

# The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXI. No. 13.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1911.

EMMA A. WALDO

## From Nearby Towns.

### Merrifield.

Oct. 24—There will be a concert in the Baptist church Thursday evening, Nov. 2, given by the Masonic quartet of Auburn with Harry A. Tidd accompanist, and Hardy Lumb, elocutionist and impersonator. Supper will be served in the church parlors after the concert.

C. A. Morgan and wife and grandson, Seward, spent Sunday with Charles Cuykendall and family near Moravia.

Mrs. E. A. Chapman of East Scipio is spending a few days at the home of her son, F. B. Chapman.

Mrs. Charles Hoskins, while suffering with a dizzy spell last Sunday morning, fell from the door step of her home, striking her head and was rendered unconscious for some time. Dr. Bowen was hastily summoned. At present she is somewhat improved.

E. J. Morgan took a business trip to Syracuse Saturday.

Mrs. Alice Shorkley is entertaining Mrs. Carlton Perkins of Auburn and Mrs. Elizabeth Bennett of Sodus for a few days. Mr. Perkins was a Sunday guest.

The Baptist L. A. S. will meet with Mrs. Ada Hanlon on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 1.

Miss Hazel Gulliver of Auburn was a Sunday guest of her aunt, Miss Clara Strang.

The Universalist L. A. S. will meet with Miss Eliza Post on Thursday of this week. Dinner will be served. Andrew Ryan and wife of Deposit were recent guests of D. H. Gray and family.

Mrs. J. A. Gould is visiting her son and family at Newark.

Miss Rose Bowness spent the weekend with Miss Lida Nolan at King Ferry.

Floyd Stevens of Newark was a caller at J. A. Gould's Saturday. He drove Mr. Gould's auto back to Newark.

There will be an "Old Peoples" box social and dancing party in Snyder's hall, Hallows' eve, Oct. 30, under the auspices of St. Bernard's church.

F. H. Barnes of the firm of Barnes & Bishop is ill with tonsillitis. Mrs. Huldah Wheat is in Moravia receiving medical attention at the home of Dr. Charles Atwood.

### King Ferry.

Oct. 24—Large quantities of lime are being drawn from the station by the farmers to be used on their farms this fall.

The young people's dance held at McCormick's hall on Friday evening was largely attended.

G. S. Aikin and Edwin Fessenden have been attending court as jurors at Auburn for several weeks.

Myron Swayze and wife of Scipioville were Sunday guests at David Ellis.

J. G. Atwater & Son employ about twenty people at their apple dryer.

Mrs. Mary Murray returned recently from several days' stay near Auburn.

John Jefferson has a position at the hotel in Locke.

Misses Eliza Clark and Lena Garey, after spending several days at Dryden and Moravia, returned home last week.

The next number in the course of entertainments, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society, will be given by Irving T. Roberts on Nov. 20.

All who wish to join the King Ferry Book club for the coming year, please notify Mrs. E. S. Fessenden, and send titles of two or more books of their choice.

### North Lansing.

Oct. 24—Dana Singer is now suffering with muscular rheumatism. He has been a great sufferer, but at this writing is comfortable.

Mrs. Major of Peraville is caring for Mrs. Dorothy Wilcox.

Mrs. Stoddard of West Groton is helping Mrs. Alice Singer.

Mrs. Gertrude Stowell made a business trip to Ithaca on Monday.

Mrs. Katie Teeter and her daughter from New York are visiting among relatives here.

Daniel DeCamp is failing.

### Sherwood.

Oct. 23—A great game of basket ball came off at the gymnasium last Friday night between the Oakwood 1st and 2nd and S. S. 1st and 2nd, resulting in 24 to 34 in favor of Sherwood for the 1st and 14 to 60 for 2nd in favor of S. S. S.

Miss Isabel Howland went to Louisville, Ky., last week to attend the National Woman's Suffrage convention.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. White attended the sacred concert at Scipio Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary Howland of Poplar Ridge was a guest at M. Ward's Tuesday last.

Miss L. Allen of Union Springs spent a portion of last week at F. V. Slocum's.

Harris Owen of Cortland is spending the week at his old home here.

Mrs. Maude Fordyce and family were over-Sunday guests at her father's at Barber's Corner.

Miss Anna Haines gave a party last Saturday evening in honor of her birthday. The young people from this place attended.

The next entertainment given under the auspices of the O. S. A. will be Nov. 17.

### Venice Center.

Oct. 23—Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Illman of Syracuse were over-Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Wallace. Mr. Illman was formerly a pastor here.

Mr. Clark, a student from Syracuse University, preached in the church in this place on Sunday morning and evening. It was announced that some one would occupy the pulpit next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Horton started on Friday last for Spafford to see their son-in-law, Chas. Butler and family. They went by way of New Hope to call on their daughter, Mrs. F. T. Crumley. Mr. Horton returned Sunday and Mrs. Horton remained for a few days' longer visit.

There will be a hop in the hall at this place Saturday evening, Nov. 4. Ben Sherwood of Levanna will furnish music for the occasion.

### Ledyard.

Oct. 23—The mild weather is being improved by the farmers, drawing away their apples and threshing buckwheat which in many cases is reported as a light crop.

Chas. Veley has bought many thousand bushels of apples. He is running four power machines and with eight trimmers they are getting out about 250 bushels per day.

Lena Kirkland of Cortland was a guest of her mother a few days last week.

Mrs. Ellen Atwater is a guest of Mrs. Purdy.

The Y. P. S. C. will hold their regular meeting at the home of Leonard Landon on Friday evening of this week.

Frank Main has shingled his house and made some other improvements about his place recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Minard are entertaining friends from the West.

### Dog Corners.

Oct. 24—Mrs. Catherine Brennan, an old resident of this vicinity, died Oct. 14 at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Rooney, in the town of Ovid. She was the widow of Thomas Brennan, who died some years ago.

Howard Smith is making boiled cider for the Lyon Bros., at Union Springs.

John Mendenhall has moved to his old home in Pennsylvania.

Lewis Smith is very busy packing and shipping apples to New York.

Jarvis Locke is the crackshot in this vicinity. He shot a wild goose recently.

The Misses Jacobs attended the concert at Wells Saturday. They went by auto.

The big bridge is about completed and our road superintendent is having the roads scraped frequently, but the rains and large amount of heavy travel keeps them in bad shape.

Mrs. Henry Dean has gone to spend the winter with her son and Mr. Dean is staying with his daughter, Mrs. A. H. Batten.

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### Five Corners.

Oct. 24—The farmers are improving the pleasant days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Brink of Middletown, and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brink of North Lansing visited at George Curtis' last week Wednesday, and on Thursday they were all guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hollister.

Will Ferris went to Moravia last Saturday to spend Sunday with relatives and friends. Mrs. Ferris was there during last week and accompanied Mr. Ferris to their home Monday afternoon.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Mrs. Oscar Hunt spent last week Thursday and Friday with Mrs. Mary Hunt and family in Auburn.

The social which was held at Jump's hall for the benefit of M. J. VanNess and family, who are ill with typhoid fever, was a success as \$75.87 was taken in and the family wish to thank each and every one who came to their assistance at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Davis of Sage were Saturday and Sunday guests of George Ferris and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Whitbeck of King Ferry were also Sunday guests at the same place.

Mrs. Hattie Bingham is slowly recovering from her illness of a broken shoulder. Dr. J. W. Skinner of Genoa is attending her.

Lee Swartwood of Trumansburg visited his parents last Saturday and Sunday, returning to his work Monday.

Miss Cora Goodyear is giving Mabel and Alberta Corwin music lessons.

Mrs. E. H. Shangle spent a few days last week with friends in Genoa.

Miss Iva Barger spent a few days last week with Florence Knox.

Mrs. Chas. Davis of South Lansing is spending a few days this week with Mrs. Chas. Barger and Mrs. Homer Algard.

Miss Julia Hunt of Interlaken is a guest of her friend, Bertha Ferris and will remain until after the wedding which occurs Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cook visited at Kirby Sharpsteen's at North Lansing and Sunday were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will DeCamp.

The West Genoa and Five Corners W. C. T. U. won a certificate for four points in Sunday school work at the State convention, and Cayuga county is honored in having Miss H. I. Root, state secretary of the L. T. L. branch, and Mrs. Gale of Auburn, State superintendent of the colored people.

### Venice.

Oct. 25—Albert Thorpe of Auburn spent part of his vacation with his brother, R. H. Thorpe and family recently.

Mrs. Ross Armstrong and daughter are visiting her mother in Cortland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Purdy visited at Stewart Purdie's Sunday.

Robert Armstrong and son Ross were in Auburn Monday on business.

Henry Purdy was in Ithaca a couple of days last week.

Mrs. Pitcher and Rev. O. D. Moore, Mrs. Moore and daughter Florence spent Monday in Auburn visiting friends.

Mrs. Boothe is in Auburn with her daughter, Mrs. Seymour Parks.

Mrs. S. K. Bradt, who has been ill at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. J. C. Misner, is improving.

### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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### Mrs. Abbie Rogers.

Abbie Cannon was born in the town of Venice, March 7, 1838, and was the eighth child of Alexander and Nancy Cannon. She was married to Edwin Lester in 1856. Their home was for many years on the farm near East Venice, where Mr. Lester died Feb. 18, 1882.

In 1887, Mrs. Lester was married to Mr. Anson Rogers of West Groton and they resided at that place until 1892 when they moved to Moravia. The death of Mr. Rogers occurred the following year and Mrs. Rogers continued to make that place her home, until failing health this summer caused her to come to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Reuben T. Doty, at East Venice. Her condition gradually became more serious and death resulted on Oct. 16, 1911. She was the youngest and last surviving member of her family.

Besides the daughter, she leaves one grandson, Willard Doty of Chicago. Of the family of Mr. Rogers, there remains a daughter, Mrs. Carrie Stevens of West Groton and a grandson, Percy Rogers of California.

Funeral services were held at the place of death on Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. There was a large attendance of old friends and relatives. Rev. James M. Hutchinson of Rochester read selections of Scripture and an appropriate poem, and spoke words of consolation. Mrs. J. E. Chandler and Mrs. Wm. Shaw of Moravia sang "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Shall We Meet."

These hymns were sung by request of the deceased. A number of beautiful floral pieces expressed the sympathy and love of friends and relatives.

An estimable woman, of kindly, gracious manner, she will be missed by her many friends, and especially by the daughter with whom she spent the last months of her life.

Burial was made in the family plot in East Venice cemetery.

### Masonic Convention.

The Thirtieth Masonic district will hold their annual convention in Auburn on Wednesday, Nov. 1. The meetings will be held in the Masonic rooms in the Metcalf block. The Thirtieth Masonic district comprises all lodges in Cayuga and Tompkins counties. A feature of the convention will be the presence of Rev. Horace W. Smith of Port Byron, grand lecturer of the grand lodge of the State of New York. The convention will be presided over by Edgar S. Mosher, district deputy grand master of the Thirtieth district.

The first session, beginning at 10 a. m. will be devoted to the exemplification of the first degree, and at 2:30 p. m. the second degree will be exemplified. The concluding session will be held at 7:30 p. m. when the third degree will be exemplified.

The visit of Grand Lecturer Smith will be marked by a banquet in the Osborne palm room at 5:30 p. m. and all Masons are cordially invited to attend. Notice should be given to G. S. Bailey or F. G. TenEyck as soon as possible by those who intend to be present. A reception will also follow the evening session, Grand Lecturer Smith receiving.

### Steele at McGraw.

The McGraw news department of the Cortland Standard of recent date contained the following:

"Rev. John N. Steele of Syracuse will begin a series of special services at the Presbyterian church in McGraw on Sunday, Oct. 29. Mr. Steele is the Presbyterian evangelist of the Syracuse Presbytery. He is a man of twenty-six years of experience and comes esteemed among men and one who knows God."

### Death of Lyman Robertson.

Lyman Robertson, an old and well known resident of the town of Locke, died Oct. 12, at his home east of Locke, aged 70 years. He is survived by a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Frank Storrs of Genoa and Mrs. Harley Call of Summerhill.

The funeral was held Sunday, Oct. 15, Rev. H. E. Springer officiating. Burial in Bird cemetery.

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

### The Laymen's Convention.

The executive committee of the Laymen's Missionary movement have given out the tentative program for the convention to be held in Auburn, Nov. 3, 4, 5:

FRIDAY, NOV. 3

3:30—Theme, the Pastor's Place of Leadership in the Missionary Life of his Church:

1—As an Educational Force.  
2—As a Spiritual Force.  
3—As a Financial Force.  
4—As a Recruiting Force

Leaders, Rev. John R. Harding, D. D., of Utica, and J. Campbell White of New York.

6:30—Dinner to be followed by addresses at 7:30.

SATURDAY, NOV. 4.

10 a. m.—Theme, The Local Church a World Missionary Force, the Church Missionary Committee—the Motor:

1—Its Permanent Organization and Policy.  
2—Its Fields of Work.  
3—A Missionary Committee in Active.

Demonstrators, David McConaughy of New York and Rev. W. L. Swallen of Korea.

10:30—Phases of the Missionary Committee's Work:

1—Missionary Instruction. A Study Class in Session.  
2—The Monthly Meeting.  
3—The Use of Literature, Charts and Curios, with the Lantern.  
4—Prayer and Personal Service.

Demonstrators, Rev. W. H. Teeter of the Philippines, Rev. E. P. Gorbald of Japan, H. F. Laflamme of Rochester and Rev. J. B. Harding of Utica.

2:30—Missionary Finance:  
5—The Every-member Canvass.  
6—The Weekly Offering.  
7—Stewardship.

Speakers, M. Parkinson, Toronto; David McConaughy of New York.

4—Denominational Conference, each denomination represented to be addressed by some prominent speaker or delegate in attendance.

7:30—A missionary demonstration of curios and costumes.

8—The World with the Doors Off: Japan, Rev. B. P. Gorbald. Korea—Rev. W. D. Swallen, Philippines, Rev. W. T. Teeter and Dr. John E. Harding.

SUNDAY, NOV. 5.

10:30—The pulpits of the city will be occupied with speakers attending the convention.

3:30—Young People's meeting addressed by Rev. F. E. Higgins and Rev. R. P. Gorbald.

7:30—Union missionary mass meeting in the Auditorium, addressed by Rev. F. E. Higgins and Dr. Harding.

The sessions of the convention, unless otherwise specified, will be held in the First Methodist church.

A banquet will be given the different delegates at the State armory on Friday evening, Nov. 3, at which it is expected that over 1,000 people will be present.

There will be three meetings on Saturday, Nov. 4, at the First M. E. church and on Sunday, Nov. 5, there will be three mass meetings, one for women, one for men and one for children.

The Protestant churches will all probably dispense with their usual Sunday evening services so that all may be present at a general mass meeting to be held at the Burtis Auditorium.

Rev. Frank Higgins, "the lumber-jack evangelist", J. Campbell White, general secretary of the movement, who is just back from the Orient, and Mr. Parkinson of Toronto are among the speakers. There will be in addition to these, from 12 to 15 missionaries and missionary secretaries present.

### Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our appreciation of the kindness and favors rendered during the sickness and death of our beloved mother and grandmother, and our thanks for the beautiful flowers sent.

MR. AND MRS. R. T. DOTY,

WILLARD L. DOTY.

### Notice Farmers.

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Rev. T. J. Searis, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

11 a. m., Preaching service.

12:15 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.

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Keeps the scalp cool and healthy.

Keeps the hair soft and pliable.

Keeps the hair from becoming dry and brittle.

Keeps the hair from becoming greasy.

Keeps the hair from becoming itchy.

Keeps the hair from becoming dandruffy.

Keeps the hair from becoming thin.

Keeps the hair from becoming gray.

Keeps the hair from becoming white.

Keeps the hair from becoming bald.

Keeps the hair from becoming lusterless.

Keeps the hair from becoming lifeless.

Keeps the hair from becoming dead.

Keeps the hair from becoming dry.

# The Venturers

Strange Story of Two Seekers of the Unusual

By O. HENRY

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Let the story wreck itself on the spreading rails of the Non Sequitur. Limited, if it will. First you must take your seat in the observation car Raison D'être for one moment. It is for no longer than to consider a brief essay on the subject—let us call it "What's Around the Corner."

Fortune, Chance and Adventure are given as synonyms in the dictionaries. To the knowing each has a different meaning. Fortune is a prize to be won. Adventure is the road to it. Chance is what may lurk in the shadows at the roadside.

The Venturer is one who keeps his eye on the hedgerows and wayside groves and meadows while he travels the road to fortune. That is the difference between him and the adventurer. Eating the forbidden fruit was the best record ever made by a Venturer. Trying to prove that it happened is the highest work of the Adventuressome.

"Did you ever hear that story about the man from the west?" asked Billinger in the little dark oak room to your left as you penetrate the interior of the Powhatan club.

"Doubtless," said John Reginald Forster, rising and leaving the room.

Forster got his hat from the check room boy and walked out of the air (as Hamlet says). Billinger was used to having his stories insulted and would not mind. Forster was in his favorite mood and wanted to go away from anywhere.

Forster's favorite mood was that of greatly desiring to be a follower of Chance. He was a Venturer by nature, but convention, birth, tradition and the narrowing influences of the tribe of Manhattan had denied him full privilege. He had trodden all the main traveled thoroughfares and many of the side roads that are supposed to relieve the tedium of life. But none had sufficed. The reason was that he knew what was to be found at the end of every street.

At the end of an hour's stroll Forster stood on a corner of a broad, smooth avenue, looking disconsolately across it at a picturesque old hotel softly but brilliantly lighted—disconsolately because he knew that he must dine, and dining in that hotel was no venture. It was one of his favorite caverns, and so silent and swift: would be the service and so delicately choice the food that he regretted the hunger that must be appeased by the "dead perfection" of the place's cuisine. Even the music there seemed to be always playing *ad capto*.

Fancy came to him that he would dine at some cheap, even dubious, restaurant lower down in the city, where the erratic chefs from all countries of



"WANT TO BE IN AT THE DEATH, DO YOU?" the world spread their national cookery for the omnivorous American. Something might happen there out of the routine.

So John Reginald Forster began to search his clothes for money, because the more cheaply you dine the more surely must you pay. All of the thirteen pockets, large and small, of his business suit he explored carefully and found not a penny. His bank book showed a balance of five figures to his credit in the Old Ironsides Trust company, but—

Forster became aware of a man near by at his left hand who was really regarding him with some amusement. He looked like any business man of thirty or so, neatly dressed and standing in the attitude of one waiting for a street car.

"All in?" asked the intruder, drawing nearer.

"Seems so," said Forster. "Now, I thought there was a dollar in—"

"Oh, I know," said the other man, laughing. "But there wasn't. I've just been through the same process myself

as I was coming around the corner. I found in an upper vest pocket—I don't know how they got there—exactly two pennies."

"You haven't dined, then?" asked Forster.

"I have not. But I would like to. Now, I'll make you a proposition. You look like a man who would take up one. Your clothes look neat and respectable. Excuse personalities. I think mine will pass the scrutiny of a head waiter also. Suppose we go over to that hotel and dine together. We will choose from the menu like millionaires or, if you prefer, like gentlemen in moderate circumstances dining extravagantly for once. When we have finished we will match with my two pennies to see which of us will stand the brunt of the house's displeasure and vengeance. My name is Ives."

"You're on!" said Forster joyfully.

The two were soon seated at a corner table in the hotel dining room. Ives chucked one of his pennies across the table to Forster.

"Match for which of us gives the order," he said.

Forster lost.

Ives laughed and began to name liquors and viands to the waiter with the absorbed but calm deliberation of one who was to the menu born. Forster, listening, gave his admiring approval of the order.

"I am a man," said Ives during the oysters, "who has made a lifetime search after the to be continued in our next. I am not like the ordinary adventurer who strikes for a coveted prize. Nor yet am I like a gambler who knows he is either to win or lose a certain set stake. What I want is to encounter an adventure to which I can predict no conclusion. It is the breath of existence to me to dare Fate in its blindest manifestations."

"I understand," said Forster delightedly. "I've often wanted the way I feel put into words. You've done it. I want to take chances on what's coming. Suppose we have a bottle of Moselle with the next course."

"Agreed," said Ives. "I'm glad you catch my idea. It will increase the animosity of the house toward the loser. If it does not weary you we will pursue the theme."

"I returned to New York today," continued Ives, "from a three years' ramble around the globe. Things are not much better abroad than they are at home. The whole world seems to be overrun by conclusions. The only thing that interests me greatly is a premise. I've tried shooting big game in Africa. I know what an express ride will do at so many yards, and when an elephant or a rhinoceros falls to the bullet I enjoy it about as much as I did when I was kept in after school to do a sum in long division."

"I know—I know," said Forster.

"There might be something in aeroplanes," went on Ives reflectively. "I've tried ballooning, but it seems to be merely a cut and dried affair of wind and ballast."

"Women?" suggested Forster, with a smile.

"Three months ago," said Ives, "I was pottering around in one of the bazaars in Constantinople. I noticed a lady, veiled, of course, but with a pair of especially fine eyes visible, who was examining some amber and pearl ornaments at one of the booths. With her was an attendant, a big Nubian, as black as coal. After awhile this attendant drew nearer to me by degrees and slipped a scrap of paper into my hand. I looked at it when I got a chance. On it was scrawled hastily in pencil, 'The arched gate of the Nightingale garden at 9 tonight.' Does that appear to you to be an interesting premise, Mr. Forster?"

"Go on," said Forster eagerly.

"I made inquiries and learned that the Nightingale garden was the property of an old Turk, a grand vizier or something of the sort. Of course I prospected for the arched gate and was there at 9. The same Nubian attendant opened the gate promptly on time, and I went inside and sat on a bench by a perfumed fountain with the veiled lady. We had quite an extended chat. She was Myrtle Thompson, a lady journalist, who was writing up the Turkish harems for a Chicago newspaper. She said she noticed the New York cut of my clothes in the bazaar and wondered if I couldn't work something into the metropolitan papers about it."

"I see," said Forster. "I see." "I've canoed through Canada," said Ives, "down many rapids and over many falls. But I didn't seem to get what I wanted out of it because I knew there were only two possible outcomes—I would either go to the bottom or arrive at the sea level."

"I know," repeated Forster. "I've felt it all. But I've had few chances to take my chance at chances. Is there any life so devoid of impossibilities as life in this city? There seems to be a myriad of opportunities for testing the undeterminable, but not one in a thousand falls to land you where you expected it to stop. I wish the subways and street cars disappointed one as seldom."

"The sun has risen," said Ives, "on the Arabian nights. There are no more caliphs. The fisherman's vase is turned to a vacuum bottle, warranted to keep any gentle boiling or frozen for forty-eight hours. Life moves by rote. Science has killed adventure. There are no more opportunities such as Columbus and the man who ate the first oyster had. The only certain thing is that there is nothing uncertain."

"Well," said Forster, "my experience has been the limited one of a city man. I haven't seen the world as you have, but it seems that we view it with the same opinion. But I tell you I am grateful for even this little

venture of ours into the borders of the haphazard. There may be at least one breathless moment when the bill for the dinner is presented. And now if you've finished your coffee, suppose we match one of your insufficient coins for the impending blow of Fate. What have I up?"

"Heads," called Ives.

"Heads it is," said Forster, lifting his hand. "I lose. We forgot to agree upon a plan for the winner to escape. I suggest that when the waiter comes you make a remark about telephoning to a friend. I will hold the fort and the dinner check long enough for you to get your hat and be off. I thank you for an evening out of the ordinary. Mr. Ives, and wish we might have others."

"If my memory is not at fault," said Ives, laughing, "the nearest police station is in Macdougall street. I have enjoyed the dinner, too, let me assure you."

Forster crooked his finger for the waiter. Victor, with a locomotive effort that seemed to owe more to pneumatics than to pedestrianism, glided to the table and laid the card, face downward, by the loser's cup. Forster



BEFORE HIM SAT THE LADY WHO BELONGED IN THE ROOM.

took it up and added the figures with deliberate care. Ives leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Excuse me," said Forster, "but I thought you were going to ring up Grimes about that theater party for Thursday night. Had you forgotten about it?"

"Oh," said Ives, settling himself more comfortably. "I can do that later on! Get me a glass of water, waiter."

"Want to be in at the death, do you?" asked Forster.

"I hope you don't object," said Ives pleadingly. "Never in my life have I seen a gentleman arrested in a public restaurant for swindling it out of a dinner."

"All right," said Forster calmly. "You are entitled to see a Christian die in the arena as your *pousse cafe*."

Victor came with the glass of water and remained, with the disengaged air of an inexorable collector.

Forster hesitated for fifteen seconds and then took a pencil from his pocket and scribbled his name on the dinner check. The waiter bowed and took it away.

"The fact is," said Forster, with a little embarrassed laugh, "I doubt whether I'm what they call a 'game sport,' which means the same as a 'soldier of fortune.' I'll have to make a confession. I've been dining at this hotel two or three times a week for more than a year. I always sign my checks." And then, with a note of appreciation in his voice, "It was first rate of you to stay to see me through with it when you knew I had no money and that you might be scooped in too."

"I guess I'll confess, too," said Ives, with a grin. "I own the hotel. I don't run it, of course, but I always keep a suit on the third floor for my use when I happen to stray into town."

He called a waiter and said: "Is Mr. Gilmore still behind the desk? All right. Tell him that Mr. Ives is here and ask him to have my rooms made ready and aired."

"Another venture cut short by the inevitable," said Forster. "Is there a conundrum without an answer in the next number? But let's hold to our subject just for a minute or two, if you will. It isn't often that I meet a man who understands the laws I pick in existence. I am engaged to be married a month from today."

"I reserve comment," said Ives.

"Right. I am going to add to the assertion. I am devotedly fond of the lady. But I can't decide whether to show up at the church or make a sneak for Alaska. It's the same idea, you know, that we were discussing—it does for a fellow as far as possibilities are concerned."

"I know," said Ives, nodding wisely. "It's the dead certainty of the thing," went on Forster, "that keeps me in doubt. There'll nevermore be anything around the corner."

"Nothing after the 'Little Church,'" said Ives. "I know."

"Understand," said Forster, "that I am in no doubt as to my feelings toward the lady. I may say that I love her truly and deeply. But there is something in the current that runs through my veins that cries out against any form of the calculable. I do not know what I want. But I

know that I want it. I'm talking like an idiot, I suppose, but I'm sure of what I mean."

"I understand you," said Ives, with a slow smile. "Well, I think I will be going up to my rooms now. If you would dine with me here one evening soon, Mr. Forster, I'd be glad."

"Thursday?" suggested Forster.

"At 7 if it's convenient," answered Ives.

"Seven goes," assented Forster.

At half past 8 Ives got into a cab and was driven to a number in one of the correct West Seventies. His card admitted him to the reception room of an old-fashioned house into which the spirits of Fortune, Chance and Adventure had never dared to enter. A clock on the mantel ticked loudly, with a warning click at five minutes to 9.

And then down the stairs and into the room came Mary Marsden. She was twenty-four, and I leave her to your imagination. But I must say this much—youth and health and simplicity and courage and greenish violet eyes are beautiful, and she had all these. She gave Ives her hand with the sweet cordiality of an old friendship.

"You can't think what a pleasure it is," she said, "to have you drop in once every three years or so."

For half an hour they talked. I confess that I cannot repeat the conversation. You will find it in books in the circulating library. When that part of it was over Mary said:

"And did you find what you wanted while you were abroad?"

"What I wanted?" said Ives.

"Yes. You know you were always queer. Even as a boy you wouldn't play marbles or baseball or any game with rules. We've often talked about your peculiar ways."

"I suppose I am an incorrigible," said Ives. "I am opposed to the doctrine of predestination, to the rule of three, gravitation, taxes and everything of the kind."

Mary laughed merrily.

"Bob Ames told us once," she said, "of a funny thing you did. It was when you and he were on a train in the south, and you got off at a town where you hadn't intended to stop just because the brakeman hung up a sign in the end of the car with the name of the next station on it."

"I remember," said Ives. "That 'next station' has been the thing I've always tried to get away from."

"I know it," said Mary. "And you've been very foolish. I hope you didn't find what you wanted not to find or get off at the station where there wasn't any or whatever it was you expected wouldn't happen to you during the three years you've been away."

"There was something I wanted before I went away," said Ives.

Mary looked in his eyes clearly with a slight but perfectly sweet smile.

"There was," she said. "You wanted me. And you could have had me, as you very well know."

Without replying Ives let his gaze wander slowly about the room. There had been no change in it since last he had been in it three years before. He vividly recalled the thoughts that had been in his mind then. The contents of that room were as fixed, in their way, as the everlasting hills. No change would ever come there except the inevitable ones wrought by time and decay. One coming from and going back to that house would never need to forecast or doubt. He would find what he left and leave what he found. The veiled lady Chance would never lift her hand to the knocker on the outer door.

And before him sat the lady who belonged in the room. Cool and sweet and unchangeable she was. She offered no surprises. If one should pass his life with her, though she might grow white haired and wrinkled, he would never perceive the change. Three years he had been away from her, and she was still waiting for him as established and constant as the house itself. He was sure that she had once cared for him. It was the knowledge that she would always do so that had driven him away. Thus his thoughts ran.

"I am going to be married soon," said Mary.

On the next Thursday afternoon Forster came hurriedly to Ives' hotel.

"Old man," said he, "we'll have to put that dinner off for a year or so. I'm going abroad. The steamer sails at 4. That was a great talk we had the other night, and it decided me. I'm going to knock around the world and get rid of that incubus that has been weighing on both you and me—the terrible dread of knowing what's going to happen. I've done one thing that hurts my conscience a little, but I know it's best for both of us. I've written to the lady to whom I was engaged and explained everything—told her plainly why I was leaving; that the monotony of matrimony would never do for me. Don't you think I was right?"

"It is not for me to say," answered Ives. "Go ahead and shoot elephants if you think it will bring the element of chance into your life. We've got to decide these things for ourselves. But I tell you one thing, Forster, I've found the way. I've found out the biggest hazard in the world—a game of chance that never is concluded, a venture that may end in the highest heaven or the blackest pit. It will keep a man on edge until the clouds fall on his coffin, because he will never know—not until his last day, and not then will he know. It is a voyage without a rudder or compass, and you must be captain and crew and keep watch every day and night yourself, with not one to relieve you. I have found the Venture. Don't bother yourself about leaving Mary Marsden, Forster. I married her yesterday at noon."

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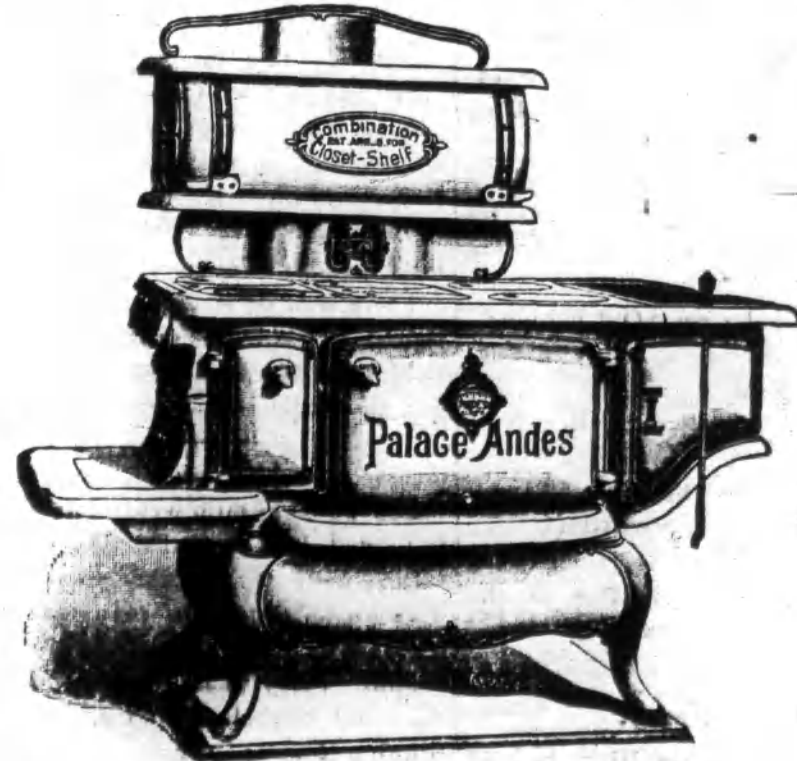
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Job Printing.  
This office is well equipped to do first class printing of every description at moderate prices.

Friday Morning, Oct. 27, 1911

**Chairs in the Dark Ages.**  
The chairs of the dark ages, modeled partly on those of the Romans, were in keeping with the comfortable dwellings in which the people of the north of Europe then passed their lives. The Saxon kings of England are represented as seated on thrones in the form of a box, the ends slightly raised, the bottom advanced to form a sort of footstool. There is always a cushion to add a degree of comfort and sometimes a back in the form of a cross-piece or remotely resembling the backs of modern chairs.

**Is the World Growing Better?**  
Many things go to prove that it is. The very thousands are trying to help others in need. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They'll help any woman. They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

**Dangerous Smoking.**  
Natives of Central America are inveterate users of pimento tobacco, which they make from dried pimento berries or allspice. It invariably gives the smoker a sore throat and often causes cancer of the tongue. The natives of South Africa are affected in a peculiar manner by the smoke from the dried leaves of the camphor plant. The smoker trembles with fright at nothing, weeps bitterly and uses all sorts of words which do not in the least express his meaning. The wild daga, another South African plant, poisons slowly those who use it.

**It's Equal Don't Exist.**  
No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sore Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Salt Rheum, For Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands or Sprains it's supreme. Unrivaled for Piles. Try it. Only 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

**BORROWING.**  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be.  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all: To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
—Shakespeare.

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

**John W. Rice Co.**  
AUBURN, N. Y.

We are now ready to show you a splendid assortment of reliable merchandise for Fall.

Dress goods and trimmings in all the new colorings; Priestley's black dress goods at all prices, guaranteed to give satisfaction. New linens of all kinds, napkins, lunch cloths, tray cloths, pattern table cloths, etc., at low prices.

New suits and cloaks that fit perfectly. We make a specialty of garments for stout figures and can fit you regardless of your size.

We invite you to look at our stock. Always pleased to show you.

**WILD SILKWORMS.**

**They Weave Their Thread in Skelins Inside Their Huge Nests.**  
The world is indebted to the Chinese for the discovery of the virtues of the silkworm. Its product was unknown in Rome until the time of Julius Caesar, and so costly was the material that even the Emperor Aurelian refused a dress of this lustrous fabric to his empress. Now it is nurtured in almost every country, and its products are within the reach of all.  
Besides the several domesticated species, there is a wild silkworm found in Central America which weaves a baglike structure two feet in depth that hangs from the trees. At a distance the nest resembles a huge matted cobweb. The insect makes no cocoon, but weaves the silk in layers and skeins around the inside of the nest. From Tegucigalpa there were sent to England some years ago about six pounds of this silk. There it was made into handkerchiefs not easily detected from common silk of equal strength and delicate texture. There is a curious silk producing spider in Central America, the arane de seda, which may be seen hurrying along with a load of fine silk on its back, from which trail numerous delicate filaments.—Harper's Weekly.

**THE LOST ATLANTIS.**

**Fate of the Continental Island as Told by the Ancients.**  
"The Lost Atlantis" is a favorite subject of song and story, and even now strange tales are told by sailors who claim to have seen a great white city rearing its domes and minarets up through the green of the sea.  
Atlantis was a continental island between Europe and America. Solon as long ago as 600 B. C. learned the story in Egypt, and it is from him and later from Plato that the tale has been handed down to modern peoples.  
Atlantis was reigned over by three kings of marvelous power, and the inhabitants were a warlike people advanced in civilization. The three kings finally became so puffed with power that they united forces and planned a descent on Europe, the purpose of which was to destroy and enslave. The Athenians met the invaders and after a fearful battle gained a decisive victory.  
Two days later mighty earthquakes shook the earth, and tremendous inundations came. When peace succeeded elemental turmoil the sea stretched where once had been Atlantis.

**A Quicker Process.**  
A story is told of a certain famous inventor who is fortunate enough to be able to employ a large staff of engineers and mathematicians to aid him in the solution of knotty problems. Some time ago the inventor desired to find the cubic capacity of a certain vessel of unsymmetrical proportions and asked his mathematicians to solve the problem. As the story goes, the mathematicians spent weeks of time, filled whole books with their calculations and finally presented what they said was a close approximation to the true result. Thereupon the famous inventor placed the vessel on a platform scale, filled it to the brim with water, obtained its weight when full and when empty, and in a few minutes he had a result as good as the mathematicians—for that particular vessel.—Engineering News.

**He Liked Turtle.**  
Charles Kean in forcing a tavern companion to take mustard with his beef showed a more generous disposition than a city magnate who figures in the "Memoirs of Grantley Berkeley." Although a hearty feeder, Berkeley did not like fat and when served with turtle soup always left the green fat on the side of his plate. This is considered by many to be the best part of the dish, and at a city dinner Berkeley attended his neighbor observed him with horror deliberately rejecting the unctuous green fragments. "At length his feelings got the better of the sideman, and after demolishing his third helping of turtle he swept all the fat from my plate on to his, granting contemptuously, 'I see they're wasted on you.'"—London Chronicle.

**His Geography.**  
Ample explanation of the many attempts to construct a universal language lies enfolded in the reply of a small boy, given by Mrs. Hugh Fraser in "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands."  
The irregular French verbs—what a terror those were to children! My own little boy when he was seven years old was asked by his teacher a question in geography.  
"What separates England from France?"  
"The irregular verbs," he replied, with mournful conviction.

**You Can't Shake Trouble.**  
"My wife had money, and when I married her I thought all my troubles were at an end."  
"And weren't they?"  
"The old ones were; but, hang it, a new series started right away."—Boston Transcript.

**Not Full Grief.**  
"Gladys is very strict in her ideas about the appropriate touch in dress."  
"Is she?"  
"So much so that when her half sister died she would not wear any but half mourning."—Baltimore American.

To enjoy true happiness is impossible while those about us are unhappy.

**DRESDEN CHINA.**

**Its Three Periods and the Marks the Pieces Bear.**  
Dresden china began its reign at the fair of Leipzig, 1721, where it was offered for public sale for the first time. It has had three periods—King's, Marcoline and modern.

The factory marks traced on the bottom of each piece vary according to the period—the oldest (King's) being the monogram A. R. and the wand of Aesculapius. The familiar crossed swords, with the dot or circle between the handles, were first used in 1721, and the star took the place of the dot in the Marcoline period. The modern mark is the simple crossed swords, sometimes accompanied by letters and numbers.  
Although the methods of work are still jealously guarded in all factories, the essentials are an open secret, and the following rough outline may satisfy the hazily curious: The ingredients of porcelain are kaolin feldspar, sand and silicate. These are ground fine and mixed in lime water. The paste is then molded into forms and fired in an oven of moderate heat. When taken out it is in an opaque state and is then dipped in the glaze, which is feldspar ground fine, with a little alkali. It is now subjected to a firing of great heat, which results in the beautiful polished surface so familiar the world over.

This second firing is attended with risk, for if the piece is allowed to remain beyond the exact proper moment the whole melts together and is ruined.

**SEASICKNESS.**

**It Is Not Beneficial, and in Rare Cases It Causes Death.**

In the light of modern intelligence the once popular idea that seasickness was of real benefit to the sufferer and that it never terminated fatally has been exploded. Not only is this malady to be guarded against by every means possible, but it is even to be dreaded by those who are not over robust as leading to possible fatal results.  
The old fashioned notion that a good dose of seasickness was beneficial was due wholly to the fact that upon recovery the victim of mal de mer is usually so delighted that he is apt to imagine that he never felt better in his life, while feeling normal again is merely so great a contrast to the exceedingly wretched condition which this disorder brings about that exaggeration of one's feelings is the most natural thing in the world. Seasickness is far from pleasant. It is not beneficial, and in rare cases it terminates fatally.

There is one consolation, however, that with the growth of the size of ships and the increase of speed travelers are to a certain extent insured against it or if attacked are certain that their sufferings will be short.—Marine Journal.

**The Art of Poisoning.**  
Professional poisoners arose early in our era. It is recorded that Agrippina (A. D. 26) refused to eat apples at the table of her father-in-law, Tiberius, through fear of poison. The notorious Locusta flourished in that epoch. It is charged that she supplied with appropriate directions the poison by which Agrippina rid herself of Claudius. She also furnished the poison that was administered to Britannicus by order of Nero. This crime was committed in quite a conventional manner. The Romans were accustomed to drink hot water at table, but the same temperature did not appeal to all. A slave offered hot water to Britannicus. "Too hot," he remarked. The slave added cold water. Britannicus drank, gasped once or twice and died. The cold water was poisoned either with a cyanide or with prussic acid.

**Queer Newspaper Names.**  
The Italians are naturally an imaginative race, and the titles which they give to their newspapers, especially in the provinces, fully confirm the fact. Here are some instances of the curiosities:  
At Agui, in Piedmont, there is Il Bollente (the boiling one); at Gerace, the Circus of Nero; at Messina, the Lightning; at Lucca, the Second Lightning; at Monbercelli, the Infexible; at Catania, the New Marionettes.  
Humorous publications rejoice in even stranger titles. We have the Contropelo (shave against the grain) at Naples, the Two of Spades at Turin, the Slap in the Face at Bologna, the Pif Paf at Palermo, the Brush at Cattinsetta and the Mosquito at Savigliano.

**Dark Stars.**  
Scattered through space are innumerable stars that give forth very little light or heat. Either they were never at any period of their history bright and glowing like the myriad stars that make the midnight sky so beautiful or in the course of countless ages the heat they once possessed has radiated away from them into the depth of space, and now they are, as their name describes them, "dark stars."

**Worse Still.**  
They tell me Simpkins' wife is a perfect tyrant. The poor fellow actually goes around, they say, without a nickel in his pockets.  
"Worse than that—she's cut off his supply of pockets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Sure Thing.**  
Teacher—Suppose your father gave your mother 46 and then took 23 back, what would that make? Willie—Trouble.—London Answers.

**SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS**  
BY REV. SAMUEL W. POWERS, D.D.

**THE HEAVEN KISSING HILLS.**

Text, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Psalm cxxi, 1.  
God's world and God's word are full of mountains. Every continent has its great range. Every Bible book is crowded with towering peaks. What a book "Influence of Hills in History" would be! Mountains used to divide nations, but not ours. Eastern Pennsylvania is not divided from western by Alleghenies. The Adirondacks do not make northeastern New York hostile to the rest of the state. The White mountains of New Hampshire, Green mountains of Vermont, Blue mountains of Pennsylvania, Red mountains of New Mexico, Black Hills of Dakota, do not make inhabitants of opposite sides enemies.

**Healing in the Hills.**  
The psalmist was right—there's strength in the hills. They've always nourished brave souls and love of liberty. You can't enslave mountain people. In city life man loses his strength. The food he eats, the water he drinks, the air he breathes, even the constant touch of his fellows, tends to degenerate. There's healing in the hills. They lift up their heads to kiss the heavens and catch the breath of the clouds. There the woods are full of birds' nests. There, deep in the heart of the forest, among ferns rare and delicate, where beast and bird quench their thirst, the mighty river is born. There it trickles and gurgles and gets a song in its heart and thanks God. After awhile it nears the sea and floats ships of war and commerce on its bosom, but it still remembers, like a soul estranged from God, its mountain home, and the birds, and the squirrel, and the wild fawn, and the flash of the speckled trout in its waters, sweet and clear. The sea mocks its lost children and lets them die crazed with thirst. The mountains give them berries red, and honey sweet, and waters cool. The mountains are the world's great sanitariums, the earth's free tonic. Says the physician to the pale faced mother: "Lung trouble. You for the mountains. Up where the trees are full of healing, the pine and the balsam fir, get your lungs full of bracing breezes. It's better than pills and powder. It's God's own medicine for tired men and weary women." Mother smiles bravely. Visions of hilltops rugged and strong, dark green with cedar, fill her mind, and the Bible promise, "The strength of the hills is his also," assures her soul.

Sinai, the mount of the law. There in the wilderness, mid rough rocks and towering crags, God spoke to the hosts of Israel, led by pillar of cloud and fire. As a mirror reveals marks of mud, soil of soot, blotch of blood, so the law reveals mark and soil and blotch of sin upon the soul. The mirror cannot wash the face. It points us to the basin for cleansing. The law leads us from dark clouds of Sinai to sunny slopes of Calvary.  
Moriah, where Abram came to offer Isaac. On Calvary God gives himself to us. On Moriah we give ourselves to him. Abram's heart was Isaac centered, instead of God centered. Is there some Isaac, some idol, between you and your God? To Moriah, out with your knife!  
Pisgah, the mount of vision, where the Lord took Moses and showed him the land of promise—the mount that makes us homesick for heaven.  
Could I but climb where Moses stood  
And view the landscape o'er  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
Could fright me from that shore.  
Quarantania, mount of temptation. Testing time—oak strong and sound or poplar brittle and rotten? Joseph to stand or Judas to fall? This is the most beautiful mountain in Palestine, green topped, golden sloped. Mounts of temptation are not bleak and cold, but sunny and honey laden. The devil does not strew thorns, but flowers. The beauty of Quarantania is its danger. Christ escaped by prayer. To your knees!

Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.  
Hermon, mount of Christ's transfiguration. His face did shine as the sun. His common carpenter's coat looked like luster of lilies. Have you lost the music from your soul, the laughter from your heart, the glory from your face? Up to Mount Hermon! Transfiguration changes all. The kitchen becomes a kingdom, kettles coronets, drudgery divine.  
Calvary, mount of crucifixion. Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world. Off with your hat in the presence of the king mountain of the world! No; we correct ourselves. Not Everest, but Calvary, is the highest mount. Everest gives you a view of the Himalayas, Calvary a vision of God. Everest shows an earthly landscape, Calvary a heavenly. Everest offers scenery, Calvary salvation. Everest reveals wonders of creation, Calvary wonders of re-creation. Not Sinai, whispering "Thou shalt die," but Calvary, assuring "I am come that ye might have life."

Olivet, the mount of Christ's ascension. All the weary way from manger to throne, now he stops with hands extended in blessing. Now he ascends. From this mount Stephen rose, Paul ascended. Here your mother stood one glorious morning. Here may you stand, world worn, earth weary pilgrim, when—  
Heaven's morning breaks  
And earth's dark shadows flee.

**Farmers!**  
Here's the Money Maker.  
The Chatham Mill. The secret of big crops is planting pure seed; the way to get such seed is to use the Chatham Mill. It's the greatest farm machine on earth; it cleans, grades and separates all at one operation. It puts an end to the dealers kicking on your grain when delivered to the market, runs easy and handles from 60 to 100 bushels per hour. Set up and ready for operation at our store. Call and see them; we also have a full line of farm wagons, the Betendorf, Studebaker and Troy. Machinery and machine extras of all kinds. Single and double harness, whips, stable and cover blankets, in fact we carry everything to make the farmer happy.  
**FEED OF ALL KINDS**  
Whole corn, corn meal, corn and oat feed, wheat feed, oats, State bran, oyster shell, grit, beef scrap, alfalfa meal. All feed made at our own plant and delivered free of charge, any where in the village. Pillsbury, Gold Medal and Star Pastry Flour. If you haven't tried it better do it now.  
**J. G. ATWATER & SON** Clear View and Genoa, N. Y.  
Dealers in Lumber, Coal, Feed, Farm Implements, Etc.

**LADIES!**  
Having purchased the stock of Mrs. Frank Brill, I am prepared to show you a Full and Complete Line of  
**Ladies' and Children's Furnishings.**  
Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.  
Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Corsets, Laces, Ribbons, Hamburgs, etc.  
**Mrs. DeForest Davis,**  
King Ferry, N. Y.

**French's Market? Yes!**  
You will always find a full supply of  
Choice, Fresh, Salt  
and Smoked Meats  
constantly on hand.  
Cash paid for Hides and Poultry.  
Mrs. Price's Canning Compound.  
**S. C. FRENCH, Genoa, N. Y.**

**RAIN COATS.**  
It is needless for us to dwell upon the reasons why Raincoats are such popular garments, everyone understands them, what we do wish to do however, is to impress upon your mind the fact that an Egbert Raincoat embodies all of the good features with the undesirable ones left out.  
If you have any idea of buying one, we want you to be sure to look through our stock—you can find the one you want right here. Priced from \$10 to \$25. Slip Ons \$5 to \$20.  
**C. R. EGBERT,**  
The People's Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,  
75 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Place your Insurance with the  
**VENICE TOWN INSURANCE CO.**  
**\$1,150,000 IN FARM RISKS!**  
**WM. H. SHARPSTEEN, Secretary,**  
Office, Genoa, N. Y.  
**THE GENOA TRIBUNE and Tribune Farmer, \$1.55.**

THE LAW.

If we are to have respect for law in this country the law must be based upon those sentiments which win common appreciation because of their justice and their fairness.—Charles E. Hughes.

Best Kind of Family Reading.

For your home, where the right influence counts for so much, choose the reading that quickens the pulse, that tells of deeds of daring, that takes the reader into strange parts of the world, and yet, with all its power to entertain, depicts honor, truthfulness, gentleness, loyalty to principle, as the things of chief importance in life. It benefits while it entertains.

You will find such reading week after week in the pages of The Youth's Companion, contributed by the most popular story-writers, and by men and women whose names are famous in every field of enterprise and scholarship.

Send us your address on a postal card, and we will mail you the beautiful Prospectus of The Companion for 1912, together with sample copies of the paper.

We think you will agree, when you have read them, that there is no other paper that gives quite so much of such a high quality as The Companion, and it costs only \$1.75 now for the 52 weekly issues. On January 1, 1912, the subscription price will be advanced to \$2.00.

The new subscriber receives a gift of The Companion's Calendar for 1912, in ten colors and gold, and all the remaining issues of 1911 free from the time the subscription is received.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.  
New Subscriptions Received at THE TRIBUNE Office.

Fine Gun Made in Genoa.

If an American sportsman pay \$75 for a shotgun he expects to see it nicely engraved with game scenes, gold plated triggers, gold shield in stock and similar things. Fred Adolph sold this week one of his masterpieces unfinished, not engraved, for \$150, to a gentleman in Aurora. It is the skill and workmanship put in these guns that makes the price and we saw the letter of a big American gun factory, which in regard to Mr. Adolph contains the passage: "We know you to be the greatest artist in the gun line in this country."

At Moravia Hospital.

Miss Amanda Knapp of the town of Genoa, suffered an operation in Owasco Valley hospital Monday for the removal of a tumor. Dr. Besemer of Ithaca was the surgeon and he was assisted by Dr. J. W. Skinner of Genoa and Dr. W. C. Cooke of this village. The patient is doing nicely.—Moravia Rep.

A Baraca Temple.

A move is on foot in Syracuse to erect a Baraca temple to cost \$250,000. M. A. Hudson, the veteran Baraca man, is confident that the money will be forthcoming and this will make Syracuse the permanent headquarters of the Baracas and Philathenas.

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.

Gives Aid to Strikers.

Sometimes liver, kidneys and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike-breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at J. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's King Ferry.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

SOCIAL CENTERS  
SUCCESSFUL

Rochester Doing Much For the  
Enjoyment of Her Citizens.

SCHOOL BUILDINGS ARE USED

City Has Equipped Them With Gymnasiums, Libraries, Baths and Assembly Halls—Men, Women and Children Attend Nightly Sessions.

So much has been said and written on the movement to provide playgrounds or other recreative centers for children that the older generation has been almost entirely forgotten. Not so in Rochester, N. Y., where what are known as social centers have been established. School buildings splendidly equipped with gymnasiums, libraries, baths and assembly halls are being utilized by old and young alike.

It is significant of the spirit of the social centers that their beginning was due to the efforts of no one person or group of persons. The board of education had absolutely nothing to do with the organization of the movement, but merely assumed the duty of administration because it is by law the custodian of all school property and therefore responsible for its protection and proper use. The opening of the school buildings for social and civic purposes was due to a growth of popular sentiment resulting in a petition being presented to the board of education by a committee representing eleven organizations of citizens.

Upon their urgent request the board of estimate recommended and the common council made a special appropriation to provide for the expenses. Such appropriations have been made for three successive years, and all expenses of social centers and civic clubs have been paid out of them. Not



PLAYING BASKETBALL AT A SOCIAL CENTER

a dollar of money appropriated for school purposes has been expended for this social and civic use of the school buildings. The board of education has insisted from the beginning that every dollar asked for and appropriated for school purposes was imperatively needed for that end and for no other. Accordingly the continuance of this privilege depends upon the desire of the community to make special provision for its maintenance.

Within these social centers are found many nonexclusive clubs carrying on their varied activities. These are termed civic clubs. A library and a gymnasium are at the disposal of their members when the regular attendance for two months has reached a certain arbitrary number, fixed by the board of education. Thus there are girls' clubs and boys' clubs, men's clubs and (startling innovation) women's clubs, each to further its special interests in its own way. Each sex has its separate organizations, and the meetings are held on different nights, but with one general meeting each week, at which the members of all the clubs, girls, boys and older folks, come together for a lecture or other amusement. This is followed by a social hour of dancing, etc.

The direction and control of these social centers and civic clubs lie with the board of education, which appoints the supervisors and librarians. Expert supervision might be termed the keynote of the idea. Every undertaking of the various clubs comes under the direct oversight of tactful men and women. They enforce the rule of good behavior, the one requirement for admission to a civic club. The supervisors are in no sense domineering. They take the same active part in the adults' clubs as do the other members and form an advisory council to assist in many ways, such as the preparation of programs and the conducting of the meetings. It is of course of prime importance that the direction of the club's activities should be in none but competent hands.

Here, under the supervision of trained, loving women, the girls meet in an almost informal way, hold their club meetings, listen to talks on various subjects, perhaps a travel talk; dance, sing and, best of all, learn how to play. Here, too, many women who cannot afford membership in the expensive women's clubs outside find an opportunity to enjoy many of the benefits of club life. The women's civic clubs are federated with the Federation of Women's Clubs of the city, so that the members meet all the other clubwomen.

Summering in Winter.

The confirmed "globe trotter" has much greater difficulty in finding new and untried places for his wintering than has the summer traveler, and usually is more or less disappointed with his choice. The Florida habitue finds California too cool for his sensitive nature, and the enthusiast of California's pleasure places is too warm and much too moist in the Floridian resorts. Bermuda, Cuba, Nassau, and the islands of the tropics, each have their returning population year after year, and confirmed admirers, but it remains for the Pacific Ocean to materialize a marvel of perfection in temperature, scenery, progression and entertainment for him who has the price and the patience to reach Honolulu, the beautiful city on the islands of Oahu in the Hawaiian group, or, as we used to call them in the early days, the Sandwich Islands.

The average traveler does not apprehend much of the information he reads in "literature" of the steamship companies or travel bureaus, and so, when he arrives on the spot, finds the things he has but dimly known, startling novelties, and proceeds to drink in facts and figures that are more or less accurate, as he happens to run across a reliable citizen who instructs him, or a wild-eyed tourist who has been misinformed. But in any case his geography becomes a real thing, and he never forgets the things he learns in this mode of studying the science.

Six days on a rolling ocean, coming from San Francisco to this Mid-Pacific paradise, brings the good ship into the fine harbor of Honolulu in the early morning, so that the whole day is available in which to search for an abiding place and get settled. The hotels are not many, but sufficient for the needs of the city; the boarding houses are numerous, and furnished and unfurnished apartments to be found according to the inclination or purse of the visitor; and there is plenty to eat and of good quality, for the fruits of the earth abound, and vegetables of many kinds grow at all seasons of the year, and what is lacking in meat or poultry supply is brought by the frequent calls of the steamers from all direction.—The Ladies' World for November.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—Hubbard squash, by the ton or smaller quantity.

M. M. BANCROFT,  
Genoa, N. Y.

13w1 Poultry wanted at Carson House, Genoa, Nov. 7, 1911; especially turkeys, young pigs and pork. Watch for prices next week.

S. C. HUGHTALING,  
Both phones R D 5, Auburn.

FOR SALE—Three thoroughbred Shropshire bucks, one yearling and two lambs, at grade prices.

BERT MOSELEY,  
Ludlowville, R D  
Miller phone.

Twenty Choice Rams for Sale—Hampshires, Suffolks, Delaines, Ox-fords and Southdowns, one and two years old. Will be sold immediately at farmer's prices in order to make room.

E. S. HILL & SON,  
Freeville, N. Y.

13w2 R. R. Station, Peraton  
FOR SALE—Full blood choice white Pekin ducks; also full blood Indian Runner ducks.

FRED J. KING,  
King Ferry, N. Y.

13w3 Grade Shropshire ram for sale.

E. H. SHARP,  
Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SERVICE—Registered Chester White boar. A. M. BENNETT,  
Venice, N. Y.

FOR SALE—April hatched White Leghorn pullets. J. W. WAGER,  
Atwater, N. Y.

13w3 We will grind cider Tuesdays and Saturdays during November.

5tf COUNSELL & SMUSHALL,  
King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Mare with foal, also bay work horse.

11w3 T. ALONZO MASON, Genoa.

Will start cider mill Saturday and will make Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Jelly made also.

11w4 C. J. WHEELER, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Piano and some household goods.

LOUISA G. BENEDET, Administratrix,  
Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—One full-blood Holstein bull, 7 months old, one good work horse cheap, also one brown mare with foal, will sell or exchange for good roadster.

J. G. ATWATER & SON.

FOR SALE—At bargain prices, large stove wood or coal, good horse, platform wagon, carriage, cutter, pleasure sleigh, harnesses, robes, etc.

50tf A. J. HURLBUT, Genoa.

Highest market price for cattle lambs, calves, hogs and poultry.

51J1 WHELEY WILSON,  
King Ferry.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

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

JUST ARRIVED.

Everything in Men's and Boys' warm Footwear  
We have a large assortment of Felts and Rubbers.  
Also a special lot of heavy Wool Hose. All at reasonable prices.

Come in and look them over before buying.

George S. Aikin,  
KING FERRY, NEW YORK.

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

Everything Needed  
For the New Home  
or For Re-Furnishing  
the Old.

Whether you are furnishing a new home or re-furnishing the old—let us help you.

You will find everything needed to complete the cozy comfort of your home at prices you can easily afford, and will be glad to pay.

Extra Good Ingrain Rugs—guaranteed all wool, in various sizes, \$4.95 to 9.85.

Brussels Rugs—all woven in one piece, beautiful patterns for the parlor, 9x12 size \$16

Granite Carpets—of three ply quality, bright, pretty patterns, 36c a yard

Ingrain Carpets—the best all wool, with doubled and twisted worsted warp, 65c and 70c yd

Linoleum—an extra good quality for 50c a yard. Oil cloth at 24c and 30c a yard

Parlor Suits—highly polished with loose silk plush covered cushions \$26 up

Bed Room Suits—splendidly made and very good style \$23.50 up

Velour and Imitation Leather Couches—fine spring work and with heavy oak frames \$11.50 up

Dining Tables—the new round pedestal styles \$10 up

Dining Chairs—good chairs at \$1, 1.25, 1.50, 2.25 and up

Iron Beds—guaranteed construction, look neat and inviting \$3.75 up

Mattresses—at any price you may wish to pay, an extra good mattress in two parts with thick cotton top and bottom, old-fashioned blue and white ticking \$6 each.

For style, class and quality, try Wait's first.

The H. R. Wait Co.,  
77 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

FARMERS' SUPPLY HOUSE.

HURRAH, BOYS!

Fall is here, winter is coming! It will soon be time for those

FUR COATS

and this is the place where you can get the natural colored hides and No. 1 quality; every coat is guaranteed; also wool lined and leather Work Coats. We have also a few Blizzard Storm Coats guaranteed water proof or money refunded. The best stock of stable and covering Blankets ever in Genoa. Call and look the stock over before buying elsewhere. No trouble to show goods. Remember the place.

B. J. Brightman, Prop.,  
Genoa, N. Y.

BEECH-NUT  
BRAND



Sliced Beef

Did you ever eat a Beech Nut Sliced Beef Sandwich? The smoky flavor of the meat is very appetizing, great for indoor or outdoor luncheons. Per large can 30c. Purple stamps at

Edwin B. Mosher's,  
SPOT CASH STORE,  
Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

Paid your Subscription Yet?

## Village and Vicinity News.

—D N. Rayner is in New York this week on business.

—J. S. Banker spent Sunday with his son at Meridian.

—Geo. T. Sill of Oneida spent Sunday with his mother.

—J. H. Smith of Ithaca has been in town several days this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cannon returned Tuesday from a few days' visit in Rochester.

—Miss Ella Litts of Syracuse is the assistant in the Singer millinery store this season.

—Willard Doty, who was called to his home at East Venice by the death of his grandmother, returned to Chicago the first of this week.

—The Misses Louise and Alice Montgomery, accompanied by Miss McPherson, of Auburn were over-Sunday guests at Morell Wilson's.

—J. H. Rease is in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Rease are anticipating a visit to their daughter in Kentucky in a few weeks.

—Mrs. H. H. Lipps of Nassau, N. Y., has been a guest at Dr Willoughby's this week. She also visited Miss Goodyear at King Ferry one day.

—Mrs. Jay Hughitt and son, Herbert Hughitt, of Escanaba, Mich., were guests of Mrs. Thos Tyrrell and family, last week. They also visited relatives in Auburn.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Arnold, Sr., of Seneca Falls visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Hand, Tuesday, and spent Wednesday at C. Ellison's on the Lake Road, returning home Thursday.

—Sunday morning theme at the Presbyterian church, "Crown Jewels;" Sunday evening theme, "The best way." Young people's society at 6:45; Sunday school as usual. All are invited.

—Genoa W. C. T. U. received credit for five points in Sunday School Work at the recent State convention, and will be given a silver star as reward. The Five Corners Union also won four points in this work and Cayuga county won four points over all other counties.

—A very interesting event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ferris at Five Corners on Wednesday, when their daughter, Bertha became the wife of Daniel Moore of the same place. The wedding was an elaborate affair and THE TRIBUNE will contain a full report next week.

—The address by Judge R. C. S. Drummond of Auburn in the Genoa Presbyterian church was listened to by a large and attentive congregation. It was gratifying to see so many men present, as the address was especially for them. Judge Drummond spoke of the big laymen's movement which is stirring the hearts, (and likewise the pocketbooks) of men all over the country, and gave an urgent invitation to the men of Genoa and vicinity to go up to Auburn for the big convention and banquet to be held there Nov. 3, 4 and 5. His address was enthusiastic and impressive. He answered many excuses given by men for their lack of help in church work. He said the time has come for the men to be interested in the church, attend the services regularly, give liberally to its support and the many lines of work connected with it, and not leave the raising of funds to the women. They have done this work long enough, and the men ought to be ashamed of themselves for letting them do it. The church is not alone for the women and children. At the close of the services, Judge Drummond requested the men to remain a few minutes and he explained in detail the plans for the convention. Right men gave their names to be present at the banquet on Friday evening next.

—Mrs. S. J. Hand is reported to be improving.

—D. W. Smith is in Syracuse for a few days.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Shaw of Genoa on Oct. 14.

—Mrs. Celinda Fox of Ithaca is visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. B. Norman.

—Mrs. Sarah Pratt has recently made quite extensive improvements on her house.

—Walter Smith, who has been quite ill at his home at East Venice, is improving.

—James McDermott and Michael Sullivan have just threshed 4,000 bushels of buckwheat.

—Mrs. L. Allen and daughter, Miss Charlotte Bush, visited Robt. Bush and family in Auburn a short time this week.

—The Genoa Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. Lafayette Allen on Friday afternoon, Nov. 3. All ladies are invited.

—We are informed that the reported sale of the Bancroft farm to Thos. Nolan is not a fact. The negotiations did not materialize.

—Mrs. L. E. Wood returned Saturday evening from a six weeks' visit in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan.—Cortland Standard

—Miss Isabelle Norman went Monday night as nurse to the Van Ness home, south of Belltown, where three members of the family are ill with typhoid fever.

—The highway superintendent of the town of Lansing will open bids Nov. 18 for the construction of the iron bridge over Salmon creek near Ludlowville.

—Norris Chaffee, formerly of Genoa, underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Auburn City hospital, Monday morning. He is doing nicely.

—There are a lot of poor women in this country married to men who will drink any kind of whiskey offered to them, and then go home and criticize the coffee.—Ex

—Frank and Sarah Prentice of Owasco were over-Sunday guests of Gladys and Delwin Decker. Mrs. Decker returned home with them to spend a few days with friends in that vicinity.

—The East Genoa Ladies' Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. Chas. Upson on Wednesday, Nov. 1, for the day. Dinner will be served. The day marks a notable event for the hostess as it will be her eighteenth wedding anniversary. All are invited.

—The reports of the W. C. T. U. convention at Olean recently show that Tompkins county has the largest membership of any county in the State, viz., 1,278 members. The total membership of the Union in the State is 32,607, a gain of 1,454 during the past year.

—Hallow'een, the evening of Oct. 31, comes next Tuesday. It isn't necessary to remind the youngsters of the date, but we announce it so that everybody can be on the lookout. A little fun which does not endanger the lives of people is all right, but serious accidents have resulted from the removing of doorsteps and kindred pranks, and boys and girls should remember this and keep their fun within reasonable bounds.

—The Presbyterian church and sheds at Spencer, Tioga county, were burned to the ground early Sunday morning and two nearby residences were damaged to the extent of about \$500 each. The janitor had been burning leaves near the church the previous afternoon, and it is thought that the blaze had not been entirely extinguished and smoldered until early the next morning when it broke out afresh. The church was built 75 years ago and the society expected to celebrate its one-hundredth anniversary next spring. The pastor, Rev. Oliphant Gibbons, was married only last week and is now away on his wedding trip. The loss is estimated at \$8,000 with \$4,000 insurance on the church and \$1,000 on the contents. The church probably be rebuilt next year.

—Ed Tallmudge of West Groton was in town Wednesday.

—Miss Hazel Brogan, who has been quite ill, is improving.

—E. D. Shaw has sold his place west of the village, to Alonzo Mason.

—Alva Karn of this place has purchased the Ludlow farm at West Groton.

—Chas. Morton of Gray, N. Y., is spending some time with his sister, Mrs. D. W. Gower.

—Mrs. Daniel Thayer of Ludlowville has been visiting old friends at East Genoa for the past week.

—Dana Smith and wife have returned from a two weeks' visit to Haverstraw and points in Otsego county.

—It is reported that Moravia will soon have a new weekly newspaper to be known as The Independent.

—Miss Margaret Utt of Auburn accompanied Mrs. Elise Goodman home and spent the week-end at W. W. Beach's.

—Col. Abel Gay Cook, one of the five 33rd degree Masons in New York State, died at his home in Syracuse last week.

—Mrs. Chas. Bower and Mrs. Wm. Tait of Lansingville visited the former's sister, Mrs. D. C. Mosher, one day recently.

—Miss Ruth Avery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Avery of Spokane, Wash., will come to New York City November first to continue her studies in vocal music.

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

—One of the greatest assemblages of Masons ever seen in the United States gathered in Washington last week to attend the laying of the corner stone for the most expensive Masonic temple in the world. The building will cost a million dollars. Masons from every part of the United States, from Canada, Mexico and South America participated in the ceremony.

—Our subscription list has been corrected to date this week. Does the date of your label agree with your receipt? This is the time of year when the editor, as well as other people, requires considerable cash to meet necessary bills, and we kindly request all who are in arrears for their paper, to send the amount or step in the office and settle up. We have not yet discovered a way to keep the wheels of business running without money.

—To avoid the annual nuisance of the burning of leaves in the village streets, why don't householders do a little additional work to the raking of them in piles and carry them to the compost heap in the garden? There are a number who have found out their value as a fertilizer, after having been used as a litter for horses, cows and hens. Just now the leaves are dry, and could be easily stored for bedding, taking the place of high-priced straw.—Skaneateles Free Press.

—There will be four columns on the election ballot this year—Democratic, Republican, Prohibition and blank. On all the ballots and voting machines in this State the Democratic candidates will occupy the first column. At every election since the ballots have been in their present form and since voting machines came into use the Republicans have had the first column on the ballots and the top row on the machines. The Republicans will have second place this year.

—Early Monday morning, the residence of Mrs. Phebe Tidd, an aged woman living in the extreme eastern part of the town of Venice, was destroyed by fire. It is said that Mrs. Tidd did some baking in the evening and it is thought the fire was caused by an overheated chimney. About 12:30 she discovered that the house was on fire, and was badly burned about the head and shoulders in escaping from the burning building. Nothing but a little furniture was saved. Mrs. Tidd is now in the Moravia hospital for treatment.

## How About Your Evenings?

If you only had the new attachment on your phonograph so you could play the four minute records you could be refreshing your brain and entertaining your family and friends at the same time. You fully realize the new attachment puts a new instrument into your home at very little extra expense. Bring your phonograph to HOYT'S at once—have it cleaned and looked over free of cost and the new attachment put on. The long evenings are here and we must be entertained and every one looks forward to the evenings when they have an Edison phonograph and a few 4-minute records—where could you find more delightful entertainment than in your own home with an Edison phonograph.

## A. T. HOYT, Leading Jeweler and Optometrist, HOYT BLOCK, MORAVIA, N. Y.

—Miss Edith Hunter is visiting John G. Law and family at Moravia.

—Floyd J. King and Miss Bertha Teers of Lansingville called on Genoa friends Tuesday.

—Frank Strong and wife, and Mrs. Wagner and two sons of Trumansburg have been guests at Fitch Strong's and other relatives at East Genoa this week.

—What will undoubtedly be the largest pilgrimage of Mormons to the scene of the founding of their religion, will take place on Tuesday, Oct. 31, when a delegation of over 200 of them, from Salt Lake City will visit Palmyra.

—The pheasant season opens on Nov. 2, and on Thursdays and Saturdays during November three birds may be shot. The limit to three male birds during the month, to each person, still holds good. Female birds cannot be killed at any time.

—The New York State Baptist convention was held in Rochester this week. During the convention, the nineteenth annual meeting of the Baptist Young People's Union was held. Rev. Chellis E. Nichols of White Plains, known to many Genoa people, is president of the Union.

—Mrs. Sarah Hammond, aged 84 years, died Saturday afternoon last at the Old Ladies' Home at Ithaca. The funeral was held at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, Rev. J. C. B. Moyer of the State Street Methodist church, of Ithaca, officiating. Interment was in the Lansingville cemetery. There are no near surviving relatives.

—The Board of Education have engaged Prof. E. R. Eastman, of Newark Valley, as principal, and Miss Helena Schleich of Lyons, as assistant teacher, to succeed Prof. G. B. Springer and Miss Alice Owen on Jan. 1, when they assume the duties of school superintendents in Cayuga and Seneca counties, respectively.—Interlaken Review.

—Stanley, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Titus Mead of Moravia, suffered a painful accident while at play Saturday afternoon. The boy was swinging on a rope in the barn when it broke and he was thrown heavily to the floor. Dr. Anthony was called and found the left arm fractured twice, the wrist and elbow being badly smashed. He reduced the fractured wrist and took the boy to Syracuse in his auto, where the elbow was set under the X-rays. The child is reported to be doing nicely.

—So thoroughly is railroading systemized that the dispatching department knows at all times the number of tons every freight train in the division is hauling. The capacity and hauling limit of the steel horses are known and they are never given more than they can draw up the steepest grade they will encounter. Isn't it too bad that no such system protects the poor horse, whose capacity to haul is too often measured by the length and strength of the master's whip?—Ontario County Journal.

**In Genoa Until Nov. 1.**  
All who wish anything in my line of work can call at Dr. Skinner's barn until Nov. 1. After that, I will be at the residence of Clinton Backus at Union Springs.  
WARREN A. COVENE, Genoa, N. Y.

## 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 50		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		North Lansing	10 08	4 08	7 53	
7 17	2 37	9 31		South Lansing	9 55	3 55	7 40	
7 35	2 50	9 50		ITHACA	9 20	3 25	7 05	
8 00	3 15	10 15			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.

### Note the Growth of the Bank in Seven Months

1st month over 170 accounts.	Deposits over	\$85,000
2nd " " 225 "	" "	\$38,000
3rd " " 265 "	" "	\$48,000
4th " " 300 "	" "	\$64,000
5th " " 325 "	" "	\$67,000
6th " " 350 "	" "	\$64,000
7th " " 380 "	" "	\$79,000

YOUR ACCOUNT WELCOME.

J. D. Atwater, Pres. Fox Holden, Vice-Pres.  
Arthur H. Knapp, Cashier.

## Underwear Season at Hand.

I have selected the best values of underwear for men, women and children of the season; the kind that don't shrink and good wearers. A big stock of sweaters for men, women and children, the latest style and colors. Nobby up-to-date hats and caps.

Some fine Suits of Rochester tailor make in the most up-to-date styles and colors. A big line of raincoats and overcoats. Fresh line of Douglas shoes from \$2 to \$4 for men and boys.

Suits made to measure with great satisfaction.

## M. G. SHAPERO.

## LADIES!

I will be at Mrs. Chas. Barger's Five Corners, on Tuesday, Oct. 24, and at McDermott's hotel, King Ferry, Thursday, Oct. 26, with a complete line of MILLINERY.

Pleased to see all ladies, and will do my best to serve you well.

## MRS. D. E. SINGER, GENOA, N. Y.

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.

# Milady's Mirror

**The Perfect Woman.**  
Not in character, but in physique. Here are her measurements: Height, five feet three inches to five feet seven inches; weight, 125 to 140 pounds.

A plumb line dropped from the tip of her nose falls at a point one inch in front of her great toe. Her shoulders and her hips touch a straight vertical line. Her waist tapers so as to touch at each end a line drawn from the outer third of her collar bone to her hips; bust, twenty-eight to thirty-six inches; hips, six to ten inches more than her bust; waist, twenty-two to twenty-eight inches.

Her upper arm ends at her waist line, so that she can rest her elbow on a table while standing erect, and her forearm extends so as to permit her fingers to touch a point just below the middle of her thigh. Her neck and her thigh are of the same circumference, and so are the calf of her leg and her upper arm.

Her legs are about one-half her height, or as long as a line drawn from her chin to her finger tips. From her waist to her feet she measures about a foot more than from her waist to the crown of her head.

Neck twelve to fourteen inches; head on a line with the central plane of her body. The size of her gloves is just twice the size of her shoe.

Those of us who do not measure up to these requirements may console ourselves by reflecting that perfect beauty grows very monotonous.

**For Dull Complexions.**  
Women who are dull in coloring should never surround themselves with brilliant shades. They will only accentuate the point which they wish to conceal. A dull jewel is never combined with a beautiful brilliant. The contrast is too great to show off either to any advantage. Women of this type should learn a lesson from the jewelers, surrounding themselves only with such hues as will harmonize with their own indifferent coloring.

It must not be supposed, however, that the wardrobe will be unattractive because it must be selected from the somber shades. There are a great many colors in the softer tones which are very beautiful.

A soft gray can always be worn to advantage by drab women, as it throws whatever color they may have into high relief.

The subdued pinks and purples are also attractive, as is that pinkish brown shade called ashes of roses. Blue in almost any tone except the most brilliant tints, such as electric. Yale blue, etc., can be worn by women who belong to this class.

For evening wear lavender, pink in its lighter tone, yellow combined with some deeper tone such as gold or blue, which will give it character—a baby blue and a very soft shade of rose are the colors which should be selected. Those to be avoided are brown in almost any tint, green in all its variations, red and black and white.

**Powder Puffs.**  
If lip pencils are used it should be with discretion, and the blending should be perfect.

Use an application of cold cream to remove the dust and grime from a dry skin and a soft cloth dipped in alcohol to cleanse an oily skin.

Place sachet bags of a favorite scent in bureau, dressing table, boxes, chest and drawers. The perfume thus given will be subtle and delicate.

File the nails a trifle each morning to keep them in shape, one or two strokes being sufficient to keep them in order if this plan is pursued.

An excellent heliotope toilet water is made of half a pint of extract of rose, three ounces of extract of neroli, a pint of tincture of vanilla and seven drops of oil of bitter almonds.

A tiny bag of tinted or Dolly Varden ribbon lined with chamomile and holding a small powder puff can be tucked into the waist. It proves very handy when shopping or on a pleasure trip.

It is no longer considered good form to shape nails in accentuated points or otherwise render them conspicuous. Bring them to a well rounded oval in the center, and do not polish them too highly.

**Smile to Be Pretty.**  
Do you know that beauty's greatest adjunct is a smile? This outward expression of inward pleasure is the cure for all frown lines and shadows. Like a magic iron it smooths away the traceries of trouble and worry, leaving a serene expression touched with the high lights of happiness.

The persistent patron of the beauty counters need not think she can attain charm by exterior applications alone. Without the aid of the smile and the kindly thought the "cures" so ardently recommended by their exploiters will work no wonders. Reliable remedies, aided and abetted by a real smile, will keep the face youthful and charming always. Before its refreshing influence age flees as mist before the sun, and youth peers out from between the rose curtains of flushed cheeks.

Do not be afraid to smile—and keep on smiling. Beauty, like happiness, is a radiant power emanating from the heart, so that the woman with the smile is always beautiful.

## THE SHEPHERD.

In buying a ram get a young one. He can be disposed of more advantageously when one is through with him.

If a yearling ram is used watch him when first admitted to the flock. Sometimes rams are not breeders. It is well to look after the old ones too. They sometimes quit.

Stay by the sheep. As long as people eat meat and wear clothes there will be a market for sheep and wool.

The ewes should all be bred near the same date to insure uniformity of the lamb crop.

Sheep do not suffer greatly from dry cold, but should be sheltered from winds and rains.

Shearing sheep in the fall is not a good practice. It is more profitable to feed unshorn lambs.

Oilmeal is excellent to prevent indigestion and keep the young sheep in fine condition generally.

## HANDLING DAIRY BULLS.

Treatment Should Be Such as to Keep Them Vigorous.

Bulls, just as other farm animals, should be treated in such a way that they will be kept healthy and vigorous and docile. Dairy bulls are naturally of a nervous disposition, writes H. E. McCartney in the Iowa Homestead. That goes with the temperament. We must recognize that fact, but there is no need of becoming afraid of a dairy bull or treating him as though he were an animal. Such treatment will make him mean if there is anything possible that will do so.

We visited a farm last summer where the dairy bull was kept in what seemed to us to be very nearly ideal conditions. He was a mature Guernsey, being used to head a herd of pure bred Guernsey cows all having records in the Advanced Registry. This bull has a box stall in the corner of the cow barn. The sides of the stall are not boarded up solidly, but are made of gas pipe, which allows him to look out at all times. That makes the bull more contented and quiet. His stall is kept clean and well bedded just as the cow stalls are. His skin and hair are kept in condition by an occasional brushing.

This same bull is made to do work for exercise. It is so arranged that the separator room is joined to the barn. Inside the barn and next to the wall of the separator room is an old fashioned tread power. It is the work of but a moment to lead the bull on to the tread power and start the machine.

It was quite to be expected that Skinny would not be a smart student. There was nothing at home to get him started on the royal road to learning. His father didn't know a theorem from a load of hay, and his mother had the education idea, but not the tact to interest Skinny in it. Therefore he failed in his examinations, quit school, went down to the blacksmith shop and got a job holding horses while the smith shod them.

After a while he learned how to shoe horses—learned how to shoe them well. And he stuck to his job and didn't drink. He got acquainted with a nice little girl in the same social stratum as his own and married her. He became a partner in the blacksmith business, and when the senior member of the firm died Skinny became sole owner. He paid his debts and did his work honestly.

Now, I want to say right here that Skinny Brown fooled us all. He turned out well. He is a better citizen today than a heap of fellows who know more, who had better opportunities and who stood higher in the community. His work is just as important as mine, and sometimes I think more so. He may never shoe a Pegasus of his own genus, but he can shoe a work horse as well as any blacksmith I know.

Writers and lawyers and doctors are not the whole thing in the scheme of world making. Sometimes I think it is just as well that boys turn out as Skinny Brown did. If Skinny had been a child wonder at his books he would now be a politician or a congressman or a great business man, and some fellow who didn't know half as much as Brown does about horses would be down at the smithy cheating the public and maiming the horses.

You never can tell by the looks of a boy how high he is going to climb on the ladder of usefulness. You never can make a safe estimate of what he is going to amount to until you go down to the house and make a careful study of what kind of woman his mother is. Mother has a great deal to do with boys, and when we estimate worth without considering her on the right side of the balances we make a grave mistake.

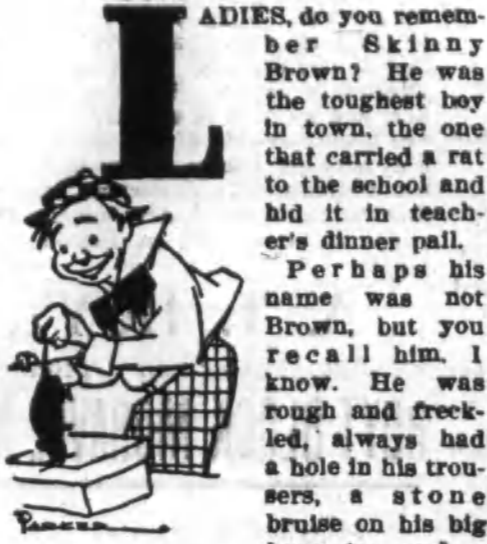
**The Texture of Butter.**  
Both texture or grain of butter may be caused by uneven ripening of the cream, uneven salting or impure salt, and by churning at too high a temperature. Exposure of the milk, cream or butter to strong light also results in streakiness, and is, therefore, to be avoided. Butter of a lardy mixture may be produced by overworking, and butter of too open and spongy a character by too little working. Churning should be stopped when the grains of butter are the size of wheat grains. This, with stirring during ripening, even salting, correct working and a proper temperature in the dairy should produce butter of good texture.

**Shelter the Stock.**  
Good housing from the storms will make the feed go farther. It is cheaper to warm the animal body with some kind of shelter than to allow the animal to burn good feed in maintaining the bodily heat. Fix up the sheds. The principal feature of any shed is to provide a water tight roof. This means a dry bed, and the animal will repay for having a comfortable place in which to spend the night.

## THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

### "SKINNY" BROWN

By BYRON WILLIAMS



**L**ADIES, do you remember Skinny Brown? He was the toughest boy in town, the one that carried a rat to the school and hid it in teacher's dinner pail.

Perhaps his name was not Brown, but you recall him. I know. He was rough and freckled, always had a hole in his trousers, a stone bruise on his big bare toe and a cowlick in his hair. I can see him as though it were yesterday. Somebody dared him, and he ate six live ants, then rubbed on his shirt front and said they tickled a little, but didn't hurt.

Poor Skinny! The only thing he was good at was playing ball. His curves were the envy of all the small boys, and his batting was something to be proud of, but he never knew his lessons, was always in trouble with teacher and forever being sent up to be interviewed by the principal.

If anybody ever took the trouble to forecast at all they said young Brown would come to some bad end. Once Deacon Jones asked everybody at the prayer meeting to pray for Skinny, who had just been caught "hooking" watermelons. As Browns got older he grew no better fast, and most of us gave him up for lost.

But we did not reckon with Skinny's mother. Mrs. Brown was an ignorant woman, but a good one. She never had had the advantages of an education, her father and mother having died when she was just a child. She had been compelled to work for a living as a hired girl. When she grew up she became the wife of a horse jockey, and Skinny was the fruit of the union.

As for the boy's father, he made no great pretensions to decency, and if he had he would have been acting a falsehood. Therefore it was entirely up to Mrs. Brown to save the boy.

It was quite to be expected that Skinny would not be a smart student. There was nothing at home to get him started on the royal road to learning. His father didn't know a theorem from a load of hay, and his mother had the education idea, but not the tact to interest Skinny in it. Therefore he failed in his examinations, quit school, went down to the blacksmith shop and got a job holding horses while the smith shod them.

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You never can tell by the looks of a boy how high he is going to climb on the ladder of usefulness. You never can make a safe estimate of what he is going to amount to until you go down to the house and make a careful study of what kind of woman his mother is. Mother has a great deal to do with boys, and when we estimate worth without considering her on the right side of the balances we make a grave mistake.

**DOING HIS WORK WELL.**

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## 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 Venes, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Venes, Cayuga County, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912.  
Dated Sept. 8, 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 the 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 estate, at his place of residence in the town of Venes, Cayuga County, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912.  
Dated June 26, 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 estate, at his place of residence in the town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912.  
Dated June 26, 1911.  
WALTER L. CORRY,  
CLARA B. COBB,  
Administrators.  
AMASA J. PARKER,  
Attorney for Administrators.

**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 George E. Downing, late of the town of Venes, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Venes, Cayuga County, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911.  
Dated April 14, 1911.  
FAY TESTER,  
Administrator of the estate of George E. Downing, dec'd.  
ROBERT J. BURRILL,  
Attorney for administrator,  
Court House, Auburn, N. Y.

**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 James Smith, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911.  
Dated April 14, 1911.  
J. WALLACE SKINNER, Executor.  
AMASA J. PARKER,  
Attorney for Executor,  
119 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

**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 Benjamin C. Mead, late of the city of Portland, Oregon, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned administrator of said estate, at his office, 125 Genesee Street, in the city of Auburn, Cayuga County, on or before the first day of November, 1911.  
Dated April 14, 1911.  
ALICE VAUGHN, Administrator.  
Benjamin C. Mead,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
119 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

**THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:** To Grace A. Snover, Frank J. Howell, Charles E. Howell, Mollie Reeves, John P. DeLap, Carlton L. DeLap, Ralph E. DeLap, Effie G. Burton, Ada L. DeLap, Susan E. DeLap, Merton DeLap, Lewis DeLap, William J. DeLap and Dorothy DeLap.  
Send Greeting: Whereas, Alanson J. Snover of Lucke, N. Y., has lately applied to our Surrogate's Court of the County of Cayuga for the proof and probate of a certain instrument in writing, dated the 1st day of November, 1901, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of John G. Howell, late of Lucke, in said county, deceased, which relates to both real and personal estate, and of an alleged codicil thereto, dated the 21st day of February, 1907.

Therefore, you and each of you are cited to appear in our said Surrogate's Court, before the Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at his office in the Court House, in the City of Auburn, on the 17th day of November, 1911, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament and codicil thereto.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Auburn, this 28th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.  
FREDERICK B. WILLS,  
Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

RALPH A. HARTER,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
Office and P. O. Address,  
Moravia, N. Y.

**Averts Awful Tragedy.**  
Timely advice given Mrs. C. Willoughby, of Marengo, Wis., (R. No. 1) prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" loath and could do little to help her. After many remedies failed, her aunt urged her to take Dr. King's New Discovery. "I have been using it for some time," she wrote "and the awful cough has almost gone. It also saved my little boy when taken with a severe bronchial trouble." This matchless medicine has no equal for throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, and F. A. T. Atwater, King Ferry.

**Good Things to Eat**  
will hold no joys for you if you have indigestion or any STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEY trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest drugstore and get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARS, the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, SEVEN BARS will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address: LYMAN BROWN, 85 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

# ITHACA TRUST COMPANY

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is what we offer to the people of Ithaca and vicinity. A service that means something to each and every one of our customers—a real Bank Service.

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THIS Sugar Shell is guaranteed to be genuine Rogers & Brother "Poppy" pattern silver plate. We guarantee it to meet your highest expectations. We want to send it to you without cost, just to show you the kind of ware it is and to tell you how you can earn a set of six handsome teaspoons of the same pattern without a cent of outlay on your part.

All we ask you to do is to secure one three months' trial subscription to the Tribune Farmer, fill out the coupon below and mail to us with 25 cents. The Sugar Shell will be sent you free, postage prepaid; it will be yours to keep without any condition whatever, and our illustrated agricultural weekly will be mailed to the subscriber for three months.

**Renewals will not be accepted on this offer.**

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154 Nassau St., New York.  
Enclosed please find 25 cents, for which send the Tribune Farmer for three months to N. O. P.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
As commission for securing this subscription send me the "Poppy" pattern silver plated Sugar Shell as described in your advertisement.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Our readers are asked to mention THE GENOA TRIBUNE when writing to advertisers.

## A Great Economizer

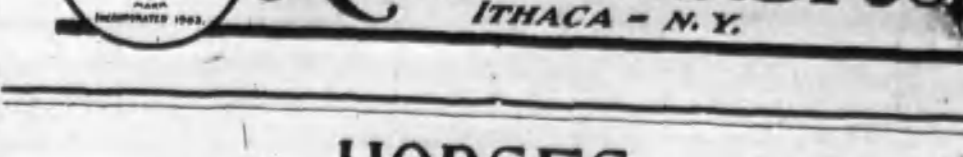
OF MONEY, OF TIME, OF LABOR

### The "Free" Sewing Machine.

The easiest running, the most durable, the best constructed, and the finest appearing machine. And what is more, this machine is insured.

When you buy your machine you buy a machine that is insured against damage by fire, water, cyclone, or breakage for a period of five years.

Don't fail to see this wonderful trouble-saver when in the store, or, if you are interested, drop us a card and we will send you full description booklet free of charge.



## HORSES =:FOR= SALE:=

I have left for the West to purchase another lot of horses which will arrive and be on sale at my stable

Saturday, November 4.  
This stock will be the same high class stock I always handle but the price will be about \$25 less per head than usual. Every horse as represented or no sale and money refunded.

**J. M. GRIFFIN,**  
26 Water St., Auburn, N. Y.

Selling Agents for Standard Patterns.

# Foster, Ross & Company

THE BIG STORE

## The Almost Leafless Trees and the Date on the Calendar are Warning Enough That the Much Colder Weather Will Soon Be Upon Us. Are You Prepared to Resist It?

How about the Furs and the Heavy Coat and the Suit or Suits, the Underwear, the Blankets, the Comfortables? When you think of these things, think of the Big Store. Your needs Have All Been Anticipated There.

Here are a few hints of the grand value in the Cloak, Suit and Fur Department and the assortment has never been equaled even here.

A Choice gathering of beautiful Furs selected with the utmost care and at surprisingly low prices.

### At \$10 a Set

Handsome French Coney Sets, black only, lined Skinner satin, Muff with shirred edge, only \$10 a set.

### At \$26 a Set

Beautiful Opossum Collars and Muffs, \$26 a set or separately \$13 each.

### At \$25 a Set

Black Fox Muffs in Pillow shape \$15 each, with collar to match \$25 a set.

### At \$30, \$35, \$37.50, \$40 a Set

Natural Fox Sets, Collar and Muff, beautiful styles.

### At \$69 a Set

Handsome Mink Sets, large Muff and fancy Shawl Collar, trimmed heads and tails.

### At \$65 a Set

Beautiful Mink set with barrel Muff and Long Stole.

### At \$39 a Set

Splendid Mink Sets, large Muff and Cape, stole collar with Skinner lining.

### At \$25 a Set

Flat Mink Muff with elegant Stole Collar handsomely lined with Skinner lining  
Handsome Mink Muffs for \$18 to \$22  
Beautiful lustrous Fox Sets for \$45, \$50, \$55

### Superb Showing of the Exquisite and Much Wanted Black Lynx Fur

Collars \$40, 45, 49, \$65. Muffs \$59, 75, \$89  
Beautiful Sable Collars and Muffs of the finest quality.  
Collars 37.50 and 39.00; Muffs \$40 and 45

### At \$15.00

A very handsome Caracul Coat with large shawl collar lined with guaranteed satin

### At \$45 and \$79

A fine assortment of Pony Coats in beautiful selected skins, elegant in cut and finish  
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Special line of 15 sample Suits, all different, each with a style distinctly its own, much under value 27.00 to 49.00  
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# FOSTER, ROSS & CO.

## The Scrap Book

### Three Mystic Words.

A young woman of Indianapolis, says the News of that city, had much attention, and one of her admirers from another city was a liberal donor of flowers and sweets, and when possible he came to town to visit her. One day he sent her a five pound box of candy, a dozen American Beauty roses and a telegram announcing that he would be in the city the next Sunday to spend the day with her. In addition to this he sent the following message: "International code—Isle of View."

She had no idea what the three mystic words might signify, and she got out all the code books she could find and finally went to the telegraph office to see if that department had the combination of words and the meaning. The telegraph company could give her no assistance. She thought the words over and over again and began to say them aloud. Suddenly it dawned on her—"I love you."

### Not They Who Soar.

Not they who soar, but they who plod  
Their rugged way unhelped to God,  
Are heroes. They who higher fare  
And, flying, fan the upper air  
Miss all the toll that hugs the sod.  
'Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,  
Whose feet have pressed the path unshod,  
May smile upon defeated care.  
Not they who soar.

High up there are no thorns to prod  
Nor bowlders lurking 'neath the cloud  
To turn the keenness of the share,  
For flight is ever free and rare.  
But heroes they the soil who've trod,  
Not they who soar.  
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

### Not Much Mystery.

A youth from the country who was new to the delights of London lodgings recently entered an oil shop and, producing a bottle labeled "Best Unsweetened Gln," asked for a pint of lamp oil.

"Better take the label off in case of accidents, hadn't I?" asked the oil man.

"Don't matter a bit," was the reply; "there's only me and the cat ever go to the cupboard in my room, and I don't mind if I do kill the cat."

"Killed the cat yet?" asked the oil man as the youth was passing the next day.

"No, I ain't," said the youth, with a puzzled look, but there's a bit of mystery somewhere. My landlady has been right queer since last night. She won't open her mouth within yards of a box o' matches, and she smells something awful o' paraffin."

### His Nerve Won.

"Marse Henry" Watterson, the famous editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was as original in starting into journalism as in everything that he does and says.

It was just after the war between the states, and Watterson, in the ragged regimentals of a Confederate officer, was casting about for some means of getting a little food in his stomach. He happened to get hold of a copy of the old Louisville Herald, and, after studying it awhile, that peculiar, purposeful look settled over his face. He arose and tramped majestically down to the Herald shop and into the presence of the venerable editor.

"Well, sir!" growled the old man, for he was exceedingly busy.  
"You want an editorial writer, and I am the man for the post," said the young soldier, as unabashed as an iceberg.

"Well, who in the—say! Well, who had the unmitigated gall to tell you that we needed an editorial writer, and who in blazes are you, and say, what on earth makes you think we are pining for an editorial writer?" The aged editor paused for breath.  
"Humph!" said Watterson as emotionless as a granite block. "Anybody could see it by reading your paper."  
He got the job.—Housekeeper.

### Overliterate.

In Sir Robert Anderson's book of reminiscences entitled "The Lighter Side of My Official Life" there is a story of a judge who was trying to get the very words of a reported conversation from a person somewhat scantily equipped with humor. The story is good enough to quote.  
"Witness," asked the judge, "did the prisoner say, 'I stole the horse?'"  
"Oh, no, my lord," the witness replied in a deprecatory tone. "Your lordship's name was never mentioned."

### History Repeats Itself.

"That boy will be the death of me some day!" declared the head of the family. "I'm sure I don't know where he gets all his impudence and self assurance—surely not from me. He returned home from school the other day, and, entering my office, he threw his hat on the floor, selected an easy chair, put his feet on my desk, lit a cigarette, inhaled a few puffs, and then, turning languidly to me, he drawled:

"I say, dad, do you remember the time when you were expelled from school?"  
"I did. There was no use denying it, for one day, in a burst of confidence, I had told him some of my escapades as a boy and lived to regret that I had been so indiscreet.  
"Well," said he, "history has repeated itself."  
"What do you mean, you young rascal?" I roared.  
"Oh," said he easily, "I've been expelled too. Astonishing, isn't it, dad, how such things will run in a family?"

## ANTICS OF AN ACTOR.

The Prank the Elder Sothern Played in a London Shop.

One day the elder Sothern, the creator of Lord Dundreary, went into an ironmonger's shop in London and asked for Macaulay's "History of England." "We do not sell books, sir," said the assistant. "This is an ironmonger's shop." "Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf. "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or russet." "But this is not a bookseller's!" shouted the assistant. "All right," said Sothern; "wrap it up neatly. I want to have it sent down to the hotel. It's for a present I wish to make to a relative." "We don't keep it!" shouted the assistant, getting red in the face. "Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want any-



"CERTAINLY, SIR!"

thing better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the flyleaf." "Sir," bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "don't you see we do not keep books?" "Very well," replied Sothern, quite undisturbed; "I will wait for it." The assistant ran into the next room and appealed to his master, saying he thought the customer must be off his head. "What is it, sir? What do you desire?" asked the ironmonger of Sothern as he and his flustered salesman came into the shop. "I want to buy a file," said the actor—"a plain file, four or five inches long." "Certainly, sir," said the master, casting a withering glance at his assistant.

### Swarming With Them.

Mrs. C. W. Earle's recent contribution to the history of English life of the first half of the last century, entitled "Memoirs and Memories," includes a fresh blossom in the apparently fadeless wreath of Sydney Smith's wit.

Mrs. Earle's mother imparted the information to Sydney Smith that she was going to Bath to see an old aunt. "What," he exclaimed, "you've got an aunt at Bath? I have an aunt at Bath. Every one has an aunt at Bath. It's a perfect ant heap."

### An International Comedy.

Some years ago at a house party at Hatfield in honor of the kaiser the invited guests included the Prince of Wales—afterward Edward VII.—the Portuguese minister and M. Waddington, the French ambassador, and his wife. During the evening Mme. Waddington's diamond necklace became unfastened. After vainly attempting to refasten it she called the Portuguese minister to her assistance, but he was not more successful. Every one was interested in the little mishap, and then the kaiser remarked, amid laughter:  
"There is Portugal trying to strangle France!"  
The Prince of Wales rose to assist Mme. Waddington, and then the kaiser in a grave tone added:  
"It is really a serious matter. England is mixed up in it!"

### A Browning Anecdote.

In an English magazine a writer tells an amusing story of the poet Browning and how he received certain flowers from a lady, who, on being pressed to give their English names, shyly confessed they were called "bloody noses." "I happened many years ago to be staying in a country house when Browning told the story in his inimitable way, and he ended with the following lines, which I then and there committed to memory and which will, I think, interest your readers:  
"I'll dock my love with pees.  
"I'll cover her with roses.  
"Should she protest  
"I'll do my best  
"To give her bloody noses."

### A Haitian Glass Eye.

In an English magazine a writer tells an amusing story of the poet Browning and how he received certain flowers from a lady, who, on being pressed to give their English names, shyly confessed they were called "bloody noses." "I happened many years ago to be staying in a country house when Browning told the story in his inimitable way, and he ended with the following lines, which I then and there committed to memory and which will, I think, interest your readers:  
"I'll dock my love with pees.  
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"Should she protest  
"I'll do my best  
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### A Haitian Glass Eye.

Some years ago a Haitian general wrote to a Paris optician to supply him with a glass eye. The optician, flattering himself that a successful eye would secure for him a Haitian decoration, devoted his utmost intelligence to the production of a splendid glass eye. Six months elapsed. A small box reached him from Haiti. A cross glittered in his imagination; but, to his horror, within folds of cotton was his original eye, accompanied by the following note: "Sir—The eye you forwarded to me is of a tint that resembles that of the Spanish flag, and I am too patriotic to wear any but the color of my country."

The optician proceeded at once to the admiralty, there ascertained the colors of the Haitian flag and then manufactured a scarlet and green eye, which he forwarded.

## LOCAL MERCHANT FIGHTING NOW

### Big Wholesalers Help Him Kill Mail Order Game.

### GIVE HIM "LITERATURE."

With Which He Bombards the Women Folks and Shows Them the Foolishness of Spending Time and Fare to Shop in the City.

At last that bugaboo of the local merchant, the mail order house, is meeting brisk competition from the home tradesman, and with mail order methods at that, says James Kells in the Chicago Tribune.

Just as the Japanese lowered the pride of Russia by using the white man's implements of warfare, so the small town storekeeper, who has felt himself downtrodden by the postal magnates of the big centers, has adopted the usages of his enemy and is beginning to "cut in."

Catalogues, "Paris fashion" posters, "follow up" letters and price lists, all the pet weapons of the big mail order houses by which they command rural trade, have been seized by merchants to keep the money of the countryside at home. The rural free delivery mail routes are now being burdened with the literature of nearby mercantile firms, which clash effectively with gaudy pamphlet outputs of the big city "plants."

"Intensive retailing" is one of the names coined to describe the new system. In results it is claimed that it will beat intensive farming. Certainly the field is as yet raw, and if the inventors have read the American housewife rightly the reaping will be abundant.

For example, we'll say that J. B. Sellers is proprietor of the Beehive department store in Jokopolis, Ia. Far from being a beehive, his establishment has more resembled a deserted grotto or a cave of the winds. Mail order competition has cut heavily into his business. His former customers have been assailed by booklets filled with pretty pictures, tempting price figures and "selling arguments," which are as the song of the Lorelei against his own circulars, crudely printed and crudely composed.

The building of the interurban trolley helped him some, enabling farmers' wives to get into town and within reach of his attractive displays of "real goods." But the thrill of the pretty pictures is over them; also the idea of getting their garments direct from the big city. In turn the wholesaler in the metropolis feels the decline of sales in the Beehive. This is the natural effect, which pinches early. But now the wholesaler, like a husky big brother, comes to the rescue of Mr. Sellers and by the same blow resuscitates his own total profits.

The wholesaler, with money at his command and in close touch with the heart of things, is in a position to buy talent and brains. This he does, and soon the machinery which is to accomplish the checking of mail order competitors is in motion.

A procession of catalogues, posters, order blanks, "typewritten" letters and "follow up" communications begins to flow toward the clientele of Mr. Sellers in Jokopolis. Every one of his former customers, as well as prospective ones, receives a brand new consignment of merchandizing "literature."

This literature is even more attractive than any that has come before. At first the curious housewife is under the impression that another big mail order firm has obtained her name for its list.

Imagine her amazement when she observes that on the first page of the colored catalogue, right under the Newport girl and her bunch of orchids, are the insignia of the Beehive department store, Jokopolis. She is startled again when she receives a typewritten letter, addressed in her own name, inviting her to examine the stock of Chicago made garments now on display at the Beehive. It is all personal, and the word "you" is underlined.

Perhaps she puts off her visit to the Beehive through press of household duties. With a jolt she is reminded of her duty to herself and to the fashionable ensemble of the community by a second typewritten missive, which expresses deepest disappointment that she has not called and urges her, above all things, to be sure to pay her visit at the earliest possible moment. Before she has time to pin on her hat another envelope arrives containing "picture samples" of fall suitings obtainable at the Beehive. On her way to town on the car she picks up a newspaper and there notices a Beehive advertisement. But it differs from the usual dull announcement in thick, lanky type. An attractive "girl" picture takes up most of the space, and the announcement is couched in skillful, city department store English.

And that is the way Mr. Sellers succeeds in stirring up trade among the strongest adherents to mail order goods in his district. The catalogues and circulars he secures in big shipments from his wholesalers. Before these are sent from headquarters the address of the Beehive is printed on every one of them. Advertising "cuts" for newspapers and even lantern slides for moving picture theaters are supplied by the "big brother" in the city.



## KRESO DIP

STANDARDIZED

EASY AND SAFE TO USE

INEXPENSIVE.

### KILLS LICE

ON ALL LIVE STOCK.

DISINFECTS.

CLEANSES.

PURIFIES.

It has so many uses that it is a necessity on every farm.

CURES RINGWORM, SCAB,

RINGWORM, SCRATCHES

Destroys All Disease Germs

DRIVES AWAY FLIES

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SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS.

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MAKES GLASSES THAT FIT WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

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### KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Trial Bottle Free.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

### A Wrinkle Remover

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,  
Cady Block, 10 South Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

### The Thrice-A-Week Edition OF THE New York World

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly

No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The great political campaigns are now at hand, and you want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-A-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.

THE THRIE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 150 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENESE TRIBUNE together for one year for \$1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

### Farmers, Take Notice!

Many of you have old plow points, thrown 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 Heson's, Genoa, N. Y.

## OUR EARLY CURRENCY.

The First American Coins and the Series Struck at Boston.

The very earliest coinage that can properly be said to be "strictly American" was ordered by the original Virginia company in the year 1612, only five years after the founding of Jamestown. These coins were minted at Somers Islands, now known as the Bermudas. For a period of more than a quarter of a century after this, however, tobacco and beaver skins were reckoned as lawful currency.

In 1645 the assembly of Virginia met and declared that it "had maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a quoin (coin) would be to this colony and how much better it would be than a sole dependency upon tobacco and pelts." After this they provided for the coinage of copper coins of the denominations of two pence, three pence, six pence and twelve pence, but this resolution was never carried into effect.

The first coinage in America proper was the series of coins "struck" at Boston under the order of the general court of Massachusetts passed May 27, 1652, the coins being three, six and twelve pence denominations, "in forme flat and stamped on one side with the letters 'N. E.' and on the other the value of the piece."

## A MOUNTAIN RESCUE.

Presence of Mind That Stopped a Slide to Death.

On entering central Asia after a trip across India Major R. L. Kennell witnessed a rescue which was due to the quickness of decision and prompt action of a native. The story is given in "Sport and Life in the Farther Himalayas." The party had started to climb over the pass called Mintaka by moonlight. The cold was intense and the way slippery and uncertain.

No one having crossed the pass that year, the guide took a wrong line and led us across an ice slope that was concealed by snow. The first I knew of it was seeing his dim figure begin to slide downward, first slowly, then more rapidly. We were not roped, and as his pace increased it seemed that nothing on earth could save him.

Near the end of my line, however, carrying a load, was a man of Hunza, whose quickness to grasp the situation was only equalled by his resource. Dropping his load, he sprang out on to a projecting point of rock near which the man would pass, and as he slid by with the point of his native made ice ax he gaffed him in his loose clothing as you might a salmon. It was most cleverly and promptly done.

## "Fixing" the Ball Grounds.

Hugh S. Fullerton, the baseball expert, tells in the American Magazine of the queer ethics of the national game. He writes:

"Fixing" the grounds so as to give the home team the advantage and handicap the visiting players is the commonest form of trickery, yet in professional ball it is not considered wrong, any more than a commander of a defensive army would consider it wrong to prepare breastworks to meet an enemy. The extent to which the fixing of grounds is carried is amazing. There probably is not a major or minor league grounds in the country on which the home players have not the advantage, and visiting teams are forced to be on the alert from the moment they enter a field to discover, if possible, what they are up against."

## Athena the Seat of Learning.

It may be said unhesitatingly that the country which has produced the greatest men in literature and philosophy, art and architecture is Greece. In the little state of Attica—not much larger than Greater New York—true civilization and all that goes along with it were born. All that has been done since the "age of Pericles" has been simply the carrying out of the ideas, principles and methods laid down by the men who won Marathon and Salami, Plataea and Mycale. Galton, a high authority, does not hesitate to say that Athens and the little state of which it was the capital produced more first class intellects than have since been produced by all the world put together.—New York American.

## Rise and Fall.

A boy was driving along a road in Ireland a donkey and cart which belonged to his widowed mother when he was accosted by a snobbish young man, who, wishing to impress his cleverness upon a young lady who accompanied him, said, "Watch me take a rise out of this boy."

He shouted to the boy, "I say, do you think your mother would sell me that donkey?"

The boy took a good look at him and answered, "Do you think your mother could keep two?"

The smart young man didn't laugh, but the young lady did.

## 'Twas Ever Thus.

"Pa, what does it mean when you say that prices fluctuate?"

"It means, my son, that they go up and down. When it's something you've got to buy the price goes up, and when it's something you've got to sell the price goes down."—Judge.

## Her Dearest Friend.

Maude—I'm a little uneasy in my mind. Ned asked me to marry him, and I told him I might some day. Now, would you call that a promise?—Marie—No; I should call it a threat.

An indiscreet man is an unneeded letter. Every one can read it.—Chamfort.

## SPAIN'S NATIONAL ANTHEM.

"La Marcha Real" Was Composed by Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great was the composer of the Spanish national anthem. Frederick's ambitions were varied. He performed on the flute. He desired to be thought a poet. He quoted Latin, but his quotations would have made Cicero stare and gasp. During that remarkable friendship which existed between him and Voltaire the author of the "Henriade" exclaimed with derision, "See the dirty linen I have to wash," holding up Frederick's manuscript, which had been sent him to revise. In the field the great warrior carried about his own poems in his pocket and a bottle of poison, so that he should not be taken alive. Menzel's picture depicts the king with his flute, and Bach dedicated to him one of his compositions.

The story of the composition of the Spanish national anthem is full of interest. A little while after the conclusion of the Seven Years' war Frederick at a court reception to the surprise of every one produced a march which he had composed. The Spanish ambassador, both a musician and courtier, asked for a copy to send to his royal master, Charles III. That monarch admired the piece, and it was often heard at the Escurial. After a time it was laid aside and almost forgotten. In 1869, after the deposition of Isabella, Marshal Serrano instituted a competition among composers for a national anthem. Some 500 compositions were sent in, but none of them was so inspiring as Frederick's march, which had been exhumed from the archives. This was chosen and is today known as "La Marcha Real."—London Globe.

## SCHOLARS IN CHINA.

They Rule the Country Where All Foreigners Are Called Bores.

The scholars rule China today. Dress is of more moment there than in any other country, yet the scholar, although poor and meanly dressed, is received with honor by the highest in the land.

"The superior man" of the classics is the equivalent of the "good man" with us. This man, his character and his conduct are the constant theme of approbation. His virtue, his honor, his social relations, his manners in public and private, are carefully defined. His dignity is among his highest qualities and must be maintained at any cost.

In contradiction to the popular idea of dignity, however, the superior man will play battledore and shuttlecock with his feet and fly kites, while the boys, like old men, stand sedately by and look on. This he does as a method of instruction and to show the children how the superior man can relax when his high purpose is to entertain and educate the young.

To the Chinese the foreigner is a boor and a barbarian. It seems a hopeless task to teach him politeness. The Chinese wonders why the foreigner leaves his own country at all. Is it too small for him to make his living, or has he come to observe the superior people? If so he is to be commended. But, alas, what a boor he is!—National Geographic Magazine.

## An Oversight.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the famous theatrical manager, was present at a supper in London a short time ago where Signor Grasso was an honored and much feted guest. When the banquet was over and every one was departing, Grasso was so confused and carried away by the attentions and embraces which had been showered upon him that he thoughtlessly directed his taxi driver to drive him to the stage door of the theater at which he was playing.

"What on earth does he want to go back to the theater for at this time of the night?" asked one of those who were waving him adieu.

"Ah," said Sir Herbert Tree, "I expect he has forgotten to kiss the fireman."

## Fireproof Wood.

Though there are a number of different kinds of wood, ebony, ironwood, etc., of such close, hard fiber that even the fiercest fire has difficulty in "getting hold" of it, there is only one sort, so far as now known, that is practically fireproof. This is a small scraggy tree, a native of South America, called the shupala, with thick, tough, stringy bark full of a sort of fire resisting sap. This curious shrub grows largely on the great, grassy savannas, which are swept by fire almost every year during the heat of the summer. There it thrives splendidly, for the annual scourge kills off only its bigger and harder competitors and leaves the ground free for the growth of this vegetable asbestos.

## The Ship of State.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier once took a fall out of Sir Charles Tupper, for years leader of the Opposition, and Sir John Macdonald. Bantering them on their self praise for their own political services to Canada, he admitted that they had sailed the ship of state fairly successfully, adding: "Sir John was at the helm and supplied the brains, while Sir Charles supplied the wind. His blowing filled the sails."

## Not Long.

Binks (who ordered a pancake half an hour previously)—Er—I—say, will that pancake be long?  
Waitress—No, sir; it'll be round. Then he waited patiently another half hour.

We never desire earnestly what we desire in season.—La Rochefoucauld.

## What a Newspaper Means.

The following extract is taken from an address recently made before the Pecos Valley (N. M.) Press Association. It shows very clearly the pushing spirit that is building up our western States. Mr. George V. Johnson, local secretary of the association, said:

Whenever a village aspires to be a town, the first thing it asks for is a newspaper. The newspaper places the town on the map, and forms an appropriate piece of literature to mail out to give information to the outside world of the town's existence. It advertises its resources and attractive features, thereby assisting to bring in good citizens to help settle up and develop the community, to say nothing about the attractive feature of being a medium in which to give free publicity to church and lodge announcements, notices of holding picnics and give the local people an opportunity to see their name in print. However, after a newspaper is once started in a town or village too many people fail to give it just appreciation by taking advantage of the opportunity for advertising thus afforded and by keeping subscriptions paid up. The people of a community in this way determine the character of their newspaper. The newspaper publisher needs not only financial support, but he needs the moral support of the community as well. He likes to know that the people are with him in his efforts to boost for the community and that they appreciate his work. To the public I will say, stick by the newspaper man and he will stick by you to your advantage.

## Classic Central New York.

Here in Central New York we have our own peculiar problem. Some one with a devout admiration for the classics got in his work when the business of christening was going on in these parts. Authorities are in dispute as to who this person was. We shall not enter into that controversy, but merely call attention to the fact that in a country containing Apulia, Borodino, Camillus, Cicero, Delphi, Fabius, Manlius, Mycenae, Marcellus, Navarino, Pompey, Tully, Syracuse, Cincinnatus, Virgil, Homer, Marathon, Scipio, Hannibal and Venice, to say nothing of Joshua and Jordan, there devolves upon the resident citizenship an obligation to use pronunciation as shall honor the classic heroes and localities so carefully remembered by the pioneers. We have heard Apulia pronounced Apoolybe by the unthinking, and on the other hand, that honored Scriptural name Joshua, is now infrequently stretched into Joshua, which overdoes it in the other direction. And, by the way, just think how those classical names would sound pronounced according to the modern Roman methods.—Rochester Post-Express.

## Enough Theology.

"The church has enough theology to last until the Millennium. What we need is the old-fashioned sense of duty on the part of every man and woman, not of things to be gained but of things to be given," said Chancellor J. R. Day, of the Syracuse University, at the Ecumenical Methodist conference held last week in Toronto, Ont. It stands to reason that had the church been always true and faithful to its trust, had it retained its inborn power and pristine "sense of duty," not a saloon—or bar at which intoxicants are sold, to make a brother stumble—would today be open and doing business within the wide radius of its influence.—Ithacan.

## Too Many Saloons to Pass.

It was noticed that every pay-night the wife of a young mechanic went to meet him at the foundry gates, and taking his arm affectionately, walked home with him.

"What a beautiful sight it is to see you and your husband walking along so lovingly together!" remarked her tenderhearted landlady. "I suppose you are really very fond of each other?"

"Oh, we rub along pretty smoothly, Jim and me," the woman answered, with a slight blush. "But it ain't for love altogether that I takes that long walk every week-end, ma'am. When a man has thirty-three saloons to pass on his way home, with a week's wages burning a hole in his pocket all the time, it's just as well to keep a tight hold of his arm. Us workin' women have to realize that we've married men, ma'am, not angels."—The Crusader.

## Gum for Everybody.

Dan Doty of Malone, an Adirondack gum hunter, has finished gathering 1,300 pounds of spruce gum which he has found during the summer in the Adirondacks. The most he ever secured in one day was 20 pounds. He gets \$1.50 a pound for his gum from druggists.

## Striking Motto for Greeks.

The 1,500 naturalized Greeks in Syracuse have formed a club for teaching the young Greeks. "Better American Citizenship" is their motto. The same slogan would be equally appropriate for young Americans.

## "Special Message" to Women.

In the November Woman's Home Companion President Taft writes what might be called a special message to women on the arbitration treaties which, as everybody knows, are aimed at the destruction of war, but are objected to in certain particulars by the Senate. What the Senate's objection means, and how women can help to overcome it are set forth in an able editorial preceding the President's article. A portion of the editorial follows:

"Suppose two men enter into a contract by which they mutually promise that, in case of any serious disagreement, they shall take the issue to a court instead of fighting it out between themselves, and to abide by the decision of that court.

"This is exactly the nature of the President's Arbitration Treaties.

"But the Senate, or rather the majority of the Foreign Relations Committee of that body, wishes to reserve the privilege of deciding whether the disagreement is arbitrable after the disagreement has arisen.

"To the lay mind this is obviously vitiating to the spirit of the proposed Treaties.

"To use the President's words: 'If the Treaties are to do all the good we hope, they ought to bind us firmly when we do not wish to be bound. They ought to compel us to arbitrate when we would rather not submit the question to an impartial tribunal. An agreement which leaves the parties to arbitrate when it suits them is a pact that is written in water, and might as well not have been made.'

"This, then, is the meaning of the President's message to the readers of the Woman's Home Companion.

"You, the most intelligent body of women of the United States, if you will stand together in this thing, can wield more power than any legislative body in the world.

"You can stop the horrors and bloodshed of war, not only in this country, but in every country.

"You can divert the millions upon millions of dollars now being spent annually for destructive and defensive work to such legitimate constructive effort as the saving of babies, the prevention of disease, and the conservation and national development of our resources, and thereby contribute to the general welfare and happiness.

"You can prevent the Senate from carrying out its apparent purpose of removing from the Treaties the binding quality without which they lose much of their efficacy and usefulness.

"Now is the time to act. Every woman who reads this page should write to one or both of the senators representing her state in Congress, and urge that the Treaties be ratified. Every individual, every club, every church, every newspaper, every magazine, should use all possible means to induce the Senate to submit to public opinion, which in this case is unquestionably with the President."

## Dug-Drilled Wells Dangerous.

Almost any community in which wells have been drilled can boast of a number of combination dug and drilled wells. The owners congratulate themselves on their wisdom in utilizing an old dug well fifteen, twenty, or thirty feet in depth, and drilling through the bottom of this to a good flow of deep water. The cost of drilling that twenty or thirty feet has been saved, certainly an economy worth considering. As a matter of fact, this combined dug and drilled well is a particularly dangerous type. It may readily breed malarial fever or even typhoid fever, which is more prevalent in the country than even in the overcrowded cities, in spite of the supposed pure water supply of nearly all farming sections. Such a well is all the more dangerous because it is fancied to be safe. Although the water encountered by the deep well may be perfectly pure at the start, contamination may take place almost immediately by the entrance, especially after rains, of seepage water into the open well and thence into the casing of the drilled well. The remedies are obvious. Either the casing should be carried to the surface of the outside ground, or at least above the highest level ever reached by the water, or the open well should be converted into a water-tight system by applying a thick coating of cement over both sides and bottom.—(From Water-Supply Paper 223, United States Geological Survey.)

## Dolls Which Change Color.

The principal uses of cobalt in the United States are in making glass and pottery. A beautiful blue is given to glass by the oxide of cobalt. Sympathetic inks, according to a report of the United States Geological Survey, are made from cobalt acetate, chloride, and nitrate that are colored when heated or colorless when cold. This interesting phenomenon is due to the change in color of the salts on the absorption of water. When dry they are blue and easily seen on paper; when damp they are pink; and when dilute, colorless. A puzzling application of this principle may be in a doll whose dress is blue in dry weather but changes to pink when subjected to dampness, as in wet weather or when the doll is held in the steam of a tea kettle. Artificial flowers are made to show the same effect.

# EVERY MAN

About to buy Clothing should read these clothes facts; it concerns good clothes, and good clothing should always concern you.

Nearly every man wants good clothes and often times buys what he thinks, and is told to be a good garment. Time alone often convinces him of his error, but by trading here you are bound to be a winner for our perfect guarantee of absolute satisfaction is back of every article we sell.

Why not let us show you our season's offerings of Suits and Overcoats. It will not cost you a cent and you will then know what real goodness is?

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\$10 \$12.50 \$15 \$18 \$20

The range of styles, fabrics and patterns is marvelous. When may we expect you in?

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Outside High Rent District.

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A change for warmer Sleeping Garments will soon be desirable, and you will do well to look here for Quality which means Wear. We have a very large stock of

Women's Sleeping Garments

of Outing Flannel in white and colors at 50c, 75c, 85c, to \$1.50 and the prices on our

Men's Sleeping Garments

made with and without collars are 50c and \$1 and for the children we have

Dr. Denton's Sleeping Garments

made of Elastic Knit Merino, an undyed fabric that contains a small portion of wool, just enough to carry off the perspiration of the body. These garments vary in price from 50c to \$1 according to size.

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