D. AUST LUTZ
Editor and Proprietor

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great one in case of a row. Better not get too cocky. Some such argument was made just about the time the Japs tackled the Russian bear.

—A LADY of kind intentions and the laudable desire to benefit femininity in general has bought several hundred acres of land in Southwest Texas and proposes to establish an "Adamless Eden" down there. She announces that men will be tolerated, but only as pieces of furniture. Guess they'll be sofias, since they are to be "sat upon"; with painful frequency.

—Don't be discouraged if you don't feel the best in the world to day of the control of the con

—Don't be discouraged if you don't feel the best in the world to-day. A little over-eating of Christmas turkey isn't going to do you any permanent harm, and you will feel all the better when you get over it. Christmas only comes once a year and better when you get over it. Christ-mas only comes once a year, and some of us don't get a chance to eat too much turkey on any other day. Simply forget it and brace up for another whirl at the activities and the realities of life. There are thousands of people all over the country who feel worse than you do.

Feel worse than you do.

—Now we have the grand rush of the great army of exchangers, for it has come to be the practice to buy all Christmas gifts with the right to exchange them if they don't suit. Wonder some genius doesn't set up a sort of Christmas gift exchange house, where those of us who get things we don't want or can't use may swap them for things we can make useful or ornamental. Think of the thousands and thousands of misfit gloves, unsuitable neckties he would be able to collect; and cigars! He would have to build warehouses.

—MAN's troubles multiply and wo-

-Man's troubles multiply and we men are more and more blamed therefor, justly or unjustly. As if it didn't
keep a man busy enough brunshing
stray hairs, blonde or brunette, off
his coat collar and dusting the powder
from the lapels, a recent case in court
revealed that the underlying cause of
at least one man's woes was that his
wife recognized on his coat sleeve the
particular perfume used by "the
other woman." "Now we have got to
put perfume in the catalogue with
face powder and loose hair as deadly
evidences to be guarded against. men are more and more blamed there evidences to be guarded against.

#### A. J. CASSATT.

In the death of Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the country has not only lost prob-ably its greatest railroad executive, but one of its most forcible, far seeing but one of its most forcible, far-seeing business men. The recent marvelious development of the system of which he was the head was due wholly to his personal force and confidence in the future, and his ability to inspire the financial forces of the world with his confidence and enthusiasm. He saw the great growth of the country. his confidence and enthusiasm. He saw the great growth of the country and the tremendous demand of the future, and above all others appreciated the fact that it was necessary to act promptly if the conditions of the near future were to be satisfactorily met. It required courage as well as brains to run counter to old-time conservative ideas of administration, and to spend hundreds of millions in increasing the efficiency of the greatest railroad system of the country, but Mr. Cassatt was generally accepted as the man for the time and place.

In making an estimate of the man,

In making an estimate of the man In making an estimate of the man, the Philadelphia Ledger says Mr. Cassatt's rare ability as a practical railroad operator has never been questioned. It was upon this practical knowledge and his prevision of the vast growth of railroad business that he formulated these great under the vast growth of railroad business, the water growth of railroad business that have recently absorbed so much of the corporation's practical and financial energies, and that troubled many conservative minds whose graps was not as broad as his. While his death can have little or no effect upon the operation of the system, it leaves uncompleted so much that was peculiarly his own conception that the test of supreme capacity now falls upon his associates and successors to carry these undertakings to the form of the carry these undertakings to fruition. They can have but little more to undertake. If Cassatt leaves a part of his work incomplete, heleaves nothing unplanned or unprovided for. The additional freight lines, the New York terminal, the Long Island extension, even large provisions for new rolling stock—everything is mapped out and practically financed to bring the Pennsylvanian Raiiroad to that state of completeness and perfection which Cassatt, in his wise foresight, conceived. The most only a great railroad man; he was a great Pennsylvanian, a proposed amendment to ariele this was a great Pennsylvanian, a proposed amendment to ariele the work will go on, and future years he was a great Pennsylvanian, a proposed amendment to ariele this was a great Pennsylvanian, a proposed amendment to ariele this part of bank.

The recent rains made the water to which find find finds they to show here for the handlest her thought with a matter though the handlest meth and finished her thought with a matter theory. The content the handlest middle many conservative minds whose great rains and finished her thought with a matter theory. The matter as content and finished her thought with a matter theory. The sact more than the halk the matter theory. The handle density of the handlest method the handlest mind the proposed of this, Mayerlet. The saction of the black much the handlest method the thing the handlest method the many proposed and the matter theory. The coke nation of the handlest method the matter theory. The h

great American, and not his own city only, but the whole country, has been enriched by the vast work that he crowded into his incessantly busy

life. More picturesque things may have been done by early railroad builders in penetrating the Western deserts, says the New York World, but in the last years of his life Mr. Cassatt initiated works of a magnitude that called for no less imagination and courage, merely as an incident to the administration of one of the oldest established railroad systems.

Mr. Editor:—A very pleasant surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis on Tuesday evening in honor of the

—Write it "1907."

—Was your Christmas spirit a Christian spirit?

—Was your Christmas spirit a Christian spirit?

—A hundred more joyous New Years to you all!

—Which did you enjoy most, the things you gave or those you received?

—Resolve each day not to break those resolutions you made on New Year's Day.

—Somedon's in a boastful humor points out that there are 40,000,000 little Japs and 80,000,000 big Americans, and asks what in the world the little nation could do with the great one in case of a row. Better not get too cocky. Some such argument was made just about the timer the warded the little nation could do with the great one in case of a row. Better not get too cocky. Some such argument was made just about the timer the little results of the little nation could do with the great one in case of a row. Better not get too cocky. Some such argument was made just about the timer the little results of the little nation could do with the great one in case of a row. Better not get too cocky. Some such argument was made just about the timer the little results of the little nation could do with the great one in case of a row. Better not get too cocky. Some such argument was made just about the timer the little results of the little nation could be with the great one in case of a row. Better not get too cocky. Some such argument was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Editor, and Mrs. Frank Ellis on Tucsday evening in honor of the cleventh anniversary of their son Randall. Those greenth was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis on Tucsday evening in honor of the cleventh anniversary of their son Randall. Those greenth anniversary

Schuylez G. Irwin is spending his holiday vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Irwin. He expects to return to the Susquehanna University, at Selinsgrove, on Wednesday where he is pursuing his studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe R. Robenolt spent Christmas with the family of Ellis Poust.

Frank Stahlnecker, wife and child, spent a couple days with his brother, at Williamsport last week.

g friends and relatives here. Grover Bailey, of Lansford, is spending a few days with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bailey.

Miss Florence Schuyler, of the Central Normal school, Lock Haven, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Schuyler.

Mrs. Newton Smith, of your city, visited at H. M. Smith's last week. Jan. 2nd., 1907.

#### Exchange Pick-Ups.

Stephen A. Ellis and Thomas Hartman are taking a trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Washing ton city.

Harry Hartman, who has been working at Seneca Falls, N. Y., spent Christmas and New Year's Day with his parents.

Grant Houghton and cousin Laura, spent Sunday at Pine Summit.

James Ellis, Jr., of Georgetown, speut Christmas with relatives near his home. Mrs. Joseph Acor and daughter,
Mrs. Black, spent a few days with
the former's trother and sister in
Danville.

ver felt now, however, was curiosity in
his young wife, not in himself. 85—
"Tell me," he burst forth, "what has
changed you so?"
She rolled up her absurd little hand-

Mr. Benfor, of Kansas, visited Miss Annie and Edward Reeder a few days last week. few days last week.

Judge Welliver took his oath of
office on Tuesday at Danville.

The recent rains made the water very high. Hope they don't con-

### While They Waited

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from the station.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed irascibly, and then to the sleepy looking, contented ticket agent, "When does the next train leave for New York?"

"Two hours," replied that individual laconically.

"Two hours," replied that individual laconically.
Maverick Oliver wasn't a man to cry over spilled milk. He sat himself philosophically down in a shady recess of the waiting room and extracted a notebook. He would look over some memoranda he had jotted down for his solicited article for the Review and then take a stroll along the country hedges. There seemed to be a rather attractive bit of woodland just beyond. "How long must I wait for connections for Roseclift?"
Something in the woman's voice, half contralto, half alto, made the man with the notebook suddenly start. He'd been so engrossedly conning his memoranda that he had scassely noticed the incoming train, with all its attendant bustle. Now, however, a single woman's voice made him start and caused the Review article to be as far from his thoughts as the military affairs of nations B. C.

The woman's back was turned toward Oliver, but he knew it was Eleanor. Who else in all the world had that queenly carriage, that soft slooe

nor. Who else in all the world had that queenly carriage, that soft slope of shoulder, that bewitching mass of

colled chestnut hair?
"For Rosecliff?" came the ticket agent's monotonous voice as he caressed his wrinkled forehead with the back of his hand. "A half hour, ma'am. Train's sixteen minutes late."

ma'am. Train's sixteen minutes late."
The woman turned impatiently away
from the window.

It was then they came face to face.
"Ycu!" cried Oliver, springing up.
She stood there in the barren waiting
room, filling its emptiness with the
richness of her charm. To the man's
hungry eyes she was food of the most
satisfying as well as of the most delicate sort.

She did not hold out her hand. Never-

She did not hold out her hand. Never-theless she encountered him not in her old imperious fashion, but with a smile including him in some mood too large

including him in some mood too large to be wholly personal.

"How you have changed, Eleanor!" he cried involuntarily.

"Are you, too, waiting for a train?" she answered softly in return. "In which direction do you go?"

"South—to New York," said Oliver.
"And you?"

"To Rosecliffe, fourteen miles east."
Oliver took her umbrella and tiny suit case from her, and then they walked slowly be and down the platform together, man and woman, instead of husband and wife, held apart by some strange flat they had both acby some strange flat they had both ac

In the fields, all around, the butter cups were golden and the wild carrol was in white, lacelike flower. Over

cups were golden and the wild carrot was in white, lacelike flower. Over in the woods beyond some song birds, waking from their summer siesta, were beginning to warble. A group of traveling men was lounging on the railing at the far end of the platform, expectorating coplously to punctuate the points in their stories.

Oliver duested the platform steps at the other end of the walk with his handkerchief, and the woman sat serenely down, her delicate profile outlined against the clear blue of the sky like some exquisite cameo. She had always been beautiful, though. It wasn't that which made the man exclaim again frrepressibly:
"You've changed so, Eleanor!" It was true. It was no mere fancy of his imaginative writer's eye that discovered new meanings in the face before him. It had undergone a vague but very gracious transformation.
"Changed?" repeated she, with a curious tenderness. "Tve tried to change—tried, do you understan? Since last winter, when we agreed to separate, I've been trying—so hard, Maverick—to take control of my own stunted nature, turn it where it twists"—
"Dear," broke in Oliver, with a bit-

stunted nature, turn it where it wists"—
"Dear," broke in Oliver, with a bitter numming, we were not no number to the control of the patient. It was a summaried things where they failed to fit the patiern. I've not changed much, I'm afraid."
Under her black lashes the woman smilled at him with a reverence he might have translated (had he been high plumed) as some loyal acquiescence in his former state. What Oliver felt now, however, was curiosity in his young wife, not in himself. So—
"Tell me," he burst forth, "what has changed you so?"

Danville.

Bryan Dennen and family and James Brannen and wife spent Sunday abroad.

C. J. Yeagle transacted business at Milton Saturday,

Luther Yagle and Lloyd Marshal spent a couple days at Montgomery last week.

Mr. Benfor, of Kansas, visited

She rolled up her absurd little hand: kerchleft into a string and, throwing it over her knee, pulled it unconsciously by both ends, gazing steadfastly into the blue distance above Oliver's head.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you," she began.

Oliver recalled that delicious little habit she used to have of tempting the faste shyly, of hesitating when she meant to be right down outrageous.

meant to be right down outrageous.
"Of course you ought," be urged.!
"You always do in the end, you know, and it will save time." Under her playfulness he had allowed himself to grow light hearted.
"Well, then"— she began, but her voice trailed off vaguely. Her cheeks took on a pinker bloom; she forgot the handkerchief and finished her thought

fro on the platform, seizing of hand bags, carting of trunks, and so on. Whatever swift, mutual, soul revelations Oliver and his wife had been on the point of making dissolved into nothingness, jarred by the procaic commotion of traffic. It was a pity, too, for with Eleanor's last words her face had melted into a pliant sweetness, her exquisite mouth had taken on sudden quivering little curves. She had seemed about to say, "Ambition, seif-shiness, the cruelty of pride—all these things have gone, Maverick." She didn't say that, however. Instead she rose from the wooden step which her husband had dusted 'or her. "Tm glad you found me chang." she said merely. Something in the man's honest soul overflooded.

"I, too—I, too, Eleanor, will change!" cried he.

"Ah, you've no need to," answered she, meeting honesty whonesty." You've been growing like the trees yonder"—she nodded in the direction of the woodland—"for years, straight and strong. I had to be pruned. I had"—

of the woodland—"for years, straight and strong. I had to be pruned. I had"—
The train's screeching whistle deadened her words. It came rushing in and stopped. Oliver still held Eleanor's tiny suit case and umbrella in his hand. There was a afused sound of greeting to the passengers who had alighted and the clamor of hotel runners and bus drivers.
"Now then, step lively!" cried the brakeman as the last much bundled old woman descended, allowing the impatient traveling men to climbaboard. Oliver and his wife were the last of the crowd.

He helped her aboard, found her chair for her in the parlor car, then turned miscrably to meet her eyes.
"All aboard" came the strident voice of the conductor. The train began to move almost imperceptibly. "Goodby!" cried Oliver, battling with strong emotion, but conscious of the increasing movement of the trais.
Then as he bent over her seal awoman laid a trembling hand on his arm, and her eyes were brimming with slow tears.
"Goodby, Maverick! Don't you want to go with me to our haboy!"
"Good heavens! Eleanor, do I want to?"

Some lonely passengers at the other nd of the car wondered what had suddenly illumined the man's handsome face with that electric thrill of joy. Then the telegraph poles began to whiz by. Oliver had forgotten New

#### Hantway's Punishment

By JOHN J. O'COMNOR.

It was October when Tim came to school. The family had been visiting relatives in the west, and he had reolced in the prolonged vacation. It eemed rather hard to have to go back

seemed rather hard to have to go back to school, and it was with laggard feet that he headed, with the rest of the scholars, toward the little frame building where the tender mind of district No. 4 was trained.
"The new teacher's soft," volunteered Tominy English. "The other day Bill Hendricks brought a bean blower and shot the teacher in the back, and all she said was, 'Please don't.' I guess there's going to be fun."

and shot the teacher in the back, and all she said was, "Please don't.' I guess there's going to be fun."

Tim smiled weakly. It was encouraging to know that he could practice his devilments without the risk of a thrashing. The last teacher had been a han, and Tim had had good reason to remember him, for of the younger boys Tim was the ringlender, just as Hendricks was the leader of the olderboys. That Bill had eventually thrashed the teacher and forced him to resign just before the end of the spring term was no great consolation to Tim. The trustees had put in a woman teacher as an experiment, thinking that perhaps feminine appeal might be more potent than the hickory switch. Tim rather expected a gaunt old lady, as a certain Miss Filint had been, and when he made his appearance in the schoolroom and presented himself before the teacher he was shocked to find so young a woman.

Marion Murtha was only nineteen, and her fresh coloring and the liquid brown eyes made so deen an impres-

Marion Murtha was only nineteen, and her fresh coloring and the liquid brown eyes made so deep an impres-sion on him that for the first ten days he was one of the model scholars, and Miss Murtha was beginning to congrat-



band and dropped them into the other deek. The unwinding band rattled the pencils around in the empty box with a crash that stopped the Fourth Reader elass and directed the eyes of the whole school on him. Tim tried to look unconcerned, but he could not refrain from casting a glance of triumph at Tommy English, and therein lay his undoing, for the teacher's eyes were quick and her intuition keen.

"Tim," she said sharply, "You will stay in after school tonight."
"I ain't done nothin'," he declared stoutly.

stay in after school tonight."

"I ain't done nothin," he declared stoutly.

"I did not say that you had," she said quietly. "I said that I wished you to remain after school this evening."

"Aw," cried Tim, "that ain't fair!" She said nothing, but went on quietly with the class work. Tim had expected her to answer, that he might talk back again. He could not understand this quiet ignoring of the matter and sat silent and uncertain.

During the noon hour Tommy English sought to persuade him into defying the teacher, but when 4 o'clock came and he made as though to go out with the others a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and Miss Murtha's quiet voice reminded him that he was to stay in.

To stay after school meant to spend a certain time in study. Tim scuffled back to his desk and sat there swing ing his feet idly. He was determined that he would not study and wondered vaguely if the teacher would try to threah him for his disobedience.

Presently the others were gone, and Miss Murtha waited quietly until the task was dene. At last they two were alone, and she called to him. Not once had she noticed him before, and Tim went forward wonderingly.

"They told me that you were a bad how" who and if "int I did not that had how" about and if the try of the matter that you would act so toward a womann."

"What's the difference?" be demand-

an."
"What's the difference?" he demandded. "You get paid to teach us, don't you, just like a man?"
Gently she explained that she had been hired to teach the school, but that she could not remain if she could not handle the pupils. If he and some of the other boys persisted in being disobedient, she would have to give up the school and they would have deprived her of a chance to earn a living. "Say," he said penitently, "I'll let you lick me if you want to. I won't fight back."
"Tou't want to whip you" she said.

When she had finished, Tim looked up, "Say," he said penitently, "I'll let you lick me if you want to. I won't fight back."

"I don't want to whip you," she said as she stooped and kissed him. "I want you to be a good boy; that's ail."

Tommy English was waiting for him as the subdued Tim went out. "Did she lick you?" he demanded eagerly. "I'd didn't hear you holler."

With a howl Tim sprang at him and thrashed him as a relief for his overwrought feelings.

"An' I'll do it again if you say anything about Miss Murtha," he promised as he released his victim, "an' I'll lick any of you feliers what makes trouble for her."

It took but a week to make that fact apparent, and those who had taken advantage of the fact that Miss Murtha did not believe in physical punishment learned to behave.

Then came Ren Hanway upon the scene, and it soon became apparent that Marion had fallen in love. The proposition was almost too much for Tim to grasp, but in a vague way he realized that the teacher cared a great deal for Ren, He was not jealous, though he resented the lost walks home with Miss Murtha, because now Rencalled for her with his hussy, and Tim was left behind.

But the course of true love never did run smooth, and one afternoon Tim came back to the schoolroom to find Miss Murtha, with her head bowed on her arms, her slight form shaken by sobs. Softly he stole out of the ruom and made for the village.

Ren would probably be in the office of the lumber yard, and thither he been his steps. Hanway was working at his desk when the door burst open and Tim was upon him like a young catamount, pummeling and kicking indis-

"If she says yes," agreed Tim. Han

The Star and Her Public.

Of course materially the star is extremely well off. She can, if she has any business instinct whatever, easily become a rich woman. She earns, we will say, \$500 a week and a percentage of the box office receipts. At that rate she need not be miserly to accumulate a tidy fortune in the course of a few successful years. A few successful years! Ab, there's the rub! The public is dear, kind, sympathetic, flattering years! Ah, there's the rub! The public is dear, kind, sympathetic, flattering—and fickle. Its regard is immediate and perhaps ephemeral. It adores you this year, flocks to see you, bursts its gloves applauding you, warms the cockles of your heart with its ready smiles, its ready sighs, tosses you flowers, sends you notes, makes you walk upon alr with gladness. And next year it doesn't care for your play or there is some one ew, some one bewitching, enth-railing. Your personal popularity has evaporated. And you see yourself going the inevitable way—the way that greater activasses and greater favorites than you have gone before you, to their neglected, half contemptuously pitied old age—to the drummed up benefits and the condescendingly bestowed charity.—Ethel Barrymore in Harper's Basar. Ethel Barrymore in Harper's Basar

Dangerous.

Kind Lady—My poor man, will you never keep away from boose? Rummy Robinson—Well, mum, dere is one boose I keep away from.

Kind Lady—And what boose is that? Rummy Robinson—Wy, de caboose.

Dat's where de brakemen ride.

his steps. Hanway was working at his desk when the door burst open and Tim was upon him like a young catamount, pummeling and kicking indiscriminately. The attack was so sudden that it was several minutes before Hanway could grasp the youngster.

Tears of rage stood in Tim's eyes as he struggled to get free.

"You let me alone!" he shouted. "I've got to lick you. I said I was goin' to lick any feller that made Miss Murtha cry, an' I licked 'em all except Billy Hendricks, an' I threw stones at him."

"I didn't make her cry." laughed Hanway, though his face went very white. "What makes you think so?"

"You used to drive her home," cried Tim, "an' now you don't come any more, an' I went into the schoolroom this afternoon, an' she was cryin', with her head on the deek, an' I knew it was your fault, an' I want to lick you."

Hanway's face glowed with pleasure. There had been a small quarrel, but so successfully had she hidden her feelings that he did not think she cared.

"I'l hitch up and go right over to tell her I'm sorry,' he said." "Will that do?"

"If she says yes," sgreed Tim. Han-"

way went out.
That evening Tim was at the Presby-terian social when Miss Murtha and Hanway came in. Miss Murtha bent over and kissed him.
"My little champion," she whispered.
"You have made me so happy."

ised the pleased Tim. "I thought you'd want me to."

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A Great Bargein.

Me New Home: Sewing Machine Co had entered a trust or combination; we wish and entered a trust or combination; we wish the theory of Rocket and our machines that is the entry control of "Railroads on Trial," and Lincoln Steffens, or "The Shame of the Cities" fame, are under the leadership of John S. Phillips, now editing The American Magazine.

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