## JOINING THE NAVY.

## LOYAL MINNESOTA BOY TRAINS FOR UNCLE CAM'S SERVICE.

Leaves His Girl at Rival's Mercy, But She Remains Faithful and Freezes the Interloper Out.

The boy was satisfied with life in the small country town, until he saw the picture of a man-of-war. In every American boy's heart there is something about the picture of one of our floating fighting machines that starts within him all the torrents of latent patriotism and love of a good fight, and this boy, was no exception to the rule, relates the Minneapolis Tribune.

But to want to enlist was but the mere beginning of the boy's actual enlistment. There were obstacles to overcome. His father was a business man and had made other plans for his son. The village jokesmith told a few jolly ones about people getting seasick to the bunch of time brokers behind the harness shop, and the curly-haired wonder with the bright eye on the main chance, who pushed dry goods across the counter for the inspection of the town belles, made a mental calculation that with the boy out of the way a certain girl would have three more open nights a week which he might help to fill. As for the girl she seemed to take things very quietly-in fact so quietly that a shrewd observer might suspect her of harboring some inside information which gave her mind this unseemly peace.

The curly-haired dry goods juggler was a little more disconcerting.

Three nights a week was a big opening to leave and four years a long while to be gone, but still he resolved to trust to an original scheme which had flashed across his mind when the question of leaving the girl had first presented lise f. He went to talk it over with the girl. There were some more calculations, a half interest in a certain prosperous little hardware store was discussed, a little house, too, just across from where the girl lived, was mentioned, and the girl thought it was awful for anyone to marry at 18 anyhow.

Then there must have been a promise-perhaps a sealed promise, something, anyway. The boy left the house with a happy look and the curlyhaired dry goods artist, whose net weekly income had about as much show of rising above eight dollars a week as a New York insurance director has of "reaching for more," was effectually erased from his thoughts. Three days later the boy went to Minneapolis. He passed a good examination and was sent away to 'Frisco the same night with four other boys, with the same ambition and destination.

The boy was sent shortly after to the training ship Pensacola, where the young boys are taught all sorts of things necessary to make them efficient seamen. For instance, he wrote that he was taught to sew canvas. splice rope, make knots, etc.

The boy kept his eyes open and soon saw that he would be able to pass the examination for seaman, which would give him more pay and open the way to promotion. His division officer encouraged him in this effort, as well as some others of the bright boys, and it won't be long before he obtains his new rate. About the time of his examination the new cruiser California will be commissioned. This ship is a fine example of the new armoured cruiser of 13,000 tons displacement.

The boy has hopes for a place

## Big Sale of Warm Weather Goods

THIS WEEK you can buy warm weather goods at this store at prices which we have made very attractive. We cannot do the goods justice in an advertisement, but we invite you to come and see for your self that this week's offerings are REAL MONEY-SAVERS for you.









aboard this latest product of the Union Iron works, where also was built the famous Oregon, especially as she will be in the Asiatic fleet. If the clouds of war gather above China and break into a storm, the boy will be there to take part in it and actuit himsen as Minnesota boys always do. In the meanwhile, the curly-haired beginning of a Marshall Field finish had been as astute as the fox. Not for a month did he drop around to make his consolation call, not he. For that he was too smart-better by far to let the "out-of-sight-out-of-mind" theory prove itself and allow the pangs of the boy's departure to ameliorate in the fair one's heart. Then one night he lost himself in one of those broad-shouldered effects that make J. Jeffries look like a bad case of ingrowing development, changed the ends of his cuffs, and dropped around just casually as it were.

When he sat down in the parlor he noticed several pictures of the Yuba Buena Island Training station on the piano and the belt around the girl'. waist bore in gold letters "U. S. S. Pensacola.

When she turned to show him some picture postals from 'Frisco he also observed her collar was fastened by a pin shaped "U. S. N." and above the mantel piece, which place he had thus far failed to see, was the framed photo of a young sailor around which somebody had draped the American

The curly-haired one saw he had made a false start and realizing sadly that 16 and 7 made "23" took the first opening for a quiet exit. As he mournfully traveled up the

lane he gave one farewell glance backward. The blind was up a little in one of the windows and through the opening he thought he saw the girl sitting at a desk busy with a pen. Of course, he wasn't sure, for the blind was raised just a little and he didn't care anyhow.

Not Butter. The question is, does butter by any other name, taste as sweet?