brief smile. Then she said: "Yes, strange. But no stranger than all other meetings. Every meeting is

## PEACE OF MIND.

Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest and is always on tiptoe to depart. It keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength or gives one anxious thought.

Good Gifts. The blessedness of giving is not limited to checks and bank bills. There are gifts that far transcend these—gifts of patience, sympathy, thought and counsel, and these are gifts that the poorest can give.—Lillian Whiting.

A clay pipe may be used as a crucible for melting small quantities of metal. The stem is broken off and a plug fitted into it.

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strange. It is all strange."

"What?"

"Everything from the universe down to a grain of sand."

"The universe is not so strange to me as a single living being!"

He did not hear this; he was following his own line of thought. Presently, as if waking from a dream, he said:

"Can it be possible that we are strangers?"

"We are, yet it seems as if I had known you always. It must be the unusual manner of our meeting."

"I could not feel more companionable if I had known you from childhood."

"I wonder," she said, "should the fog lift would we be as we would have been had we met under the blue sky, the ocean, the dunes and the sands, abodes of man about us."

"We would have passed each other like two leaves sailing in the wind, doubtless never to be so near again."

At that moment the fog vanished from about them. The sun shone, the blue sky arched above them, the waves reflecting its hue. White combed waves were chasing one another on the glittering sand surface, while gulls were sailing aloft.

Worthington turned from briefly talking in the scene toward the girl, smiled and raised his hat.

"It was dull at the hotel," he said, "but we have got the start of the world. Having met out of the world, we have been divested of its conventionalities. While thus shut off by ourselves, untrammelled by its customs and its influences, we have become companions. For my part I shall never relinquish what I have gained."

Her eyes dropped to the sands when he said this, and she made no reply.

"How did you happen to be walking on the beach in the fog?" he asked.

"I was dull at the hotel. I could not stand the chatter of the rocking chair brigade."

"And the gossip. I admit a fog is pleasant. One enjoys better the splendor of the waves. You are at the Ocean House?"

"I am."

"I am at the Sea Gull. I cannot so suddenly get back to the world's customs as to ask permission to call upon you. It would seem like asking it of one whose playmate I had been."

"Don't. You will find me at some whenever you call in the morning before the bathing hour or in the late afternoon or in the evening."

"This evening?"

"Yes. Come early."

"And stay late!"

"As long as you like."

"I promise not to keep you up after 10."

But he stayed till midnight.

How the Engagement Was Broken. "I can't make you out at all," he said angrily. "You're so fickle and changeable. You're just a riddle to me."

"Yes," replied his fiancée. "Since you're so stupid perhaps you'd better give me up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Does your dog ever growl?" "No. He knows that my husband has him hopelessly outclassed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Cash Paid for Junk**  
HIDES, FURS and POULTRY WANTED  
People of Willmar and vicinity—wait for hours saving time to gather their rags, rubbers and metal. Get them ready, phone me, and I will call for them. I advise the country people to bring in all their junk. I also buy hides, furs and poultry at any time. I have no other buyer.  
**J. J. RIVKIN**  
608 Litchfield Ave. W.  
Phone 434 Willmar, Minn.