

WANT ADS

All ads run in this column are 1-2 cents per word. Minimum charge 35c. Cash must accompany order.

FOR SALE

HOUSE FOR SALE—Six rooms, large hall, city water, sewer, electric light, sidewalk, street improvements. Located on North Front street. Inquire at Review office. Adv. 28.

FOR SALE—Three Steam Traction engines. Cheap. J. A. Löffelmacher, Adv. 28 Fairfax, Minn.

FOR SALE—127 acres of land, including crop, within the city limits of New Ulm. Inquire of Ernst Sauer, New Ulm, Minn. Adv. 26-28

FOR SALE—My residence on 1101 Center St. Strictly modern. Inquire of Henry Lawinske Phone 734 Adv. 26-29

FOR SALE—Lansing Concrete Mixer, with Fairbanks & Moors Engine all on truck. Inquire, Walter Franks, Adv. 23-28 Essig, Minn.

FOR SALE—Produce Store, with entire stock of feeds etc. Excellent location and good trade. Frank Darcy, Adv. 17th Vest, Minn.

FOR SALE—My residence on 309 So. Minn. St., strictly modern, including garage. Herman Held. Adv. 9th.

300 Made-To-Order Farms are now opened for settlement. Get complete information at once about the

WISCONSIN COLONIZATION COMPANY and their **Made-To-Order-Farms** from **NEW ULM REVIEW** Phone 101 Call or Write.

HOUSE FOR SALE—4 rooms, on State street, near the Catholic church. Inquire of John A. Sellner, Phone 860-L. Adv. 18th.

WANTED

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. Adv. 47-39

MISCELLANEOUS

Your Kodak films are appreciated at Goede's Kodak Finishing Department. Finishing is done by electric printing. 20 tf adv.

WEEKEND EXCURSIONS TO TWIN CITIES.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad is selling excursion tickets to St. Paul and Minneapolis every Friday and Saturday, good returning on or before the following Monday at fare and a half, provided three or more persons travel together on the same ticket.

St. Paul and Minneapolis are full of attractions for the visitor at this time of the year and this excursion arrangement makes a saving of 25 per cent in the cost of the trip.

Call on R. Leary, M. & St. L. Agent for tickets, or further particulars. Adv. 24-28

Mind not the breakers but go straight ahead and you will succeed, but let your course be towards **Mankato Commercial College**, Mankato, Minn. Send for our catalog. Adv. 28

LEARN TO SWIM. Instructions for beginners and advanced swimmers. For further information call 543. Adv. 28-30 R. F. Neumann.

Carl Engel of Minneapolis, is spending his summer vacation with his father and other relatives in this city. Carl made the trip by bicycle with a motor attached and was on the road only five hours.

The young horse which attacked and fatally injured William, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ehler, residing on a farm near Judson, recently, also caused the death of the lad's father, last Tuesday. A veterinarian, who examined the animal, found that it had become mad as a result of the excessive heat. It attacked both the boy and his father in the barn.

OUR PRINTING HAMMERMILL ON BOND Will Save You Money

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MELLY'S BIRTHDAY.

"Listen," said the Myrtle bed, "there she comes. Be quite still and don't let her know."



"She Decorates."

"Don't you suppose she knows?" asked the Pink Phlox. "Perhaps she guesses, but still we mustn't say a word," said the Myrtle. And then a little girl named Melly walked by and on down the garden. "You see," the Myrtle continued, "it is fun to make-believe everything is going to be a great surprise."

Melly probably has a very good idea that she will have a birthday cake and a wreath, and flowers about the table, but still we like to all whisper and have secrets and pretend everything will be a great surprise, and Melly likes it, too, that way.

"I heard Melly's mother talking about it the other day," the Myrtle said. "Melly calls her mother 'Dolly,' you know. For a long time I thought it was her name, but it seems it isn't. It is a pet name Melly has for her mother because her mother is so small and dainty and pretty. Like a lovely dolly, you see."

"I see," said Pink Phlox, nodding its lovely head. "Melly's mother said that she had never missed a year in coming to this myrtle bed for us so she could make a wreath for Melly's cake. She picks marigolds, too, and that gives a lot of color to the wreath, for they do look like flowers of gold!"

"Then she decorates the birthday table with us and with you, lovely Pink Phlox, and Melly's auntie works hard, too, picking flowers, and decorating everything."

"When the morning of the birthday comes there are flowers around Melly's place at the breakfast table. Then there are flowers around her place at the lunch table, and flowers around her place at the supper table."

"At about eleven o'clock in the morning the birthday table is put on the back porch, decorated with all of us from the garden."

"For years and years they've used my family for the wreath. That is such an honor."

"And we have always come out just in time for her birthday," said the Pink Phlox. "We liked to be called Melly's birthday flowers."

"Oh," said the Myrtle, "there is such excitement. Melly is told to keep out of the way and she is glad to do that, for she likes to have everything seem like an enormous surprise."

"They will ring the bell for the birthday table at a few minutes before eleven tomorrow and then Melly will come along and will follow the procession."

"Procession?" asked the Pink Phlox.

"Certainly," said the Myrtle. "They will all form a procession, and the Dolly mother will lead it, ringing a bell, then will follow auntie, and Melly will take hold of her brother's arm and he will show her, with much bowing and smiling, to her place."

"Her chair will be decorated with flowers. You will see, Pink Phlox, you will be there, too."

"Then there will be the cake with the candles, and there will be poems. Oh, yes, every one will write a poem for Melly, and they will say much the same as they have every year, but that won't make it any less wonderful!"

"All of Melly's family will dress in funny old clothes, and they'll all be wearing lots and lots of smiles. You know there are some people who can't scare up more than one smile? You've seen them, Pink Phlox, with their little tiny smiles, oh, such stinky smiles!"

"But Melly's family have lots of smiles! The smiles will all be there tomorrow."

"And there will be speeches, and presents, and the sponge cake, upon which the candles will be standing will be so proud, that it will get fine and light as a sponge cake should be."

"But oh, while Melly loves her birthday. I don't believe she loves it more than the flowers and myrtle of the garden. They simply love adding their beauty and sweetness in honor of Melly. Hush! We're off for the wreath now!"

So 'Twas.

"George Washington was the bravest man in the world," remarked the freshman to the sophomore. "He was never licked in his life."

"Oh, yes, he was on a stamp."

"Well, it was done behind his back."

Miss Esther Hillmer returned to her home Tuesday in Rock Valley, Iowa, after a month's visit at the Wm. Gluth home.

Sales of Tin Pan Alley

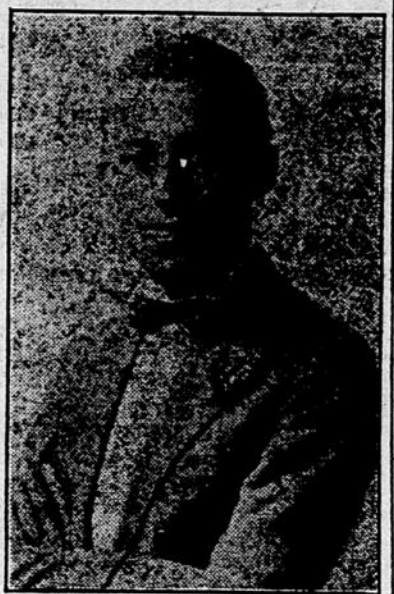
By D. E. Wheeler

Neville Fleson On Lyric Writing

There are two things that most people think they can do without any experience or preparation whatever: write a play, or write a song lyric. For some reason, these things are considered easy to do, all history to the contrary, notwithstanding. I mentioned this singular delusion to Neville Fleson, who is one of the most successful lyric writers in the country today.

"Sure, they think it is easy," he said. "But you will notice that those who think writing songs is easy are those who never succeed."

"How did you get into the game?" I asked.



NEVILLE FLESON

Before he could answer, there were two calls on the telephone. Albert Von Tilzer came into the room, impelled by an inspiration, and a musical comedy prima donna appeared suddenly on the scene, and sang a number for our edification, Fleson playing her accompaniment. After the excitement subsided and we were alone again, Fleson turned to me.

"Where was we in our power?" he asked.

"That prima donna set my mind afloat," I confessed. "But, tell me, were you born writing lyrics?"

"Hardly," answered Fleson. "I was a class poet in high school, though. Long before that, however, I had picked out tunes on the family piano. Indeed, I wrote music first, but got away from it somehow."

Then Fleson sketched his career rapidly. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. His verses began attracting attention and money when he was a mere lad. A job as lyric writer was offered him by Will Rossiter, of Chicago. He accepted. The craze for ball room dancing came along soon after and lured Fleson into the ranks of professional dancers. He was having a lot of fun and being paid well for it. But meeting Florence Holbrook, the well-known vaudeville artist, again changed his

course. She persuaded him to write a vaudeville act, in which they appeared together in Chicago. Then he invaded New York, playing in real "drammer." Eventually Al Von Tilzer, of the famous song-writing family, saw the vaudeville act, "The Vocal Verdict," which was the work of Neville Fleson, and suggested to the author that they form a writing partnership. The pact was made, and Von Tilzer and Fleson turned out such successes as "One For All and All For One," (written for the Stage Women's War Relief and now the official song of the Actor's Equity), "Somewhere, Someone Is Waiting For Me," "Say It With Flowers," "Waters of Venice," "I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time," and the music and lyrics of "Honey Girl," the musical comedy sensation.

At this point of our talk Al Von Tilzer once more dashed into the room. He heard us mention "Honey Girl."

"Be sure to put in your article that Mr. Fleson has the faculty of writing lyrics that mean something to the plot of the play and which carry the story along," he interjected. "That is what lyrics should do and that is what few lyric writers do."

Al Von Tilzer had popped out of the room before I could reply. I turned to Fleson questioning.

"Yes, I always try to tell a story in my lines, or put some sort of a punch in them," he said. "Just words without meaning—many lyrics have little sense—make me mad. I also try to visualize the song and singer together. And when called upon to write special stuff, I study the personality of the artist and endeavor to make a certain type of song will suit a certain type of performer better than another. You know, and I make it my job to fit the words of the song to the singer."

"Sort of temperamental diagnosis!" I ventured to say. "That sounds difficult!"

"Rather," agreed Fleson, "but I know something still more difficult. A humorous light shone in his eyes. 'Collecting money for a vaudeville act of mine which has been going the rounds for four years. That is 'The Vocal Verdict,' the very act that caught Mr. Von Tilzer's fancy and led to our partnership. The woman playing it calmly refuses to give me any royalty for the act. What do you think of that? I am hot on her trail, believe me.'"

Fleson has written several successful vaudeville acts: one, "Cupid's Mirror," was Christie MacDonald's vehicle for two years; another is being starred in by Trixie Friganza at present, and he was working on a musical play for Adolphe Menjou, the leading lady in "Irene," when I had my talk with him.

Those who imagine a lyric writer waits for his poems to come to him and is obedient to the fickle muse, ought to see Neville Fleson in action!

MRS. SUGGETT MUST RETURN

U. S. COURT COMMISSIONER ORDERS EXTRADITION OF CANADIAN.

WAS ARRESTED AT SLEEPY EYE RECENTLY FOR A SERIOUS CRIME.

Mrs. C. L. Suggett of Mirror, Alberta, Canada, who was arrested at Sleepy Eye some weeks ago, at the instance of Provincial Detective J. O. Scott of Red Deer in the same province, on the charge of having furnished instruments and drugs to women and girls of her home town for the purpose of committing crimes against nature, must return to Canada and face the charge of murder in one instance. The crime with which she is charged, that of furnishing the means to perform the criminal operation complained of, is of itself sufficiently serious to be punished by life imprisonment in Canada, regardless of whether death of the victim ensues or not.

Extradition Granted.

It will be remembered as stated in the Review at the time, that Mrs. Suggett was arrested at the home of a friend in Sleepy Eye, where she and her five-year-old son had ostensibly been visiting. Detective Scott claimed that she was a fugitive from justice, having left Canada just before being indicted by a grand jury there, and he had documentary evidence to substantiate his statements. Subsequently, a hearing was held before United States Court Commissioner Howard S. Abbott at Minneapolis, following Mrs. Suggett's arrest on a Federal warrant, charging her with being a fugitive from justice. The matter was postponed until Monday of this week, when the request for extradition was granted and Commissioner Abbott ordered her

to return to Canada. The extradition papers were forwarded to Washington, D. C., by him and will be returned after being approved by the State Department there.

File Notice of Appeal.

Attorney Henry N. Somsen of this city and Attorney Einar Hoidalde of Minneapolis, as counsel for Mrs. Suggett, filed a writ of certiorari with Commissioner Abbott, being an appeal for her release, and this matter will be urged before Federal Judge Wilbur B. Booth at Minneapolis in the near future. In the meantime, Mrs. Suggett must remain in the Hennepin county jail, where she has been confined since being taken to Minneapolis by a deputy United States marshal about three weeks ago.

After the prisoner had refused to accompany the Canadian officer back without extradition papers being issued, Detective Scott engaged the local law firm of Mueller & Streissguth as counsel for the Canadian government, and Attorney Alfred W. Mueller appeared for his client at the hearing before Commissioner Abbott in Minneapolis, Monday.

Jos. Welter, who is employed at the Watkin's Medicine Co. at Winona is spending several days at the home of his mother, Mrs. T. Welter of this city. He also visited with his sister, Mrs. Ath. Henle at Sleepy Eye.

The annual "stiftungsfest" of the Lutheran Ladies' Aid was fittingly observed on the Dr. Martin Luther College campus, Friday afternoon. Some 70 members were present and a delightful social afternoon was enjoyed. Lunch and refreshments were served.

Mrs. C. L. Peterson and son of Waseca, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lindemann of this city. Her daughters, Leona and Ruth, have been visiting here for some time. The latter accompanied her mother on her return home last Saturday. W. Ries and daughter, Mary, of Jamestown, N. D., who were here to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Hoffmann, went to Waseca with Mrs. Peterson, where they will spend a few days visiting.

BARRIE'S GUEST

By JACK LAWTON.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

For days Barrie had ridden the lovely trail obsessed by a hunger for companionship which he had never heretofore known. Even the gruff, illiterate guide, whom he had left far below, would now be welcome. And as Barrie traveled his lonely paths, he wondered if the clue which led him to this desolate spot might not be false after all. In a spirit of enthusiastic confidence he had offered his service in seeking out the supposed defaulter of the bank, in which his own father was president.

Detectives, it was proven, had been at sea in their suspicions, and Barrie, in a moment of inspiration, had put his finger mentally upon the culprit, and then had offered to take an adventurous trip to the far mountains, where Glen Gordon was supposed to be hiding.

Glen Gordon had served faithfully for many years in the bank where Barrie, under his father, was employed. And when Glen Gordon's name was furnishing the sensation of city dailies, Gordon himself completely disappeared.

As Barrie's father—in a last hope of proving his old employee's honesty—had provided necessary bail, the flight was more distressing. But now Barrie feared that the clue, given by an old servant of the Gordon's, had been misleading, and his own offered service useless.

Then, far above in a clearing, the young man beheld a small cabin; smoke came from its chimney, and Barrie eagerly pressed his horse forward. The sight of human habitation was at least comforting. And as he approached, a young woman turned. At sight of her, Barrie's eyes reflected the astonishment of her own.

Barrie broke the silence. "Beg pardon," he said. "I have traveled far, without finding a resting place. May I rest here? And, perhaps, trespass further upon your hospitality in asking for food? A glass of milk or a piece of bread would be gratefully received."

When she reappeared at the door of the cabin bearing a light table, Barrie hastened to relieve her, carrying it at the girl's direction to the shelter of a tree. Sharpness was still in the air, and he would have preferred indoors. But when his enforced hostess came presently, she carried a basket of cakes and cracker-sandwiches and a pot of steaming tea. And as she served him, Barrie noted the soft whiteness of her hands.

"It is unusually good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of one of my own country women in such a desolate place," he said.

The girl, with an enigmatic smile, ignored the suggested question. "When you feel refreshed you will kindly ride on your way," she returned.

"I'm afraid," Barrie said decidedly, "that before I do so I must gain that information for which I came. I am trying to locate a Mr. Glen Gordon, being the bearer of news to his advantage."

Though the girl's face paled, her blue eyes regarded steadily the self-imposed detective.

"Mr. Gordon is not here," she replied. "You may search the cabin, if you wish. I occupy it alone."

Barrie stared, then laughed incredulously.

"Alone in this wilderness?" he exclaimed. "Now, why you do that?"

The girl gathered up the tea cups. "I have answered you," she said. "You are the first living person whom I heard speak in two months."

Over her shoulder she nodded to him. "Good night," she said meaningly.

Barrie did not search the cabin; but when he was again upon a lower level he looked up at the house in the clearing, and he saw the girl wave white cloth, giving with it three distinct signals. Then Barrie saw a man's tall figure—so the girl had lied, as he suspected.

He rode on to intercept the man, and as the man came Barrie recognized the one for whom he sought—Glen Gordon, trapped and frightened. The older man's ghastly face turned crimson as the young one, alighting, clasped his hands as the hands of a friend.

"It's all right!"—Gordon realized the young man's words at last—"I came to tell you that we are aware of your innocence. I was lucky enough to hit upon the guilty devil, and he confessed—Bains, your assistant. But look here, man; why did you run away? You must have known that it would come out right!"

Inarticulate, tears rolling down his cheeks, Glen Gordon stood. Then he drew a paper from his pocket and wrote:

"It was nerve shock; lost my power of speech; wanted to run away from the papers—the suspicion—everything. And Julie came with me—Juliet, my daughter. She was bound they wouldn't find me to take me back. So I've camped on the ground, in the thick of the brush. But she said the truth would come out, and it has. Barrie, my boy, come with me up to the cabin—to Julie. We will all go back together."

And as Barrie led the old man on toward where a girl's figure waited in the sunlight, he was thinking not of the success of his quest, but of the light that it was his to bring to a girl's brave blue eyes.

Gust and Dora Ballmann of Cleveland spent the week-end at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Joseph Horner, North Jefferson street.

JOHN DEERE

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New Ulm Roller Mill Co.

NEW ULM, MINN.

MARRIED 30 YEARS.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Muesing, well-known and respected residents of New Ulm for many years, were most agreeably and successfully surprised by a large number of relatives and friends at their home on North Franklin street, Thursday evening, the occasion being their 30th wedding anniversary. The evening was most delightfully spent in social conversation and a delicious repast was served.

Mr. Muesing was born in Stadthagen, near Krebschen, Schaumburg, Lippe-Detmold, Germany, and left the Fatherland with his parents when less than a year old, observing his first birthday anniversary on board ship enroute here. The family located at Elgin, Ill., for one year, then removing to New Ulm, where they spent about six months before moving onto a farm in Courtland township. The following year Mr. Muesing's father acquired a homestead in Nicollet township, near Nicollet village, where the family continued to reside for many years.

In 1885, Mr. Muesing entered Dr. Martin Luther College in this city, completing the four-year normal course, whereupon he graduated from that institution in 1889. The following fall he accepted a position as teacher in St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran parochial school here and continued in this capacity for over 25 years. After giving up his profession as an instructor, Mr. Muesing entered the employ of William Ruemke in the latter's grocery store here, which position he retained for six years, until taking up his duties as shipping clerk in the big plant of the Saffert-Gugisberg Cement Construction Co. in this city nearly two years ago.

Mrs. Muesing, nee Miss Louise Hain is a native New Ulmite. She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Hain. During the cyclone, which devastated New Ulm in July, 1881, nearly 40 years ago, Mr. Hain was carried a distance of about half a mile, being rendered unconscious. After regaining consciousness late the same evening, he found himself lying on a door from his home, but every other vestige of the house had disappeared as if by magic. He finally located the members of his family, consisting of Mrs. Hain and their two daughters, Mrs. Muesing and Mrs. Henry Hellmann, the latter also still a resident of New Ulm. They were unharmed, having sought refuge in the cellar of the family residence, while Mr. Hain attempted to hold the door shut. About a year later, Mrs. Muesing, while returning home after having herded cows in the south end of the city, accidentally found an old tobacco bag, containing a number of gold coins. Taking them home, her parents recognized the bag as one in which they had kept their savings, composed of gold coins. The bag must have been carried away with the house and other belongings of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Muesing were married at St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran church here, July 7, 1891, the late Prof. John Schaller, at that time connected with Dr. Martin Luther College here, officiating. Their union has been blessed with six children—five sons and one daughter. They are: Prof. Walter Muesing, who was an instructor in the Welcome high school for the past several years; William C. Muesing, popular local druggist; Oscar, Roland and Miss Ida Muesing at home. The latter is one of the efficient stenographers in the law offices of Attorneys Mueller & Streissguth in this city. One son died while in his infancy.

It's the High Cost of Dying in China



A Typical Chinese Monument

The Chinese bury their dead on the mountain side where the earth is dry and there is less danger of floods. The monuments are built along the highway to inform the public of the great men who have lived and died in the neighboring villages.

A brief history of the dead man serves as an epitaph, and a tortoise or dragon, carved into the stone, symbolizes eternal life.

Death is an expensive proposition for the Chinaman. Only the leaders of community life are honored by monuments along the highway. But by the time even the average citizen's funeral expenses are paid—with numerous palbearers and feasts for the mourners—well, it's cheaper to live.

There is an average of one doctor to every 400,000 Chinese. So the Interchurch World Movement, in which America's evangelical bodies are cooperating, intends to cut down funeral expenses for China by opening a large number of new hospitals and by strengthening existing institutions.