

Genoa Republican-Journal

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NEW SERIES VOLUME VIII, NO. 17

OF GENERAL INTEREST

ITEMS STOLEN FROM COLUMNS OF EXCHANGES

BOONE LAND COMES HIGH

Farm of 175 Acres Sells at \$175 Per Acre—New Odd Fellow Lodge is Instituted at Harvard

The highest price at which a large Boone county farm has been sold for was that paid for the Buck farm of 175 acres in the town of Flora, \$175 an acre being paid for the farm. This is the record price in the county, the Belvidere Republican says.

Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows from sixteen different lodges to the number of 140 met in Harvard last Monday and instituted what will be known as Harvard Lodge, No. 1013, I. O. O. F. The new instituted lodge starts with a membership of 31, with every prospect of making rapid additions to its membership, for it has interested a number of the best known and most active young men in the business life of the city and community.

George Eugene Schairer, who is supposed to have squandered \$3,000 of a sum of \$3,500 inherited by him from his father's estate last October, was buried in the old Burlington cemetery last Friday. He died at Huntley of "heart trouble and excessive drinking." Louis Schairer, an uncle of the dead man, stated that drinking had contributed to his nephew's death, but denied that the young man had gone thru his heritage.

Not even for one session will the J. B. Inderrienden company try to run the Hampshire canning plant in the rundown condition that exists there, but will thoroughly overhaul, increase the capacity, and greatly improve the plant with a complete new line of the latest corn and pea canning machinery.

Last Friday the Sycamore hospital, which, since it was established five years ago, has occupied the Westgate building, was moved, furniture and fixtures and patients, to the spacious Townsend residence on Somonauk street, which has been refitted and made suitable for the purpose.

The proposition to bond the city of Woodstock in the sum of \$25,000 for public improvements was defeated at a special election held on Tuesday. About 45 per cent of the total vote of the city was polled, the proposition losing by a majority of 66 votes.

Emil Carlson, who operates a confectionery store at Cherry Valley was terribly burned at the Rockford & Interurban sub-station at the valley early Wednesday, narrowly escaped death by electrocution. It was necessary to amputate both hands.

To carry out the general scheme for the new \$6,000,000 capitol at Madison, Wis., it has been necessary to move a giant elm tree which has stood on the grounds for seventy-five years.

The Aurora Beacon and News have been consolidated under the title of the Daily Beacon-News, which will mean but one English daily newspaper in Aurora, which has a population of 30,000.

The postoffice at South Elgin may be discontinued owing to the fact no one wants to be postmaster. The office only pays about \$11 a month.

Idaho farmers are making jack rabbits, which are a pest in that country, a source of revenue by shipping them to Eastern commission merchants.

Roy Buck, of Genoa, has been appointed manager of the Marenco Pharmacy at Marengo.

'T WAS HER BIRTHDAY

MRS. CATHERINE GREEN CELEBRATES EVENT AT ELGIN

NINETY-FOUR YEARS OF AGE

Is Active, Has Good Eyesight and Enjoys Sewing—Sister of Mrs. T. L. Kitchen of Genoa.

The ninety-fourth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Catherine Green was celebrated at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Portner, 873 Elizabeth street, Elgin, on Monday, Jan. 8. She is especially blessed with good health, has her second eyesight and has, within the last year, done considerable sewing in the way of piecing quilts and helping with the family sewing, enjoying it as a pastime. Those present were her two daughters and son, Mrs. G. W. Hoof of Chicago, Mrs. A. S. Portner of Elgin and J. C. Green of Williamsport, Pa.; nieces, Mrs. H. H. Corson of Elgin, Mrs. Amanda Burroughs of Dexter, Mo., Mrs. A. Averill of Dundee. She has thirteen grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. The grandchildren present were Mrs. O. Adix, Mrs. H. Hoof and Miss Ruby Portner of Chicago, Mrs. A. G. Perry of Bensonville, Miss Myrtle Portner, Mrs. H. Nutt of Elgin.

After partaking of a bountiful turkey dinner and spending a pleasant afternoon the guests departed for their homes, wishing Grandma many happy returns of the day. Mrs. Green is a sister of Mrs. T. L. Kitchen of this city.

HOG CHOLERA GERMS

Better to Burn than Bury Carcasses—Take to Rendering Plant

Dr. Peters in reply to a question as to whether it is better to bury or burn the carcasses of dead hogs, said that when he was a resident of Nebraska a farmer made an excavation for a new dwelling where a lot of cholera hogs had been buried eleven years before. His hogs were allowed to eat the decayed bones and work over the dirt thrown out, and were sick with cholera in eight days. He thought it much safer to burn the carcasses.

To burn the carcasses is not an easy task for a farmer, for unless the carcasses are entirely consumed, contagion is still possible. For a farmer to attempt the burning process in this vicinity is unnecessary. When an animal dies simply notify B. Hemmelgarn at the Genoa rendering plant and he will send out a wagon with a water tight box for the carcasses. There is absolutely no danger of contagion in doing this. The process of rendering has the same effect on the germs as burning. It is absolutely essential, however, that the rendering plant be notified immediately.

Pink Tea Party

Miss Claire Kepner was the hostess at a pink tea party last Saturday afternoon, the affair being in honor of her 7th birthday anniversary. The decorations were of pink and everything was in keeping with the occasion and the name. Eleven little girls were present and they had the "best time that ever was." Miss Claire was presented with many gifts. C. F. Deardurff took a picture of the group and each one of the guests will receive one of the photos.

Butter the Same

Butter was declared firm at 36 cents on the Elgin Board of Trade Monday, no change from a week ago. The output for the week was 618,000 pounds.

DE KALB COUNTY LEADS

Rousing Meeting of Three Organizations Held in City of DeKalb Last Friday

EXPERT PRACTICALLY ASSURED

Bankers Start the Subscription Papers with Substantial Amount--Committees Now at Work in Every Township--Everybody get Busy

In things agricultural DeKalb county has taken the initiative in a plan which has never before been tried in the United States, but one which all will pursue in the future. An agricultural expert will be engaged to assist the farmers in bringing their farm lands up to the highest possible state of productiveness.

This plan has been brewing in the minds of several far sighted men of the county for some time, but it was only during the past few weeks that any definite scheme was formulated for raising the money and getting the proper agencies into action.

On Christmas day representatives of the DeKalb County Farmers' Institute, Bankers' Association and Newspaper Men's Association met at Sycamore and arranged for a joint meeting of three organizations at DeKalb on the 5th of January. The meeting was held and despite the cold weather there was a good representation present, the meeting being held at the Elks club rooms.

Mr. Harris, president of the Illinois Bankers' Association and Professors Center and Eckhart of the Illinois University addressed the meeting. These gentlemen again told, as has so often been repeated, the story of the good that can come from scientific farming. They told of the land in certain sections which had reached the point of non-productiveness, later giving a good yield; of the many fields which had been producing a small average in corn being treated to produce eighty and 100 bushels to the acre; of the manner of feeding hogs and cows to produce more weight and more milk in the same length of time; of the ground which would raise no more than a bunch of weeds being inoculated and otherwise scientifically treated to produce abundant crops of alfalfa, following later by corn.

The stories told by these men of the university experiment station seem in many instances like fairy tales, but they are all



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The Standard for which DeKalb County will Strive

facts, proven by years of actual experience on the various soils of the state. Nearly every farmer in Illinois has at one time or another heard of those marvelous results, and practically every one would be willing to profit by the experience of the university if they could get in touch with the one who knows at the proper time. During the past few years the university and government experiment stations have sent out tons and tons of literature regarding these experiments to farmers and newspapers, but the average bulletin is so bulky and exhaustive that the farmer has not the time to read and digest them, while the average newspaper man has not the time or training necessary to correctly boil the matter down for publication. Despite the good work which has been going on at Urbana

HARNEY IN DIFFICULTY

Extensive Hay Dealer is Closed by Attachments and Liabilities

Charles J. Harney, who has been doing an extensive business buying and pressing hay in Sycamore and the surrounding country, has been closed by attachments filled in circuit court by parties in Kirkland.

A bill of sale dated a few months ago to Miller & Co., wholesale hay dealers of Chicago, to whom Mr. Harney consigned his hay, is alleged to secure a debt of about \$6,000. The International Harvester Company has a claim of some \$1,400. Twenty-five to 30 carloads of hay which belonged to farmers hereabouts are also unpaid for, one Genoa farmer being interested to the extent of \$2.00. Several smaller accounts have been entered in Justice Mitchell's court. It is

estimated that Mr. Harney's liabilities will amount to nearly \$12,000.

The assets, which consist of hay pressing outfits and a large number of horses and some other property, are estimated at \$4,000.—True Republican.

New Speed Record

A new speed record for the Galena division of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad was made when a special train of four steel coaches traveled from Chicago to Clinton, Ia., in 136 minutes. A stop for two minutes was made at Nelson for coal and water reducing the running time to about 134 minutes for the 138 miles. The train carried roadmaster and officials on the return. The train left Chicago on the return trip at 3 o'clock and arrived in Dixon at 3:32, making the 41 miles in 32 minutes. It made the seven miles from Nelson to Dixon in a little less than five minutes.

it has been of little benefit to the farmers of the state as a whole, for the above reason.

The plan adopted at DeKalb last Friday is the only one whereby the farmers can possibly get in touch with these experiments. If one expert is engaged to devote his entire time to the farms of one county, responding to the call of any farmer who may desire his advice, it will not be long before that county will lead the country, provided the owners of land take advantage of the opportunity which will thus be opened to them, and we believe that DeKalb county has the farmers who are ready and willing to fall in with the scheme.

It will cost several thousand dollars to pay the salary of such a man and the expenses of his office and laboratory, but when that cost is spread out over the entire county, it amounts to almost nothing. The cost is less than nothing compared with the great good which must follow. If the average yield of corn raised one bushel an acre it would pay such an expert's salary and expenses for six years. The bankers have started the subscription list with a guarantee of \$2000.00 a year for three years. Now it is up to the land owners and farmers to show substantially just what they think about the matter. A soliciting committee has been appointed for each township and it should be no trouble at all for them to raise each township's quota. The committee appointed for Genoa is composed of C. H. Awe, H. H. Shurtleff, A. B. Brown; Kingston township, D. B. Arbuckle, Roy Tazewell, Jos. Aurner.

The following executive committee was appointed: Farmers' Institute—H. H. Parke, Sycamore; W. F. Liffie, Hincley; Geo. Fox, Sycamore. Bankers' Association—F. B. Townsend, Sycamore; D. S. Brown, Genoa; C. F. Brot, DeKalb. Newspaper Association—C. D. Schoonmaker, Genoa; Greenway, DeKalb; R. D. Chappel, Hincley.

BLOOMINGTON GETS MEETING

February 13-15 for Live Stock Breeders' Association

The annual meeting of the Illinois Live Stock Breeders' Association will be held February 13, 14 and 15, 1912, at Bloomington. The meetings of this association in recent years have been very successful indeed, and it is expected that the meeting this year will in point of attendance surpass any previous affair of similar nature. Good speakers will address the audience at each session on the most important topics of the day relative to live stock and the live stock interests of the State.

Those desiring full particulars should address Sidney B. Smith, Secretary, Springfield, Illinois.

House for sale or rent on Genoa street, Genoa, Ill. Inquire at this office or E. H. Richardson, 13-8t.

SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS

AGE OF L. D. EVANS AT TIME OF HIS DEATH

RESIDENT SEVENTY-FOUR YRS

Came to Charter Grove with His Parents when Only Four Years of Age—Funeral Services by Rev. T. E. Ream.

Lorenzo Dow Evans passed away at his home in Charter Grove on the 4th of January, 1912, and thru his death the community loses a good neighbor and the county an excellent citizen.

He was born in Ash county, North Carolina, February 9, 1834, coming to Charter Grove with his parents when four years of age. Mr. Evans was one of a family of two sons and two daughters, all of whom reached mature years, Mary B. being now deceased. The surviving sister and brother are Mrs. Lucinda Dean of Genoa and Ira Evans of Charter Grove.

Mr. Evans was married to Miss Mary Jewell at Sycamore, Ill., April 26, 1856, Mrs. Evans passing away November 9, 1899. Their home was blessed with two sons and two daughters, Elmer B. being deceased. The surviving are Frances J. and Mae E., who reside at home and Roy, agent at Parkway, Ill. There is also a grandson, Merle Evans, who resided with his grandfather since a small child.

Funeral services were held at the home Saturday afternoon, Jan. 6, at two o'clock, Rev. T. E. Ream



LORENZO DOW EVANS

of Plainfield, Ill., officiating. Interment took place in the Charter Grove cemetery.

The family desire to express thru these columns their appreciation of the assistance of friends and the floral offerings.

High School Notes

Prof. Toenniges is now teacher of vocal music in the High School. We think that we are very fortunate to secure such a competent instructor.

Irene Corson, who has been on the sick list, returned to school Monday.

All the pupils are now looking forward with pleasure (?) to the semester examinations.

The Nonpareil Literary Society will give a Mendelssohn musical at the close of this semester.

Gladys Brown entertained several of her friends Saturday in honor of her birthday.

George Stockwell was a visitor Wednesday afternoon.

The boys and girls basket ball teams will play with the Stillman Valley teams in the pavilion Jan. 26. At the last home game the boys' team defeated the Belvidere Y. M. C. A. 25 to 12. Our boys have won every game they have played this year. The Freshmen won in the Freshman-Sophomore game played December 21.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Class of fifteen,
Some of us fat,
Some of us lean,
But thanks to the faculty,
We are not green.

TWENTY-TWO BELOW

TEMPERATURE REGISTERED LAST SUNDAY MORNING

ICE AND COAL MEN ARE "IT"

Workmen on the Ice Fields Suffer Frost Bite and Water Pipes Throat the City Put out of Commission

Nearly two weeks of continuous zero weather is the record thus far, and in this case there has been only short intervals when the mercury has shown above the zero mark. The maximum cold was reached last Sunday morning when one of the registered thermometers designated the twenty-two mark. During the past week the ice men and the coal men have had their inning. The Mix ice houses in Genoa have been filled and the gang is now working at the Colvin park house. B. C. Awe has been filling his houses with a good quality of ice. All the work has been under conditions which were not of the best. The weather has made ice fast enough, but it has been a hardship for the men, many of whom suffered frost bitten hands and faces. At the time this article is written the people have become reconciled to the weather man's idea of a joke and can really enjoy the simple zero weather, but when the twenties are reached, the joke has about reached the limit.

There is scarcely a house in the city which has escaped frozen water pipes, but thus far the frost has not reached the city mains. The covering of snow has prevented the ground freezing to a great depth.

FAREWELL PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kunzler Surprised by Number of Neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kunzler were pleasantly surprised by a number of their friends Thursday evening, Jan. 4. They will soon leave for their new home in Minnesota, and it was fitting that the neighbors should show their respect and good will in this manner. In behalf of the guests Mr. and Mrs. Kunzler were presented with a fine robe by Henry Holsker. A bountiful supper was served by the guests. Everyone made the best of the evident hospitality shown by the surprised host and hostess and remained until a late hour. This worthy couple have the best wishes of Genoa friends for success in their new home.

On Monday evening the young folks took possession of the Kunzler home and had a dance, several from town being present.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT

Small Boy Mangled by Sycamore Train at Cortland

While the Sycamore train was switching in at Cortland Friday morning, it struck the six-year-old son of Charles Godel, who was crossing the track on his way to school.

One of his legs and an arm were cut off and his body otherwise battered up.

The best the doctors could do was to keep the little fellow alive for a few hours after he was struck.

Married at Belvidere

Frank A. Walters of Genoa and Miss Katie Kniprath of Kingston were married at the home of the groom's brother Louis Walters at Belvidere, Saturday afternoon. Rev. Heldberg officiated.

Wanted, to rent, by a responsible party a good farm. Inquire at this office. 16-1f

GENOA LODGE NO. 288
A. F. & A. M.
Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month
Jas. Hutchison, Jr., W. M.
C. D. Schoonmaker, Secy.

GENOA LODGE No. 768
I. O. O. F.
Meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellow Hall.
E. C. Oberg, N. G. G. W. Sowers, Sec.

EVALINE LODGE No. 344
Meets 4th Tuesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall
C. H. Altenberg, Prefect
Fannie M. Heed, Secy.

Genoa Camp No. 163
M. W. A.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
Visiting neighbors welcome
B. C. Awe, V. C. E. H. Browne, Clerk

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Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m.
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Queensland's Sugar Industry.
Queensland is one of the great sugar-producing states of Australia, and practically all of the sugar consumed in the Commonwealth is raised and refined in this state and in the northern part of New South Wales. The leading feature of the sugar industry is the number of small cane growers engaged in it, who now supply cane to the central mills of which they are proprietors.

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MADE A THING OF THE PAST
Physical Culture in Schools Has Done Away With the Old-time Shoulder Braces.

Some things of common necessity have been passing away without notice of their leave taking. Not infrequently, a few years ago, at the breakfast table, the mother of the family, addressing the putative head of the household, would say: "John, I'm really disturbed about Jane. She's growing right up. I've had to take two tucks out of her dress." "Humph! I suppose girls must grow." "Yes, John, but that's not what I mean to call attention to. She stoops awfully. In spite of everything I say she won't stand up straight. And there's Billy, too. He bends over like an old woman. Those children need shoulder braces. The sooner they have them the better. It mustn't be put off another day."

In that yesterday every drug store had a supply of shoulder braces. They were advertised in the newspapers in liberal space and there was an active demand for them. Very little is heard about shoulder braces today, and boys and girls seem to be growing up straight enough without such appliances. The reason for the passing of the shoulder brace for children will be recognized as soon as mentioned. The lack of demand is almost wholly due to the fact that more attention is now paid to physical training in our public schools than was the case a few years ago. The girls are greatly improved thereby. They walk better and carry themselves better. As for the boys, they are encouraged to engage in athletic exercises which tend to better them physically and carry out the old Roman saying of "a sound mind in a sound body."

For the advance that has been made praise is due to the gymnastic training advocated by a large German element here for years before it was given a tardy recognition. When the girls get a little older they will slip into corsets, probably, but even then, no matter how tight fitting, they have been so built up physically that they will not be transformed into hour-glass patterns quite as readily as if their bodies had not been given proper care when young. As for the boys, they will grow into lusty young manhood, with bodies fitted to enjoy to the utmost the keenest outdoor sports and athletic exercises.—Indianapolis News.

Those Old Legends.
"Beautiful view here from the veranda."
"Beautiful!"
"This is a most picturesque old resort."
"Oh, very!"
"And the autumn foliage is beautiful."
"Beautiful!"
"You have been here before, I presume?"
"We come up every year."
"There must be some legends connected with this delightfully quaint old place."
"There are."
"Won't you tell us the stories of some of them?"
"Well, that fat woman yonder says her husband is a rich broker; that tall woman says she comes here because she's tired of London and Paris; and that thin girl, the one with the undecided nose, says she's worried to death because her parents want her to marry a dissipated and impetuous duke."

Pots of Glass.
A process has recently been invented in France to produce glass flower pots at very low cost. The pots are like ordinary flower pots, both in size and shape. They are said to be more substantial and have proved to resist the pressure of ice or frozen earth better. Being handsome in appearance, they are fine for potted sale coverings that soon get soiled. When sunk into the earth they remain clean, as neither dirt nor moss adheres. The inside walls being smooth, plants can easily be slipped out, and they are, therefore, excellent for potting plants with many roots. The thickness of the glass, with the consequent lack of porosity, is also said to be an advantage, for the air remains sweet longer in a glass pot than in an ordinary pot, and there is less danger of drying out. While the initial cost of glass pots is somewhat higher, they are really cheaper in the end, because more durable.

In Mr. Balfour's Early Days.
Apparently Mr. Balfour's powers as a politician did not impress those with whom he came into contact during his early days. According to that famous veteran parliamentarian, Sir John Eldon Gorst, who was a prominent member of the famous "fourth party" to which Mr. Balfour first attached himself, no one expected that Arthur Balfour would one day be a leading statesman and premier. Says Sir John, "He was a good speaker when others inspired him, but we did not take him very seriously. His aesthetic tastes and love of music were something of a joke among us. So much so, in fact, that Lord Randolph Churchill would say: "Go and take my wife to a concert, Balfour, while I stay at home and talk real business."

The Natural Trend.
"I know of one place which should be a paradise for real estate men, the ground rents show such activity."
"Where is that?"
"In the earthquake region."

CHANGES IN FLOWERS
MODERN TASTE AS COMPARED WITH OTHER YEARS.

Gardens of Today Would Be Things of Wonder to Our Ancestors—All Countries Called on for Beauty of Color.

It is a truly astonishing thing to reflect that Shakespeare, for all his love of flowers, would have been able to name scarcely a single bloom in a twentieth century garden, says the Strand. He would hardly have been able to distinguish the queen of flowers itself, so greatly has the rose changed in the last three centuries. As for the begonias, the chrysanthemums, the dahlias, the geraniums, the fuchsias and carnations; these were unknown even to our great-grandfathers. Many of our most beautiful flowers are purely modern productions.

Three centuries ago there were no flower gardens in England. What were then thought of as gardens were herbaria, places where rosemary, mint, rue, thyme and sage grew, and perhaps a few primitive blooms, such as violets and primroses, were suffered to exist, such as poppies and cornflowers do today. Many well known plants have been developed from specimens discovered in various parts of the world, and there is no doubt that a number of charming novelties are still lurking undiscovered in remote spots. The chances of valuable finds are, however, becoming unfortunately less every year. A small army of collectors is always at work in every corner of the world searching for new treasures to enrich our floral store.

From South America came many years ago the recently unfashionable fuchsia; from the hills of northern India and Tibet have been brought many useful varieties; from China we have had among other things many new primulas; Japan has yielded wonderful irises; Africa many varied plants, usually of most brilliant and gorgeous coloring; while numerous charming members of the narcissus family have been discovered in the Pyrenees.

But this cannot continue indefinitely, and even in the realm of orchids, for which perhaps the most systematic search of all is made, there is not much left to be explored. For our future novelties we shall have to rely then chiefly on the skill of our hybridists, who are constantly engaged in mating different species of the same family of plants, and our cross fertilizers, who are doing similar work with the different varieties of the same species. The flowers of today are the result of cross-breeding, stimulated by electricity, drugs and hot water baths.

Worse and Worse.
"Did you ever notice," said Walter Grimes, "how a fellow, when he once gets 'balled up' and says the wrong thing, has a tendency to get in deeper and deeper?"
"A friend was first telling me of his experience in attending a reception in Indianapolis some time ago. During the progress of the function an elaborately gowned woman sang for the guests. Her voice wasn't anything to brag on, and my friend, who is very plainly spoken, turned to a meek-looking little man at his right and asked in a low voice: "Who was that old hen who has just squawked for us?"
"That," replied the man addressed, "is my wife."
"My friend gasped. 'Oh, b-b-beg your pardon,' he stammered. 'She's really a rather nice-looking woman, and I know she'd sing better if she made a better selection of her music. Who do you suppose ever wrote a rotten song like that?'
"I am the author of that song," replied the meek looking little man.—Louisville Times.

Jumping Jack Tars.
The rhythmic jumping of 350 blue-jackets saved H. M. S. Commonwealth from the fate of the Montagu when she ran aground in a dangerous place. The battleship Montagu was abandoned as a hopeless wreck off the Cornish coast, but her sister ship, the Commonwealth, was safely got off by the muscular exertion of her crew.
The Commonwealth ran on to an uncharted rock when returning from target practice, and was badly damaged. She was so nicely balanced in her judgment, however, that it was decided, after reversing the engines had failed to extricate her, to try the experiment of mustering all the available hands on the extreme aft, and setting them to jump in unison. The regular jumping of twenty-five tons of solidly-built seamen had the effect of making the huge vessel rock seaward until she gradually floated off with the rising tide. In fifteen minutes she was afloat, and saved.

A Nice Point.
"Every student of history knows that our Christmas customs are a development of the Roman Saturnalia."
"I think so."
"No, no! There's no reason to suppose, for instance, that the Romans were all the time being hunched to do their Saturnalian shopping early."
—Puck.

Just the Other Way.
Arctic Hunter—I think if your wife should wash her face it would improve her appearance.
Esquimaux—Ugh! You never seen her face!—Puck.

CAVALIER OF THE DESERT
With a Good Horse and a Good Voice Life Was Sweet to All of the Sons of Freedom.

All was a son of the sheik, and was a handsome young cavalier, although the desert sun had burned him almost as black as a negro. His costume was that of a regular Turkish soldier—a dirty blue coat with tarnished brass buttons, dirtier blue trousers just short enough to show a considerable amount of dirty brown ankle above the dirty yellow slippers. But, as a free son of the desert Ali refused to wear the fez of Turkish supremacy, and bound his flowing kufuyeh with the horsehair ring of the Arabs. A long scimitar, inlaid with silver and gold, clattered bravely against the saddle-bags, and a rain-bow-hued sash was stuck full of antique pistols and short, sharp knives.

There was nothing servile or shoddy, however, about Sheik Ali's bearing; no false regrets for the boulevards and 'buses of an effete civilization; but a supreme content with life as Allah had ordered it. All had two chief assets: a good horse and a good voice.

The former he rode at a breakneck pace, with his accoutrements rattling like the pans of a runaway peddler. Once in a while, however, Ali would graciously wait for the carriage and, after inquiring anxiously concerning our distinguished healths, would catter along with us for a few rods, singing to himself in a pathetic minor key.

They were no hackneyed music hall ditties that he sang, for every Arab is a poet and an improvisator. A moment of intense, frowning thought, and then Ali would raise his head and gurgle out a new dithyramb of Arabic gutturals. He sang of the speed of his horse and of the barley in the khan at Jericho; he sang of the beautiful weather—it would have been about a hundred in the shade, if there had been any shade—he sang of the magnificent honorableness of the Englezee gentlemen; and especially he praised the immense oakrshesh which the generous travelers would surely bestow at the end of his journey.—Lewis Gaston Leary in Scribner's Magazine.

Humor in a Court's Documents.
Not more frequently than once in the span of a man's life does the court of claims at Washington contribute anything to add to the gaiety of nations, but there is something of the light of humor stowed away in one of the documents which accompany the claim of Edward Cruselle, heir-at-law of Thomas Cruselle, deceased, against Uncle Sam.

Mr. Cruselle made a claim for payment for certain supplies furnished to the United States by the testator "for use for the suppression of the 'rebellion.'" as the legal documents stated it. The goods which Mr. Cruselle owned and which were seized by the government and subsequently used by the Union troops as a means of crushing their Confederate brethren were "sixty-seven boxes of fine chewing tobacco." The specific brands of ammunition were "Early Dew," "Choice Gem" and "Peach Leaf."
The members of the court rather dodged the tobacco issue. They simply found that Mr. Cruselle was loyal to the United States and that the "Early Dew," "Peach Leaf" and the rest were seized under General Sherman's famous "forage liberally on the country" order.

Wedding Presents.
Wedding presents have for years been a trial both to the donors who cannot think what to send and to the recipients who are compelled to accept what they do not like. A bright notion would be to have a collection at the church (in a bag, not a plate) for the benefit of the young couple, to which each friend might contribute the amount of money he would have spent on a perhaps unappreciated offering. This would save him the terrible worry of choosing something suitable, and the bride and bridegroom the hypocrisy of being grateful for articles they would rather have been without. Shopkeepers would no longer be called upon to supply wares which appear to cost more than they do, and affection and incomes would cease to be estimated by the value of the gifts they produce, since the latter would be anonymous.

Remarkable Escape.
He was talking very loudly and boastfully in the railway carriage and compelling everyone to hear him, whether they wanted to or not.
"I've been all over Europe in my time. To France a score of times; Italy, Germany, Spain, everywhere. What I don't know about them isn't worth knowing. Why, I've been to Egypt, and I've been to Constantinople ten times at least. Funny thing, now, the way the dogs are scavengers there, and eat everything in the streets. Awfully dangerous to touch 'em. They eat up every scrap of rubbish."
A young lady in the corner said, thoughtfully, "I really wonder you got home alive."
And presently a blessed silence reigned in that carriage.

Against the Fat Man.
Somebody again points out that all prominent criminals are scrawny persons.
Poor fat men! Nobody sends them any jellies or flowers or tender sympathies.

CASH TALKS
AT OBERG'S GROCERY
The manner in which the People of Genoa are responding to the cash system becomes more gratifying every day, as new customers are enrolled. I want to thank these new customers and those who have always been with us for the confidence they have thus expressed. They as well as the dealer will find doing business on a cash basis is a pleasure as well as profitable to the buyer and the seller.
The co-operation of our customers will tend to make this venture a decided success, the success depending entirely upon keeping the expenses down, making it possible to keep prices to the lowest level. We would ask customers to please co-operate and get their telephone orders in before 8:30 in the morning, all the morning orders can be delivered with the first wagon saving one trip and getting everything to the house in time for dinner. If a wagon is kept on the road all day delivering belated orders, just that much more expense is added; not much to be sure, but every little counts up. Get your orders in early and we will guarantee to prove to you that the
CASH GROCERY IS THE ONLY THING
Phone 4 **E. C. OBERG, GENOA.** Phone 4

DIED AT ELGIN
Charles Dittman and Fred J. Burzell are Called During Past Week

Charles Dittman passed away at St. Joseph's hospital in Elgin Wednesday, Jan. 10, aged about sixty two years. He submitted to an operation for gall stones three weeks ago, never recovering from the shock. He leaves a widow, six daughters and two sons, one son residing in Chicago, one in Plato Center, five daughters in Elgin and one daughter, Mrs. Harvey Ide, residing in Genoa. Mr. Dittman resided on a farm near Elgin for twenty years, moving to the city of Elgin about ten years ago. He had been in poor health for a number of years. The funeral services will be held Saturday at one o'clock at German Lutheran Church at Elgin.

Fred J. Burzell, son of Ezra Burzell of Elgin, died Thursday afternoon, Jan. 4, at one of the hospitals. He was born in Elgin on February 17, 1870, and had lived in Elgin all of his life. Besides his father and mother he is survived by three brothers, Edward and Dave of Elgin, and George W. of Sawtelle, Calif. The funeral services were held Saturday morning at 9:30 from the home at 514 Wellington avenue and at 10 o'clock from the St. Mary's Catholic church. Burial at Mt. Hope cemetery. The following from Genoa attended the funeral: Mrs. Electa Patterson, Geo. Burzell, Mrs. Howard Renn. Deceased was a nephew of Mrs. Patterson and Mr. Burzell.

To Sell By Weight
The Joliet city council has passed an ordinance requiring merchants and all dealers in vegetables and other commodities to sell by actual weight instead of by measure, exception being made in cases of articles which are generally sold by count. Fruit that has been repacked, must be stamped to show the fact, the name of the dealer or firm being added. Fresh berries, cherries, currents, etc., when sold by measure, must be put up in baskets or boxes which contain full quarts or pints. Penalties ranging from \$25 to \$100 are provided for every violation of the ordinance.

Farm for Rent
325 acre farm, 4 1/2 miles northwest of New Lebanon, Illinois, and eight miles northeast of Genoa, for rent; enquire of Edward Farrell Sycamore, Ill. 52-1f

Big Ballot Next April
When a voter goes to the polls at a primary election in Illinois, April 9, he will be confronted by a ballot of somewhat terrifying magnitude. There will be from twenty to twenty-five nominations to be made and, for some of the offices there will eight or ten candidates. Two congressmen at large are to be nominated and elected next year besides the regular congressman from each district. Then there is a member of the state board of equalization, a member of the state central committee, members of the legislature, member of the senatorial committee and all state officers including governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, attorney general, treasurer and auditor. An advisory vote on United

States senator is also to be taken. Then in addition come all the candidates for the county offices. Altogether, the primary ballot will take on the appearance of a city directory.

Yes, We All Know That.
"After all," observes the thoughtful man, "there's always a lot of difference between expectation and realization." "You bet," answers the man with the chinille whiskers. "For instance, reading a seed catalogue in the spring and looking at your garden in the fall."—Life.

The Matter With Them.
"What is the Matter With Our Public School?" is the title of a page article in the Sunday issue of the New York Times. We submitted it to a high school boy who shall for the present be nameless, and this is his answer: "Too dog-gone many of them ain't got nobody that's heavy enough to play center."—Chicago Record-Herald

PERFECTLY DESIGNED FOR Ease, Comfort and Wear
The....
Warner Corset
IRA W. DOUGLASS
Phone No. 67



MEATS
AT LIVING PRICES
I have no big rent to pay nor other heavy expenses, thus making it possible to quote prices within reason—in fact far below the prices you have been paying.
WE SELL QUARTERS
at special prices—all home-raised meats. Can cut you a steak, stew or roast that will please.
E. M. CONFER
WEST MAIN STREET

The CLEARING SALE CONTINUED



SNAPS! IN BOYS' CLOTHING

The sale prices on boys' clothing are so LOW, compared with the regular selling prices all over the country, that the great bargains offered are apparent to everyone. The prices quoted last week will hold good during the balance of the sale. You can actually clothe the boy at a saving of from 25 to 50 per cent. Call and we will convince you of this fact. A big assortment of styles and sizes to select from.

UNTIL THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY

Our Stock of
Winter Clothing
and Underwear

was too big to close out in ten days, and as we really desire to clean up in order to get ready money and make room to take care of the Spring Goods which will soon arrive, the sale will continue during the balance of January. Those who have called were surprised at the actual SAVING the sale prices make possible.

The Reductions Amount to from 25 to 50 Per Cent

If you need a suit, overcoat or underwear you cannot afford to overlook this opportunity. Compare our sale prices with others in the vicinity, or even in Chicago at the present, and you will find that we lead. Note the price-tags in our window, then come in and see the other good inducements.

Cleaning and Repairing Dept.

Mr. Frank Sorderberg has been engaged to conduct our cleaning and repairing department, just opened. He is a first-class tailor of many years' experience and all work turned out will be guaranteed to be right.

WE MAKE YOUR CLOTHING TO MEASURE IF DESIRED

The Home of
Adler Clothing

PICKETT THE ONE-PRICE
CASH CLOTHIER
GENOA ILLINOIS

The Home of
Walk-Over Shoes



A Note to You

GENOA, JANUARY 12, 1912

Our rubber goods are of the highest quality. A good hot water bag is a friend indeed, in times of need. It is of such great help in subduing pain and can be used for such a variety of purposes, that no well regulated household can afford to be without one. Those we offer are entirely dependable and will give you the best of service.

Yours truly,
L. E. CARMICHAEL
DRUGS, STATIONERY, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

Roller Skating AT THE PAVILION

Every Thursday evening and Saturday evening after the picture show

CLEARING SALE ALL THIS MONTH AT OLMSTED'S

Ladies' Coats—Broadcloths \$18 and \$20, sale price \$12. Caracul, satin lined, regular \$18.50, at \$14. Novelty coats, all the latest styles, regular at \$18 and \$20, now \$13.50. Childrens' and Misses coats sold at great reductions.

Furs—Neck pieces, muffs, all on sale from \$2.50 up. Furs will be sold less than cost.

Calico—6c quality, fast colors, 4 1/2c yard.

Waists—Silk waists worth \$5.00 at \$3.48. White waists that sold for \$3.00 and \$3.50, at \$2.48 and \$1.98. White waists worth \$2.25 at \$1.19. Soiled white waists 75c.

Remnants—of Dress goods, laces, embroideries, ribbons.

Notions—See our notion counter; everything on sale.

Millinery—Choice of \$1.50 hats for children at 75c.

Dress Goods—1.00 and \$1.25 values, 44 in. wool goods, 69c, 60 and 75c values at 39c yd. Odds and ends of 25 and 50c goods, short lengths, 15c yd.

Hosiery—Odds and ends of 25c hose at 15c. Underwear worth 50c at 25c, Odds and ends 15c.

Stocking Caps, 15c. Sweaters, caps, undershirts, all on sale.

Ladies Dress Skirts—\$6.00 and \$7.00 values, \$3.48. Skirts worth \$5.00 at \$2.00.

F. W. OLMSTED,
Genoa, Ill.

The holiday rush being over Martin the jeweler is ready to give that watch of yours a thoro renovating. He'll make it keep time if there are a few wheels left,

Shoes, Shoes, 48c at F. W. Olmsted's.

Fifty pairs of shoes at 48c, at Olmsted's.

W. J. Prain was a Chicago visitor Thursday.

Some bargains in stoves at Perkin & Rosenfeld's.

Save a shoe repair bill with a pair of Olmsted's 48c shoes.

For sale, baled hay and straw, Cooper & Patterson, Genoa, Ill.

Surprise your feet and purse with a pair of 48c shoes at Olmsted's.

Mesdames E. H. Richardson and F. O. Swan were in Elgin Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Pierce of Elgin visited at the home of her parents over Sunday.

John Hadsall and Geo. Niss transacted business in the windy city Wednesday.

Dr. A. B. Sowers of Chicago visited at the home of his father, J. W. Sowers, Sunday.

Mesdames H. H. Shurtleff and H. H. King were Chicago visitors the first of the week.

A three dollar pair of shoes, a little out of style, otherwise all O. K. for 48c at Olmsted's.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Charles Adams, Thursday afternoon, Jan. 25.

Mrs. Geo. Hoffman fell on the ice Wednesday and sustained painful but not serious injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Duval, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Johnson and daughter were in Elgin Thursday.

20 more tailored hats to be given away Saturday from 10 to 12 a. m. at Olmsted's. For ladies only.

Miss Edith Wilcox, of Rockford was a guest at the home of Mrs. Holt, east of town over the holidays.

Say! Old chap, where did you get that nobby hair cut? Why, at Russel's of course. The best place in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Ide went to Elgin Monday, having been called on account of the serious illness of latter's father.

Excellent program of five reels at the opera house Saturday evening. Some special features, comedy, drama and descriptive.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith have returned to their home in South Bend, Ind., after a few week's visit with their daughter Mrs. Richard Keen.

John Downing has given up his position in the railway mail service and will be associated with Logan Olmsted in the clothing business at Attica, Ind.

If you are a member of any lodge, half the pleasure of being a member is in wearing a nice emblem. Martin has a complete line for your inspection.

Mrs. J. M. Kirby and daughter, returned to their home in Shabbona Tuesday, after a several weeks visit here, accompanied by the former's sister, Miss Leta Browne.

One of the north cars of the interurban line was slightly damaged by fire last Friday morning. The fire started in the engine room, but the flames were subdued before any material damage was done. The schedule was resumed between Genoa and Marengo the first of the week.

Miss Jessie Parker of Kingston, former teacher in the second primary department of the Genoa schools, has secured a position as teacher of the 7th grade in the Rockford schools.

To ask a woman to use an old style wash board in this day and age is unreasonable as well as unprofitable. Buy one of those easy running machines at Perkins & Rosenfeld's; save the housewife's health and the clothes.

Otto Borgenquast went to Rochester, Minn., last week to consult the Mayo Bros., famous surgeons. He has been having trouble with his lungs during the past few months and hopes to find relief in the Minnesota city.

There will be big doings at the Odd Fellows' hall next Monday evening at the celebration of the anniversary. A committee of sixteen is working overtime to give the guests something to remember. There will be a big feed and some program and a general good time. Odd Fellows and their families are invited.

The great 80 cents on the dollar sale of goods is now on at Noah's Ark. Goods are going fast. Come while you can get the cream of the stock and before the assortments are broken. This stock must be closed out on account of the poor health of the proprietor, W. E. Howlett. Everything in the house, except candies, going at 20 per cent reduction.

Don't leave carcasses of animals lying around or carelessly bury them, for this invites dogs and crows, and they spread disease. Call Hemmelgarn at the rendering plant or at his residence and he will properly remove them. Notice, however, must be given immediately on death of the animal and hide must be left on. 13-14

Do you want a good home for a small amount of money? Then see D. S. Brown at the Exchange Bank of Brown & Brown. He can show you some good bargains both in residence property and vacant lots.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society will give a swapping social in the church parlors on Friday evening of this week. You have all heard of swapping horses but swapping social is something new. Come and have a good time and learn how to swap. Admission 15 cents, children 10 cents. Everyone is cordially invited to attend. Refreshments will be served free. Secretary

For sale, well marked Holstein bull, coming two years old.

G. C. Kitchen, Genoa.

Feed grinding at Fred Abraham's Tuesday and Friday of each week. 16-4t. *

Take the Ill. Cent. 8:17 evening train for Chicago. Runs daily. No stops between Genoa and Chicago. 1f.*

For sale or rent—80 acre farm, 4 miles north of Genoa. Inquire of W. H. Snow or Mrs. F. A. Snow, Genoa, Ill. 16-1f

I am in the well business. If you want a new well any size from 4 to 12 inches, call me up at Charter Grove, Ill., or leave word at the Exchange Bank, Genoa. Ed Naker. 11-1f

Mommoth Pekin ducks, Barred Plymouth Rock and Buff Orpington Cockrels, for sale,

E. C. Chapman,
Route 1, Genoa. *

Dr. Thompson, Graduate of the American School of Osteopathy Kirksville, Mo., will be at the Eureka Hotel, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, mornings from 8 to 12 o'clock. 5-1f

For sale, a prosperous business. On account of failing health I offer my entire business (known as Noah's Ark) for sale. Act today; tomorrow you may lose the chance of getting a nice and easy way of making a living. You can buy this stock of goods at a bargain. W. E. Howlett, Genoa, Ill.

Clearance Of Lingerie And Laundered Waists At Theo. F. Swan's

A large collection of women's fine lingerie waists comprising broken lines, short lots and odd waists that were regularly marked much higher than these low clearance prices. They are made of fine materials and there are dozens of the very best styles to select from. Not all sizes in every style but a good selection in every size. In five lots priced as follows—69c, 79c, 98c, \$1.39 and \$1.59. Theo. F. Swan, Great Department Store, Elgin.

M. E. Church Notes
Rev. Wm. Craven of Chicago will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday morning.

The cold weather has kept some away the last two Sundays but your absence was noted and the weather promises not to register so strong objections to your presence.

Let us have a big attendance next Sunday in the Sunday school. Preaching at Charter Grove by the Rev. Wm. Craven in the afternoon.

CLOSING OUT PUBLIC AUCTION

The undersigned, having sold their farms, will sell all their personal property at public auction on the Kanies farm, four miles east of Genoa, four miles west of Hampshire, one and one-half miles south of New Lebanon, on

MONDAY, JANUARY 15,
Commencing at 9 a. m. Sharp

Seventy head of cattle, 6 head of horses, 50 bushels seed corn, 30 tons hay, 10 tons of oat straw, 10 bushels seed barley, 1500 bushels corn in crib, 50 bushels oats, 200 bushels potatoes to be sold in lots, 60 acres of shock corn, 50 full blood Buff Rock chickens, Johnson & Field grain grader, 2 pump jacks, one four-horse sulky plow hitch, 800-lb platform scales, 240-egg incubator, 20 H. P. Port Huron traction engine, 16-H. P. Nichols & Shepard engine tractor, 10 H. P. Monitor gasoline engine, 10-roll Port Huron shredder, 4-roll Appleton shredder 16x20

Sandwich hay press, 8-inch 4-ply 140 drive belt, 8-H. P. horse power, 36x60 Port Huron separator with all attachments, 36x60 Buffalo Pitts separator with all attachments, 2 1/2-H. P. pump engine, 4-roll McCormick shredder, 10-inch Monitor grinder, driving belts. Also a full line of farm machinery, wagons and tools usually found on a well regulated farm, about forty items not mentioned above. Warm lunch will be served at 11:00 o'clock a. m.

Terms of sale, sums of \$10 and

under, cash; otherwise nine months' credit at six per cent, on bankable notes.

KANIES BROS.
Col. E. E. Coonrad } Auct.
Col. C. E. Gardner }

Books And Stationery At Reduced Prices

In the clearance sale we offer, choice of a good selection of titles in regular 50c copyright books by the best authors, at 39c.

24c Box of fine correspondence paper with envelopes to match, sale price 17c. Spelling tablets and scratch tablets, regular 5c kinds, in the clearance sale at each 3c. Post card albums with decorated covers, clearance price each 9c. Theo. F. Swan, Great Department Store, Elgin.

Nelson Ralle Brought Large Sum.
Four years ago there was sold in a London auction room what might have appeared an ordinary eight-page letter. The "letter," however, happened to be the original "General Memoranda" drawn up by Nelson immediately before Trafalgar, and foreshadowing the plan of attack of that action. The price realized was \$18,000.

Scripture Comforted Her.
As to Scripture quotations, writes a correspondent, many years ago there was living at Brixton Hill an old woman, whom I knew well, and in conversation with a friend on the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of the Bible she made this remark: "I have often been comforted with that blessed Scripture, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Food After the Flood.
Every moving thing that liveth shall be food for you; as the green herb have I given you all. But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat.—Gen. 9:3-4.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

The wonder of baking powders—Calumet. Wonderful in its raising powers—its uniformity, its never failing results, its purity.

Wonderful in its economy. It costs less than the high-price trust brands, but it is worth as much. It costs a trifle more than the cheap and big can kinds—it is worth more. But proves its real economy in the baking.

Use CALUMET—the Modern Baking Powder.

At all Grocers.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition

BRITZ of HEADQUARTERS

By MARCIN BARBER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scream from Dorothy March in the opera box of Mrs. Missioner, a wealthy widow. It is occasioned when Mrs. Missioner's necklace breaks, scattering the diamonds all over the floor. Curtis Griswold and Britton Sands, society men in love with Mrs. Missioner, gather up the gems. Griswold steps on what is supposed to be the celebrated Maharane and crushes it. A Hindoo declares it was not the genuine. An expert later pronounces all the stones substitutes for the original. Detectives Donnelly and Carson investigate. They decide that the theft of the original gems was accomplished by some one in the house. Miss Elinor Holcomb, confidential companion of Mrs. Missioner, is suspected. One of the missing diamonds is found in her room. Mrs. Missioner protests that Elinor is innocent, but she is taken to prison. Meantime, in an up-town mansion, two Hindoos, who are in America to recover the Maharane, discuss the arrest. Detective Britz takes up the case. He evidently believes Elinor innocent and asks the co-operation of Dr. Lawrence Pitch, her fiancé, in running down the real criminal. He advises Elinor not to seek ball. Britz investigates affairs at the Missioner home. He learns that Mrs. Missioner had the diamonds in Paris with her. Paris police inform him that duplicates of the stones were made there on the order of Elinor Holcomb. Britz interviews Miss March and learns who of her friends can draw.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

She stopped in the act of throwing off her furs, and stood gazing at the middle of the room. There, absorbed in his task, at ease in a big chair before the crackling grate, sat Detective-Lieutenant Britz. Pad in one hand, pencil in the other, he was sketching busily.

Mrs. Missioner extended a hand behind her to silence her companions. She turned her head with a smile almost as mischievous as Dorothy could flash.

"Hush!" she whispered. She and the others watched Britz quietly as his pencil moved slowly, awkwardly over the paper. From his frequent glances at the end of the room that held the big safe, it was evident he was making a drawing of it. The laborious dragging of his pencil point proved he was not accustomed to such work—at least, so it seemed to one of the three who watched him. But the sleuth stuck to the task doggedly, and at last he bore so heavily on a corner of his sketch that the point of his pencil broke.

He laid down the pad, took out a pocket knife, and began to sharpen the pencil. When the point was fashioned to his liking, he looked up. Then and then only did he seem to see the widow and her friends. He arose instantly and bowed to Mrs. Missioner, following that with a short nod to the men behind her.

"I told your man to let me come in, madam, because I had no time to spare," said the sleuth.

Mrs. Missioner bowed her head in assent.

"You wish to see me?" she inquired. "There is something more you wish to know?"

She was not in the mood for discussion of the detective's quest this evening. The afternoon tea in Sherry's, the short ride home, including the turn in the park, with her two most persistent admirers, this cozy home-coming in the dusk of a winter day, however unreasonable the weather, had made her meditative. Even as she spoke to the detective and sank dreamily into a conversation chair beside the fire, her eyes strayed from Sands to Griswold, from Griswold to Sands, with the vague look of

a woman trying to decide a momentous question. Griswold, ever ready to seize the smallest advantage, promptly occupied the other end of the chair. Facing the beautiful widow, he ignored both Britz and Sands, and he threw into the glances he showered upon the woman all the caress at his command.

Britz eyed Sands sharply before replying. He gripped his chin with thumb and finger, and seemed studying the big millionaire. As a matter of fact, he was watching Griswold. His gaze, even as it appeared focused most strongly on Sands, in reality was concentrated on the clubman, who shared the serpentine chair with the wealthy widow.

"I want a plan of the room," said Britz at length. "A sketch of the safe, too. One of my men was to have made draughts for me, but I had to send him out of town at short notice on another end of the case. So," and he smiled slowly at his poor workmanship, "I'm doing the best I can."

"May I see what you have drawn?" asked Mrs. Missioner pleasantly. "Oh, Mr. Britz," she laughed, holding the paper at arm's length. "I'm afraid you'll never make an artist. I hope," she added hastily, "you have no professional pride on that point?"

"None whatever," returned the detective. He liked a woman with a sense of humor, and there was something about Mrs. Missioner that appealed to him anyway. "I told you I was merely a substitute."

Sands, lowering above the widow on the hearth-rug, shot a single, indifferent look at the drawing. Griswold's glance brushed it carelessly, but the widow's interest in it was echoed by him in so far that he took the diagram from her and examined it for a few seconds. Then, with a short, harsh laugh, he half turned to Britz, alternately bending and straightening the paper in his fingers.

"Ever hear of such a thing as perspective, detective?" he asked condescendingly. Britz overlooked the air of superiority. He shook his head thoughtfully. There was inquiry in his eyes as he waited for Griswold's next words. "You'd starve to death in a studio," the clubman continued scornfully.

A crisp little laugh from Britz was the only reply. He crossed the floor and made a microscopic examination of the safe. Then he circled the room, tapping the walls again, moving pieces of furniture to look behind them, turning corners of the rug, and gazing reflectively at the ceiling. All the Indian servant, appeared noiselessly at the door, started slightly at the sight of the detective, and vanished as silently. Britz pretended not to see the Hindoo, but, in his movements about the room, he paused at the threshold, and glanced quickly down the passage. There was no one in sight.

All that time, Curtis Griswold, having ripped off the sheet on which Britz had drawn the rude diagram, was sketching idly as he talked in an undertone to the widow. His words held her attention. She took no note of the detective's wandering, the heavy silence of Sands, the soundless appearance and disappearance of the Hindoo. Ripples of laughter revealed that she, at least, was amused by what Griswold was saying. It was

when Britz, having finished his detailed examination of the room, stopped close beside him that they looked up.

"I see you are an artist, Mr. Griswold," remarked the sleuth, his eyes on the paper under the clubman's pencil.

Griswold was genuinely surprised. For the first time, he seemed to become aware of the shape his idle tracing on the pad had taken. In the course of his brief chat with Mrs. Missioner, he had sketched clearly, accurately, artistically, not only the room, but the great safe at the farther end—sketched them far better in those few minutes than Britz could have done in as many hours. His drawing, almost automatic, showed the subconscious skill of—to say the least—an excellent amateur.

"Why, that's so," he said, holding up the drawing indifferently. His prowess with the pencil was an old story to the widow and his rival. Griswold tossed the pad and pencil on the table and resumed his talk with Mrs. Missioner, turning the coldest of cold shoulders toward the sleuth.

But Britz was not to be shouldered aside so easily. He addressed himself toward the widow, winning her instant attention with his first query:

"Has Miss Holcomb ever told you much about her last year in Smith?" he asked.

Mrs. Missioner's eyebrows arched. "Nothing important enough to remember, Mr. Britz," she said, staring incredulously. The detective had already assured her warmly of his belief in Elinor's innocence. Could it be he was not going to clear the girl after all?

"You know nothing of her engagement to a Harvard undergraduate, then?" he persisted.

The widow shook her head.

"Before her father lost his fortune, I mean," said the sleuth.

"Neither before nor after, Mr. Britz," replied Mrs. Missioner, rising impatiently. "Miss Holcomb, being a beauty, naturally received a great deal of attention, but I never heard of a betrothal."

Lieutenant Britz, still standing before the hearth, moved to let Mrs. Missioner pass. The widow pushed aside the heavy hangings of a window and peered into the twilight backed by the trees in the park. Britz, having moved, took another step. Those gray eyes of his shifted so rapidly they were upon the three others almost simultaneously. So gradually, so slowly did he approach the table that no one noticed his hand upon it. Resting that hand upon the edge, he went on:

"I am sorry you are not more minutely informed concerning Miss Holcomb's university days." Slowly his fingers extended until the tips rested on the tiny pad. "In a case like this, the smallest knowledge may be of value." Slowly, ever so slowly, the fingers contracted, drawing the pad with them. "Perhaps if you make an effort, you can recall something about the prisoner's past, Mrs. Missioner?" The pad was in his hand. Deftly he tore off the top sheet and inclosed it in his fingers. As the widow started to speak, and entirely unobserved by Griswold or Sands, the detective slipped that agile hand into his pocket. When the hand came out, it was empty.

"No," said the rich woman with more emphasis than would be expected of her large good nature. "I can recall nothing. I am sure there is nothing to recall. You must look elsewhere if you seek to forge links in a chain of evidence against Miss Holcomb. I have told you all I know—all I could possibly know."

"That being the case," said Britz briskly, "there is nothing more to say. With your permission, I will send a draughtsman to make plans of the room and diagrams of the safe." He hesitated. "I suppose these little art gems of mine," he resumed with a dry smile, "may as well meet the fate they deserve." With a quick movement, he threw all the sheets of paper on the table and the pad as well into the heart of the fire.

"Guess I'll say 'Good-afternoon,'" and with a bow to Mrs. Missioner and the coldest of nods to the men, he left the room, the widow's detached "Good-afternoon, Mr. Britz," floating after him.

Was he mistaken, Britz asked himself as he walked quickly along the passage, or did he see a pair of eyes beneath a towering turban peer at him from the corner of a cross corridor? He made a mental note to have the Hindoo servant watched more closely as, treating Blodgett's loftiness with exasperating indifference, he tripped down the steps of the Missioner mansion, and hurried along a path in the park. Once in the shelter of the shadows, the detective quickened his pace, heading south.

He stopped under the low-hanging bough of a great oak tree to get a better light. As he was about to strike a match, his use of that particular cigar suddenly ceased, for, gripping, clinging, strangling, something soft and silky was drawn tightly about his neck, his elbows were jammed against his sides, his knees

were squeezed together so closely he could not take a step, and in another minute he found himself bound, gagged, helpless, with three men sitting on him, bowling rapidly in a cab along the park drive in a direction which, owing to the swirling excitement of the last sixty seconds, he could not ascertain. All he knew was that he was a captive; that he had been seized in a way unusual to city highwaymen, and that for the present a struggle for release would be simply a useless—perhaps worse than useless—expenditure of his strength.

CHAPTER XI.

A Wild Ride.

Once he realized the futility of resistance, Britz busied himself with efforts to get a line on his captors. He was in an ordinary brougham, drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses. He was lying on the floor, but on a pile of rugs. The silk scarf with which he had been fastened had been loosed from his neck, only to be drawn tightly about his mouth. A smaller strip of silk, rolled into a ball, had been thrust between his teeth, gagging him beyond his power to utter a cry. His wrists and ankles were bound with similar scarves. He was as helpless as if in the electric chair. His life, it might be, depended on his self-control and resourcefulness.

In the faint light that flashed from time to time through the windows of the brougham as it whirled past park lamps, Britz saw that all three of his captors were dark of feature and lithe of form. One moment he was convinced there was something foreign in the appearance of the men. The next, he was less certain they were not American. A hawklike sharpness of profile, however, inclined him more strongly to the former belief. He had seen recently, he thought, a face that in such a light would resemble those bending above him. As he was striving to recall it, and the circumstance surrounding it, a fourth scarf was passed about his eyes and knotted behind his head. The silken strip was light in texture, but folded so many times that he could not see the dimmest glimmer of light.

Britz focused his forces on the task of ascertaining his whereabouts and direction. One, two, three blocks the brougham sped westward. Britz knew he was headed for the Hudson. Had not his blindfolding convinced him his life was not in peril, he might have thought his captors were hurrying him to the river to make an end of him. He continued counting the blocks until, wheeling sharply to the right, the horses headed north, and a change in the sound of their hoofs betrayed that they had left the asphalt and were on the macadam again.

"The Drive!" Britz told himself with a slight glow of satisfaction. The distance traveled from the park, the change of direction, and the altered pounding of the highsteppers' hoofs could mean but one thing; the vehicle was bowling along the beautiful Riverside concourse New Yorkers have come to appreciate only in recent years.

It was at that point Britz made his first mistake of the trip. The latch of the left door was jarred loose by an uneven crossing, and the detective felt the door give slightly against his shoulder. He sensed in an eye-flash the door had not swung open. Probably an end of the rug had caught under it sufficiently to hold it shut. But it undoubtedly was unfastened, and that evidently without the knowledge of his captors. Had any of the three noticed the unfastening of the door, he would have drawn it close immediately. There was momentary danger of that. There was not a moment to spare. Britz had little time for thought. With a powerful contortion of his wiry frame he threw off the men above him long enough to fling himself against the door.

Britz reckoned on the likelihood that his fall from the carriage would be seen by a patrolman—at any rate, that his attempt at escape would cause a commotion sure to result in police interference.

The detective omitted from his reckoning the astuteness and readiness of his captors. He thought the surprise hinging on his desperate attempt at escape would be of sufficient duration to let him roll to the road. He was shocked mentally as well as physically, therefore, when his fall was stopped with a jerk, and the back of his head struck with cruel force against the carriage step. Just for a second's flight, reinforced steel and rubber though he was, he lost consciousness. When his senses returned, he was in the same position—head dangling, shoulders resting against the rods of the step, back bent painfully over the steel-shod threshold of the carriage floor, legs inside, gripped in a hold not all his struggles could break. His ankles still were bound. So, for that matter, were his wrists, with his hands behind him.

Then began as strange a struggle as any in which Britz had engaged in all his exciting career. The men in the cab strove to pull him inside; he

battled against their efforts. Bound though his hands were, his fingers were twined tightly about the step rods. He had a grip on the rods as powerful as that with which one of his captors held his ankles. The crossing of his hands to bind his wrists had made his hold only the firmer. All the leverage of each sinewy wrist strengthened the other. The rods were so small they hurt his hands, but unless they broke his grip could not be loosened. Britz clutched them with an iron resolve not to be drawn into the brougham again. Safe though his life might have been at the outset he was not certain it would be secure after his daring defiance of the odds against him.

"This," said Britz to his inner consciousness, with a touch of the grim humor his colleagues often found disconcerting, "is hill-climbing under difficulties." For the coachman, in spite of—perhaps because of—the silent struggle going on furiously at the door of the cab, had whipped his horses to a gallop, and was speeding them up a slope. Over the edge of the scarf that had slipped from his eyes, Britz got a glimpse of the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. He knew exactly where he was then. Next moment his eyes fastened themselves on the faces in the carriage, and he tried with all his might to make out the dark features of the three in the gloom of the cab; but their features still were shadowy. He would not have liked to pick them out of a line in a police station. It was a point of honor with the lieutenant always to be sure of his man before making an identification. In part, that accounted for the failure of almost every defendant in any of his cases to establish an alibi.

Lean hands stretched forth from the dark interior and caught him about the middle. Other hands seized his legs, while the pair clutching his ankle tightened their grasp, but he only winced his fingers the more firmly around their slight circumference. By now the carriage was rolling and pitching like a seagoing tug. Had he not been held so stoutly by the six lean hands above, and his own iron clutch below, the motion might have swung his head against the step again with force to crack it in a dozen places. The very fury of the battle made for his safety.

The horses struck a slope that took them out of the Drive. Britz guessed they could not go far without encountering a policeman. If they did not meet a mounted patrolman or a bicycle bluecoat in the avenue, it was almost certain they would strike an ordinary policeman in one of the by-streets. Britz chewed the gag savagely in the hope of freeing his voice.

Abrupt as its beginning was the end of the struggle. Britz, his eyes still boring into the inner murk, saw one of the long, lean hands slip forth again. This time the hand clutched something between thumb and forefinger. The arm extended until the wrist was close to the detective's hand. Suddenly the sleuth felt a frightful burning pain in the back of his hand. The agony was duplicated in the knuckles of the other. Strive though he did with all his grit and strength to retain his grip, his fingers opened against his will, the tendons contracted by the biting agony, and Britz knew a powerful acid had been sprinkled on his hands. He could not

close them again in the first moment of his torment, and before his muscles could recover from the shock, the sway of the brougham swung him clear of the rods. Then, by the united strength of the three inside, he was jerked upward, and dragged with a single tug into the carriage. The door was slammed, and the coachman brought his horses back to their high-stepping trot. Suddenly they slowed to a walk.

"What's wrong here?" asked a voice at the window.

"Hallo, Rafferty," said the driver with the easy familiarity of a night-hawk toward the rank and file of the force. "Just a bunch of drunks I'm taking to their little white cots," he added in an undertone.

A patrolman pressed his face against the pane and looked inside. Already, the three dark, slender men who had kidnapped the detective were lolled and nodding in a way suggestive of safe but satisfied intoxication. Britz, trussed more securely than ever, was under their feet, well out of the policeman's range.

"They're sure a fine lot of rumples!" exclaimed the bluecoat to his friend, the coachman. "The sooner they hit the hay the better. On your way!" And, the driver flicking his horses in a leisurely way, the brougham resumed its journey with Detective-Lieutenant Britz raging in enforced silence among the silk rugs on its floor.

It was just then that Britz made his second mistake. He breathed too deeply. True, he was blown sadly by the desperate struggle as he hung head-down from the vehicle and his lungs had almost stopped working when he was jerked so violently back into the carriage. The air near the floor was cool and refreshing. No ordinary man would have hesitated to renew his strength by drawing it as far down into his lungs as the cramped position would permit; but Britz himself, in cooler moments, would have observed sagely that air itself was not always an unmixt blessing. He would have told inquiring minds that, under suspicious circumstances, it should be taken with caution and, if possible, should be well shaken before taken. In this instance, the air Britz breathed was mixed with a subtle something that gradually stole his senses and left him, though healthily alive, an inert heap under the feet of his captors.

So potent, so gentle was the action of that strange something that the stoppage of the carriage, the lifting from its floor of the inanimate detective, the carrying of his limp form up darkened stairs in dead silence to a room at the remote end of a suite at the top of the building, and that which happened to the headquarters man as, sodden with the subtle something, he remained at the mercy of the strangers there, were things Britz for many a long day could only guess. So groping was his conjecture through those weary days of uncertainty that whenever he recalled the experience, it was with a certain gliding movement of the jaws that boded ill for the three dark, slim men if ever he should be able to enfold them in the meshes of the law as they had wrapped him in their scarves.

No, Britz was not vindictive, but he was—human.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A COLD DINNER.



Mrs. Benham—I see that they have found the North Pole. Benham—That's no reason why you should do your cooking there.

Was Testing the Baby. Little Phil Warriner, of Addison road, was detected in the act of pulling out the baby's hair despite her frantic protest.

"I just wanted to see," he said in explanation, "whether she was cold storage baby. Teacher told us that's the way you can tell a chicken. If the feathers come out easily the chicken has been in cold storage."

Needless to say, Phil is doing penance.—New York Times.

When a man buys a new hat he wants one somewhat like the one he had before—but it's different with a woman.

The Promise

Of a Good Breakfast

is fulfilled if you start the meal with

Post Toasties

Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits of toasted corn—ready to serve direct from the package with cream and sugar

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"The Memory Lingers"

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The Detective Quickened His Pace, Heading South.



The Coachman Brought His Horses Back to Their High-Stepping Tread.

FOR INDIAN RELICS

Memorial Building Is Planned for Washington.

CURTIS AND CARTER AIDING

Two Young Women at National Capital Are Made Chippewas by Adoption—Charles Crisp, New Parliamentarian of the House.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—In one of these dispatches recently it was said that Senator Curtis, who has a considerable share of Indian blood in his veins, had the honor as acting presiding officer of the senate to sign a resolution granting permission for the erection of a memorial statue to the American Indian on a site overlooking New York harbor. Now Senator Curtis and Representative Carter of Oklahoma, who like the senator has Indian blood in his veins, have promised to aid in a movement started by the Improved Order of Red Men of the United States for the erection in Washington of a memorial building to the American Indian to cost \$500,000. The tribute, it is proposed, shall take the form of a structure in which are to be kept such relics of Indian husbandry, art and literature as may be contributed by associations and individuals.

In speaking of the proposal for the Indian memorial, Mr. Carter says: "This entire country has been carved out of the domain of the red men, who, so far as tribal relations are concerned, are rapidly passing away and soon will be merged into general cosmopolitan citizenship of the country. It seems to me some such memorial as suggested where the relics of the handwork of the Indian may be preserved would be a just and faithful tribute to the American aborigines."

Two Girls Become Chippewas. In connection with this Indian matter it might be said that two young women of Washington, one the secretary of Representative A. O. Stanley, chairman of the steel investigating committee, and the other one of the committee's stenographers, have been taken into the great Chippewa tribe of Indians by adoption.

When Leonidas Merritt was giving his testimony before the Stanley committee in connection with the matter of the Messabba Iron ore deposits, he suggested half jocosely that adoption into the tribe of the Chippewas await the two young ladies if they would but say the word. It seems that Mr. Merritt was taken into the tribe some years ago as a hereditary chieftain of a band of which the full-blooded members are now extinct. This honor gave Mr. Merritt the right to adopt others into the tribe.

Miss Minnie Mahler and Miss Katherine Green, both of whom are of Henderson, Ky., and who now have employment in a congressional committee, are now, through the formality of adoption, known as Wabun and Wabunawung, the translations of which are supposed to be "the first faint flush of incense breathing morn and eastern morning star."

New House Parliamentarian.

Asher Hinds, who was the parliamentarian of the house when Mr. Cannon was speaker, is now a member of the house from the Portland (Me.) district. The house needs a parliamentarian, who is not so known, however, but is called "clerk at the speaker's desk." When Mr. Hinds stepped from the desk down to the floor as a member, it was thought that the Democratic speaker would be put to it to find a successor who would be able as Mr. Hinds was to quote precedent or decide a point on the instant. There was a careful study of the field, and finally the choice for parliamentarian fell on Charles Crisp of Georgia, who is a son of Charles Frederick Crisp, also of Georgia, and who was a member of six congresses in succession and who was also the Democratic speaker of the house in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third congresses.

Tiltman "Comes Back."

Senator Benjamin R. Tiltman of South Carolina is not only back in Washington, but is back in the field for re-election to the upper house. The senator was a very ill man last winter, but his health seems to have improved wonderfully. At the time that the South Carolina senator was so ill there was something pathetic in what he said to a friend when he was about to leave Washington. He has a good deal of poetry in him, despite what some people consider his rough exterior. He was in need of rest and when he was asked if he were going home he said, "Yes, I am going down to the old state and to my garden to look at the roses and to hear the mocking birds sing."

Edmund Heller, who accompanied Colonel Roosevelt on the Smithsonian expedition into Africa, is now in the northern part of the Dark Continent again, with Paul J. Rainey of New York. Mr. Rainey is collecting on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution and Mr. Heller is preparing the specimens. The Smithsonian Institution's reports show that up to last month the members of its new African expedition had collected for it 700 large mammals, 3,000 small mammals and 250 birds. It is the intention of the Smithsonian Institution shortly to erect a monument to Samuel P. Langley, the "father of aviation."

Champ Clark's New Cane. It is a quickening holiday spirit which hovers over Capitol Hill. The house employees are remembered and members of congress give back and

forth with the freedom born of friendship and affection. The secretaries are not forgotten and neither are the telephone operatives. Speaker Clark this year received his first Christmas present early. Representative Langley presented Mr. Clark with a cane mounted with a deer horn and silver crest. Mr. Langley recently went to the Panama Canal Zone and there secured the wood from which the cane was made. It was a fine piece of timber which the French had left behind them when the De Lesseps forces admitted failure and left the isthmus and the French canal project.

In writing recently of newspaper correspondents in Washington who have gone into the government service several names were omitted, but first let one be spoken of who still is in the newspaper ranks and who apparently looks with no longing eye for a government job, although it is probable that he has been or could have been offered one many a time.

More Notable Correspondents. William W. Price is the Washington Star's White House representative. Mr. Price is a North Carolinian, but he has lived at the capital for years and for a decade if not longer he has been found every day in the press room of the White House. It is probable that Price knows as many public men by sight as any other man in the United States. The coming and going at the White House is constant and the tide sets in January 1 and ends December 31, to begin again on the morrow. Its source is from every part of the country from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf. These men passing in procession Price has seen and for the most part knows. He is a court of last resort on names and faces, and he remembers perfectly what this man who has come today was here for years ago when he paid a visit to a former president.

Thomas R. Shipp, who was for some time what is known in newspaper parlance as a "star reporter," was connected with the Indianapolis News until he was induced to come to Washington by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who wanted him for his private secretary. Some time before Mr. Beveridge left office Gifford Pinchot, who was then chief of the forest service, asked Mr. Shipp to enter the forest service, and so he left his place in the senator's office to take service under the "tree saver." After Mr. Pinchot left the government employment Mr. Shipp went with him as secretary of the National Conservation association, and now he has gone back to Indianapolis to be the executive secretary of the National Conservation congress.

Major John M. Carson and Mrs. Carson have just celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Major Carson is a veteran of the Civil war and for years he was Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. He was one of the first presidents of the Gridiron club and was perhaps the best known correspondent in Washington fifteen years ago. The government pressed him into its service finally as editor of the daily consular reports, and last year it diverted Mr. Carson's energies to the European field, where it sent him to make studies of the commercial conditions.

Army Officers Disagree.

Washington looks on the disagreement between General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, and Representative Hay, chairman of the house committee on military affairs, over the form of army reorganization as really a disagreement between army officers themselves as to the form reorganization really ought to take.

If the bill in the form in which Representative Hay has drawn it shall pass congress and be signed by the president, which apparently is not at all likely, Maj. Gen. Frederick C. Ainsworth, the adjutant general of the United States, will be retired before long with the rank of lieutenant general.

General Wood and General Ainsworth do not agree on a good many matters connected with the military profession. It is a curious coincidence that both of these army officers of high rank, one of them General Wood, the highest ranking officer on the active list today, entered the service as assistant surgeon connected, of course, with the medical department of the army. It is true, therefore, that two doctors have risen more rapidly in rank than any two line officers who can be named. Some one has quoted "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" and it probably will be for the laymen of congress to settle the matter.

Representative Morris A. Sheppard of Texas is chairman of the house committee on public buildings and grounds. Mr. Sheppard and his committee, it is believed, are favorable to legislation which will make an appropriation to erect in Washington a building to cost \$750,000, in which can be stored the archives of the government, which now are scattered through the buildings of eight or ten different departments. These archives are of immense historical value and the American Historical association has been urging congress for a long time to provide for their care, their proper cataloguing and their proper placing so that they can be studied by students. If any one of half a dozen buildings in Washington should be destroyed by fire today the loss to the students of the country and to the government itself would be incalculable.

The Dear Girl. "They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." "What of it, Mabel?" "I'm making some fudge for Ferd."

CHINCH-BUG SITUATION IN ILLINOIS CALLS FOR ORGANIZED CO-OPERATION



By STEPHEN A. FORBES, State Entomologist and Professor of Entomology in University of Illinois.

During the years 1910 and 1911 the chinch-bug has been abundant enough in several counties of the southern half of the state to cause heavy loss, especially of corn, in the worst infested localities, and to threaten widespread destruction of wheat, oats, corn and the pasture and meadow grasses during the coming year in at least thirty Illinois counties. We are, in fact, in the midst—perhaps only at the beginning—of one of those periods of chinch-bug outbreak which have worked occasional havoc to Illinois agriculture ever since the days of the pioneer farmer. These outbreaks have hitherto run their course, practically unhindered by anything which the farmer has done, and have been brought to an end by general causes only, of which the weather of one or two years is the most important; but our knowledge of methods of control of the chinch-bug has now made such progress that we are fairly able to defend our crops against it, provided that substantially all the farmers of a neighborhood or community or district will act together according to a well-considered programme.

The chinch-bugs are now in their winter quarters, most of them full grown and fully developed, and there they will remain until the warm weather of next April or May. They are hidden away in the largest numbers at the roots of various field grasses which grow in thick, tall bunches or clumps, especially in the kind commonly known in this state as bunch grass, b room sedge or sedge grass, but also in stools of timothy where this has been allowed to grow to its full height, as on headlands and roadsides and along fences surrounding meadows.

Wherever they are wintering they may be destroyed in enormous numbers by burning over the bunch grass on comparatively dry days after it has been killed to the ground by repeated heavy frosts, or by burning off, raking up, or otherwise destroying their winter cover, whatever it may be, in such a way as to expose them to the weather without their usual protection. The fact has been fairly well established that a large part of a chinch-bug population will perish, in variable winters of ordinary severity, provided that they are deprived of the cover under which they have hidden themselves. If, on the other hand, they are allowed to remain here protected and undisturbed, they will come out in spring as the weather warms up and will spread over the country on the wing, settling mainly in fields of wheat, but to some extent also in early oats and even in young corn, especially in neighborhoods where no wheat has been sown; and in these crops they will lay their eggs for the first generation of the year. Where the bugs are very abundant, their eggs may be laid in timothy and other grasses, but not in clover, alfalfa, or any other crop which does not belong to the family of grasses; and the young hatching from these eggs will injure the crops in which they find themselves. Later, at harvest time, being only partly grown, they will move out of infested wheat fields on foot into other fields of grain, and especially of corn, and, in some cases, to grass, where, if the weather of the season favors them, a second generation will be bred to the enormous injury of badly infested of the farm will thus be lying in wait for months under the very eyes and feet of the farmer, unable to escape from their places of ambush until the warmth of the spring gives them back their powers of locomotion and destruction. Shall we let them stay there, undisturbed to the whole winter through, to break forth again next summer like a devouring flame; or shall we take advantage of this weak point in their plan of campaign, and by thoroughgoing, concerted measures of attack, destroy them while they are yet in our power? Every chinch-bug killed in its

winter quarters means, on an average, and under ordinary conditions, something like 100 fewer in wheat, and 10,000 fewer in corn the following year, and the immense importance of winter measures against the chinch-bug must be evident to anyone.

The fact must be recognized, however, that each farmer is in great measure dependent on his neighbors in any contest with this common enemy. If he destroys all the chinch-bugs on his own place, the force of the first attack on his crops may be diminished; but if his neighbors do not do the same, the bugs will fly out from neglected fields in spring to infest all fields, near and far, in which they can find food, going first in the largest numbers, as a rule, into those nearest by, but finally spreading everywhere and infesting everything from which they can get their food. They cannot be kept out of the wheat in spring after they have taken wing; neither can they be killed in the wheat in any stage by any method now known which will be economically worth while. The crops liable to an early spring attack must, consequently, be protected, if at all, by a winter destruction of the bugs. Under these conditions, it is the duty of every farmer in the southern third of the state to make thorough search of all situations on his premises where chinch-bugs may be wintering; and wherever they are found he should pick up, rake up and dispose of, by burning or otherwise, all loose cover under which they are sheltered. But furthermore and especially, he should watch his opportunity to burn over bunch grass and other sheltering grasses when these are dry enough to burn close to the ground, and when there is but little wind so that each bunch may burn slowly but steadily downward. Many bugs may thus be burned alive, many more may be killed by the heat—about 110 degrees F. being fatal to them—and many of the remainder may perish from exposure to cold and wet, especially if the weather of the season is changeable and severe. The best time for this burning operation is a dry spell in the early winter after the bugs are well fixed in their winter quarters; but if no such conditions come around, the work may be done later in the winter or early in spring before the grass begins to grow. A most favorable opportunity for the destruction of the bugs by fire is sometimes given by warm spring days which bring them out to crawl over the leaves and stems of the grasses in which they have spent the winter.

We have here in our grain fields a condition substantially like that in orchards infested by the San Jose scale; and it is a fact verified to me by an opinion of the attorney general of the state, that it is as much a violation of Illinois law to breed and maintain a horde of chinch-bugs in a grain field, permitting it to escape to the injury of other property, as it is to permit one's orchard to continue dangerously infested by the San Jose scale. Not only is the principle the same, but state laws passed to suppress insect nuisances in nurseries and in orchards actually apply to fields of grain and grass as well.

In view of these facts and conditions, it is my earnest hope that the farmers of Illinois will unite by neighborhood, organizing for a general cleaning up and burning over of all places of shelter for chinch-bugs between now and the beginning of spring, doing this not in a loose and imperfect way, but as carefully and thoroughly as they would carry out any other necessary operation on their farms; and I further hope that this same spirit and method of organized co-operation in the interest of the community as a whole may be carried into the fight with the chinch-bug next summer.

I shall be particularly pleased to help, to the best of my ability, in any movement for the organization of our community for a war on the chinch-bug, and will send circulars for distribution or address public meetings wherever such a movement is started

HAVE YOU SUSPECTED YOUR KIDNEYS?

There are two ways to tell whether you have weak kidneys. The first is through the pains in the back and other outward signs. The second is by examination of the kidney secretions. That is why physicians make such a careful examination when you apply for insurance, and if there is any sign of kidney trouble you are surely notified.

Kidney disease is so dangerous that it is a bad mistake to overlook or neglect it, and if pain in the back, recurring headaches, or a fretful, nervous, tired condition makes you suspect some kidney trouble, take the trouble to watch the kidney secretions. Look for any of the following signs:

More or less than three and one half pints passed daily.
Too dark or too pale a color.
Passages too frequent, profuse, or much reduced, or scalding and painful.
Sandy, gritty or cloudy settlements.
Fat or oily-looking layer which gathers on the surface when allowed to stand, or jelly-like thickening.
Staining of the linen or bed odor.
Temporary changes may occur for a time from things eaten, but if the changed appearance continues, your kidneys are out of order and need help. Neglect may prove serious.
Doan's Kidney Pills correct and regulate the kidney secretions, stimulate and heal sick kidneys, and thereby drive away backache, rheumatic pain, nervousness, diz-

There are Two Ways to Find Out Whether the Kidneys are Sick or Weak



"Oh, what a pain!"

ziness, bloating and other results of kidney disease. The following case is typical of the cures effected by Doan's Kidney Pills. Grateful testimony is the best evidence.

IN BED FIVE MONTHS.

Cured After Doctors Gave Up Hope. J. L. Richardson, Red Key, Indiana, says: "A wrong diagnosis of my case caused me six months of terrible pain. When I had been in bed helpless for three months I was a mere bag of bones. The trouble began with pain in the back, and after a few weeks of it my nerves gave way completely and my eyes got bad. I had frequent dizzy spells, felt tired always, and never seemed to get enough sleep. I almost went crazy. The action of the kidneys kept getting worse, and the urine harder to pass. Twenty-four hours would go by without a passage. The doctors began to take the water from me with a catheter. They did this once a day for fifty days. On Christmas Day, five years ago, my doctor told me that my time was about up. I lived through the day and night, contrary to expectations, and the next day a friend gave me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. I used it and was encouraged to continue. When I had taken five boxes I got out of bed. I kept on until entirely well, and from that day to this—five years—I have never had a twinge in my back."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember The Name"

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors

Millions for Anti-Tuberculosis Work. Money to the amount of over \$14,500,000 was spent in anti-tuberculosis work during the year 1911, according to the third annual statement of expenditures in the war against consumption issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The statement is based largely on reports received from anti-tuberculosis agencies in all parts of the United States.

By far the largest item of expense was that for treatment in sanatoria and hospitals, and for the erection of institutions of this kind. Over \$11,800,000 being spent for this purpose alone. Dispensaries for the examination and treatment of tuberculosis spent \$350,000, and associations and committees in their educational campaign against tuberculosis spent \$500,000. The remaining \$1,300,000 was spent for treatment in open-air schools, prisons and hospitals for the insane, and also for the work of state and local boards of health against tuberculosis.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try It for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine" but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Assorted Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Contrary Human Nature. People seem to find it easier to be kind than to be genuinely appreciative of a kindness done them.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by Druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

If a woman still has faith in her husband after reading what the opposition says of him when running for office, her loyalty is the real thing.

You will sneeze; perhaps feel chilly. You think you are catching cold. Don't wait until you know it. Take a dose of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and you just can't catch cold.

Blessed is the season which engages the whole world in a conspiracy of love!—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A few weeks of matrimonial training will enable a man to predict brainstorms in advance.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if PIAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, bleeding, swelling or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The theory that misery loves company accounts for some marriages.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.25, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4 & \$5 SHOES

All Styles, All Leathers, All Sizes and Widths, for Men, Women and Boys.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

THE NEXT TIME YOU NEED SHOES give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial. W. L. Douglas name stamped on a shoe guarantees superior quality and more value for the money than other makes. His name and price stamped on the bottom protects the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. Insist upon having the genuine W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute.

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL. Shoes Sent Everywhere—All Charges Prepaid. W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold in your town, send direct to factory. Take measurements of foot as shown in model; state style desired; size and width (narrow, plain or extra, heavy, medium or light sole). If the largest shoe still order business in the world. Illus. Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Sparks St., Boston, Mass.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

In every cold weather emergency you need a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Is your bedroom cold when you are undressed? Do your water pipes freeze in the cellar? Is it chilly when the wind whistles around the exposed corners of your house?

A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater brings complete comfort. Can be carried anywhere. Always ready for glowing heat from the minute it is lighted.

Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

Lewis' Single Binder

5 CIGARS

GUARANTEED

FRANK LEWIS' STRAIGHT PIPE SMOKER

You will like Lewis' Single Binder. A fresh hand-made cigar. Better tobacco, better made and better tasting than most 10c cigars. Many smokers prefer Lewis' Single Binder to 10c cigars.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abdominal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, as full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at these will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of native American medicinal forest plants. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

USE ASSORBINE, JR., LINTMENT FOR IT
Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature's building new healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex. A. B. Tolpelt, Ind., writes Nov. 14, 1902: "No doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ASSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well. Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction, Gouty, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Heals Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price 8.00 and 20.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 14 Free. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 219 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

BUY OF THE PRODUCER. If you can. We do. You are producers and consumers, so are we. Let's get together. Write for wholesale price list. Try the pills. Goods shipped subject to inspection and satisfaction guaranteed. SOLE BOTTLE & EXTRACT COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Quickly relieves any irritation caused by dust, sun or wind. Booklet free. JOHN L. THOMPSON'S SON'S CO., Troy, N. Y.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 2-1912.

CHEW SMOKE MAIL POUCH

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE—TO GIVE IT A TRIAL

KINGSTON NEWS

FRED P. SMITH, CORRESPONDENT

Miss Alice Swartz is visiting in Belvidere.

Miss Lena Bacon returned to Elgin last Friday.

Mrs. Albert Holroyd was a Rockford visitor Saturday.

Revivals have been conducted by Rev. C. A. Briggs the past three weeks.

W. H. Gardner came Monday from Fargo, N. D., for a week's stay with friends.

Rev. W. H. Tuttle of Winnebago was a visitor here Thursday attending the G. A. R. installation.

Monday, Nels Person commenced filling his ice house. The ice is about twelve inches thick.

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. McCollom entertained his cousin, Miss Ruby McCollom, of Belvidere, last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hunt, of Monroe Center, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stuart.

Rev. C. A. Briggs, Sr. went to Plato Center last Thursday to officiate at the funeral of a former parishioner, Mrs. Morehead.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Ottman, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dibble and Mrs. Ide Vandeburg attended the installation of the Eastern Star at Kirkland last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. J. W. O'Brien entertained the members of the Young Ladies Sewing Circle at her home last

Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Hattie Tuttle, of Winnebago. Luncheon was served at 5 o'clock.

Miss Jessie Parker will not attend DeKalb Normal but has accepted a position as teacher in one of the East Side Schools at Rockford, commencing her duties last Monday.

Ward Howe entertained a company of his schoolmates at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stark Monday evening in honor of his twelfth birthday. A fine time is reported and refreshments were served.

Policies in force 1512, and amount of Insurance in force, \$3,528,446, amount of money received from all sources during the year was \$13,182.13. Expenditures for the year were \$14,070.81. Leaving the Company owing \$771.93.

The members of the M. E. Sunday School presented J. W. O'Brien, a fountain pen during the Sunday School hour, Sunday, for the appreciation of his work the past three years as superintendent. Rev. C. A. Briggs made the presentation speech and Mr. O'Brien responded.

The annual meeting of the Kingston Mutual County Fire Insurance Company met in the G. A. R. hall Tuesday, January 9, 1912. The following officers were elected: Directors, Geo. Hyde, Paw Paw; Andrew Lovell, Sycamore; G. D. Schoonmaker, Franklin; D. B. Arbuckle, Kingston; B. W. Lyons, Afton. Organization of the Board was as follows: Pres., D. B. Arbuckle; Vice Pres., James Sivwright; Sec., I. A. McCollom; Treas., H. A. Lanan. Executive Committee, W. Potter, Clinton; E. H. Olmsted, Genoa; James Harper, Paw Paw.

Children's short skirts of white flannelette, with scalloped edges, at 19c. Children's flannelette dresses with embroidery yokes, ages 1, 2 and 3 years, special 29c. Children's regular \$1.98 knitted romper suits at \$1.59. Children's 24c stocking caps in red, brown and navy, at each 15c.

Theo. F. Swan, Great Department Store, Elgin.

Warm Blankets At Special Clearance Prices

Extra heavy, full size cotton blankets in tan only, soft German wool fleece finish, regular \$1.98 values priced at pair \$1.29. Full size, wool finish blankets in grey only, \$2.19 values priced at pair \$1.98. All wool blankets in grey and assorted plaids, priced special in the clearance sale at \$4.49.

Theo. F. Swan, Great Department Store, Elgin.

WHEN HUBBY 'HELPED' LIKE THE OLD SONGS

BEAUTIFUL MIXUP IN THE KITCHEN, OF COURSE.

And Wife's Period of Rest Was Rudely Interrupted as She Went to the Rescue of Her Liege Lord.

"My dear Olivia," said Pumperton, firmly, as dinner ended. "I am going to wash the dishes tonight. You are to sit down in front of the dining room fire and rest. While we are without a maid it is only fair for me to assume my share of the work."

Mrs. Pumperton smiled. "Very well, John. But as the hot water is not coming very well, you'll find it better to set the dishpan, half full, on the stove to heat up. Put some soap powder in it. The package is on the shelf." And with a sigh of relief she went into the living room and sat down to rest.

Pumperton cleared off the table without any serious accidents, then set the dishpan over an open stove hole to heat up. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and tied on a large gingham apron. Then it occurred to him that Olivia had told him to put in some soap powder, so he took a yellow paper box from the pantry shelf and poured in a generous supply. The water by now was almost boiling, but the soap powder obstinately refused to dissolve; so Pumperton took a kitchen spoon and began to stir in vigorously. Instead of becoming fine foamy soapsuds, the water began to thicken and thicken—and the more it thickened the harder Pumperton stirred.

At last Mrs. Pumperton, quietly rocking and reading before the cozy open fireplace, was startled by an agonized appeal from the kitchen. "Olivia!" came her husband's call. "I want you! Quick!" She jumped to her feet and hurried to the kitchen, to see her husband perspiring, but with determined action, stirring a dishpan full of white mixture, in which knives, forks and china came spasmodically to the surface as he stirred—all coated alike with something like strained flour paste.

She looked at the dishpan with a gasp. "What on earth is the matter?" she asked. "What are you doing there?"

"I don't know," came the discouraged response. "What's the matter with that soap powder of yours? Look what it's doing! How can any man—or woman, for that matter—be expected to wash dishes in that?"

She took one look at the white porridge, then snatched up the package standing open on the table. "John Pumperton," she said, calmly, "I told you to put a little soap powder in that water. Instead you poured in a good half package of cornstarch, and made pudding out of it!"

Highest Point of Interest.

A man who was a passenger on an excursion steamer which returned a few days ago from Panama and Costa Rica, told a New York Tribune reporter that all the tourists were deeply interested in what they saw in Panama and along the line of the canal in the four days which they spent there. "The monster dredges, the great walls of concrete, the locks and other wonders of the canal construction," he said, "naturally came first in order for our attention; then the cheapness of the duck suits which we had to buy, the independence of the merchants who would not send them to you and the hospitality of the American club will be remembered, but the most wonderful thing we saw was the real Panama souvenir in the form of a deck of playing cards bearing Panama scenes, and the cards are made in Ohio."

Converts Battleship Into House.

Mr. Smelter Trust Stokes (the name is conjugated under stress of space) is building a house in Connecticut, and it is going to be real old fashioned. Most of it was built from our battleship Wellington, which Mr. Stokes bought for \$200,000. Now he has bought a Suffolk manor house of the Tudor period. Half of it is there already, the other half will be there in the spring. The combination should be striking when Mr. Smelter Stokes has completed his freak house. One of these days we may wake up to find Westminster Abbey missing. And to rediscover it as the dining room—with the Hippodrome close at hand as the drawing room—in the splendid home of another Mr. Trust Smelter—if that is his confounded name.—London Chronicle.

As a Precaution.

A good story is told of the old journalist Frederic Guest Tomlin.

One day he found his office locked and the office boy missing.

When the boy appeared Tomlin reproved him for oversleeping, a charge which the boy tearfully refuted.

"It's this way, sir," he said. "My uncle was hung at the Old Bailey this morning, and although we weren't on speaking terms with him, I thought, as one of the family, I ought to be there."

"Quite right," said Tomlin; "never neglect your family duties; but when another of your relations is to be hanged, please to leave the office key under the mat."

Scaling the Peak.

Knicker—is that Boston girl frigid? Bocker—I should say so. When fellows call on her they tie themselves together with ropes.—Harper's Bazar.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO WONDER.

Will the Ditties of the Present Day Arouse Such Pleasant Recollections as Do Those of the Long-Distant Days?

"Do you know what I wonder sometimes?" said the middle-aged man. "I wonder if any of the songs of the present day will live in the minds of the young people who sing them now to arouse pleasant recollections in them 50 years from now."

"Do you see what I mean? I know, I guess, 40 songs—20 anyway—that we used to sing when I was a youth that we all thought were lovely. Some of these had come down to us from older times and they are still living, and I suppose will keep on living. But there were other songs, written in that day, that appeal to us older people now as strongly as they did then, and perhaps more so, though in a somewhat different way, because they bring back fond recollections."

"I have no greater pleasure than hearing my children play and sing those old songs that were sung when I was young, and I wonder—I do wonder—if any of these songs written say around in the last ten years, will survive, to be sung by my children 50 years hence, with an interest like mine now in the songs of my youth."

"I am inclined to doubt it. Lots of the songs of the present time are foolish, aren't they? And with words poor or worse than poor. And still when I sit down with a book of my old songs and go over it in cold blood, reading instead of singing, I have to smile over some of them, for some of them were pretty thin and meager stuff when you came to read them. Still youth likes high flown romantic things and it doesn't apply the acid test. We don't do that till we are older, and among the songs written in the present day there may be some that will survive, foolish though they may seem to be to people of maturer years."

"And how do I know but that the old folks in my younger days thought the songs we sang then were foolish? Maybe they did; but we loved them then and as older people we love them now; they make youth spring up in us again. And it may be, it may be, that some of these present day songs that we older people now think of no account will still live, either by some charm of their own or by the charm of all things associated with youth, to be sung 50 years from now by our children then grown old, just as we now sing over the songs of our youth, and with just the same joy. It may be. But I think they will then be singing too some of the songs that pleased us, the songs that go down through generation after generation."

The Lady's Leisure.

"The truth about the leisure of the lady is this: It was never, in women of our race, a leisure of the hands; it was, pre-eminently, a leisure of the mind. Aside from her first and most obvious function, the lady was sheltered, petted and adored that she might have a mind at leisure from itself, and therefore at the service of others. According to her temperament, whether a Martha or a Mary, she performed this service in a more active or more passive fashion. She was the Listener; she inspired, pacified, comforted. She bound up the wounds life made, poured in the oil and wine. Her heart was the home of homeless causes; she cherished ideals as well as individuals. It is a priceless service, and cannot be overpaid. Her loving performance of it was the glory of the type whose loss we are deploring."

To be worth her salt in our national life, the lady must be either Martha or Mary.—There is no other honest life for her.—Cornelia A. P. Comer, in Atlantic.

The Good Shopper.

Some women are naturally good shoppers; they have the instinct for making a good bargain, and the determination to get for their money the thing they know they want. Other women are naturally nervous and timid, but they should endeavor to shake this off and to gain confidence. When a shopman says, "Madam, I assure you this is just the very thing you want, everybody's using it," do not forget that every shopman's business is to sell whatever he has in stock, not necessarily to sell just what you want. If you have made up your mind to use a particular custard, or a particular brand of cocoa, or to buy a dress of a particular style and shade, have it, or you will suffer disappointment, and be annoyed with yourself afterwards. Always remember that the A. B. C. of good shopping is to stick out for what you have made up your mind to buy.

Hard Suggestion.

"I have all the respect in the world for science," said the patient man, "but—"

"Well, go ahead and finish your kick."

"I can't keep from thinking that what this country needs is fewer criminologists and more good policemen."

A Lower Bid.

"By Gorry," said Pat, as he read the morning paper. "Here's Larry Doolan failed for half a million."

"The graspin' omadhaun!" cried Mike. "Sure an' o'd do ut fer that!"—Harper's Weekly.

Clearance of Dress Goods and Silk Remnants

Many rare bargains await you on our dress goods remnant table. There are lengths from 1 to 6 yards and choice of a great variety of weaves and colorings is offered. To quickly close out these remnants we will give an extra discount of 25 per cent from the regular remnant prices, to be

allowed at time of purchase.

Silk remnants in from 1 to 3 yard lengths at 1/3 less than marked prices. Theo. F. Swan, Great Department Store, Elgin.

Thankfulness.

Thankfulness is an exalted and difficult grace. It is an essential part of any worthy character. Of the minor virtues, if this may be classed with them no one is held more despicable than ingratitude.—Smiles

Remedy for Mildew.

Articles that are mildewed should be boiled in buttermilk, this method being more satisfactory than soaking in cold buttermilk. The same process will effectively bleach materials that have grown yellow from lack of use. Rinse well in warm water afterward and hang in the sun.—Good Housekeeping.

Knows Value of Good Roads. England spends nine million dollars a year to maintain her public roads.

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW

FOR DELIVERY AT ONCE
WE QUOTE GENUINE SCRANTON

HARD COAL

Egg or Range \$8.75 Chest-nut \$9.00

Delivered where coal can be put in without carrying.
Carry charges 35c per ton extra

CARTAGE EXTRA ON LESS THAN TON LOTS

JACKMAN & SON

Phone 57. Been Selling Good Coal Since 1875

FOLLOW THE CROWD

DRUG STORE

IT'S GOING TO BUY

DR. KING'S

NEW

DISCOVERY

THE CURE THAT'S SURE

FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH

AND ALL DISEASES OF

THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS

Famous for Forty Years of Cures. Price 50c and \$1.00

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY

L. E. Carmichael, Druggist, Genoa.

C. F. HALL COMPANY

DUNDEE ILLINOIS

SHOW SHOES

Not Indian make, but modern shoes, suited for coldest weather.

Men's high-top, sheepskin lined shoes \$3

Men's high-top felt shoes \$1.50 \$2.00

Men's bellows tongue, calfskin shoes \$2.00

Men's bellows tongue, trooper tan shoes \$2.98

Men's high-top boots, our best grades for winter wear \$3.98 \$4.29 \$4.98

REMEMBER THE HORSE

Heavy lined stable blankets 98c to \$1.50

Heavy weight plaid horse blankets, per pr \$2.90 to \$9.90

Extra heavy Chase robes \$2.98

REDUCTIONS IN LADIES' DEPT.

20 per cent reduction

on complete stock of ladies' and misses' coats and cloaks.

10 per cent reduction on ladies' one-piece dresses, serges and voiles. Garments which formerly sold at \$8 to \$10—now offered at bargain price.

Ladies' silk capes, garments which earlier in the season sold at \$7 to \$9, now offered at the uniform price of \$5.00

Close-out of ladies' rain coats, made from standard rubberized materials—many of them rubberized silk, in wide variety of colors; greens, blues, greys, blacks, tans—regardless of former prices—choice \$5.00

White sale continues. New goods in this week.

FOR MEN

The latest in overcoats—new military collar. \$11.95 \$12.95

Corduroy pants in winter weights \$1.50 \$2.00

Boys' suits—Knickerbocker pants, for winter wear \$1.98 \$2.98 \$3.95

SPECIALS TO REMEMBER

New lot men's silk four-in-hand ties 19c 3 for 50c

Children's knit caps, special values because

samples, all colors 19c 25c 33c 38c

Applique trimmings, 1 to 3 inches wide—blacks, whites, creams—per yard 5c

Best gingham—Toile du Nord—per yard 12 1/2c

Fancy silkline draperies at 5c

Full line flannelettes at 8c

Special value in children's wool hose at 19c 3 for 50c

Ladies' or men's handkerchiefs . . 9 for 25c

Large assortment of Holiday novelties, formerly 25c, 35c, 49c, now 15c

Remember Refunded Car Fare Offers. Show Round Trip Ticket If You Come By Train.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

THEY ALL HELP

Smile.
Be square.
Keep busy.
Be cheerful.
Don't grumble.
Pay your debts.
Grip and bear it.
Hold your temper.
Learn to take a joke.
Patronize home industries.
Read something every day.
Don't parade your troubles.
Give the other fellow a fair show.

SAVE A PART of your earnings and deposit in the

EXCHANGE BANK of BROWN & BROWN

Genoa, Illinois

Bring in Your House

That is, bring in the plans for the house you intend to build this spring and we will be pleased to figure with you on the lumber bill. If its a barn, repairs for the buildings or a bill of lumber for a chicken house we will be just as much pleased to serve you. Now is the time to get busy. Get your plans made, the lumber bill made out and be ready for work in the spring

We can furnish at right prices every item that goes into a house or barn, from foundation to roof, all good material.

TIBBITS, CAMERON LUMBER CO.