Men's Shirts

New Patterns
Excellent Qualities
Prices You'll Approve

You're sure to like these stylish pattern shirts and their very reasonable prices will be an inducement to purchase your fall supply. Materials are of excellent quality and the variety affords you almost unlimited choice.

Prices $1.00, $1.25, $1.50

Don't Hesitate to Buy Hosiery Now By purchasing now, you get the benefit of prices which are much lower than can reasonably be expected a few months hence. Right now, our stocks are complete, but when we have to reorder, we will have to pay higher prices, and very likely some lines will be entirely out of the market. That's why we urge you to supply your needs NOW.

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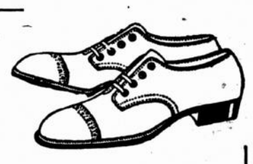
Distinctive Footwear of Dependable Quality



Generous Assortment for Men and Women

Our footwear stocks have been selected from your standpoint. You want dependable shoe service. You are entitled to a comfortable, graceful fit, and you want shoes that express the latest fashion ideas. Our selection of shoes will meet the full requirements of the most particular buyers of smart footwear.

Ladies' Oxford and Pumps, $3.50 to $6.00
Men's Oxfords, $3.00 to $6.00
Ladies High Shoes, $4.00 to $13.50
Men's Shoes, $3.50 to $10.00

Peterson & Wellin
STORE OF QUALITY

"Fit As a Fiddle"

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Ready to go—and able?" questioned Isaac Downing.

"Fit as a fiddle, yes!" answered Silas Green with vim, and drawing himself up straight as a poker.

"At midnight. That's the program."

"Good! Secret as the grave, you know. Mum's the word," and Silas pressed a significant finger to his lips, while Isaac looked mysteriously tragic and impressive. Then the latter winked significantly and Silas blinked with a knowing air and the remark: "Now don't oversleep yourself, Isaac."

"Not likely," was the prompt retort, "as I'm now too stirred up to sleep at all. Be sure to be at the rendezvous at midnight, sharp."

"Trust me," vaunted old Silas. "Don't forget the drum."

"Oh, I planted that in an old haystack before daylight this morning. And how about the horn, Silas?"

"Up on a shelf in the woodshed. Dunno, but it may take me a few days to get the run of the horn."

The two old men parted. Isaac lived with an old maid cousin in an humble way on his pension and interest from an investment left him by a brother. Silas lived with his son-in-law. He had once a home of his own, had borrowed two thousand dollars on it, had paid it off, had given the receipt for the money to his wife and had thought no more about it. Before Silas had got the notes and a release from him, the mortgagee died, and soon thereafter the wife of Silas. The mortgagee's lawyer found the uncanceled notes and demanded payment. Silas searched for his receipt, could not find it, and lost his home.

And now, a month after the entrance of their country into the European war, Isaac and Silas, veterans of the sixties, had their patriotic fervor aroused to fever heat.

"It's true, we're old and crippled, but we want to fight again!" was their ardent sentiment, and they mourned that the army could find no use for men over seventy.

"There must be some place for willing patriots like us," insisted Isaac. "I'll wager down at Prescott, where the cantonment is, they'd find some odd war corner to fit us into."

And out of the thought came a grand scheme that the veterans were about to put into execution. Plainly, they decided to run away from home. Like two truant boys they discussed their wonderful plan. While the cousin of Isaac and the daughter of Silas and the family slept serenely, the two old fellows were silently trudging down the road leading to Prescott.

They had one man in mind—Colonel Davenal. It was at his office at headquarters that they applied about noon the next day. The adjutant who questioned them as to their mission smiled quietly as they proffered their request. He reported to his superior officer.

"Both of them say they fought under your father in the Civil war," he stated.

Never was there such a welcome reception as that with which the colonel received his honored guests. He invited them to dinner, he showed them all over the camp, he started them back home, pleased and satisfied.

"Gentlemen," he told them on parting, "you want to do your bit, and you can do it best at home. I am going to obtain for you a regular commission to do duty in the line of encouraging enlistment. I want you to get up a home guard company at Acton. With your noble example, and drum and horn, and mass meetings, you sure will shame slackers and encourage many a wavering young man to enlist."

He sent them home in his own automobile. The story got about, and two evenings later twenty of the older men of the town inaugurated the home guard movement. Isaac and Silas, as "chiefs," began to feel that they were quite in military service again.

It was in the parades that were to be a feature of the campaign that the two veterans expected to shine. So far, Silas had not had opportunity or occasion to display his skill on the cornet.

"I'm coming over to your house tomorrow afternoon to practice," observed Isaac.

"I'll be ready for you," promised Silas, and Mrs. Duane, daughter and her two children were in the garden when Isaac arrived with his drum. Silas had produced the time-worn case containing the cornet. It had been shut so long that he had to disarrange the lock to get it open.

"Here we are," he announced, taking out the tarnished thing of brass and ivory-headed valves. "You get the music ready while I shine her up. Wough! there's dust for you!"

He blew through the mouthpiece and a cloud of dust from the bell end of the instrument and a yellow, cobwebbed paper came out.

"Wonder a nest of mice don't come next!" laughed Silas.

"Why! Hey! See here!"

The old man had unfolded the paper with a good deal of excitement. He passed it to Silas. The latter stared. Then he yelled out to his daughter.

"Nellie, the mortgage receipt! Just where your ma hid it in the old horn years ago! The old house back again!"

"Oh, we're rich! We're rich."

"And all through Silas and I running away from home to join the army!" cried old Isaac exultantly

Moderation Best Policy.

To keep up a nice balance of work and wear, and to come out a little ahead each day, is good religion. No man has any right to wear himself out.—Dr. Kellogg.

Mark of the Beast.

It is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion toward society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast.—Bacon.

Old Superstition Lingers.

Shipping returns of all countries show a much lower sailing rate on Friday than on any other day of the week.

The Better Way

By JESSIE ETHEL SHERWIN

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

She was a snowflake in the mire, a lily rooted on the rubbish heap, an ethereal being nurtured among people of the coarsest mold, with an environment distinctly of the slums and all the misery, want and ignorance that there unto appertained.

Claribel, they named her, and she had called old Jacob Roche "grandfather" as far back as she could remember. He allowed her to grow up like a weed.

To the children of the city grouped about the wretched settlement she had become champion, guide and leader. Somehow she had learned to read, and for doing some errands for an old book store proprietor she had been given a dozen tattered picture volumes and fairy stories, and after that she was educator and entertainer for her little ragged friends.

It was a matter of marvel and mystery for Claribel when, one day, her grandfather announced to her that they were about to part, and pointing to the little den of a closet where she slept, informed her there were some new clothes for her.

"Why have we got to part, grandfather, and am I to leave here for good?" she asked.

"And forever, and forget you ever knew me, or Cassidy Corners, or that you were ever called Claribel. It isn't your name, it never was, and it will all be explained to you a little further on."

Never in her life had Claribel owned a pretty gown until now. Some feminine taste had selected gown, shoes, hat, ribbons, gloves, tasteful and appropriate. Even the eyes of old Jacob sparkled at her transformation as he placed about her neck a chain and locket.

"You must never lose that," he told her. "I found it on you when I picked you up on a doorstep."

"But why was I put on a doorstep, and why don't you tell me more about myself?" asked Claribel, but old Jacob simply added that she was going to a lady who would do all that when the right time came.

There ensued for Claribel a year of wonder and rare comfort. Old Jacob had taken her to a widow named Mrs. Dover. There Claribel found Dan Chesley, who claimed to be her brother, and whom she had often seen in close secret confab with old Jacob. The man was sinister looking, the woman Claribel disliked intuitively, but she was away at school most of the time.

It was when Claribel had learned to write that she sent a letter to a person she had known in her days of poverty. This was Stanley Dorr, a poor musician, a young man who had more than once played his violin for the little group Claribel had fostered. She had never forgotten him. He was poor like herself, and she had grown to like him. She directed the letter to his old lodgings, telling him of her new life but did not receive any answer.

Then one day through her presence in an adjoining room, unsuspected by Mrs. Dover and Chesley, she was enlightened as to the reason for her being with them. He whom she had called grandfather had died. When she left him he seemed to have mysteriously obtained large funds from some source and made life a continuous feast until it overcame him.

And now Claribel learned that her supposed grandfather knew no more of her parentage than herself. Chesley had formed a scheme to adapt Claribel to an imposture that would make her an heiress. A very wealthy man named Robert Dorr had quarreled with both of his children. The eldest, a daughter, had married against his will and he had banished her. She and her husband had died in the South, their child later in an orphan asylum, it was supposed.

The two specious schemers had hoped to foist Claribel on the old man as his granddaughter. They had secured certain belongings of the dead child, had framed up plausible evidence. They intended first to obtain a rich reward for the recovery of the child from Robert Dorr and later use Claribel to extort money from.

The moment Claribel had overheard all this she knew that Robert Dorr was the father of her musician friend. Into her quick mind came a decision to cater to the fraud, and later—she had her plan, clever little counter plotter that she was!

The old man accepted her with eagerness and affection. Within a month she was his heart's delight. Gradually Claribel learned of the details of his senseless quarrel with his banished son. Through an agent she had Stanley Dorr hunted up. His father was stupefied one day to enter the library to find his son and Claribel awaiting him.

In a maze he listened to her confession, with a softening heart he realized his injustice to his son, Claribel had outwitted the human ghouls who counted on using her for their nefarious schemes.

"Take back your son, dear, dear grandfather," pleaded Claribel, "and I can go back to rags and poverty content and happy."

But it was not to be. She had woven a strong chain of love about the heart of Robert Dorr and he would not let her go. And as to Stanley, how could he help but love this noble, young girl, who had thought only of his welfare!

Jews in New York's East Side.

The lower East side of New York is made up of many races, but the Jews predominate. They come from all quarters of the globe to find a home in New York's most crowded spot.

Add, Palindromes.

When asked by a friend if he had any coal, Rogers gave a reply that is the same spelled backwards or forwards: "Not a ton, Bob, not a ton."—Boston Transcript.

Optimistic Thought.

If the people praise us we should examine ourselves the more.

YOU'LL NOT GET MORE THAN 50 PER CENT OF YOUR COAL

The County Fuel Committee has received word from the State Administrator that no one may receive henceforth more than fifty per cent of the hard coal that they used last year. Later, after all have received the fifty percent, additional supplies may become available, but the Committee urges the use of as much soft coal and wood during the fall months as possible. The fuel problem promises to become a serious one. The West will not have the supply of hard coal that it had last winter. The East has insisted upon and has received a larger share than it had last winter when there was a great shortage and some suffering.

IN THE CHURCHES

SWEDISH BAPTIST.
Trott Ave. and Third St.
Rev. Paul Hallin, pastor.

Thursday evening of this week at eight o'clock, Mrs. Palmkrona, a former Salvation Army Captain, will pay us a visit and speak in the Sunday school room.

Next Sunday, sermons by the pastor at 10:45 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

A cordial welcome to all.

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UNITED LUTHERAN SYNOD.
Rev. J. N. Andersen, pastor.

Next Sunday services in English at 10:30 a. m.

Benacta meets at O. A. Kiland's next Monday evening.

The Missionary Society meets in the church basement next Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. P. Bonde will serve refreshments.

The Confirmation class meets on Saturday at 10 a. m.

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SVEA LUTHERAN.

Service at 11 a. m.

Sunday school at 10:00. A class in English is begun.

Mission services by Rev. J. E. Rydbäck 8:00 p. m.

Y. P. S. Friday the 16th.

Edwin Eastlund's, J. A. Engwall's and Freed's will serve refreshments.

Communion services Sunday Aug. 25th.

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FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.

Subject: Spirit.

Sunday service at 10:45 a. m. Wednesday service at 8 p. m.

All are welcome to these services.

Free reading room in church edifice open every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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BETHEL LUTHERAN.
Jesper Holmquist, pastor.

Communion service and reception of new members next Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

Evening services in the English language at 8 o'clock.

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SWEDISH M. E.
Gustav O. Westman, pastor.

Willmar: Sermon 11 a. m. No Sunday school.

Kandiyohi: Sunday school 11 a. m. No other services.

Oak Park: Sunday school 2 p. m. Sermon 3 p. m.

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LUTHERAN FREE.

Rev. C. E. Nordberg of Minneapolis will preach at the services next Sunday morning.

Prayer meeting at church basement Thursday evening.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Luther C. Benson, pastor.

Morning service 10:30 a. m.
Sunday school 11:45 a. m.
Epworth League 7:00 p. m.
Evening service 8:00 o'clock.

The Dry Federation.

The county executive committee of the Dry Federation held a meeting this morning at the Masonic Building. The matter of precinct committees to have in charge the getting out of a full vote on the dry amendment was considered. Mrs. Stromsedt, who was appointed as secretary resigned, and Atty. Geo. H. Otterness was elected to fill the vacancy. The out-of-town members in attendance were Hon. P. A. Gandrud of Sunburg, Albert Boersma of Holland, Rev. Fred Stromberg of Atwater and Rev. E. M. Hanson of New London.

Family Party at Edenwood.

A family gathering took place at Edenwood Farm at Green Lake last Sunday, when the Lawson families of New London and Willmar, J. A. Swenson and children, and Oscar Hagman and family of Mamre, and the members of the F. O. Swanson family were gathered for a social time, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Enock Swenson. County Auditor Samuel Nelson, his daughter, Miss Minnie, and son Vernon of Willmar, and County Agent and Mrs. Edwin Knock of Benson were also guests.

The Anton Olson family of Willmar received a letter yesterday from Jens Olson of the 52nd Artillery American Expeditionary Forces. He is now at the front and says that they have plenty of excitement "over there" One day they observed a German aeroplane over their lines and he dropped a couple of bombs on them. They didn't do very much damage. Jens will have been "over there" a year the eighteenth of this month. He also says that they are doing fine work up where he is.

Home From Capitol City.

Private Harold Severinson arrived Wednesday morning from Washington, D. C. While on guard duty about the White House, he suffered a fracture of his ankle and was given a three week's furlough which he will enjoy at his home in this city.

Employees Enjoy Dinner.

The employees of the Farmers Co-operative store were treated to a picnic dinner at the William Magnuson cottage at Eagle Lake, Wednesday evening. About twenty-five were present and after a tasty dinner had been served, the evening was spent in various amusements.

—Rev. E. G. Edgren of Minneapolis spent Monday and Tuesday with his daughter, Mrs. Hugo Hoaglund of this city.

WANT COLUMN. TOO LATE TO BE CLASSIFIED.

FOR RENT—Four rooms. Inquire at 209 Litchfield Ave. West or phone 487 J. 544

FOR SALE—Twenty foot sail boat, fully equipped. P. J. Bassebo, 182 Litchfield Ave. East. 504

MAJOR C. A. RICE GIVEN BANQUET

(Continued from page 1.)

the Allies are beginning to be able to push him back somewhat, but Major Rice warned against too optimistic views, The fliers know that the Germans have prepared and are preparing line after line of trenches, built with re-inforced concrete to which they can fall back, and which it requires the heaviest artillery to crush. It is going to require much hard fighting before the victory is won. And it will take money, money and more money. A whole national debt of a smaller country is shot away every day. It is our duty to give everything we have, if necessary, to win the fight.

The German has been taught from childhood to be patriotic and loyal to his Fatherland, and it makes him a very formidable enemy. Japan's system is similar and the Japanese gladly goes to his death for his Nippon.

Major Rice talked strongly against giving money to misapplied charities. He said every project for which money was solicited for the war should be closely investigated.

There is no question but we are going to whip the Germans, the only question is how long it is going to take us to do it.

Major Answers Questions.

Several questions were asked Major Rice at the close, some of which he refused to answer for military reasons. In regard to the mail service, he said he had received seven letters in the five and one-half months he was in France. He had no remedy to suggest. He said it was up to the people at home.

At the close of the meeting Judge Gilbert presented Major Rice with a silver cigarette case and match box, suitably engraved, as a token of the love and esteem of his home people, and said he hoped he would always carry it with him to remind him of the home folks. Major Rice responded gracefully. He said it was his one wish that he could go back, and when he did he would show his companions this gift from his home town and invite them to come after the war and visit his beautiful little native city in Minnesota, with its shady streets and pretty lawns.

Shows Equipment.

Major Rice had a trunkful of equipment for a flier with him and some interesting relics which were exhibited to an interested group after the meeting. The gas mask was perhaps the most interesting of these. A pincer closes over the nose as any air taken in through the nose would be fatal in a gas attack.

Major Rice went to Minneapolis yesterday morning where he spoke before a meeting of the Civic and Commerce Association last night. He expects to go to Rochester and consult with the Mayos regarding his physical condition, and expects to be back to Willmar to spend a few days with father, Gov. A. E. Rice in the near future.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

—Austin Sundberg left Monday for Dunwoody Institute.

—Miss Lena Botnen spent Sunday with friends in Pennock.

—Miss Luella Berg spent Sunday with friends in Benson.

—Miss Florence Henderson of Spicer was a Willmar visitor Monday.

—Miss Anna Monson spent a few days visiting at Diamond Lake..

—Millins Susag of Paynesville spent Sunday at the N. M. Gabrielson home.

—Emil Linn is enjoying his vacation from his duties at the Co-operative store.

—Miss Lucile Preus of Minneapolis is a visitor at the Rev. J. N. Andersen home.

—Misses Rose and Mary McGinty of Kerkhoven spent Friday visiting in this city.

—Mrs. L. R. Higgins left Monday for Lake Minnetonka for a short visit with friends.

—Mrs. Oscar Revling and children of Spokane, Wash., are guests at the A. M. Olson home.

—Miss Emily Ryberg of Lake Wilson spent the week-end with Misses Nellie and Ellin Olin.

—Miss Mabel Olson enjoyed a two week's vacation from her duties at the Co-operative store.

—Miss Agnes Larson returned Saturday from Milaca and Hinckley where she enjoyed a week's visit.

—Dr. Bennett of Minneapolis was a visitor here between trains Wednesday with Dr. M. Cramer.

—Miss Olive Kallevig of Kerkhoven spent Tuesday and Wednesday visiting with relatives in Willmar.

—Mrs. H. W. Rost and daughter Dorothy left Friday for Yankton, S. D. for a short visit with her parents.

—Miss Lucile Andersen entertained Tuesday evening in compliment to Miss Lucile Preus of Minneapolis.

—Rev. N. Nilsen and family left Friday for Lake Minnetonka where they will enjoy a three week's visit.

—Mrs. Peter Olson and daughters left Friday for an extended visit with relatives at Vancouver, Washington.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Helvig of Blooming Prairie arrived Tuesday for a short visit at the home of Mrs. O A. Ruble.

—Miss Amy C. Nelson left Saturday for St. Paul where she will be employed at the Robinson Strauss Millinery House.

—Miss Thora Thunstedt returned Friday from a two month's visit with friends and relatives in Duluth, Milaca and in the cities.

—Mrs. Lena Palmer and son Kenneth and Mrs. Lillian Miller of Minneapolis spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Nellie Noren.

—Miss Ruth DeLaHunt returned Saturday from Ellendale, N. D. She graduated from the Normal School there, conducted during the summer.

—Mrs. John Erickson of New Hampton, Iowa arrived Saturday from Lake Andrew and spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Mrs. Nellie Noren.

—Rev. Jesper Holmquist, Mrs. William Englund and daughter Hilma, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. A. Hanson left by car Wednesday for a brief visit in Minneapolis.

—Mrs. N. Swenson and sons Lawrence and Wallace and daughter Ethel left Saturday for their home in Minneapolis after a three week's visit with relatives at Linden Hill farm.

—A. O. Opheim and siser Julia motored up from Jackson and spent Tuesday and Wednesday at the I. T. Cramer home. Mrs. Opheim, who has been visiting here for some time, returned with her husband to Jackson, Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Otos returned Monday from a trip thru the state of California. They visited Camp Kearney and were pleased to meet the following Willmar boys: Ralph Monson, Harry Moldenhouer, Lars Ostenson, Clarence Otos, Albert Anderson and Arnold Kiland.

For Sale, Land

Here Is Your Chance

Are you a renter?

Get a home of your own.

80 acres of improved land; 3 acres of timber, 3 acres of natural meadow, balance open and level fine soil. Close to school and town, on graded road. Terms to suit buyer. Will take new auto or one in good repair on part payment.

117¾ acres all timber; birch, maple, basswood and spruce; on a nice little lake. Good bass fishing. This is a No. 1 soil, a little natural meadow. The timber will more than pay for the land. This land can also be bought on the same terms as above.

ADDRESS, BOX 336
Willmar, Minnesota

BOSTON SHOE SHINE HAT CLEANING and RE-BLOCKING FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Hats cleaned and re-blocked at 50c, 75c and $1.00. New bands, 35 cents
We clean and dye all kinds of shoes. Please give us a trial.

MIKE ECONOMY 323 Pacific Ave. (Rasmusson's Old Stand) WILLMAR, MINNESOTA

DOVRE.

Dovre, August 5th.—Rev. Nordahl Thorpe of Willmar was surprised last Sunday afternoon while attending the Vikor Y. P. S. meeting at the John Syvertson home. He was presented with a clock and a sum of money.

Miss Bertha Vabo left last week for Willmar where she is assisting Mrs. O. G. Alvig with the housework.

Last Sunday, Mrs. O. O. Rykken was surprised by her relatives. Mr. O. Melby and family, Trond Lepse and family, Mrs. K. T. Rykken and sons Elmer and Clifford, Mrs. Ingeborg Netland and daughter Thora of Willmar came out to help her celebrate her birthday anniversary. She was presented with a set of silverware.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walby of Norway Lake called at the O. Skaftedahl home Sunday evening.

Mrs. Anna Bjork and children of Willmar arrived Tuesday and visited until Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Guri Skutle.

Mrs. John Otterness and mother, Mrs. Helmer, and Effie Otterness autoed to Pennock last Sunday and visited at the Willie Helmer home.

Mrs. August Arneberg of Palermo, N. D., came down last Thursday morning to visit with her sister, Mrs. C. Sandbo. She will also seek medical aid while here.

Mrs. Sandbo, Mrs. Birkeland, and Mrs. Arneberg called on Mrs. O. O. Rykken Sunday evening.

The Y. P. S. meeting held at Syvertson's Sunday was largely attended. Revs. Andersen and Thorpe spoke and a good musical program was given.

BIDS FOR COAL.

Sealed Bids will be received by The Board of Education of Independent School District No. 47 of Kandiyohi County, Minnesota for 300 tons Youghiogheny lump soft coal, screened. Such bids to specify price per ton delivered and said bids to be addressed to Clerk of Board of Education at Willmar, Minnesota in sealed envelops marked "Bids for coal" on or before nine o'clock a. m. August 19th, 1918.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated at Willmar, Minn., Aug. 6, 1918.

C. F. OLSON, Clerk.
Board of Education.

Extension Man Here.

Prof. G. A. Lundquist of the State University was in Willmar today on business connected with the extension work of the Agricultural College. Dr. Lundquist has for several years been instructor at the University of Pittsburg, but since last April has been in Federal employ on work connected with the University of Minnesota.

—Thomas Kavanaugh of Murdock is visiting with friends in this city.

—Mrs. Carrie Swenson of Spicer, and her daughter, Mrs. D. A. Knock, have rented a flat soon to be vacated in the C. L. Collin residence, and expect to make their future home at Willmar.

Red Cross Shipment.

This week's shipment from the County Red Cross reads as follows: Willmar, 190 pair knitted socks, 27 pajamas, and 10 hospital shirts. Sunburg—18 pajamas, 2 dozen bed socks and 50 pairs knitted socks. Golden Rod—5 hospital shirts and 8 petticoats.

Beauty and Service.

A real woman can make a home in a desert out of a dry goods box or in a canteen in France. But do not think that she does it by the wave of a magic wand. She does it because she gives her heart and hands and head to it; because she rises early and works late; because she loves beauty as she does her own life, and because she realizes that service is its handmaid.—New York Evening Mail.

Had Improved on Phrase.

An aged banker once said to a friend: "Yes, I expect to marry one of the proudest and most beautiful girls in New York. You see, a young suitor sings to his sweetheart, 'Love Me—and the World Is Mine.' But I've got a better method, by jingo. I sing, 'Love Me—and the World Is Thine.' I'm bound to win out, don't you think so, George?"

Little Things That Count.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

The Real Trouble.

Said the almost philosopher: "Many a couple obtains a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility when the trouble was an excess of combatibility."—Indianapolis Star.

Nathaniel's "Jinx" Active.

Nathaniel Ripple had a terrible experience one afternoon when he was about twelve years old. He opened the doors of the buggy house and was backing the buggy in when the wind blew both doors shut. He propped them open with small sticks, but just as he reached the buggy tongue one of the sticks fell and the doors came around far enough to stop the buggy. A moment later Grandpa Ripple, who had just come down to the barn, said: "What's that you are saying, Nathaniel?"—Kansas City Star.

Homing Instinct Supreme.

Science cannot explain the wonderful instinct which brings the pigeon to its home, but it is stronger than fear or any other obstacle. Liberated in the face of the heaviest barrage, it circles in the air to get its bearings, rises swiftly to a height of half a mile, then is off with the speed of a bullet. For a distance of 30 miles they are capable of making two miles a minute, and have flown 800 miles on a single flight.

Marble Caves of Oregon.

Amid the wilds of southwestern Oregon, almost unknown to the world at large, is situated a series of underground chambers and passages remarkable for their size and for the beauty and unusual character of their decorations, says F. E. Tuck in Popular Mechanics Magazine. Within the last few years they have been made a national monument and are now known as the Marble Caves of Oregon.

Symptoms of Death.

The usual procedure in warfare to determine whether death has occurred is to inject fluerescine, according to the method of Dr. S. Icard of Marseilles. In the living the eye will take a vivid green color, as though an emerald had been set in the socket. If no coloration is observed within an hour or two after injection, it may be stated positively that the person is dead.

Slippers.

In many respects orientals can give us lessons in hygiene. It is true they eat out of a common bowl with their fingers, which is neither sanitary nor pleasant; but on the other hand they do not tramp into a house, bearing on their footwear all the miscellaneous filth of the street. At the door they remove their shoes and put on slippers.—Exchange.

Gets Along Without Nest.

The whippoorwill doesn't build a nest. It lays two large, round eggs in a slight depression in the ground—say in a cow's track in the pasture, or even upon the top of a dead and rotting log in the woods. If the eggs are discovered the bird will carry them away in its mouth and deposit them somewhere else, and it will do the same thing with its young.

Explaining Falling of Leaves.

The shedding of leaves in autumn may be due to physiological drought. The soil contains sufficient moisture, but the temperature of the soil may be too low to enable the trees to absorb it. "June drop" of oranges and many similar losses may be due to similar causes.

Locusts a Palatable Food.

The Greeks valued grasshoppers very highly as a delicacy, according to Pericles, and many tribes of Indians eat them with relish and profit. Scientists on field work have dined with natives on locust dishes and report them edible and nourishing.

Music's Value on National Life.

There is an old saying "bad men have no songs." The constantly increasing interest in music among the masses of this continent is a tremendous influence for improving the national life in our own country and that of our neighbors.

Not Frightened.

Private Jones was doing his first guard duty. An officer approached and Jones failed to salute. The officer halted and said pompously, "My man, do you know who I am?" Jones admitted his ignorance. "I'm a colonel," the officer said. Jones grinned and said, "Gee, you wux lucky. They made me just a private."—Judge.