

COSTLY PRIZE OFFERED

W. K. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Mich., Gives a \$1,000 Trophy to Be Contested for by the Farmers.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., July 28.—For the purpose of stimulating the interest of the farmers of the country in the improvement of the grade of corn and in securing a greater yield, W. K. Kellogg of this city has offered a gold and silver trophy to be competed for at the third annual national corn exposition to be held at Omaha, Neb., Dec. 6 to 15 of this year. The trophy will be known as the W. K. Kellogg National Corn Exposition trophy, will cost \$1,000, and will become the personal property of any exhibitor winning it. The trophy will be in the shape of a massive vase and will probably be designed and built by either Gotham or Tiffany.

Mr. Kellogg has just returned from Chicago where he held a conference with Professor P. G. Holden of the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames, and Stanley Clague, head of a large Chicago advertising agency. Professor Holden is known as the foremost authority of the country on corn growing, and Mr. Kellogg, who is a large manufacturer of food products made from corn, is keenly interested in all movements tending to improve the quality of the cereal. This year he has donated \$1,000 to be divided in several prizes among the corn growers of Iowa, and Professor Holden's suggestion is decided to offer the Kellogg trophy to be competed for by the corn growers of the nation.

"Corn is the greatest crop of the country," said Mr. Kellogg today, "and the higher the yield of corn the greater the country's prosperity. Seed selection and improved methods of cultivation will not only greatly increase the yield per acre, but will also increase the protein in the corn and thus enhance its nutritious qualities. If the yield per acre, for instance, can be increased five bushels in the state of Nebraska alone, it will add \$25,000,000 to the wealth of the farmers of the state. The National Corn Exposition is doing a great work in educating the farmers, and I am glad to help the work along."

His Preference.

Commander Maxwell of the navy enjoys telling of an unique complaint preferred by a recruit.

On every man-of-war the bar of justice is set in front of the "stick," or mast. The recruit had gone to the stick to "state" his grievance. "Well, what do you want?" asked the executive officer.

"Please, sir, I want to complain of the breakfast this morning."

"What did you have?"

"Burgoo, crack-hash, hard tack and coffee, sir."

"What did you expect?"

"Please, sir, I always like to start my breakfast with a nice steak and a pair of eggs."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Have No Use for Pins.

All American exporters concerned are warned by Consul General Denby that they'll never get rich by selling pins to the people of Shanghai. "The Chinese have no use for pins," he says, "strings and knots and loops meeting every requirement of male and female, young and old, to keep his or her garments securely and neatly fastened."

Nature has equipped every man for happiness, but he gets strenuous occasionally and slips a cog.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."



"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 215 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letters strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Artistic Homes Have Shingles

on sides as well as the roof. Get your architect to show you plans of cottages with shingled sides and insist on his specifying the brand shown below.

BAY LUMBER CO.
CLEARS BIG MAKE WASB
ASK YOUR DEALER

IOWA FARMS CASH BALANCE & CROP THE FARM

The Primordial Bowl BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had never seen in his bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "beat" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Dan, Anisty, half-lyricized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they fled to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland revealed a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland about to show her the jewels, supposedly lost, was followed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems.



Registering Under the Name of "Mr. Daniels."

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

But where to put them, that he might find them without delay? It must be no conspicuous place, where O'Hagan would be apt to happen upon them; doubtless the janitor was trustworthy, but still . . . Misplaced opportunities breed criminals.

It was all a risk to leave the treasure there, without the protection of nickel-plated walls and thicklocks; but a risk that must be taken. She dared not retain it longer in her possession; and she would contrive a way in the morning to communicate with Maitland and warn him.

Her gaze searched the area where the lamplight fell soft yet strong upon the dark shining wood and heavy brass desk fittings; and paused, arrested by the unusual combination of inverted bowl and superimposed book. A riddle to be read with facility; in a twinkling she had uncovered the incriminating hand-print—incriminating if it could be traced, that is to say.

"Oh!" she cried, softly. And laughed a little. "Oh, how careless!"

Fine brows puckered, she pondered the matter, and ended by placing her own hand over the print; this one fitted the other exactly.

"How he must have wondered!

He is sure to look again, especially if—"

No need to conclude the sentence. Quickly she placed bag and case squarely on top of the impression, the bowl over all, and the book upon the bowl; then, drawing from her pocket a pair of long gray silk gloves, draped one across the book; and, head tilted to one side, admired the effect.

It seemed decidedly an artistic effect, admirably calculated to attract attention. She was satisfied to the point of being pleased with herself; a fact indicated by an expressive flutter of slim, fair hands. And now, to work! Time pressed, and— A cloud dimmed the radiance of her eyes; irresolutely she shifted in her chair, troubled, frowning, lips woefully drooping. And sighed. And a still small whisper, broken and wretched, disturbed the quiet of the study.

"I can not! O, I can not! To spoil it all, now, when—"

Yet she must. She must forget herself and steel her determination with the memory that another's happiness hung in the balance, depended upon her success. Twice she had tried and failed. This third time she must succeed.

And bowing her head in token of her resignation, she turned back squarely to face the desk. As she did so the toe of one small shoe caught against something on the floor, causing a dull jingling sound. She stooped, with a low exclamation, and straightened up, a small bunch of keys in her hand; eight or ten of them dangling from a silver ring; Maitland's keys.

He must have dropped them there, forgetting them altogether. A find of value and one to save her a deal of trouble; skeleton keys are so exasperatingly slow, particularly when used by inept hands. But how to bring herself to make use of these? All's fair in war (and this was a sort of war, a war of wits at least); but one should fight with one's own arms, not piffle the enemy's and turn them against him. To use these keys to ransack Maitland's desk seemed an action ever more blackly dishonorable than this clandestine visit, 'tis midnight foray.

Swinging the notched metal slips from a slender finger, she contemplated them; and laughed ruefully. What qualms of conscience in a burglar, self-confessed! She was there for a purpose, a recognized, nefarious purpose. Granted. Then why quibble? She would not quibble. She would be firm, resolute, determined, cold-blooded, unmindful of all kindness and courtesy and— She would use them, accomplish her purpose, and have done, finally and for ever, with the whole hateful business!

There was a bright spot of color on either cheek and a hot light of anger in her eyes as she set about her task. It would never be less hideous, never less immediate.

The desk drawers yielded easily to the eager keys. One by one she had them open and their contents explored—vain repetition of yesterday afternoon's fruitless task. But she must be sure, she must leave no stone unturned. Maitland Manor was closed to her for ever, because of last night. But here she was safe for a few short hours, and free to make assurance doubly sure.

There remained the dispatch box, the black japanned tin box which had proved odorous yesterday. She had come prepared to break its lock this time, if need be; Maitland's carelessness spared her the necessity.

She lifted it out of a lower drawer, and put it in her lap. The smallest key fitted the lock at the first attempt. The lid came up and—

Perhaps it is not altogether discreditable that one should temporarily forget one's companions in the long-deferred moment of triumph. The girl uttered a little cry of joy.

Crash!—the front door downstairs had been slammed.

She was on her feet in a breath, faint with fear. Yet not so overcome that she forgot her errand, her success. As she stood up she dropped the dispatch box back into the drawer, without a sound, and opening her hand-bag, stuffed something into it.

No time to do more; a dull rumble of masculine voices was distinctly, frightfully and ble in the stillness of the house; voices of men conversing together in the inner vestibule. One laughed, and the laugh seemed to penetrate her bosom like a knife. Then both strode across the tiling and began to ascend, as was clearly told her by footsteps sounding deadened on the padded carpet.

Panic-stricken, she turned to the student lamp and with a quick twist and upward jerk of the chimney-catch extinguished the flame. A reek of smoke immediately began to foul the close, hot air; and she knew that it would betray her, but was helpless to stop it. Besides, she was caught, trapped, damned beyond redemption unless—unless it were not Maitland, after all, but one of the other tenants, unexpectedly returned and bound for another flat.

Futile hope. Upon the landing by the door the footsteps ceased; and a key grated in the wards of the lock.

Blind with terror, her sole thought an instinctive impulse to hide and so avert discovery until the last possible instant, and on the bare chance of something happening to save her, the girl caught up her skirts and fled like a hunted shadow through the alcove, through the bed chamber, thence down the hall toward the dining room and kitchen offices.

The outer door was being opened ere she had reached the hiding place she had in mind—the trunk closet—from which, she remembered remarkably, a window opened upon a fire-escape. It was barely possible, a fighting chance.

She closed the door, grateful that its latch slipped silently into place, and fairly flung herself upon the window, painfully bruising her soft hands in vain endeavor to raise the sash. It stuck obstinately, would not yield. Too late, she remembered that she had forgotten to draw the catch—fatal oversight! A sob of terror choked in her throat. Already footsteps were hurrying down the hall; a line of light brightened underneath the door; voices, excitedly keyed, banded question and comment, an unmistakable Irish brogue mingling with a clear enunciation which she had but too great reason to remember. The pair had passed into the next room. She could hear O'Hagan announcing: "No wan here, sor."

"Then it's the dining room, or the trunk closet. Come along!"

One last, frantic attempt! But the window catch, rusted with long disuse, stuck. Panting, sick with fear, the girl leaped away and crushed herself into a corner, crouching on the floor behind a heavy box, her dark cloak drawn up to shield her head.

And the door opened.

A flood of radiance from the re-lighted student lamp fell athwart the floor. The girl lay close and still, holding her breath.

Ten seconds, perhaps, ticked on into eternity; seconds that were in themselves eternities. Then: "No one here, O'Hagan."

The door was closed, and through its panels more faintly came: "Faith, and the murdering divil must 've flew th' coop afore ye come in, sor."

The girl tried to rise, to make again for the window; but it was as though her limbs had turned to water; there was no strength in her; and the blackness swam visibly before her eyes, radiating away in whirling, streaky circles.

Even such resolution and strong will as was hers could not prevail against that numbing, deathly exhaustion. Her eyes closed and her head fell back against the wall.

It seemed but an instant (though it was in point of fact a full five minutes) ere the sound of a voice again roused her.

She looked up, dazzled by a gush of warm light.

He stood in the doorway, holding the lamp high above his head, his face pale, grave, and shadowed as he peered down at her.

"I have sent O'Hagan away," he said, gently. "If you will please to come, now—"

CHAPTER IX. Procrastination.

The cab which picked Maitland up at his lodgings carried him but a few blocks to the club at which he had, the previous evening, entertained his lawyer. Maitland had selected it as the one of all the clubs of which he and Bannerman were members, wherein he was least likely to meet the latter. Neither frequented its sober precincts by habit. Its severe and classical building on a corner of Madison avenue overlooking the square, is but the outward presentment of an in-

stitution to be a member of which is a duty, but emphatically no great pleasure, to the sons of a New York family of any prominence.

But in its management the younger generation holds no suffrage; and is not slow to declare that the Primordial is rightly named, characterizing the individual members of the board of governors as antediluvians, prehistoric monsters who have never learned that laughter lends a savor to existence. And so it is that the younger generation (which is understood to include Maitland and Bannerman), while it religiously pays its dues and has the name of the Primordial engraved upon its cards, shuns those deadly respectable rooms and seeks its comfort elsewhere.

Maitland found it dull and depressing enough, that same evening, something before seven. The spacious and impressive lounging rooms were but sparsely tenanted, other than by the emulated corps of servants; and the few members who had lent the open doors the excuse of their presence were of the elderly type that hides itself behind a newspaper in an easy chair and snorts when addressed.

The young man strolled disconsolately enough into the billiard room, thence (dogged by a specter of lunatic desperation, to the dining room, where he selected a table and ordered an evening paper with his meal.

When the former was brought him, he sat up and began to take a new interest in life. The glaring headlines that met his eye on the front page proved as braising as a slap in the face.

"The Maitland Jewels," he read, half aloud; "Daring Attempt at Burglary; 'Mad' Maitland Catches 'Handsome Dan' Anisty in the Act of Cracking His Safe at Maitland Manor. Which Was Which? Both Principals Disappear."

The news-story was exploited as a "beat"; it could have been little else, since nine-tenths of its "exclusive details" had been born full-winged from the fecund imagination of a busy reporter to whom Maitland had refused an interview while in his bath, some three hours earlier. Maitland discovered with relief that boiled down to essentials it consisted simply of the statement that somebody (presumably himself) had caught somebody (presumably Anisty) burglarizing the library safe at Maitland Manor that morning; that one of the somebodies (no one knew which) had overpowered the other and left him in charge of the butler, who had presently permitted his prisoner to escape and then talked for publication.

It was not to this so much that Maitland objected. It was the illustrations that alternately saddened and maddened the young man; the said illustrations comprising blurred half-tone reproductions of photographs taken on the Maitland estate; a diagram of the library, as fanciful as the text it illuminated, and two portraits, side by side, of the heroes, himself and Anisty, excellent likenesses both of the originals and of each other.

Mr. Maitland did not enjoy his dinner. Anxious and preoccupied, he tasted the dishes mechanically; and when they had all passed before him, took his thoughts and a cigar to a gloomy corner of the smoking room, where he sat for two solid hours, debating the matter pro and con, and arriving at no conclusion whatever, save that Higgins was doomed.

At 10:15 he began to contemplate with positive pleasure the prospect of discharging the butler. That, at least, was action, something that he could do; wherever else he thought to move he found himself baffled by the blank darkness of mystery, or by his fear of publicity and ridicule.

At 10:20 he decided to move upon Greenfields at once, and telephoned O'Hagan, advising him to profess ignorance of his employer's whereabouts.

At 10:22, or in the midst of his admonitions to the janitor, he changed his mind and decided to stay in New York; and instructed the Irishman to bring him a suit case containing a few necessities; his intention being to stay out the night at the club, and so avoid the untutored siege of his lodgings by reporters and detectives.

At 10:45 a club servant handed him the card of a representative of the Evening Journal. Maitland directed that the gentleman be shown into the reception room.

At 10:46 he skulked out of the club by a side entrance, jumped into a cab and had himself driven to the East Thirty-fourth street ferry, arriving there just in time to miss the last train for Greenfields.

Denied the shelter alike of his lodgings, his club, and his country home, the young man in despair caused himself to be conveyed to the Barthold hotel, where, possessed of a devil of fully, he preserved his incognito by registering under the name of "M. Daniels." And straightway retired to his room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAS HE RIGHT.



Mrs. Rant—Do you think men are more clever than women?
Mr. Rant—Some men are.
Mrs. Rant—Who are they?
Mr. Rant—Single men.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED.

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scatched Constantly.

Cuticura's Efficacy Clearly Proven.

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her lips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Privilege of English Husband.

A wife who complained at the Marylebone police court in London the other day that her husband used abusive language to her was informed by Mr. Plowden that this was one of a husband's privileges.

"You must put up with it," the magistrate told her. "Better an abusive husband than no husband at all."

"But I have had so many years of this kind of thing," she protested.

"I cannot give you any redress," Mr. Plowden replied. "You must expect a certain amount of abuse in this world."

Tuberculosis Conference.

Under the auspices of the Swedish National League Against Tuberculosis, the International Tuberculosis conference held its annual meeting in Stockholm July 8 to 18. Among the American speakers on the program were Dr. Hermann M. Biggs of New York and Dr. John C. Wise, medical director of the United States navy, who was the official representative of this country. Two subjects of special interest discussed were: "Care of Tuberculous Families, Especially of Healthy Children," and "Tuberculosis and the Schools."

"A Cheap Skate."

"Joel Chandler Harris," said an Atlantian, "used to write comic newspaper editorials. Sometimes he made fun of other editors in them, too."

"Simon Simpson, a rival editor in Mobile, having been made fun of, wrote angrily in his rage: 'Joel Harris has been getting off some cheap wit at our expense.'"

"Joel, on reading this, grabbed his pen and dashed off, quick as a flash, for next day's issue:

"It must have been cheap, Simon, to be at your expense."

How an Angry Woman Looked.

The other day we saw an angry woman in a street car and her face was anything but a pleasant picture. She was angry at the conductor, entirely without cause, and that made her look more terrible than if she had had a real grievance.—Nebraska Journal.

SURPRISED HIM Doctor's Test of Food.

A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says:

"I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food.

"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavor, and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it.

"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him.

"An old patient of mine, 73 years old, came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail.

"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day 'Why doctor I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger!'

"I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained 23 pounds in two months which at his age is remarkable.

"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.