

The Best Wearing Corduroy Pants made

And the **\$3.00**
Price is



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 \$50 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 |
| Jacquard 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 "fluke" 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



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 Pittsburgh 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 Rejane here next season in what he calls "the original of 'The Marriage of Kitty.'

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

William Courtright 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 Boucicault have parted company. The play "Captain Charlie," in which Mr. Boucicault 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 slender 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.

Playing Day Dreams.

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

"Ah," we venture 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. Bradley & 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, 1903, by T. C. McClure

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

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

Miss Halloway 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 pitifully, 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 some lines.

"Really, Miss Halloway," he said soothily, "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. Halloway 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 Halloway," 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 Halloway 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 Halloway 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. Halloway 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. Halloway beamed. Miss Halloway was radiant. Mr. Parker was assiduous—so assiduous, in fact, that Thomas P. Halloway 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. Halloway, I love your daughter; she loves me. We are going to be married. Have we your approval?"

"The mischief!" ejaculated the astounded T. P. Halloway. "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. Halloway 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. Halloway weakened visibly. "Yes; she 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 Halloway of Chicago became Mrs. Parker of New York.

Romantic.

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 fire so vividly that his servant threw water on it.

"Hamlet" was the play. In the gallery two small newsboys 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 policed. 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." "Hustle up! Dey'll be extras out 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 clew 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 are?" 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 number