WHEN CHEYENNE CUTS LOOSE

An Eastern Sketch of Cowboy Merry-Making on Frontier Day.

OLD TIMES AND OLD STYLES MIMICKED

Nothing Like It This Side of the Range—Scene at the Park Where the Games Are Held—Roping and Bucking Contests.

Noise and color, color and noise; a sky dazzling, blinding, with white and purple peaks cut sharply against it far on one side, and a dusty multitude of prairie melting into it on the other; color of banner and bunting, of women's summer frocks, of Indians' blankets, bold and broad-striped, of jockey caps, of cowboy shirts, of committee badges fluttering in the wind; a great fanfare of noise—the crescendo shriek of locomotives bringing in the extra holiday trains to the frontier town, the beat of horses' hoofs on the highways, the braying of bands, the blowing of trumpets, the high-pitched laughter of girls, the deep chuckle of men, the piping call of beggar women, the monotonous chant of fakirs and peddlers, the far-heard bellowing of steers—noise and color, color and noise—that is Cheyenne when the cowboys gather there late in August for their annual merrymaking.

The sober-going citizens who prefer that the town shall be known by its present as a western railroad center rather than by its past as the "toughest" of frontier towns, upon which the Indians, the bad men from the east, cowboys, missionaries, gamblers, miners and what not all descended indiscriminately, frown slightly upon "Frontier Day." They are proud of the industry and morality of the place. They boast that except when the yearly celebration brings sightseers thither, four policemen suffice to keep order, and that their positions are such sinecures as to be widely sought. But for the foolish maintaining of ungentle traditions, they claim that Cheyenne could soon acquire a reputation no more uproariously picturesque than that of Bangor, Me., or Akron, O.

But these are in a minority, and Frontier day still remains the glory of the community. Still there are pioneers—lean, brown, wrinkled by the alkaline winds and the bright suns of the west as much as by the passing of years—to revisit the scenes of their vehement youth. There are still ranches lying throughout Wyoming and beyond it where the thought of the great contest gives zest to the fierce routine of the cowboy's life. There are still men, but pioneers, not ranchmen, to whom the joy of witnessing the subjugation of wild horses and wild steers is as keen a delight as witnessing the racing of matched thoroughbreds is to a concourse of easterners.

Preparations for the Contests.

For a week before the festival the town suspends its other occupations and avocations, and makes ready for the two-day revel. In the banks mere tellers and other officials creep into unconsidered corners, and in their places of prominence and power the enthroned the beribboned chairmen of various committees. Hither come the visitors beseeching to be assigned to lodgings—for the hostelries of Cheyenne are not equal to the Frontier day strain upon them. Hence they issue in the charge of Cheyenne youths, magnificent in gilt-lettered streamers announcing that they are "Frontier day messengers," these lads pilot the sightseers through the long, straight streets of the town, which beyond its small, bricked center, near the railroad, is a green oasis in the sere, blazing desert—green with carefully cherished lawns, with anxiously guarded vines, with great rows of cottonwood trees, every one of which has been imported from a more kindly soil and coaxed into acclimatization.

The committees do other things in that busy week. They arrange the events of the great days, they placate prospective contestants, they make peace between warring photographers, they deny the shocking rumors of a "dog ear" at the Indian village; they warn away gamblers—not altogether effectively; they let the sandwich booth privileges at the park grounds, they arrange for the reception of the distinguished visitors from out of town, they consult with the railroad officials about handling the enormous holiday crowds safely, they have programs printed, barges engaged, bands hired. They grow red and moist in their Briarian efforts, and if they do not retire to rest cures after the festival is over—that is merely a tribute to the quickly recuperative properties of the western climate.

Park Out on the Prairie.

Out at Frontier park—the forty-acre stretch of prairie where the contests are held—as busy scenes are enacting. From the ranches near and distant the cowboys come in, riding their tough little ponies, driving the horses which they wish to enter for the events. The plains as far south as Texas, the mountains as far as Montana and Idaho, have been scoured for wild cattle. Horses that have in previous years successfully defeated the efforts of the best breakers and riders to tame them are brought again, swollen with surly pride, to the arena. In great corrals at opposite sides of the park the wild steers and the wild horses are penned; little camps for many ranches fringe the arena. The cowboys cook their bacon and coffee over crossed-stick fires before their quarters. Then they go down into the town—the town that brays with bands, shrills with laughter, beats with horses' hoofs, flares across the wide night from thousands of electric lights swinging at corners, illuminating doorways, blazoning windows.

Here there are dances. In wonderful masquerade costumes, the unconventionally joyous part of the community gathers in the halls, and hilarity reaches a high western altitude. The conventional but inquisitive drive or walk about, watching the sights. Now and again one of the smouldering animosities which the tact of committee men has been powerless to extinguish completely breaks out in a chance saloon or street corner meeting, and the extra Frontier day constabulary force is needed. Sometimes the twinkling of the crude, brilliant lights festooned across a building or a roadway inspires a merrymaker with the old, unquenchable cowboy desire to use them as targets, and there is a quick, popping, crackling fusillade until the ambitious youth is stayed.

Character of the Festival.

As for the festival itself—only one to whom the technicalities of the cowboy are a familiar idiom could adequately hope to describe it. And he would need an audience speaking the same language to understand him. What does it mean to say that there are cow-pony races for men and for women? What part does that contrary of the splendid pasture—the lithe, clean-limbed young men, mounted upon their sturdy, ewe-necked, mouse-colored little horses, borne in a whirl of dust about the immense track? A "ladies' cow-pony race"—what vision does that call up of sturdy western women, clear-eyed, clear-skinned, sitting in line upon their beasts, smiling with set, determined lips as they wait for the word to start? What does it reveal of the swift bound forward, of the straining muscles of the horses, of the flying skirts, of the streaming veils that are lost to the sight a one time to follow them to the rush around the amphitheater?

The Indian races, when the braves or the squaws in their strangely assorted garments mount their sleekly little beasts, and at the signal disappear into the dust cloud, to re-emerge, feathers, beads, American trousers, or American calico Mother Hubbards and all—one must see that to know the half-grotesque, half-pitiful figure which the savages may cut, degraded to make a Roman holiday. Their war dance, when in their feathers and paint, and practically nothing else, they go through the movements so meaningful to them, so ludicrously like a revolting cake walk to the unsympathetic observer, is another of the features of the Cheyenne celebration.

All the rewards of the Indian are given to him immediately. The agent having in charge the members of the Shoshone tribe who figure in the festival would lead a sorry life were he unable to pass the money prizes at once to the winners. They have probably learned their distrust in a hard school, but they have learned it, and not one of the contestants in a race will stir from the spot in front of the judges' box until the $10, the $5, or the $5 of the winners has been actually given. Then it's off and away—to the booths behind the bleachers, where the money again changes hands, and the thrifty whites, who, in spite of the regulations against gambling on the fair grounds, succeed in conducting a profitable game, come into their own again.

Real Interest of Frontier Day.

The real interest of the Frontier day festival centers in the roping contests, and the bucking and pitching contests. On the range he is considered a poor makeshift for a cowboy who cannot subdue and ride a wild pony in three efforts. At the festival the winner must do this in about three seconds. From the corral where they are kept the wild ponies are led forth blindfolded. Each is assigned to his prospective rider. To subdue to the saddle the beast which has never known the touch of leather, to mount, to remove the bandage from the eyes, to remain seated in spite of the furious and astonished animal's efforts to pitch or buck the rider off, to make him travel the track, overcoming his efforts to run wild across the field—and to bring up again in front of the grand stand before any other of the contestants—that is the victory. The contortions of the angry horses are amazing. They bunch their legs for terrible jumps. They lower their heads, they pitch and toss, they try to lie down and roll over, they paw the earth, they stand stubbornly still, they feint submission and tear madly along the track for a second, only to pause with an unseating suddenness. And some of them leave the arena with the proud consciousness of having again proved themselves too much for any tamer.

The steers, let out of their corral, are cut loose upon the field, and the cowboys, with lariats ready, are out in pursuit of them. The cow ponies are almost as intelligent as their riders in this contest. They approach the big, fierce, stampeding animal with a swiftness that seems utterly divorced from caution, but they are able to wheel and turn to escape the big beast's sudden unexpected descents. To throw the lariat in such a way as to catch the steer, not to be dragged from one's seat upon one's horse by his superior strength, to throw him to the ground and to keep him there until his four feet are "hogtied," then to brand him with promptness—to do all this with greater expedition than any of the other contestants, this is victory in the steer-roping contest.

Comedy and Tragedy.

Of course, during these contests one sees the bulging eyes of animals in an agony of fear and apprehension, one sees lacerated and bleeding skin, strained muscles, wild eyes, and quivering nostrils. But the lump-of-sugar and the kind-word method of subduing animals does not appeal keenly to the cowboy. He has not time to break his ponies or to brand his steers, using the gentler preliminaries of acquaintance. And the fact that he and his pony are best of friends and that he becomes rather sentimental about his beast in the course of time must be taken as testimony to the effect that he is not unnecessarily cruel in his processes.

There are other bits of tragedy than that of the animals—if that indeed be tragedy—at the Frontier day festival. As at every concourse of people in the west there are the health seekers, with the consumptives' hollows in their cheeks and the consumptives' brightness in their eyes. They try to earn their living while they die inch by inch, or grow slowly well. They are at the Frontier day festival with cameras, with portfolios. They wish to take pictures of the show to sell. Or they have obtained the privilege of selling coffee and sandwiches in a tent behind the arena. Or with their emaciated arms they are holding in ancient steeds while they solicit "fares" back to town.

There are the inevitable jealousies and quarrels of competition. The champions of one of the outdistanced riders in "the ladies' cow-pony race" furiously declare that the winner's horse was no cow pony, but a thoroughbred. The judgment of the entry committee is fiercely challenged, the honor of the winner's relatives is maligned. There is a scuffle, and a cowboy appears later with a spattering of blood upon his silk shirt. There are whispers of "there'll be a settling when they meet in town tonight."

Cowboy Lord of the Hour.

But on the whole, tragedy is kept decently in the background on Frontier day. The cowboy is lord of the hour, and a highly picturesque one he makes. He is admirably lean and lithe, his skin is brown and clear, his eyes steady and brilliant with the wholesome gleam of irrepressible American humor in their depth. But this is not all. Your proper cowboy is a fancier of fine linen and even of fine silk when his gala days arrive. He has none of the effetely civilized male's fear of color. Lavender he wears, and pink, and all manner of delicate tints that blend with the dusty neutrality of his sombrero and his leather "schaps." His gauntlets are of skin as soft and pliable as it is thick, and he does not disdain embroidery upon them. The felt of his broad-brimmed hat is of the finest texture, and he sometimes adds a bit of silver to it, modifying the Mexican's love for a glitter of trimming. Observing the details of the cowboy's costume on a gala day, one might be tempted to accuse him of effeminacy, except that the exultant leap of one's heart in the presence of his vigor would hinder criticism. And then the sight of the branded steers, the ponies broken to saddle which a fortnight before were running wild in droves that had never seen a man—the sight of these would more than outweigh the testimony of the silk and fine linen.—Anne O'Hagan in New York Evening Post.

A CLEANLY AGE.

Twentieth Century Ideas Incline Toward Sanitation and Preventives.

Nowadays scientists believe that in cleanliness lies the secret of prevention of diseases.

To prevent a disease, remove the cause.

Just as unclean habits breed many diseases, so careless habits will breed dandruff. Improper use of another's brushes, combs, etc., will surely cause dandruff, and, in time, will just as surely cause baldness.

It's microbic infection, nothing more nor less.

Newbro's Herpicide kills the dandruff germ, and causes hair to grow luxuriantly. Herpicide is absolutely free from grease or other injurious substances.

Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., special agents.

IMPRESSIONS OF POPE PIUS

Story of Joseph Cardinal Sarto Told by a Personal Friend.

RISES SLOWLY BY INTELLIGIBLE MERITS

Chief Characteristic is that He Remains the Same Parish Priest as of Old, Although Surroundings Change.

Joseph, Cardinal Sarto, henceforth to be known to the world and to history as Pius X, seems to me singularly unfamiliar to the general public. Even in Italy one heard little of him. On the rare occasions when he came to Rome and perhaps appeared along with other cardinals at some papal function in St. Peter's, I used to hear all around me, "Who is that?" His face even was unknown to most of the crowd. This was not due solely or even chiefly to the fact of his being a provincial. The massive figure and strangely baggy eyes of Cardinal Svampa were as familiar to Rome as to Bologna. Cardinal Ferrari could not easily have gone about unrecognized. But Cardinal Sarto knew intuitively and superlatively how to keep quiet.

In his own Venice it was much the same. Certainly the Venetians themselves knew and loved him. There was no help for it. But of the thousands of travelers who faithfully saw Venice every year, and who at the end of their stay could tell you almost anything, from the site of Titian's grave to the prices of things at Florian's, very few could have told you the name of the Cardinal Patriarch. For in Venice, too, he kept quiet. But the Venetians knew him!

That is the first impression he gives, the impression of an equanimity not easily disturbed. He looked his best when one saw him, not in some high ceremonial, muffled and half-hidden in gorgeous vestments that would stand up of their own stiffness; but rather in his everyday cassock, walking through the corridors of the seminario or in the twisting alleys of its gondola. Then there stood before you a man who seemed of medium height, though I suspected him of being taller, very straight, tranquil, but sure and decided in every movement, even in every little gesture.

His Youthful Appearance.

He always seemed to me young for a cardinal, although I knew he was not. But his fresh, almost boyish complexion, and his appearance of not only having but enjoying perfect health are oddly incongruous with the silvery hair that struggles rebelliously from beneath the red zuchetto. He will never be able to do anything with that hair, unless, in time, the weight of the tiara may partially subdue it. It is "all anywhere" over his forehead, a riot of white fluff, giving a quaint and attractive dash of carelessness to a figure otherwise immaculately neat and orderly.

Pius X has fine eyes. They are wide open, and their look meets your own squarely and with a charming frankness. You spend very little time indeed in arriving at the conclusion that you like this man, and that the devotion of his Venetians is comprehensible enough.

The first time I ever saw him, so far as I can remember, he was walking along slowly, surrounded by some half-dozen little seminarists. They were thoroughly respectful, of course, these little Venetian cherubim, but it was clear that they did not stand in any sort of awe of him. They seemed, rather, to have that boundless confidence in him which small boys give to a big friend. The patriarch never for a moment relaxed his gentle gravity, but spoke to them as courteously as if they had been so many bishops—no condescension, but just the manner of a man who genuinely likes children and knows that they like him. Many of the Italian clergy, especially in the country towns and villages, have this to perfection. You may notice over and over again that the parroco, or parish priest, can scarcely budge from his door without a lot of absurdly handsome little brats clinging to his cassock and begging him for a santo—that is to say, one of those little cards with gorgeously colored pictures of the various saints which abound all over Italy. And perhaps the good old man will rummage his pockets and hand out cards all round, or he may kindly shake his head and tell them "Pasienza, some other time." In either case they kiss his hand and scamper away as pleased as boys well could be.

Simple Priest with Enlarged Parish.

Well, the new pope began as just such a parish priest. In that capacity he labored for years, and from it he rose by slow gradations and, as Emerson said of Napoleon, "by very intelligible merits," to the patriarchate of Venice, and now to the throne of Catholic Christendom. But through it all he has remained essentially the parish priest. His parish has widened from a village to the world, but he himself summed it all up in what he is reported to have said to a friend the day after his election: "The color of my robes has changed, but I am the same Sarto."

Village or Vatican, his surroundings change, but he does not. He will have, of course, new duties, and will have to get accustomed to things never before expected of him. He must exchange his gondola for the pingpy oscillations of sedia gestatoria as he is borne in unsteady triumph through St. Peter's. He who has loved quiet, who has so long shunned publicity, must school himself to be cheered and beclapped and buzzed by thousands every time he lets himself be seen. Less than two weeks ago he was off climbing mountains; now he is a prisoner for life. Certainly these are contrasts. But it is safe to say that he will accept what comes, just as, if he had remained all his life a village priest, he would have accepted that—and thanked God.

That, as I read the man, is the basis of his character—simple, unquestioning piety. He was elected pope for a reason which has not always primarily influenced the actions of conclaves—for the plain, old-fashioned reason that he was a good man. The very simplicity of his nature is in salient contrast to the infinitely subtle and many-sided personality of his predecessor. We hear much discussion as to whether the policy of Leo XIII will be continued or not. One thing is certain. There is a very striking change in the personality of the pope. It will show in small things as well as in great. We shall have no more of those charming Latin verses, ranging in subject-matter from Horace to the hygiene of gastronomy—poems to the Madonna and poems on the new electric lights in the Vatican. And we shall have no more politics in the grand manner. Papa Sarto—as the Romans will presently be calling him—is not a political pope. One need only look at his face to see that. Leo XIII had a politician's face. Even in the closing years of his venerable age, when I used to see him borne into St. Peter's, white, frail, unearthly, seeming rather a spectral visitant from another world, his face was still the face of the master-diplomatist who brought Bismarck to Canossa, and whom the Iron Chancellor called "the greatest statesman in Europe." Cardinal Rampolla has a politician's face par excellence. He goes through the motions of piety with edifying correctness, and by this I do not at all mean to call his sincerity in question. But his expression and manner are predominantly worldly. I remember once observing him as he knelt before the sacrament in St. Peter's. A lady standing beside me whispered, "Isn't that a saint's face?" She saw what certainly was invisible to me. Now Pope Pius has not a saint's face, but the face of a kind, sensible man and energetic worker.

Love for Music and Art.

He is a man of scholarly tastes and a lover of the arts. His fondness for music and his patronage of Don Lorenzo Perosi have been much spoken of since his accession. The simple truth is that, with the best intentions, he came near wrecking Perosi's career. After one or two initial successes, the boy composer—for he was little more—came to Rome fortified with the recommendation of the Cardinal Patriarch. Here he was at once taken up and inordinately advertised by the church. His fame was trumpeted to the four quarters of the earth, as if a new Palestrina had suddenly appeared. The natural result was an output of terribly amateurish music, evidently composed in haste and carelessly, which brought down a storm of adverse criticism all over Europe. However, Perosi is young enough to outlive the results of his premature celebrity. He has undeniable genius, and I am convinced that he will presently do work of serious value. And there is every reason to hope that the musical tastes of the new pontiff will contribute to lift church music in Rome from the slough of despond into which it has fallen of late years. Any one familiar with the great functions of the church in Rome, especially Holy Week and Easter, must agree that the music is scandalously inadequate to the place and the occasion.

Pope Pius is also a lover of painting, in which capacity he once rather frightened me. This was in Venice. I was helping a friend to celebrate a birthday by a visit to Giorgione's "Apello and Paphne," in the Seminario Patriarchale. Save for the custode, we had the room of pictures to ourselves. The light on the Giorgione was bad, and I suggested to the attendant that we take the picture down from the wall and put it on a chair by the window. He agreed. Persons who have lived in Italy will understand the nature of the arguments we used. It was a wildly irregular thing to do, and we felt rather like stage conspirators all the time we were handling the picture. However, we saw the Giorgione to better advantage, probably, than anyone else of this generation has. So we came out of the room jubilant—and walked plump into Cardinal Sarto! The patriarch looked benevolent enough, and no doubt felt so, but to my imagination, at the moment, he seemed to have the major excommunication up his sleeve, and I lost no time in carrying my guilty conscience elsewhere.

An Interesting Incident.

Just one more recollection. It goes back to a day in the jubilee year 1900, when a large pilgrimage of Venetians and North Italians were received by Leo XIII in St. Peter's. They were presented by Cardinal Sarto, who read an address to the pope. His sonorous voice carried far, with just the slightest touch of Venetian accent. As he stood there, erect and stately, he looked a strikingly handsome man. His few gestures, as he spoke, were deliberate, measured. Nothing could have been more diffigent than the manner of Leo XIII in replying. He was not still for an instant. His hands and arms were in a state of perpetual motion, reinforcing all that he said with that peculiar expressiveness of Italian gesture which makes even ordinary conversation almost dramatic. At times, in his emphasis and earnestness, he would half rise out of his throne. I watched the marked contrast with the greatest interest, but certainly without suspecting that I was looking at two popes instead of one—Leo the statesman and Pius the Priest.—David Clifford in the Outlook.

Low Summer Tourist Rates

Via Chicago Great Western railway. Round trips to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Superior, Ashland, Duluth and other Minnesota resorts. Tickets on sale daily to September 30. Good to return October 31. Also to Colorado, Utah, Black Hills, New Mexico and Texas points, with stopover privileges. For full information apply to any Great Western agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co

Two Important Sales Monday.

Big Sale Lace Curtains, and Curtain Materials

Every item priced to arrest your attention and appeal to your buying economy. A big money-saving opportunity. We bought over 5,000 pairs of French, Swiss and German made curtains at a saving of 25 to 50 per cent. Monday, August 24th, these goods will go on special sale at a big saving to our customers and much below their regular selling price. 50 styles of Brussels, 25 styles hand made Arabian and Battenberg. Read the following values.

French Muslin Curtains, fancy stripe, extra full ruffle, usual price $1.50—special, per pair 95c

Scotch Muslin Curtains with hemstitched ruffle, very fine quality, worth $2.50 per pair, special 1.25

Scotch Muslin Curtains, extra fine, the best made, regular selling price $3.50, special for this sale, per pair 1.95

EXTRA SPECIAL—Hand made Battenberg Curtains, white or Arabian colors, 3 yards long, 45 inches wide, with 4 1-2-inch ruffle, insertion and edge, worth $4 per pair, extra special per pair 1.95

$5.00 Ruffled Net Curtains, fifty styles, special, per pair 3.75

$5.00 Hand Made Battenbergs, with insertion and edge, also fine corner design, special, per pair 2.50

$7.50 Hand Made Arabians and Battenbergs, Irish Point, Brussels and Point de Calais, 60 styles, special, per pair 4.75

$10 Hand Made Arabian, Cluny, Brussels and French Renaissance, 32 styles, special, per pair 6.75

$12.50 Brussels, real lace, hand made Arabians and Battenbergs, Cluny and Bonne Femme, special, per pair, only 8.75

$20 Saxony Brussels, Irish Point and Arabians, about 15 styles, special, per pair, only 12.50

$5 Door Curtains with cord edge and fringe top and bottom, all colors, special per pair 3.75

$7.50 New Bordered Door Curtains, the very latest designs, 30 styles, special, per pair $5

$15 Real Damask and Silk Curtains, all colors, special, per pair $9

$35 German Velours, only 8 pairs, special, per pair, only $15

Curtain Swiss—20c Swiss, special 12½c

Curtain Swiss—25c Swiss, special 17½c

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Embroidered Swiss, just received a complete line, selling at special prices, from $1.00 down to, yard 12½c

Sash Nets for glass in front doors, 25 patterns at HALF PRICE.

Bobbinet—We sell the kind that gives satisfaction and quality is what you want in nets. All colors.

$3 Table Covers, special at, each 1.65

Odd curtains at HALF PRICE—Remnants of tapestry for upholstering—HALF PRICE.

A Real Rug Sale

One that's not all in the advertisement, for we can deliver the goods. Each item enumerated is exactly as represented. Its a stock reducing sale and we have cut the price on goods we wish to close just as shown in the following list. On sale Monday morning at 8 o'clock for ONE DAY ONLY.

	Regular Price	Sale Price
9x12 Smith Wilton Rug	$30.00	$24.50
9x12 Reed Axminster	30.00	23.00
10-6x12 Reed Axminster	37.50	28.50
11-3x14-3 Reed Axminster	46.50	38.50
8-3x10-6 Reed Axminster	26.50	20.00
6-9x9 Reed Axminster	19.00	15.00
8-3x10-6 Smith Axminster	24.00	19.00
9x12 Smith Axminster	27.50	20.00
9x11-3 Dunlap Velvet	18.50	13.50
9x12 Tashmoo Tapestry	16.75	12.50
9x10-6 Tabriz Tapestry	13.25	11.50
9x12 Smith Tapestry	15.00	10.50
9x12 Afghanstan Tapestry	19.00	15.00
9x12 Roxbury Tapestry	21.00	18.00
30-inch Smyrna	1.35	.95
27-inch Wilton Velvet	2.00	1.35

SPECIAL SALE STOCK RUGS.

Room size rugs, made from short lengths and drop patterns of carpet. Large new lot on sale Monday at one-third less than regular. Bring measurement of your room.

8-3x7-6 Wilton Velvet Rug—for	12.50	9x12 Extra Velvet—for	25.00
8-3x8-7 Saxony Axminster—for	13.50	10-6x11-2 Whittall Body Brussels—for	26.00
8-3x7-6 Smith Velvet—for	9.00	10-6x11 Lancaster Velvet—for	13.00
8-3x10-6 Saxony Axminster—for	18.00	10-6x12-6 Lancaster Velvet—for	14.00
8-3x8-10 Smith Tapestry—for	12.00	10-6x12-7 Moquette—for	22.00
8-3x12-5 Royal Wilton—for	20.00	10-6x12-6 Savonnerie Axminster—for	27.00
8-3x9 Extra Wilton—for	20.00	12-6x11 Smith Tapestry—for	14.00
8-3x11-10 Smith Velvet—for	19.50	6x12-6 Middlesex Axminster—for	10.00
8-3x9-6 Smith Tapestry—for	11.50	6-6x9-2Savonnerie Axminster—for	10.00
8-3x12-6 Royal Wilton—for	21.00	3-6x7-6 Moquette—for	5.00
8-3x11-3 Smith Velvet—for	18.00	2-6x6-6 Smith Velvet—for	3.00
8-3x13-3 Royal Wilton—for	20.00	8-6x13 Smith Tapestry—for	4.00
8-3x8-2 Bigelow Axminster—for	18.75	8-6x7-6 Middlesex Axminster—for	5.00
8-3x13-10 Extra Axminster—for	22.00	4-6x7-6 Smith Tapestry—for	3.00
8-3x10-11 Middlesex Axminster—for	21.50	6x13 Moquette—for	10.50
8-3x10 Savonnerie Axminster—for	21.00	6x9-1 Bigelow Axminster—for	9.00
8-3x10-7 Extra Axminster—for	17.50	6x7-9 Savonnerie Axminster—for	8.00
8-3x10-10 Whittall Body Brussels—for	20.00	6x7 Smith Velvet—for	8.00
8-3x12-4 Whittall Body Brussels—for	22.50	6x9 Moquette—for	9.00
8-3x13-3 Victoria Body Brussels—for	22.50	3-6x9 Extra Velvet—for	4.25
8x13-6 Tapestry Brussels—for	10.75	3-6x8-4 Savonnerie—for	4.00
9x10-6 Whittall Body Brussels—for	17.50	6-1x9-8 Savonnerie Axminster—for	10.00
9x11-3 Savonnerie Axminster—for	22.00	8-6x9 Wilton Velvet—for	12.50

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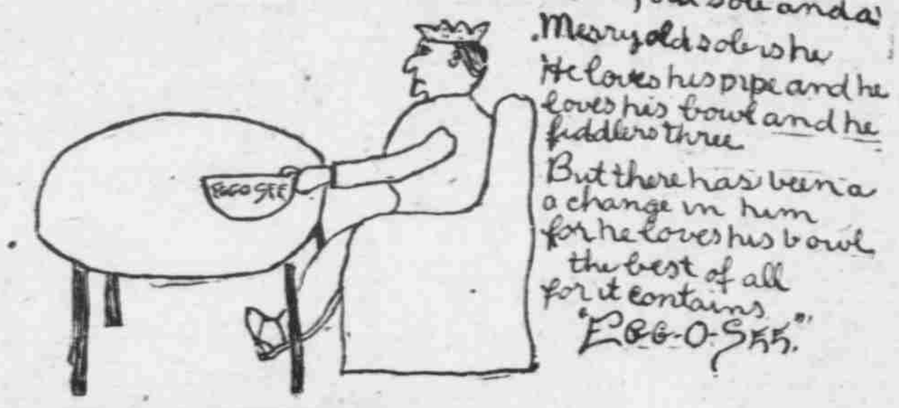

This sketch was made by Carl Kagl, age 11, Pacific School, Omaha, Neb.

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10 Cents Buys a Full Size Package

Our immense factory enables us to do this and the consumer gets the benefit.

F. A. Boyer, grocer, Des Moines Ia., says, "Egg-O-See leads all other kinds of cereals with us about five to one."

EGG-O-SEE

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE GREEN PACKAGE.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and 10 cents and we will send you a package prepaid.

Address all communications to Battle Creek Breakfast Food Co., Quincy, Ill.

Made by the BATTLE CREEK BREAKFAST FOOD CO Battle Creek, Mich. Quincy, Ill.

WANTED

Good solicitors to represent us at state and county fairs, carnivals and stock shows. To those who are successful at the work, a permanent position with an assured good income will be given. Call at Twentieth Century Farmer booth in new Live Stock Pavilion, State Fair Grounds, Des Moines, or on E. R. McClellan, Kirkwood Hotel, Des Moines, from seven to eight o'clock P. M.

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Relieves Kidney & Bladder troubles at once. Cures in 48 Hours all URINARY DISCHARGES

Each Capsule bears the name MIDY

Beware of useless imitations

"HIGH BALLS" MADE FROM

Quaker Maid Rye

Have a delicious flavor peculiarly their own. Quaker Maid Rye is absolutely pure. For medicinal purposes it is unequalled. On sale at the leading cafes, drug stores and bars.

S. HIRSCH & CO. Wholesale Liquor Dealers. KANSAS CITY, MO.