The Palace of Darkened Windows

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Thinking all these brightly revengeful thoughts she had been oblivious to the many turnings of the motor, tho it had occurred to her that they were taking more time than the car had needed to appear, and now she looked out the window and saw that they were in a narrow street lined with narrow houses, whose upper stories, slightly projecting in little bays, all presented the elaborately grilled facades of mashrubiyeh work which announced the barred quarters of the women, the haremlik.

Arlee loved to conjure up a romantic thrill for the mysterious East by reflecting that behind these obscuring screens were women of all ages and conditions, neglected wives and youthful favorites, eager girls and revolting brides, whose myriad eyes, bright or dull or gay or bitter, were peering into the tiny, cleverly arranged mirrors which gave them a tilted view of the streets. It was the sense of these watching eyes, these hidden women, which made those screened windows so stirring to her young imagination.

The motor whirled out of the narrow street and into one that was much wider and lined by houses that were detached and separated, apparently, by gardens, for there was a frequent waving of palms over the high walls which lined the road. The street was empty of all except an old orange vender, shuffling slowly along, with a cartwheel of a tray on her head, piled with yellow fruit shining vividly in the hot sun. The quiet and the solitude gave a sense of distance from the teeming bazaars and tourist-ridden haunts, which breathed of seclusion and aloofness.

The car stopped and Arlee stepped out before a great house of ancient stone which rose sharply from the street. A high, pointed doorway, elaborately carved, was before her, arching over a dark wooden door heavily studded with nails. Overhead jutted the little balconies of mashrubiyeh. She had no more than a swift impression of the old facade, for immediately a doorkeeper, very vivid in his Oriental blue robes and his English yellow leather Oxfords, flung open the heavy door.

Stepping across the threshold, with a sudden excited quickening of the senses, in which so many things were mingled that the misgiving there had scarcely time to make itself felt, Arlee found herself in a spacious vestibule, marble floored and inlaid with brilliant tile. She had just a glimpse of an inner court between the high arches opposite, and then her attention was claimed by Captain Kerissen, who sprang forward with a flash of welcome in his eyes that was like a leap of palpable light.

"You are come!" he said, in a voice which was that of a man almost incredulous of his good fortune. Then he bowed very formally in his best military fashion, straight-backed from the waist, heels stiffly together. "I welcome you," he said. "My sister is rejoiced. . . . This stair—if you please."

He waised to a stairway on the left, a small, steep affair, which Arlee ascended slowly, a sense of strangeness mounting with her, in spite of her confident bearing. She had not realized how odd it would feel to be in this foreign house with the Captain at her heels.

There was a door at the top of the stairs standing open into a long, spacious room which seemed shrouded in twilight after the sunflooded court. One entire side of the room was a brown, lace-like screen of mashrubiyeh windows; wide divans stretched beside them, and at the end of the room, facing Arlee, was a throne-like chair raised on a small dais and canopied with heavy silks.

By one of the windows a woman was squatting, a short, stout, turbaned figure, striking a few notes on a tambourine and crooning softly to herself in a low guttural. She raised her head without rising, to look at the entering couple, and for a startled second Arlee had the half hysterical fear that this squatting soloist was the triste and aristocratic representative of the hautmonde of Moslem which the Captain had brought her to see, but the next instant another figure appeared in a doorway and came slowly toward them.

Flying to the winds went Arlee's anticipations of somber elegance. She saw the most amazingly vivid creature that she had ever laid eyes on—a woman, young, tho not in her first youth, penciled, powdered, painted, her hair a brilliant red, her gown a brilliant green. After the first shock of scattering amazement, Arlee became intensely aware of a pair of yellow-brown eyes confronting her with a faintly smiling and rather mocking interrogation. The dark of kohl about the eyes emphasized a certain slant diablerie of line and a faint penciling connected with the high and supercilious arch of the brows. Henna flamed on the pointed tips of the fingers blazoned with glittering rings, and Arlee fancied the brilliance of the hair was due to this same generous assistance of nature.

"My soul!" thought the girl swiftly, "they do get themselves up!"

The Captain had stepped forward, speaking quickly in Turkish, with a hard-sounding rattle of words. The sister glanced at him with a deepening of that curious air of mockery and let fall two words in the same tongue. Then she turned to Arlee.

"Je suis enchantee—d'avoir l'honneur—cet honneur inattendu——"

She did not look remarkably enchanted, however. The eyes that played appraisingly over her pretty caller had a quality of curious hardness, of race hostility, perhaps, the antagonism of the East for the West, the Old for the New. Not all the modernity of clothes, of manners, of language, affected what Arlee felt intensely as the strange, vivid foreignness of her.

"My sister does not speak English—she has not the occasion," the Captain was quickly explaining.

"Gracious!" thought Arlee, in dismay. She had no illusions about her French; it did very well in a shop or a restaurant, but it was apt to peeter out feebly in polite conversation. Certainly it was no vessel for voyaging in untried seas. There were simply loads of things, she thought discouragedly, the things she wanted most to ask, that she would not be able to find words for.

Aloud she was saying, "I am so glad to have the honor of being here. I am only sorry that my French is so bad. But perhaps you can understand——"

"I understand," assented the Turkish woman, faintly smiling.

The Captain had brought forward little gilt chairs of a French design which seemed oddly out of place in this room of the East, and the three seated themselves. Out of place, too, seemed the grand piano which Arlee's eyes, roving now past her hostess, discovered for the first time.

"It was so kind of you," began Arlee again as the silence seemed to be politely waiting upon her, "to send your automobile for me."

"Ah—my automobile!" echoed the woman on a higher note, and laughed, with a flash of white teeth between carmined lips. "It pleased you?"

"Oh, yes, it is splendid!" the girl declared, in sincere praise. "It is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"I enjoy it very much—that automobile!" said the other, again laughing, with a quick turn of her eyes toward the brother.

Negligently, rather caressingly, the young man murmured a few Turkish words. She shrugged and leaned back in her chair, the flash of animation gone. "And Cairo—that pleases you" she asked of Arlee.

Stumbling a little in her French, but resolutely rushing over the difficulties, Arlee launched into the expression of how very much it pleased her. Everybody was beautiful to her. The color, the sky, the mosques, the minarets, the Nile, the pyramids—they were all wonderful. And the view from the Great Pyramid—and then she stopped, wondering if that were not beyond her hostess's experience.

In confirmation of the thought the Turkish lady smiled, with an effect of disdain. "Ascend the pyramids—that is indeed too much for us," she said. "But nothing is too much for you Americans—no?"

Her curious glance traveled slowly from Arlee's flushed and lovely face, under the rose-crowned hat, down over the filmy white gown and white-gloved hands clasping an ivory card case, to the small, white-shod feet and silken ankles. Arlee did not resent the deliberate scrutiny; in coming to gaze she had been offering herself to be gazed upon, and she was conscious that the three of them presented a most piquant group in this dim and spacious old room of the East—the modern American girl, the cosmopolitan young officer in his vivid uniform, and this sequestered woman, of a period of transition where the kohl and henna of the odalisque contrasted with a coiffure and gown from Paris.

Slowly and disconnectedly the uninspiring conversation progressed. Once, when it appeared halted forever, Arlee cast a helpless look at the Captain and intercepted a sharp glance at his sister. Indeed, Arlee thought, that sister was not distinguishing herself by her grateful courtesy to this guest who was brightening the tristesse of her secluded day, but perhaps this was due to her Orinetal languor or the limitations of their medium of speech.

It was a relief to have the Captain suggest music. At their polite insistence Arlee went to the piano and did her best with a piece of MacDowell. Then the sister took her turn, and to her surprise Arlee found herself listening to an exquisite interpretation of some of the most difficult of Brahms. The beringed and tinted fingers touched the notes with rare delicacy, and brought from the piano a quality so vivid and poignant in appeal that Arlee could dream that here the player's very life and heart were finding their real expression.

The last note fell softly into silence, and with her hands still on the keys the woman looked up over her shoulder at her brother, looked with an intentness oddly provocative and prolonged. And for the first time Arlee caught the quality of sudden and unforeseen attraction in her, and realized that this insolence of color, this flaunting hair anu painted mouth might have their place in some scheme of allurement outside her own standards. . . . And then suddenly she felt queerly sorry for her, touched by the quick jarring bitterness of a chord the woman suddenly struck, drowning the laughing words the Captain had murmured to her. . . . Arlee felt vaguely indignant at him. No one wanted to have jokes tossed at her when she had just poured her heart out in music.

The Captain was on his feet, making his adieux. Now that the ladies were acquainted, he would leave them to discuss the modes and other femine interests. He wished Miss Beecher a delightful trip upon the Nile and hoped to see her upon her return, and she could be sure that everything would be arranged for her. When she had had her tea and wished to leave, the motor would return her to the hotel. He made a rapid speech in Turkish to his sister, bowed formally to Arlee over a last au revoir and was gone.

Immediately the old woman entered with a tray of tea things, the same old woman who had been squatting by the window, but who had mutelessly left the room during the music. She was followed by a bewitching little girl of about ten with another tray, who remained to serve while the old woman shuffled slowly away. Arlee was struck by the informality of the service; the servants appeared to be underfoot like rugs; they came and went at will, unregarded.

The tea was most disappointingly ordinary, for the pat of butter bore the rose stamp of the English dairy and the bread was English bake, but the sweetmeats were deliciously novel, resembling nothing Arlee had seen in the shops, and new, too, was the sip of syrup which completed the refreshment.

(To be continued).

Old Burglar Alarm Guards Tombs.

In Tibet the Tartars have what is possibly the oldest burglar alarm in the world. It was invented as a precaution against the robbing of tombs.

When a royal personage died in Tibet he was buried with all his jewels and precious robes. To add a still higher tribute, the most beautiful young women of his court were suffocated and embalmed upon the day of the funeral.

This conserved their beauty, and they were placed in a standing position around the tomb of their master, each holding some trinket used by the royal personage during his lifetime.

To protect these treasures from vandals the Tibetans erected an arch of sharply pointed arrows, and whoever passed under this trod on a release, which discharged the arrows in quick succession.

This invention hidden around the temples and tombs of the rich Tartars, was doubly efficient, as it protected property as well as executed justice without unnecessary trial by jury.

An Enemy to Good Health.

Good health has no greater enemy than constipation. You can not "keep fit" for work or play if the bowels are irregular or clogged with a decomposed mass of undigested food from which the blood picks up disease-causing impurities and carries them thruout the entire system. Foley Cathartic Tablets are mild but sure in action. They banish biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach and other ills caused by indigestion. Take one tonight and you will feel better in the morning. Sold everywhere.—Advertisement.

Radium traces in hot mineral waters point to its existence in considerable quantities in the interior of the earth.

AMERICAN PRINCESSES---A SERIES OF OFFICIALLY CHOSEN BEAUTIES.

Miss Lois Davidson, Texas "princess."

This is another of the series of American "princesses," charming U. S. girls chosen to represent their states at the cotton ball and celebration at the Texas Cotton Palace, Waco, Texas. Governors of the various states were asked to appoint a maiden as their official representatives at the celebration. America has no "royalty," but no one will deny that these girls are really "princesses."

Live Sports News and Comment

WILL ANY OF THESE STARS BE SOLD THIS WINTER?

Left to right, above: Babe Ruth, Carl Mays and Harry Hooper. Below: Eddie Collins, Ray Schalk and Everett Scott.

Deals negotiated by the big league clubs the last few seasons have shown that no star is too valuable to a club to be traded or sold. The sale of Babe Ruth by the Red Sox after he had set a world's record of twenty-nine home runs in the 1919 campaign, the sale of Carl Mays, the purchase of Tris Speaker and other transactions are instances. And so, we may expect almost any kind of a deal this winter. The purchase of Rogers Hornsby of the Cards by the Giants for $200,000 is talked of. Above are six of the big stars of the American League who would have seemed to be unbuyable a few years ago, until the moguls began to talk in big figures. Now they may change teams. However, it would take a bankful of coin to grab off Babe Ruth or Eddie Collins. Each is just about a whole team.

Sport Brevities

Lindsay Moore, captain of the Washington and Lee football team, is the third member of his family to bring fame to their habitat via the gridiron. He and his brothers, Pierman and Arthur, have made reputations as star football players. Pierman Moore, Lindsay's younger brother, is one of the stellar guards on the navy football team, and also rowed on the championship navy Olympic crew last summer. He has been elected captain of next year's crew. The oldest brother, Arthur, played tackle for Virginia Tech from 1913 to 1916. Capt. Lindsay Moore, of the General's football squad, is playing his third year as left tackle on the varsity and is the mainstay of the line. He stands six feet two inches in height, weighs 195 pounds and is exceptionaly fast. He was a member of the crack Allentown football eleven in 1917. The Moore brothers' home is in Ringgold, Va.

Brothers are playing a prominent part in the various football games this season. There are the famous Callahans, Mike and Tim, captains of Princeton and Yale, respectively; the Robertsons, Harry and Jim, captains of Syracuse and Dartmouth, respectively; the Beeks, one of whom is leading Penn State and playing a whale of a game at guard, and Carl, the schoolboy phenom, who is running wild as a halfback on the West Virginia eleven. Then there are the Stein brothers. Heine is captain and star center of Pittsburg and one of the best plyot men playing. Otto is doing good work as tackle on the Washington and Jefferson team, and there are two Penfields playing on different teams in the western conference. Nebraska, Ohio State and Rutgers seem to be the only elevens able to induce a pair of brothers to attend the same institution. Rutgers has Herbert Redmond at end and brother Mortimer in the backfield. Nebraska has the Munns, Wade and Monte, each playing a guard position, and Hugo and Neil Workman play quarter and end for Ohio State. Last but not least, are the Devine brothers, of S. U. I.

The St. Louis Browns have signed Jack Hurt, an all-around athlete, and he will receive a trial with the American leaguers next spring. Hurt, who is only twenty years old, is now a member of the football team representing the Union University of Tennessee and is well known in the south. He was discovered by a scout for the Browns last summer while playing with an independent team. He is a third baseman and according to those who have watched him perform on the diamond possesses real major league ability.

George Blake, former boxing instructor in the United States army, who went to the Olympic games with the service boxers, is telling one on Charley Paddock, world's champion sprinter. It seems that Paddock, like a majority of the Yankee athletes, thought he would have considerable trouble making himself understood over in the old country. One day, having occasion to visit the postoffice, Paddock approached a gendarme (Belgian for cop) and by means of a book of translations, the sign language and three or four words of French, tried to inquire where the building was located. After listening with considerable patience the gendarme drawled out in perfect English: "I don't know just what you're trying to get at, but if it's the postoffice you're looking for, it's right around the corner."

Dan Griner, former National League pitcher, has slipped further away from the big show. Last season the big hurler was a member of the St. Paul club of the American Association. Next summer he will perform as a member of the Memphis club of the Southern Association, having recently been sold to that club by the Saints. Griner was once a member of the Cardinals and later was tried out by the Brooklyns. His last year in the big show was in 1918. That season he pitched one brilliant game. It was against the Phillies at Ebbets' field. With two out in the ninth Cravath drove a single over second base and the blow robbed Dan of a no-hit game.

Willie Jackson and Lew Tendler, the lightweight contenders who refuse to contend, are going to be matched for a bout in New York, provided they are not as unreasonable in their demands as they were when offered a match with Champion Benny Leonard. Tendler and Jackson are bitter rivals and the match looks like a good one, even tho it will not produce an opponent for the champion, since neither wants to fight.

Georgia Tech, to replace the Pittsburg game on its schedule, following the Panthers' rupture of relations, is negotiating with a half dozen northern universities for a contest to be played in the north next autumn.

Bill Whittaker, the Fort Worth pitcher who will get a trial with the Boston Red Sox, is no youngster, and he is further handicapped by the fact that he has but one eye. He's a durable piece of pitching material who can show youngsters a thing or two.

Owner Charles Ebbetts, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, does not anticipate any trouble getting the members of his 1920 team to sign for the 1921 season. Ebbetts says the entire crew think the Robins will repeat next season, and they will be glad to be with a winner. He did not state whether there would be a salary adjustment.

Marion High School has changed its name to Harding High School, since Marion's leading citizen became president-elect. Mr. Harding has always been greatly interested in scholastic athletics and is said to have assisted the teams financially on several occasions.

In announcing that he had never thrown a ball game in his life, and saying that he had employed an attorney to defend him at the trial of the White Sox players charged with having taken a bribe to toss a game or two in the big series of 1919, Joe Jackson has given the Chicago authorities a timely warning. Steps have already been taken to charge Joe Jackson with perjury if he attempts to deny his confession made before the Cook county grand jury. Owner Comiskey, of the White Sox, says Jackson is making a lot of trouble for himself.

A recent attempt to introduce professional football in Pittsburg met with a volume of opposition from college followers in the Smoky City, with the result that when a game was staged it attracted a very small crowd and the promoters had a narrow escape from sustaining a loss. With Glen Warner's Pitt machine and the Carnegie Tech eleven in action nearly every Saturday thruout the grid season, Pittsburgh football lovers did not get excited over the professional brand of the game, even tho the visiting teams boasted no less than eight former All-American stars.

Yale wrestlers will have the busiest season ever after the first of the year. Yale grappling schedule opens on January 14, and does not close until March 26, when the Eli strong men will take part in the great intercollegiate meet. The mat sport has gained many followers at the New Haven institution and the team is said to be the best Yale ever boasted.

Eddie Fitzsimmons, the eastern lightweight who was recently put away by Willie Jackson, has decided to drop out of the strictly lightweight class. Fitzsimmons attributes his defeat at the hands of Jackson to the fact that he injured himself trying to do 135 pounds at 3 o'clock, and when he was called on for a test of his endurance he was unable to respond. Fitzsimmons says he will not attempt to do better than 138 at 3 o'clock, and within a year hopes to be able to scale at 142 without difficulty. Fitzsimmons believes he has a better chance of success in the welterweight class.

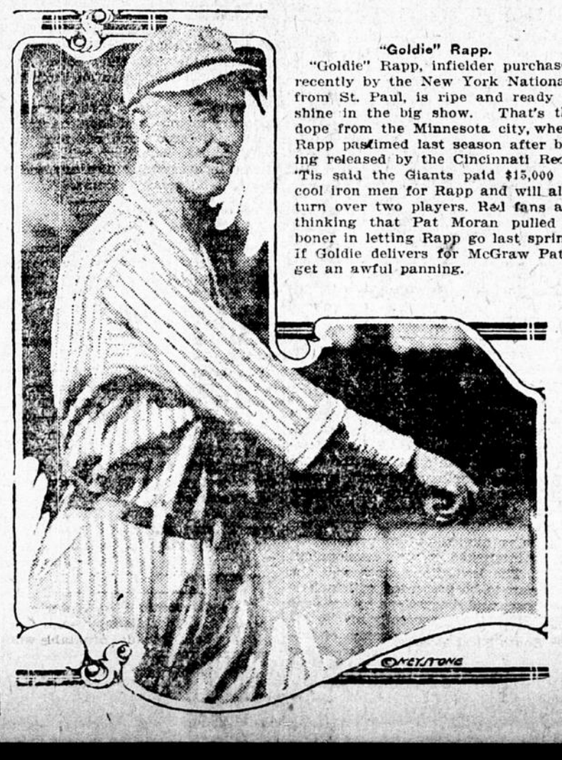
Correct!

The teacher's last question was meant to be a scientific poser.

"What is it that pervades all space," she said, "which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?"

"The smell of onions, miss," promptly answered the boy in the front seat.

GIANTS PURCHASE BRILLIANT INFIELDER



"Goldie" Rapp.

"Goldie" Rapp, infielder purchased recently by the New York Nationals from St. Paul, is ripe and ready to shine in the big show. That's the dope from the Minnesota city, where Rapp pastimed last season after being released by the Cincinnati Reds. 'Tis said the Giants paid $15,000 in cool iron men for Rapp and will also turn over two players. Red fans are thinking that Pat Moran pulled a boner in letting Rapp go last spring. If Goldie delivers for McGraw Pat'll get an awful panning.

FATE PURSUES SCULPTOR.

Edstrom's Work of Years Shattered by Unknown Persons.

New York, Nov. 27.—What grim fate has been stalking David Edstrom pre-eminent American sculptor, thru his entire strange career? And why?

He was born in Smaland, Sweden, and came to America with his parents when he was 7 years old.

Barely able to speak English, he went out on the streets of Ottumwa, Iowa, and sold newspapers. Even then he aspired to become an artist.

Finally, knowing that art centered somewhere in Europe, he quit his job as an engine wiper in a factory and announced to his parents he was going to Europe.

"Crazy," said they.

But Edstrom went. From New York he secured a job as stoker on a steamer bound for a North Sea port.

Arriving at Copenhagen, he presented himself at the Royal Academy to find only a chosen few could enter and only after two years of preparation at the Polytechnical school. Starving, slaving and hardly sleeping, he made his way thru those two years and gained his victory, entering the Royal Academy in a blaze of glory.

Living on the proceeds of his work as a super in the Royal Opera house, Edstrom had his first success when he sold his first real piece, "Spring," for $1,000.

About this same time his wife suddenly packed up and left London for Paris!

So Edstrom returned to Stockholm with his ears ringing with praise for his work, but with an empty heart. Finally he came to America, in 1915, only to find that America, torn by the emotions of war, had no place for a sculptor and he could not secure a single commission, being finally forced to become a private tutor at Sewanee university in Tennessee. From there he worked until he has duplicated fame in America that came to him in other places.

But still mysterious things happen. Returning recently to his New York studio, Edstrom found a piece of sculpture, on which he had worked for years, "The Triumph of Man," shattered to pieces and not another piece in his studio harmed.

Yet, Edstrom, declared by many to be the successor of Augustus St. Gaudens, says he must borrow money from his friends to continue his work and his wife is suing him for separation and a large sum of money, altho he declares he is practically penniless.

POPOCATEPETL SMOKING.

Mild Eruption is Now Affirmed by American Adventurers.

Mexico City, Nov. 27.—The question which has been violently agitated in the newspapers recently, whether Mt. Popocatepetl is smoking apparently has been settled in the affirmative by various persons who within the past few days have ascended this famous volcanic mountain.

El Universal several days ago announced that "Popo", which is the nickname the Mexicans have given to the mountain, was in a state of eruption and was emitting much smoke and steam. Other papers denied the story, asserting that Universal's reporter had merely seen a cloud hanging over the mountain.

The argument was not settled until four Americans from Mexico City spent four hazardous days climbing the mountain, the trip being so arduous that one, an itinerant photographer from Milwaukee, died later from exposure.

According to Henry E. Juergens, "Popo" is in a state of mild eruption, emitting steam and smoke at intervals but no lava. Its crater is about 800 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet deep and a descent into the crater may be made for several hundred feet. There is a continual rumbling and groaning inside the mountain with occasional heavings during which huge bolders at the bottom of the crater are lifted several hundred feet.

The ascent of the mountain is made by way of Amecameca, a small village at its base. Mules carry the climbers to timber line over a thin trail and from there it is an exhausting struggle thru knee-deep snow coated with a deceptive covering of sand. The four Americans made the ascent from timber line in six hours.

LITTLE AUSTRIANS CLOTHED.

Hundred Thousand Pairs of Shoes and Stockings For Needy.

By Associated Press.

New York, Nov. 27.—One hundred thousand pairs of shoes, 100,000 pairs of stockings to go with them, and 340,000 suits of boys' and girls' underwear will be distributed to needy children this winter by the American relief administration European children's fund, that organization announces.

Without this clothing, more than 100,000 children who come to the kitchens of the fund for a daily hot meal will not be able to appear as soon as winter begins in earnest. In Vienna alone, 160,000 children are fed at the American kitchens; in all Austria, 300,000. Agents of the relief administration say these children face death by starvation if the work of the relief stations does not continue thru the winter. Herbert Hoover, chairman of the fund, estimates that $23,000,000 will insure the child welfare work in Austria, Poland the Baltic states and Czecho-Slovakia until next August, when the countries can depend upon their harvests.

His Alibi.

On going his rounds about midnight a policeman noticed an individual moving from house to house and trying to open the doors. He seized him by the collar and said:

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, nothing particular. You see, I've found a latchkey and I'm merely trying it on the doors in order to restore it to the owner."

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5 cents and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills for pain in sides and back; rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headaches, and sluggish bowels. Sold everywhere.—Advertisement.

NOTICE OF AMENDMENTS

To Articles of Incorporation of The Lennox Furnace Company.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, D. W. Norris and H. A. Kinnan, president and secretary and treasurer respectively, of The Lennox Furnace Company, a corporation with its principal place of business at Marshalltown, Iowa, in conformity with and in pursuance of due authority given by the stockholders of said corporation in special meeting assembled therefor, have caused to be executed amendments to the articles of incorporation of The Lennox Furnace Company, thereby amending articles III and IV of the articles of incorporation of said corporation by substituting for said articles III and IV the following:

Article III.

The amount of capital stock of this corporation shall be seven hundred thousand ($700,000.00) dollars divided into shares of one hundred ($100.00) dollars each, five hundred thousand ($500,000.00) dollars of such capital stock to be common stock and two hundred thousand ($200,000.00) dollars of such capital stock to be preferred stock.

All stock issued shall be fully paid up in money or property when issued, as provided by the laws of Iowa, and shall be non-assessable and can be transferred on the books of the corporation only upon surrender of original certificate

The earnings of said preferred stock of two hundred thousand ($200,000.00) dollars shall not exceed 7 per cent per annum out of the net profits, but said preferred stock shall be cumulative and shall be preferred both as to dividends (not to exceed 7 per cent per annum), and preferred as to the assets of said company.

Dividends shall be declared upon outstanding, preferred stock, semi-annually, and payable March 1 and Sept. 1, of each year.

Article IV.

"The affairs of this corporation shall be conducted by a board of directors to consist of not less than three (3) in number nor more than five (5) in number, who must be stockholders and who shall hold their office for one year and until their successors are elected and qualified, and such directors shall from their own number, at their first meeting in each year, elect a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer of said board, who shall be the president, vice president, secretary and trasurer respectively of said corporation, each shall hold his office for one year and until his successor is elected and qualified. The treasurer may be required by the board of directors to give bond in such sum as they may deem necessary. Said directors shall have the right and authority to fill all vacancies in the offices of said corporation, and elect such other officers and agents of said corporation as in their judgment may be for the best interest of said corporation."

That such amendments have been duly recorded, as required by the laws of Iowa, and the secretary of state of Iowa, has approved the same and has issued to the said corporation a certificate in due form under date of Nov. 18, 1920, under the authority of the statutes of the State of Iowa made and provided therefor.

Dated this 18th day of Nov., A. D., 1920. D. W. Norris, Jr., president. H. A. Kinnan, secretary and treasurer.

Probate Notice.

Office of the clerk of the district court, state of Iowa, Marshall county, ss. District court, October term, A. D. 1920.

To whom it may concern:

You and each of you are hereby notified to appear at the courthouse in Marshalltown, Iowa, in said county, at 9 o'clock a. m., on the 10th day of December, 1920, to attend the proof of and probating an instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Ethel B. Switzer late of Marshall county, Iowa, deceased, at which time and place you will appear and show cause, if any, why said will should not be admitted to probate.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of the district court, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1920. G. W. Gilbert, clerk of the district court, by Lewis D. Vitek, deputy.

[Seal.]