







# Anthony Drew Actor

By Elliot Walker

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Sullivan)

The deacon projected his chin and the tip of his right hand and sat down. "I wish we had had a better man."

His wife laughed, pushing a cup of coffee across the table, and with a faint suggestion of being humorous, she said: "I wish we had had a better man."

"That's just it," returned the deacon, his blue eyes twinkling with a faint suggestion of being humorous; "I wish we had had a better man."

"When Penelope died, sir, there I was, with a wandering professor and a baby eight months old. She's nearly four years old now. I didn't know a thing about babies except that they had to be nursed. Finally, a chap I knew in the show business told me of a Norwegian family, nice people and kind. He could talk their language, and through him I put her with them. They were glad, too, for I paid 'em well, and they didn't have much. Neel, a word of English did they speak to gether, but that was nothing to Penelope, nor to me.

"All the time I was thinking what to do, and last fall the Norwegian out fit informed me that they were going to Dakota in the spring. Of course I couldn't let Penelope go with them; it was time she changed, anyway.

"A month after this news, the troupe I was traveling with gave a performance at Hurryburg. It was on a Saturday night, and a freight wreck blocking the trains, we stayed over Sunday morning—ah! it was a fine day—I hired a rig and drove into the country. Coming through Payville, I reined up in front of this house and jumped out.

"It's the very place for Penelope, I kept thinking, not knowing for an instant what I could do about it. Walking up the path I spied a long, lank, red-headed gawk sitting on the horse block chewing a twig.

"Peter!" ejaculated the deacon. "He should have been at church."

"Yes, sir, it was Peter. I approached him and opened up. He told me all about you and Mrs. Emmons, and in ten minutes I was ready to die if I could get my child in such a home. It was what I'd dreamed of. My mind makes up quick. Says I: 'My friend, I'd like your job. What's it worth?'

"Then I told him my story as mat to man. He slid off his perch, grabbing my hand. 'I'll do it for the little gal,' says he. 'I loves little gals, and we fixed it up. Peter's been in my pay ever since he left.'

The deacon's mild blue orbs were staring through his spectacles.

"What next?" he inquired, with rather an injured infection.

"Deacon Emmons, I've done your work all right, haven't I?"

"What's that to do with it?"

"Just this. All last winter I labored to learn how, threw up my contract, went into a livery stable then I was with a florist. I half froze on a farm learning to milk. I asked questions and studied, chopped wood, did everything I could think of, and when the time came I was fit for the job, with recommendations. Peter got out. I got in.

"You must forgive the deception, sir. If you could know the agony of these days and nights, when I have feared that, after all, you might feel it was best to put her somewhere else. I have worked so hard for it; it was like a madness with me. I have been through a hard strain, deacon."

"You renounce all claim, then Drew?"

"Except to help provide for her and see her sometimes."

"Very well. It shall be a legal adoption." His tone was suddenly brisk and business-like.

"It's what I want. Thank you, sir! Thank you, forever. A man will be here to-night to take my place. Good-by, deacon."

The deacon met the clasp with one as warm, and blinked.

"Good-by," he said. "Who is the man you spoke of?"

"I call him Pete." Drew's mouth twitched. "You know him as Peter." The deacon laughed then, quite loudly, but he wiped his spectacles as he walked back to the house to tell Serena.



"Thank God!" burst from the man with a terrible effort at self-control.

in his mind to be stern as became the position of employer.

"Through" he inquired, abruptly.

"All through, sir. Horses, cow, wagon washed, garden work up, every thing but supper, and that won't take much time. Then, with your permission, I'd like the evening off. Be back by 10:30, sir."

It was directly after a short devotional exercise (a few beloved verses and a prayer following the morning meal) that Drew came in looking much distressed.

"There's a young one outside who appears to be lost," he announced. "First I saw her, she was out by the rose bushes. She won't go away and I can't make head nor tail of her talk. Never heard such lingo what'll I do?"

"Bring her in," cried Serena. "I understand the child. She may have wandered over from the hotel."

"Here she is, then," said Drew rather crossly, and led inside a little, hazel-eyed creature with a cloud of fair hair.

"Why, you blessed baby!" Serena looked with difficulty, holding out her arms. "Where did you come from?"

The visitor came forward dutifully for a fervent embrace. The old maid held her. She showed no embarrassment at the strange surroundings, but smiled sweetly and uttered some intelligible words.

"Broad me!" exclaimed the deacon, agast. "Is it French?"

"No," replied his better half, equal to a loss. "I don't know what it is. All that day Drew searched for information without avail. No one had ever seen the child.

"We will advertise," cried the deacon.

For a week they waited in daily expectation. No replies came. A month passed.

"Very strange," proclaimed the deacon. "A mystery, Serena. An utter mystery."

"Not a mark on her clothing, but that all of excellent quality. David, a sign to tell who she is or where she came from. My dear, I have never seen a sweeter child, except Mary. So quiet and happy, play with Mary's toys and singing her little songs. She must be the one of our baby when she was taken away. It seems—it seems—oh! I can't tell you. I want to keep her, husband. I want her." Serena's voice broke as she felt for her handkerchief.

"Stop!" reproved the deacon. "You mustn't my love. I know, but, really—"

"Why not? She must be taught and taken care of. What does Drew say?"

The old gentleman held himself steady. "That man has a hard heart," he said, angrily. "He actually had

the indecency to ask if we intended to send the little girl to the town farm in case she was not claimed."

One morning the deacon strutted up to his mental, who was laboring diligently at the woodpile.

"Drew," he said, sharply, "I am afraid we must part."

Anthony struck his ax on a log and faced around.

"All right, deacon," he returned coolly. "I've done my best, but you haven't seemed satisfied lately. I'm ready to go."

"I've no fault to find with your work, Drew, but a change is necessary. We wish a man on the premises who—ah—who takes a natural interest in children. The fact is, Mrs. Emmons and I have decided to keep the little girl, and—ahem!—you—"

He stopped at sight of the man's face. It was like a stone, coloring and rigid. Drew was drawing great shuddering breaths, holding himself in with clenched, quivering fists.

"A good fellow," whispered the deacon, alarmed. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I'm sorry—"

"Thank God!" burst from the man with a terrible effort at self-control all unavailing, for he bowed his head on his arm, rocking and sobbing. "Penny! My little Penny! My own little girl! I've placed you! I've placed you!"

"Come!" said the deacon gently and led him to the barn.

There it was, sitting on the new hay that he claimed and told his story.

"I'm a minstrel," he said, "a nigger minstrel, if you like; not a star, but a good all-around man. I make money I was away out in Wisconsin with a troupe, when they wired me my wife was dying. I got to her in time for her last words, Tony, put the baby with the best people you can find. Promise me, Tony. And on my knees I swore it, and God be thanked, I've done it. A dying mother's prayer deacon. You'll care for Penny tenderly, I know."

"Yes," murmured the old man, "as if she were my own. Go on!"

"When Penelope died, sir, there I was, with a wandering professor and a baby eight months old. She's nearly four years old now. I didn't know a thing about babies except that they had to be nursed. Finally, a chap I knew in the show business told me of a Norwegian family, nice people and kind. He could talk their language, and through him I put her with them. They were glad, too, for I paid 'em well, and they didn't have much. Neel, a word of English did they speak to gether, but that was nothing to Penelope, nor to me.

"All the time I was thinking what to do, and last fall the Norwegian out fit informed me that they were going to Dakota in the spring. Of course I couldn't let Penelope go with them; it was time she changed, anyway.

"A month after this news, the troupe I was traveling with gave a performance at Hurryburg. It was on a Saturday night, and a freight wreck blocking the trains, we stayed over Sunday morning—ah! it was a fine day—I hired a rig and drove into the country. Coming through Payville, I reined up in front of this house and jumped out.

"It's the very place for Penelope, I kept thinking, not knowing for an instant what I could do about it. Walking up the path I spied a long, lank, red-headed gawk sitting on the horse block chewing a twig.

"Peter!" ejaculated the deacon. "He should have been at church."

"Yes, sir, it was Peter. I approached him and opened up. He told me all about you and Mrs. Emmons, and in ten minutes I was ready to die if I could get my child in such a home. It was what I'd dreamed of. My mind makes up quick. Says I: 'My friend, I'd like your job. What's it worth?'

"Then I told him my story as mat to man. He slid off his perch, grabbing my hand. 'I'll do it for the little gal,' says he. 'I loves little gals, and we fixed it up. Peter's been in my pay ever since he left.'

The deacon's mild blue orbs were staring through his spectacles.

"What next?" he inquired, with rather an injured infection.

"Deacon Emmons, I've done your work all right, haven't I?"

"What's that to do with it?"

"Just this. All last winter I labored to learn how, threw up my contract, went into a livery stable then I was with a florist. I half froze on a farm learning to milk. I asked questions and studied, chopped wood, did everything I could think of, and when the time came I was fit for the job, with recommendations. Peter got out. I got in.

"You must forgive the deception, sir. If you could know the agony of these days and nights, when I have feared that, after all, you might feel it was best to put her somewhere else. I have worked so hard for it; it was like a madness with me. I have been through a hard strain, deacon."

"You renounce all claim, then Drew?"

"Except to help provide for her and see her sometimes."

"Very well. It shall be a legal adoption." His tone was suddenly brisk and business-like.

"It's what I want. Thank you, sir! Thank you, forever. A man will be here to-night to take my place. Good-by, deacon."

The deacon met the clasp with one as warm, and blinked.

"Good-by," he said. "Who is the man you spoke of?"

"I call him Pete." Drew's mouth twitched. "You know him as Peter." The deacon laughed then, quite loudly, but he wiped his spectacles as he walked back to the house to tell Serena.

See an Snapshot Photographers.

At Pompeii, Naples, San Martino and other Italian cities tourists could obtain formerly with ease, permits to snap historic places for a nominal fee, but now the objects intended to be photographed have to be specified in writing, and a tax, varying from ten cents to \$1, is imposed for every negative.

Subscribe for the Iowa State Bystander.

**Turkish War Expenses.**  
Something like three-fourths of the annual expenditure of the Turkish government has of recent years been for arms and munitions of war.

**Silent Japanese Soldiers.**  
Japanese soldiers fight noiselessly. They have no bands, no drums, no whistles or tattoo, and in action they utter no cheers.

**Irrigation Adds Value.**  
By means of irrigation something like 2,500,000 acres of land in 1930 have been increased in value over \$20,000,000.

**Smiths Lead All.**  
In the city of Washington there are 3,000 Browns, 15,000 Smiths, 14,000 Johnsons and 1,000 Joneses.

**Average Journey of Freight.**  
The average journey of a ton of freight is 128 miles.

**Married in Handcuffs.**  
The unusual spectacle of a bridegroom appearing at the altar handcuffed has been seen, according to a contemporary at Monterey, an Italian village. The bridegroom, an Italian, was undergoing a long sentence for burglary, and recently prevailed upon the governor of the prison, to whom he stated he had committed the crime for the sake of his fiancée, to allow him to marry. Two gendarmes in uniform acted as witnesses, and guardians at the same time. At the church door the young bride and bridegroom parted with heavy hearts.

**Sore Nipples.**  
Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the babe to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with best results. For sale by all druggists.

**Cannibalism in England.**  
Woman (young) for grill and frying; similar experience necessary.—London Chronicle.

**Like to See Names in Print.**  
Few things give people more pleasure than writing, without remuneration for the space.—Aenes Repples.

**See That Smile?**

It's the smile of satisfaction that appears on faces of all customers wearing garments made by

**Is Cutter**

Leon Sigman, cutter for our Des Moines store, designs a pattern for each and every garment and we do not use the block system adopted by other \$15.00 houses.

**Suit or Overcoat—Made to Your Order**

**ONE \$15 PRICE**

**BRITISH WOOLEN CO.**

Des Moines Finest Tailors.  
506 Locust St. Crocker Bldg.  
Mail Orders Filled

**The Pelican.**—Did you hear about the pelican? He's dying by inches! The ostrich—I'm glad to hear he's in no immediate danger.—Outcry.

**Mark of Superiority.**  
Rich peasant (to his son)—Seppel, how long do you think you will have a study before you can wear spectacles?—Wiener Caricature.

**Varieties of Stinging Ader.**  
In the United States Pharmacopoeia it is stated that there are 1,200 species of cocktail and that each species has many varieties.—Clover.

**Subscribe for the Bystander.**

**See That Smile?**

It's the smile of satisfaction that appears on faces of all customers wearing garments made by

**Is Cutter**

Leon Sigman, cutter for our Des Moines store, designs a pattern for each and every garment and we do not use the block system adopted by other \$15.00 houses.

**Suit or Overcoat—Made to Your Order**

**ONE \$15 PRICE**

**BRITISH WOOLEN CO.**

Des Moines Finest Tailors.  
506 Locust St. Crocker Bldg.  
Mail Orders Filled

**Married in Handcuffs.**  
The unusual spectacle of a bridegroom appearing at the altar handcuffed has been seen, according to a contemporary at Monterey, an Italian village. The bridegroom, an Italian, was undergoing a long sentence for burglary, and recently prevailed upon the governor of the prison, to whom he stated he had committed the crime for the sake of his fiancée, to allow him to marry. Two gendarmes in uniform acted as witnesses, and guardians at the same time. At the church door the young bride and bridegroom parted with heavy hearts.

**Sore Nipples.**  
Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the babe to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with best results. For sale by all druggists.

**Cannibalism in England.**  
Woman (young) for grill and frying; similar experience necessary.—London Chronicle.

**Like to See Names in Print.**  
Few things give people more pleasure than writing, without remuneration for the space.—Aenes Repples.

**Subscribe for the Bystander.**

**See That Smile?**

It's the smile of satisfaction that appears on faces of all customers wearing garments made by

**Is Cutter**

Leon Sigman, cutter for our Des Moines store, designs a pattern for each and every garment and we do not use the block system adopted by other \$15.00 houses.

**Suit or Overcoat—Made to Your Order**

**ONE \$15 PRICE**

**BRITISH WOOLEN CO.**

Des Moines Finest Tailors.  
506 Locust St. Crocker Bldg.  
Mail Orders Filled

**The Pelican.**—Did you hear about the pelican? He's dying by inches! The ostrich—I'm glad to hear he's in no immediate danger.—Outcry.

**Mark of Superiority.**  
Rich peasant (to his son)—Seppel, how long do you think you will have a study before you can wear spectacles?—Wiener Caricature.

**Varieties of Stinging Ader.**  
In the United States Pharmacopoeia it is stated that there are 1,200 species of cocktail and that each species has many varieties.—Clover.

**Subscribe for the Bystander.**

**See That Smile?**

It's the smile of satisfaction that appears on faces of all customers wearing garments made by

**Is Cutter**

Leon Sigman, cutter for our Des Moines store, designs a pattern for each and every garment and we do not use the block system adopted by other \$15.00 houses.

**Suit or Overcoat—Made to Your Order**

**ONE \$15 PRICE**

**BRITISH WOOLEN CO.**

Des Moines Finest Tailors.  
506 Locust St. Crocker Bldg.  
Mail Orders Filled

**Iowa State Bystander**

DES MOINES, IOWA, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1907

Official paper of the M. W. U. Grand Lodge of Iowa, A. F. & A. M. U. S. State Federation of Colored Women and International Grand Congress of Heroines of Jericho of America.

Published every Friday by the Bystander Publishing Co., Des Moines, Ia. Iowa 'phone 899.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
One year ..... \$1.50  
Six months ..... .75  
Three months ..... .40  
All subscription payable in advance.

**J. L. THOMPSON, EDITOR.**  
**J. H. SHEPARD, MANAGER.**

Entered at the Post Office as second class matter.

Send money by postoffice order, money order, express or draft, to the Iowa State Bystander Publishing Company.

Communications must be written on one side of the paper only and be of interest to the public. Brevity is the soul of wit, remember.

We will not return rejected manuscripts, unless accompanied by postage stamps.

Advertising rates for display Advertisements: 20 cents per inch, for each insertion (three to six months contract 15 cents per inch). Local advertising 10 cents per line for each insertion, counting seven words to a line. For churches and secret societies there admission charges, one-half of the above mentioned rates. For professional legal and announcements (cards, yearly contracts, etc., terms are given on application. All advertising is to be paid in advance.

We are prepared to do first class job work at reasonable prices. All of our work is guaranteed.

The Iowa State Bystander is the oldest Afro-American journal published in Iowa. It was established in 1879 and is read by nearly all the colored people of Iowa. We have correspondents in the following towns:

Clinton ..... A. A. Bush  
Keokuk ..... A. J. Fields  
Muscatine ..... Miss Fannie Grooms  
Ottumwa ..... Edna A. Martin  
Rock Island ..... James Toliver  
Sioux City ..... Miss Myrtle Downing  
Moline, Ill. .... Mrs. R. H. Pollard  
Boone ..... Miss Mary Coleman  
Washington ..... N. L. Black  
Cedar Rapids, Ill. .... T. S. Patton  
Monmouth ..... Henry A. Mar  
Minneapolis, Minn. .... Mrs. G. H. Wade  
Des Moines ..... Miss May Davis  
Cedar Rapids ..... Anna Harper  
Oskaloosa ..... Mrs. E. Franklin  
Davenport ..... Mrs. D. S. Johnson  
Omaha ..... Miss Lanche Wade  
Harrisburg ..... Miss Della E. Henderson  
Mr. P. H. Duncan ..... Burlington  
Mrs. A. B. Bolden ..... Moberly, Mo.  
Mrs. A. L. Demond ..... Buxton  
Prof. A. A. Hill ..... Macon, Mo.  
Miss Abbie Tarver  
Rock Island, Ill. .... Mrs. Wm. Taylor  
Davenport, Ill. .... J. T. Wallace  
N. B. Correspondents.—Please mail your letters that contain news for publication not later than Wednesday morning to insure publication for the current week.

**THE CHURCHES**

Christian Baptist Church—Corner of Fifteenth and Liberty streets. Preaching at 11 a. m.; Sunday School at 12 noon. Preaching at 7 p. m.

Rev. T. L. Griffin, Pastor.

First African Baptist Church—Corner of Second and Third streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 8 o'clock. P. M. Sunday School at 7 o'clock. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. W. B. Brod's pastor.

First African Baptist Church—Corner of Eleventh and Fourth streets. Rev. F. T. Crocker pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 8 o'clock. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. W. B. Brod's pastor.

Maple Street Baptist Church—Situated on E. Maple between Ninth and Tenth streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 8 o'clock. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. W. B. Brod's pastor.

Union Congregational Church—Corner Tenth and Park streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 8 o'clock. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. W. B. Brod's pastor.

**SECRET ORDERS.**

North Star Lodge, No. 2, A. F. & A. M.—Meets First Thursday in each month at Masonic Hall—North-west corner of Tenth and Center streets. John L. Thompson, W. M.; H. B. Jacobs, secretary.

King Solomon Commandery, No. 6.—Meets every Monday night, corner of Sixth and Masonic hall. E. T. Banks, E. G. J. H. Mixter, Recorder.

North Star Lodge, No. 3.—Meets Second Monday in each month at Masonic Hall, Mrs. L. V. Denny, Matron; Mrs. J. H. Shepard, secretary.

Clive Court, No. 4.—Meets the First Friday of each month at Masonic Hall. Mrs. E. A. Wilburn, matron; Mrs. Georgia Midgett, secretary.

North Star Lodge, No. 292, G. U. O. of O. F. M.—Meets First, Second and Third Tuesday each month at Odd Fellows hall on West Street and Walnut streets. J. W. Heath, G. L. M. Jones, P. S.

Grand Master's Council of G. U. O. of O. F. M. No. 291, meets Fourth Tuesday night in each month. Dennis Harris, W. M.; J. W. Heath, G. S.

H. H. of R., No. 326 of G. U. O. of O. F. M.—Convenes the second Thursday of each month and fourth Thursday at 8 o'clock each month. Mrs. Mary Black, M. N. G. Mrs. Kittie White, W. R.

Artic Tabernacle No. 472.—Meets first and third Thursday in each month at the Odd Fellows Hall between Tenth and Center streets. Mrs. Nellie Davis, C. P.; Mrs. Lizzie Cook, C. R.; Miss Weldon, Assistant C. R.

Iowa Capital Fountain No. 293 of the United Order of Odd Fellows meets at West Street and Walnut streets, on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at 8 p. m. Joe Brown, Worthy Master; Francis Walker, Worthy Secretary.

North Star Lodge No. 6, Knights of Pythias—Meets every Monday night, corner of Sixth and Walnut streets. Regular work 8:15, second and fourth Mondays of A. Johnson, C. C. J. W. Robinson, K. O. J. and A. S.

**60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

**PATENTS**

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may receive our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HALLING, our special feature, is a new method of securing patents. Patents taken through HALLING receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly, largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office, 627 7th St., Washington, D. C.

**OFFICERS OF THE IOWA STATE FEDERATION.**

President—Gertrude D. Culbertson, 32 1/2 11th Avenue, Clinton, Iowa.

Vice President—Belle Bannister, 2019 Morgan street, Keokuk, Iowa.

Second Vice President—Mattie Warner, 915 Center street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Recording Secretary—Clyde Trent, Burlington, Iowa.

Corresponding Secretary—Lella Sheffer, Lock Box 77, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Treasurer—Thebe Cook, Lock Box 296, Buxton, Iowa.

State Organizer—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Chairman of State Committee. Rescue—Cora Jones, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Reciprocity—Kittie Owens, Keokuk Social Unity—Louise Lewis, 410 W 10th street, Davenport, Iowa.

Educational—Emma Gardner, Ruffalo, Iowa.

Forestry—Georgia Gray, 728 E. 9th street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Household Economic—Helena Downey, 711 Bashaw street, Ottumwa, Ia.

Mother Child Study—Mrs. J. R. Erickson, Des Moines, Iowa.

Music—Alice Thompson, 815 E. Front street, Muscatine, Iowa.

Arts and Crafts—Mrs. Hughes, 1011 Ripley street, Davenport, Iowa.

Philanthropic—Lenora Wells Shepard, Davenport, Iowa.

**M. W. U. GRAND LODGE OF IOWA AND JURISDICTION A. F. & A. M.**

**The Grand Lodge Will Meet at Des Moines, Ia., July 8 to 11, 1907.**

**GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.**

W. H. Milligan, M. W. Grand Master, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Rural Route C, H. Sturgis, R. W. S. Grand Warden, Sioux City.

J. W. Bland, R. W. J. Grand Warden, Keokuk.

A. A. Bland, R. W. Grand Treasurer, Keokuk.

H. K. Hillon, R. W. Grand Secretary, Omaha, Neb.

E. T. Banks, R. W. Grand Custodian, Des Moines.

J. H. Shepard, Chairman of Committee on Foreign Correspondence, Des Moines.

North Star Lodge No. 3, Des Moines—Meets first Thursday in each month at Masonic Hall—North-west corner of Tenth and Center streets. John L. Thompson, W. M.; H. B. Jacobs, secretary.

Cedar Grove Lodge No. 18, Burlington—Regular communication first Wednesday in each month. R. G. Potter, W. M.; L. W. Stallworth, secretary.

High Prices for Antiques.

Old furniture collectors in this city have lately been driving prices higher and higher. The rage for Chippendale and Sheraton patterns of the finer lines is greater than ever. Chairs especially fetch astonishing prices. Even dealers are paying in some cases as much as \$50 for a single Chippendale chair of rare pattern, though it be out of repair. A collector in this city paid the other day \$275 for a Chippendale armchair. Chairs of less unusual pattern are sold every day for \$40, \$50 and \$100.—New York letter.

**We Can Save You Money on Pianos**

Piano Department, Iowa Buggy Co., 209-211 West Walnut St.

We have just added a piano department to our extensive business and are prepared to sell first class pianos at very close prices. Our line includes the

**KRELL, JEPSON, SHERMAN and others.**

Very low prices. Terms to suit. Small payment down, small monthly payments and the instrument is yours. Your choice of Walnut, Mahogany or Oak cases of latest and most artistic type. Beautiful Scarf and Stool FREE with each instrument.

You cannot afford to purchase a piano without first seeing our line and learning our prices. We save you money. Remember the name and number.

**Piano Dept., Iowa Buggy Co.**  
209-211 WEST WALNUT STREET, DES MOINES.

**1000 Styles to Select From**

**SUITS**

**All Garments Made Union Made**

**Just \$15 That's All**

**TOP COATS**

**You Pick Them Out**

**We Make Them Fit and Satisfy**

**United Woolen Mills** 421 LOCUST STREET