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INTERESTING DOBRUDJA.

Washington, D. C.—Dobrudja, that fertile Rumanian plain lying between the Danube and the Black sea, where German and Bulgarian forces recently began their important drive northward, is described in the following war geography bulletin issued from Washington by the National Geographic society:

"When the low-lying, treeless, largely fen-and-swamp province of Dobrudja was ceded to Rumania in 1878 and in exchange this nation was despoiled of the rich, thickly populated province of Bessarabia which had been a part of her domain since it had been taken from Russia after the Crimean war, the Rumanians believed more than ever in their ancient proverb, 'Guard me, O God, against my friends, for against my foes I can guard myself.' In the 38 years which have intervened, however, Dobrudja has taken rapid strides, thanks to the advances in agriculture and to the prosperity of the several Black sea ports of the province. So striking has been the development of the region that at the conclusion of the second Balkan war in 1913, Rumania demanded as her share of the spoils from Bulgaria an enlargement of this formerly despised area. Including this newly acquired territory the Dobrudja now embraces nearly 9,500 square miles, with a population of 500,000, made up of many elements—Bulgars, Turks, Rumanians, Gypsies and Jews.

German Loan Helped.

"By an ironic whim of fate, Rumania paid her expenses of the war in which she acquired this recent addition to Dobrudja and secured the capital for its development from the proceeds of a loan of 300,000,000 francs floated in Germany just prior to the outbreak of the great European conflict. Under the improved conditions this section now produces important crops of cereals, tobacco, sugar beets, vines and mulberries for silk worms. "Bounded on the north and west by the Danube, on the east by the Black sea, and on the south by Bulgaria, Dobrudja is of great strategic importance, a fact recognized by the Romans who defended this region on the south by Trajan's wall, a double rampart extending from the Black sea, at a point near Constantza, to the banks of the Danube. The present Rumanian-Bulgarian frontier is some 60 miles southwest of this ancient wall, and extends from the river to the sea, a distance of 100 miles in an airline.

"The earliest mention of the Dobrudja region is as the home of the Geta and the Dacians (Pliny explains that the former

is the Greek name and the latter the Latin for the same tribe). Herodotus speaks of this people as 'the bravest and most honorable of all the Thracian tribe,' and credits them with having attempted to stay the march of the Persians under King Darius in the Sixth century before the Christian era.

An Old Battlefield.

"One of the most picturesque stories of the ancient inhabitants of Dobrudja is related in connection with an expedition against them headed by Philip of Macedonia. The great general was besieging one of the principal towns of the tribe and just as he was about to give the signal for an assault the gates were thrown open and a long line of priests, clad in white robes and playing lyres, marched out and came into the camp of the enemy. So impressed was Philip by this sight that he spared the city and took Meda, the daughter of the Gotic king, as his wife. Thereafter the Getae were allies of the Macedonians in their campaign against the Scythians. By the middle of the Fourth century, B. C., the tribe began to expand beyond the bounds of Scythia Minor, as the region was then known, into the land lying on the left bank of the Danube.

"During the last quarter of the Seventh century, Ishard, one of the five sons of the legendary Bulgarian Prince Kuvrat, with a band of followers from Bessarabia crossed the Danube into Dobrudja and conquered its people. But the Bulgarians experienced the same fate which the Normans encountered with the Saxons in England—the conquerors were absorbed by the conquered.

"By the treaty of San Stefano, which ended the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, in which the Rumanians distinguished themselves at Plevna, Dobrudja was ceded to Russia by Turkey, the express design of the former being to acquire the land and force Rumania to accept it in exchange for coveted Bessarabia, as previously stated.

"From the point where it becomes the western boundary of Dobrudja the Danube is a wide stream, flowing between low banks. Its waters are studded with numerous islets which are the homes of vast flocks of waterfowl—wild swans, wild geese, pelicans and herons. A famous traveler described the impression which this region makes upon passengers of the river steamers, thus: 'At night pelicans and storks stalking about on lonely islands uttering at times a wild cry, which, more than anything I know, brings to the mind the images of solitude and desolation.'

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Twenty Year Record of a Brooklyn Model Husband

From the New York World.

WHAT HE DID.

Worked every day.
Home every night.
Saved his money.
Traveled 15 miles a day between his home and his office.
Bought a cottage.
Gave his wife \$100 every Christmas.
Allowed himself only carfare and lunch money.

WHAT HE DID NOT DO.

Never witnessed a baseball game.
Never entered a theater, cabaret or other amusement place.
Never attended an outing or clambake.
Never drank beer or other liquors.
Never smoked or chewed.
Never took a vacation.
Never allowed his affections to wander from his home.

THE WISHING WELL

From the Indianapolis News.

The rest of the crowd wasn't crazy about going, for it was a three quarter mile walk in a broiling sun—but I just couldn't give it up. In the first place, I'd never seen any kind of cave, and I wished to see this one, but, really, that wasn't the main object of my quest. I had plucked a yellow placard from the bunch that hung on a tree near the path. It was an enthusiastic advertisement of the cave, and among all the other beauties and wonders set forth it called particular attention to the wishing well. Of course I'm not getting childish, and I'm not superstitious—but what harm is it to wish for things?

I've always been a great wisher, and of course I've always found plenty of opportunities—the first star of the evening, the new moon, and the pins with points toward me—but this was more interesting and exciting. It sounded like the fairy wells of our childhood reading. To be able to drink from that well and wish for something, with the assurance that it would come true, would be almost as good as catching the leprechaun and squeezing him until he granted the desire of your heart. So I persuaded my folks to go with me to find that wishing well. Of course there was an office, where you had to pay the price of admission. You have to pay the price for everything when you start on your vacation, but what did that little fee amount to compared with getting your wish granted? Well, anyway, the delicious coolness of that cave was worth all it cost, including the long, hot walk. Down, down we went, on steep flights of steps between rock walls, then over wet, slippery rocks, and, at last, we came to the wonderful well! An old man with long, gray beard was in charge of the well. He dipped up the water with a tin dipper and handed it over the iron rail to us. We took the precaution to pour it into a sanitary cup, which I hope didn't break the charm. I asked him if he was quite sure that our wishes would come true. "Sure! Well, I'd reckon so," was his indignant reply. "I been here for 43 year, and I never knowed it to fail. Why I've had post cards from as many as 800 folks sayin' that their wish come true in less'n a year!"

I imagined I saw a twinkle in his shrewd old eyes, but maybe it was the electric light overhead shining beneath his old cap brim. There was too much hilarity in that crowd for me to be able to do any serious thinking. I knew very well what the other three were wishing, because of the laughter in their eyes, and because of the topic that had been uppermost in our conversation all day, but I couldn't seem to think of a thing important enough for such a momentous an opportunity. It seemed ridiculous to come hundreds of miles to a wishing well, and then wish the same thing I'd wished over and over when I picked up a pin in the kitchen at home! But, after all, that same simple little wish seemed at that moment the dearest, most unselfish one I could make, so

I drank my cup of clear, cold water and wished it.

Of course, we didn't any of us tell what we had wished. That would have broken the witchery of the place. But, after the others had scattered out, some to explore the upper chamber of the cave and some to the secret crevice where the discoverer of the cave had once hidden all his treasure, I slipped back and asked for another cup of the water. I had thought of a wish that seemed mighty important—in fact, it is always lurking in my mind and heart—and I drank and wished it! I can't think that it was wholly selfish, for it's coupled up with hard work which I'm perfectly willing to tackle, if only, according to the gray, old man's assurance, it'll come true in less'n a year—and I do so wish it to come true.

The Siege.

From the New York Times.

The diplomat who told Mr. Balfour that he considered the naval battle of Jutland the turning point of the war was probably mistaken; the turning point of the war was the fruitless campaign against Verdun. Both were the sallyes of a garrison. Everything in this war is on such a colossal scale that what are called battles would have been called campaigns in other wars, that a campaign lasting for months is called a battle, and that the battles are named not after a farmhouse, a village, a creek, or even a city, as in past times, but after whole provinces and even countries; the battle of Champagne, the battle of Bukovina. So with sieges, what is going on now is the siege of Germany.

The Jutland battle was a sally by a part of the beleaguered force. It inflicted great damage on the besiegers, and the sallying force escaped, with much loss, back into the intrenchments. This is what the Germans describe as a victory, but a sallying force does not win a victory unless it cuts its way through. Cervera's sally ended in the destruction of his force. Scheer got back; but neither of them broke the besieging lines.

If the sally against Verdun had been successful it might or might not have raised the siege, it failed, and with its failure the besiegers attempted to storm the fort. There were two storming parties, one on the east and one on the west. They have both made breaches in the walls, slight ones in the west, great ones in the east. If both these storming parties were to fall, more would follow, and still more, while in the meantime the besiegers on the sea continue uninterrupted their merciless beleaguering, no more affected by the spectacular Jutland sally than the sallyes of Osman Pasha. The German fleet is impotent; it cannot even interfere with the flood of men and munitions constantly flowing across the channel. The battle of Jutland was the last great sally in the siege of Germany.

The Way of Man.

Mrs. Wilkins—Did Fussleigh take his misfortune like a man?
Mrs. Williams—Precisely. He blamed it all on his wife.