

The Best Wearing Corduruy Pants

And the Price is **\$3.00**

Cash Beall
824 Main St. Richmond, Mo.

A LONG POCKETBOOK

Is desirable, but not always possessed. If yours is not as long as you require for present needs we can stretch it to any amount you want, and make the deal so quietly that your nearest friends or neighbors will know nothing of it. We will make you a loan on your household goods, pianos, teams, or other personal security without removal. We will loan you on your salary if you hold a permanent position, and your employer know nothing of the transaction. We will loan on fine watches and diamonds left in pledge. We loan from \$5.00 to \$100, and give from one month to one year's time to pay off the loan. The following is our weekly payment plan which allows you "50" weeks to pay off your loan:

60 cents is the weekly payment on a \$25 loan
\$1.20 is the weekly payment on a \$50 loan

Other amounts in same proportion. We also have monthly rates, and perhaps they will suit you. All our business is strictly confidential. If you need money, call and see us. All applications by mail or 'phone will receive our prompt attention. 'Phone 445.

RICHMOND LOAN CO.

Established 1895. Room 8, Colonial Bldg.,
HOME PHONE 445

Mill End Embroidery Sale

We have just placed on sale another large assortment of very fine Mill End Embroideries in narrow and wide widths — beautiful designs, and all at prices that almost mean two yards for one.

In the assortment you will find such values as

Open Work Cambric Embroidery, 3 to 5 inches wide, per yard	5c
Jaconet Edging, open work, with fret button hole edge, 8 inches wide, per yard	7c
Cambric and Swiss Embroidery, 10 inches wide per yard	12c
Cambric and Swiss Embroidery, 12 inches wide per yard	15c
Cambric and Swiss Inserting, 2 to 3 inches wide per yard	5c

Respectfully,

John R. Hawekotte

1611 to 1615 Main St. Telephone 223



A GREAT TROUBLE
with some coal — even good looking coal — is that it won't burn, a prime requisite of "black diamonds" that at all repay buying. No such "flake" possible here, because our coal quality guarantee goes with every ton leaving our yards.

J. H. MENKE
162-164 Ft. Wayne Ave.
Home Phone 762
Bell Phone 435

D. A. B. PRICE
Fine Crown and Bridge Work. THE COLONIAL.
Dentist

SPORTING NOTES.

Kid McCoy is now in training and will issue a challenge to all comers in his class next spring.

A team of German polo players will meet the leading American experts at the St. Louis world's fair.

Jim Scanlon, the Pittsburg boxer, who defeated McCall in Australia, is after a battle with Bob Fitzsimmons.

Jack (Twin) Sullivan of Boston wants to arrange a match for a longer distance with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

Jim Corbett will forsake vaudeville at the end of this season and star in a play which will appear in the popular priced houses.

French automobile manufacturers and racers say Americans are just beginning to learn the use of motors and that Frenchmen are five years in advance of us.

One of the fastest green trotters in the far west is a little black gelding by Baron Wilkes out of Lady Wilton, 2:11½. The late Marcus Daly made a friend of his a present of this promising trotter.

Trainer E. D. Avery has sixteen head of horses at Mystic park, Medford, Mass., most of them being the horses that the late James Golden had charge of. Mr. Avery will have a public stable next year.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

F. Marion Crawford, who furnished Viola Allen with "In the Palace of the King," is to write a new play for that actress.

George Tyler is enthusiastic over the appearance of Refane here next season in what he calls "the original of 'The Marriage of Kitty'."

Charles Frohman and the Messrs. Gatti produced recently at the Vaudeville theater, London, a new musical comedy called "The Cherry Girl."

William Courtleigh has been lent to Charles B. Dillingham by Charles Frohman for the support of Maxine Elliott as Sam Coast in "Her Own Way."

The Shuberts and Aubrey Boncicault have parted company. The play "Captain Charlie," in which Mr. Boncicault has been starring, did not prove successful.

Charles Frohman, who has the American rights of Sardou's "The Sorceress," produced recently in Paris by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, is arranging for its New York production.

Samuel Lewis has engaged William Burt Cartwright (W. Burt Smith) for the Mary Emerson company to play the part of His Majesty in "His Majesty and the Maid," written by Joseph Le Brandt.

Force of Custom.

The handsome young dentist slipped the diamond ring on the lovely girl's shapely finger.

"If you break this engagement, dearest," he said, with a dreamy, faraway gaze, "I shall have to charge you for my time, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

The Book's One Good Feature.

"You have seen his book, I suppose. What do you think about it?"

"Well, there's one good thing about it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It's simply impossible to dramatize it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Pleasing Day Dreams.

We see Pipes the plumber sitting in deep meditation, a contented smile hovering upon his face.

"Ah," he ventures gayly, "building air castles."

"Better 'n that," he tells us. "Plumbing them."—Judge.

To Our Patrons and Friends: We have heard from all our companies concerning their losses in the Baltimore fire, and are pleased to give assurance that for each company the losses are but a small per cent. of the net surplus, and a trifle compared with the ability to pay. This justifies the position we have always held in representing none but the very large and strong companies, and it emphasizes to the insuring public the importance of accepting indemnity in such companies only. Wm. H. Bradbury & Son, underwriters.

For sale — A cooking stove, used only a few months, good as new, 103 south ninth street. 11-3t

GRAIN MARKET.

Chicago, Feb. 11.—Wheat 95 3-4c; May corn 50 1-2c; oats, 40 1-2c.

There will be a special session tonight of the Central Trades Council at Union Labor hall.

IOLA LODGE WORK.

Iola lodge No. 53, K. of P., will have work in the second rank on six candidates, tonight. A full attendance is desired.

DR. REED DEAD.

Dr. Wilson Reed, formerly of Centerville, died at Indianapolis this morning of pneumonia. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. S. E. Endsley, of this city.

EXECUTIVE SESSION.

Washington, Feb. 11.—The senate today considered the Panama canal treaty in executive session.

MISS HALLOWAY OF CHICAGO

....By MARY WOOD

Copyright, 1933, by T. C. McClure

She was so decidedly petite that even when she drew her figure to its greatest height the assumption of dignity was laughable. But her eyes sparkled dangerously as she faced the bellboy.

The bellboy was impressed. He eyed the door as if meditating escape before she proceeded to stronger methods.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed beligerently, "this is the third note I have written to the office, and I want a reply this time."

"If you would go down to the desk," the bellboy insinuated apologetically. "Mr. Parker"

"No, I will not go down to the desk," Miss Holloway interrupted decidedly. "That head clerk Parker, or whatever name he answers to, shall come up here or I will know the reason why."

The bellboy departed promptly. "And, by the way," she called after him, "just hustle along some telegraph blanks on your way back. I have a few things to say to my father and some of his friends concerning the lack of accommodations at the Great Eastern."

"Oh, Belle, Belle," wailed Mrs. Holloway, whose ample form had collapsed in one corner of a red plush sofa, "how can you make such a disturbance? Now, if your father was only here. But the two of us alone, without a protector?" And she rolled her eyes distractedly.

"Protector, fiddlesticks!" said the energetic Miss Holloway. "Have you no spirit, mother?" She began to pace the floor excitedly. "Would you be treated as a nobody—you, the wife of Thomas P. Holloway? Consider your position."

Mrs. Holloway doubtless considered her position—she was absolutely at the mercy of her daughter's scathing tongue; therefore she maintained a discreet silence.

"They must be taught the deference due to us, the Holloways of Chicago," said the girl. She was very young and possessed of the follies as well as the graces of youth.

The bellboy now reappeared, holding out a handful of telegraph blanks like a yellow flag of truce. "Mr. Parker," he averred, "he says—he's coming."

Miss Holloway seized upon the blanks and flung herself into a chair beside the writing table. "There will probably be ample time to get off the telegrams before he comes. Things don't quickstep at the Great Eastern."

"But, Belle," Mrs. Holloway protested after the bellboy had closed the door in reverential fashion, "had you not better slip on another waist, Mr. Parker?"

"Mr. Parker," her daughter interrupted superciliously, "is a hotel clerk, a servant. This dressing sack is good enough for him."

She dashed off a telegram and read it aloud reflectively:

Dear Dad—We are being shamefully treated at the Great Eastern. If things are not remedied we will change to the Grand tonight. But don't worry. I am running this affair, and you can bet on me. ARABELLA HALLOWAY.

"I think that will make things hot for the Great Eastern," she said triumphantly. She did not hear the knock at the door nor its noiseless opening. Her mother's voice startled her. "Belle, here is Mr. Parker, but remember!"

Mrs. Holloway's voice trailed off into a deprecating silence. Miss Holloway straightened up in her chair with the laudable pride of a judge about to confer sentence.

"Mr. Parker," she said impressively, "I have called you here to complain of the treatment to which we have been subjected by this hotel." She began deliberately enough, but the words soon tumbled over each other in her vehemence. "How dare you," she cried, "how dare you put us into this stuffy back room, an eight dollar a day room, when we have always been accustomed to an eighteen dollar suite? Do you know who we are—the Holloways of Chicago? Is not our money as good as or better than other people's?"

The clerk remained silent. And now for the first time Miss Holloway looked up—far up—and encountered the serene gaze of his brown eyes.

Mr. Parker, the clerk, was tall—unusually tall. But it was not merely his inches which gave authority of bearing. It was his self confidence, his mental poise. Intuitively Miss Holloway of Chicago realized that here was a man who would always be the master of circumstances no matter how adverse the contrivings of fate. Her judicial complacency vanished, and shame, hot checked and defiant, stood as a culprit at the bar, for a twinkling lurked in the cool depths of the brown eyes as he said easily:

"I can agree with you, Miss Holloway of Chicago, but only in part. Your money is as good as that of other people, but no better. At the Great Eastern first come must be first served, and that," with a half bow, "is why we have been forced to give this room to Miss Holloway of Chicago."

His tone was courteous, but the girl felt the sting of underlying reproach. It was a new experience for her. All her twenty years had not discovered a person who should dare to cross her. The great T. P. Holloway himself lacked the necessary courage, or, rather, he openly encouraged her willfulness as a reincarnation of his own indomitable spirit. As for Mrs. Holloway, she was always a minus quantity on such occasions as demanded firmness. She preferred to be comfortably seated and wring her hands gently. Tears came

easily and in nowise interfered with her heart action or gradual increase of avoirdupois.

Now she looked entreatingly at her daughter and murmured, "Oh, Belle, don't, don't!"

Miss Holloway did not hear. Her world seemed falling about her ears. For the first time the shameful helplessness of her sex overcame her. But woman's wit came to her aid. Her lips trembled piteously, and two large tears ran down her cheeks.

This was a new method of warfare. The redoubtable Mr. Parker stood aghast; then, as became a prudent general, threw out scout lines.

"Really, Miss Holloway," he said soothingly, "the whole thing is a trifle which we have foolishly exaggerated. In the morning you will laugh at your fancied grievances."

But still the girl's head was hidden in her folded arms, and her shoulders heaved. Mrs. Holloway sobbed, swaying comfortably back and forth. "If your father were only here," she wailed.

Mr. Parker looked from one to the other despairingly. He was a young man. A woman's tears are sacred—to the chivalry of youth. He cast discretion to the winds and capitulated.

"Don't cry, Miss Holloway," he implored; "please don't. I think that perhaps I can arrange the matter. A personal friend of mine has one of the suits. Perhaps for you—yes, I am sure I can arrange it."

"On your word and honor?" asked Miss Holloway of Chicago in a muffled tone.

"On my word of honor," he promised recklessly.

The girl lifted her head and laughed. She had not been crying at all. "You can stop your crying now, mother," she said cheerfully; "it is all over with." She turned to the astonished Mr. Parker and extended her hand frankly.

"And since you have acceded to my request," she said sweetly, "let me apologize for having asked in—well—rather peremptory fashion. It is a way I have, unfortunately. Of course your promise holds good?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Parker a trifle stiffly. He could not avoid taking her outstretched hand. "Of course," he repeated more heartily as some mesmeric influence radiated from her finger tips to his. There was added respect as well as admiration in the brown eyes. He recognized her powers as a strategist.

Miss Holloway laughed. "I won, but I would not have if you had not been a gentleman. Mamma and I are very pleased to meet you, even in this informal fashion."

Mrs. Holloway beamed upon them. Peace and harmony were essential in her scheme of things.

And peace and harmony—and Mr. Parker—attended her and her daughter for the next few weeks. Mrs. Holloway beamed. Miss Holloway was radiant. Mr. Parker was assiduous—so assiduous, in fact, that Thomas P. Holloway on his advent on the scene felt called upon to interfere.

He did not hesitate, but Mr. Parker spoke first. It is a way youth has. And he did not mince matters. He struck straight from the shoulder.

"Mr. Holloway, I love your daughter; she loves me. We are going to be married. Have we your approval?"

"The mischief!" ejaculated the astounded T. P. Holloway. "Why, you're nothing but a hotel clerk. My daughter!"—Words failed him.

Mr. Parker was quite unmoved. "She does not object," he said easily. "Some day I shall own this hotel, then you will not object."

T. P. Holloway glared at him. "I will," he snorted. "And the sooner you take yourself off the better it will be."

"There is Belle to be considered," Mr. Parker insinuated gently. "She usually has her own way."

T. P. Holloway weakened visibly. "Yes," he usually does," he repeated more calmly.

And the matter of her marriage proved no exception to the rule. She did. And that is how Miss Holloway of Chicago became Mrs. Parker of New York.

Realistic.

Actors frequently receive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. This story, which is reported from a Chicago theater, is like the story of the artist who painted a fire so vividly that his servant threw water on it.

"Hamlet" was the play. In the gallery two small newboys were watching with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the boys from their chairs.

Before their eyes the queen was poisoned. Laertes killed, the king killed. Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound.

In the gallery sounded a clatter and crash as one of the boys bolted for the door.

"Come on, Jimmy!" he shouted back to his "pal." "Hurry up! Dey'll be extras on dis."

To him the acting had been at least as real as news.—Youth's Companion.

A Fable on Gratitude.

The snake was trying to shed his skin.

"Help me off with this, will you?" he said to a frog that happened to be passing.

The frog kindly complied with the request, and presently the discarded skin lay stretched along the ground.

"Now," observed the frog, "I suppose you will do with that as I do with my castoff garments—eat it."

"No," said the snake. "There is something better in sight."

Thereupon he ate the frog. The moral of this, my dears, is that there is more than one kind of skin game, and some kinds are meaner than others.—Chicago Tribune.

THE RINGS OF SATURN

THEY ARE COMPOSED OF BILLIONS OF LITTLE MOONS.

These Satellites Are So Numerous That, Far From Counting Them, We Cannot Even See Them Separately—One of Nature's Marvels.

The next to the largest world in our solar system possesses billions of moons. There can be no doubt that the number is literally billions. They are so numerous that, far from counting them, we cannot even see them separately. They are so crowded and at the same time so far away from us that their light is inextricably intermingled, and the vast multitude looks, even in a powerful telescope, like a frosted surface of silver.

These innumerable moons are collectively designated in astronomical text books as Saturn's rings. But the word "rings" is misleading, as is the appearance of the objects to which the word is applied. They are not solid, connected rings, although they look so. They are little moons, arranged in concrete circles. Individually they may be no larger than meteors. But there is no particular size that a moon must have before it is entitled to be called a moon. It is only necessary that it shall revolve regularly as a satellite around its master planet.

Our moon is comparatively a large body, large enough for a respectable planet if it were independent of the earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, too, for that matter, has moons still larger than ours. Mars, on the other hand, has only two very small moons. So size is no criterion of moonship.

The larger moons of Saturn revolve around it at a greater distance than that of the rings. The latter are relatively close to the planet, and in that fact we have a clue to their origin—that is to say, their nearness to the planet explains why they are so small and so numerous. It can be proved that our big moon would be broken into numberless fragments if it revolved within about 11,000 miles of the earth's surface. Then we, too, should have rings of little moons about us in place of the single large moon that travels alone its monthly round.

In Saturn's crowd of moons things happen that are characteristic of all crowds. They pull and haul one another, though perhaps always keeping at arm's length. They vacillate and lurch and waver to and fro. They collect into jams, though probably without much actual touching or clashing together, and the crowd grows thinner in some places, while thicker in others. Great waves of commotion run through this vast moon horde as through a flock of hurrying sheep.

And yet, upon the whole, they are an orderly assemblage. They never pause in their onward movement along their fixed path about Saturn. The vagaries of individuals do not affect the general forward movement any more than the dropping out and in of stragglers or the staggering of unsteady marchers stays the advance of an army. It is the steady, onward sweep of a great company governed by a single compelling principle of action. In many respects it is the strangest thing in the whole visible universe. Nobody would ever have dreamed of the existence of such a thing if telescopes had not revealed it.

Narrow, empty spaces divide this curious host into three or four separate legions.

Inasmuch as these billions of little bodies are not separately visible from the earth, the question may naturally be asked: "How do you know that they exist? How can you tell that the rings of Saturn are not solid?"

There are two ways in which we know and can tell. In the first place, the law of gravitation assures us that solid rings could not exist in such a situation. I have mentioned before what would happen to the earth's moon if it came near enough to our globe to feel the effects of the gigantic tidal forces to which a close approach would subject it. Mathematical calculation has proved that Saturn's rings could not even be liquid bodies without being broken up into numberless separate particles.

In the second place, the spectroscopic has shown that the rings travel around Saturn with a speed that gradually increases from their outer to their inner edges. How the spectroscopic is able to give us this information is one of the most surprising stories in astronomy, but it would take too much space to tell it now. All that we need to say here is that the spectroscopic shows unmistakably that the rings of Saturn move in such a way as only a multitude of separate, independent bodies, traveling side by side in the same direction, could move. The nearer they are to Saturn the faster they go, and accordingly if one could stand on the surface of Saturn and look up at the circles of moons over his head he would see the nearer ones racing past their next outer neighbors and those in turn outstripping their more distant companions, and so on to the outermost limits of the wonderful system.

Truly, the heavens are more full of novelties than the brain of a dreamer.—Garrett P. Serviss in Detroit Free Press.

Gossip and Work Combined.

In the Philippines the natives do their own washing in a way peculiar to the country. Once a week the women gather at the riversides with the week's wash, and while they pound the clothes with a flat wooden club on a stone they discuss every question of the day, from politics to village gossip.

This is one of the events of the week that lighten the labors of the Filipino housewife, wherein she combines profitable work with pleasure. Unlike the women of most other countries, the one subject they do not discuss is dress.