

# ULLEMMEYER'S

## GREAT PRICE SLAUGHTERING CLOTHING SALE

You know what it means when we advertise a sale! It means a saving of from 20 to 50 per cent less than our former prices.

### Sale Begins, Saturday, January 14th

Don't fail to attend this great sale of Men's, Boys' and Children's suits, overcoats, hats, caps and furnishing goods, trunks, suit cases, valises, at a clean saving of from 20 to 50 per cent. Sale prices for cash only.

Remember the date, Saturday, January 14th

"The store that saves you money"

## Ullemeyer, The Clothier

Next door east of McCabe's second avenue entrance

1724 Second Avenue.

Rock Island, Ill.

## HER CHILDREN

It was unprecedented—the way Eloise von Gontart had swept into social favor. She was German and with bewitching accent, to be true, and her name began with the small *v*, which meant something.

But, then, she never had been introduced, so to speak. Obviously, she was self-supporting, after the manner that bare, aesthetic studios and indifferently done miniatures will support one.

Anyway, she was there, was Eloise von Gontart; there in the center of her studio tonight, standing straight and slim behind the samovar and poisedly passing into the hands of Reggie Courtland a cup of coffee, while a soft, pretty woman in a rainbow evening gown was whispering behind her fan to stout Mrs. Courtland that "Reggie seemed more than interested."

"Well, why 'ot?" replied the stout lady brusquely, and the answer so astonished the rainbow personage that she spilled a drop of coffee on the nebulous creation which surrounded her form.

"Just to show my ignorance, then," Eloise humorously gave in to the pleadings of a stoutly-made man who tried to snub Reggie, in the manner of his address to Eloise.

They were pleading for a madrigal, and the man had just presented her with her violin, which he had conspicuously carried across the room from the small piano box in one corner.

The cool indifference of Eloise was equivalent to assurance. Though she knew herself to be ignorant of the technique of music she was quite fully conscious of the picture she presented, drooping over the instrument, and she had given herself a screen of water lilies for background.

She knew that she possessed some force, and that she might express over the strings of her mellow instrument that which no one of her audience could or would be able to discuss with any real knowledge.

She wondered how much Reggie comprehended. With the first notes he turned his face resolutely away from her and sat jaw-backed and awkward, in the small chair.

She knew how much of it the bulky man did not understand, for his eyes strove to explain to her plainly, when she glanced into them once, that he

was sufficiently prosperous to allow her to drop the artist's pose and become respectably well-bred.

A sandy little man, who owned the very room in which they stood and almost the entire block that surrounded, had coughed behind his hand to make her aware of the important fact that he was there and that he appreciated and understood.

A thin and moist-eyed lady, with an exposed neck, who was worth millions in her own right and was becoming "ethical" in her fourth season, had assumed a posture of breathless absorption and had taken out her handkerchief when Eloise, bringing out a low, throbbing tone, chanced to look her way.

All this meant bread and butter to the girl who was playing rather well. But it was an old story. She knew herself to be a sham, and the fact had thrust itself in upon her the more strongly since Reggie Courtland had asked her to be his wife.

Why this should be was quite beyond her, for it had from the first been a part of her plan to marry—to make a match for herself.

Yet now that everything was within the easy taking she began, for the first time, tonight to be nauseated with the thought of easy bread and butter—and would it be any better with currant jam? O, in the good old days of the crusts!

The madrigal was finished, but she did not stop playing. Her bow of itself took up an old, half-forgotten thing of her childhood. Her large eyes, which had been to this assembly party carefully mysterious, blazed, and as if he felt this to be so, Reggie Courtland turned and looked at her.

The rainbow dropped her fan. Mrs. Courtland jabbed a spot of lace on her double chin and winked her eyes. The ponderous man of self-culture clapped a bravo.

Eloise dropped limply into a chair and resumed her look of frank insouciance.

"Wonderful!"

"What was it?"

"Italian?"

"No, how could it be? Bohemian, or course."

"Somewhat martial in character."

"No, no, a dance—a gypsy dance."

"It was called, by the composer, Courage," said Eloise.

"The composer? You knew him?"

The question rose out of something personal and intimate in her tone.

"O, yes," she said simply. "He was a Frenchman and played the violin

on the streets of Paris of evenings. In the day time he bought up old clothes for a living. The pennies he made of his music went to support his little girl, who was a cripple, I believe."

"How interesting! Do tell us more about him?"

"O, dot in Paris, did you say?" came from the one person present whom Eloise knew to be still holding her tentatively upon the point of her experimental dislike.

The person was a woman, young and round and sleek, who always made his crooked little child straight in a single operation.

"He would do it," he said, for 45 francs, for it had become rumored that Francois was a miser.

"The little child, who lived in the back ward of a Paris public hospital, scarcely ever saw her father, but had grown to know him by the wail of the violin which every night at 8 o'clock floated to her ears from below the window of the back yard. I knew the child."

"In Paris?" asked the rounded, sleek young person, looking significantly at Mrs. Courtland.

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Courtland, and her voice sounded like that of a business man on his busy day, so carefully was all the social quality extracted from it.

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managed to sit next to Mrs. Courtland and to make little affectionate asides to her, when she was not addressing Reggie with laborious playfulness that was very entertaining to see.

"It is an interesting story," Eloise began, with her face played with some inner excitement and her usually steady hands locked themselves together.

His name was Francois—and that was all the name he had. "She paused and smiled a steady little smile directly into the face of the plump, round person sitting next Mrs. Courtland. "I can remember him often relating to me episodes in his life about

the ateliers of the Latin quarter, for, you see, his mother was a model—and, well, I do not think he had a father."

Miss von Gontart smiled again, this time sweetly at the moist-eyed lady with the uncovered neck. There was a slight movement among the women, and the fleshy man who had educated himself looked conscious.

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that Francois had deserted her. They told her to forget him, for he was not worthy."

"The plot thickens!" said Reggie, and despite his words the expression with which he faced the story teller defied and challenged her, he could not say why.

"We will make the tedious story very short. The girl would not believe them. She fled from the hospital as soon as she could walk; and at last she found the man. He had, indeed, deserted her, but it was only because he thought, in his great selfishness that she would have a better future without him. And she found, too, that for her sake he had parted from the only other thing that he loved in the world. He had sold his violin to pay for straightening his little cripple. He had possessed only 40 francs at the time of the great surgeon's proposal."

"The cripple girl turned out to be beautiful, even according to the high ideals of artist folk. Also she had suddenly grown to be a woman. Beauty was an asset to the daughter of an artist's model and the granddaughter of an em—of another."

The eyes of the self-made man opened. "You seem to be very familiar with the story of Francois, my dear Miss —"

"Very," she cut in. "I met the two again after they had been wandering for some time as artist-musicians, gypsy folk. I met them once more in America, when they had settled in New York, and the pathetic eyes of the father were beginning to mirror the look of death. It was, however, before he died that they discovered the fondness of New Yorkers for the Dutch and the German of several decades back. Let me see, I think it was in the year of—well, no matter—that they took the name of Von Gontart, and then he died and fate began to smile."

She had gotten thus far before the full significance of the story was realized by the polite guests. When it was quite understood the rainbow lady asked in a voice of velvet: "Is it your own story that you have been relating, Miss, er—"

"My own story," replied Eloise, with that wonderfully sweet smile.

The hour was mentioned by someone, and amid a peculiar, talkative embarrassment, as it were, the guests departed, flushed and nervously voluble.

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BARS TIGHTS IN KANSAS

Freak Bill Proposes to Regulate the Length of Women's Skirts.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 13—The first freak bill made its appearance in the house yesterday. It was introduced by Representative George Coles of Meade county, to prohibit the wearing of tight on the stage or in pub-

the color of a lobster just from the kettle. His speeches seemed to stem as he bade her a last farewell. The sandy little fellow who owned blocks became punctilious at the door. With more of the courage of her convictions than the rest, the round woman of immature years coldly overlooked the hand of her enigmatically smiling hostess.

Mrs. Courtland said, as she took Eloise's hand in her own fat one: "Curious! What made you do it?"

"Homeliness for crusts!" said Eloise, showing her small even teeth. "Well, you'll get 'em now!" and Mrs. Courtland looked at her with a kind of approbation.

"Goodby, Reggie," said Eloise, and for the first time a kind of bitterness crept into her tone. Only she, the daughter of a strolling vagabond, Mrs. Courtland, who represented what was most real in the most exclusive suburb's exclusive society, and Reggie, her son, were now left together.

"Reggie has been a ways known as a snob," remarked his mother as the boyish-looking man of 20 stood miserably against the wall. "He's not that exactly. He cannot afford to marry against my wishes—that is all—and he never has tempted my wrath by taking up persons."

"Until you yourself countenanced one," finished Eloise.

The man, in trying to avoid the appearance of a scene, succeeded only in growling aloud as he gave out, facing both women. "If I'm not to be mentioned in a breath with that hero who had the courage to sell his violin—and make her straight. I couldn't—you both know—I couldn't support myself on half!"

"Eloise doesn't want to be supported," Mrs. Courtland remarked, again reminding them curiously of a business man on his busy day. "She's homesick for crusts."

The girl and the man stared at her, amazed.

"Mother!" She heard in his cry the voice of her one "child." Mrs. Courtland jabbed her double chin with a bit of lace.

"Mrs. —" began Eloise, but the woman interrupted her suggestively: "Mother," she corrected. And then: "Only—only—I think we will live abroad, my children," and they both looked away from the sacrifice of hopes that was written in her face.

The next moment they had forgotten, for their world contained just then only one word.

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### At High School

The senior class of Rock Island high school held its first meeting of the New Year last evening and much important business was transacted. The class play committee consisting of the Misses Heimbeck, Arndt, and Crompton, Will Woodin and Edward Reticker,

who have been assisted by Mrs. Eastman and others of the faculty, reported that after much consideration of various plays, "She Stoops to Conquer" by Oliver Goldsmith was the play adopted. The following cast was submitted and ratified by the class.

Sir Charles Marlowe, Clarence Budellier  
Young Marlowe, Will Woodin  
Hardcastle, Jonty Marshall  
Tony Lumpkin, Edwin McIntyre

Hastings, Harold Grove  
Stingo, Leon Hatch  
Diagory, Harry Mosensfelder  
Roger, William Barker  
Third Fellow, Thad Taylor  
Miss Hardcastle, Catherine Heimbeck  
Miss Neville, Edna Beemer  
Maid, Inez Crompton  
Mrs. Hardcastle, Ruth Vance  
Manager of play, Walter Roth  
Miss Iva Pearce, teacher of elocution

The matter of class pins was also brought up at the meeting. The bill of Miss Helen Loosley of Moline for the designs submitted was allowed, and one of the designs was adopted with a little alteration. The committee was instructed to receive bids from local jewelers only and it is expected that the contract will be let in a few days.

The Thesophilic Literary society of the girls of the freshman and sophomore classes met last night and elected officers for the next quarter as follows:

President—Cora Emery.  
Vice President—Alberta Richards.  
Secretary—Helen Young.  
Treasurer—Veda Grove.  
Doorkeeper—Andora Harrison.  
A short program was rendered as follows:  
Piano solo—Matilda Bleuer.

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