

are mighty thankful it isn't a hand press with you manipulating that old roller on one side while John Marshal Croley swung the lever on the other side. O, how heavy that old roller used to get! And what ugly blisters you used to dress after the last side was off.

But thinking of that old printing office, and of that old Sentinel, is what brings you back, and brings you back, too, with a jar. Just as you are in the middle of memories about the time when you were perched up on a stool in front of a bourgeois case trying to decipher the correspondence from Forbes, or Maitland, or Forest, a grimy faced urchin sticks his head in the door and yells:

"Got any more copy to send over?" Then you jump twenty-five years forward and land, ker-plunk! right in the middle of the task of getting out this week's paper.

But you have had a delightful excursion on a special train over the Recollection & Memory railroad, and you hitch up to the typewriting machine and go to work with a light heart and a clear brain.

Pshaw! The girls and boys of today don't have fun like you used to have. It takes 'em too long to dress. Why, you were so anxious to get started that you went right over in the same clothes you wore to school. And now the boys have to send flowers and maybe drive over in a hack. Huh! You used to think you were doing it up brown if you had a dime's worth of mixed candy in a paper bag when "she" opened the door for you.

THE CITY OF UPSIDE DOWN

Into the City of Upside Down Two little children fare— Tottie so pink and Teddie so brown. All aglow are this mischievous pair With a mad desire to tumble and tear Everything upright and nothing to spare, In the City of Upside Down. How we loved the City of Upside Down, Free city of mirth and hurrah, Where mother was queen of a tumbly town, As pleasant as any you ever saw Ruled by Sultan or Padishah— For love stood guard, as the only law In the City of Upside Down. Rich were the cars of Upside Down, The chargers many and bold, And every nook had its doll or clown, Every house was a palace of purest gold; And our ruler never would frown or scold When we drove like wild through those darling, old Ruins of Upside Down. But years have passed over Upside Down, And only its glory gleams, For she who was queen in a simple gown Has gone to the beautiful City of Dreams— Yet oft like a vision at night it seems The tender smile of my mother leans O'er her children in Upside Down. But never again in Upside Down Will Tottie and Teddie stray; It's a sad, sad place is that lonely town Since its queen and its magic vanished away— And tears come unbidden to blind us by day As we dream of the angel of light at play In the City of Upside Down. —Frank P. Gallagher, in the Nebraska Independent.

The Greatest Mercantile Establishment in the World

Remarkable Expansion in Buildings to Meet Wonderful Business Growth

Present Enormous Plant of Montgomery Ward & Co.

Further extensive enlargements in contemplation. The most successful enterprise of the age.

The wonderful growth of Montgomery Ward & Co., from a single room in 1872 to its marvelous mercantile palaces of the present time, as shown in the accompanying illustrations, is a magnificent tribute to honest merchandising.

Today the business of this great concern towers above its imitators and would-be competitors as high as its lofty tower on the Lake Front of Chicago towers over the passers by on the street below.

The eight mammoth separate and distinct structures entirely occupied by Montgomery Ward & Co. exclusively for the transaction of its colossal business, would, if gathered into one grand group, be recognized as one of the wonders of the world.

Each of these magnificent buildings is a giant in itself, and the total realty holdings of Montgomery Ward & Co., are the very largest of any mercantile establishment in the world.

Every foot of the many acres of floor space represented in these structures is crowded with merchandise of every description, fully set forth in their marvelous catalogue, and still there is insistent demand for additional space to accommodate the increased and increasing business.

Already magnificent plans are in view for further enlargement during the coming year, which will give due consideration to future possibilities, permit of unlimited expansion and development to any magnitude.

Not only is this great house the original, the very first in the world to develop the Catalogue idea of selling everything direct to everybody—it is also the leader in magnitude of business done, in growth of its patronage, in maintaining its old customers for the longest periods and in expansion of area year by year to meet business requirements.

Its catalogues and its customers are everywhere. It ships goods regularly to every country on the globe, to every inhabited island of the seas, to every state and county in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central and South America, as well as to Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and Oceanica.

The magnitude of the business transacted by this vast concern is almost beyond human calculation.

We have just finished the printing of a large, new catalogue, number 74, containing the economical bargains and choice selections in every line of merchandise for the season of 1905-6. This large, illustrated book is the standard Buyer's Guide of the world and comprises nearly 1200 pages, 126,000 different articles, quoted at the very lowest prices.

This catalogue is the leading and recognized authority on anything that may be purchased in any store to eat, to wear, to use. It is the largest city store brought right to your door.

Always complete; always has the latest things; always absolutely trustworthy, containing lowest prices on honest goods of the exact quality represented, without exaggeration or falsehood.

The policy of this firm is to make its catalogue the undisputed leader, far in advance of anything others can ever hope to attain.

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Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago Michigan Avenue, Madison and Washington Streets

THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY

Representative Champ Clark tells of an amusing story in connection with the inauguration of Thomas T. Crittenden as governor of Missouri, a ceremony attended with more frills than any other in the state since the Civil war.

According to Mr. Clark, there were on this occasion military organizations and bands galore, and special car loads of people came from Kansas City and St. Louis to witness the pageant. Captain Hawley of St. Louis was grand marshal of the day.

Lieutenant Governor Brockmeyer, a quaint character, was presiding over the senate, and as he waited notice of the time for the senate to proceed to the hall of the house of representatives, where the two bodies in joint session were to receive the new governor, he lolled back in his chair on the president's stand and smoked a big corncob pipe with the utmost nonchalance.

The senate lobby was crowded, and senators were in their seats, on tip-toe of expectancy, for the strains of martial music could be heard from all

directions. At this juncture a figure in a glittering and brilliant uniform pushed through the crowd and marched half way up the aisle. This was Marshal of the Day Hawley. Drawing his sword, he made a profound military salute, and announced with much pomposity:

"Mr. President, the governor of Missouri and his staff now approach."

Without removing his pipe from his mouth, Lieutenant Governor Brockmeyer responded:

"Vell, let him come; dat is vot we are here for."—Harper's Weekly.



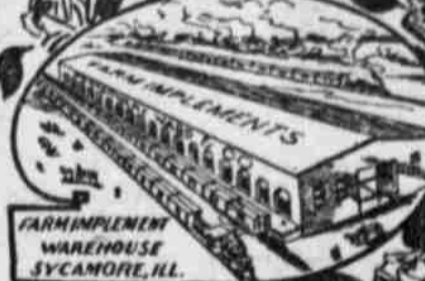
MAIN BUILDING CHICAGO.



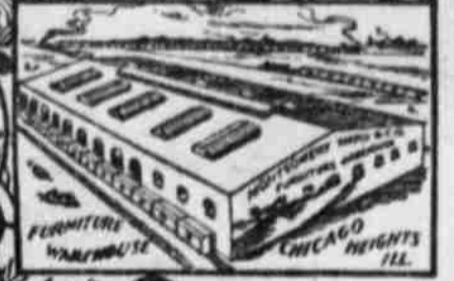
KANSAS CITY BRANCH



VEHICLE FACTORY CHICAGO HEIGHTS ILL.



FARM IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE SYCAMORE, ILL.



FURNITURE WAREHOUSE CHICAGO HEIGHTS ILL.



GRAIN FREIGHT ANNEX CLINTON, LONDON, ENG.



WASHINGTON STREET ANNEX



MICHIGAN AVE. ANNEX