

COMMUNITY CHEST MEETING TONIGHT

Boards Of Directors Of Eight Agencies To Be Beneficiaries Will Discuss The Coming Campaign.

Plans for the Community Chest campaign, Feb. 15, 16, and 17, will be made at a meeting of the boards of directors of the eight agencies represented in the drive at the Y. W. C. A. tonight at 8 o'clock.

More than 150 persons, many of the leading men and women of the city, are included in the directorship of these institutions, and are expected to be present.

S. P. Moore, general chairman, will preside. He promises that the gathering will be over by 7:45 p. m.

Following are the administrative staffs of the eight agencies:

Board of Directors—R. A. Sinclair, president; C. O. Baker, secretary; H. W. Hill, treasurer; J. E. Johnson, chairman of the Y. W. C. A. board; J. E. Johnson, chairman of the Y. W. C. A. board; J. E. Johnson, chairman of the Y. W. C. A. board.

Young Men's Christian Association. Board of Directors—James Kilian, president; Fred Wolf, vice-president; Subscribed—D. W. Johnson, secretary; J. E. Johnson, treasurer; J. E. Johnson, chairman of the Y. W. C. A. board.

Public Health Nursing Bureau. Officers—Mrs. W. E. Andrus, president; Mrs. Arthur Post, secretary; Mrs. J. S. Post, treasurer; Mrs. J. S. Post, chairman of the Y. W. C. A. board.

Board of Directors—Mrs. J. F. Rath, president; Mrs. J. F. Rath, secretary; Mrs. J. F. Rath, treasurer; Mrs. J. F. Rath, chairman of the Y. W. C. A. board.

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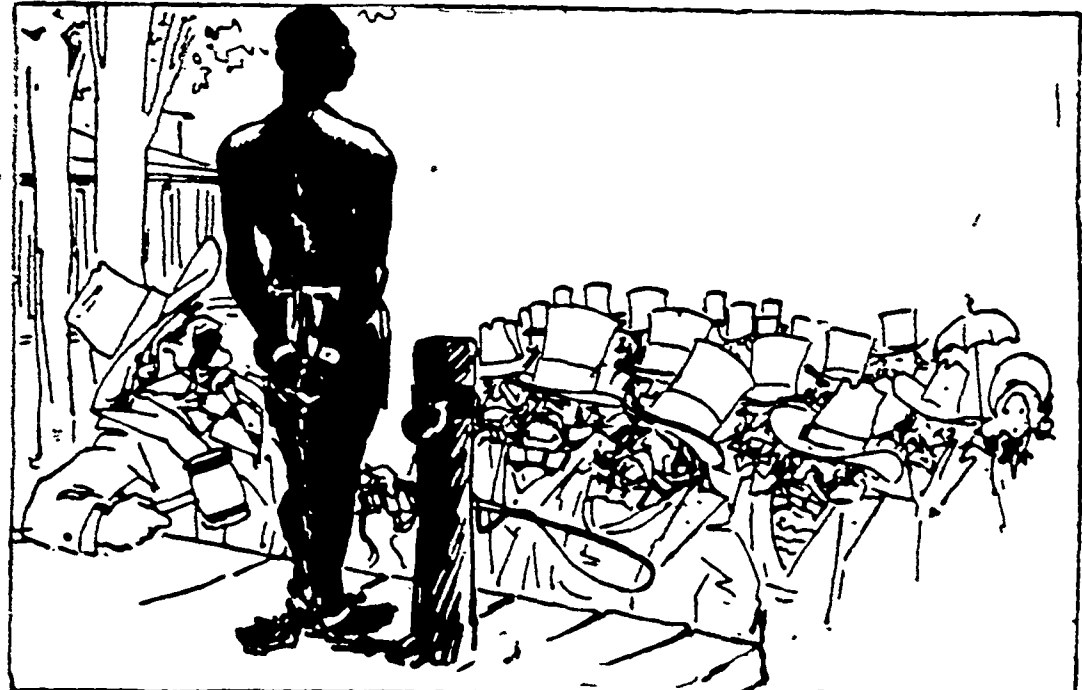
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DING AGAIN BLASTS CHILD LABOR



WE OUGHT TO BE WILLING TO DO AS MUCH FOR THE KIDS BY THIS TIME.



WE ABOLISHED SLAVERY IN AMERICA HALF A CENTURY AGO

Fish Take To Duke Ellis Just Like He Does To The Sea; Letter Tells Story

Editor's foreword—Ralph R. 'Duke' Ellis has been fishing in the Gulf in a previous letter. This time he has a real story to write from St. Petersburg, Fla., where he is spending the winter.

Dear Friends, I don't know as I have much to write about just now, but it is about time I was effervercing again in order to make good on that contract I have with The Gazette and which calls for a letter semi-occasionally. It's a good contract. You'd be surprised if you knew how much they paid me per letter, or maybe its perhaps. I haven't read it recently. Well, anyway, here goes for a little filler-in.

I did have another try at that deep sea fishing out on the Gulf I wrote you about in my last letter, and this time it was a real fishing trip. If I told you all that happened, you would not believe me, so I will just give you a rough sketch of it.

We left about 7:30, just as the sun was wiggling up through low hanging clouds or a fog bank, squinting through now and then, tinting the higher up clouds a light brown, and then edging them with pink, and finally poking his lolly old face above them all. We headed round the bay into a stiff south breeze that now and then sent the spray flying over the boat, and a dash of spray in the face is exhilarating. I would sniff in sniff after sniff with that vim, vigor and courage enough to walk up and slap an elephant in the face.

There's a Trick in It. We went out into the gulf about ten, or twelve miles, and ran into another fog bank. You know you just can't catch fish any old place in the gulf, you gotta know where. The captain places his compass, takes out his watch, travels so long southeast or southwest as the case may be, stops the engine and begins to fish. He has a piece of lead about two inches square by four inches long with a hollow in the bottom, tied to a long rope. He fills an ordinary cake of soap and fills the hollow part with bait with that, drops it overboard, pulls it up and carefully examines it.

At first, I thought he was trying to locate a school of fish, as you know a school of fish is called a school, but I didn't ask questions. I have discovered if you ask fool questions you are likely to get fool answers, so I just looked wise. Once in a while I would ask if conditions looked favorable, and he would shake his head. After a time, I found out that by examining the soap on the end of the lead, he could tell what kind of bottom we were over, and when it finally showed bits of coral, he cast anchor as we were on a coral reef, and that is the place to find the fish. It took him quite a while and lots of soundings to find the reef, but it is just about like going in a forty-acre field in the day time and sticking a tack in the middle, and then going out at night and trying to find it.

Well, as soon as he had anchored, we raised up our poles, cast out, and bingo, they began to bite. There were three of us fishing, two of the men being non compus men, one sitting on the big eye, one of them only fishing occasionally and then in a sort of bite-if-you-want-it-don't-care-manner, and the other one sitting on the big eye, one of them only fishing occasionally and then in a sort of bite-if-you-want-it-don't-care-manner, and the other one sitting on the big eye, one of them only fishing occasionally and then in a sort of bite-if-you-want-it-don't-care-manner.

When I was a kid at home on the farm, one of our outdoor sports was to catch a five or six months old fish, called a sea dog. This one is called Oldsmar, I put them off as long as I could, but finally consented to go and look over their proposition, with the distinct understanding that I was not going to buy. This one is called Oldsmar, I put them off as long as I could, but finally consented to go and look over their proposition, with the distinct understanding that I was not going to buy.

It was too late when we got back to get a photograph of the fish, the notary offices were all closed, so I am minus important evidence and my word will have to be as good as my bond. If any of you are doubters, I can give you the names and addresses of members of the party who will verify everything, that is nearly everything, I have told you. Later, when the king fish and mackerel are running, I am going again, and if they don't run soon, me for more grouper.

I can't write much without mentioning the real estate business. Nearly every addition that is laid out includes a golf course, and they stop at nothing to get the crowds to look over these additions. One of the more pretentious additions adjoining the city has a wonderful course, eighteen holes, all built in about fifteen months, and if you could see what they built it out of, through, in and around, you would realize just a bit at the speed they go down here. Walter Hagen is the "Pro." Probably you golf fans have noticed they have formed a Golf League down here. Just like the Baseball League up north, they were invited out to witness a match between Walter Hagen and Joe Kirkwood, and Cyril Walker and Jim Barnes, and there sure was a gallery. A week later, I saw Sarazen and Diegel play Hagen and Kirkwood, and at both games, little Bobby Cruikshank, smiling and rolling his Scotch gobble, was one of the followers. There are probably more stars of the golf constellation down here for the winter than has ever gathered in one state for any length of time. I don't play much. It is just one way the real estate men have of advertising Florida.

Duke Nibbles. And real estate again. There are a couple of young men here from Cedar Rapids, and since my arrival was announced in big headlines in the local papers, these young men have been after me. They are salesmen for one of the numerous additions, or sub-divisions as they are called at home. This one is called Oldsmar, I put them off as long as I could, but finally consented to go and look over their proposition, with the distinct understanding that I was not going to buy.

Oldsmar is about fifteen miles north of Tampa, near the north end of Tampa bay. It is a town site. The company, bought forty-three thousand acres of ground. It laid out a town, nice wide streets paved, sidewalks, churches, school house, water works, electric light plant, casino; started a million dollar hotel, and sure, a golf course. We got there about noon, free lunch and a band. There were probably two hundred people at lunch in the casino. Most of them looked like that class that wood their ivories after partaking of

food, but just the same, that class as a rule have more of the iron men tucked away some place, than any of us guys who try to look prosperous, and ain't.

There were cars of all kinds, big limousines, open cars, buses, and Ford's. I went out in a Ford. Glad it wasn't a Cadillac or I might have felt constrained to buy. After lunch there was a man lectured for an hour. I didn't stay for that, but I can just picture that crowd taking it all in, and at the finish, crowding forward to the mourner's bench, sobbing for lots. They have a population of 1,800 and the thing was started ten months ago. Maybe it will come back in five years, and I had copped on to half of the lots on Main street. Who knows?

I notice in one of his recent articles, my co-writer, Cyrenus Cole, takes a slap at the suckers who have four or five thousand dollars a front foot for land in St. Petersburg or Miami. I don't recall that Cyrenus has been down in this part of the country that is in the last three or four years. As a usual thing he reasons well, has a good hard head, but I believe if he should come here now, and see what has been, and is being done, he would get a different slant on things.

There are a lot of northern people who, think of Florida only as a little finger sticking out in the water between the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, a state where they grow a few oranges and grape fruit and they get frosted bitter every so often—where a few tourists hike to during the winter—and they get snipped. Land in Kansas didn't use to be worth a tinkler's whoop. I wish I owned some of it now. Ten or twelve years ago, many a man said Los Angeles had reached its limit. Guess it did get so big that it got sorta tangled up, and is just waiting for its second wind.

Gosh-a-mighty, this state has got one thing, and that is climate. Of course, a man can't live on climate, but it is beginning to produce things. They are finding that with proper fertilization, this soil will grow most anything. I won't attempt to tell you what they are raising here. I couldn't name half the things, and then the Floridians would get sore.

But climate is something. If a man can earn a living, from labor of any kind, or as a tiller of the soil where the climate is such that he doesn't have to freeze for six months of the year, why not labor for it? You needn't tell me that any man past 50 years of age likes 28 below zero weather. If he says he does, he is ringing a bluff. Guess from what I have written from time to time, you will begin to think I like this part of the country. Maybe you. Well, that's that. So long.

THE DUKE

HIGH SCHOOL MUSICIANS TO GIVE CONCERT FRIDAY

Dubuque, Sioux City and Council Bluffs are now the adversaries which the Washington high school musical organizations will have to meet, in order to win their right to compete in the inter-state high school music contest in Kansas City in April. To finance the preliminary contests, and to take the boys and girls to Kansas City if they win the right to go, is the purpose of a symphony concert by the high school orchestra, with Helen Kaena Stark as soloist, to be given next Friday evening in Sinclair chapel, Coe college.

The "musical symphony" with these three cities will be a winner, Miss Alice Inskip, supervisor of public school music, predicts, for all are said to have excellent organizations. Council Bluffs has now withdrawn all but its band from the contest, but Sioux City and Dubuque wish to match their orchestras, glee clubs and mixed choruses against those of the local school.

Keen interest in the contest already has been manifested. It is expected a capacity audience will attend the concert to hear the local orchestra perform next Friday.

Useful. "Don't you object to your husband having a newspaper propped up at the breakfast table?" "No at all. It keeps the squirrels out of the grapefruit within bounds."

YOUNG'S BROTHER HOME FROM BURIAL

Declines To Discuss Troubles At Herrin; Says Vast Crowd Paid Tribute To S. Glenn.

George B. Young 1106 A avenue, west a brother of S. Glenn Young, a two-gun ku klux klan raider of Williamson county Ill., returned from Herrin last night, not inclined to make any statement regarding the situation there that resulted in the killing of Mr. Young in a gun fight between klan and anti-klan men Saturday night Jan 24.

I haven't a thing to say on the situation as it is now or as it may have been, said the local man at the funeral Thursday afternoon and the troops left that night.

Mr. Young also refused to give his version of the shooting in which Ora Thomas, deputy sheriff and S. Glenn Young's arch enemy, and two of Young's lieutenants, as well as Young were killed.

as many friends as my brother had there," said George Young.

The thousand that filled past the raider's body as it lay in the First Baptist church, the thousands that doffed their hats, that were not ashamed of the tears in their eyes, went down the street to the cemetery, attested to that, Mr. Young said.

Although the funeral was not held until 1 p. m., the Baptist church was jammed at 10 a. m. Thursday by 2,000 persons who crowded into the building to attend the service.

During the religious service there were no robed men or women except the sentries and the pall bearers, but after the church service, the klansmen donned their regalia again and continued garbed until after the cemetery service held after dark that night. Between lines of robed klansmen, thousands moved in orderly single file down the church aisle to view the body. This began at 2:30 and continued until nearly 5, Mr. Young said, the folk being hustled along as rapidly as possible by the klan sentries.

Mrs. S. Glenn Young, blinded last summer by bullets from the guns of her husband's enemies when they tried to ambush "him" will remain in Herrin for the time being, the local brother said. She has her 23-month son Barrie with her as her constant and hope.

Practice. "What with elevators motor cars, and so on, scientists say we may lose the use of our legs." "I hardly think so. We all do a lot of kicking."



Buy the convenient FURNACE SIZE of FLORIDA COAL. MAKES EVERY WINTER LIFE FULLER.

FLORIDA is one of the very few moderately priced soft coals coming in this convenient size—just about as large as a coconut. That means ease in handling (especially for the women folks), more even combustion, better coking and hence greater all-round economy.

Insist on FLORIDA Furnace Size—Order From CEDAR RAPIDS FUEL COMPANY CHADIMA COAL COMPANY HAMILTON SEED AND COAL COMPANY W. G. HASKELL COMPANY

5975 Per ton delivered in full wagon loads in Cedar Rapids

Jack Sprat Jelly Powder advertisement. Includes image of a box of Jack Sprat Gelatine Jelly Powder and text: 'Jack Sprat Jelly Powder FREE FREE FREE All independent grocers for one week only will sell Three packages Jack Sprat Jelly Powder at 10c per pkg. One package Jack Sprat Jelly Powder FREE. WESTERN GROCER COMPANY WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS'

University Student Missing In Chicago

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—The disappearance of a University of Chicago student was reported here today. The student, who is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi chapter house of the University of Chicago, was last seen in Chicago on Jan. 24. He is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi chapter house of the University of Chicago.

Bandits Hold Up Des Moines Cafe

DES MOINES, Feb. 1.—By Associated Press.—Four masked bandits held up a lunch room here early today and forced the proprietor, Fred Johnson, and nine customers to follow them to a nearby building where they robbed the place. The men escaped with \$200.

Watch This Space for the announcement of our Big "Get Acquainted" Sale. Prices will be slashed to rock bottom. Bargains for everyone. An Event Worth Waiting For. Watch This Space. GEO. T. GADD Hardware Co. 121 2nd Ave. E. Phone 315.

Craemer's A Special 20% Reduction on Staple Cotton and Wool Blankets. QUALITY IS ECONOMY. Armstrong Clothing Co. The Store for Men and Boys—Iowa's Largest. THE ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT CO. 128 First Avenue E. Phone 1021.