# THE M'HENRY PLAINDEALER

Published every Thursday at McHenry, Ill., by Charles F. Renich

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at McHenry, Ill., under the act of May 8, 1879.

One Year ..... $2.00
Six Months ..... $1.00

A. H. MOSHER, Editor and Manager

Lillian Sayler, Local Editor — — — — Telephone 197


## Miss Flamingo

By JANE WILLIAMS

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

HARVEY ROBERTS stole a glance at the face of his discontented, elderly client. Jonathan Taft had half a dozen homes scattered through the East—an apartment in New York City, an estate on Long Island, cottages at Newport and Tuxedo, a lodge in the Adirondacks, and a winter home in Florida where Roberts was now visiting the old man. Without any near relatives, Taft had always seemed happy enough but now that he had reached the age of seventy he was rheumatic and Harvey Roberts thought it too bad that there were no close relatives to look after Mr. Taft.

"I hope you can stay here a couple of weeks with me, Harvey," Taft told the young lawyer. "I miss your father so much since he died."

In the distance appeared a rosy cloud of moving objects coming toward the piazza where the two men sat. It thinned out as it neared the house, appearing long and straggling.

"That's a beautiful sight," commented Harvey. "What is it—birds?"

"Flamingoes."

They reached for field glasses but the flock had veered to the south and was settling down, a compact pink mass, behind the tall trees.

"What is that?" Harvey asked sharply. "Another flamingo? Whatever it is, it's trying to get through your fence—oh, it's fallen. I'm going down to have a look at it, sir. Can I lend you my arm?"

"I have my crutch thanks," snapped Taft, and Harvey slowed down his pace to that of the lame man. They came to the fence separating Taft's estate from the encroaching jungle. Taft stopped when he saw the "flamingo" was a young girl, wearing a tattered frock of rosy cotton. "What the devil are you doing here?"

"I hated to come—it makes me ill to trespass on property that should be my father's inheritance, when he is dying—" she choked inarticulately and compressed her lips.

"Dying?" whispered Taft fearfully. "Charlie dying?"

Harvey Roberts saw the tragedy in the young eyes, as the girl turned slowly and crept through the fence. Then she turned her pretty face toward them and cried out: "What a poor, meager-souled old man you are, Grampus! Not even a blessing for your dying son!" She fled through the wooded path, like a brilliant rosy-clad animal and after her went Harvey Roberts, running fast to catch up with the girl. He caught up with her in the woods where she had sunk down on the doorstep of a ramshackled looking cottage.

"Miss—er—Flamingo!" gasped Harvey, "what can I do for your father—quick, tell me!"

"Doctor — medicine — food!" she murmured, gasping for breath. And she looked after the young lawyer as he ran off at top speed to take care of her instructions.

Then she rose and entered the cottage to tend her father. A man's thin form on a cot turned at the sound of footsteps. "Grandfather could not come, Daddy darling, but he has sent a young man to do the errands — the doctor will be here any minute — are you feeling rested?"

Presently Harvey Roberts arrived with the doctor, the medicine and a large basket of provisions.

There was a rustling sound outside and then the form of Mr. Taft appeared at the door of the cottage. "Grampus!" cried Roslyn, and ran to help him into the house.

Harvey Roberts felt he had served his usefulness and he returned to Taft's house, leaving the old man to make peace with his family. Surely, Harvey thought, now they would bring Taft's son to the house. That would arrange things properly so that Taft would have an heir at his death and certainly Charles was deserving. He wondered if he would ever see Roslyn again before she became just another society debutante. At the snake fence he stopped while he thought of her natural beauty. A sudden rush of air, and there she was. With one jump she was perched on the top rail of the fence.

"Please let me thank you!" she said.

"It was nothing. Will you be coming to New York soon?"

"Perhaps in a few weeks I'll be able to make the trip. I'll find you—somehow!" she said, and then disappeared into the thicket.

It was some months later when the office boy brought in a white card on which was scribbled "Miss Flamingo." Harvey remembered instantly.

But it wasn't until two years later when Mr. Taft invited him down to Florida once more for a week's vacation that Harvey and Roslyn finally got their affairs settled. Once their plans were made, it didn't take them long to find a minister and "Miss Flamingo" surrendered her bird-like independence to become Mrs. Harvey Roberts.

### Casein, Dairy Product

Casein, a dairy by-product, is used widely in industry; particularly in the manufacture of certain grades of paper.

## HOW

MEISSEN OR DRESDEN CHINA WARE WAS DISCOVERED.—If your pride and joy is in your collection of beautiful china, you share your hobby with royalty and wealth. China has interested discriminating people not only because of its beauty but because of its interesting career.

Augustus the Strong of Saxony was the patron of the chemist who discovered how to make Dresden china. It seems that an apothecary's boy, by the name of Bottiger, composed a formula that was reported to be transformable into gold. He was locked in his laboratory and commanded to make gold . . . the poor fellow nearly lost his reason at this assignment, writes Elizabeth Boykin in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He was given partial liberty in Dresden while pursuing his experiments and developed the porcelain known as Meissen or Dresden ware.

The charm of Dresden china is not only in the delicacy and fineness of the china, but also in the perfectly lovely patterns that decorate it. The garlands and bouquets have always had decided individuality, and have in fact been the source for a whole army of copies in clothes, embroidery, ribbons and many other things.

### How to Preserve Foliage to Hold Beautiful Color

The color of autumn foliage is so fleeting that one grieves to see it pale from scarlet to brown. However, its brilliancy may be preserved for a long time by cutting sprays and putting them into vases filled with half water and half glycerine. Foliage has been known to hold its color if dipped in hot wax, but the wax would likely attract the dust to the broad surfaces of the leaves and a winter bouquet made in this manner would not be very sanitary.

Berries may also be preserved by painting them with gum arabic or varnish. The stems must be completely covered. The handsome fruits of the mountain ash, or rowan tree, may even be kept until Christmas, if they are carefully packed in a tight tin box. It is best to bury the box in the garden deeply enough so that it cannot freeze, pressing the soil firmly around the box. The fruit should stay in good condition for Christmas decoration.

### How to Get Antique Finish

To achieve a fine, rich and soft effect, use an antique finish. Care must be taken to get a worn and mellowed effect of age by applying the finish more heavily in corners, and grooves, on logs, around knobs and on chair backs. On large flat surfaces the finish is used very lightly. Antique sparingly or not at all when you wish to give the effect of high-lights. The antique finish is a semi-transparent color of a darker shade than the ground color. Raw umber or a mixture of raw and burnt umber will serve the purpose. When the foundation coats of the furniture are thoroughly dry, the antique color is applied and then skilfully wiped away with soft rags leaving traces of the antique finish just where you desire it.

### How to Grow Herbs Indoors

Savory herbs growing in the garden may be brought indoors for the winter and planted in flower pots or window boxes in a sunny window, says a plant specialist of the Department of Agriculture. During recent years there has been revived interest in aromatic herbs for flavoring soups, meat dishes and salads, and it is a great convenience to be able to pick a few savory leaves right in the kitchen. Mint, thyme, terragon, sage, dill, chives, watercress are popular.

### How Long Men Have Shaved

Shaving was introduced among the Romans at about the same time as the Greek soldiers were ordered to shave by Alexander the Great so that the enemy could not seize them by their beards. Pliny says that Scipio Africanus was the first Roman to shave every day. Razors are of a very remote origin and a simple form was used by the Romans.

### How "Four Hundred" Started

The term "Four Hundred," which denoted the socially elite, originated a half century ago when Ward McAllister was asked by the Vanderbilt family to select their guests for a social gathering. He picked only four hundred whom he thought were qualified by wealth, birth and social background to attend.

### How New Jersey Derived Name

In 1664 the Duke of York of England granted to Lord John Berkeley and Sir George Carteret a patent or deed to the present boundaries to be called Nova Caesaria or New Jersey. Caesarea or Caesaria was the ancient name of the Island of Jersey of which Carteret had been administrator.

### How to Cover Furniture Scratches

Scratches can be made almost invisible by the application of tincture of iodine. Wrap a small piece of absorbent cotton on the end of a toothpick or small stick, dip in the iodine and apply. When dry, polish with regular furniture polish.

# MOTORING THROUGH THE WEST

The Plaindealer is indebted to Mrs. Walter G. French of McHenry for this interesting description of a trip she enjoyed with her husband, Attorney Walter G. French, this summer.

At request of the editor Mrs. French consented to give our readers the following interesting story of their trip, also furnishing the accompanying photos taken by Mr. French showing some of the beautiful scenes of their trip.

Friday, August 28—We were off on our trek westward. The morning hours were spent in crossing the fertile lands of Illinois. Noon found us almost to the "Father of Waters" which we crossed at Savannah and throughout the afternoon traveled the flat countryside of Iowa, stopping for the night at Harlan.

Our second day out finds us following along the Platt and the Union Pacific railroad through Nebraska. Our map showed us we were going along the Platt though we never did see the river until we crossed it that evening at North Platt—and what a river. River bed about a half mile wide and nothing but sand bars, with just a trickle of water here and there. This night we stopped at the small town of Sutherland and heard the trains, trucks, busses and airplanes all night.

Sunday—Beautiful Wyoming, land of western romance still typical of frontier days; Cheyenne and Laramie set amid the mountains. We crossed the highest point on the Lincoln Highway and had gone fifty miles beyond Laramie when we began to realize that we had traveled a thousand miles along the railroad and were not going to get away from it all the way to Salt Lake City. We halted and retraced our steps to Laramie where we stopped for the night. We decided to turn toward Denver and more mountains, since scenery was what we were out for.

Monday found us heading south into Colorado, so famed for its natural beauty. Down through Fort Collins to Loveland, traveling in a marvelous irrigated fruit belt. At Loveland we turned west through Big Thompson Canyon, to Estes Park and Rocky Mountain National Park—grand roads and grand scenery.

We had the thrill of driving over the highest mountain pass in the country, Trail Ridge Road, elevation at the summit 12,186 ft. Storms were brewing and we rode through clouds part of the way. Stopping near the top, we looked down on Iceberg Lake, a deep, greenish blue pool, with icebergs floating in it. Over Milner pass, elevation 10,760 ft. Right at the summit is a small lake with an outlet which flows east into the Platt River and to the Atlantic Ocean. Within a hundred yards is a spring fed stream which flows to the Colorado River and into the Pacific Ocean. Just after this we should have turned off the main road to go to Grand Lake, but it had started to rain in earnest and we began to think about getting settled for the night, so on we went to Route 40 and found a dandy cabin in the mountains.

This was the only heavy rain we were in during the three weeks we were out, though we were sprinkled every day. Most of the time the sun was shining where we were.

Now we started west again for Salt Lake City, along the Colorado River, and it was about ten feet wide for many miles. Just beyond Hot Sulphur Springs we entered a canyon or gorge of the Colorado River, very narrow and beautiful. After that we had a hundred miles of most desolate country which led us to some more mountains and over Rabbit Ears Pass.

Beautiful country up in the mountains and then we came out on the side of a mountain to view suddenly a splendid panorama thousands of feet below us. A great valley of the Yampa or Bear River, where irrigation has been handled in a big way. There were such varied crops and soil and we were so high above all of this, the thought came to us, that this great valley resembled nothing so much as a number of beautiful patch work quilts, done in silks and velvets and spread in the sun for us to look upon.

On our trips west we have wondered why the crops in the irrigated areas are so vividly, unbelievably green. We learned that in the arid countries where there has been little rain for thousands of years, the soluble minerals in the soil have not been leached out as they have in damper regions. When they moisten this soil the minerals dissolve and are literally gobbled up by the crops, they in turn become so green it is hard to believe one's eyes. We spireled down this mountain, a dozen hairpin turns, to the fertile valley below, following a river for many miles, past fine ranches, then on to more arid country and colorful cliffs. Later we came to the Utah State line and from thereon the scenery was really weird, until we came over some clay hills and there before us was the valley of the Green River and the little Mormon town of Vernal, where we stopped for the night.

Almost every habitable spot in Utah is irrigated. The greater part of the state looked to us like a total loss, except for scenery, but we were told that every mountain and cliff was a potential gold, silver, copper, zinc or lead mine. Sugar and salt are big income producers. Sugar from beets and salt from the salt flats is used for commercial purposes, even the water from Salt Lake is being pumped into great open vats to evaporate and the residue is table salt.

We visited the Mormon Temple grounds where we joined a group and were conducted through all the buildings but one, the Temple, which no one but members may enter, heard the organ recital at noon in the great domed Tabernacle and heard an interesting lecture on the Mormon religion.

We drove up Emigration Canyon where Brigham Young brought his followers from across the plains and mountains, through two and one half years of hardship and privation, with the promise by devine guidance, to lead them to the land of milk and honey. When he saw this beautiful valley stretching out before him, with a lake, a river and sheltering mountains on all sides, he turned to his little band of followers and said, "This is the Place." There is a monument up there with an inscription on it which reads something like that.

From Salt Lake City we turned south for Bryce Canyon National Park, through Provo and along the Sevier River, through Sevier Canyon into Red Canyon and to the rim of Bryce Canyon, arriving just at dusk. That evening at the Lodge we enjoyed a lecture on "Our National Parks," given by one of the rangers and a fine show, put on by the help, who by the way, are all college students. The next day we spent seeing the canyon and taking pictures. Bryce Canyon is the gem of them all, in beauty of rock formations and color.

Now we were off for Cedar Breaks, one of our newest National Monuments. A National Monument is a park area created by an act of the President. A National park is a park created by an act of Congress.

Almost immediately the scenery changed and we were traveling up amid great mountains covered with bush oaks, aspen and large pines. We passed and drove through miles of lava beds, one whole mountain of black lava as bare of vegetation as the day it was thrown out of the earth to cool. Great meadows in these mountains are used for sheep range. Trees are mostly pines and spruce around these ranges and the whole area is so clean and perfect, it has the appearance of a well groomed park. The elevation at the rim of Cedar Breaks is 11,000 ft. The canyon is quite as colorful as Bryce, but does not look to be so extensive.

Coming out of Cedar Breaks west to Cedar City, we descended Cedar Canyon, dropping down 4,500 ft. in 25 miles. That was the wildest lot of scenery we had on our whole trip—down into rock canyons that appeared impossible to get through, perpendicular walls seemed close enough to reach out and touch. Roads just fair, due to heavy rains the week before.

Stopping a night in Cedar City, we proceeded to Zion National Park through the interesting old Mormon towns of Kanarra, Pintura, Toquerville, La Verkin and Rockville. This region is known as "The Dixie of Utah," so named because its climate resembles that of the far south. Temperature in winter ranges from 60 to 80 every day—gets down to near freezing at night.

About half way down from Cedar City you come to Anderson's Ranch and are surprised to find that it produces such things as figs, pomegrantes, almonds, cotton, tobacco, and luscious melons, besides all the fruits we grow in the east.

We now drop down from the red hills into Zion Park. This canyon differs from the others in that one enters the floor of the canyon, where the others are seen from the rim, except by special trips into them afoot, or horseback. Zion is not so colorful, is a different type of sandstone, has a vast amount of wind erosion on its sidewalls and it was here we saw our first signs of cliff dwellings.

Leaving Zion via the Mount Carmel highway for the north rim of the Grand Canyon, we climbed right up out of the floor of the canyon on a series of switch-backs and hairpin turns almost up the wall, to suddenly enter a great tunnel, cut for more than a mile through solid rock. Opening from it are six windows looking out upon the cliffs opposite and upon the valleys below, disclosing views of high grandeur. This remarkable stretch of road cost two million dollars and took three years to build.

Winding through unusual canyons, far different in contour and color than anything we had seen on the entire trip, we drove through another short tunnel and soon were out in range country on our way to Kanab, then across the line into Arizona and the little town of Fredonia. Fredonia has the distinction of being located farther from a railroad than any other town in the United States. It it ninety-six miles by road to the nearest railroad.

In the afternoon we rode across the desert expanse of the Prismatic Plains, a colorful, arid region where cactus, yucca, pinon, sage and juniper somehow grow and thrive. Very, very gradually we ascended the northern slope of the Kaibab Plateau. We paused to look back and beheld one of the grandest views of the pleteau country. Starting 120 miles back at Cedar Breaks, the country drops downward in giant steps, each step a layer of rock exposed edgewise across a front of sixty miles. The rainbow-like Shinarump Cliffs, then the Vermillion White and Pink cliffs, tier on tier, shining in the desert sun.

We now entered the Kaibab Forest, to us the thrill of the whole trip. The Kaibab Forest for the most part is as free of undergrowth as any well kept park, though it covers in area more than 723,000 acres. Trees are Yellow Pine, Douglas Fir, Engelmann Spruce and great groves of aspen, dearly loved by the 20,000 Mule deer residing in this natural paradise. The great pines start to branch out where most of our eastern trees end. They are what we had always hoped to see on our many trips to various points north. The meadows in this forest are let out to cattlemen for range and one may see great herds of white faced Herefords with deer grazing beside them. We saw the white-tailed Kaibab squirrel, so rare that he is found nowhere else in America. He is about the size of our common gray squirrel, with a bluish gray body, his bushy tail almost pure white.

For more than fifty miles we rode through the green of the Kaibab, to stop that night at the Lodge on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. These magnificent trees grow to the very rim of the canyon and the deer come right into camp to forage, in fact we enticed one inside our cottage with a peach as bait.

Perhaps one's first and chief impression of the Grand Canyon is size, the fact that it is 14 miles from rim ti rim and a mile deep. Then one begins to realize that it is not a single canyon—it turns out to be a whole labyrinth of canyons, lavishly colored in shades of pink and soft reds, with green vegetation overlaying some areas. Rising from its depths a mile below, are whole ranges of mountains, their tops at the level of your eyes, or a bit below and over it all is spread a sea of changing color.

We visited Point Imperial, Cape Royal, Point Sublime, and went back into the Kaibab Forest to see more deer and a wolf in broad daylight.

Now we were off to the South Rim. We must retrace forty miles through the Kaibab Forest—a pleasure indeed—then turn east, traveling many miles through this splendid wood, finally coming into rugged country, canyons and rocky cliffs, at last to drop down onto a painted desert, on which we traveled fifty miles along red cliffs to Navajo Bridge, where we crossed the Colorado River. Then more rocky valleys, more cliffs, through a petrified forest, to Cameron, where we turned west to come upon the Little Colorado River, a deep, crooked crack across the level Painted desert. A description we once read of this very spot fits so adequately, "As if giants had dropped a world and burst it asunder."

After crossing Navajo Bridge we entered the Navajo Indian Reservation. We were surprised to observe the very primitive way these folks live, clay hogans, built out in the desert, with not a tree in sight, no stoves, no windows or doors in these dwellings. A single room, an opening in the roof with some idea in mind that smoke from their open fire should go up and out that way. It just won't do it, and in no time at all their walls are as black as night. What do they do about water and food? A few raise a little maize. Outside of that and rabbits—what? A subject we will have to delve into.

Arriving at Bright Angel Lodge we find it is 222 miles from rim to rim by automobile. We are exactly opposite from the lodge where we stopped on the north rim. On this side of the canyon the forest thins out. There are fewer deer and many humans. Many Indians, professional Indians, much business of sight-seeing, selling of souvenirs, local color stuff, cowboys, gaudy silk shirted cowboys meeting all trains, running busses and just running about. The south rim is really the best to see the canyon from, though the north rim did appeal to us greatly.

It now became our duty to turn east toward home. We came south and east to Flagstaff and just before reaching Winslow, we took a ten mile side trip to see Meteor Crater, a great hole in the plains where some visitor from another world landed some thousands of years ago.

We stopped a night in Holbrook, Arizona, where the drinking water is very alkaline. There are great petrified forests all about here. From Holbrook we went to the National Petrified Forest where one may view wonderful specimens, but "must not touch." We bought interesting specimens outside the National Forest. The petrified wood from this area is very colorful, gem-like in hardness, color and beauty. Now to New Mexico. Gallup and Albuquerque, a beautiful thriving city on the Rio Grande River. Indian country, many reservations, pueblos, fine pottery, blankets, rugs and jewelry.

Next, Santa Fe—the end of the Santa Fe Trail! The very name is redolent with romance and history. Built around the old plaza, with its many old cottonwood trees, with its narrow streets, its squat adobe houses and stores, Santa Fe today retains much of its flavor of the past. When we were through Santa Fe, the Fiesta was in progress; every one there in costume, the click of castanets and the tap of dancing heels of dark eyed senoritas, all very beautiful.

We were heading now for Las Vegas, and the disappointment of my life. Up in the mountains about six miles from Las Vegas, is a spot called Montezuma, Hot Springs, where, when I was a child we spent a happy year. We stopped in a great rambling red brick hotel, set in the side of a mountain, facing a fine natural plaza of pine and spruce trees, which were enclosed in high iron fence to retain some fine specimens of wild deer. In the center of this space was a great iron fountain, spoting hot water from one of the pools over an umbrella held by figures of a boy and girl. Most intriguing. Around this plaza were a few comfortable homes, a store and livery stable. Off to one side of this park and up a gorge of gray and white crystal rock, were several hot springs, pouring out of this white rock into lovely clear pools, with spruce trees surrounding them. An entrancing spot, the whole setting a fairyland of natural beauty. Always I have hoped to see this place again. Now I wish I never had. From now on my childhood memories shall remain just that.

The shell of the old hotel shows it was probably once as grand as my child's eyes beheld it. The trees in the park have been cut down, the demnant of a fountain is there, the homes are all gone but four and they are unfit for habitation, and the stores, etc., are no more. One sees the remains of scrolled iron lamp posts and steps leading to the hot pools, the trees in the gorge are all gone, the hot pools are gone, and the crystal rock has been removed. We could not find the hot springs, though we were told they are still there, covered over with tumbledown bath houses. It is the most utterly deserted place one can imagine.

Not wishing to stop at Las Vegas, we made our only night drive to Raton, just south of Raton Pass. Next day over Raton Pass to Trinidad at the foot of Fisher's Peak, then Pueblo, Canyon, Manatou and Colorado Springs where we stopped a night. By this time we had seen so much and had climbed so many mountains that we had no urge to climb Pike's Peak. Perhaps another time.

So on to Denver—the gateway to the Rockies. Facing a group of the highest peaks in the country, a city of beauty as well as vigorous commercial activity. One might almost call Denver a ceond Washington. More than fifty Federal agencies have regional or local headquarters in Denver, including the U. S. Mint, where much of Colorado's gold and silver is fashioned into coins.

With reluctance we leave Denver, on to Greely, named for Horace Greely, who said, "Go West" and we have met this challenge.

Stopping a night at Ogallala, Neb., we were now on the Platt River trail again, back through North Platt, Kearney, Grand Island and Omaha, stopping our last night out in Denison, Iowa, again crossing the Mississippi River at Savannah and home.

We traveled 5,120 miles.

MRS. W. G. FRENCH.

## COLD WAVE AND SNOW HIT HERE MONDAY NIGHT

The coldest night of the fall season was recorded here Monday night when the mercury fell to about 15 degrees. Snow, which was blown by a high wind, covered the ground, but was melted by Tuesday night.

The snow and freezing temperatures made travel dangerous and pavements slippery with wrecks piled up along the highways in every direction.

While driving from her home at Pistakee Bay, Mrs. Minnie Sherrard lost control of her car on the Bay road and crashed into a brick post at the entrance to the Friestedt home, Monday afternoon. The accident was caused by slippery pavement.

Her sister was thrown out of the car, sustaining a severe laceration of the scalp and possible internal injuries. She was brought to McHenry for medical treatment by Iver Iverson, where it was found necessary to use several stitches to close the wound. Mrs. Sherrard received only minor bruises. The car was badly damaged.

### THANKSGIVING VACATION

McHenry's several hundred school children, and their teachers, too, are to have a four-day vacation this weekend in observance of the annual Thanksgiving holidays.

The schools will remain closed from Wednesday afternoon until next Monday morning and the little folks will learn the meaning of the day.

### CARD OF THANKS

We desire in this manner to express our thanks to neighbors, the McHenry fire department, McHenry business men, the Altar and Rosary Sodality and friends for assistance extended at the time of the recent fire at our farm home.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl McAndrews and Family.


## Want Ads

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—House Trailer, large enough for a small family. Must be seen; priced right. Schwerman Chevrolet Sales. 22-tf

FOR SALE—Piano; ice box, 25-pound capacity. Mrs. Sherrard, Pistakee Bay. *27

### FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Heated 3-room furnished flat in Schneider building on Riverside Drive. Phone McHenry 221-J. 21-tf

FOR RENT—Flat in People's State Bank Bldg. Inquire of F. A. Bohlander, West McHenry. 26-tf

FOR RENT—The R. V. Powers residence on Court Street. Telephone 71-R, McHenry. 27-tf

FOR RENT—Rooms; modern, heated, air-conditioned, by day or week. Tel. 61-R, McHenry. 27-tf

### WANTED

WANTED TO BUY—Wheat. Will pay a good price. McHenry Co. Farmers Co-op. Ass'n. Phone McHenry 29. 26-tf

AM IN THE MARKET And will pay cash, if price is right, for a farm from 80 to 200 acres, preferably one with stock and tools, in close range of McHenry. Write Box 431, McHenry. *27-4

### FOUND

DOG FOUND—Spitz dog. Owner may have same by calling at Kirk's, Fair Oaks Subdivision. 27

### MISCELLANEOUS

READY TO SERVE YOU WITH—Coal and Coke. Call 649-R-1. H. Sompel and Son. 4-tf

GARBAGE COLLECTING—Let us dispose of your garbage each week, or oftener if desired. Reasonable rates. Regular year round route, formerly George Meyers'. Ben J. Smith. Phone 157 or 631-M-1. 2-tf

FOR CASH AND QUICK REMOVAL of crippled, and Dead Horses and Cattle. Call AXEL BOLVIG'S PLACE Woodstock Phone 1645-W-2, and reverse charges. 5-tf

We write the most attractive forms of automobile insurance offered today. We also write a three dollar towing and road service coverage. It will pay you to go over your automobile insurance with us before buying. 20-tf EARL R. WALSH.