

# LADIES' COLUMN.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

There's an old-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned street. Dressed in old-fashioned clothes from her head to her feet. And she spends all her time in the old-fashioned way Of caring for poor people's children all day.

She never has been to cotillion or ball, And knows not the styles of the spring or the fall. Two hundred a year will suffice for her needs, And an old-fashioned bible is all that she reads.

And she has an old-fashioned heart that is true To a fellow who died in an old coat of blue. With the buttons all brass—who is waiting above For the woman who loved him with old-fashioned love.

## FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

People who have the care of little children vary in opinion as to the best means of punishing them, for even the best of little people need correction at times. The mother is without doubt the person to whom the duty belongs, and it is her paramount duty to see that it is never deputed to anyone who will frighten the child. Nurses who are properly enough forbidden to administer corporal punishment are very apt to fall back on some such methods if not carefully warned against them and due supervision exercised to see that the admonitions are not neglected. It is true, perhaps, that the imaginary person who was supposed to be always coming after naughty children—the bogeyman, in fact of our own childish days—is a being of the past. But he has many relations closely resembling him, and on so important a matter mothers ought to be watchful.

If a child is constitutionally nervous it is no cause to think that it can be made different by force. Argument, too, in many cases, only intensifies the terrors which children often feel if left alone in the dark, and gives definite expression to fears which are purely imaginary. Many people argue that a child who is afraid to be left alone or to go into a dark room ought to be made to do either of these things in order to find out that no harm will come to him. Now, children are seldom really afraid unless they have been made so, and it is a curious fact that the most timid child shrinks from disclosing his fears to anyone. In such a case someone has certainly warned him that worse things will happen if he dares to disclose the reason for his alarm. Very often it is the simplest thing that has been made to appear so terrible under certain conditions.—United States Health Reports.

## SUNSHINE AND SUNBATHS.

We all recognize the fact that we cannot live without air, though many of us fail to supply ourselves with an abundance of that which is pure and fresh, but few recognize the fact that we cannot live without sunshine. This world of ours would soon become a barren waste with no life in it if the sun should cease to pour its rays of light and heat upon us. Even the indirect diffused sunshine is of immense benefit. Every living structure is stimulated into activity by it. We all notice after a week of cloudy weather more or less depression, and when the sun comes forth once more how new life seems to us with it.

Light is a powerful stimulant and also a tonic. No alcoholic drink compares with it. The old Romans had sunbaths on top of their dwellings, at least the opulent did, and we might have them in our houses to advantage. The sun is the source of life on our globe; let us use its light so as to get all the life and health we can from it.—Ex.

## WHAT TO DO WITH STALE BREAD.

There is no need of wasting so much as a crumb of bread. All the crusts and cuttings may be dried, rolled, sifted, and put away in a Mason jar for use in frying croquettes and meal cakes. The larger pieces and bits can be used in griddle cakes and bread pudding.

Bread Griddle Cakes—Soak the dry bread in a pan of warm milk, then heat it after it has absorbed the liquid, until a pulpy mass; add a bit of salt and two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little water. Then add sufficient milk to make a batter not too thin. Fry until brown on griddle well buttered.

Meat Cakes—Chop equal quantities of meat and stale bread together; the meat may be cold lamb, tongue, ham, or all three combined. Add one tablespoonful of flour, two of melted butter, and two well beaten eggs. Moisten with hot water, until you can make it into thin cakes like fish balls, and fry.

Four over it a little melted butter. Bread and Butter Pudding—Butter a pudding dish, and place in it thin slices of bread and butter. Then cover with a layer of raisins, and fill the dish with alternate layers of bread and raisins, with bread at the top. Mix a quart of one quart of milk, two eggs, salt, flavor with orange extract, and add one cupful of sugar. Pour over the bread, and let stand a few hours or longer. Then add more raisins if necessary, and bake until a golden brown.

Mr. E. H. Stephens, the assistant superintendent of the Chicago Bureau of the United States Census, has been chosen to make his headquarters at the city of Chicago.

Miss a rural editor: "We understand that you are very busy with the census, but we have never seen your paper."

## FRILLS OF FASHION.

Louise armure is one of the new silks, and being glossy, soft and durable, is very desirable for waists. Marked favor will be shown to both plain and fancy panne veivets for next season, for costumes entire and for accessories of every description.

Fall white chiffon boas, edged with large soft black chenilles, long strands of the chenille forming the ends, are worn in the evening. These were launched in the spring, but they are more generally in evidence now. Ribbon with a pattern of horseshoes woven into it can be used for a good many purposes by the girl who is fond of horses. It can also be used for picture frames, handkerchief cases, the ever useful cushion and any number of other things.

One of the prettiest materials for an evening gown for a young girl is a sort of point d'esprit with a larger figure in addition to the usual dot, and at intervals small silver sparkles. There is a daintiness and delicacy about it which is charming.

Toques of sable are very smart, providing they harmonize with the costume, and the combination of fur, velvet and lace is extremely pretty. Toques vary in shape, of course, but the tendency is toward a broad round and rather flat shape, one of which is quite flat in front and raised at the back, turning up a little at each side.

Sandalwood fans are much prettier than they were when they were brought home to our grandmothers by their sea captain uncles. The sticks are heavily carved with flowers which stand out naturally, and the fan part is of satin, with Chinese or Japanese embroidery in colors. Boxes and many other pretty things are also made of sandalwood.

One of the newest skirt models of the autumn, appropriate for silk, satin or wool, has the upper portion in short table style, the lower part in a decided bell flare and the back box-plated. Sometimes this model is made up over a five-gored foundation skirt; again, when formed of cloth of rather heavy weave, it is made up unlined and worn over a flounced silk petticoat.

Colored suede slippers appear in many different shades, consequently there is little difficulty in matching them to various gowns. A dark brown undressed kid is a very good choice for those who cannot afford a variety, although a black satin or glace kid foot-covering is more satisfactory and really more elegant than a colored one of any description. Brown, however, is not conspicuous, and looks exceedingly well with brown silk stockings.

## TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

The court physician to the ameer of Afghanistan is a woman, Miss Lillias Hamilton.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist, writes in the morning of six days a week and produces only about 500 words at a sitting.

Mrs. Isabelle Beecher Hooker would like to see another presidential ticket in the field, and suggests Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell and Thomas B. Reed for first and second places, respectively.

A French writer describes Mme. Sotha, wife of the Boer general, as "a slender, elegant, fair-haired woman of 30, dressed in a well cut violet costume relieved by a little bunch of carnations."

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, are building two houses facing each other on Lombard street, in San Francisco, having decided to make that city their home.

Queen Isabella, 70 years old and sadly broken in health and spirit, desires to end her days in Spain, from which she has been banished for twenty-three years, and there is good prospect that her wish will be gratified.

Miss Sarah Fuller has been the principal of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf ever since it was opened in Boston, nearly thirty years ago. This was the first day school for the deaf and dumb in America and is said to be one of the best equipped in the world.

Miss Fermeal French, state superintendent of public instruction of Idaho, is nominated for a second term on both democratic and populist tickets, and as she had already been nominated for the same office by the republicans, she bids fair to be elected.

Since the death of Miss Van Lee it has become known that she received from a Boston man an annuity of about \$1,000. This Boston friend was one of the officers who tunneled out of Libby prison at the time so many made their escape from there. It is understood that Miss Van Lee aided in getting him through the lines to his home in Boston.

Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro recently sang in the town hall at Evesham, Worcestershire, in aid of a fund for her house of worship in Broadway, where she and her husband and little son live. She was welcomed by a fashionable and enthusiastic audience. It was, however, as a vocalist and not as an actress that she again appeared before the public. She possesses a rich, clear contralto voice, and she has for the last two years been a pupil of Francis Korby, the Hungarian composer. Mr. Korby has been staying with the Navarros at their quiet country home at Broadway, where they have as their next door neighbor Miss Valer White, and it was with songs of these composers that Mrs. Anderson chose to make her reappearance.

Miss a rural editor: "We understand that you are very busy with the census, but we have never seen your paper."

## I SHALL GO SOFTLY.

"I shall go softly all my days!" A Not as the prophet bailed in tears For God hath bailed my heavy dose, And in deep bitterness of soul, Hath-stilled my pain and dried my tears, And given faith for foolish fears.

"I shall go softly," since I've found The mighty arm that girls me round Is gentle, as it's sure and strong; "I shall go softly" through the throng And with compulsion strong and sweet Lead sinners to the Saviour's feet.

How sternly paced those patient feet Along Capernum's marbled street! How softly and how tenderly Their echoes from Gethsemane Steal down the ages, rich to bless All time with deathless happiness!

Into my heart those echoes steal Until I cannot choose but kneel— Not weak and worn, with vigor spent, But joyous and in glad content— And kneeling pray to him who hears To lead me softly all my years. —Ebelbert D. Marfield.

## HER PROPOSAL.

The late March snows are dissolving the delicate wreaths over the hills—the maple buds were already swelling the sky like crimson dots, and the song of the blue bird heralded the advent of spring over the bleak Berkshire hills.

"Oh, Billy, isn't it nice?" said little Rebecca Hale, as she skipped along the road. "O, look, there's a dear little striped squirrel, with a bushy tail and such bright eyes, like black beads. O, don't you wish we had lived out doory days?"

"Becky, don't jump about so," chided he boy, an ancient philosopher of ten years or so. "There! I knew it. You've burst out that hole in your shoe that I sewed up so carefully, and one of your mittens is gone!"

"But it isn't cold."

"No, but that's no sign that we never shall have any cold weather again. Besides, Aunt Kesiah is dead."

"Well, I don't care for that," said the little one, recklessly. "Aunt Kesiah was old and cross, and boxed our ears, and said we were the plagues of her life."

"Yes," said Billy, slowly, "but there is no one to take care of us now that Aunt Kesiah is dead. You should consider that, Becky."

"No one to take care of us," echoed Becky, standing still. "O, Billy, I didn't think of that."

Mrs. Harewood was frying doughnuts over the great cooking stove in the back kitchen. An immense blue and white checked apron enshrouded her spare form and a pocket handkerchief concealed her hair. Mrs. Harewood was not pretty at her best; in this impromptu uniform she was simply hideous.

"Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen," said Mrs. Harewood, fishing the brown curls of paste out of the boiling liquid. "Twenty and four makes two dozen. Now, Michael, who is it? And what do they want?"

"It's the two children from Aunt Kesiah Proudfoot's," said Michael Harewood, a tall, brown-faced man of thirty or thereabouts. "The old woman died last night."

"Well, what of that?" said Mrs. Harewood, who had gone back to the table and was cutting long strips of dough, and twisting them into spirals, ready for the pot of frizzling lard. "They'll stay here, I suppose. And after her long sickness, the dear knows, nobody'll be very sorry."

"But the little children. What is to become of them?" said Michael, softly.

"Why, send 'em to the parsonage, of course. There's nothing else to be done, as I know of," snapped the dame.

"To the parsonage, Maria? Those pretty, delicate little children. Kate Hale's brother's children—to the parsonage?"

"Well, I don't see why not," said Mrs. Harewood. "Thirty-four, thirty-five. Three dozen ought to be enough. If Kate had cared so much about her relations, she might a stayed to hum and looked after 'em, instead of running away with a ship's captain and going to China, or India, or Kamshatka, or the Lord knows where. After she was engaged to you, too! And—"

"Never mind about that now, Maria," said the brother, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows. "It's all a thing of the past; and Kate could not foresee when she left her native country, that her brother's little ones would soon be alone in the world, orphaned and without resources. So it has chanced, at all events. The poor little things are in the sitting room now."

"And I suppose they've come here because my husband is poor-master," said Mrs. Harewood, dropping in her fresh batch of doughnuts, one by one. "Well, he won't be home afore noon."

"I was not thinking of that, Maria," said Michael Harewood, gently. "It occurred to me that, perhaps, since you had no children of your own—"

"That I'd fill my house with all the pauper children of the neighborhood," said Mrs. Harewood. "No, Michael Harewood, you're mistaken there! I wouldn't have Jim Hale's young ones in my house after the way Kate treated you, not if I was to be paid a dollar a day, and, besides, I ain't matron of the poor house."

"Then what are they to do?"

Mrs. Harewood shrugged her bony shoulders.

"It's no business of mine," she said, indifferently. "Nor I ain't going to concern myself in it."

Michael Harewood went back to the room where the two little orphans were admiring a stuffed parrot, that swung from the ceiling.

"Children," said he, get on your things."

"Ain't us to stay here?" piteously demanded Becky. "I'm so tired and hungry. We didn't have any breakfast this mornin'."

"Please, Mr. Harewood," said Billy, "where are we to go? Nobody wants us!"

"I want you," said Michael Harewood, his heart giving a great jump as he saw Kate's old look shining out of the wistful, upturned face of the child. "You shall be my little ones henceforward."

There was no lack of talk and gossip in the neighborhood when Michael Harewood left his brother's house and set up housekeeping for himself in a little unoccupied cabin just on the verge of the woods, with the Hale children as proteges and companions.

Michael Harewood was an artist by profession—one of those erratic, irregular geniuses who seldom make much money, yet possess natures of genuine gold. He paid little attention to the buzz of the neighbors, the sarcasms of his sister-in-law and the criticisms of the world in general, but painted serenely on, disposing of his pictures at ludicrously small prices as fast as they were laid off his easel.

"For it isn't as if I could wait for a good chance," said he. "They must sell at any figure; the little people can't starve."

So the three led a strange, eccentric life. Little Becky swept and dusted, and did what she could. Billy brought water, weeded the onion beds and made himself generally useful, and Michael Harewood did all the rest. When there came to be meat enough for three he ate and was thankful. When there was not he made his meal of vegetables and told the children it was for his health's sake.

"Don't you love Uncle Michael, Becky?" asked the little boy one night when Michael had tucked them safely up in bed and heard their simple prayer.

"Yes," said Becky, rearing up in her little patch-work covered nest. "And when I grow up I mean to marry him."

"God bless the little ones!" he murmured. "And God bless Kate, wherever she may be!"

Kate was nearer than he thought. "Have you heard the news?" said the Widow Castleberry to Mrs. Harewood. "Kate Hale's come back."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Harewood's comment. "A bad penny always returns. Who does she suppose is going to run after her now?"

"Ah, but," said Widow Castleberry, wagging her head, "you didn't hear me through. She's a widow, and she's as rich as Croesus!"

"No!" said Mrs. Harewood. "It ain't possible!"

"But it is, though," said the widow. "Wears diamonds as big as dewdrops and a black silk dress as will stand all alone for richness, and has her maid as genteel as a queen of the cannibal islands."

"Ah, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Harewood. "Wonders will never cease. Their children will be brought up like a prince and princess now, I suppose! I most wish I'd taken them myself, as Michael wanted me to do."

For once the tongue of rumor was correct. Kate Hale, now Mrs. Alden Armitage, had been, in very truth, left a wealthy widow, and she had returned to her native land to adopt her brother's orphaned children. Kate had been pretty as a girl—as a woman, set off by the accession of wealth, she was royally beautiful. Nor was she devoid of feeling. When she first came into the presence of the artist, whose magnanimity had saved her brother's children from the parsonage, she knelt down and kissed his brown hands with tears.

"Kate! Kate!" he cried, recollecting, "what are you doing?"

"I can't help it," sobbed Kate. "You are so kind, so noble. What would my poor little ones have done but for you? And when I remember how I treated you—"

"We won't recall that, Kate," said the artist, quietly. "But I have grown to love the little ones dearly. I do not wish to part with them, although I feel that you have the best right to them."

He was standing with one hand on Becky's golden head. The child glanced eagerly from one to the other.

"Couldn't Aunt Kate come and live with us, Uncle Michael?" said she, with a sudden brightening up of every feature. The eyes of the elders met—Michael's sad and kindly—Kate's full of sudden tears.

"Ah, my child," said the former. "I asked her that question once, a long time ago—and she said 'No.'"

"But if you should ask me again I should answer very differently," cried out Kate.

And then she hid her burning face in her hands.

"I shall never ask it again," said Michael Harewood, gravely.

"Then I will," said Mrs. Armitage going up to him and putting her hands in his. "Dear Michael, I have learned now the priceless value of what I once rejected—your true, noble heart. I love you—you will you repulse me now?"

"I was going to marry Uncle Michael myself," said Becky, thoughtfully. But maybe it's best that Aunt Kate should have him, after all."

"I think so," said Billy.

East Indian families have had some curious features. In Aurangabad the priests were paid to pray for rain and did so, day after day, but the rain failed to appear, though very costly processions were organized. At last the people became angry, threw the gods into rubbish heaps and blocked up the entrance to the temples with masses of thorns as a penalty for keeping the fields dry. It is just as well for a Hindoo god to attend to business if he wants to keep his job.

An eastern firm manufactures porcelain finger rings. They are probably intended for Chinamen.

# DISORDERED KIDNEYS ARE RESPONSIBLE

For more sickness and suffering than anything else. Kidney troubles irritate the nerves, make one dizzy, restless, sleepless, irritable; makes one peevish often during day and compels one to get up during night; causes back-ache takes ambition from you; you get weak and waste away.

William Sweeney, cashier Park bank, Albany, N. Y., who had been troubled with his kidneys for several years took Cramer's Kidney Cure. It brought permanent relief and Mr. Sweeney has done as much as any other one person to spread the advantages of Cramer's Kidney and Liver Cure before the world.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 19, 1900.—I firmly believe that I owe my life to Cramer's Kidney Cure. For two years I suffered with kidney trouble and could find no relief anywhere. I spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicines. I tried Cramer's Kidney Cure as a last resort and I wish I had had followed the advice of friends sooner. In less than four months it had made a new man of me. I am entirely well and I give all the praise to Cramer's Kidney Cure. SAMUEL L. MORRIS, Of the Omaha Police Force.

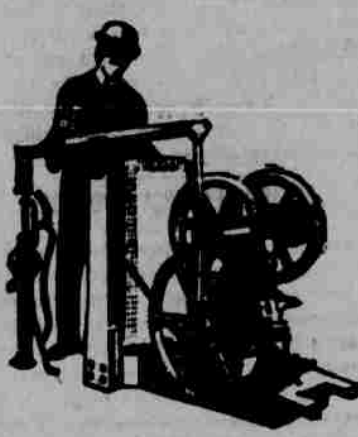
## CRAMER'S KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE.

The most wonderful kidney medicine known; will give you strength and bring color to your cheeks. It is a sure cure for kidney troubles. Sold by all druggists. Insist on Having Cramer's, \$1.00 a bottle, 6 bottles for \$5.00.

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They Sell Direct to Farmers at  
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This is what I can do, and it don't make any difference whether it is night or day, wet or dry, cold or warm, storm or calm, just call me and I will pump water, grind feed, shell corn, separate cream, churn or grind bones, or any work that is required of me.

Call and see me at work at

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OUR NEW "LITTLE GIANT" 1 1/2 H. P. GASOLINE ENGINE.

Worth Its Weight in Gold to Every Stockman and Farmer.

How many of you have lost the price of this engine in one day on account of insect-scent wind to operate your wind mill, leaving your stock without water. Get one now to do your pumping when there is no wind or to do it regularly. Weather does not affect its work, hot or cold, wet or dry, wind or calm, it is all the same to this machine. Will also shell corn, grind feed, saw wood, churn butter and is handy for a hundred other jobs, in the house or on the farm. Costs nothing to keep when not working, and only 10 cents per hour when working. Shipped completely set up, ready to run, no foundation needed, a great labor and money saver. Requires practically no attention, and is absolutely safe. We make all sizes of Gasoline Engines, from 1/4 to 75 horse-power. Write for circular and special prices.

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## MILWAUKEE STARTS NEW CARS

Des Moines and Omaha Sleepers Go On Omaha-Chicago Fast Trains

Two swell new sleeping cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway's independent sleeping car system have been placed in service on the fast Omaha-Chicago night trains, beginning yesterday. They are the Des Moines and Omaha, whose only difference is their names. Either car is a long, heavy, non-wreckable frame of steel handsomely finished without and a great boudoir within. It contains fourteen sections, upholstered in a rich green, and a drawing room done in dark blue. The interior of the car is the plain, highly polished, rich brown mahogany edged with dainty inlaid work, and is heavily carpeted in velvet. One especially up-to-date feature is that the ladies toilet room and dressing room contains an electric curler heater.

Electricity plays a big part on the Milwaukee, which prides itself on its electrically lighted trains. Eight glistering electrolites of clusters of four incandescent lights each throw the rays downward from the empire deck while each berth, upper or lower, holds its incandescent bulb snugly hidden in a golden Pandora's box, which may be opened at will. Therefore, nobody undresses in the dark. Over each vestibule entrance are also placed electric lights, so there need be no missteps at night.

New dining cars and coaches to match have also just been placed in service.—Omaha World-Herald.

Hon. John Barrett says America's supreme effort in non-Christian lands beyond its borders must be for the conservation of the allied forces of Christianity and commerce, which are the handmaidens of civilization the wide world over.

## HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At the Paris exposition is a magnificent illuminated manuscript gospel, the work of the queen of Roumania, who is a writer and artist.



With its 8,528 miles of railroads, occupying nine states, including as its western or Trans-Missouri system the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad, which occupies the best section of Nebraska, both for agricultural and grazing purposes. It also penetrates to the center of Wyoming, thro' the cattle ranges and into the celebrated sheep country and the oil regions of Natrona county, Wyoming. It also is the pioneer line to the Black Hills, whose mythical past is so intimately associated with Indian traditions and their legendary lore. The modern Black Hills are especially famous for their marvelous richness in gold and silver ore, and for its equally marvelous thermal springs.

Near by these Black Hills are sections of the so-called "Bad Lands," where are still found great quantities of relics of prehistoric ages.

The agriculturist or stock grower should seek location on these lands, as should the scientist visit the bad lands, the miner the upper hills, the invalid the sanitation of the thermal springs.

No immediate Scotch whisky drought need be feared in spite of recent disturbances in the industry. There are 104,638,404 gallons now ripening in bond in Scotland, an increase of more than 70 per cent over the amount held five years ago.

Menses surely brought on regularly, suppressions neglected often result in blood poisoning and quick consumption, and is the direct cause of women's troubles; therefore keep the menses regular with "De Lu's Female Regulator," and women will be happy and healthy.

If it fails, Kidd Drug Co., Omaha, Ill., send free medicine until relieved and fully cured; \$3 per package, or 3 for \$8, per mail. Retail and wholesale at Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; J. S. Baker, Sioux City. A complete line of rubber goods on hand; ask for what you want.

"But how do you know that the man is good?" asked the cashier of the discount clerk. "I know it perfectly well. Once I saw him return a silk umbrella that he had borrowed." "He's all right, then," said the cashier in an assured tone.

Vital weakness and nervous debility can be cured. "Kidnism" Tablets are guaranteed by Kidd Drug Co., Elgin, Ill. It cures all nervous diseases, debility and vital losses, or send free medicine until cured if guaranteed to fail. Fully, thin, emaciated, trembling and nervous people should try these tablets; greatest of nerve tonics. If you are not what you ought to be, or want to be and can't be, give these one trial and you will praise them for ever. \$3 a package, or 3 for \$8, per mail. Retail and wholesale at Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; J. S. Baker, Sioux City. Full line of rubber goods ask for what you want.

When a man at this season of the year begins to look over his last winter's clothing he realizes that the heavy little blue isn't in it with the moth.