

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXI. No. 18.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1911.

EMMA A. WALDO

From Nearby Towns.

Five Corners.

Nov. 27—Thanksgiving is near at hand and the turkeys realize it. They are roosting high these nights.

Ladies' Aid society which met with Mrs. Floyd Young last week Thursday was quite largely attended. A dinner was served and some of the men felt inclined to help the ladies by buying their dinner which was pleasing to all concerned. Do not forget about the bazar Dec. 7.

Daniel DeBomer underwent an operation for strangulated hernia last week Friday at the home of his sister, Mrs. George Jump. Dr. Hatch of King Ferry, Dr. Cuddeback of Aurora and a physician from Auburn performed the operation. Lizzie Wager was the nurse during the operation. Mrs. George Crouch is in attendance this week. He is in a very critical condition.

Feris & Ferris are repairing their barn. They are doing the work themselves as both are carpenters.

Miss Mildred Lanterman of South Lansing spent last week at Will Ferris.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferris entertained about eighteen of their friends last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Dannie Moore. The evening was one of pleasure to them all. The large table in the dining room was beautifully decorated with smilax and at each plate was a tiny basket filled with candy. When the menu was served, the hanging lamp over the table was dispensed with and the large candles on the table gave the light. It was certainly magnificent. Mr. and Mrs. Ferris and Miss Mildred Lanterman of South Lansing did the decorating. The host and hostess are good entertainers which made the evening one of sociality and gaiety.

Mr. E. B. Stewart and Jay Swarwood returned to Trumansburg last week Wednesday.

Mrs. Clyde Mead is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morehouse at Auburn.

Will Vandenberg of Chicago came last Wednesday with the remains of his mother to be buried at King Ferry cemetery. He and Mrs. Algort called on some of his old friends and neighbors. He formerly clerked in the store of Chas. Barger a number of years ago when Mr. Barger was in the mercantile business here. His many friends were pleased to meet him again. He, with Mrs. Algort, will spend a few days in Auburn this week with Mr. and Mrs. Ward Groom and will then return to his home in Chicago.

Mrs. S. S. Goodyear spent last Monday in Ithaca.

Mrs. Frank Young and Ethel Bowler of East Genoa were at C. G. Barger's Saturday, the 18th.

S. S. Goodyear is having his house heated by steam. They are soon to have it finished which will be a great relief to them all.

Henry Barger and daughter Iva of Ludlowville spent Thursday night with his parents.

Master Luelle Palmer recently shot a pheasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferris accompanied Mildred Lanterman to her home last Sunday at South Lansing. Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Ferris also spent the day with their children at South Lansing.

Mrs. Mary Hunt has been spending some time with her son, Perry and wife at Groton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curtis recently visited their son James and wife at Groton.

Chas. Stevenson, wife and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Parr near Lake Ridge Thursday last week. The relatives of Fay Sharpsteen received word that the remains would not be sent here for burial as was reported, but would be buried there.

Chas. Chittenden does not improve very fast.

The ladies of Genoa Chapter, 413, Order of Eastern Star, will hold a fair at Masonic hall, King Ferry, Saturday evening, Dec. 9. A chicken pie supper will be served for 25 cents. A cordial invitation is extended.

Miss Cora Goodyear spent Monday last in Syracuse.

Clayton Halsey, a teacher in the Philippine Islands, will give an address in the Presbyterian church at Five Corners, Sunday evening, Dec. 3. This address will be given at the usual time of Christian Endeavor.

Ludlowville.

Nov. 27—Frank Ayers is spending a few days with John Campbell at Lake Ridge.

Miss H. A. Shepherd visited at Dr. Fish's at Ithaca last week.

The students of the High school are to hold a bazar Dec. 15, for the benefit of the piano fund. All former pupils are requested to send some article to be sold then.

Mrs. Albert Wood left last Tuesday for Red Hook, where she will join her daughter, Miss Isabelle, who is teaching there.

"Rip Van Winkle," which was recently given by the Spragues, was well attended. The Odd Fellows attended in a body.

Mrs. Archie Campbell of McLean, spent a few days last week with Mrs. Charles Campbell.

Reid Townley of Owego visited friends and relatives here last week. Fred Hornbrook has returned to his work after a week's illness.

The Murphy sisters have moved from Miss Julia Wilson's tenant house down into the village.

The first of last week, Nelson Holden suffered a severe shock in Mrs. Preston Wright's store. It was some time before he could be removed to his home. At the latest report he is somewhat improved, but still in a critical condition.

Adrian Wood, who was operated on for appendicitis, is getting along nicely.

Several from this place attended the funeral of Mrs. Will Davis at Sage last Tuesday.

Stephen Farnsworth has been staying with Fred Wildman and helping him.

Mrs. Eloise Lindall is visiting her brothers, Clayton and Wm. Haring. Rev. Mr. Evans, who recently preached in the Presbyterian church in the morning and in the Methodist church in the evening, gave good satisfaction and there is some talk of his being called to occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. John VanAuken is visiting in Ithaca.

The Lend-a-Hand met at the Methodist parsonage last Wednesday and reorganized. Supper was served to the public.

Wild geese are very numerous this fall. One flock was recently seen which numbered over 200.

Dr. Crawford will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, Dec. 3.

Edwin Eberhart has returned to his home in Pennsylvania, after visiting his uncle, Fred Bailey.

Mrs. J. J. Hartley and children Wilmington, Del., are visiting her mother, Mrs. C. D. Howell.

Fred Miller has recently been appointed special truant officer.

Last Saturday night the Spinster's Convention was given in the Presbyterian church for the benefit of the High school piano fund. About \$24 was realized. A number of take-offs were made on some of the local people. The spinsters all did their part to perfection and caused much amusement.

Major B. Ford, a former resident of this place, but who now resides in Dundee, is ill of typhoid fever.

Met Tragic Death.

Flora Hamilton Cassell, a hymn writer of national prominence, former president of the Nebraska W. C. T. U. and close friend of the late Frances E. Willard, met a horrible death on the prairie a few miles south of Denver, Col., on Friday, Nov. 17. Mrs. Cassell, who was the wife of Dr. C. T. Cassell, pastor of the Bethel Baptist church in Denver, when returning to her home on a ranch south of that city, was dragged over a long distance of rough road by the bronches she was driving, her mangled body being found entangled in the running gear of her carriage. In her youth Mrs. Cassell was a member of the Boston Jubilee Singers. After her marriage, she devoted herself to hymn writing.—Ex.

King Ferry.

Nov. 27—There will be services in the Presbyterian church Thanksgiving morning at 10:30 o'clock.

There will be Thanksgiving praise services given by the Sabbath school in the Presbyterian church Sunday evening, Dec. 3.

Wm. Vandenberg brought the remains of his mother, Mrs. Mary Vandenberg, from Chicago to this place for burial last week.

Mrs. Wesley Ward and daughter are sick and it is thought that they may have diphtheria.

Mrs. John Whitbeck spent Sunday with friends in Ithaca.

Mrs. Mary Tilton is visiting friends in Ithaca.

Miss Jennie Avery left on Monday for Greeley, Colo., where she will spend the winter.

Wesley Wilbur has dressed and shipped a large quantity of poultry. Ben Mosher and family have moved from Genoa to Miss Jennie Avery's house and will work for Alfred Avery this winter.

The "poverty social" at the home of J. D. Atwater and family last Friday evening was well attended, considering the stormy weather. A much larger crowd would have been present had the evening been pleasant. However, all spent a most enjoyable evening and the costumes created no end of amusement. The receipts were about \$12. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp of Genoa were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Atwater to be present at the social.

Merrifield.

Nov. 27—Edward S. Wheat of East Aurora visited relatives in this place last week, returning to his home on Saturday.

Floyd Bishop and Myron Wattles leave for California on Tuesday for an indefinite stay.

Carroll Brightman and wife spent the week-end with friends in Auburn.

Harry Gould and family will move to Moravia on Tuesday of this week. Mrs. Helen Austin has gone to Auburn for the winter.

F. H. Blair and wife were called to Syracuse, Saturday, on account of a very distressing accident which happened to their son-in-law, Joseph Squires, by which he may lose both eyes.

Mrs. Martha Powers and daughter, Ethel, visited at Hiram Wallace's in Venice Center, Friday.

Mrs. Alice Bishop of Seneca Falls spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Sincerebeau; her mother, who is in very poor health, accompanied her home on Saturday to spend the winter.

Mrs. Floyd Loveland spent the last of the week with her parents in Ledyard.

Miss Clara Strang visited her sister, Mrs. Gulliver, in Fleming on Monday.

North Lansing.

Nov. 27—Mrs. Lottie Boyles is visiting at Quinton Boyles.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilcox is able to be about the house.

Mrs. Belle DeCamp visited her father in Groton on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton Buck have returned from a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Miss Emily Boyer entertained on Thursday last week, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Boyer and Will Smith and family.

Mrs. Martin Stowell is doing plain sewing at her home.

Miss Hattie Smith was a recent guest at Dana Slinger's.

Commissioner Mrs. Hattie E. Buck is attending the State convention of school commissioners in Albany this week.

Benton Buck and Rudolphus Miller were in Ithaca one day this week returning with Mr. Buck's automobile.

Manley Boardley and Clarence Small visited in Spencer last week.

Men are coming long distances to try to kill a wild cat in the woods near here. Doubtless it is the one they have been hunting here for some years past, but never found. They do not see it but only hear it. Possibly it is a belated cat bird lost from the flock.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

East Genoa.

Nov. 27—Mrs. M. F. Willis of Ithaca has been spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Frank Gillispie of Genoa. Her two children have been staying with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Strong.

Mrs. Will Sill spent a day shopping in Ithaca last week.

Mr. L. Race and father of Binghamton spent Saturday with his wife here—formerly Miss Lizzie Fallon, who has been confined to the bed for the past week.

Bert Smith and wife spent Saturday in Moravia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Youngs have installed a new furnace in their home.

Jesse Whitten, wife and son of East Venice spent Sunday at Will Sill's.

D. R. Nettleton spent Sunday with Norman Arnold of Venice.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Lester will not go to Genoa as reported.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown of Brooklyn have a little son, born Oct. 26, named Francis Island.

George Coon met with a painful accident on Thursday last. While feeding a corn husker he caught his right hand drawing it into the first rolls up to the wrist. He was brought to Nettleton's home where Drs. Skinner and Willoughby dressed his hand hoping to save it. The bones of the wrist are badly crushed. At present he is doing nicely. Mrs. Bothwell and Mrs. Nettleton are caring for him.

The East Genoa Ladies' Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. Paul Henry on Wednesday, Dec. 6. Dinner will be served at 12 o'clock, and the school children are invited to lunch. As this is the last meeting before the election of officers, the ladies wish to finish all work, and all for whom the society have been sewing can get their finished work on that day. The supper recently given by the men of East Genoa society was a great success, financially and otherwise. The receipts were \$27.35, and the men received many compliments for the manner in which they served the supper.

Atwater.

Nov. 28—News in this vicinity this week is scarce as everyone is busy making preparations for Thanksgiving.

W. W. Atwater's horse which has been lame for a couple of weeks is improving.

Walter Young is improving the good roads, moving his tools to his new farm near Locke.

All Grangers who did not attend the fourth degree supper last night at Jump's hall, Five Corners, missed a sumptuous meal, also a good program. There were seven candidates took the third and fourth degrees, and 80 had supper.

The Misses Esther and Gladys Atwater, who attend the High school at Auburn, gave their parents a complete surprise Monday evening by coming home for their Thanksgiving vacation. They were not expected until Wednesday. School was closed on account of the teachers' convention at Albany.

Sousa in Auburn.

People of Auburn and surrounding towns are delighted with the opportunity of hearing Sousa's Famous Band with Sousa personally conducting. The band has just completed a tour of the world and capacity audiences greeted it everywhere. Besides the sixty-five men in the band, Sousa carries also Miss Virginia Boot, prima donna soprano, Miss Nioline Zedeler violinist, and Herbert Clark, the world's greatest cornetist. Space forbids saying the words of praise Sousa and his band deserve. The chance to hear him and his famous organization is a rare treat and now that the prices are cut in half and made very popular, the big Auditorium ought to be packed to the doors. The band plays the big Hippodrome in Cleveland, Sunday night, Dec. 3, then jumps direct to Auburn for Monday, Dec. 4. Tell your friends and all come and enjoy a great treat.

Old newspapers, for shelves and putting under carpets, at this office 5 cents a package.

Farm Journal Wisdom.

An old rule for roasting turkey is "an hour for each year."

Before chopping raisins, rub a little butter on each side of the chopping-knife.

When tea is spilled on the tablecloth, as soon as possible cover the stain with common salt. Leave it on for a while, and when the cloth is washed all the stain will have disappeared.

Winer eggs and exercise go together.

Judge not a hen by her beauty, but by the way she does her duty.

You may feed all the food your hens can possibly use, but if you are short of grit, the results will not be satisfactory.

It is not good for hens to dust in coal or wood ashes only, some folks claim, but we find that a few ashes lighten up the dirt.

Noon is a good time to supply the stock with some green stuff, such as cabbages or roots of any kind. The latter can be cut in half, and the hens will then pick them to pieces.

The cow your neighbor does not want to sell is the one you want to buy. Get around this dilemma by raising that kind yourself.

Blessed be work! It gives us the chance of making strong, capable men and women of ourselves.

Draw up about the fire a little closer. Nice in here, even when the drifts are high outside.

Let your Christmas presents be something useful. Thousands of dollars are worse than wasted on useless things every year.

A manufacturer advertises a device to save steps, but unfortunately he does not tell where to put them when we have saved them.

"Are you willing to live with me in a cottage?" "Yes, dear; provided it is a cute little cottage with a dozen rooms, three baths, steam heat, a butler, cook, diningroom and up-stairs girl."

Take the frost out of your grindstone before you grind the ax, but do it gradually, and not by using too hot water. That would injure the quality of the stone.

Don't put off until spring any outside work that can be done now. Clean up the garden, haul out manure, and when possible push the plowing before snow flies.

Keep wide paths shoveled to every out building. Help to open the roads when heavy snows drift them, whether you are called out by the pathmaster or not. See that the stock is sheltered from the cold every day and every night.

While waiting impatiently for the state to repair that mudhole, wash-out or other bad place in the highway, wouldn't it be a good idea to take a few hours off and fix it yourself? If every farmer spent a few hours, occasionally, working on the road, our highways would soon show a decided improvement. Let us not only talk good roads—let us work bad roads!

—From December Farm Journal.

Death of James Wallace.

James Wallace, an old resident of Venice, died at the home of his son in Moravia, early Monday morning, at the age of 71 years. He leaves besides his son, a sister, Mrs. Fannie Main of Venice, and three brothers, Charles, Lewis and Hiram, all of Venice. Mr. Wallace spent the greater part of his life in Venice and Moravia. The funeral was held at the home of his son Wednesday at 1 o'clock. Burial was made at Stewart's Corners.

Is a Montana Editor.

W. Laverne Perry of Kallispell, Mont., a native of Cayuga county, has been spending a few days in Auburn and at his old home in Poplar Ridge after an absence of 18 years. Mr. Perry is manager of the Kallispell Bee, a semi-weekly that will soon become a daily. He has been in Chicago getting new press and equipment. He left Auburn to-day on his return West.—Citizen, Nov. 28.

If you have anything to sell, if you want anything, have lost or found an article, make it known through a Special Notice in THE TRIBUNE.

Dr. J. W. Whitbeck.

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Dentistry done in all branches; best of materials used; satisfaction guaranteed.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain by Sleep Vapor, administered by a physician, also the best Hypodermic.

Charges reasonable as elsewhere, consistent with good work.

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Rev. T. J. Searis, Pastor,

SUNDAY SERVICES.

11 a. m., Preaching service.
12:30 p. m., Sunday school.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.
7:30 p. m., Evening worship.
Mid-week Service, Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A Cordial Welcome Extended to all.

J. WILL TREE,

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Orders taken at THE GENOA TRIBUNE office.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases, hair falling, itching, and dandruff. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

11-21

The Doom of the Turk

By THEODORE H. BOICE

Now the turkey's days are numbered, and he won't have long to wait. For the proclamation's issued fixing our Thanksgiving date. At the end of this November there will be a royal feast, and we'll hear a cry for turkey from the highest to the least. There'll be pumpkin pie and fixin's down each eager throat to toss. There'll be many palate ticklers and the cranberry sauce, and there'll be a lot of diners who will feel inclined to shirk. But not one of all the eaters will decline a slice of turk.

There'll be children, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, with the turkey on the table as the object that enchants. And if they are still as hungry as on fastidious days before they'll not stop at the good serving, but will pass their plates for more.

There'll be trouble for the carver, though he tries to do his best. When too many call for drumsticks and too many want the breast; there'll be frequent calls for "stuffed" if the most persuasive tones, and before the feast is ended there'll be nothing left but bones.

So get ready, Mister Gobbler, and get ready, Mistress Hen, for Thanksgiving day is coming, and you'll see your finish then. Now, at last, your days are numbered, and you won't have long to wait. At the end of this November you'll be smoking on the plate.

CASWATTER'S TURKEY

ART AND A THANKSGIVING DINNER

ON Nov. 23 things looked pretty gloomy for Sebastian Caswatter. He had intended to celebrate Thanksgiving day as it should be celebrated, with all the proper accompaniments. But the trouble was that Caswatter did not know just exactly where the money was to come from. With rare providence he had set apart a five dollar bill from the sale of his "Prometheus," but the coal had run out, and more had to be bought.

"Never mind," said Caswatter; "I'll take that 'Autumn Sunset' down to Perdigan tomorrow. I'd made up my mind that I'd keep it if I couldn't get a hundred for it, but if Perdigan wants it for fifty he can have it."

Mrs. Caswatter almost wept, for she knew how much her artist husband thought of that "Autumn Sunset." He would almost rather have parted with his "Solitude" or his "Gloaming" or his "Achilles in His Tent." It was a masterpiece. "Solitude," "Gloaming," "Achilles" were also masterpieces. There were few things that Caswatter painted that were not masterpieces. The great difficulty with them was that they would not sell.

"But, then," Caswatter would say, "I don't paint to sell. It is my misfortune that I believe in art. I follow my ideals as Michelangelo, Guido and Burne-Jones followed theirs. I suffer from neglect now, but the time will come when I shall be recognized."

On the 24th Caswatter took the "Autumn Sunset" under his arm and offered it to Perdigan. But Perdigan declined to give him the fifty for it—in fact, he wouldn't have it at any price. Caswatter bore his disappointment with an air of indifference, but he felt it nevertheless, and it was with a rueful face that he met Mrs. Caswatter on his return.

He went upstairs to his attic studio and began to pace the floor in great agitation. He was an artist, but he was also a father, and the thought of little Leonard's disappointment when invited to sit down to pork chops was maddening, and the pork chops seemed inevitable. As he walked and gnawed his beard his eye fell upon "Solitude," and he made a sudden resolve. He would have that Thanksgiving dinner at all costs. He wrapped the picture carefully in the paper that he had just taken off the "Autumn Sunset" and started out.

Perdigan looked at it with his under lip pushed out and said:

"Well, I'd like to make you an offer for it, but—see, it isn't the sort of thing that sells. I'll tell you, though, if you would like to leave it here I'll do the best I can with it on a commission."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to advance me a little on it?" said Caswatter.

"Why, I'd like to, but you know that's altogether against our rules." "I'll leave it," said Caswatter.

Caswatter went back to his studio and did some more walking. Usually he dismissed household cares easily from his mind, but this dinner he had

counted on so surely. He could see it—actually see it. He laughed savagely and, sitting down before his easel, began to sketch the outlines of a mammoth turkey. Then the idea took him, and he forgot his woes. Gradually the turkey took shape and form, and a celery glass topped with a fringing bouquet of stalks and leaves appeared beside it, then a bowl and a background of pies. He drew up his stool closer and began to spread on color and worked more and more feverishly until the waning light forced him to desist.

Early on the morning of the 25th he arose and attacked his "Barnacle's Feast" with undiminished fury. By 11 o'clock it was finished. He took it down into the little dining room, set it up on the mantelpiece and then called Mrs. Caswatter to look at it. "There's your Thanksgiving dinner," he said. "We'll look at that and imagine it's real."

Mrs. Caswatter was visibly impressed. "What a genius you are!" she said admiringly. "That turkey looks as if it had just been taken from the oven. I can smell it. And the cranberry sauce!"

At 12 o'clock Mrs. Caswatter tapped at her husband's door. "My dear," she said, "I hate to disturb you, but Mr. Tublin, the grocer, is down below. He says he's called for the balance of his account. I told him you were busy, but he said he'd like to see you and he'd wait."

Caswatter groaned. "Well, I'll be right down, dear," he said.

When he went downstairs he found Tublin in the dining room standing before the turkey picture, open mouthed with admiration.

"A fine picture that, sir," he said with feeling.

"About that balance—how much is it?" asked the artist.

"It's only five thirty-five," replied the grocer. "I was just passing, and I never saw a prettier piece of work than that. It'd make a dandy thing for my window."

"You look in next week some time and I'll pay you," said Caswatter.

"Much obliged," said the grocer absently. "Now, that picture—I wonder where I could buy one like it."

"You can have that for a ten dollar bill," said Caswatter.

The grocer instantly produced a fat pocketbook and, taking out a bill, laid it on the table and advanced to the picture.

"Here, it's wet yet," said Caswatter. "So it is," said the grocer. "Well, I must handle it carefully. That's going to help trade this afternoon and this evening. Good day, Mr. Caswatter."

Caswatter looked at the ten dollar bill on the table. Then he smote his forehead.

"Oh, art!" he cried in anguish. But an exact replication of the pictured turkey smoked on his table the next day. And if when his last piece of pumpkin pie was consumed Caswatter was not thankful he certainly looked it.

REVENGE IS SWEET.



The Duckling: "There goes the old turk that laughed at us for being kids. And tomorrow's Thanksgiving day. Oh, say, duckies!"

THANKSGIVING IN THE PRISONS

In All States the Incarcerated Get a Good Dinner.

If you were in prison—and the reader may be for all that—you wouldn't feel particularly like giving thanks, would you? Yet the prisoners in penitentiaries and jails have special reason to be thankful on Thanksgiving day, for then it is that they get the best dinner of the year, even better than those served on Christmas and the Fourth of July, when special dinners are served to incarcerated people.

Thanksgiving day is celebrated in the poorhouses and prisons as well as in palaces and churches. It dawns for the pauper as well as for the prince and sometimes means more to the poor man than to the millionaire. There are no more contented Thanksgiving diners than those who will partake of their dinners behind the bars and no better appetites to be found than theirs.

Thanksgiving day is one of the great days in the state prisons, paradoxical as that may seem. Christmas day, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving are the three milestones that mark off the



NO BETTER APPETITES TO BE FOUND.

convicts' year, for those are the only three days of the 365 when they are allowed to speak aloud and even to sing, if they wish. And on those days also they enjoy a bountiful repast of much better quality than usual.

In the almshouses also Thanksgiving day is marked by a specially good dinner and a relaxation from work and discipline. Some of the specially favored paupers will receive boxes of food or fruit from friends, and there is great rejoicing. The usual pall of misery is lifted for a day, and smiles are seen on sad faces and light in eyes long dimmed by age or sorrow.

At the Kings county almshouse, in Flatbush, N. Y., the recurrence of Thanksgiving day is an event looked forward to by the inmates, some of whom take pride in their long terms of life there. In the women's wards especially there is a truly feminine atmosphere of expectancy and excitement. There is gossip about the dinner in anticipation as well as a certain furrowing up of the uniform dress worn, as though in preparation for some social function.

Thanksgiving there is celebrated by a special church service in the morning, after which a period of rest and conversation is enjoyed. Then at noon there is a bountiful feast of chicken and turkey, with cranberry sauce and potatoes. And there is tea, dear to the palate of the lady pauper.

There are many young faces among the women who will eat their Thanksgiving dinner at this almshouse. Some of them have been committed as vagrants, but their faces are happier



THERE IS Gossip ABOUT THE DINNER.

than many of the women's faces one sees in the cars and the shops of New York.

At Blackwell's Island workhouse, where New York city offenders are held, the dinner will be a bountiful feast of chicken, with the usual accompaniments, for both men and women. Many of the tramps at present sojourning there make a special endeavor to get ten days in the workhouse in order to enjoy the holiday feast.

A Thanksgiving Menu.
 Broiled fish.
 Broiled chicken with oyster sauce.
 Mashed potatoes. Beets. Onions.
 Squash. Mashed turnips.
 Roast turkey, cranberry jelly.
 Assorted pickles.
 Pudding, brandy sauce.
 Apple, mince, squash and pumpkin pies.
 Cold: Mince, Apples, Raisins.
 Cheese. Coffee.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE UNHAISING, UNFEVERISH GOD.
 Text: "And Jesus said, Make the men sit down."—John vi, 10.

God cares for calendar. No use rising at 2 a. m. to find fault with darkness and ask why the sun has not risen. It is not time. Though all men should clamor and complain, the sun will not rise until the appointed time. There's an exact second for that event. Astronomers may calculate it for this date 3000 A. D. God works that way. The Almighty timed hour, minute and second when the star should flash to the wise men and the angels sing to the shepherds. When his Son came there was divine order. "Mine hour is not yet come," he said again and again. When the work was done he said, "The hour is at hand." The calendaring was complete.

One April afternoon in Galilee divinity and humanity stood face to face. A mighty miracle was near. Five thousand people were going to be fed from a lad's lunch basket. There's great confusion, danger of an awful panic. Cossack knouts beat back Russian peasants at the czar's celebration, yet 200 were trampled to death. British bayonets pierced famine crazed sufferers in India before relief corn could be distributed. Christ calls a halt. No tumult, with the throng trampling down the weak! "Make the men sit down." There's no hurry, no fussing, no fever with the Son of God.

The American Disease.

Hurry, justly or unjustly, is called "Americanitis," the American disease. Our climate, dry and overplus with oxygen; competitive system, honor and opportunity beckoning at every street corner, the very American "atmosphere," breed nervousness, oversolicitude, dyspepsia, premature death. The Frenchman shrugs his shoulders, laughs, plus a flower on his coat, is off to the play. The German after dinner slowly lights his pipe. Frau says, "A customer is in the shop." "Ach, himmel, let him wait!" John Bull is rosy cheeked, red blooded; Brother Jonathan thin, wiry, cadaverous. He must "git there or bust." "Lawd, Purr-vuss," drawled my English friend as I dragged him through a fierce jam down the steps of the subway and the car door was snapped in our faces, "Is this the lawst train today?" "No," I clicked; "there'll be another in a minute." I can hear his big hearty British laugh yet. Who is setting this pace? Some invisible malevolent national spirit driving us on. The whole structure of American society is a race for the prize. I've seen the ranchmen on the plains take blazing branding irons and burn the mark of ownership on horse and steer. Hurry is taking a fiery brand and putting its mark on the American face.

Man's Mania For Speed.

There's something in our climate dry and electrical that brings a necrosis of activity. We are 80,000,000 charged galvanic batteries. Attach one of us to a desk, a pulpit, a pen, and we flash on till the current is exhausted. If there are thirty porches in a row there will be at least ninety rocking chairs, all going furiously, while the occupants tell excitedly, possibly shrilly, of an entertainment where they "nearly died" laughing. On the way home the darkness was "Egyptian," it rained "pitchforks," and the mud was "knee deep." Stand at the ferry, the railroad station, the trolley terminus. See the crowd surge on or dash off, fighting going up stairs or down, squirming and elbowing to get through the gateway. What's the hurry? No one knows. The Niagara gorge is a swift stream, but it bears no vessels of commerce. The autolot goes at a frightful clip in the hope of getting somewhere he doesn't need to go in as small a fragment of time as the speed laws will allow. He has a dread of being considered "slow." To be a "has-been" is disgrace. "Old 999," once the pride of the New York Central, holder of all express records, now draws a milk train along the Hudson. From Empire State express to milk train! Degradation! That's the specter that haunts our national American life. Yet our mental picture of the Father of His Country is loftily calm. No book or oration on Lincoln would be complete with the adjective "patient." Our mightiest general was the "silent man of Galena." With our twentieth century eighteen hours to Chicago speed are we any better than when Samuel Adams drove from Boston to Philadelphia in an old chaise that squeaked with patriotism?

"The Royal Road To"—

It's an age of electricity snapping and crackling. Electricity seeks short circuits. It's the day of short story. Dickens, Eliot and Hawthorne are forgotten. Magazines are even abandoning the serial story. Sermons spoken must be twenty minutes; those printed must be tabloid. It's the bark of the five inch rapid fire gun rather than the boom of the thirteen inch ordnance. Education is rushed. Degrees are conferred instead of earned—"Spanish at a Glance," "Business Taught in Ten Lessons." Colleges offer cross cuts to diplomas. One correspondence school has 200,000 students. The singular thing is that with increase of hurry there is a decline of faith and attendance to religious things. An age of hurry is extraordinarily sick. Hurry is not because of fullness, but of emptiness. Haste, fuss, fever, is the sure mark of human inferiority.

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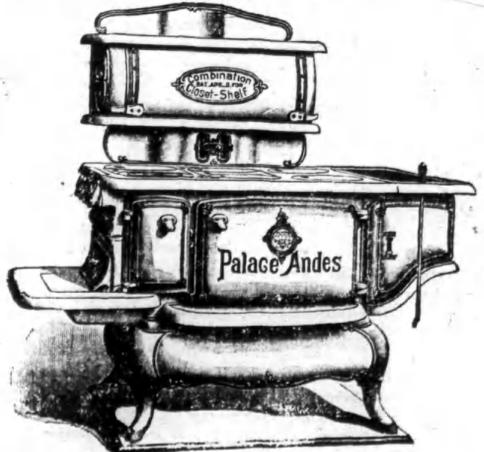
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ESTABLISHED 1890
A LOCAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER

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Business notices with headings placed among regular reading matter, five cents per line, up to twenty lines, over that four cents. Local readers and specialists 3 cents per line for each insertion. No charge less than 10 cents. Rates for space advertising are reasonable, and the value of this publication as a medium through which the people of Southern Cayuga and Northern Tompkins may be reached, is unquestioned. Write for space rates.

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This office is well equipped to do first class printing of every description at moderate prices.

Friday Morning, Dec. 1, 1911

STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

Place Names That Dot It Breathe of its Tragedies.

The history of the toll of the strait of Magellan began when the first primitive canoe capsized and fatally spilled its dark skinned Amerindians into the icy waters of this southern archipelago. The first white man's toll was paid on his maiden passage through the strait by the man whose name the strait now bears, and the price exacted was one of the fower of his feet and the desecration of others, which turned fall for home before the bitter blasts from the western unknown.

Since that long 300 years ago these wild and forbidding regions have exacted their heavy toll of life and property from every maritime nation of the globe which has sought to use these "ends of the earth" as a highway. The very names given by explorers to these parts are a clew to its history and character—Mount Darwin, Beagle channel, Mount Sarmento, Desolation island, Thieves bay, Port Famine, Mount Misery, Undt bay, Last Hope inlet, in many cases spelling tragedy in its worst forms.—Outing.

Stevenson's Name.

No modern writer is better known by his initials than Robert Louis Stevenson, but "R. L. S." was arrived at after considerable experiment. Stevenson's baptismal names were Robert Lewis Balfour, and the third name caused the difficulty. Until he was about fifteen he signed himself "R. Stevenson." After that he occasionally used Stevenson. "R. L. S." in 1868 he asked his mother to address him as "Robert Lewis," but a year or two later, as he expressed it in a letter to Mr. Baxter, "after several years of feeble and ineffectual endeavor with regard to my third initial in thing I loathe," he finally abandoned it altogether. Stevenson when about eighteen changed the spelling of his second name from "Lewis" to "Louis," but Lewis he remained at all times in the mouth of his family and friends.

Origin of the Moss Rose.

The reputed origin of the moss rose, according to the Persian legend, is so pretty a tale that it will have a romantic interest for all who love that old world and delightful member of the great rose family. It appears that in the long ago the angel whose task it was to tend the flowers, wearied with his labors, fell asleep beneath a rosebush and on waking, refreshed with its perfume and the shade it had afforded him, bade it ask for any boon it wished. "Give us," said the roses, "some further charm," and the angel, stooping, plucked up some of the moss on which he had been lying and enveloped the flowers with it, telling them that this green covering, being the emblem of modesty and humility, would make the moss rose the fairest of its species and its queen for all time.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Queen Elizabeth's Jester.

Pace, jester to Queen Elizabeth, was so bitter in his retorts on her that he was once forbidden her presence. After he had been absent for some time a few of his friends entreated her majesty to receive him back into favor, engaging for him that he would be more guarded in future. On his return, however, Pace was as bad as ever.

"Come on, Pace," said the queen in a gracious humor. "Now we shall hear of our faults."

"No, madam," said Pace. "I never talk of what is discussed by all the world!"

The Planet Mercury.

Mercury is so close to the sun that it at times receives nine times the amount of heat received by the earth. It would be much too hot on Mercury to permit life at all similar to what we have on our own planet, and there has never been any discussion regarding the habitability of Mercury.

A Careful Clerk.

"Why didn't you praise that sausage more?" demanded the grocer. "That sausage is all right."

"It doesn't pay to praise sausage too highly," retorted the new clerk. "It might wag its tail."—Washington Herald.

Money is a bottomless sea in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.—Kozlay.

Mares.

A pair of mares under favorable conditions produce 70,000 individuals in four years.

IBSEN AS A TAILOR.

The Only Help He Needed Was in Threading the Needle.

An interesting story of Ibsen as a tailor is told in a Paris contemporary. Jonas Lie, a Norwegian poet, was accustomed to spend part of the summer at Berchtesgaden, in the Salesburg Alps. On one of these occasions, while sojourning in the neighborhood, Ibsen turned up at his friend's residence and asked to see Mme. Lie, adding that they need not disturb the poet. When Madame appeared Ibsen apologized. It was only a trifle—a button had come off. He had purchased a needle and thread. Mme. Lie, womanlike, offered to sew on the button, but the poet would not hear of it. All he asked was that she would aid him by threading the needle. He had found it most difficult. The lady, of course, complied, and Ibsen went on his way rejoicing.

Mme. Lie did not meet Ibsen again until some days after the needle difficulty was surmounted. This time he called to see the poet. There was no demand for an interview with the poet's wife. In the course of conversation the lady, "wishing to get her own back," inquired somewhat satirically if she could be of any service to her husband's friend. Could she thread another needle for him? "A thousand thanks, my dear madame," replied the author of "The Doll's House." "I took care when you threaded the needle for me to make the thread long enough to last the whole summer."—London Globe.

CHANGED HER MIND.

Strategic Game in Domestic Economy the Husband Played.

Strategy can sometimes be made as effective in domestic economy as in the operations of war. By way of illustration consider an instance that recently arose in a certain city.

An ambitious young housewife there had an opportunity to buy at a great bargain a handsome rug which she needed. The price was only \$200, but the owner declared that the rug was actually worth \$400. The young woman's husband gently protested that even \$200 was more than persons of their income could afford for a single article of household furnishing, but after much persuasion he consented to the purchase, as most husbands do in such cases.

But this particular husband played a strategic game. When he gave his wife the money to pay for the rug it was not in currency notes of large denomination, but in the form of 200 round, sound silver dollars. The young woman was astounded. Until the money was counted down dollar by dollar she never had realized that it would take so many to pay for that rug. She decided to buy a sixty-five dollar rug, but declared that if the money had been given to her in two notes of \$100 each she would have bought the costlier one without hesitation.—New York Mail.

Origin of the Dog.

It has been supposed that the dog, like the jackal, descended from a special race. Examination of the skulls of the canidae in the museum of the French Academy of Sciences shows that nearly all of the jackal and wolf species differ from those of the little wolf of India. The little wolf of India is the only wild beast possessing the salient eyebrow or crest of the dog. The little wolf has not only the dog's eyebrow crest, but all the canine characteristics and none of the characteristics of the wolf. It is presumable that the little wolf of India was the original ancestor of the dog. The two primitive canine races, the "dog of the bogs and the dog of the age of bronze," were domesticated first in Asia and were introduced into Europe from Asia, like most of the domestic animals of Europe.—Harper's Weekly.

The Origin of Fasting.

As is the case with all very ancient practices, the origin of fasting is obscure. Herbert Spencer gives us to understand that the custom arose out of the habit of providing refreshments for the dead. The offerings to the dead were often made in so lavish a manner as to involve the survivors in temporary starvation, and it is suggested by Spencer that the fasting which was at first the natural and inevitable result of the sacrifice on behalf of the dead, may eventually have come to be regarded as an indispensable concomitant of all sacrifice and worship and so have survived as a well established usage long after the original cause had ceased to operate.—New York American.

Stopped in Time.

Little Bob's father was fond of telling bear stories to his little boys. One evening he was telling a thrilling one about a bear chasing a little girl and "how he crept nearer and nearer and nearer." At this point Bob caught his father's arm, and, with the big tears falling down his cheeks, he cried: "Oh, father, don't tell any more. He might catch her!"—Detroit Free Press.

Sanitarium Fame.

First invalid—You must think you are somebody, judging from the way you talk. Second, Ditto—I want you to realize, sir, that I've been fought over in some of the best hospitals in the land.—Puck.

Easily Pleased.

Friend—I suppose it is hard work pleasing the editors? Poet—Not very. All one needs do is stop writing.—Town Topics.

Publish your joys and conceal your griefs.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By BYRON WILLIAMS

MADAM, while we wait for the kettle to boil suppose we visit a bit. I have been wondering about a little matter, and I want to take you into my confidence.

Isn't it rather queer that while any number of books have been written about boyhood so few writers idealize girlhood? There are any number of poets who have indited dozens and dozens of poems to barefoot days and grandma and Aunt Mary, but in the majority of cases it is the boy who paddles in the brook or gets big slices of bread with sugar on them or goes visiting.

Have you noticed it? Is not the youth of a girl just as worthy to be perpetuated in morocco covers? Certainly a girl's life is filled with thrilling moments. Do you remember your first pinafore, your bean bag nine, your first party, your graduation from high school, your first beau, the first kiss and—oh, any number of first things that amounted to a great deal in the days now gone forever?

And there was that thrilling, awful moment when Ben Stivers dropped a live garter-snake into your apron pocket! Isn't that worth a poem or a "stickful," as the printer says? And you went fishing, too, with brother, and don't you remember what an awful shock you felt when he handed you a long wriggly angleworm and told you to "bait yer hook!"

And there was the time Henry Higgins ran over the head of your dear Arabella with the wheelbarrow and crushed all her china brins into smithereens. How you wept in sincerest sorrow! How your heart ached for poor Arabella, the beautiful sacrifice of a terrible tragedy! And didn't you stamp your foot at Henry and cry out through your sobs that you just hated him, hated him, hated him?

And poor Henry! Do you remember how solemn he looked and how sorry? You must have noticed because you forgave him and, maybe, fifteen or twenty years later you married him.

And that commencement time. My, oh—my, oh! Why don't somebody write something nice about this? Of course a great many near authors do scribble a heap about the sweet girl graduate, but it is mostly in derision. And the paragraph—how he does say funny at your expense. He tells about how you hitched your wagon to a star and won fame by not going around, but by surmounting obstacles, and all such rot.

I agree with you. He is a very rude person. And I don't see why somebody doesn't correct him. Now, I remember distinctly the night you graduated. Oh, it may not have been you, but it was somebody just like you, and I thought a great deal of you—I mean her—in those days. She was dressed in the most wonderful gown of some slimy material I didn't—and don't—know the name of. She had a beautiful silk sash around her waist with



HER FIRST BRAU.

a bow and tails extending almost to the floor. Her hair was fixed all wavy and tied with ribbons to match, and her shoes were patent leathers.

When she came forward to read her essay the waving willow caressed by a June zephyr could not hold a candle to her grace. How I hung on every word she uttered, how my boyish heart went out to her in all its fullness, and how I rejoiced in the acclaim she won! And then, when it was all over, I can still feel my heart beating from the awful flutter I felt at the prospect of "seeing her home."

As she came tripping down the church steps I mustered all my faltering courage and entered my plea in a trembling voice. For a moment, it seemed to me, she hesitated. I felt all the swift throes of dismissal and disgrace. My heart bobbed against my palate and threatened to jump clear of my throat and run away, and then she gave the word of acceptance. The world was mine.

In what a dream we walked homeward that night, she in her shimmering white graduation gown and I in the "conventional black!" How bright the stars twinkled, and how sweet was the scent of the wild grape and the blossoming cherry!

O Love, young Love, bound in thy rosy band, Let sage or cynic prattle as he will, These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill!

Yes, a girl's life, like a boy's, is filled with beautiful memories. Who will become the girl's poet, the girl's novelist, the girl's paragrapher? Who will put into living words of ink the beautiful ecstasies of girlhood?

For the Children

Rocking Stone That Looks Ready to Fall.



About 270 miles south of Buenos Aires, in the Sierra Tandil range of mountains, is a 700 ton rock so delicately poised that it can be rocked gently enough to crack a walnut without crushing it. It looks as if every moment it were about to fall. Its surface and that of the surrounding rocks are carved all over with the names of tourists. In the New York zoological park there is a rocking stone of many tons weight that can be moved by a small child. Unlike the one here pictured, however, it rests on a flat stone, the top of a buried ledge. Geologists say it was deposited there by a glacier many ages ago.

Old Time Toothache Remedies.

A very slight toothache goes a long way, and he who has it is bound to keep mother busy applying every available household remedy. Would you like to hear what the girls and boys of 1711 used to do for a "jumping tooth" and how they kept their teeth clean and white?

Every house mother in those days made the family supply of dentifrice by boiling equal parts of powdered alum, aqua vitae and honey into a thick paste. She also manufactured tooth brushes (?) by binding cotton in a tight wad around the end of a little stick. This primitive implement was dipped into the paste and then rubbed briskly up and down, across and behind the teeth.

For toothache one remedy consisted of rainworms—just think of it—toasted, ground to powder and applied to the sore spot. Another one of calf's liver, dried in the oven, pulverized and boiled up with honey into a thick salve. A "big green lizard" prepared with all sorts of queer manipulations and mixed with strong brandy would, if smeared upon the tooth and the gums surrounding it, cause the molar to drop out instantaneously and painlessly!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Origin of Certain Names.

Front Royal, a town in Warren county, Va., was first known as Royal Oak, named for an immense tree growing in the common. Front Royal originated from the circumstance of a colonel who, becoming confused in his command, ordered his regiment to "front the royal."

Norwalk, a city in Fairfield county, Conn., said to have been so named because when purchased from the Indians the northern boundary was to extend northward from the sea one day's walk, according to the Indian marking of the distance. According to another authority it is derived from nayang, "point of land."—United States Geological Survey.

Petrified Giants.

Three petrified redwood trees that have been pronounced the very largest in the world that have thus far been discovered have just been uncovered from the debris of the mountain side only a short distance from the famous Bohemian club grove in Sonoma county, Cal. This point is near the little town of Occident.

One of these prehistoric monsters that make the pyramids of Egypt modern by comparison in their ages measures twenty-three feet in diameter and is 350 feet in length. The two other petrified trees are thirteen and twelve feet in diameter.—Scientific American.

Conundrums.

What is the key of good manners? B-natural.

Who is the greatest composer? Sleep.

What is a sin? A man's remark of one musician about another.

What is meant by singing with understanding? Beating time with your feet.

What is a staccato movement? Leaving the orchestra in a huff.

What is a swell? A conceited young music teacher.

Why is an important young person like a music box? She is full of airs.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Own Way.

When Polly goes into the parlor to play she never minds what the little notes say. Nor peeps at a music book.

"I play by ear," says the little dear. When some of us think the music's queer. And a twirl of the wrist and a pinch and a pat.

"I cook by hand," says she. —Youth's Companion.

CUTTERS!

JUST ARRIVED.

A full carload of top and open cutters that are up-to-date, the kind that run easy and last a lifetime, painted plain and in colors; to see them is to buy them; a carload makes a large assortment to pick from. Be the first to come and get your first choice; we also have our new stock of harness, heavy and light team and single harness with every strap guaranteed. Now is the time to look them over; we buy this stock in large quantities so we are able to sell at low prices. With a full line of blankets we can supply the farmer with a full outfit, in fact we carry everything you need.

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A good many men are apt to take things for granted, but we do not ask anyone to take anything for granted in regard to the good qualities of the Egbert Clothing; all we ask is an opportunity to show you and we feel perfectly confident that we can convince you that it is the best clothing on earth for the price, compare the quality, style, workmanship, and price with any other line.

Men's Suits \$12.50 to \$25.00
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When you make your will, appoint this Company as your Executor.

It's life is perpetual and it guarantees the careful, economical execution of your will.

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Suit and Coat Sale.

Being desirous of closing out our entire stock of Suits and Coats of colored mixtures before the Holiday rush, we are making such great reductions on them, that if you are wanting either, we urge you to see them soon and secure one of the real values of the season.

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The Store That Sells Wooltex.

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Jewelry for Christmas.

Come in and let us show you our quality and prices before you purchase anywhere. It's to your advantage to investigate fully before you pay out your good money. That's why we want you to come here. Compare quality and prices then judge where to buy.

We now have a large assortment to select from and our prices are lower than usual.

I. M. Liberman,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,
Under Town Clock. 70 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

Friday Morning, Dec. 1, 1911

Published every Friday and entered at the postoffice at Genoa, N. Y., as second class mail matter.

Pomona Grange Meeting.

The Cayuga County Pomona Grange meeting will be held in Maccabee Temple in Auburn on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8 and 9. On Friday evening there will be a very interesting session to which the public is invited. As this is the last meeting to be held before the state meeting, all who wish to join the sixth degree are asked to be present to take the work of the fifth at this time. A large attendance is desired as the program will be very interesting and final arrangements will be made for the State Grange which meets in Auburn next February.

Died in Hospital.

Joseph Leeson of Scipio, died Thursday, Nov. 23, in Owasco Valley Hospital at Moravia, where he suffered an operation the week previous. Mr. Leeson was 57 years of age. The disease had progressed to such an extent that his recovery was not expected. The funeral was held Saturday at 1:30 o'clock in the Baptist church at Scipio Center and burial was made at that place.

A Terrible Blunder

To neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent virulent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and bowels and build up your health. Only 25c at J. S. Banker's Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's King Ferry.

Fay Sharpsteen Dead.

Wilbur Sharpsteen received word on Saturday of the death of his son, Fay, which occurred at Maxwell, Cal., from acute indigestion. He was 34 years old. Mr. Sharpsteen left Groton thirteen years ago and went to the Philippines. He afterwards settled in California. Only a short time ago he was here and visited his father. Interment will be at Maxwell.—Groton Journal

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Origin of Panic.

No word has moved with the times more than "panic." Long ago in ancient Greece it was a mild fear inspired by mysterious sights and sounds among the mountains and valleys by night, which were attributed to the god Pan. Nowadays it has a by no means supernatural significance on the stock exchange. "Panic fear" was the original expression, and in shortening it to "panic" we have all really been as slipshod as the small boy who calls his "comic paper" a "comic." Shaftesbury 200 years ago would have used the word for any contagious feeling that seized upon masses of men. "There are many Panicks in Mankind besides merely that of Fear. And thus is Religion also Panick."—London Mail.

Elastic Time Table.

In its "early" days railway traveling was a much less formal affair than now. One night, back in the sixties, the guard of the last train leaving Banff was reminded by an irate passenger that it was some minutes past the starting time. "Oh, aye," replied the man, "but Meester F. has a dinner party the night, and I'm jist, gein' him two or three meenits' preevilege."—London Chronicle.

His Half.

A wife after the divorce said to her husband: "I am willing to let you have the baby half of the time." "Good!" said he, rubbing his hands. "Splendid!" "Yes," she resumed, "you may have him nights."

He Objected.

Clerkman—Elmer, wouldn't you like to be a minister when you grow up? Small Elmer—No, sir; I don't believe in working on Sunday.—Chicago News.

HOW TO CARE FOR PLANTS.

Water is Essential, but It Should Be Used Carefully.

Water is both food and drink to plant life and should be given intelligently—that is, when the plant needs it. There can be no hard and fast rule laid down as to how often or how much water to give a plant, for conditions vary. Evaporation may be much greater at one time than at another. The best rule to follow for nearly all plants, except ferns, is to give a thorough drenching and then allow the surface soil to become dry before watering thoroughly again. Ferns require more water than most plants, and the earth should never be allowed to become entirely dry.

Never water with very cold water. Temper the water before pouring it on to the plants so as not to chill them. In growing plants in the house one must try to carry out as far as possible the conditions of a greenhouse—warm, moist air—and for this reason a kettle of water should remain at all times on the radiator, register or stove to keep the air moist. And it is not amiss to say that this is a good sanitary precaution even if there are no plants in the room, for most of our steam and furnace heated city houses and apartments are kept far too hot and dry for health.

Dust is an enemy to plant life. Plants breathe through their leaves. Therefore it is necessary to keep them free from dust. At least once a week and oftener if the room is very warm and dusty the plants should be put in the bathtub on their side and gently sprinkled with a bath spray.

Remember that rain never falls upon plant life at the temperature and force it comes from a city hydrant. Therefore give them a gentle shower, but see that all parts of the leaves are thoroughly washed. It is also a good idea to spray the plants daily with a hand atomizer. If this is not accessible a whiskbroom dipped in water and shaken over the plants answers the same purpose and may even take the place of the bath spray if used vigorously and thoroughly.

Never water a plant with the sun shining upon it or put it in the sunshine while the leaves are wet. The best time for watering is early in the morning or about sundown.

Some plants need watering twice a day, but most plants require wetting but once a day and under certain conditions not more than once in two or three days. It is best to judge by the conditions of the soil.

A little household ammonia, well diluted, a teaspoonful of ammonia to a half pint of water, poured on the earth about once a month is beneficial, but remember it is only to be put on the soil and not on the leaves.

HOW TO COOK RICE.

Plenty of Water Should Be Used to Get Best Results.

In order that rice when cooked should be snowy white, with every grain separate, it must first be thoroughly washed after picking it clean from every foreign substance, washing through three or four cold, clear waters and rubbing the grains well between the hands to remove all the dust and discoloration.

When well cleaned it must be put over the fire in a quart of boiling water to each cup of rice, adding a teaspoonful of salt to the water. The water must be boiling when the rice is put into it, as the boiling of the water will toss the grains of rice, separating them and preventing their clinging together.

Shake the vessel occasionally until the grains begin to soften, but after this do not touch the rice, but continue the boiling until it swells and appears to thicken. Then take off the cover, pour off any water there is and set the vessel in the oven in order that the dry heat may swell the grains, leaving it for about ten minutes, but by no means until the grains brown.

Then take out of the oven, let stand a few minutes and turn out into a dish. Every grain should stand apart, beautifully white, soft and perfectly dry.

How to Make Squash Pudding.

A delicious way of using summer squash is in the form of a pudding or pie to be made as follows: Press some boiled summer squash through a potato ricer, and to one cupful and three-quarters add an egg yolk, half a cupful of sugar, a liberal half tea spoonful of mace, a liberal half tea spoonful of ginger, grated nutmeg to flavor and a tiny pinch of salt. Beat to a smooth mass and fill a small baking dish just big enough for two. When cold serve with cream. A little butter spread over the top makes the thin crust which forms a nicer brown. This pudding may, if preferred, be baked in custard cups or used as a pie filling, making something that is very similar to a pumpkin pie.

How to Keep Butter Sweet.

If you buy butter enough for a week or two, put it in a stone jar, press it down with a potato masher, take a handful of salt and sprinkle over the top of the butter, then pour in a cup or two of water. It will keep sweet, no matter how warm the weather is, so long as it is covered with this salt water. It will not make the butter salty. When needed take up enough for the table at a time.

How to Clean Wall Paper.

To remove grease stains on wall paper put a piece of blotting paper over the stain and iron with a hot flatiron. The grease will be absorbed into the blotting paper, leaving the wall clean.

Tompkins Bank on Honor Roll.

Among the National banks of the United States there is what is known as a "Roll of Honor" which distinction is awarded to any national bank in the United States in which the surplus and undivided profits exceed the amount of the capital, this fact ensuring to the depositors very great security for their deposits. Very few banks in any community are entitled to such enrollment and those institutions which have reached this point are in a class by themselves. Public announcement of this standing serves as a guarantee and protection to local patrons that they are doing business with a very strong bank and people like to do their banking business with those institutions which combine strength and stability. The Tompkins County National Bank of Ithaca is one which has had its name on this Roll of Honor for several years past.—Ithaca Journal, Nov. 14, 1911.

Adv.

Didn't Want Much.

Country Visitor—What's for breakfast? Waiter—Porridge, soles, kidney and bacon, grilled ham, sausages, chops, steak and tomatoes. Country Visitor—Right! I'll have what you mentioned and some eggs.—London Opinion.

"Why, Tommy," exclaimed the Sunday school teacher, "don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?" "Not any more," replied Tommy; "I uster when I slept in a folding bed, though."—Philadelphia Record.

Get Your "Ball-Band" Rubber Boots Now!



This bad weather is sending the people in for this famous quality footwear. We don't know how long our stock will last. Be sure to get yours by buying NOW.

D. W. SMITH, Genoa.

Burtis : Auditorium

John N. Ross, Mgr. Monday, Dec. 4, 1911.

Matinee 3 p. m. Night 8:15

Sousa and His World's Famous Band John Philip Sousa, Conductor Miss Virginia Root, Soprano Miss Nicoline Zedler, Violinist Mr. Herbert L. Clark, Cornetist Prices 25, 50, 75, \$1.00. No Higher. These prices are the lowest ever given for Sousa's Band.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—Watkins wagon and route, two good horses, new double harness. Inquire of H. S. HAWB, 18w4 Genoa, N. Y., R D 24.

FARM FOR SALE—Located on Indian Field road, known as Stevens place 2 1/2 miles to railroad station at Venice Center and 3 1/2 miles to Genoa village, consisting of 97 1/2 acres, well watered, good productive land, fine house, barns in good shape. Inquire of Mrs. Geo. L. FERRIS, Atwater, N. Y. 17w2

Seventy-five farms and other pieces of real estate for sale, mostly in Cayuga county, N. Y. Write for new catalogue.

17th C. G. PARKER, Moravia, N. Y.

LOST—Good horse blanket between Genoa village and my home. Reward ERNEST MEAD.

WANTED—Buzz saw and feed grinder. JOHN J. ELLIS, King Ferry, N. Y.

FOR SALE—At bargain prices, large stove wood or coal, platform wagon, carriage, cutter, harnesses, robes, etc. A. J. HURLBUT, Genoa, N. Y.

50th FOR SERVICE—Registered Chester White boar. A. M. BENNETT, 13w6 Venice, N. Y.

We will grind cider Tuesdays and Saturdays during November. 5th COUNSELL & SPUSHALL, King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Piano and some household goods. LOUISA G. BENEDICT, Administratrix, Genoa, N. Y.

Highest market price for cattle lambs, calves, hogs and poultry. 51J1 WESLEY WILBUR, King Ferry.

Try a Special Notice in THE TRIBUNE. They bring quick returns.

The People's Cash Store
Our aim is to satisfy our customers

Raid On Our "Ball-Band" Footwear!

This winter weather is sending in almost everybody who needs



George S. Aikin,
KING FERRY, NEW YORK.

Follow the Crowds to Brownstein's Gigantic Money Raising Sale

If you want genuine Bargains in High Grade Clothing and Furnishings for Men and Boys. This sale is on in earnest, the crowds are growing larger and larger. The interest of this gigantic wonder inspiring bargain event is becoming more wide spread each day, yes as each hour passes. The delightfully surprised customers are spreading the wonderful news among their friends and neighbors, with the result that this mouth praise is helping to greatly augment the large crowds in attendance.

Thanks to our friends and neighbors for spreading the news. The people are wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm and are responding as never before, no where in the city can you find such values as Brownstein offers during this sale.

Special attention is called to the line of Men's Winter Overcoats which this sale will close of \$15; made up into one lot of many broken lines of this winter's stock, rich, dressy, durable Coats, worth \$15 to \$20 at

Men's Winter Suits—Come in dark patterns, while they last, one suit to a customer and none to dealers at

7.50.

GENTLEMEN'S FINE OVERCOATS—Light and dark shades of pronounced stripes, brown, olive and plain colors, inlaid collars and cuffs to match, three buttoned, skirts full and swagger, \$20 winter overcoats at

MEN'S WINTER UNDERWEAR—Wool fleeces lines, not more than four pieces to any one person while they last. None to dealers. At

33c

\$10.98

Men's fine all-wool Suits of Black Clay or Thibet, warranted not to roughen or wear shiny; well made and stylish-fitting suits, bargains at \$18, at

SIGNAL SHIRTS 79c
MEN'S FAST COLORED HOSE—in blue, black and tan worth 15c. This sale will close at 9c

\$9.87

BLACK FINE ALL WOOL STITS—Made of 19 ounce goods Rochester hand tailored, made with vents and serge lining and hand buttonholes, very stylish, \$20 and \$25 Suits, single and double breasted, will be closed at this sale at \$18.87 and at

OUR CELEBRATED SHIRTS—Of latest patterns, 50c, and 75c qualities at

37c

\$12.98

Sweater Coats in all the Latest Shades and Grades.

50c and 75c grade at.....	36c	\$3.00 grade at.....	\$2.29
\$1.00 grade at.....	69c	\$3.50 grade at.....	\$2.49
\$1.50 grade at.....	98c	\$4.50 grade at.....	\$3.39
\$2.50 grade at.....	\$1.67	16.00 grade at.....	\$4.48

I have made many good friends and acquaintances and wish to thank all for the many favors extended to me in the past two years. I shall personally see that all are pleased. I particularly request that any purchase made at this "Sale" shall be returned to me for exchange or for the prompt refund of money is unsatisfactory.

MAX BROWNSTEIN,

Clothier and Furnisher to People Who Know. 12 State St., Auburn, N. Y.

Lightning Kills Few.

In 1906 lightning killed only 169 people in this whole country. One's chance of death by lightning are less than two in a million. The chance of death from liver, kidney or stomach trouble is vastly greater, but not if Electric Bitters be used, as Robert Madsen, of West Burlington, Ia., proved. Four doctors gave him up after eight months of suffering from virulent liver trouble and yellow jaundice. He was then completely cured by Electric Bitters. They're the best stomach, liver, nerve and kidney remedy and blood purifier on earth. Only 50c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

Give Us a Trial.

Good Artificial Teeth closely imitate nature; they look right and they feel right. Our best sets are the best that can be made on rubber, and there are no better made, no matter what you pay.

Full Set of Teeth \$5.00.	Best \$8.00
Gold Crown and Bridge Work \$5.00	
Teeth Extracted Without Pain 25c	
Vitalized Air for Painless Extracting 50c	
Teeth Filled with Gold \$1.00 and up	
Other Filling 50c and up	
OPEN EVENINGS.	SUNDAYS 10 to 1

Harvard Dental Parlors,

Over The Big Store. Take Elevator. 114 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Village and Vicinity News.

—Chicken pie supper in school building next Wednesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Singer were in Syracuse Monday and Tuesday.

—Amos J. Hurlbutt has not been as well the past week.

—Miss Agnes Conklin is spending the vacation at her home at Dryden.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Springer and son arrived in Genoa Wednesday afternoon.

—Mrs. W. T. Cannon of Auburn spent Thanksgiving at the home of her mother, Mrs. Waldo.

—Miss Charlotte Bush returned to Auburn, Tuesday afternoon after spending several days at home.

—Supervisor Loomis is spending the Thanksgiving recess from the session of the Board at his home.

—Sousa's band will be in Auburn on Monday, Dec. 4, instead of Dec. 5 as heretofore announced.

—Mrs. Frances Upson has been spending the past ten days with her niece, Mrs. Lue Tighe. Mrs. Close is also visiting at the same place.

—The regular meeting of Genoa W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. J. F. Brown on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 5, at 2:30 o'clock. All are invited.

—Fresh ground buckwheat flour at the Genoa Mill.

—Miss Flora Alling went to Auburn Wednesday evening to spend the Thanksgiving vacation. Her mother, who has been spending several weeks in the city, will return with her.

—Mrs. Lois Smith attended the fortieth wedding anniversary of her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Atwater, at Belltown on Wednesday evening. Mrs. W. A. Counsell of Union Springs returned to Genoa with her to remain a few days.

—Mrs. D. C. Mosher was happily surprised by a postal card shower last Saturday evening for her birthday, which came on Sunday. She received 88 cards and she wishes to thank all who remembered her in this way.

—Married, at the home of the bride in Genoa, N. Y. on Sunday evening, Nov. 26, 1911, by Rev. T. J. Searls, Wm. E. Leonard and Mrs. Matilda Smith, both of Genoa. The ceremony was witnessed by B. F. Samson and wife and the mother of the bride.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hunter received letters Wednesday from their daughter, Miss Edith, who sailed Nov. 11 for Porto Rico. She and her friends arrived safely at their destination, after a pleasant trip. They did not suffer from seasickness. The temperature at Coamo on their arrival was 78 deg.

—The Auburn District Conference is to hold its seventy-third semi-annual session at the Union Springs M. E. church, Dec. 4 and 5. Dr. F. H. Wright of Ridge-wood, N. J., one of the best informed men in this country on work among Italians, is to deliver the address at the Monday evening session of the conference.

—Edmund Doughty of Aurora has issued invitations for the marriage of his daughter, Grace, to Mil-lard Van Marter Atwood of Groton, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 14, at 3:30 o'clock. The ceremony will take place in the Aurora Presbyterian church and a reception will follow immediately.

—The Genoa Ladies' Aid society will hold a chicken pie supper on next Wednesday evening, Dec. 6, in the room on the second floor of the new part of the school building. The room is being put in readiness and is large and well adapted for this use. Chicken pie, scalloped potatoes, salads, pickles, cakes and coffee will be served for 20 cents, to everybody. Supper from six o'clock on as late as anybody comes. Here is the supper you have been waiting for all the year. Of course, you will be there

—Mrs. Mary Tilton left Saturday for a visit with friends in Cortland, Dryden and Ithaca.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bush and son were Thanksgiving guests at Frank Gillespie's.

—Ernest Mead, wife and daughter, spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Mead's parents at Locke.

—Chas. Lane and mother, Mrs. E. Haskell of Moravia, spent Thanksgiving at W. R. Mosher's.

—It is now stated that Mr. and Mrs. Elias Lester of East Genoa are not coming to Genoa to live this winter.

—Mrs. Eliza Brown of Moravia celebrated her ninetieth birthday on Nov. 17. She was born in Summerhill in 1821.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Eccles and family of Auburn were Saturday and Sunday guests of Cashier A. H. Knapp and family.

—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Sullivan, daughter of John Sullivan and wife of Genoa, to Thomas Riley, took place at Our Lady of the Lake church at King Ferry on Wednesday, Nov. 29.

—Leon J. Hutchison of Auburn, who has been in the employ of the International Harvester Company for the past six years, has accepted a position in the State Civil Service in Syracuse.

—A pair of spectacles, in case, were found on the street near THE TRIBUNE office this week. The owner can have same by calling and paying for this notice.

—Just arrived, a carload of winter wheat bran, at Genoa Mill.

—Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church the pastor will give in place of the usual Thanksgiving sermon his Thanksgiving story, "The Thanksgiving Banquet." In the evening, "The Master Man." Sunday school and young people's meeting as usual. All are invited.

—Nine girls of the Junior Philathea class met with Virginia Bush Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25. A pleasant afternoon was spent. Several musical selections were rendered, after which light refreshments were served. All went away v. ting Miss Bush a delightful entertainer.

—A. J. Hurlbutt received word Saturday of the death of his cousin, Mrs. Amelia Hurlbutt Dart, at her home at Wellsboro, Pa. She was the daughter of Lyman and Sarah Weeks Hurlbutt, who were residents of the town of Venice. She leaves besides her husband, three children to mourn her loss. Funeral and burial took place at Wellsboro.

—Friends in this vicinity have received news of the birth of a daughter on Oct. 3, 1911, to Rev. and Mrs. Hubert S. Lyle of Maryville, Tenn., who will be called Barbara Mildred. We regret to learn that Mr. Lyle has been suffering from inflammation of the tendons so that he has been obliged to use crutches for some time. He is reported as better now.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hutchings of Dundee were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Atwater at Belltown this week. Thursday they went to Rochester to visit their daughter who was recently married. Mrs. Hutchings, who was Miss Velma Weed, before her marriage, acted as bridesmaid at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Atwater forty years ago.

—Chas. Smith, who lived alone about two miles west of Moravia village, killed himself by hanging some time during Sunday, it is thought. His lifeless body was found Monday noon by his son-in-law, Frank Dunks. He was 68 years old and is survived by four children, Mrs. Wellington Whipple and Mrs. Frank Dunks of Venice, and George and Fred Smith of Auburn. A brother, William, of Sherwood, also survives. It is stated that the deceased had burned most of his furniture and belongings for fuel, showing that he was in poor circumstances. Funeral services were held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Whipple, on Thursday at 1:30 o'clock. Burial at East Venice.

DIAMONDS

Anyone can sell you a diamond, yes it will be a "diamond," but many things go to determine the value of diamonds, viz: color, cutting, freedom from flaws, general brilliancy and representation—chiefly the latter. Oftimes diamonds are bought because of their representation. Oftimes they are not what the purchaser suppose them to be.

For years we have been striving to obtain and maintain the confidence of our customers and have succeeded largely, because WE NEVER MISREPRESENT OUR GOODS. Just now we have some beautiful diamonds, most of them perfect, from 1-4 to 2 1-2 carats, of Blue Wesselton color, American cutting. We are selling them below their present market value.

A. T. Hoyt, Leading Jeweler

and Optometrist,

HOYT BLOCK,

MORAVIA, N. Y.

—A localized George Ade fable appears in this issue. Read it.

—Howard Bush and family spent Thanksgiving at the home of his mother, Mrs. Lafayette Allen.

—Carl Thayer has been building a chimney and making some repairs on the Thayer residence.

—Frank Gillespie shot a pheasant Saturday last. It was a fine specimen. Several others have had very good luck.

—The Genoa school is enjoying the usual Thanksgiving recess from Wednesday night to Monday next.

—Miss Elizabeth Snyder returned Sunday from a three weeks' visit at Locke. Little Jefferson Hewitt came with her to stay the week.

—The annual convention of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League will be held at Schenectady, Dec. 7-8.

—Mrs. Carl Tallmadge and son, who have been spending some time with relatives at West Groton, left last week for their home at Cooperstown, N. D.

—Silver Spray Flour at \$1.35 per sack at Genoa Mill.

—It is expected that M. A. Hudson of Syracuse, founder of the Baraca and Philathea Sunday school organizations, will speak in Groton on Sunday, Dec. 3.

—Mme Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, widow of a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I, and granddaughter of Daniel Webster, died at her home in Washington last week.

—The annual four-county W. C. T. U. group meeting held last week at the M. E. church in Freelyville is reported to have been the most interesting meeting held there by the organization. The prize in the matrons' medal contest was won by Mrs. F. A. Tyler of Ithaca.

—John F. Dryden, founder of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, an ex-senator and multi-millionaire, died at his home in Newark, N. J., Friday night last. He has been called the "father of industrial insurance in America." His age was 72 years.

—The Weedsport bridge, connecting the towns of Brutus and Cato, which has just been repaired and opened to the public, is again closed. The north abutment has settled three or four feet, and the entire structure is out of plumb.

—Mrs. J. Fitch Walker and Mrs. E. Florence Murdock of this village and Mrs. Harriet Babcock of Homer, left Monday, for Dayton, Fla., for the winter. * * * Claude Small, who has been at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium for five weeks, expects to return home tomorrow. Last week Mr. Small was not as well but he has improved this week.—Moravia Rep.

—The Chenango County Humane society is hot on the train of those who are on the point of clipping horses. It happens that it is a state law that no "twist" or "twitch" in connection with the operation of clipping horses can be used. The Humane society officers think it a silly fad to clip horses and claim it has caused the death of many animals due to catching cold, from which pneumonia developed. From this time on the society intends to prosecute all such cases reported to its officers throughout the county.—Ex.

—Old newspapers, for shelves and putting under carpets, at this office, 5 cents a package.

FABLE OF THE NEW RAILROAD

And The Gratitude of the Populace.

[With apologies to George Ade.]

Once there was a large part of a country called Cayuga that needed a railroad.

A Promoter wearing Sunday Clothes and smoking 25 cent cigars came from the Big City to look it over. The Daily Papers wrote glowing articles. The Farmers talked of giving Rights of Way and promised a Site for the Repair Shops and Round House.

When the College Graduates in Khaki Suits began to drag Chains across Lots a Wave of Joy engulfed Main Street from the Grain Elevator clear out to the Creamery.

Then came 1000 Carnos, temporarily residing in Box Cars to disarrange the Face of Nature and put a Culvert over the Crick. Real Estate Dealers emerged from their Holes, and local Rip Van Winkles began to sit up and rub their eyes.

One morning a Train zipped through the Cut and pulled up at the Station.

The Road was an assured Fact. The Rails were spiked down; the Rolling Stock was in Commission; Trains were running according to Schedule.

There was no longer any reason for Waiting, so the Citizens hiked over to the Court House and began to file Damage Suits. The City Council started to pass Ordinances and the Tax Assessors whooped the Taxes.

Horny-handed Jurors hung around the Court Room waiting for a Chance to take a Wallop at the soulless Corporation.

When the President came along on a Tour of Inspection, the only Person down to meet him was the Sheriff.

Children in the Public School practiced the new Oval Penmanship by filling their Copy-Books with the following popular Catch-Line: "When you have a chance to Soak the Railroad, go to it."

And the Trains never ran to suit Everybody.

MORAL—Go easy with Capital until you get it Roped and Tied, then you can soak it!

Death of Moravia Woman.

Mrs. George Burlingham of Moravia died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Hart, in Auburn with whom she was visiting, Thursday morning, Nov. 23. Death was due to pneumonia, following an illness of four days. She was 68 years of age. Besides her daughter she is survived by her husband and a son, Earl Burlingham of Moravia. The remains were taken to Moravia Friday afternoon where services were held at her late home Sunday at 2 p. m. with burial at Indian Mound cemetery.

Owasco Catholic Church.

Several weeks ago St. Ann's Catholic church society was duly incorporated to establish a church in the village of Owasco. The trustees of the new society are Rev. C. A. Silke, Jerome Hayden and T. J. O'Brien. It was expected that the old Presbyterian church property in the above village would be taken over by the new society but some difficulty has been experienced in getting the title to the site and building. The church has not been used for eight or nine years. However, if this property is not available, a new church will be erected.—Moravia Rep.

Gas Plant Changes Hands.

The acetylene gas plant in Locke which has been owned by Cortland parties, has been purchased by J. H. Johnson of Locke, and Arthur Stanton of Venice. Mr. Johnson has had charge of the plant for some time. They have put it in good shape and the lights have been more satisfactory lately than for some time.—Locke Courier.

Advertise in the TRIBUNE

New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R. Co. ITHACA-AUBURN SHORT LINE

TIME TABLE NO. 11. IN EFFECT DEC. 4, 1910

SOUTH BOUND—Read Down			STATIONS			NORTH BOUND—Read Up		
27	23	21		22	24	28		
Daily	Daily	Daily		Daily	Daily	Daily		
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
6 20	1 40	8 30	AUBURN	11 09	5 05	8 50		
6 34	1 54	8 45	Mapleton	10 54	4 51	8 36		
6 44	2 04	8 56	Merrifield	10 43	4 41	8 26		
6 53	2 13	9 05	Venice Center	10 34	4 32	8 17		
			GENOA	10 19	4 18	8 03		
7 07	2 27	9 20						
7 17	2 37	9 31	North Lansing	10 08	4 08	7 53		
7 35	2 50	9 50	South Lansing	9 55	3 55	7 40		
8 00	3 15	10 15	ITHACA	9 20	3 25	7 05		
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 7:00 a. m., (daily except Sunday) 9:20, 11:15, (daily except Sunday) 12:15, (Sunday only) 2:00, 3:25, 5:15 and 7:05 p. m. 9:00 p. m. (Saturday only.)
Returning leave South Lansing for Ithaca 9:50 a. m., 2:50 p. m. 3:55, 7:35 p. m. Also leave Rogues Harbor at 7:40 a. m., (daily except Sunday) 11:50 (daily except Sunday) 12:50, (Sunday only) 5:50 p. m. 9:35 p. m. Saturday only.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of GENOA

GENOA, N. Y.

8 Months Old To-day

At the close of business our deposits are over

\$100,000

Although we have reached the mark we set out to make within the year, we shall not refuse your deposit. Remember always your account is welcome. Dated Nov. 8, 1911.

J. D. Atwater, Pres.

Fox Holden, Vice-Pres.

Arthur H. Knapp, Cashier.

Have You Tried Paper Bag Cookery?

The famous Union Cooking Bags are here and we have tried them.

They Are All Right.

No more greasy pans and kettles. Come in. Ask to see them. A receipt book with each set.

Always something new at

HAGIN'S UP-TO-DATE GROCERY

Genoa, N. Y.

Genoa Clothing Store

I will consider it a great pleasure to have an opportunity to show the beautiful Clothing which I have purchased of one of the best Rochester makes. Suits to fit and to suit the young, the middle age and the older gentlemen. Everything in Furnishings, Underwear and Sweaters that anyone could wish to see. Complete line of footwear for Men, Boys and Children.

The very latest in Douglas Shoes from \$2.00 to \$4.00. To show my goods it would only be a pleasure. You are not obliged to buy, only get wise what you can buy at The Genoa Clothing Store.

M. G. SHAPERO.

Special Millinery Sale.

Beginning Monday, Dec. 4, one week only

To make room for Holiday Goods.

25% off this week only.

Large assortment of trimmed Hats, Shapes, Fancy Feathers and Novelties

Untrimmed Hats 25c, 49c, 98c and up while they last.

We will try and please all who come.

MRS. D. E. SINGER,

GENOA, N. Y.

A Romantic Story

But a Matter of Fact Man Spoiled It

By WILLARD COOK

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

A number of men were lounging around a trading post in upper Canada. There was Jacques Trudeau, Jules Marier and others, including Silas Hutchins, a Connecticut Yankee, who had come up to trade miscellaneous articles for furs. Jacques Trudeau had the name of being a great story teller. Often of an evening in winter, when the trading of the day was ended, those living near his store would drop in, gather about the stove, get out their pipes and call on him for a story. His yarns, if they had been developed into novels, would have made "best sellers" today, for they were full of adventure, surprises and escapes. But these were flavored with that rhapsody which the French people love so well. On this particular evening Jacques, having been called upon for a story, chose an especially romantic subject.

"When I was a young man an English gentleman named Brewerton came up here with his daughter Clarissa. He bring gold moccasins to buy furs. He was ver' fine gentleman indeed, and his daughter Mees Brewerton was ver' fine young lady. Mademoiselle she haf nothing to do here, so her father, while he buy furs to tak all toggeder at one time down to Montreal to sell, wish to find amusement for her. So he get a young skill teacher named Antoine Brisson to teach Mees Brewerton to use skills. Antoine Brisson he ver' fine looking young man. His face handsome, his hair fall on his shoulders in long black curls from under his fur cap. His buckskin suit show a divine figure lak ze Apollo Belvedere statue. When he speak his voice was lak bass notes of ze organ."

"See here, Trudeau," interrupted Hutchins, "wasn't there some danger of them two fallin' in love and puttin' the ole man to a heap o' trouble?"

The story teller and the listeners sitting around the stove all looked up reproachfully at the Yankee. They knew that there was bound to be a love affair between these two, but they wished to have it developed in good story form. Trudeau did not deign a reply, and when they had all recovered from the shock of the interruption he continued his story without changing in the slightest the lines he had laid down for its construction:

"Meester Brewerton he wish his daughter to learn to trap. So he engage Edouard Rubidoux to teach her. Thees Rubidoux he ver' handsome man too. He haf eye lak the eagle!"

"Hook nose?" interrupted the Yankee.

"No, sare. Why you ask zat?"

"Eagles have 'em. Go on with your yarn."

"So Brisson he teach Mees Clarissa to walk on skis in ze morning, and in ze afternoon Rubidoux set ze traps for her, and another young man name Peter Garnier some time teach her to shoot ze rifle. Thees way Meester Brewerton try to gif hees daughter some things to do that she not be lonely in ze dark Canada woods in ze winter, when everyting covered with snow. She learn to shoot ver' fine and skill ver' fine, and she know how to set trap. One day she kill a bear, anudder day she kill a deer, and in ze traps she catch enough mluk zat her fadder say he tak ze skins to Montreal and haf them made into cloak for her."

"How much did he save," asked Silas Hutchins, "on the Montreal price?"

"I dunno. Mees Brewerton want a cloak made of ze skins she trapped with her beautiful hands."

"By thees time she go alone on her skis and some time long distance. She tak rifle, so eef she see some things to shoot she can shoot them, and when she come home somebody go out and bring in what she shoot. Every afternoon she go out in thees way to set her traps, and in ze morning she go again to see what she haf caught."

"One day she went out on her skis with her rifle to set her traps, and nobodies knew she haf gone. That war ze day of ze great blizzard. Eet begin to snow at 4 o'clock in ze afternoon, and in half an hour ze flakes come down twisted by ze wind so they make one person dizzy. At 6 o'clock Meester Brewerton come in for his supper and ask for his daughter. Then he learn she is not at home, and he ver' much scare, for he tinks she go set her traps and not get back for ze storm."

"He call on Antoine Brisson and Edouard Rubidoux and Pierre Garnier and say: 'You go find my daughter. Go by different ways, and whoever brings her home to me I gif him hundred pounds.'"

"Thees men go outside, and Brisson say, 'I go to ze nearest trap, and Rubidoux say, 'No; I go to ze nearest trap. You go to one of ze udder traps.' And Garnier he say, 'Which trap I go to?' And Brisson say, 'You go to ze third trap.' And Garnier say, 'No; I go to ze second trap. I got more chance to find ze lady.' Then they all talk at once, each man talking louder than ze udder man, and—"

"Was it snowin' all this time?" asked Hutchins.

"Snow? Eet snow harder all ze time. Bimeby Brisson he dash off in one direction and ze udders in two different ways, and all disappear in ze whirling snow flakes. Zey all know where ze traps are, and one go to one trap and anudder to anudder. But by thees time eet grow dark, and eet was hard to find ze way. But they all were used to go in ze dark like ze animals, and thees does not make so much difference."

"Meester Brewerton he walk up and down lak a bear much worried. He tink he not gif hees daughter back no more and she freeze to death under ze snow. Nine o'clock come, and nobody comes—11 comes, and Garnier he comes and says he find nothings of Mees Clarissa and he fear she freeze to death. At 12 o'clock Rubidoux he come in stiff with ze cold and haf not found ze young lady. Then Meester Brewerton he say all my hope is in Antoine Brisson."

"Was he the feller with the curls?" asked Hutchins.

"Hees hair war lak ze wing of ze raven!"

"A raven is the same as a crow, isn't it?" asked Silas.

"You call him crow. Mees peoples call him crow. Story teller always call him raven."

"Nobody come no more zat night, and Meester Brewerton he gif up hees daughter for lost. In ze morning eet still snow, and eet was not before afternoon zat eet stop and ze people mak up party to go ze round of Mees Brewerton's traps to find her body and ze body of Antoine Brisson, for zey tink he die too. Zey go to ze first trap and find nothings. Then zey go to ze second and still zey find nothings. Between ze second and ze third there war big drift, and zey had to dig ze snow away to get through. When zey reach ze third trap zey find nothings, but one man say not far from here is deserted cabin. Mebbe Mees Brewerton find her way zere before ze snow comes down too thick."

"Zey all went to where ze cabin was, but zere was nothings but a hill of snow. Then one of ze men gif sudden shout. He see a little smoke come from ze tip top of ze snow hill. Then udders see it. Ze chimney of ze cabin ees just below ze snow, and zere mus' be fire below."

"Zey all climb to ze top of ze snow hill and see a little crater lak ze volcano, and in ze center was ze chimney top, with ze smoke coming out. Zey call down ze chimney, and ze sweet voice of Clarissa Brewerton replies:

"Who is it?"

"Zey tell her zey haf come to search for her, and she say yesterday, seeing ze snow come faster and faster and knowing where war ze empty cabin, she went zere, and before ze snow cover ze dead wood on ze ground she gadder eet, working till it snow ver' hard, and tak it in ze cabin. But alas, she haf no way to light a fire. She had hoped to find a match or to strike a spark, but zere was no match, and she could not strike a spark."

"See here, Trudeau," put in Silas. "You've got this yarn into a fix where you can't unravel it. You said the gal made a fire, didn't you? How the dickens was there a fire when she couldn't light it?"

At this interruption Trudeau looked at the matter of fact Yankee triumphantly.

"I come to zat," he said. "Mees Brewerton found nothing in ze cabin to keep her warm, and ze cold grew more and more bitter. She feared to go to sleep, but at last was about to do so when she see man's face look in ze top of ze window above ze snow. Eet was zat noble ski teacher, Antoine Brisson."

"Antoine always carry match to light hees pipe. He hand Clarissa ze box, and she light ze fire. She ask Antoine to come in and warm himself. He say no, she must stay zere one, two, mebbe 'ree day. He not compromise her good name by going in. She tell him he die if he not come in. 'Ver' well, mademoiselle,' he say. 'I die for your sake; I love you so much.'"

"Antoine he dig hole in ze snow outside, and we look for him. We find him in ze hole, but ze cold had frozen him. He was dead."

There were exclamations from all the listeners expressive of admiration for this noble act except the Yankee.

"Wasn't he the least bit squeamish?" he remarked.

"No, no. Ef he stay zere Mees Brewerton reputation gone forever."

"How would it have been if there'd been an old woman with 'em, blind and deaf?" said Silas.

No one paid any attention to this satirical reflection on French etiquette, and Trudeau continued:

"When they tell Mees Brewerton zat Antoine war dead she faint. Her reputation was saved, but Antoine had given his life for eet. Zey carry her home to her fadder, and he war wild with joy to see her. When zey hear ze story of how ze noble Antoine haf given hees life for hees daughter's reputation he weep many tears. Then he say:

"I gif ze hundred pounds I promised as a reward to saving my daughter to build fine monument to zis noble man."

"Seems to me," remarked Hutchins, "if I'd been the skill teacher I'd rather have had my life than the monument."

"Ze monument great honor."

"What become of the girl?" asked Silas.

"Mees Brewerton she go to Montreal with her father. She come here when ze monument was put up and every year for long time."

The Scrap Book

Startled Her All Right.

When the first shipment of frozen eggs arrived in London from Australia their extreme hardness astonished the brokers to whom they were consigned.

One man, calling at a broker's office, was amazed to see him taking aim at the wall with an egg.

"What the dickens are you at?" he said. But the broker let drive, the only result being a slight dent in the wall.

The thing being explained, the man took a couple of the eggs, put them in his pocket and left to startle his wife. Arriving home, he waited till the family was assembled for dinner, and then, with a confident smile, he banged an egg at the newly decorated dining room wall.

But the smile quickly faded from his face. The egg had thawed.

Fight the Battle Out. What if the currents of your life Are foiled and vexed and go amiss And trouble your whole portion is? Faint not. All victory comes through strife.

What if a thousand shafts of wrong Are foiled and vexed and go amiss Pursue you early, long and late? Yield not, but keep your courage strong.

What if the world seems simply made To sweep your dearest hopes away And balk your efforts day by day? Care not. Move onward unafraid.

What if your best work brings but pain, Perplexity and loss and doubt? Faint not, but fight the battle out. No worthy life is lived in vain.

The Lasher Won. He had been freshly washed and was somewhat slicked up, but he was unmistakably a hobo. He hesitated a moment at the door of a fashionable cafe and then bravely entered in. Walking to the bar, he ordered "a little liquor, please." The bartender scrutinized him dubiously for a few seconds, but finally placed the glass and bottle upon the counter.

After filling the glass to the brim the man laid down 3 cents.

"You have made a mistake; those are not nickels, but pennies," admonished the bartender.

"Excuse me; my mistake," responded the tramp. Then he added: "Well, since they are there, I'll just bet you the three pennies against a dime that I can drink the whisky without touching the glass."

The bartender, a little amused, accepted the proposition and the wager was on. Much to the surprise of the "wine clerk" the fellow deliberately picked up the glass and drank down the liquor in one gulp.

"Hold on, pard; you lose," called the barkeep.

"I know it. The three cents are on the bar," replied the bum as he sauntered over to the free lunch stand and grabbed a handful before departing.

The Absent Members. The toastmaster didn't have a set list of speeches to announce, so he apportioned the talks among the liveliest speakers present as best he could. He did pretty well, too, until he announced "The toast 'Our Absent Members' will be responded to by Mr. Blank H. Dash." Then everybody laughed loud and long. Why? Because Mr. Blank H. Dash has lost an arm and a leg.

Small Change. At a dinner given by Andrew Carnegie an eminent judge, seated halfway down the table, was deeply immersed in conversation with his neighbor when the host opened up the subject of the British coinage system and showed signs of wishing undivided attention.

"Every other civilized nation," he declared, "has the decimal system, while England adheres to the absurd and cumbersome table of pounds, shillings and pence." (Rap, rap, rap)

The raps were for the judge, who remained absorbed in his own conversation. "And even farthings," continued the ironmaster—"is there anything else in finance so ridiculous as the farthing?" (Rap, rap)

The judge glanced around somewhat impatiently.

"Judge G.," Mr. Carnegie called out, "why do the British continue their coinage of farthings?"

"To enable the Scotch to practice benevolence, Mr. Carnegie," returned the judge.—Success Magazine.

The Police Helped. Five young gentlemen were dining together in a London club when one of them offered to bet that he could hold up traffic in a main street for a whole day. His companions promptly took the wager. The young man simply went out with some friends and pickaxes and dug up the street, while the police automatically diverted the traffic. Then the diggers went home and left the various authorities to correspond and argue as to who was responsible for the roped off areas and the general disorganization.

THEY DIDN'T LAUGH.

Mark Twain Was Funny, but His Audience Gave Him the Stony Stare.

There was one occasion when Mark Twain's humor went astray and instead of the hilarious laughter he expected poor Clemens got only sad and stony stares from the three literary lions at whom he had aimed his mirthful efforts as well as from the rest of the banqueters who were all worshippers of the burlesqued trio. The story is told by F. M. Colby in the Bookman:

Mark Twain had gladly accepted the invitation to address the diners and, knowing that Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes were to be among them, had prepared, in high confidence, a little skit telling of three absurd impostors who had announced themselves by these distinguished names at a miner's cabin in the far west. According to the story, a melancholy miner at whose cabin Mark Twain found shelter one night told him that three other "littery men" had stayed with him the night before and given him much trouble. They were Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Holmes. In reply to Mark Twain's question the miner gives an account of the visit.

They were a rough lot, but that's nothing; everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red bearded. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon. He weighed as much as 300 and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prizefighter. His head was cropped and bristly-like, as if he had a wig made of hairbrushes. His nose lay straight down on his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking. I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, and then he took me by the buttonhole, and says:—

"Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings, Build these more stately mansions, O my soul!"

Says I, "I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to." Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then he takes me aside by the buttonhole and says:

"Give me agates for my meat; Give me carbohydrates to eat; From air and ocean bring me foods, From all zones and altitudes."

Says I, "Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel."

An Appetizer. Of sporting offers made by the large eaters of old that made to Charles Gustavus of Sweden when he was besieging Prague is worthy of recall. A peasant offered for the king's amusement to devour a large hog then and there. General Koenigsmark, as runs the tale, suggested that one with such an appetite ought to be burned as a sorcerer, on which the peasant said to the king, "Sir, if your majesty will make that old gentleman take off his spurs I will eat him before I begin the pig."

Scotty's View of It. Two men, an Englishman and a Scotchman, were traveling from Aberdeen to London in a train. They reached Carlisle without exchanging a word, and during the stoppage there the Englishman got out and had some refreshment. When he got back to his compartment he found the Scotchman sitting where he had left him and looking more dour and solemn than ever.

"It's a long, wearisome journey," said the Englishman when the train started by way of making conversation. The Scotchman looked at him with an angry frown.

"So it ought to be," he replied frigidly; "it costs two pounds nineteen and ninepence."

A Bright Maid. They are telling a story of the favored suitor of a Cleveland society girl who called at the house of his inamorata recently and found a new parlor maid at the door. "Is Miss Blank in? This is Mr. Dash," he explained.

The maid smiled brightly. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, and led him into the drawing room.

Here he waited the better part of an hour, when he finally summoned the maid again. "Did you forget to tell Miss Blank that I was here?" he asked impatiently.

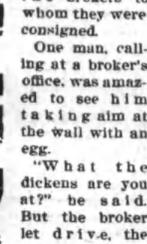
"No, sir," answered the new maid. "Miss Blank hasn't got back from shopping yet."

"But you told me she was in!"

"Yes, sir! She told me positively that she was always at home to you, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



HE BANGED AN EGG.



GRABBED A HANDFUL.



MORE DOUR AND SOLEMN THAN EVER.



MORE DOUR AND SOLEMN THAN EVER.

THE people of this vicinity are just as hard to please as any—and just as quick to appreciate a good article.

The Best Feed of All Kinds.

Corn, Corn Meal, Cracked Corn, Dairy Feed, Bran and Mids, Gluten, Cotton Seed Meal, Alfalfa Meal.

Chick Food

Meat Scrap, Bone and Meat Meal, Cracked Bone, Oyster Shell, Grit

Famous Silver Spray Flour

Gold Medal, Ceresota, Superlative, Regal, Wm. Penn, etc.

The Genoa Roller Mills.

J. MULVANEY, Prop.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Notice to Creditors. By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Luther Upson, late of the town of Union, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of March, 1912. Dated Sept. 6, 1911. CHAS. UPSON, Administrator.

Notice to Creditors. By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Herbert L. Myers, late of town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912. Dated June 30, 1911. FRANK F. DIXON, Administrator.

Notice to Creditors. By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Sarah A. Cobb, late of the town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, one of the administrators of said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Ledyard, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912. Dated June 30, 1911. WALTER L. CORRY, CLARENCE CORRY, Administrators. AMBASS J. PARKER, Attorney for Administrators.

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MISS BIRD BURRITT

68 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y., Carries a full line of up-to-date Millinery and Hair Goods.

WOMEN HELPED

By Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for Kidneys and Liver.

Disorders of women are the result of general bodily weakness. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a strength builder and for women it has proved of great value. Thousands testify to this. A sick woman almost always has kidney trouble, which causes pain in the back, headache, nervousness and other distressing symptoms. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy helps the kidneys and liver to act properly, purifies the blood and gently moves the bowels, striking at the cause of kidney, liver, blood and bladder troubles.

For over 25 years it has enjoyed steady and tested success. It is an honest remedy and has stood the test of time. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and valuable medical booklet. Large bottles \$1.00 at all druggists.

An old man was rheumatic and almost helpless. "Time hangs heavy, doesn't it, uncle Joel? What do you do with yourself?" "Well, sometimes I sit and think, and sometimes I just sits," he replied.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Rest Your Liver. Two plain meals a day have been found by many to eliminate sallowness, biliousness, dyspepsia and to reduce corpulency. If the stomach is rested, the overworked liver and other organs obtain a corresponding relief. Hot breads and many condiments will produce facial blemishes, and this proves that a little care in eating is worth all the attention that can be given it.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

When to Cut Finger Nails. Finger nails should be cut the last thing at night. By the morning the cut portions will have hardened and the nails be less likely to split. A little oil occasionally rubbed into the nails prevents their splitting if disposed to do so.



Do You

recognize the boot? It is the Mishawaka Ball Band Coon Tail Boot. We have the Mishawaka Knit Boot in three styles

All Knit plain at \$1.25
Coon tail, knit with snow excluders at \$1.50
Regal lace knit \$2.00
Rubbers to fit them at \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.75.

Look over my stock before purchasing; my long experience may help you to select just what you want.

Spot Cash Store.
Purple Stamps.

Edwin B. Mosher's,

Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE

By JOANNA SINGLE.

THANKSGIVING day was almost upon Miss Abby Cullom, poor, but thrifty, in her cottage at the end of the town, and her only near neighbors, the Beans, Miss Abby, being a New Englander, was always prepared. The Beans, being southern "Crackers," were eternally unprepared in their shiftless little hut. Miss Abby had a good vegetable garden and a big chicken yard.

This is where the turkey comes in—an immense gobbler, the monarch of the place and the pride of Miss Abby, who had doomed him to Thanksgiving dinner. He grew fatter and fatter, and the assorted collection of Bean



"AN" THERE HE SAT ALL SUMMER ON THAT BENCH!

children watched him hopelessly while they sat astride the division fence. Hunger shone from their eyes.

"They'll be stealin' him next thing," Miss Abby muttered as she threw out the dishwater and wrung the dishrag fiercely.

"Maw," bawled one of the twins to his gaunt, bedraggled mother in the door, "ain't we goin' to have no turkey? We ain't never had no turkey like other folks."

"Yore paw's had mighty pore luck, honey. He can't make out to buy turkey, honey."

"Why can't he, maw?" wailed the oldest girl.

"Yore paw's had bad luck," the dull mother voice reiterated. "He'll git us somepin' extray, but I don't reckon it'll be turkey. Turkey meat's awful dear, honey."

Miss Abby slammed into her house with a righteous rattle of stiff bine calico and an indecorous display of flat ankles. She snorted wrathfully: "Luck! If he'd had any luck he'd never have been born. But he's luckier than his wife and children. He's the laziest image of a man that ever wore pants—too lazy to come when he's called to meals. I'd see that he never was called if I was her."

Miss Abby went to make her bed, and from the open window next the

bull under him would start him to goin'. I should think he'd want to see them young ones with clean faces and full stummicks at least once in the year!"

The days flew, and the turkey grew still fatter and more complacent. The Bean children looked more and more wistful. They sat often on the fence in the chilly November air, their half clothed bodies shivering, their bare feet blue with cold. But with the eternal faith of childhood they watched the turkey in the hope that something would yet give them a taste of him.

Miss Abby's old maid heart grew soft sometimes, but hardened at thought of the lazy father and slovenly mother.

Miss Abby had had bad luck about Thanksgiving company. Everybody was elsewhere engaged—the minister and his family, the Browns and the Treshams. She had no relatives near. Have some one she must, for she had refused Matilda Jenkins' invitation on the plea of having company herself.

The day before Thanksgiving she had found no one and was worried. In the cold gray morning she came out to feed the chickens from a yellow crock held in the angle of her arm. When she had tossed the cornmeal to the hungry brood she closed the chicken yard gate, set down the crock and stood watching the turkey—and the house next door. She folded her thin arms across her blue calico chest for warmth and in what she saw forgot how cold it was.

Four of the eight Beans had the whooping cough, and their thin, saw-toothed faces, cleaner than usual, were flattened against the grimy



SHE WRAPPED HERSELF UP AND MANAGED TO LIGHT THE KITCHEN FIRE.

panes overlooking the chicken yard. She could hear the wall of the baby and the coughs of the older ones.

"I just can't do it," she muttered and at last returned to the house, ill at ease and chilled to the bone.

She piled wood into the stove till the kitchen was stifling, but she could not get warm. Her teeth chattered in a chill, and in spite of hot lemonade and Jamaica ginger Miss Abby had to go to bed in the middle of the afternoon with hot flatirons at her feet and a mustard plaster on her chest.

She fell into a doze, broken by visions of the hungry little faces next door. She wished she had at least taken them over some vegetables. "I will—long about night," she muttered and fell into a strange, wretched sleep.

When she awoke it was night and very cold. Pains stabbed her chest sharply, and her head throbbed dizzily. Then she seemed delirious and heard the babbling of hungry children. Then she went completely out of her head.

She came at last to herself, weak and feeble. The bedroom was very cold, but the fever was gone and the stabbing pains. She wrapped herself up and managed to light the kitchen fire, creeping back to bed till things warmed up. The door of the Bean house slammed, and she heard a child cough.

When the warmth from the kitchen filled her room she rose and went out to get some breakfast. She had never felt so weak in her life. She put on the coffee-pot.

Miss Abby sat eating her toast with her feet in the oven. Mrs. Bean knocked and entered.

"Land sakes! Air you sick?"

"Sick! I ain't feelin' very spry," said Miss Abby sharply. "I went to bed yestiddy afternoon. I felt so sick!"

"We ain't seen you out this mornin', an' as it's Thursday an' Thanksgiving we s'posed you had bad news that called you away in the night. The children's been feedin' the beans an' the turkey—the ones that ain't whoopin'."

"What you talkin' about?" snapped Miss Abby. "This is Thanksgiving, ain't it? I'm too sick to recollect it."

"I come to see if I could do somethin' fer you all. You look mighty peaked," said Mrs. Bean. Miss Abby shook her head, and the woman was almost to the door when Miss Abby recalled her.

"Is your man at home?" she began abruptly, while Mrs. Bean stared.

"Well, then, would he as lief kill that big turkey for me?"

"Why, sure, he would! You all air weak, an' that turkey looks mighty hefty."

"And can you come over and help me cook him?" Miss Abby went on. "I shall need help with the rest of the dinner, too, if I don't feel any sprier'n I do now. You can bring the baby and leave the others with him till dinner's ready. Then I want you should fetch them all over and let them eat all the turkey they can hold. I don't feel as if I could get away with more than ten pounds myself," she concluded grimly.

the woman stood still staring, too astonished to express her gratitude even had she known how.

"Well," commanded Miss Abby, "if we don't git on the move dinner won't be ready before midnight."

"Yes'm," agreed the woman, letting herself out of the door. She sped across the yard more quickly than Miss Abby had ever yet seen her move.

"It'll take me a week to clean up after them, and it's encouraging that shiftless man," grumbled Miss Abby.

Then she heard from the Bean house a yell of joy that utterly demolished her New England conscience for the time being and sent a warm glow to the uttermost depths of her human heart. And she set to work on a dinner that was a record breaker in the Bean experiences.

How-Kaffirs Treat Children.

All travelers and magistrates testify to the unbounded kindness to children shown by the Kaffirs in their own kraals. Such a thing as a deserted Kaffir child is unknown, and the elder people put up with all the little annoyances of children with exemplary good humor. Actual cruelty to Kaffir children is practically unknown. — Diamond-Field Advertiser.

Good Cooks.

"If all sick people had good cooks," says the London hospital, "how much greater might be the proportions of recoveries!" The value of the patent foods which are advertised so much lies largely, it says, in the ease with which they are prepared for the table.

Misfits at the Bargain Sale.

Nell—I stopped in at a bargain sale today. Belle—Did you see anything that looked real cheap? Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Scolding Love Bird.

"Those love birds," said a keeper in the aviary at the Bronx zoo, "are more like human beings in their actions and characters than any birds we have in the place. The male, which, you see, has a little blue spot on its beak, is as gentle and affectionate as a pet dog, but the female is a regular shrew, and that's the only word by which to describe her. She pecks and scolds at her mate, and often I have seen her lower her head and shove him off the perch. Sometimes she will chase him about the cage, jabbering at him like an old hag. The male seems to put up with it as patiently as a henpecked husband. He never tries to retaliate, and it isn't on account of fear either. The old lady acts the same way with me. When I speak to her she scolds at me. The mate seems to appreciate any attention I pay to him and twitters to me like an old friend."—New York Sun.

An Early Arab Aviator.

A French oriental student has discovered a surprisingly early record of experiments in aviation. The hero of the enterprise was one Ibn Firnas, an Arab of Spain and physician to the Khalif Abdurrahman II., who flourished in the ninth century. Renowned as an inventor as well as a doctor, he devised a clockwork apparatus by means of which he "fattered himself that he would be able to rise into the air like a bird," and a crowd assembled near Cordova to see him try. He did, it seems, actually get off the ground, but fell again with a great thud amid the derisive cheers of the populace. The story has been found and pointed out in an Arabic work by a certain El Makkari.—Westminster Gazette.

The Gasoline Grammar.

To what extent the automobile has invaded the preparatory school may be judged from the following occurrence:

Teacher (to beginners' class in Latin)—Can any of you boys give the rules for accentuation of Latin words?

Only one hand was raised.

"Well, Tenney, what are the rules?"

"Words of two cylinders accent the first cylinder, and words of three cylinders accent the antepenult."—Life.

A Natural Question.

Little Walter was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and, splash, down went his glass of milk.

"I knew you were going to spill that," said mamma angrily.

"Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"

Solving the Problem.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between meals?"

"Have the meals ficker together," replied the young hopeful.

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—Leigh Hunt.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Power of the Apple.

Apples contain 77 per cent of the acid combining elements. Pineapples, oranges, grapefruit and lemons are also invaluable for their marked acid combining qualities. The apple, however, is the most powerful of all the fruits. In fact, so powerful is it in its acid combining qualities that to eat a large, solid, properly grown apple three times each day would be almost sufficient to offset the effects of the excess of nitrogenous foods that we might eat during that period.

Make Your Plans Now

for this winter's tour to take advantage of the Winter Excursion Fares to

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No better time to go than this winter—no better way to start than via

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they're all good; every one of them, sweet Miss, we can see that by looking at them.

Candies we offer you from our fresh stock are always good.

If your lady love invites you to buy her a box, do it, and do it quickly.

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INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.



STOOD WATCHING THE TURKEY AND THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

Bean house she could hardly help hearing the rest of the conversation.

"Maw, he's awful big! Will she eat him all herself? Will it make her sick, maw?"

"Why, maybe she'll have company, honey."

"Can't we be company, maw? Why ain't we never company?"

"We ain't got any relations up along here, honey."

"Would Miss Abby let us be company if she knowed we ain't goin' to have no Thanksgiving?" Miss Abby shut the window with a bang.

"Tain't as if he couldn't work," she muttered. "He won't work. His garden's all dried up for lack of a little water, and there he set all summer on that bench! Nothin' short of a fire

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Many women are wearing a prematurely old look through defective eyesight. There are wrinkles on her forehead which have no business there. When reading is an effort and the brow puckers, it is time to consult

Fred L. Swart,
the eye-fitter, who will fit you with glasses that will make reading a pleasure and smooth out many a wrinkle. New location,
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If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase.

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MAKES GLASSES THAT FIT WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

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Farmers, Take Notice!

Many of you have old plow points, throws in the old junk pile. Now I can draw them out for a small cost to you and some have told me they have worked better than when new. Now is the time to get your wagons and farm tools repaired, wood work and irons repaired at Huron's, Genoa, N. Y.

POEMS WE MISS.

Epics of the Great Events in Our National History.

We have many volumes of commemoration odes of quite respectable literary quality, but we look in vain for an epic of the war of the Revolution, which might fill each one of us with the heroic spirit and bind us all in that living union of great hearted humility which is the supreme national pride. We look in vain for an epic on the great civil war, with one of the greatest of all life's soldiers as its hero, nor do we find immortalized in Aeneids those wonderful expeditions across this continent—the travels of Lewis and Clark, the settlement of the forty-niners, the opening up of Alaska, the reclamation of the deserts and the founding of Texas. How otherwise than through poetry are our children to possess the beauty and the glory and the spiritual grandeur of the saga figures who founded this marvelous union of states, of those heroes who "highly resolved" and so highly achieved? It is true Walt Whitman chanted the song of democracy, but his chant is a magnificent prophecy of an ideal—it is an exhortation, not a poetic manifestation. The spirit that strove and is striving toward a realization of this democracy is best caught when exemplified in the lives and deeds of the men who lived and fought, who conquered and died fighting, moved by this spirit. This is the creative work of the poet we await—Temple Scott in Forum.

CITIES HARD TO KILL.

What Rome, Paris, Constantinople and London Have Suffered.

It is a difficult thing to kill a city, and there are some well known places that have so much vitality that they will survive any number of disasters. Take Rome as a first example. No fewer than ten times has she been swept by pestilence. She has been burned twice and starved out on six occasions. Seven times she has been besieged or bombarded. But she still flourishes. Perhaps that is why she is called the Eternal City. Paris has had eight sieges, ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it. We make no reference

to the number of revolutions, as they are too numerous to mention. But Paris still flourishes. Constantinople has been burned out nine times and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges. There are some people who think that many of the sultans have been as bad for the city as any pestilence. And yet she goes on. Lastly there is the English metropolis. London began as a kind of mound in a swamp. In her early history she was sacked, burned and all her inhabitants butchered. She has been decimated by plague five times, exclusive of typhus, cholera and such maladies. She has been more or less burned seven times. She is thriving in spite of all.

Yet He Loved the Sea.
It is said that Bryan Waller Procter, known as Barry Cornwall, who wrote the well known poem—

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be!
was the very worst of sailors. When we read that he was so seasick that he could scarcely bear the sound of a human voice it becomes apparent that his wife's conduct during his affliction could scarcely have been reassuring. As he lay on the deck of a channel boat, covered with shawls and a tarpaulin, she had the pleasing habit of humming a strain of his jovial sea song. The poet who loved the sea, but loved it best at a distance, had very little life just then, but what force he had was used in the entreaty:
"Don't, my dear! Oh, don't!"
Yet no doubt he loved the sea.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

By virtue of a chattel mortgage given by George Davids to W. P. Parker, the undersigned will sell on farm occupied by Davids, 1 mile east of East Venice, 4 miles west and south of Moravia, Wednesday, Dec. 6, 1911, commencing at 12 o'clock, the following: Pair bay work horse, black colt, 4 years old, harnesses, some farming tools, grain, quantity of hay. These tools are nearly all new and in good condition.
FAY TRISTEN, Mortgagee's Agent.
Stephen Myers, Auct.

Saved His Wife's Life.

"My wife would have been in her grave to-day," writes O. H. Brown, of Muscadine, Ala., "if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery. She was down in her bed, not able to get up without help. She had a severe bronchial trouble and a dreadful cough. I got her a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and she soon began to mend, and was well in a short time." Infallible for coughs and colds, it's the most reliable remedy on earth for desperate lung trouble, hemorrhages, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup and whooping cough. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, F. T. Atwater, King Ferry.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Diet and Fruit Kill Pimples.
Ordinary creams will not cure pimples unless they come from the pores being clogged, and the cleansing cream helps to clear them out and so eliminates the cause of the pimples. Be sure your diet is a sensible one, including plenty of fruit and not a large amount of greasy or heavy food, and don't worry too much over your looks.

Ends Winter's Trouble.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost-bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c at J. S. Banker's Genoa, F. T. Atwater's King Ferry.

D. W. SMITH, Genoa.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF CAYUGA.

Iva C. Parker, Plaintiff, vs. Eliza H. Easterly, Eliza H. Easterly as sole surviving executrix and trustee of the last Will and Testament of John M. Easterly, deceased, Fred C. Easterly, Jay Easterly, Sheppard Gleason, Ozam Gleason, Arthur Gleason, Nellie Fry, Wilma Fry, Bertie Hughes, John Francisco, Nelson Francisco, Henry Francisco, Louisa Halleron, Nina Underwood, Nettie Underwood, Lennie F. Rapp and John Flarity, Defendants.

To the above named Defendants: You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and, in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Trial to be held in the County of Cayuga.

Dated this 23rd day of November, 1911: AMAZA J. PARKER,

Plaintiff's Attorney, Office and P.O. address, 119 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

To Fred C. Easterly, Jay Easterly, Sheppard Gleason, Ozam Gleason, Arthur Gleason, Nellie Fry, Wilma Fry, Bertie Hughes, John Francisco, Nelson Francisco, Henry Francisco, Louisa Halleron, Nina Underwood, Nettie Underwood and Lennie F. Rapp:

The foregoing Summons is served upon you by publication, pursuant to an order of Hon. Hull Greenfield, Cayuga County Judge, dated the 27th day of November, 1911, and filed with the complaint, in the office of the Clerk of the County of Cayuga, N. Y., at Auburn, Cayuga County, New York.

AMAZA J. PARKER, Plaintiff's Attorney, Office and P.O. Address, 119 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To John McGordon, Giles McGordon, Abbie McGordon, Anastatia Andrews, Anna Thornton, Nellie Davis, Edward McMahon, Charles McGordon.

Whereas, Mary McGordon, has presented to the Surrogate's Court, County of Cayuga, her petition and account as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Andrew McGordon, deceased, praying that said account may be judicially settled and that you be cited to appear herein.

Therefore, you and each of you are hereby cited to appear before our Surrogate, at a Surrogate's Court, to be held in and for the County of Cayuga, at the Court House, in the City of Auburn, in said County, on the 16th day of January, 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the said account.

In Testimony Whereof, We have caused the seal of our Surrogate's Court to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of our said County, at the City of Auburn, on the 25th day of November, 1911.
WALTER E. WOODIN, Surrogate.

Amaza J. Parker, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Auburn, N. Y.

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Great Line of Fur Coats, in Pony and Near Seal. Prices run from \$45 to \$110

Handsome Natural Fox Sets with large shawl collar and pillow muff \$37.50 and \$40

Beautiful Mink Sets in stole and shawl effects, with large pillow muff. Prices \$25 to \$195 a set

Black Fox Muff, very lustrous in pillow shape, \$13, 15, 18. Collars to match \$12, 13, 15
Stylish Large Black Fox Muff in barrel shape with shirred lining \$23, 24, 25
Blue Wolf Separate Muffs, \$10 each. Grand value
Separate Isabella Fox Collars, \$10 to 18
Handsome Black Lynx Sets with large shawl collars and pillow muff, \$115, 130, 150

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A fine showing of Tailored Suits at this price in a large assortment of styles and colors, handsome materials beautifully tailored, lining guaranteed.

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Splendid line of Mannish Tailored Suits in fine materials, such as herringbone stripes and black and white mixtures, all guaranteed lining.

Suits at \$20.00

At this price a grand assortment of very Nobby Suits in rough materials, boucle, cheviot and others of that class. Grand value and equal to any \$30 suit we have heard of this season

Coats at \$12.00

Handsome Black Coats in kersey cloth, with latest style collar beautifully trimmed with flat braid.

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Fine range of strictly tailored Broadcloth Coats, lined throughout with guaranteed lining and put together in first-class style.

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About twenty-five Coats in plain brown and fancy mixtures, for Misses and Ladies. Have been selling up till now for \$12 and 15. Full range broken.

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A great line of Coats in fancy mixtures, tan, grey, olive, green, brown, handsomely trimmed in combination colors. Every one worth \$20 and 22.

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Children's Coats in fine Melton Cloths in contrasting colors, such as bright red trimmed maroon, navy trimmed red, cadet trimmed baby blue. Ages 6 to 14 years. Price 5.00

Mannish Tailored Coats for children 6 to 14 years of age, in mixtures and plain colors, with good lining. 5.00 to 12.00 each.

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Ladies' All Wool Sweater Vests, in white, grey and black, in all sizes, 1.50, 1.98, 2.50
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Messaline and Chiffon Waists, navy, black and grey 3.00 to 5.50
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