

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXII. No. 29

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1913.

EMMA A. WALDO

M. KEMPER WILLOUGHBY, M. D.
GENOA, N. Y.

Office hours 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.
Miller 'Phone.
Special attention given to diseases of
digestion and kidneys.

H. E. ANTHONY, M. D.
MORAVIA, N. Y.

Office hours 7 to 8:30 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m.
7 to 9 p. m.
Miller 'Phone. Bell 'Phone.
Special attention given to Diseases of the
Eye and
FITTING OF GLASSES.

DR. J. W. SKINNER,
Homeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.
Special attention given to diseases of men
and children. Cancer removed without
cut pain by escharotic. Office at residence.

E. B. DANIELS
UNDERTAKER
Moravia, N. Y.

Telephone Connections for
Day and Night Calls.

R. W. HURLBUT,
Real Estate, Loans, &c. Farms and
Village Property.
P. O. Locke, N. Y.

FIRE!
E. C. HILLMAN,
GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.
Levanna, N. Y.
Agent for the following companies
Glens Falls, The Home, Fire Association
of Philadelphia, The Sun of London, The
Queen, and The Spring Garden.
Regular trip every thirty days.

Eye Trials of To-day.
Looking facts in the face is the
way the wise ones act. Those who
look another way at the trials of to-
day add to the sufferings of to-mor-
row. If your eyes are weak, if a
film covers over them, or they ache,
or burn, or bother you in any way,
don't delay in consulting me. I will
tell you what you ought to do. I
make a specialty of careful and
thorough eye examination. Fred L.
Swart, the eye fitter, 10 South St.,
Auburn, N. Y., Cady block, up one
flight.

J. WILL TREE,
BOOK BINDING
ITHACA.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Genoa, N. Y.

Rev. T. J. Searis, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
11 a. m., Preaching service.
12:05 p. m., Sunday school.
Y. P. S. C. at 6:30 p. m.
7:30 p. m., vespers worship.
Mid-week Service, Thursday evening,
at 7:30.
A Cordial Welcome Extended to all.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Glosses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Prevents hair falling.
Keeps the scalp cool.
Saves the hair from becoming
greasy and itching.
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

A WINTER
COAT

not only keeps cold out, but
conserves body-heat; body-
fat serves the same purpose,
it enables us to resist unsettled
elements and serves as the
great source of our body-heat.
Greater body-heat means
richer blood, more fat, not
obesity but fat which the body
consumes for warmth, vitality,
resistance-power—as a furnace
consumes coal for heat—
Scott's Emulsion does this.
A teaspoonful after each
meal makes body-heat
healthy, active blood—
sharpen the appetite and
makes all good food do good.
It drives out and keeps out colds
by raising endurance-power
and creating strength.
Respect substitutes for SCOTT'S.
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J., 13-14

From Nearby Towns.

Five Corners.

Feb. 11—Mrs. S. B. Mead spent today with Mrs. Mate Hill at Genoa. C. G. Barger was in Ithaca yesterday.

Mrs. Arthur Slocum of King Ferry entertained some of the ladies of the Genoa chapter, O. E. S., and other friends on Saturday, Feb. 1, in honor of Mrs. Luella Barger's birthday. It was a perfect surprise to that lady. She was invited to spend the day, but did not think of anything else. The room was decorated with golden ribbon, as that is her favorite color. The hostess did everything to make the day one of pleasure. We hope Mrs. Barger may see many more returns of the day.

Mrs. G. W. Atwater is recovering from a severe attack of the grip. Mrs. James McCarty spent last Sunday with Mildred Best, who is being treated at the Auburn hospital after a successful operation.

The Grange of this place, which meets Monday evenings at their hall, are serving lunches, each evening, consisting of three articles. At the last meeting, the committee for this arrangement set their tables and after the company was seated and anxiously waiting to know what was coming, and lo, there came pancakes and syrup and coffee. You ought to have seen the smiling countenances, especially the gentlemen's.

This place boasts of the most absent minded men. At the birthday party last Wednesday evening, a gentleman went out to hitch up his horse, and found he had another man's wagon. The same man put on one of his own four-buckle arctic and another man's one-buckle arctic. Now what do you think? He is a strict temperance man, too.

Another man has left his corn out all winter, lost a cow and then found it at home. What is Five Corners coming to? Be sure and vote for no license.

Miss Florence Todd is able to resume her school work at Ellsworth this week, after being detained last week by a severe attack of the grip.

G. M. Jump does not improve very fast.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webber of Syracuse and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Young of Auburn spent a few days last week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will White. Mrs. Young attended the Rebekah degree of the Odd Fellows given last Thursday afternoon. The Moravia staff assisted and a banquet was held in the evening.

Miss Mildred Best went to the city hospital at Auburn last week Wednesday for an operation. We learn she is doing nicely. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

The family of S. B. Goodyear are all ill of the prevailing epidemic.

Jay Brown of Ohio and Manley Beardsley of North Lansing spent last Saturday at S. B. Mead's.

The Ladies' Aid of West Genoa met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ferris last Friday. A sumptuous dinner was served to quite a large company. The day was a very cold one but that did not keep them away. All enjoyed the day and the dinner.

The many friends of Mrs. C. E. Lyon were saddened to hear of her death last week at her home in Richmond, N. Y.

Mrs. Albert Gillow is spending some time with her brother, Albert Chaffee at Genoa, who has been suffering with pneumonia.

Mrs. Rachel Sanford and Ella Albert have returned to their home here after spending several weeks with Ward Groom and wife in Auburn. Mrs. Sanford is quite poorly and under the care of Dr. Willoughby of Genoa.

Clyde Mead and wife of Auburn came last week Thursday to attend the meeting of the Odd Fellows. They returned to Auburn on the evening train via Short Line.

Will Ferris and wife have purchased a beautiful Angora kitten. They sent to Vermont for it.

The West Genoa Ladies' Aid society will hold a dime social at Jump's hall, Five Corners, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19.

Leon Curtis spent a day or so at Groton recently with his sister, Mrs. Lena Clark and family.

Claude Palmer took M. Swansbrough to the hospital at Auburn last Thursday. He fell and broke his limb and it was decided to have him taken there for care and treatment.

Vote for no-license.
Burr Stewart and wife of Trumansburg spent a day last week at Fred Swartwood's.

The birthday party which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Atwater last Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Eugene Mann's 50th birthday was a complete surprise to both Mr. and Mrs. Mann. Mrs. Earl Mann invited the large company and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mann thought of course it was an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Atwater. Mrs. Mann was awfully nervous during the first part of the evening for fear her husband would tell the company it was her birthday. Later in the evening she was presented with a beautiful set of dishes which her many friends had purchased. She was very much surprised and then she knew the party was for her exclusively. An elaborate supper was served. A very handsome birthday cake made by Mrs. Will Ferris was in the center of the large table where Mr. and Mrs. Mann and others were seated. The cake was made in pyramid shape. There were 50 small candles, all lighted, around the bottom of the cake and a bouquet of pansies in the center. The evening was pleasantly spent by the company with music and games. Some who were invited could not be among the company and they missed a delightful affair. When the company dispersed, all wished Mrs. Mann many more returns.

The annual election of officers of the L. A. S. will be held at the home of Mrs. Floyd Davis, Thursday, Feb. 20. Dinner will be served.

The death of Nathan Bower occurred at an early hour last Thursday morning of acute indigestion at his home near Ludlowville. A number from this place attended the funeral which was held at the Lake Ridge church Sunday.

Death has again visited our community and taken one of our oldest inhabitants. Mrs. Lydia Mason passed away on Thursday, Feb. 6, at the advanced age of 83. She had been ill for a long time with a complication of diseases. She will be missed by her neighbors and friends and in the home where she has been so faithfully cared for by her grand daughter, Mrs. Wm. Haines and family. The funeral was held from the home on Monday, Feb. 9, Rev. Haynes officiating. Burial in the Ledyard cemetery by the side of her husband who passed away several years ago.

The teacher and scholars of the Ledyard school have sent a fine collection of leaves to Cornell which will be on exhibition this week—Farmers week. Also a collection of different kinds of wood.

The Reading Club will meet on Wednesday with Mrs. Willard Aikin, and expect to go in a body on Thursday to Cornell where they hope to learn more of Home Economics.

The Ladies' Aid held a very enjoyable social at the home of Mrs. Kirkland recently. The district school was enacted and caused much merriment as well as the costumes which were of "Ye olden times." The next social will be held at Walter Corey's and a New England supper will be served on Feb. 21. All are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brightman were guests of J. D. Brightman on Sunday. Roy Holland is attending court in Auburn this week.

John Corey returned from Albany on Saturday where he had been in the interests of the state road. He reports a favorable outlook for the appropriation of money to extend the road to the county line of Tompkins.

Mrs. Haines of Genoa has spent the past three weeks with her son and family helping to care for Mrs. Mason.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Avery is under the doctor's care, also Mrs. Frank Main.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It relieves tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet, and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Over 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Our feed mill at the Genoa elevator is now ready for custom business. We can handle grain or ear corn. Will grind Tuesday and Friday of each week.
J. G. ATWATER & SON.

MONEY LOANED on good security and on short notice. THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

If you want to BUY, SELL OR RENT A FARM, consult THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Card of Thanks.
We wish to express our thanks and greatest gratitude to friends and neighbors, who so kindly aided us in our sad bereavement, and to those who sent flowers. Also to Rev. Mr. Allington for his words of comfort.
SUSAN BOYER AND OTHER RELATIVES.

We wish to express our thanks to friends and neighbors who so kindly aided us during the illness and death of our beloved grandmother, also to Rev. C. Haynes for his words of comfort and the choir for their singing.
MR. AND MRS. WM. J. HAINES,
Ledyard, N. Y.

Lansingville.

Feb. 10—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bower and Mrs. Milton Boyer were guests at Ray Smith's Tuesday.

A number from this place attended the party at Clayton Swayze's Wednesday night.

About ninety were present at the Ladies' Aid society and dinner held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orlando White Thursday.

Prayer-meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Burr Knox Tuesday night of this week.

John W. Smith has been very ill, but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whipple were guests of Chas. Bower and wife Saturday.

Wm. Tait and wife entertained A. Armstrong and family Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Baker is ill of laryngitis.

Mrs. H. B. Dean and Mrs. J. Casterlin are both ill.

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King Ferry.

Feb. 12—Michael J. Faanning, the Irish orator of Philadelphia, gave an interesting temperance address at the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning last. He was listened to by a large congregation.

Ed Havens returned to his home in Fleming last week.

E. S. Fessenden is quite ill with the grip.

One of Frank Brill's horses, while making his R. F. D. trip, became suddenly lame and it is thought a fractured limb is the cause.

W. H. Peckham has a new automobile.

John Morey of Five Corners was a guest this week of his sisters, Mrs. Julia Burgett and Mrs. Edna Greenfield.

Herbert Rafferty and wife will move on the T. C. McCormick farm, south of this place.

We believe the decided stand taken by THE TRIBUNE against license will exert an influence over many of its readers.

Miss Mary Fallon entertained about thirty of her friends Saturday evening. Games were played and refreshments were served. All had a very enjoyable time.

Miss Mary Callahan has returned from a visit in Ithaca.

Miss Margaret Badger returned to her home Friday night in Ithaca.

Miss Loella Baker is home after visiting at Groton and Cortland for some time.

Susan Boyer has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Chas. Sill, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ogdin visited at Wm. Starnes a few days ago.

Mrs. Jay Boyer and daughter, Edith spent Sunday at H. G. Hand's.

Mrs. Frank Hunter and daughter Bertha were callers on friends at East Genoa a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Starnes and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Boyer visited at Chas. Sill's Sunday.

Clinton Austin was in Ithaca one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Reeves visited at Henry Jacob's last Tuesday.

It is reported that John Dempsey has sold the old Sweazy farm to Wm. Haskin.

Scipioville.

Feb. 12—The Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church will hold a social at the parsonage on Friday evening, Feb. 14. All are cordially invited. Supper 15 cents.

Mrs. Lee Gray returned from Ulster Co., last week. She, with a sister and two brothers, accompanied the remains of her brother, Henry E. Brown, who died very suddenly of heart trouble on Jan. 30 at the home of his sister, Mrs. Stoyell Alley, near Cortland, while on a visit. The funeral was held at the home of his daughter in Rosendale, Feb. 8. He was buried beside his wife at New Paltz. He leaves a daughter, two brothers, four sisters and three grandchildren.

Edwin Casler and wife have been visiting friends in Rochester. They also attended State Grange last week held at Buffalo.

Mrs. B. L. Watkins has been quite sick at her home for the past few days.

Mrs. Lawton visited her daughter, Mrs. Isaac Hazard and family in Union Springs over Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Watkins and daughter are visiting at B. L. Watkins'.

Miss Harriet Hoff of Syracuse is visiting Mrs. Gaylord Anthony.

Miss Henrietta Ely was an over-Sunday guest of Harriet Buckhout recently.

Burr Saunders and wife of Auburn spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Strong.

No Backache or Kidney Pains.
If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, dizziness and lack of energy, try Mother Gray's AROMATIC-LEAF, the pleasant herb remedy. As a tonic laxative it has no equal. At Druggists, or by mail, 50c. Ask today. SAMPLE FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

If you want to BUY, SELL OR RENT A FARM, consult THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

East Genoa.

Feb. 11—David Bothwell is very ill. Mrs. Eugene Younglove is helping care for him.

Last Thursday Mrs. Helen Osmun had the misfortune to fall on the back of a chair and break one of her ribs. Charley Ogdin and wife of Cortland visited at Wm. Sill's recently.

Bert Smith made a business trip to Ithaca Monday.

John Smith and wife have gone to Ithaca to attend Farmers' Week.

Mrs. Fitch Strong spent Friday with her sister, Mrs. Frank Gillespie. Fred Bothwell and wife are visiting her grandfather, Ray Smith of Moravia.

Mrs. Henry Strong is in a critical condition.

Stephen Weeks and wife visited her parents Sunday at Scipio Center.

Oscar Tift and wife were callers at Frank Bothwell's Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Strong, formerly of East Genoa, died last Monday at her home in Trumansburg.

Venice Center.

Feb. 10—The weather of the past ten days causes us to think that there is some truth in the old saying that "winter will not rot in the sky."

The masquerade party held in the hall on Tuesday night, Jan. 28, was well attended and a general good time was had. The net receipts were \$61.30 instead of \$65 which was previously reported in an Auburn paper.

Mrs. Horton returned to her home in this place last week, after spending a little more than four weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Carroll Brightman at Merrifield. She is some what improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stewart of Fleming were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Kenyon on Sunday last.

Mrs. Wm. Cully of Homer is helping care for her father, Chas. Clark, who is quite ill with pneumonia.

R. J. Coulson had the misfortune to be seriously injured by a horse he was shoeing recently. In some way he was thrown to the floor and the animal trampled upon him, breaking some of the bones in his ankle and otherwise bruising him. He will probably be laid up for some time. Dr. Skinner is attending him.

J. F. Streeter, who has been confined to the house for a number of days with inflammatory rheumatism, is slowly improving.

Warren Beardsley is spending the week in Auburn, having been drawn on jury.

Mrs. S. E. Beardsley was called to Cortland the first of the week to attend the funeral of her cousin, Miss Etta VanBuskirk.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Shea, on Jan. 26, a 13 lb son.

East Venice.

Feb. 11—Walter Smith and wife spent several days in Moravia last week and attended the funeral of Nelson Sherman Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Taber visited at F. O. Whitten's Sunday.

Fred Austin went to Rochester Monday morning to see his wife who had an operation for goitre Thursday of last week. She is reported as doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Bothwell visited at Fay Teeter's Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Stanton, who has been very sick with bronchitis, is very much improved.

Mrs. Georgia Hodge visited her mother, Mrs. Downing in Auburn Wednesday of last week.

Fay Teeter is attending court in Auburn.

Cancer Caused Death.

Nelson E. Sherman, aged 57 years, died in Owasco Valley hospital, Moravia, Sunday morning, Feb. 2. Death was caused by cancer of the neck with which he had suffered for about two years. Mr. Sherman is survived by a sister, Mrs. E. G. Beaudier of Venice and two brothers, George Sherman of Venice and Leroy Sherman of Locke. The funeral was held from St. Matthew's church Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. W. S. Stevens officiating. Burial was made in Indian Mound—Moravia Rep.

SHENANDOAH



A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing, Founded on the Great Play of the Same Name

By BRONSON HOWARD AND HENRY TYRRELL
Illustrations From Actual Wartime Photographs by Brady

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CHAPTER V.
Grand Old Jack.

THE stunning successes of Jackson at Front Royal and subsequently at Cross Keys and Port Republic, on the Shenandoah, were achieved by a startling series of maneuvers, little understood by the world at the time, save that in a general way they meant that he "held one commander at arm's length while he hammered the other."

"I have seen grand old Jack rattled, for once," Captain Ellingham wrote his sister from Front Royal. "We were opposite Port Republic and the general, with a part of his staff, had crossed over the bridge into the town when the enemy appeared in force, with the evident design of attacking the town, destroying the bridge over the Shenandoah and thus cutting off our army and getting in our rear. Jackson sent some hurried orders to Taliaferro and Whider for the defense of the bridge, but before these could be executed the advance Federal batteries had opened fire and their cavalry, crossing the South river, had swept into the town and taken position at the southern entrance to the bridge."

"You see, the general had not completely cut off, and we didn't know it. They do say he met the emergency with the most audacious display of nerve and presence of mind that you ever heard of—actually rode toward the bridge and, rising in his stirrups, called out to the Federal officer commanding the artillery: 'Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here.' It fooled them long enough to enable Jackson to put spurs to his horse and dash on to the bridge at full gallop."

"Three hasty shots followed him, but they flew harmlessly over his head, and he reached our quarters on the northern bank in safety. And was he rattled? Well, at the moment of the scare I saw young Bob Lee (youngest son of General Lee, you know, who is only fifteen and left the university to join the 'Stonewall' brigade as a private) going down to the bank of the stream to fetch up some water. He had the big camp kettle slung over his shoulder, and I suppose the general in his excitement thought it was a drum, for as he flew past he shouted out to Bob: 'Hi, there, drummer, beat the long roll!'"

"That was a close shave, dear Sis. But I believe—and so do we all—that our 'Stonewall' Jackson lives a charmed life while he has this job of clearing the valley to perform, and nothing can stop him. Do you know what the Yanks call him? The 'ubiquitous Presbyterian.' It seems like a wild dream, as I look back upon what has happened since you and I parted at Richmond. Our great commander, whom we were rather inclined to poke fun at in the beginning and whose recklessness many distrusted a long while after that, has bowled over the Federal commanders as fast as they could be hurled against him—Banks, Fremont, Shields, Milroy, with subordinates like Blenker, Sigel, Steinwehr and other able soldiers defeated and the whole upper valley regained."

"Why, think of it—In three months he—may I say we?—have marched, I suppose, 600 miles, fought four pitched battles and seven minor engagements, to say nothing of the regular daily skirmishes. And we have defeated four armies, captured seven pieces of artillery, 10,000 stand of arms, 4,000 prisoners and any amount of stores, besides fabulous sums (as I hear) of cash money."

"What our adversaries' losses in killed and wounded foot up I don't know, but they could not have been small. Ours were less comparatively; but, oh, Gertrude, we have lost our Ashby. He fell in a moment of triumph, and his last words were, 'Virginians, charge!' I am sure his name will always be remembered and honored by the people of Virginia."

"He was not a Presbyterian, like Old Jack, but he was devout and childlike in his religious faith and a regular attendant at the services of the Episcopal church, which was the church of his ancestors. He may have kept himself a bit aloof from the vulgar camp fun or moments of abandonment, though no man was more frank and gay on the march or in bivouac."

"Is it worth those sacrifices? Gertrude, in spite of all our successes I wish this nightmare of civil war were

over and well over. But who can tell now when we shall be out of the woods?"

Washington, remembering Bull Run, had nervous prostration whenever "Stonewall" Jackson was reported in action anywhere within a hundred miles of the Potomac. For this reason it is probably historic truth to say that "Stonewall" Jackson saved Richmond to the Confederates in 1862—in the first place by diverting McDowell's army to the valley, in the second place by marching fresh from his own victories in that same valley to join Lee in the seven days' battle around the Confederate capital.

"I am going back home," said Gertrude Ellingham with determination. "I long to see the valley once more, and I can do just as much good at Belle Bosquet as I can here, perhaps more, now."

It was not because of the anxious outlook in Richmond, with McClellan's army almost within gunshot. On the contrary, that in itself would have kept her in the threatened Confederate capital had not stronger ties of both duty and sentiment drawn her homeward.

As Gertrude read in northern newspapers the accounts of the desperate fighting and of the suffering of Jackson's troops she exclaimed:

"Let them send the whole population of the north down here if they will, but they can never conquer us! When they have killed off our men we will shed the last drop of our own blood."

Captain Kerchival West of the Union army of southwest Missouri, as he read the account while alternately burning and shivering in the agree stricken camps of the lower Mississippi valley around Corinth, thought in feverish fancy that he could hear Gertrude saying just such words as these. Her hate, as he imagined it, was like his love—an unreasoning, all-consuming passion. He felt himself ominously fortified with the double strength of hope and despair, for love is a flame that feeds upon despair and takes a lurid halo of glory most of all when lavished wildly and in vain.

One sovereign solace he had, that he was wearing the blue and fighting loyally for the old flag in a campaign sufficiently remote from the valley of Virginia. After all, fate had been kind to him, he thought, as he recalled his farewell words with Bob Ellingham, at Charleston—was it ages ago or only a little more than a year back? "All right, Bob. I only hope we never meet in battle, that's all."

And then they both saddened as they added:

"Who knows?"

Who knew, indeed? What a tangled skein of lives it was, anyway! One thing was certain—he may have been glad he was not fighting in Virginia, and yet his heart was there all the time.

Meanwhile Gertrude's decision to leave Richmond and go home to the valley was put into execution with characteristic impulse. It was a bad time for such a journey. That made no difference about her embarking upon it, but it did lead to some very complicated and roundabout arrangements for the accomplishment of the trip.

Her Confederate war office friends, for reasons essentially their own, decreed that if she went at all it must be

by way of Baltimore and Harpers Ferry. For the last named barrier a Federal pass would be required, this to

be procured at Baltimore. And to get to Baltimore, by water, of course, it was necessary to run the Federal blockade.

But this would be comparatively easy under the plan agreed upon, by which Gertrude was to have a traveling companion—a mysterious southern mob—who knew the routes intimately and who seemed to be rather closely in touch with the executive departments at Richmond for one who confidently promised to arrange the little matter of Federal passes at Baltimore.

This young person—she seemed not over twenty—was introduced somewhat vaguely as Mrs. Smith. She was well dressed, fairly good looking and a bright talker, particularly with the men. Her self confidence was perhaps a trifle excessive; but then this would not come amiss for two unprotected females abroad in Dixie in wartime.

On the first stage of the journey overland as they stopped overnight at Petersburg Gertrude said to her fascinating roommate:

"Mrs. Smith, I have told you what little there is of interest about myself and my plans. I do so wish you would tell me something of your own adventures."

"I don't mind, my dear, now that we are off and on our way," laughed the other as she saturated a handkerchief with eau de cologne and washed her face with it. "By the way, my real name is Belle Boyd."

"Belle Boyd of the secret service?"

"Yes, honey child. That's what we are on now."

"But if they should suspect us after we cross the lines they would arrest and detain us, would they not?"

"They hang spies," Miss Boyd replied. "But I don't reckon they will get us. Of course I won't be Miss Boyd and you won't be Miss Ellingham from now on."

A civilian met "Miss Page and Mrs. Smith" at the Light street wharf in Baltimore. He took them to a Federal captain, and the captain sent them to his superior officer, General Fisher. Belle Boyd, now "Mrs. Smith," stated their case.

"We are southerners, general, and we wish to go south by way of Harpers Ferry," she said, handing him a note which the captain had given her.

He read the note, looked at the pair with a quizzical expression and then nodded his head.

"Very well, ladies. I will make out your passes, which will take you to General Kelly at Harpers Ferry. My jurisdiction ends there, but you will find General Kelly a courteous and considerate gentleman. Beyond that I can make no promises for him, you understand. If everything is all right,



General Joseph E. Johnston.

hold out at the hotel until I can telegraph to General Fisher. My orderly will notify you as soon as I hear from him."

"We will go back and wait," said Gertrude's companion determinedly.

They noticed among the groups thronging the tavern a half dozen gray coated Confederates who had been captured the day before. One of these, evidently an officer, paced restlessly up and down the room, while the guard kept an eye on him. He peered closely at the two girls as he passed them, and they returned his gaze with interest. Gertrude was wondering if she had not seen that face somewhere before, when suddenly, without stopping or turning his head, the man dropped these words in a stage whisper:

"Are you going south?"

"Yes," answered Belle Boyd like a flash.

At the next turn he muttered: "Take a word?"

Another affirmative.

"Get message to General Johnston at Richmond"—across the room again—"that you saw Captain Thornton here a prisoner."

Captain Thornton! Then it was Edward Thornton, Gertrude's Charleston acquaintance of a year ago fast spring.

"What shall you do?" she whispered Belle Boyd.

"That will depend on what they are going to do with us here," was the nonchalant reply. "I know this officer. He is an important man. If I can help him out I shall do so."

(To Be Continued.)

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"My real name is Belle Boyd."

why—you will be all right. You will have an escort as far as Harpers Ferry, and an officer will be sent this afternoon to your boarding place to examine your baggage."

The baggage searcher found them duly prepared and no obstacle came up to prevent the girls from taking the westward bound train on the Baltimore and Ohio road at noon the next day. Their escort was a flirtatious young lieutenant, whom "Mrs. Smith"—newly widowed for the occasion—engaged in an instructive conversation about Federal military matters, which lasted until toward sunset. The slow train drew up under the shadow of the frowning Virginia heights and heights of Maryland at the historic point where the Shenandoah river breaks through the mountain wall and falls into the Potomac—and they had reached their destination.

Evidently there was a riot going on in the little shanty town at the end of the long railroad bridge across the Potomac, where the old arsenal and the engine house which had been John Brown's fort lay close upon the railroad tracks, with dwelling houses, barracks and taverns straggling up the hilly streets behind.

They held a consultation in the parlor of a "hotel" full of drunken soldiers and decided to go out and make inquiries of any one who might seem sober enough to answer as to where they could hire a vehicle to forward them on their journey. All uncertainty was promptly dispelled—they could not get out of Harpers Ferry that night.

Meanwhile they had discovered that General Kelly's office adjoined the place where they had been marooned, as it were. They sought out the commanding officer, who received them courteously, heard them with wonder-



Harpers Ferry.

by way of Baltimore and Harpers Ferry. For the last named barrier a Federal pass would be required, this to



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Friday Morning, Feb. 14, 1913

LOOK ON THE CHEERFUL SIDE

After All, What is the Use of Letting Worry Get the Upper Hand in the Journey Through Life?

Did you ever cross a room while you were busy and worried and catch a sight of your face in the glass or window?

Nine times out of ten your jaws are set, your eyes are hard, and the expression of your face would discourage the most enthusiastic optimist in the world.

The next time you catch yourself looking like that, stop and ask yourself what under the shining sun are you sulking about.

Everybody has a sense of humor, or if they have not they should have; so call it into play at once and talk to yourself, and keep on talking until you begin to laugh at yourself and the great big trouble that made you look like a scowling dog. What will you talk to yourself about?

Oh, my merry little thing that once occurred in your life—some pleasant surprise, some happy day—anything will do.

This is no foolish advice I am giving you, for, seriously, there is more in this looking cheerful than you can dream of. It is not half as feeble minded as it sounds. Try it for a few weeks and prove it for yourself.

Don't overdo it, of course, but let your face express good will and cheer and comfort, and the first thing you know you will feel it.

You cannot entirely forget your cares; nor would it be right to do so. Every one has cares; they are good for us. The real God sent cares that test the strength of our souls—all of us have those, too; but let us meet them like real women.—Chicago Tribune.

UMBRELLA ALWAYS AT HAND

For Small Sum, Subscriber is Guaranteed Protection From the Sudden Shower.

The Belgians have just founded a company whose originality will be hard to beat. This is the Umbrella Lending Society.

The company has a capital of several million francs, and half as many umbrellas and its object is to save people from the trouble of buying and carrying these occasionally useful but cumbersome articles about when not in actual employ.

Subscribers pay \$1 a year, and are given an aluminum counter with a number. It is much easier evidently to carry a counter than an umbrella.

If the subscriber is caught in the rain all that he has to do is to go into the nearest restaurant, tobacco shop, or big store, and in return for his ticket he is immediately furnished with a respectable umbrella.

When the sun comes out again he enters the first similar establishment and deposits his umbrella in exchange for another counter.—Stray Stories.

Concerning Apple Pies.
 If you ask a man what sort of pie he will take, and he hesitates a moment, he is pretty sure to blurt out apple. That is always a sure thing. Custard, lemon, peach, blackberry, mince, all depend; there is always some doubt as to their manufacture and the quality of the concomitants; but with apple pie it is not so. Apple pie is itself; it regains its own right; it suggests no doubts; it is always safe. Therefore it will be gratifying news that the apple crop this year is a bumper. There will be a yield of 105,000,000 bushels. That will make about sixty pies to every man, woman and child in the country; and this will give an ordinary piece of pie to every inhabitant every day in the year. Was there ever a nation so highly favored that it could have apple pie for every person every day? Thus nature and enterprise kindly and bountifully minister to the taste of all the people.—Ohio State Journal.

The Going of Ulysses.
 A Kansas City man said he always preferred red-headed office boys to any other kind, as he had found them to be unusually sagacious and alert; but he discovered recently that some of them are too much so. One day, returning from a short out of town trip, he went to his office and mentioned interrogatively that Ulysses, his promising assistant, was nowhere in sight, and the stenographer replied that he had not shown up.

Lifting up the last mail on his desk he found a note addressed to him in a very familiar, broad, vertical handwriting.

"Dear Mr. Green," he said, "please accept my resignation to take effect yesterday. I got a better place with less work and more pay. Respectively
 'ULYSSES S. G. PARKER'."

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WORLD'S DEBT TO THE AGES

Modern Progress, Thoroughly Analyzed, Not So Much of an Improvement on the Past.

Not by a great deal are all the old-fashioned things admirable, but by no means are they all inferior and out of date because they are old-fashioned. The best of them we may strain all our modern resources to equal, and not do it. The best products of old-fashioned training and education are still models for contemporary seminaries. As far back as we can reach into the history of mankind we find great people, easily the equals, and often the superiors, of our very best in mental and moral qualities. Our good luck is not that we are superior to them in our human material, but that we have at our service an immensely greater accumulation of knowledge, mostly about material things. Thanks to that, we understand the laws of nature much better than our fathers did, and that has helped us to make wonderful machines, and put them to doing, after their fashion, what used to be done by fingers, brains, and brawn. But spiritually we got our highest inspiration two thousand years ago, and have been trying ever since to reach up to it; and mentally, though we use better tools, we are no better, surely, than Pythagoras or Aristotle or the author of the Book of Job and hundreds of thinkers who must have long preceded any of them.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Magazine.

SALLY'S LOSS, LONDON'S GAIN

How Maid Servant Lost Husband and Wealth and City Became Possessed of Fine Hospital.

That bequests to individuals and to public benevolences are frequently the result of a mere whim or of caprice, has no better illustration, perhaps, than the case of Thomas Guy, who built and endowed the great Guy's hospital of London, at a cost of £238,292 nearly two hundred years ago. Guy had a maid servant of strictly frugal habits, who made his wishes her careful study. He resolved to make her his wife. The necessary preparations were made for the wedding; and among other many little repairs were ordered by Mr. Guy in and about his house. The latter included the laying of a new pavement opposite the street door. It so happened that Sally, the bride-elect, observed a piece of pavement beyond her master's house that required mending, and of her own accord she gave orders to the workmen to do this. This was done in the absence of Mr. Guy, who on seeing more work done than he had ordered was informed that the additional work had been done by the mistress's orders. Thereupon Guy told Sally she had forgotten her position, and added: "If you take upon yourself to order matters contrary to my instructions before we are married, what will you not do after I renounce my matrimonial intentions toward you?" So Sally lost a rich and grouch husband and London gained a noble institution for her poor.

Woman's Story.
 A lady wrote to 25 friends and told them she was giving a "white elephant" party, and that each guest was to come and bring the absolute most useless thing she possessed. And the whole 25 women turned up with their husbands!

Another lady was giving what is called a book tea—each guest to wear, pinned on her dress, something to represent the name of some book. The name of each book had been guessed, with one exception.

The lady who still puzzled everyone wore a photograph of her husband on her bodice. No one could guess the name of the book she intended the picture to represent, and after they had all given it up" she told them—"Life's Handicap."

Grotesque Names for Children.
 Certain philanthropic Londoners have proposed a Guild of Godparents to save innocent children from the burden of grotesque names. Hundreds of examples of this poor form of parental wit occur in the birth registers for the past few years. Noah's Ark, Judas, Sardine Box, Jolly Death, Judas Iscariot Brown, One-Too-Many Johnson, Not-Wanted Smith, Bovril Simpson, Merry Christmas Piggett, Odious Heaton and Anno Domini Davis are the names of children probably living who will have to bear them through life.

Portuguese Jury Draw Lots.
 A new method of administering justice was applied recently at Villa Franca de Xira in Portugal.

A prisoner was charged with counterfeiting, and as the jury were evenly divided and could not agree they determined to draw lots. Two pieces of paper were procured, one was inscribed "guilty" and the other "innocent." They were then folded up, shuffled, and one was then chosen by a jurymen.

It happened to be the one inscribed "guilty," whereupon the prisoner was sentenced to the maximum penalty.

Legal Point of View.
 First Lawyer—I was looking over my boy's geometry lesson last night. I was quite interested in that proposition, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

Second Lawyer—That isn't very complicated.

First Lawyer—No, but I was trying to think what a man could do if he had the other side of the case.

TO DEAL DEATH IN SILENCE

Military Men Seek Devices That Will Do Away with the Noise Now Made by Aeroplanes.

Noise of battle has always been considered an indispensable part of warfare. It is, however, a thing unnecessary and undesirable. The efficiency of a gunpowder weapon is measured by its killing capacity. The more noise it makes the fewer it kills. The booming battery is like the rattlesnake. Audibly it warns of its presence. The snake that lies low and strikes silently claims the most victims. The Maxim silencer is intended to make guns less noisy and more useful in their specific field of activity. The quite noiseless gun would be more desirable than the wholly smokeless powder from the standpoint of the warrior. Now comes the complaint that the military aeroplane is deprived of much of its usefulness because of the tremendous noise of its whirling propellers. At night, when the flyers dart about above the darkened camps, their presence is advertised to the ear. In daylight they have to fly high to dodge bullets, at night they might swoop down low enough to gain accurate information were it not for the inevitable noise. Therefore the inventors are striving to devise a noiseless aeroplane. If noiselessness is desirable in warfare how much more is it to be sought in humdrum times of peace? The business of war is to destroy life, and noise is a handicap. The business of peace is to prolong life, and to make life happy, and noise is a still greater handicap. Cities are becoming saner. They are, by ordinance, putting the muffler on some kinds of utterly senseless clamor. But there remain many cacophonies that might easily be eliminated. Anti-noise societies should find cheer and comfort in the fact that even war is falling in line for their reform. War would seem to be the final stronghold of noise, and silent battles the last dream of the optimist.

DANGEROUS ONLY IN PANIC

Hippopotami Will Not Attack Man Unless Impelled by Unreasoning and Blind Fear.

The hippopotamus which attacked Sir John Kirk and Livingstone was, no doubt, a "bachelor." Speaking of the hippopotami of the Chobe, Livingstone says that, "as certain elderly males are expelled from the herd, they become sored in their temper, and so misanthropic as to attack every canoe that comes near them. The herd is never dangerous except when a canoe passes into the midst of it when all are asleep, and some of them may strike the canoe in terror. As a rule, these animals see the approach of man. The "solitaires," however, frequent certain localities well known to the inhabitants on the banks, and, like the rogue elephants, are extremely dangerous." Livingstone learnt that, when attacked by one, you should dive to the bottom and keep there a few seconds, since the hippo soon moves off if he finds nobody on the surface.

Odd Greek Superstition.
 The belief, illustrated in the ballad of The Bridge of Arts, that a human victim is required to insure the stability of a bridge or building survives in Greece today, J. A. Lawson says.

There is no murder now. It suffices to obtain, preferably from an enemy or an old person, a hair, nail paring, shred of clothing, old shoe or a thread or stick marked with the person's height or footprint, measure, and bury these beneath the foundation stone. The victim dies within a year, but the building is safe.

Even a shadow will do. Mr. Lawson was himself dragged back by a friend in Santorini so that his shadow might not fall across such a fatal spot; and the mayor of Agrinian told him that his four predecessors had all died from letting their shadows fall on foundation stones laid by them.

Gentle Reprimand.
 As a young woman attired in a neat blue suit entered a street car a man had buried in a newspaper, arose and offered his seat. With a curt nod the young woman accepted, and as soon as she had composed herself she became interested in the contents of her shopping bag. In spite of his apparent abstraction, the man with the newspaper watched her for a moment. Then, speaking hurriedly, he said:

"I beg your pardon, what is it—what did you say?"

The young woman lifted her eyes, and, seeing that she was addressed, answered coolly: "I said nothing, sir."

"Beg pardon, beg pardon," was the absent-minded answer. "I thought you said 'Thank you.'"—Milwaukee Free Press.

Life Under Pressure.
 The bed of the Arctic seas is very fine and plastic, while in the other zones of the Atlantic the bed is covered with reddish mud and an accumulation of the remains of animals that lived at the surface waters, died and slowly sank.

The pressure of these increases about one atmosphere to nearly every 33 feet, so every additional 130 feet adds the pressure of ten atmospheres. When deep-sea fishes are brought to the surface they lose their scales, their teguments become brittle, and they are so inflated by internal distension caused by the increased pressure that in many cases they burst asunder.

ALWAYS SUCH CHUMS

By NEWTON BUNGEY.

Denis Hewitt was lounging ungracefully but comfortably in a deck chair under the drooping branches of a blossom-laden chestnut tree when Mary Lidlard crossed the lawn, swinging a putter in her right hand.

Through his half-closed eyes Hewitt gazed at her critically, and he could not help admitting that she made the fairest of pictures. The breeze caught her curls, and with the sunlight turned them into a shimmering sea of gold. A simple, well-cut gown of some soft, white material showed the grace of her figure as she walked. Her eyes shone with an unmistakable light as their gaze fell on Hewitt.

"Tell me again that you love me, Denis," she whispered.

"I love you, dear," he answered.

"I shall always be hearing you say that," she said in low tones later as she turned to go into the house to pack for a few days' visit at a friend's house. "You'll write to me often, won't you, Denis?"

Hewitt winced as though he had been stabbed. Several times he had thought that while she was away he would write and tell her the truth—that he did not love her. But he was too much of a coward to tell her to her face and see those deep blue eyes grow heavy with misery.

Somehow it seemed quite a natural thing for a man to love a woman and she not to love him, but for a woman to love a man who did not care in the same way for her—it seemed nothing short of brutal.

At length in one of her letters Mary wrote the following paragraph: "I can't help thinking, Denis, that your letters seem as though they are written with an effort, and it makes me fear that what I have thought before is really true. It seems dreadful to doubt you, dear, but it would be more dreadful to let matters reach an irrevocable stage and then to doubt."

"We have always been chums, Denis, and now we are promised for something deeper than friendship. Can you say from the bottom of your heart that this is what you desire?"

"Perhaps I am wrong in doubting you; but if I am not, oh, please do not hesitate to say so. Don't think you will be doing the right and honorable thing by masking your real feelings."

How had she guessed? He had tried so hard to be all he was supposed to be.

He wanted her, and yet there was something missing, and she had recognized it.

He felt so ashamed of himself, so ignominious. He would have given the world to have been able to answer Mary's letter as a true lover would have done, but instead he wrote:

"You were right to doubt me, Mary. There is no woman on earth I care for like you, but it is not the love a man should feel for his future wife. It is cowardly to fly to excuses, but I shall always feel that our parents were responsible—they rushed us into the engagement."

"What will you think of me, Mary? We have always been such chums, and now I am refusing the best gift that the world could give me. It makes me feel so mean and contemptible, dear; but, as you say, it will be better to sever while we have the chance."

"I don't suppose you will see me again for a long time. I shall go away somewhere—I don't care where—but I feel that I want to hide."

He walked down to the village post-office and posted the letter himself. Then he turned away and walked slowly down a lane, his head bent in thought, trying to picture the future without Mary.

He slept badly that night for thinking of Mary. He began to feel that, though they were not to be husband and wife, he did not want to lose her.

Next morning he thought of her reading the letter, and he felt he would have given anything had he not written it or been able to regain possession of it ere it reached her hands.

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a servant with a telegram. Tearing it open, a groan broke from his lips as he read:

"Come at once. Mary ill."
 "LIDLARD."

And in that moment Denis Hewitt knew he loved Mary, and hastened to her bedside.

He seemed to wait an eternity outside the door of the room. He did not see the nurse who watched him curiously, and he scarcely saw Mr. and Mrs. Lidlard as they came out of the room.

Then he entered, his gaze riveted on the thin, white face framed in a mass of golden hair.

"Mary," he said huskily; "oh, Mary!"

Then he stumbled forward and knelt at the bedside, holding her frail hand and gazing beseechingly into her eyes.

"I'm glad you've come, Denis," she said.

"I wanted to see you so much."

Then that half-wistful, half-puzzled expression came into her eyes as she gazed at him, and he winced.

Still holding her hand, he rose to his feet, and as he did so his gaze fell on the table alongside the bed. On it lay some letters, unopened, and one of them was his.



(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

CAUSE OF CRIME AND MISERY

More Wickedness Attributable to Liquor Traffic in United States Than Any Other Source.

(By REV. JESSE HILL, Portland, Me.)
 There are three decisions of the United States Supreme Court which we need to keep with us.

1. In the case of Crowley vs. Christensen, 137 U. S. Reports 86: "The statistics of every state show a great amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these liquor saloons than to any other source."

It is undoubtedly true that it is the right of every citizen of the United States to pursue any lawful trade or business, under such restrictions as are imposed upon all persons of the same age, sex or condition.

2. In the case of the state of Kansas vs. Ziebold and Hablin, 123 U. S. Reports 623-662: "We cannot shut out of view the fact within the knowledge of all that the public health, the public morals and the public safety may be endangered by the general use of intoxicating drinks."

3. Once more, in the instance of the license cases in the 46 U. S. Reports 573-632: "If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States (because of prohibition) from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer a thousandfold, in the health, wealth and happiness of the people."

You may not send a letter through the postoffice to exploit a gold mine if there is no gold in the mine, because the United States must protect its citizens from imposition. You may not send a newspaper through the mail with the advertisement of a lottery, because society must be protected from those who get something for nothing. But you may open a saloon and grant to a man "letters patent of state ignobility and decorate him with a cross of the national legion of dishonor—knighted, as it were, to be the drum-seller to the sovereign majesties of the state in which you live."

SALOONS OF NEW YORK CITY
 Gotham Holds 30,000 Government Permits to Sell Intoxicating Liquors—Saloons Number 13,000.

New York city holds 30,000 federal licenses, or government permits to sell liquor. Her saloons number 13,000. She has plenty of hotel bars and wet grocers, and plenty of drug stores. Nevertheless, all of these added together leave thousands of licenses for blind pigs and hole-in-the-wall concerns. Her police alone cost more than the money she receives from her drink traffic, and her charities, dollar for dollar, outcost her liquor revenue. Her hospitals and correction houses are full; her jails are overflowing; her courts never close; and she nearly fills Sing Sing with her prisoners alone. That's the way New York city makes money!

Level-Headed.
 A handsome young fellow, but given to drink, thought himself in love with a beautiful girl.

She came into a friend's room one night and said: "John proposed to-night. He went down on his knees and said I was the only power on earth that could save him, and that if I did not consent to marry him he should fill a drunkard's grave."

"What did you say?" asked her friend.

"Well," she replied, "I told him that I was not running a Keesley Cure, but if he really wanted to be saved I could give him the address of several which I had heard highly recommended."

That girl was level-headed.—Northwest White-Ribbon.

Never Before.
 Never before so many children in school learning the evil effects of alcohol and narcotics.

Never before so many people refusing to take alcoholic medicine.

Never before so many temperance sermons being preached.

Never before so much unfermented wine used at sacrament.

Never before the brewers so persistently advertising their beer as pure, their beer healthful, their beer clean.

Something has happened and the liquor sellers know it.

Saloons in New York.
 New York has more saloons than all of the states south of Mason and Dixie's line combined. She pays for them \$7,000,000 (75 per cent. of which are drinkers), and 1,300 deaths a year from alcoholism.

No Use for Drinkers.
 Out of 307 business men, taking them just as they came, 97 told a reporter in California that no drinking man need apply to them for work as long as they could get non-drinking employees.

The Question.
 For sure as the morning follows the darkest hour of night, No question is ever settled, Until it is settled right.—Bill Wacker, Wm.

THAT LOVELY FROCK

By LUCILE CAMPBELL.

Thursday morning Louise Erwin dropped in on her way downtown and told me that she was going to try on a frock that she had seen at one of the stores.

"I've about made up my mind to buy it, if it is still there," she said, "for it is very stylish and pretty and is a good bargain besides. It is only about half what it was earlier in the season when I first saw it and I think it will be becoming to me."

"How would you like the benefit of my advice," I asked, laughingly. "I've a notion to go with you and give you an expert opinion."

"That's very good of you," said Louise.

So, an hour later, Louise stood before me with a childishly pleased and expectant look on her face. Although she is two years older than I, Louise often seems ridiculously young and inexperienced.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she asked, glancing into a long mirror complacently.

"It's quite pretty," I replied, "but aren't you afraid that chiffon tunic will be quite out of style next fall? That sort of thing has been worn so much this winter that probably it will be dropped altogether."

"You know I don't try to keep up with the fashions," said Louise. "If I can get something that is pretty and becoming I don't care whether it's the latest thing or not."

"Well, of course, if you don't mind being a back number," I began.

"This is the latest design," I interposed the saleswoman, "and it will be good style for as long as any one would wish to wear it."

"But my friend wears her things longer than most persons," I explained, "and I don't like to see her get something that isn't especially becoming."

"Why, don't you think I look well in this gown?" Louise asked, rather sharply. She appeared to be vexed because I did not rave over the gown.

"Well, you know, dear, an overdress effect like that is apt to make a person look rather stout," I explained.

"I think one should be particularly careful not to wear anything that adds to the size. Still, if you like it and if you don't mind looking rather large, get it by all means."

"I certainly don't want it if I'm going to look like a mountain in it," Louise began to take off the frock very crossly. "I suppose you haven't anything else that would suit me?" she turned to the saleswoman.

"Nothing at this price that is nearly so beautiful. You see, this is one of our imported models. I don't understand how it happened to be marked so low. I can show you something less dressy."

"No, thank you, I want a really handsome costume," said Louise, looking regretfully at the soft folds of silk and chiffon. Then as we left the store she asked me: "What are you going to wear at our Dix Amies reception Saturday night?"

"Oh, I don't know yet," I replied. "I usually wait till the last moment to decide."

"I had thought of wearing that gown. I do wish it had been all right for me."

"It's too bad that you are disappointed," I said, sympathetically. "But surely there's no occasion for any special dressing at our Dix Amies reception. You will look nice in any of your pretty little frocks."

Saturday evening I was taking off my wraps at the reception when Louise came toward me in a nun-like gown of gray.

"You see," she said, "I took your hint to dress plainly and—"

Then, looking at me in astonishment, she exclaimed, "Why, Lucille, what have you got on? You don't mean to say that you bought that lovely frock you wouldn't let me get?"

"I laughed gently. 'You were a free agent, Louise,' I replied, 'and as you decided against the frock it occurred to me that perhaps I could use it, so I went back to the store yesterday and found that it fitted me perfectly. Then I thought I might as well wear it tonight.'

"Weren't you afraid of looking stout in it?" she asked in a really unpleasant tone.

"Oh, no, I have no reason to worry about stoutness," I returned merrily, for I always try to overlook Louise's little exhibitions of temper. The poor girl has such an unfortunate disposition.

Carl Bates and Arthur Knight both complimented me upon my appearance. It is always worth one's while to dress well.

Lacking.
 An old Englishwoman, who was extremely stout, was making vain efforts to enter the rear door of an omnibus. The amused driver leaned over good naturedly, and said in a confidential tone:

"Try sideways, mother; try sideways!"

The old woman looked up breathlessly, and replied:

"Why, bless ye, James, I ain't got no sideways."—Youth's Companion.

Might Have Been Worse.
 Gen. Daniel H. Sickles, on the occasion of his ninety-second birthday, said of contentment:

"When an old man sits down and dreams of what he might have been, there's a good deal more contentment in looking down than up."

Good Advice.
 Wills—Papa, Papa was just hit by a ball.
 Papa—All right, Willie, telephone for a doctor.—The Pall Mall.

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SAW FALL OF PAGAN ROME

Stones of the Coliseum Immortalized Today the Triumphs of a Christianity That Lives.

Christianity is crystallized in the Coliseum and St. Peter's. In the former by the triumphs of the martyrs; in the latter, by the dedication of art to the worship of God, writes Bishop Gilmour.

Come with me along the Via Sacra, past the Forum and the Arch of Titus. But a step, and we are at the Coliseum, pressed in between the Celian and Palatine hills, the Arch of Constantine and the Temple of Venus.

As we enter, the moon has risen, giving a weird appearance to the scene, as we see its shadows flit, dissolve and lose themselves amid the arches of this mighty ruin. Amid broken arch and column and vaulted corridor, terrace rises upon terrace till the blood curdles and the hair stands on end. Memory is busy and hurries us back to when Christian martyr and gentle maid stood within the vast arena to die for Christ.

The emperor is there; the nobility of Rome is there; tier upon tier is densely packed; the wild beasts paw their cages, impatient for the feast; one hundred thousand voices shout, "The Christians to the lions!" A spring, a growl, a quiver and another hero has gone to God. Every brick, and stone, and grain of sand in this mighty ruin has been sanctified by the blood shed there. Here a Felicitas and Perpetua, a Cyriacus and Pancras died; here Rome brutalized herself, and within these walls strove to crush out truth.

Here Pagan Rome fell and Christian Rome rose. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church.

GOOD WORD FOR THE OYSTER

London Lancet; Always Pessimistic, Comes Forward With a Surly Meed of Praise.

When the Lancet, representative of the medical profession of Great Britain, says anything good about anything, it is listened to with emotions of mingled surprise and respect. Some one has remarked that every time he picked up the Lancet he discovered he was doing something right along, or taking something that was surely killing him. It has a good word for the oyster just at the time when that apparently innocuous edible is exciting the scrutiny of our always feverish advisers, the bacteriologists. This distinguished, if usually alarmist, authority declares that the oyster is a "tonic of the first order, and a complete food, most beneficial to weakened patients and those in whom appetite is deficient." Clinical results of a most favorable nature are reported where oysters are given to persons suffering from tuberculosis. If oysters are indicated for the diet of persons in the state described, they must be wholesome for the rest of us.

There was never any doubt about this, of course, before nervous bacteriologists sought to fill us full of fear instead of oysters. He was a brave man who first ate one raw, according to the philosopher of the breakfast table; and now the bacteriologists challenge our courage. The Lancet's commendation should help to sustain timid souls at this crisis.—Providence Journal.

The Angelus.

I've been reading a life of Millet and was struck with his poverty at the time he painted "The Angelus." When one considers how the pictures may now be found in countless homes in this and every country, it seems incredible that Millet had trouble selling the original. All his clients heated, until at last a Belgian diplomat was persuaded into buying it. About this time Millet wrote, "We have wood only for one or two days. They will not give it to us without money." Better times were ahead, however, and the wonderful pictures eventually brought Millet at least a living. He is said to have named "The Angelus" in this way: A friend was looking at it for the first time. "What do you think of it?" said Millet. "I hear the bells ringing. It is the Angelus!" was the immediate answer. "It is indeed!" said Millet. "I am contented. You understood it."—New York Press.

She Was Doing Press Work.

A young woman who was acting as newspaper correspondent at a fashionable hotel did not consider herself a reporter and never referred to herself as such. In talking with one of the women guests she spoke of doing "press work" for the hotel.

The woman hesitated a moment, then said: "Don't you find it hard?" The girl, thinking how much help her little typewriter had been, replied: "Oh, no, I have a machine."

Another pause, then the bewildered guest put her question: "Do you do the work in your room or in the laundry?"

The young woman is trying how to make up her mind just what she had better call herself.

The Man To Be Pitted

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—1 Cor. 15:19—"If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable." (Revised Version.)



A prominent pastor in Chicago recently said that he was troubled because in these days Jesus is so popular. Christian, Jew, Socialist, political reformers, and promoters of almost all religious cults, constantly sing his praises. On the face of it this looks to be greatly to the credit of Jesus, but the text announced (and it does not stand alone as to the sentiment expressed) calls a halt and asks for serious thinking.

Hope in Christ is the thing under consideration, hope for the individual through the influence or mediation of Christ. The word hope, expressing even an abstract idea, lures us, and rightly so. There is nothing that sustains man better than hope, and Christian hope is well put into the category with faith and love, as forming the great trio of Christian graces. In view of this hope in Christ what expectation of relief and rescue from disaster, and what positive assurance of satisfying happiness may we have?

But it is the step forward that brings us to the place of more serious thought, even of deep concern—"If we have only hoped in Christ in this life," bringing before us the place of realization of our hope in Christ. If those hopes end in this life, we are of all men most pitiable. The heart of the pastor referred to was moved because he realized that in these degenerate days, as far as real religious thinking is concerned, the hopes in Christ are those that are to be realized in life quite exclusively. What does a man get in Christ? The popular answer is: amelioration of sad social conditions, better prospects for success in the vocations in life, respectability, and easy life experiences. Jesus is held up as one to be patterned after with respect to purity of conduct, as one uttering easy things such as the beatitudes and the golden rule in the Sermon on the Mount, yet without any reference to the context. This is even done in the propaganda of some of the modern religious movements that have been heavily financed and have been prosecuted with wide and extensive advertising, banquets, and with mutual admiration of those participating regardless of their adherence to "the faith that was once for all delivered to the saints." In such propaganda there is practically nothing said about anything that accrues to men beyond this life, it being considered almost an insult to modern culture to intimate that men and women need anything that is suggested by the sufferings at Calvary, or the opening tomb.

Probably few would reject the proposition that the gospel must be preached, but how far from the gospel as suggested in 1 Corinthians 15:3, 4, is much that is now called the gospel! As to following Christ in this life, where is the promise that the undertaking will be one of ease and comfort? Those who know the Bible do not forget that the yoke of Christ is easy and his burden is light, but they do not see that in any sense there is a modification in this fact of the life-fare of those who follow Jesus—suspicion, poverty, sneers, persecutions, and even death itself. That the Christian has in this life more than enough to satisfy him as to his hopes in Christ is readily admitted, but it is not in this life that those hopes are to be chiefly realized. A casual reading of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians shows that the great subject of Paul in that chapter was the resurrection of the Christian from the dead, the future clothing of this mortal body with immortality—that is the object of the Christian's hope in Christ.

We note that Paul says that those who have hoped in Christ only in this life are most pitiable. The enemy of their souls has deceived them into believing that religion is for this life only, and they grasp it for such life benefits, when as a matter of fact before the Christian is held the glorious certainty of resurrection from the dead with a body that is incorruptible, spiritual, powerful, glorious and heavenly. Man is to be pitied because he lacks good judgment in choosing that which is inferior rather than choosing that which is infinitely superior, and which is offered to him gratuitously.

Units.

I have always supposed that a man's life is a unit and that it must be judged not in spots, or in parcels, or in sections, but as a whole.—Rev. R. F. Coyle, Presbyterian, Denver.

Facts.

The man who deals with facts is beginning to see that religion is the ultimate and fundamental fact.—Rev. N. Reynolds, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

SHE HAS A GRIEVANCE

By MARY BAILEY.

"Wouldn't I like to get my hands on that landlord, though!" ejaculated Mrs. Regan, with deep yearning. She stood conversing across the low railing that divided her back porch from the next one in the Garibaldi flats. "Wouldn't I, just! Him talking so smooth and pleasant and nodding his head: 'Yes, Mrs. Regan.' 'Certainly, Mrs. Regan!' as though his mouth was full of butter!"

"I was just going through the basement of the laundry, when I saw him talking to the janitor and the janitor calling him Mr. Phelps as polite as could be. It flashed over me here was my chance."

"I went right up to him when I heard the name. 'Are you the Mr. Phelps that owns the building?' says I. 'Are you the landlord?' 'Yes, madam,' says he, kind of startled like. 'Mr. Kelly, the agent being sick, I thought I'd come around myself and have a look at things.'"

"Well," says I, "I'm glad to have a few words with you. Not wanting to say anything against any one when he's not here, I won't tell you how that man Kelly has deceived and brow-beaten me and said 'yes' and acted 'no' to a few simple little requests I had to make. If that man Kelly was to be asked his own name point blank he'd say it was Jones just because he hates to tell the truth!"

"Look at my gas stove!" I says. "No," I says impatient, for Mr. Phelps looked around the basement kind of wild, as though he expected to see the stove there among the laundry tubs. "It ain't here, but I'll be glad to show it to you! Here am I, working myself to skin and bone trying to keep the nickel on that stove bright and the looks like old junk." And he up and says he won't furnish a new one because this was new last year. And me asking him polite and gentle for new shelves in the pantry every time I've laid eyes on him, and him saying he'd see about it and he hasn't! These shelves are two inches too wide for any shelf paper and I'm a neat woman and I don't like dust over next the wall, even if it doesn't show!"

"Now, I put it to you, Mr. Phelps," I says, "is that any way to treat a tenant as pays prompt each month?" "No, no, indeed!" Mr. Phelps answered, breathless like. "If you'll excuse me—"

"Just a minute," I says, taking him by the arm. "While you're here I want you to come upstairs and look at the wall paper in my parlor. I've had Mr. Kelly look at it every time I've seen him and he's agreed that I should have it done over and then he doesn't do it! Of course, I picked it out when I came in and that was all right, but how did I know my daughter Mamie was going to get a craze to have her hair dyed that reddish tint? You can see for yourself, Mr. Phelps, how red hair won't go at all with this pinkish paper. Mamie has an artistic temperament and she says every time she has to come into this room it makes her feel faint and she is neglecting her piano practice something shocking just because she can't stand her hair next to this paper."

"Henry Dilbeck, the plumber around the corner," I says, "is paying particular attention to Mamie and, goodness knows, she may lose him, feeling so awful about the paper and not being able to concentrate her attention on him as she ought, men being so keen on being made a fuss over! Any man with a heart, Mr. Phelps, I says, 'would feel sorry for Mamie and not let the price of a few rolls of paper spoil her life, poor girl!' Though I don't see why she picked out that shade of red for her hair, even if it is stylish. When will you send the paperhangers, Mr. Phelps?"

"He said at once that he'd see and started to go, but I stopped him. I said that besides the gas stove and the paper and the pantry shelves I wanted the floors done over and new window shades and new gas fixtures in the dining room like they have at Mrs. Casey's in the next street, and that there ought to be a new carpet down the front stairs. All he did was nod and say 'yes' and agree with me and I told him that he was a gentleman with sense and Kelly might well take a lesson from him."

"When I was opening a closet door to show him where I needed new hooks he opened the front door and slid out."

"I waited and waited a week for the paperhangers and the new stove and things and nothing happened, and then I looked in the telephone book and called up Mr. Phelps' office. No dealing with that Kelly for me when I can get the owner!"

"What do you suppose I got? Some snip of a girl says: 'Mr. Phelps left word to tell Mrs. Regan that he'd gone to the middle of Africa for ten years and was likely to be delayed gettin' back and for Mrs. Regan to please see Mr. Kelly!'"

"Kelly! You can't trust any of 'em, says I. But wouldn't I like to tell Mr. Phelps what I think of him? He's worse'n Kelly!"—Chicago Daily News.

Fit for Tat.

In one of his witty Thanksgiving addresses Senator Dewey once said: "Our forefathers went to Thanksgiving service on Thanksgiving morn with blunderbuses on their shoulders and both eyes peeled for Indians—and at that got many an arrow wound on route, and left many a scalp behind."

"It is no longer thus. There's truth in the little boy's dictum. 'Pa,' said the little boy, 'did the Indians settle America?'"

"Yes, my son."

"And then, pa, we settled the Indians, didn't we?"

TIME FOR HIM TO DEPART

Youthful Lecturer, at a Loss to Know What Next to Do, Had to Be Given Strong Hint.

A young author and critic, who had made to be an authority upon a certain modern phase of education, went a few days ago to deliver his first lecture at a girls' school. He had lectured before, but never at a "young ladies' seminary;" and as two white-frocked, curly-haired ushers led him out to the platform, and he sat down beside the matronly principal among the women who made up the faculty, and faced a sea of girls' faces, he was young enough to feel a bit of embarrassment himself. It was rather difficult at first, but once the lecture was started things went all right.

He finished what he had to say and sat down. The audience and the matronly principal and the women who made up the faculty clapped their hands enthusiastically. Then the applause died down and silence settled upon the lecture hall. The young man sat on waiting for some one to say something, dimly conscious that a move of one kind or another was expected of him. But his lecture was finished; he had said all he had to say; there were no questions from faculty or students. A few of the girls began to fidget, but no one spoke.

The young man became unpleasantly aware that he was expected to do something and to do it at once; but he did not know what to do. He reflected miserably that he did not know the etiquette of a girls' school anyhow. And then there was a signal from the principal and a move in the audience, and the prettiest of the two girl ushers approached him, a little shy, determined to do her duty. "I'm so sorry, Mr. B.," she murmured, "but I'm afraid you'll have to—you'll have to start right this minute if you want to make your train!"

OIL FOR JAPANESE UMBRELLAS

Seeds of the Rubber Plant Furnish Material for Peculiar Outfit of the Island Empire.

The vegetable oil used in making paper umbrellas in Japan is pressed out of the seeds of the rubber plant. This oil is made in the various islands famous for oil and seeds from these plants. Sandy ground is favored for the cultivation of the plant and the oil is extracted from the seeds by presses. The yield of seeds is estimated at 20 bushels an acre.

The annual production throughout Japan amounts to 350,000 bushels, from which over a gallon of oil a bushel is extracted. The oil before it is used is boiled and then cooled until it can be applied by hand to umbrellas with a piece of cloth or waste. No machinery or tools are used in applying the oil. When the oiling is completed the umbrellas are exposed in the sun for about five hours. This oil is also used in making the Japanese lanterns, artificial leather, printing ink, lacquer, varnishes, oil paper, and paints.—Scientific American.

Chair Built for Tramps.

Of late Bingham, Me., has been able to say that it had fewer tramps than any other town of its size in the state. The reason for this is a "tramp chair." This chair is made in the form of a common upright chair of strap iron, but is encased, the door being made of the same strap iron material. It is on wheels, and can be moved to any part of the town. Not a great while ago a tramp went to the village, and there being no lock-up there, the officers had occasion to take care of the man, and he was put into the tramp chair. It is not known how long the tramp stayed there, but at least long enough so that he wanted to get out of the town as quickly as he could. He evidently got word to his brother tramps, and warned them to stay clear of Bingham, as no tramps have been seen in the town since.—Technical World Magazine.

His Appreciative Way.

"My Uncle Rinkleneck is the nicest old man!" triumphantly chortled little Jimsey. "He never gives us improving books, nor things that are good for us or that we really need, but just things we can eat and things we can smash—things we want. And then he tells us to whale right in, blame our little skins, and have a good time, and break the stuff all up, or eat till we are sick—which ever they are made for—as quick as we please. Aw, I tell you, old Uncle Rinkleneck is all right!"

She Put Them Away.

A lady who had been giving a Christmas party told her maid to put away all the refreshments that were left on the tables before retiring to bed. The next day, on looking, the lady could not find them, and called to her maid: "Bridget, what did you do with those things I told you to put away last night?"

"Shure, mum, and yez told me to put 'em away, and I did, mum, and enjoyed 'em."

Japanese Boys the Healthier.

Boys appear to be slightly healthier than girls in Japan, but the girls have better eyesight. According to official reports covering medical inspection of nearly 2,000,000 children in the public elementary schools, 47.7 per cent. of the boys had strong constitutions, 47.4 per cent. medium, and 4.9 per cent. weak. Of the girls, 42.7 per cent. had strong constitutions, 51.2 per cent. medium, and 6.1 per cent. weak.

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WE have placed on sale our entire new stock of Undermuslins, Night Gowns, Drawers, Skirts, Princess Slips, Corset Covers, Marselle Garments, etc., all beautifully made and trimmed with lace and embroidery. Now is the time to make your selections. We will also offer a special lot of Night Gowns, Corset Covers, Combinations, and Skirts at much less than the regular price.

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Every Coat and Suit has been marked at a very low price to close out our Winter Stock. Some at less than half their regular value. All well made garments. See some of the prices in our window.

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Village and Vicinity News.

—Bank report this week.

—This is St. Valentine's day.

—Watson Green spent the latter part of the week visiting in Auburn.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fitch spent one day recently with B. M. Green and wife.

—Miss May Gleason of Auburn was a guest of Miss Gladys Decker from Friday to Sunday.

—Rev. T. J. Searls was in Ithaca Tuesday to attend the Rural church conference at Cornell.

—Sunday night was the coldest of the season, the mercury falling to 12 deg. below zero in some places.

—Mrs. Fred R. Shutt of Perryville was the guest of her mother, Mrs. H. L. Thayer, from Saturday to Monday.

Pictures framed at Hagin's.

—Mrs. Chas. Hoskins of Scipio and Mrs. A. J. Parker of Auburn were guests at William Hoskins' last Wednesday.

—Miss Stella Bishop returned yesterday to her home in Venice, after spending two weeks with her cousin, Nina Lewis.

—Sunday morning theme at the Presbyterian church, "What is Man?" Other services of the day as usual. All are invited.

—The annual convention of the Central New York Volunteer Fireman's Association will be held in Cortland this year, July 21, 22 and 23.

—The town of Groton went to license on all four propositions at the annual town meeting on Tuesday, by an average majority of about 245.

—D. W. Smith has been suffering since Sunday last with another abscess of the ear. He had the same trouble several weeks ago. He was better yesterday.

Horses at private sale, on and after Feb. 8, at my stables in Moravia. Twenty-eight head of Missouri horses and mares direct from the country, good draft, farm and road chunks in this load. Be sure and see this load of horses before buying.

W. P. Parker.

—Asa Colver, who recently went to Whitney Point, where he has a position in a hardware store, returned the latter part of the week to spend a few days here, on account of having injured his right hand while at work. They packed their household goods and shipped them this week and the family went yesterday.

—The address by Michael J. Fanning, the veteran temperance orator, at the Presbyterian church last Sunday afternoon was listened to by a good sized congregation. Mr. Fanning is convincing in argument and his address was one of the best ever given here on this subject. The church should have been filled. Mr. Fanning spoke at King Ferry in the morning and at Moravia in the evening.

—The Baraca class supper last Friday night was largely attended and the boys served a very delicious supper in fine style. The receipts were over \$25, netting the class just \$20. The boys have recently rented the room on the upper floor of the fire building, and expect to fit it up for their use soon. They certainly know how to serve suppers, and received many compliments Friday night.

—Dr. A. E. Magoris, a native of the town of Lansing, and who was widely known as a successful eye and ear specialist, died on Wednesday, Feb. 5, at his home in Binghamton. Two sisters, Mrs. F. M. King of King Ferry, and Mrs. Knight of Binghamton, also two brothers, one in Pennsylvania and one in North Dakota, survive. The remains were brought to North Lansing, where funeral services were held in the Methodist church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Burial at North Lansing.

Four nephews, S. A. Douglas, W. R. Egbert, Floyd King and Bert King, acted as pall bearers.

—Mrs. A. L. Loomis is quite ill.

—W. Burdette Howard of Cortland recently visited his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lucy Warfield.

—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaw, aged about four weeks, died Wednesday night.

—Dr. Scott Skinner of LeRoy has been a guest of his brother, Dr. J. W. Skinner, during the past week.

—Mrs. Wm. C. Rogers and Mrs. Jane Thome left Tuesday for Albany, where the latter will spend several weeks.

J. C. Keefe will have an auction sale of horses at the Cornell Transfer stables, Ithaca, on Saturday, Feb. 15. Good horses at your own price.

—Mrs. Lois Smith, who has been at the home of her son Harvey in King Ferry for the past six weeks, went to Union Springs Wednesday to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Counsell.

—Charles Courtney, the famous coach of the Cornell racing crews, has recovered the hearing of his right ear in which he has been deaf nearly 50 years. The cure followed recovery from a recent severe attack of grippe.

—Among the directors of the Cortland Fire Relief Association for 1913 are the following in this section: James A. Gould, Merrifield; H. E. Woodward, Ensenore; Arthur Bangs, Locke; Charles W. Schutt, Ensenore.

Orders taken for cut flowers—floral designs—and potted plants at Hagin's.

—O. A. Mann, for some time connected with the New York Railways Company, has assumed the duties of general auditor for the Ithaca Street Railway and the Ithaca-Auburn Short Line companies under the receivers, the Hon. John W. Dwight and Rogers B. Williams, jr.

—"When we ask you to pay what you owe us," says E. E. Kelley of the Toronto Republican, kindly and mildly, "it is not because we need the money, but those people, that we owe say they need the money. Pay up and help those people out; they must be in poor circumstances."

—Miss Mildred Counsell, formerly of Genoa, entertained a company of twenty-four friends last Saturday evening at her home in Union Springs in honor of her 14th birthday, which came on Feb. 9—the following day. A very pleasant evening was spent with games and music and supper was served. All had a fine time.

—The basket ball game at the rink last Friday night between Genoa and Ithaca teams resulted in favor of Genoa, the score being 17 to 14. It was a fast game from start to finish, but the Ithaca boys failed to locate the basket against the strong guarding of Clippers. There will be another game at the rink Friday evening, Feb. 14, between Groton High School and Genoa Clippers. A good game is assured. Everybody come.

—The new Methodist church at Locke will be dedicated to-day, the services being held at 2 o'clock. Rev. Dr. D. B. Thompson of Syracuse will preach the sermon. Other services have been held during the week in honor of the rebuilding of the church. The fire, which swept the village, occurred in April of last year, and the enterprise and courage shown by the people of Locke in so soon replacing many of the buildings is most commendable. In addition to the church, several houses and stores have been built and other houses are in prospect.

—Helen M. Squires, widow of Lemuel D. Hussey of Ledyard, died last Friday night at the home of her son-in-law, Sheriff George W. Bancroft at the jail residence in Auburn. The deceased had been an invalid for a long time and was 83 years of age. Prayer service was held at the home of Sheriff Bancroft Monday morning at 10 o'clock and further services were held at the Presbyterian church at Aurora Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The deceased is survived by two daughters, Miss Anna Hussey and Mrs. E. G. Bradley of Willets.

—Mrs. Robert Dills of Union Springs, who came to the home of her parents the latter part of last week, has been quite ill.

—Mrs. B. M. Green and son Edward attended the funeral of their aunt, Miss Emily Boyer, at North Lansing recently.

—The United States is \$10,861 richer through the carelessness of people who neglected to place return addresses on mail, the annual "dead letter sale" having netted that sum. For business use, always have envelopes with your name and address printed thereon, and you may save many dollars.

—Four meetings are announced by the Bureau of Farmers' Institutes of the Department of Agriculture for the southern section of Cayuga county to be held this month as follows: Moravia, 25th; Dresserville, 26th; East Venice, 27th; Poplar Ridge, 28th. These institutes will be conducted by F. E. Gott.

—A bill introduced in the legislature provides that "every vehicle on wheels, or stationary or in motion, while upon a public highway or bridge shall have attached thereto a light or lights, to be so displayed as to be visible from the front as a white light and from the rear as a red light from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise." This bill should become a law, and after its enactment should be effectively enforced.

—Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland, widow of former President Grover Cleveland, and Professor Thomas J. Preston of Wells college were married at Princeton, N. J., Monday, Feb. 10. The ceremony took place at 10:30 o'clock and was performed by Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University. Only the immediate families and a few friends were present at the ceremony. The couple will spend the winter in Florida.

Death of Helen L. Robinson.

The death of Mrs. Helen L. Robinson occurred at the Cortland City hospital, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 6, at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Robinson suffered a severe shock thirteen years ago, and since that time a number of others, but was able to get about the house. Six weeks ago she fell in her room, and injured her hip. She was taken to the City hospital and suffered one or more shocks during the following weeks. She was 67 years old.

Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Kinney, 55 Port Watson St., Cortland, on Friday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. C. W. Scovill, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiated. The following day the remains were brought to Genoa, arriving on the 2:35 train. They were taken to the home of A. A. Mastin where a brief service was held. Ten members of the family have been taken from this house to their last resting place. Further services were held at 3 o'clock at the Presbyterian church. The pastor, Rev. T. J. Searls, made fitting remarks, closing with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." Miss Manetta F. Marsh of Cortland sang beautifully, without accompaniment, "My Jesus as Thou Wilt" and "All Through the Night." Burial was made in the family lot in Genoa cemetery.

Many beautiful floral tributes surrounded the casket. Several large bouquets of roses and carnations were left in the church for the Sunday morning service, and were then given to the sick and shut-ins in the village.

Accompanying the remains from Cortland were the only daughter of the deceased, Miss Jenny L. Robinson, Mrs. Jane A. Thome, A. A. Mastin of Genoa, Mrs. Wm. C. Rogers of Albany, Miss Marsh, Mrs. H. D. DeGroat, O. A. Kinney and Undertaker Karl Beard. Others who came to attend the funeral were Mrs. J. S. Mastin of Auburn, Chalmers Ward of Geneva, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson of Auburn.

Helen L. Mastin was born in Genoa Jan. 27, 1846, and spent the greater part of her life here. She was one of a family of nine children born to Selah T. and Temperance VanDemark Mastin, of whom but three survive—Mrs. Jane Thome, A. A. Mastin, and W. D. Mastin of Detroit, Mich. She was married to John S. Robinson in January, 1869. Two daughters were born to them—Edith, who died at the age of 4 years, and Jenny L., who survives. In 1890, they moved from Genoa to Indianapolis, Ind., where Mr. Robinson died very suddenly in January, 1895. Soon after this Mrs. Robinson and daughter came to Auburn and spent a year, going from there to Cortland, which city has been their home much of the time since.

Mrs. Robinson was an active, faithful and consistent member of Genoa Presbyterian church for many years, and with her husband, sang in the choir for more than twenty years.

Buy It Now!

That Edison Phonograph you have been thinking of buying so long. You would not think of purchasing a watch just because it is cheap—then don't buy a cheap Phonograph. Remember our prices are rock bottom—no one can sell any lower for any reason whatever.

Come to our store and hear the greatest players and singers render the most beautiful music—vaudeville, grand opera, sacred music, world famous singers, pealing organs, renowned violinists, brass bands, cathedral choirs—all these you must hear as reproduced on the Wonderful Edison. Come and let me demonstrate to you the only instrument that does full justice to magnificent music.

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

—It is said half the apples and three-fourths of the peaches grown in New York state are raised in these nine counties: Niagara, Orleans, Monroe, Erie, Genesee, Ontario, Wyoming, Livingston and Seneca.

IF IT'S MONEY you want we have plenty to loan on good security. THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Heard Wrong.

"So Jessie Jajune is going to marry Billy Bibber?"

"Yes—what do you think of that?"

"I hear that she and Billy had a lot of trouble getting her father's consent."

"Then you heard wrong."

"Wasn't there some sort of objection to the match?"

"Yes. But it was Jessie and her father who had a lot of trouble getting Billy's consent."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—One span horses, four cows, five yearling bulls. Also some loose hay. M. M. BANCROFT, 29w2 Potter farm, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Choice seed corn. JOHN MYERS, Genoa. 29w4

FOR SALE—A large twelve-room house, desirable location near car line. Can be used as a two flat house. All improvements. CLARENCE SHERWOOD, 69 1/2 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y. 29w6

WANTED—Man to work in Genoa cemetery for the season of 1913. Inquire of Superintendent J. H. Cruthers, Genoa, N. Y. 29w2

FOR SALE OR RENT—8 room house, good barn, good well, on Maple st. Inquire of Mrs. E. Eddy or F. P. Marble. 29w3

FOUND—End-board of lumber wagon. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—Good eating potatoes. PAUL HENRY, Locke, N. Y., E. D. 22 28w8

FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorn Ockerels, Wycoff strain \$1.00 each. Arthur Landon, King Ferry, N. Y. 28w3 Southern Cayuga phone 16-H

FARM FOR SALE—128 acre farm situated on Ridge road, 40 rds. from Ledyard post office, store and church, known as the Avery farm. Spring water, 4 acres of wood land, rest tillable, modern buildings, 6 acres wheat on ground. Would like to sell before March 1, 1913. Inquire of T. O. McCormick & Son, King Ferry, N. Y. 28w2

FOR SALE—Indian Runner ducks at \$1.00 each, at the M. Dillon farm, Venice Center, N. Y. 27w8

Having introduced new blood this year from a heavy laying strain, my S. C. White Leghorns will produce a better laying strain than ever. Orders booked now for hatching eggs. 271f F. D. Brinkerhoff Genoa, N. Y.

To Rent—The farm known as the Eaton place, 2 miles south and a half mile west of Venice Center. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Minnie Eaton, Aurora St., Moravia, N. Y. 191f

FOR SALE—Small farm, 3 mile east of Genoa village; also some locust fence posts. 211f MISS MARY CONNELL, Genoa.

We pay the highest market price for poultry, Mondays. We also pay the highest market price for furs. 21f WEAVER & BROGAN, Genoa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Indian Field road. Inquire O. B. Kenyon, King Ferry, N. Y. 251f

FOR SALE—For \$2,000, house and lot 57x200 ft., good sized garden, pleasantly situated on Main St. Genoa, N. Y. LOUISA G. BERRIDGEE, Adm. 491f Genoa.

Old newspapers for sale at this office. You will need them when you clean house. 5 cents a bundle.

Seventy-five farms and other pieces of real estate for sale, mostly in Cayuga county, N. Y. Write for new catalogue. 171f C. G. PARKER, Moravia, N. Y.

Ithaca Auburn Short Line

New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R.
In Effect December 29, 1912.

SOUTHBOUND—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 45	8 30	AUBURN	11 09	4 59	8 59		
6 35	2 00	8 45	Mapleton	10 54	4 44	8 44		
6 46	2 11	8 56	Merrifield	10 43	4 33	8 33		
6 55	2 20	9 05	Venice Center	10 34	4 24	8 24		
			GENOA	10 19	4 09	8 09		
7 10	2 35	9 20	North Lansing	10 08	3 58	7 58		
7 21	2 46	9 31	South Lansing	9 55	3 45	7 45		
7 40	3 00	9 50	ITHACA	9 20	3 15	7 10		
8 05	3 25	10 15		A M	P M	P M		

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 7:30 a. m., daily except Sunday; 9:20, 11:15, (daily except Sunday) 12:15, (Sunday only) 2:00, 3:15, 5:20 7:10 p. m. daily, and 9:30 p. m. Saturday only.

Returning leave South Lansing for Ithaca 9:50 a. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:45, 7:40 p. m. Also leave Rogues Harbor at 8:05 and 11:50 a. m. (daily except Sunday) 12:50, p. m. (Sunday only) 5:55 p. m., daily, and 10:05 p. m. Saturday only.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of GENOA

GENOA, N. Y.

J. D. Atwater, Pres. Fox Holden, Vice-Pres.
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WHEN you call at our store, if you do not find everything just exactly as represented by our advertisement, we lose your confidence, which is what we want most. That's why you may always be sure that our goods are just as advertised.

New Copyrights Just Arrived

Here Are a Few of Them:

50c Each—Red Mouse, The Lane That Has No Turning, Heritage of The Desert Depot Master, Miss Selina Lue, Lady Betty Across the Water, Well in the Desert.

Some Late Ones—My Lady's Garter, \$1.25; Blue Anchor Inn, \$1.20; Long Green Road, \$1.00; Journey to Nature, \$1.25; Between Two Thieves, \$1.40.

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A complete stock of Feed, Flour and Poultry supplies at reduced prices.

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Makes Sick Animals Better, Well Ones More Profitable by regulating digestion, bowels, kidneys and purifying the blood. It's the admitted feed saver and its cost is a trifle. It will prove a paying investment, as your industry is safeguarded. Pratts Animal Regulator, Lice Killer and all Pratts preparations are guaranteed.

J. S. BANKER,
Druggist Genoa, N. Y.

An Old-Time Thanksgiving Day

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.,
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute,
Chicago

TEXT—"And all the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them."—Nehemiah 8:12



Our forefathers before all else were religious. Religion separated them from the fatherland and all that it means, to face these "bleak New England shores." The voyage of the Mayflower was as sacred as Israel's crossing the Red sea. The clearing of the forests, the building of the huts, the treaties with the Indians, the civil compacts with one another, were all, in a way, acts of worship. Thanksgiving day in its conception, and its inception, and its observance 300 years ago was only less holy than the Sabbath. A ball game on Thanksgiving day! As soon turn away from Jehovah and bow down to Baal and Ashtaroth!

Ye Olden Times.
Read the sermons preached on Thanksgiving day in "ye olden times," and compare them with the political harangues of today. Shades of Increase and Cotton Mather! They believed in God then. They believed he gave seed time and harvest, and they had a godly fear of that judgment upon sin which might withhold the blessing once, just once—and then?

It will not do to say that the former days were better than these. They were not in some things. They burned tallow candles then, and wore poke bonnets; now we have the Merry Widow hat and the arc light. They walked on earth then, and sailed on the sea; now we navigate the air, and know the mysteries of the submarine. But the presence of God was potent to our fathers, and now—well, we're not so sure about it.

Let us go back to Bethel. Why should not Thanksgiving day be made a revival day? Not a day of gloom, not the sourness of the Puritan, but his gladness, for he had gladness, a real gladness, the gladness that comes from an enlightened recognition of his bounty who is the author and giver of every good and perfect gift, the gladness that comes from a willing dedication of ourselves to his holy service.

Post-Babylonian Judaism affords a good type of the observance of Thanksgiving day. You will find the story in the eighth of Nehemiah.

Laughter for Tears.
The people were gathered in a great open air meeting, and Ezra read the Word of God to them, while their other religious teachers and civil governors explained its sense. At first they were afraid, and were moved to tears, for conviction of sin had gripped them; but they were exhorted to laugh instead of weep, for it was a holy day unto the Lord their God.

"Go your way," said Nehemiah, "eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

This teaches us that there is such a thing as holy mirth, a joyous festivity unto the Lord. Indeed, this was the prevailing idea of all the Moslem feasts, which were social as well as religious occasions of the highest joy. It teaches us again that holy mirth is accompanied by benevolence and love. What constant provision is made for the poor in all the Old Testament legislation? Nehemiah was teaching nothing new when he said: "Send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." God's idea of repentance, is, among other things, "to judge the fatherless, to relieve the oppressed, and to plead for the widow."

It teaches us in the third place that the mirth which breeds benevolence is inspired not by material prosperity, but by the knowledge of the word of the Lord. There was material prosperity in post-Edenic times, but it led not to mirthfulness, and love, but to jealousy and murder. Cain was prosperous, but he killed his brother. There was material prosperity in the days before the flood, for men were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, but God saw that "every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart was only evil continually" (Genesis 6:5). There was material prosperity after the flood, for men built cities and created empires, but they forgot God until he scattered them to the four corners of the earth.

Oh, what good news God has to pour into our sad and heavy hearts out of his precious word, if we will listen to it! Let us gather around that word on this Thanksgiving day! Let it take the place which other things have usurped of late. Closed eyes will be opened by it, darkness will give place to light, and the garment of praise will be donned instead of the spirit of heaviness.

People who live in glass houses should be careful how they throw stones. —Proverb

HANGING UP STOCKING

By GUSSIE NESSLER.

"Oh, I believe in Santa Claus and in hangin' up my stocking!" repeated the girl from the clock department. "Well, I should say I do! If all that part of it was taken out of my kid life there wouldn't be much left to smile over. I'm not the only one who thinks like that, either."

"If Santa Claus doesn't do another thing on earth, he keeps the kids straight for a while, anyway, and that helps a lot when there are several or even more of them and only one mother and father. With most girls Santa Claus is good for a whole month's mindin' and doin' as told, and even the boys toe the squally kids let themselves be shook still when they are told if they don't stop they won't get anything in their stockings."

"Hangin' up your stockin'! Ain't that about the best that ever happens to a poor kid? Well, I should say yes, and rich ones get something out of it, too, I suppose. The stockin' must be the longest one in the house, not because you are greedy but because you want to give Santa Claus a chance to be as generous as he wants to be. It must be hung right. Then it will not be overlooked or hard to find."

"You begin about six o'clock in the evening to get your stockin' hung to suit you, and you are spanked back to bed at midnight for sneaking out in your bare feet for the eighth time to place it more conspicuously. Then you cry yourself to sleep, or what passes for sleep on that night, so eventful and nerve racking. Real sleep's out of the question, as you have been present all day at the dinner preparations and are so stuffed with odds and ends of everything you can scarcely waddle after you tumble out of bed to arrange and rearrange the stockin'. They can hardly get a whimper out of you when you are spanked—not too much, just enough to show you that ma is still on the job, Santa Claus or no Santa Claus. Finally you fall asleep feelin' about as you do when you are ridin' on the cars and are not undressed."

"At daylight or earlier you are awake and, like a flash, it all comes to you. Santa Claus! The stockin'! You are up with a spring on the ice cold floor and openin' the door to get a peep at your present."

"I remember the first Christmas that came around after pa died. I know now that ma didn't have any more money than was needed to get along with, so it took some work and figgerin' to get that stockin' filled. But I'll bet you, for every ounce she put into it that time she has taken out many a pound of love since. She never lost anything for what she did."

"It was her own stockin', as mine wasn't considered big enough, and I had been assured that Santa Claus would not know the difference."

"When I got the first glance of it on Christmas mornin' and saw it was filled almost to burstin' and that a beautiful doll was beside it holdin' its arms to me, I was so frightened, surprised and happy that I woke up ma with my cryin'."

"In mercy's name, child, what is it?" she asked. All I could do was to gasp and sob. "He has been here! Look!"

"Honest, if I live till I die I'll never forget that mornin'. Nothin' would make me touch the stockin' with the mysterious gifts in it. Ma had to pile out in the cold and hold me to the whole business into bed, where I could examine everything at my leisure. As for breakfast! The idea of any one wantin' oatmeal on such a mornin'!"

"I had to get acquainted with that doll and take a bite off the candy cane and the candy dog. Who wants bread and butter when there are oranges, nuts, figs, dates and bonbons to eat? Even dinner had no drawin' power against such attractions, for I was so happy over what Santa Claus had brought me that I haven't got over it yet."

"Kids are kids, with kids' minds and kids' thoughts in 'em, and kids' hopes and fears and joys, too, and Santa Claus belongs to 'em, and any one who takes him away from them couldn't ever have hung up his own stockin'."

Hurt Above the Shootop.
As she was alighting from a trolley near her home late Monday night, Miss Emma Slegor of Brooklyn slipped and fell. Patrolman James Statedrop was at her side in a jiffy.

"Where are you hurt?" he inquired. "That is none of your business," was the sharp reply.

"Madam, there are troublesome times in the police department and unless I send in a report I am very liable to get a complaint," said the policeman.

"Then just say I was injured above the shootop," exclaimed the young woman as she walked to her home.

The report at the station house is that Miss Slegor's shin was scraped. —New York Correspondence.

Drama in 1872.
Mr. Langriha, the true dramatic pioneer of the plains and mountains, is to be here with us in the winter, and right welcome he will be. Lately in Helena, Mont., the best citizens of that city gave him a glorious benefit, which was a \$1,000 house. Toward the close of the performance, Colonel Woolfolk, on behalf of the people, presented him with a \$500 brick of native gold, as a mark of their pure friendship, and his own intrinsic character at the same time.

—Rocky Mountain Herald, reported from edition of forty years ago.

Home Town Helps

MAKE IT PROFESSIONAL WORK

Society Formed Composed of Men Who Will Give All Their Time to the Planning of Cities.

Circulars distributed by the National Conference of City Planning mark an interesting step in the growth of an idea that is comparatively new in this country. City planning has formed the topic for many recent discussions, especially in connection with such proposals as those that endeavor to look ahead of the growth of a community and so direct the course and style of building that the completed work will be more modern, more beautiful and more sanitary than might otherwise have been the case. Several cities have been acknowledged as the most beautiful in the United States, and in this number Indianapolis has generally been included. Others are Detroit, Los Angeles and Washington. But, with the exception of the national capital, these cities owe little of the attractiveness they may possess today to the foresight and sagacity of the founders. Detroit and Los Angeles, partly developed into municipalities of charming individuality, Indianapolis, while bereft of either lake or mountain setting, was fortunate in its earlier days to possess the idea that has since been developed in the Monument as the fixed center of the plan.

In all the discussions of city planning examples taken have generally been abstract; few opportunities were offered for direct experiment. The National Conference on City Planning, with offices in Boston, has attracted to its rolls a great number of architects, engineers and landscape workers, all of whom are interested in the demonstration of city planning as a feasible practice, and not merely a theory. The circulars issued are for a proposed study in city planning. In the beginning it is assumed that a certain tract of land is to be handled. All the conditions are assumed to be known, even to the installation of public service facilities. This has been done in order that the competitors may all work from the same basis. Given the example, and an idea as to how the city in which the supposed tract lies will grow, the architect may go ahead with his planning.

The idea of the conference, which will exhibit the plans submitted, is to develop the idea of city planning and to make it as widespread over the United States as possible. Cities, like habits, are too often allowed just to "grow," and once grown they are difficult to change.—Indianapolis News.

PARKS IN THE SMALL CITY

Possibly Best Way to Obtain and Keep Them in Order is by a Commission.

The immediate question is how far the park problem of the small city can be solved by the formation of a park commission, and what powers and functions should be trusted to it, and what shall be the form of character to be adopted, and how much can be learned from what other cities have done. The creation of a park commission should be because the desire as a whole desire it, and this desire is usually crystallized about a few men who become the workers to carry it out.

A park commission for a small city should have the power, knowledge and ability to select land for parks, and to have the care and development of them, and to employ men and teams necessary. Also to purchase material and make contracts, if they consider contracts to be the best method of doing the work. They should control all employees and all persons connected with the parks. They should have power to make rules and regulations for the use of the parks, and should make detailed reports of what they do, either directly or indirectly, to the people and be subjected to them.

Municipal Control of Street Trees.

It would appear from the following letter, just received from Santa Barbara, that that city will judiciously oversee and control future street-tree planting. "Some time ago in The Times you gave a list of trees suitable for street planting. Our people are of late showing more interest in this matter, and the park commissioners, who have control of them, their planting, etc., wish to encourage, but control their selection to the best varieties. If your list is handy and not of too much trouble we would appreciate it if you could furnish us with a copy."

Cat May Save Big Salvage.

Left behind when the crew of the British steamship Alcegar abandoned the vessel off Cape Lookout on Christmas eve, a Maltese cat may return good for evil by saving to the owners of the vessel about \$75,000 claimed for salvage by the Merchants and Miners Transportation company, owners of the steamship Dorchester, which towed the disabled craft to a safe anchorage. The owners of the Alcegar contend that there can be no legal abandonment of any vessel so long as any living thing remains on board. They declare they will fight the matter out in court.

WORLD OWES DEBT TO WOMAN

Fostering of Agriculture Has Been From the Beginning of Time in Female Hands.

Agriculture today depends chiefly upon the work of the primeval woman. We are indebted to the nomad's wife for the greatest of all economic services. She tamed the young of the more tamable animals, gave them to her savage husband, and made of him the more civil herdsman who for ages followed his flocks after the manner of Jacob and Lot and Job. This fertile wife of the nomad became the wife of farmers, and she made a farmer of her son by placing in his hand the precious seed of the grains, the bread of man, and the concentrated food of all our domestic animals.

Where did this ancient mother get these precious seeds? In many cases we do not know, and cannot even guess. She found some plant with one or two rich seeds, planted them, and then generation after generation her descendants picked over their little grain patches, selecting seeds to be preciously preserved from the harvest festival to the next spring planting festival, which we now call Easter. By this process running on through unknown generations of men, the plants became so changed by the artificial application of Darwin's law of selection that now no botanist dares suggest what plant or plants were the wild forebears of some of the present grains from which the world today obtains its bread.

We are indebted to this cave or tent dwelling woman. But shall we accept her work as final? Can science do no better than follow along the path she laid out? The fact that agricultural science is today doing little more than this is one of the pathetic illustrations of the smallness of our view.—Prof. J. Russell Smith, in Harper's Magazine.

IN HOUSES OF CORNSTALK

Primitive Dwelling Places That Are Occupied by the Poorest Class of Egyptian Peasants.

On the outskirts of Alexandria we passed numerous groups of Bedouins camping by the side of the Mahmoudieh canal. Out in the fields men and women, dressed alike in the loose cotton gown of the country, were busily at work. The fields were dotted with curious doorless structures made of cornstalks. They are used as temporary homes at certain seasons of the year, as, for instance, when the crops are being gathered.

Later on I entered one, and found it to be not more than five feet square; one could not stand upright inside. The place contained nothing but a few jars and cooking utensils. In the winter the occupants wrap themselves up in their clothes at night, covering the heads also, but leaving the feet bare. The hut I saw was occupied by a man and his son. These people, of course, are the fallen—the peasants—the pure Egyptian of the poorest class.—Christian Herald.

13,000 Miles of Silver.

The greatest money count in the history of the United States is now on. Every piece of money in the country's billion-bulging treasury must be handled and each security fingered. A corps of men—the most expert money counters in the world—will work at counters in the world—will work at counters in this vast sum. Much of the coin counting is done by weighing, but there is an ingenious machine which digests silver dollars, quarters and halves and counts them as fast as a man can turn the handle. If the silver dollars were stacked one on top of another, they would tower 335 miles high. If they could be laid in a continuous line, each touching the other, the silver hoards would stretch out for a distance of 13,000 miles.—Robert D. Heini in Leslie's.

Egyptian Justice.

In ancient Egypt all court business was carried on in writing. In order that the decision might not be influenced by oratory or personal appeal. The laws lay before the judges upon a table, and the accused declared in writing how he had been injured, whereupon the defendant stated in writing what he had to say. Then came a rejoinder from each party to the case, after which the judges deliberated among themselves until they had hit upon the proper legal penalty for the party who had in the meantime been adjudged guilty. This point being reached the president of the judges touched with an image of Thamel, the "Goddess of Truth," the manuscript of the guilty pleader and the case was over.

The President.

The president of the United States has nothing whatever to do with the making of the laws of the individual states or of the United States. He is purely and simply the national executive, his business being to carry out the laws that are made by the congress. In order to be able to make laws the president would need to be an absolute monarch, like the czar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey. As it is, he is simply the head servant of the people, with his duties clearly laid down in the constitution, and from which he cannot deviate. Instead of making the laws the laws are made by the legislative servants of the people for him to execute.

The KPFÖHEN CABINET

BY THE cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today.
They make up the item of life.

But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage
Of earth
For we find them but once in a while.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When grinding bread or cracker crumbs through the meat chopper, tie a paper bag over it; it prevents the crumbs from scattering. When the bag is full empty it into a dish and proceed as before.

Here is the way one busy mother writes to her three children away from home: By using a piece of impression paper she makes three copies of her letter, as she will say the same thing to each. Then if she wants to add a little personal note at the end of each, she does so. In this manner they all get a letter at one sitting.

A good idea for one who likes to write interesting letters is to make notes on the envelopes of unanswered letters, jotting down things from day to day that will be interesting, then when the time comes for the leisure to answer the letter, the suggestions will help, as one is so apt to often leave out the most important item of all.

A window shade which can be rolled up or down makes a good door for pantry shelves that have not been provided with doors.

Glass out to fit a shelf, especially in a medicine closet, is a great convenience, as it is so easily kept clean. For a large dresser one may have an elaborately embroidered or trimmed cover under the glass.

A croquet box supplied with shelves and painted white makes a most acceptable medicine closet for the bathroom.

To keep curtains from swinging in the wind, sew a small weight in the corner of each hem.

To keep rugs from slipping on a polished floor, sew strips of rubber on the under side of each hem.

In cleaning white enamel paint, use milk and ammonia. This mixture will not turn the enamel yellow.

When using gas and not caring to use the oven for so long a baking, boil the potatoes in their skins until nearly soft, and finish in the oven.

Nellie Maxwell

The KPFÖHEN CABINET

HERE be numbers past compare, who think what's home made, best of fare.
You shall have better cheer, 'ere you depart.

COMPANY DISHES.

A most appetizing salad is the following: Rub the inside of a salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic. Put into the bowl a half teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of red pepper and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir well, then add six tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Beat until thick. Crumble into the dressing enough Roquefort cheese to make a tablespoonful, then pour it over crisp lettuce. Serve very cold.

Baked Eggplant With Cheese.—Cut the egg plant into slices a half-inch thick, and let stand under a weight for an hour or more. Dip the pieces in fine crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs and fry in deep fat. Make a white sauce and put the slices of egg plant in a baking dish, alternating with the white sauce and grated cheese. Use plenty of sauce and cover the top with cheese. Bake until brown.

Tomatoes Stuffed With Mushrooms.—Cut the tops from eight tomatoes and remove the seeds and soft part; then allow some of the juice to drain off, and dust the inside with salt and pepper. Add a very little onion juice and mix with the juice of the tomato. Add this juice to half a pound of fresh mushrooms, and cook slowly with a little butter. Season and fill the tomato cups with the mixture. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until nearly done, then drain. Separate the yolks from the whites of two eggs and mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little water and a dash of salt. Beat the whites until stiff and add the yolks and flour. Dip the pieces of cauliflower in the egg mixture and fry in a deep fat, draining when done. Sprinkle with salt and serve hot.

Paranip Fritters.—These are delicious. Grate enough boiled paranips to make a pint, add two beaten eggs, a pint of flour and a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Fry in deep fat.

Nellie Maxwell

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 Mary J. Branch, 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 administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 28th day of April, 1913. Dated October 24, 1912. CARL J. THAYER, Executor.

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 Delos Aikin, late of the town of Vesey, 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 Vesey, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of May, 1913. Dated, King Ferry, N. Y., October 22, 1912. G. S. AIKIN, 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 Maria T. Birmingham, 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 administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of July, 1913. Dated Jan. 14th, 1913. CATHERINE A. COATES, Administratrix. Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administratrix, 125 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 Maria T. Birmingham, 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 administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of July, 1913. Dated Jan. 14th, 1913. CAROLINE J. CLARK, Administratrix with the will annexed.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

To Edwin Parsons, John Parsons, Mary D. Sherwood, Elijah Sherwood, Lucy Hulleman, John Sherwood, Edwin Sherwood, Eliza Parin and Benjamin Sherwood.

Whereas, Edwin Parsons 2d, has presented to the Surrogate's Court, County of Cayuga, his petition and account as Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Eliza M. Parsons, deceased, praying that said account may be judicially settled and that you be cited to appear hereon.

Therefore, you and each of you are hereby cited to appear before our Surrogate, at a Surrogate's Court to be held in and for the County of Cayuga, at the Court House, in the City of Auburn, in said County, on the 18th day of March, 1913, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the said account.

In Testimony Whereof, We have caused the seal of our Surrogate's Court to be hereunto affixed. Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of our said County, at the City of Auburn, on the 27th day of January, 1913. FREDERICK B. WILLS, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

S. EDWIN DAY, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Moravia, N. Y.

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When Money Talks.
"Pa, what does it mean when you say that a man hasn't the courage of his convictions?" "That he has opinions, but isn't willing to bet money on them."—Detroit Free Press.

Dollar Bills Lead All.
There are more one dollar bills in circulation in this country than any other denomination. The five-dollar bill is next in number.

Contentment.
"Contentment consists in the temporary forgetfulness of the things we would like to have next."—Pack.

Man's Allotment of Blood.
The average man has twenty pounds of blood.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

TO ABOLISH LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Money Put Into Twenty Necessities of Life Would Furnish Employment for All Men.

(By MARGARET B. PLATT.)
We are sometimes told, "You can never get rid of the saloon by talking sentiment. Facts are what count. The saloon brings in a big revenue and money talks. Don't talk sentiment. Talk business." Well, if money talks, let us talk money.

It is claimed that to abolish the liquor traffic would throw out of employment large numbers of people and an army of idlers would be the result. In a comparison of thirteen leading industries of the United States, with the combined brewing companies, it is found that in proportion to the amount of capital invested, the brewing business should give employment to 266,687 wage earners instead of only 44,417.

In the thirteen leading industries selected, \$1,783 capital invested gives employment to one wage earner and each dollar of capital purchases eighty-seven cents worth of material each year.

In the brewery trade it requires \$10,505 capital to give employment to one wage earner and a dollar's worth of capital purchases only a fraction over twelve cents worth of material each year, while in the entire liquor manufacturing business in the United States it takes \$10,304 to give employment to each wage earner and each dollar of invested capital purchases only a fraction over 15 cents worth of material annually.

This business, therefore, deprives 212,270 laborers from earning \$812,999,410.00 annually. Instead of purchasing \$298,176,455.00 worth of raw material, they purchase only \$70,512,042.00 worth. If the liquor business were abolished and the money spent for drink were put into twenty of the necessities of life, employment would be given to all now employed in the production of liquor and 1,347,129 over and the farmer would have a market for all he now sells and \$400,568,614 worth besides.

UNCLE SAM VERY WATCHFUL

Reason Given for More Federal Licenses Issued Than There Are Dram Shops in Country.

Some one said: "How is it? There are more federal licenses issued than there are dram shops?" There certainly are. The government is the hardest prosecutor of all. It costs only \$25 to get a so-called "government license," therefore all who handle alcoholic liquors pay this to the government to be let alone. It's "Hands off" after the \$25 is paid. The saloon pays it, so does the brewer, the wine grower, the drug store, the "madame," the boot-legger, the club room and the hotel bar. That nobody pretends to sell liquor, legally or illegally, without first paying the government tax, proves that prohibition will prohibit—when the United States government wants it to.

THE SALOON BAR.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell. Whoever named it, named it well. A bar to manliness and wealth. A door to want and broken health. A bar to honor, pride and fame. A door to darkness and to shame. A bar that shuts from useful life. A door to brawling, senseless strife. A bar to all that's true and brave. A door to every drunkard's grave. A door to joy that home imparts. A door to tears and broken hearts. A bar to heaven and door to hell. Whoever named it, named it well.

We'll bar this Bar from every state By 1920—mark the date.

What America Has to Fear.

The worst thing with which we have to contend is not the borer in the apple trees, nor the river floods, nor the summer's droughts, nor the rocks, nor the hills, nor the clay, nor the mud, nor the sand. It is not our raw winds and our cold winters that make men poor. It is the dram shops of the land, which steal first the workman's money and next his vigor. Maine, once the poorest of states, banished her saloons once for all. Now she is the richest state in the Union in the amount per capita in her savings banks.

Surety!

Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith: "The city is poor. If we don't have licenses, we've got to have higher taxes. And we can't stand that. We're all pretty near broke, as it is. We can't raise another dollar by taxation. So the only way we can get the \$5,000 we need for repairing pavements and removing garbage is by having saloons, and squandering \$100,000 a year in them, and having them give us back \$5,000 in license fees. See?"—William Hard.

Her Club.

They tell us that the saloon is the poor man's club. When I hear that, I often say to myself, "What is his wife's club, I wonder?" Alas—too often she finds that hers is his shillalah!—Frances H. Willard.

POULTRY

PROPER FEED FOR CHICKENS

Considerable Studying and Experimenting Required to Ascertain What Laying Hens Need.

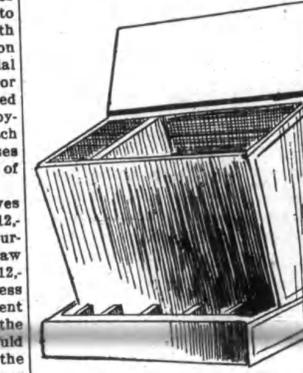
(By K. A. GRIMES.)

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn as soon as we can, or we will find our poultry is not so profitable as it ought to be. The feeding question is one of the most important in the whole poultry business.

Experts tell us that a hen needs about six ounces of food per day. A flock of ten, then, will need about 3½ pounds per day, or a trifle over 26 pounds a week.

Of this amount two-thirds by weight should consist of grains. The grain should be a mixture of equal parts wheat, cracked corn and oats. A few handfuls of sunflower seed, cane seed or buckwheat should be added for variety. They are to the hen what pie is to the boy, and you know what that is.

The other third should be mash, which is a mixture of bran and other finely ground feeds, usually fed dry. Some poultrymen moisten the mash, but the majority claim that it is better to feed it dry and let the hen moisten it in her crop by drinking what water she wants. If fed dry there



Hopper for Feeding Grit, Shells or Mash.

Is less danger from certain kinds of disease.

A good formula for a mash is as follows: One-half bushel of bran, 4 quarts of alfalfa meal, 2 quarts each of ground oats and corn meal, tablespoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of pepper.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE FOOD

Experience of Long Island Duck Raiser Is Given—Trouble Located in Sand Given Fowls.

To show the importance of purity in food, an experience of A. J. Hallock, the Long Island duck raiser, is worth quoting: At one time a lot of ducks were sick and off their food; they were dying and no cause could be discovered. All the ingredients of the soft food were thoroughly examined and found to be all right, and it was a mystery as to the source of the trouble. Finally one day the feeder happened to catch the odor from the sand they were using and found it to be very foul. It had been dug out of the bottom of the creek near where the ducks had run and was supposed to be all right, but it proved that the leechings from the duck yards had flown down over it and rendered it impure, and this resulted in the trouble mentioned. The throwing out of this and the substitution of perfectly clean, pure sand remedied the difficulty.

POULTRY NOTES

Health goes with a clean body, inside as well as out. Plenty of grit for the flock will mean fewer digestive troubles.

Leghorns are nervous fowls, and excitement decreases the egg yield. A lousy, dyspeptic fowl is a very good representative of the cholera victims.

Never place ducks in close, stuffy quarters. They need plenty of air and dry floors.

A London remedy for roup is about three drops of camphor on a piece of bread.

A damp henhouse is a disease breeder, and dampness and filth are a very bad combination.

No wonder some men's hens never weigh anything. The lice have just about carried them.

Spraying a chicken house with 1 to 20 solution of lime-sulphur will effectually destroy all nits and lice.

Middlings and corn meal wet with skim milk makes a fine forcing feed for culls that are to be marketed.

A good nest egg may be made by blowing out the contents of an egg and filling the shell with wet cement.

Are the hens roosting out on the trees these cold nights? Better get them in and avoid frozen combs and feet.

Those who have tried it claim that a teaspoonful of Venetian red in a gallon of drinking water is a good bowel trouble preventive.

RUSE OF SISTER JEAN

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Wingfield looked at his sister Jean, frowning heavily. She sat across the room from him her head bent, her hands discolored but stitching deftly at something—something that roused him to anger. He flung his book half way across the desk in front of him, got up laggardly, and said, balancing himself with both hands upon the desk-top:

"Patches are premeditated poverty. You know that—yet you do worse than patch. Is this the third or fourth time you've made over that hat? I'm sick of seeing it—of seeing you messing with it. A new one, much better looking, would cost only a couple of dollars—I believe you insist upon trimming such things yourself."

"Correct! Every way," Jean answered impassively. "I am not in love with my hat-making—nor even with my own way of trimming. Maybe I might be if—"

"If what?" Wingfield asked almost savagely as she paused.

She smiled at him—rather a hard smile but wistful. "I was about to say if I could buy the things I like—rather than the things I can afford," she said.

"You mean those poodle-dog feathers that fly in the face of everybody?" Wingfield queried.

She shook her head, saying, "No—praise be. Willow plumes don't tempt me in the least. But I would like—say for this summer—a real fine straw—the seven-dollar sort, as pliable as cloth almost and very rich broad pale purple velvet for a bow and a trail of orohilda. I say just the thing yesterday—for seventeen dollars—and a Paris tip, inside the crown—to make believe it came from there."

"Go get it!" Wingfield ordered, pulling a roll of bills from his pocket and tossing them to her.

She did not touch the money. She looked at him steadily, smiling still that old smile. "I have never yet put the rent intoinery," she said, dropping her eyes.

Wingfield scowled. "I am beginning to believe it might better for us if you did," he said. "You're not a bit bad-looking—but nobody wants a dowdy anywhere. That's how you're left out of things. I have to go—it is part of the game to be seen right—and things are slow enough as it is."

"I have not complained," Jean said calmly. "It is not very—exhilarating—eating bread and cheese in the kitchen alone, when you are with your friends. Still, somehow I would rather stick to the bread and cheese. They do not bore me—not anything like the gang which haunts those table d'hote places."

Jean has risen, hat in hand. She turned to the mirror and set it upon her head, speculation in her eyes, a stronger frown underneath the brim.

"It looks like a last year's bird nest," she commented, tossing it to the ceiling and catching it askew. "Nobody would believe I was once a fielder, though a substitute," she said with a faint twinkle. "Do you remember the game Tim? Out in the back lot—I was just thirteen and gawked as a young calf—but I could run—and had the only pair of real legs left available."

"I remember—well," Tim nodded. "That was a game sure. Accident was epidemic—ten of our noble team, canned with sprained legs, arms, shoulders—what not. But not a one could have caught the fly you did—it saved the game for us. That reminds me—I met Treptow last week—and almost the first thing he said was: 'Where is that sister of yours? The girl of the fly?'"

"You didn't tell him—of course," Jean said quietly.

Wingfield looked down. "You know I can't tell people," he said almost fretfully. "If they knew I—we kept house they'd expect—O! hang it! You know why."

"Perfectly," Jean said. "You are ashamed to seem poor—you'd mind that worse, much worse, than being poor. You like to be liberal—mind—I don't say extravagant. Since you earn most of the money, you have a right to spend it as you choose. I have never complained—I never shall. But this I ask—if Billy Treptow comes in your way again—ask him here to dinner."

"Ask him! When he has all the rich folk running after him! Don't you know that?" Wingfield demanded.

Jean nodded, but persisted. "Ask him. I know he'll come—if you tell him I am to be cook."

Somehow Wingfield did ask Billy. In fact, he could not very well escape it, because Billy developed suddenly a turn of inquiry that quickly brought out the facts. Jean was in the city—keeping house for her brother—Billy straightaway demanded the address.

Wingfield went home laggardly. It was late when he got there—too late for anything but a hurried change of costume. It took him all aback to find the living room deserted, the dining room, a tiny place, likewise empty except for massed roses. He wondered if, after all, Billy Treptow was not coming. It was five minutes past the hour. Suddenly from the kitchen he heard voices and laughter.

Pushing into the door—there was not room to go clean inside—he saw Billy with both arms about Jean, whose hands upheld a platter of delectable fried chicken. She was laughing and saying: "Mind! You'll upset your dinner," to which he was answering, "Not on your life. I've been waiting five years to eat your cooking—now I mean to eat it all ways."

The KITCHEN CABINET

MEMORSON says: "I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind, as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions or parties or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wears out opposition and arrives at its port."

DAINTIES FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

One of the things to guard against in serving children is that they must have no very rich food, or very little. Children are exceedingly fond of ice cream, and if not too rich or served in too large quantities, it is not harmful.

Sweet sandwiches, marguerites and fruits of all kinds make enough variety to please the small people, with no after ill effects.

Stewed prunes, mixed and chopped with nuts and used for a sandwich filling, are most appetizing. Cut them in different shapes, as often the appearance will decide the liking or not for the food. Cut in crescents, hearts, finger size or in circles; placed on a pretty plate, they will appeal to the taste of most any child.

Sponge cakes baked in gem pans and filled, when cold, with whipped cream which has been sweetened and flavored, are always a delight to young or old.

A delicious dessert for children, as well as a food of high value, are figs and raisins stewed together. The fruits should be served cold with brown bread and butter. If an extra rich and elegant dish is desired, add whipped cream.

A marshmallow dropped in the cup of cocoa takes the place of cream and is enjoyed by the little people.

Meringue cases may be made at home by piping whipped white of egg and sugar into cup shapes and baking. Serve these filled with ice cream, garnished with candied cherries.

Another nice dessert is chopped marshmallows, a few nuts and sweetened whipped cream.

Lemon jelly, or any gelatine jelly, with marshmallows stirred in it and molded makes an attractive and effective pudding.

A half of a peach or pear, with whipped cream and a sprinkling of chopped nuts, with nut bread sandwiches, is a most satisfying dessert.

Hot scotch scones split and spread with butter and orange marmalade are delicious sandwiches which take the place of cake.

Nellie Maxwell.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A FRIEND in need," my neighbor said to me.

A friend in need is what I mean to be; In time of trouble I will come to you, And in the hour of need you'll find me true."—Henry Van Dyke.

WHAT TO EAT.

Let us see what we can do with these inexpensive dishes to make an attractive meal. We are paying now for the cheapest cuts of meat what we paid a few years ago for the best, and it behooves us to use wisdom in buying any of the high-priced cuts.

Savory Stew.—Pieces of tough and otherwise impossible meat may be made tender and tasty by long, slow cooking. The stovetop or casserole has made a great difference in our meat bills where it is commonly in use.

Cut a round steak into cubes and roll each cube in seasoned flour. Put into a frying pan a little fat and fry a minced onion in it until a light yellow. Lay in the meat, fry for five minutes, cover with cold water and simmer on the back of the range for two hours. Season with salt and pepper, add a half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a tablespoonful of catsup. Serve hot with boiled rice or mashed potato.

Bread and Cheese.—This bread and cheese will be followed by kisses if the recipe is carefully followed. Grease a pudding dish and put into it a layer of slices of stale bread; on each slice place a thin slice of American cheese. Beat one egg very light, stir it into a pint of milk, salt slightly and pour the milk over the bread and cheese. Set into the oven until browned lightly, and serve with a dash of cayenne. Serve hot. This is a nice dish for supper.

Coffee tapioca pudding is a simple dessert. Pour over a cup of softened tapioca a pint of left-over coffee. Cook until clear and serve hot with sugar and cream.

Nellie Maxwell.

Superficial Attempt. Wiseman—I see Englishmen are resuming the habit of wearing whiskers.

Cynical—Yes. A superficial attempt to revive the ancient virility of the nation.—Judge.

HOME TOWN HELPS

FOLLOW THE JAPANESE STYLE

Many Prefer This Form of Landscape Art in Making Plans for Their Gardens.

Many admirers of Japanese art have treated their backyards in the Japanese style, which lends itself admirably to small places. It is a style which requires considerable taste and artistic ability to handle properly. If not well done, it becomes grotesque and ridiculous. One very successful example of this style is the garden of Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith, the well known actress and dramatic reader. The mossy hills, the water fall, paths and tiny stream were all laid out and very largely made by her skilful hands. One of the loveliest things in the garden is the wistaria arbor, in spring a mass of pendent lavender chains.

Instead of laying the emphasis on the garden plan, one may use the backyard as a place to collect rare and unusual plants. Better still, one may make a collection of all the species and varieties of one family or may raise trees and shrubs from seed.

One Berkeley professor is making a collection of iris and is now looking forward to the blooming periods of 18 new varieties recently imported from Palestine. Watching these come into bloom will not only give pleasure to the family, but to many friends and neighbors.

Growing lilies, irises, dahlias and gladiolus from seed are very fascinating. They vary so from seed that any one is likely to get some new and beautiful varieties. There is great pleasure in watching the blooming of each new seedling.

The forms of back yards are endless as the people themselves, for each back yard should express the individuality of the owner, and should be in keeping with the house and the surroundings.

A simple cottage will have a simple yard gay and sweet with homelike flowers. The stately colonial house will have the formal garden with sundial, pool and rose garden. The lines of the house will dominate the garden and both will form that harmonious whole which we delight to call home.—Boston Globe.

HAVE THEIR SPECIAL CHARM

Shrubs Planted Around House or in Garden Convey the True Home-like Appearance.

The charm of shrubs lies in their purely natural adaptation to nooks and corners about buildings, in the borders, about well kept lawns, at the edge of trees and their true sense of quiet and peacefulness. The beginner in plant grouping is apt to make all of his groups alike. This is very easy to do, and can be avoided by the planter having in mind the finished effect before he begins to plant. A background is made up most naturally of trees of various kinds and sizes. In this border many specimens of rough and uncouth growth can be used which do not look uncouth when a judicious planting of shrubbery is made in the foreground. The gardener should bear in mind that plants in the foreground must stand close examination. For this reason special care should be exercised in their choice. Flowering shrubs and herbaceous plants are especially adapted for use in such places.

For Beautiful Chinatown. The idea of "the city beautiful" is gaining ground. Even Chinese residents of America are taking it up. The Chinese chamber of commerce in Los Angeles has adopted a plan for creating a Beautiful Chinatown in that city. It includes projects for a large number of buildings of the Oriental type, with pagodas, a tea garden and other things. This sounds like a permanent Midway of the Chinese type. Of course, business considerations are at the back of the enterprise; the projectors think that the Chinese residents will thus win more attention from Americans. But if this Los Angeles movement helps to end the Chinatown eyecores that exist in many places, it is a movement toward the good. It is interesting to note that many Chinese progressives urge steps in an opposite direction; they would have Chinamen in America adopt American customs in the matter of buildings, clothing, etc. If this progressive idea carries the day, the distinctive Asiatic features of Chinatowns would disappear.

Beautifulizing the Home. All decorative planting of home grounds should have for its first and highest aim the beautifulizing of the home, for the enjoyment of the home people. How it will look to outsiders is never to be lost sight of, but the first consideration should be, must be, how it will look from within. It must be a home picture for home-folk. This same law of construction should rule within and without.

His Past. Rankin—Say, did you ever do settlement work?

Fyle—No. In my younger days, though, I did some settlement work. I used to lecture on "The Folly of Not Having a Heaven."

ONE WITH A FUZZY HAT

By GEORGIA HORN.

"Land sakes! There he comes again, Susie! Why, you know—the one with the fuzzy hat an' the plait in his overcoat. He sure has got his eye on you! Yeastidy when I come up to the table to take his order instead of you he was so upset he ordered raspberry sundae instead of his usual chocolate soda. An' raspberries out for months! Go on—none of us will interfere—you wait on him!"

"Mebbe he's a millionaire. That would be fine for Susie. Nobody can act more like a lady than she can, only she's got her hair too light. I'm so glad mine is a nachuril blond. Lilly, see that old lady just coming in? The one who looks as though she was going to die in a minute or two, and bought her clothes in the remnant basement? Well, you listen to me—that's old Mrs. White-Jones, and she has a million relatives waiting to get their hands on her bank account, and she's tough as a nut. Travels all over the world alone at her age and never loosens up a penny."

"You't-a seen her nephew in here with her the other day. He helped her out of the electric just as careful as though he was afraid she might accidentally sink through the pavement. 'Auntie, dear,' says he, 'try a ruffe parfait with nuts—you'll like it!' 'Young man,' says she, 'piffie parfaits are 25 cents a piece, and as long as I'm paying the bill I guess you'll get along on a ten cent drink! Extravagance is the curse of the age!' And then I'll bet she drove downtown and bought a bushel of diamonds."

"Two v'nilla sodas and one mint lemonade? Yes'm. No'm; there ain't no strawberries now. Why, I don't know—I expect they get tired growing this time of year."

"See that party in the blue suit and feathers? She's mad because I can't pick strawberries off'n the chandelier for her. I bet it hasn't been very long that she had enough money to come into a swell shop like this here one is."

"Yes'm, you ordered chocolate. Beg pardon you said so distinctly. I didn't hear you mention mint lemonade at all. Well, of course I can change it if you say so."

"No use trying to please that bunch, ordering chocolate and then claiming it was mint lemonade! Gee, this sort of a job is fierce and wearin' on a girl!"

"Look there, quick! Just coming in! That's Daisy Duberry, and she draws \$800 a week for doing a half hour stunt on the stage! Think of it! She doesn't look so much, but I wish to goodness I knew where she buys her complexion. Isn't it a peach? I'm crazy about that hat she's got on, and I'm going to fix my hair like hers before I'm a day older."

"Oh, look at that! Kitty nabbed her! 'Spose she thinks she'll get tickets or something, an' I've always waited on Miss Duberry whenever she's been in! I'm going to tell Kitty what I think of her! Jealous thing! Not that I care for the tip she always gives—it's just the principle of the thing!"

"Think you're smart, don't you, Kit? I'll pay you back for jumping my customers—she's, too! Miss Duberry is a particular friend of mine, I'd have you know."

"Yes, sir, I was just on my way to wait on that farthest table. Nobody seems to pay attention to the new customers unless it's me. Not that I want to name any names, but there's no use expecting Kitty to wait on any one else, as long as Miss Duberry is in here."

"Guess that'll hold Kit for awhile. The old man's cross, and he won't do a thing to her."

"Two maple sundaes and two hot chocolates? Yes'm."

"Get next to my parties in the corner, girls. They made their hats at home and they've got on rings enough to light the shop if they were hung up high. What do you make of that? They must be somebody. Nobody but big guns can be so contrarylike. The others don't dare."

"What? Hot chocolate? Beg pardon, ma'am, I'm vurry careful to get my orders correctly, and what you said was two maple sundaes and two chocolate ice cream sodas. Nothing was said about hot chocolate at all. But, of course, we aim to please, and I'll change it for you if you insist!"

"Oee! I wish women wouldn't change their minds so! They never know what they order! Here, Josie, you take these hot chocolates to those two vinegar cruetts with the awful hats and the rings over there—I've got to fix my hair."

"It's about time for that young man with the lovely eyes to drop in for his tea. I think he must be English, and sometimes younger sons get to be dukes and things, you know! Where's my vanity case? Well, I like your nerve, Susie! I—"

"Yes, sir, I'm attending to business. I didn't know you objected to a girl's sitting down just a minute when she's worked till she's ready to drop!"

"I'd like to hit him, I would! Always snooping around for fear we're not earning our pay! Gee! The life we are leadin' is a hard one for a girl."—Chicago Daily News.

Where Her Shoes Were.

Dorothy, aged five, was having trouble assembling her clothes on arising.

"Why, where are your shoes, Dorothy?" asked mamma.

"I don't know, mamma, the five-year-old gravely replied. "But I saw them walking around with Margaret in them last night after I had gone to bed."—Indianapolis News.

His Chops.

"Here, waiter, I ordered two lamb chops and can't find but one."

"Let me see, sir. Quite true. Ah, I remember now. I passed the open door an' th' drawit must have blowed it away, sir."

"Bring me another waiter, and this time don't forget the windshield and the safety net."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HAVE NO NEED OF THOUGHT

All That Troubles Eskimo Is That They Shall Be Sure of Getting Enough to Eat.

Where the physical struggle for life is at its keenest, as it is among the Eskimos, the years glide by free from the more subtle cares and worries of the civilized man. The Eskimo does not count the days and keeps no record of time. All his thoughts are centered on hunting.

Once I asked an Eskimo who seemed to be plunged in reflection, "What are you thinking about?"

He laughed at my question, and said, "Oh, it is only you white men who go in so much for thinking! Up here we only think of our flesh-pits, and whether we have enough for the long dark of the winter. If we have meat enough, then there is no need to think. I have meat and to spare!"

I saw that I had insulted him by crediting him with thought.

On another occasion I asked an unusually intelligent Eskimo, Panigpak, who had taken part in Peary's last North Polar expedition:

"Tell me, what did you suppose was the object of all your exertions? What did you think when you saw the land disappear behind you and you found yourself out on the drifting ice-floes?"

"Think?" said Panigpak, astonished. "I did not need to think. Peary did that!"

Eating becomes the great thing with the Eskimos. I once excused myself, when paying a visit, with the plea that I had already eaten and had had enough. I was laughed at, and the answer I received was:

"There thou talkest like a dog! Dogs can be stuffed till they are satisfied and can eat no more; but people—people can always eat!"—Knut Rasmussen, in The People of the Polar North.

MEETING WITH ROBERT BARR

Journey of a Couple to Cologne Was Materially Enlivened by the Novellist.

I have a pleasant recollection of Robert Barr, the popular novelist, whose death was recently announced, writes a woman correspondent of the London Chronicle. A relative and I were traveling some years since in Germany, and took the water way to Cologne. Among the numbers of brocken devouring and beer drinking passengers on the little steamer I noticed one, a man with an eager expression, who was distinguished by his abstinence and by his absorption in the passing scenery of the Rhine. I got into conversation by chance with the observer, and the whole route to Cologne was from that moment made a living reality to me by the man's comment.

The following day we decided to continue our journey, and again we chose the transit steamer, and again we met the man of recollection and observation. I tried, by conversational openings, to discover his identity, but he heeded none, continuing to pour out a flood of history and legend of the Rhine. At length the time of parting came. With a sweep of the arm, which included my companion and myself, he said: "I shall hope to see you when you return from this, the journey of your lives," and handed me a card, on which was inscribed the name of Robert Barr. "I don't think we can call together," I replied, "for while I live in London, my brother's home is in the north, and I seldom catch sight of him on his day trips to town." "Your brother," replied the editor of the Idler, "then why the deuce do you both have new luggage?"

Ninety Miles Somewhat.

A traveler waiting for a train in Greenville, S. C., observed a venerable, white bearded gentleman sauntering along the platform, whose appearance invited conversation. He approached the dignified, kind faced southerner with the customary salutation of "Good morning, colonel, do you live here?" "Yes, sah," "Engaged in growing cotton?" "No, sah, I am a statistician." After harvesting his crop of local statistics, I asked him how far it was to Atlanta. He replied that it was about ninety miles, when a young man who was standing near interposed: "Oh, no, uncle, it is more 'an ninety miles." The old gentleman stroked his beard meditatively for a moment, shifted his quid and said: "Waal, Jack, it's ninety miles somewhat—whar's that place anyway, Jack?"

English "Society."

There are three classes of society in England—the aristocrats, who are barbarians; the middle class, who are philistines, and the dregs of society, who are nothing at all. It is a funny thing that the late King Edward, who had all the vices of the aristocrats, was beloved by the middle class, and that his son, King George, who has all the virtues of the middle class, is despised by the aristocrats. He and the queen are always spoken of as George and the Dragon.

Rafferty-FitzPatrick.

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place at St. Michael's church, Union Springs, on Tuesday, Feb. 4, when Miss Mary Elizabeth Rafferty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rafferty of King Ferry, became the bride of Thomas Raymond FitzPatrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel FitzPatrick of Union Springs.

Promptly at 10 o'clock, to the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march, the bridal party marched to the altar, where they were met by Rev. J. F. Kennedy, who performed the ceremony. The bride was dressed in a becoming suit of blue with a black hat. The bridesmaid, Miss Katherine Murray of King Ferry, was also attired in a suit of blue. The groom was attended by Joseph Rafferty of King Ferry, a brother of the bride.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the groom's home to the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

The young couple have a host of friends which was shown by the numerous gifts which consisted of linen, glassware, money, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. FitzPatrick left on the evening train, amid a shower of rice and the best wishes of their many friends for a short honeymoon, after which they will be at home to their friends after Feb. 15, at Union Springs.

Group Meeting in Auburn.

What can not fail to be a most interesting and instructive meeting will be held in Auburn, Feb. 15, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Seneca, Onondaga and Cayuga counties. It will be in the 2nd Baptist church, corner of Genesee and Owasco Sts. Scientific Temperance Instruction will be represented by Mrs. Oberlander of Syracuse, State Superintendent of that department.

The morning session will begin at 10 o'clock. Delegates will bring their lunch. Coffee and tea will be provided by the Auburn Union. At 4 p. m. there will be a lecture on Eugenics and Heredity by Dr. Ina V. Burt of the State Board of Health. The public is most cordially invited to both sessions, especially all teachers.

Town Meeting Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the biennial election of the town of Genoa will be held at Masonic building, King Ferry, for Dist. No. 1, and at Fire building, Genoa, for Dist. No. 2, on Tuesday, February 18, 1913. The polls will open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 5 o'clock p. m. The following officers will be elected:

A Supervisor for two years; a Town Clerk for two years; two Justices of the peace for vacancy; two Justices of the peace for full term; one assessor for two years; one assessor for four years; one Superintendent of Highways for two years; one collector for two years; two Overseers of the poor for two years; five Constables for two years.

ARTHUR B. PECK,
Town Clerk

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.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Millet's "Angelus"

Millet's famous picture, "The Angelus," sold for the magnificent sum of \$20,000 (\$150,000).



Blacksmithing and Repairs.

WM. HUSON, Genoa, N. Y.

Auction.

B. B. Riley will sell at public auction, at his residence, 2 1/2 miles east of Ledyard, 3 1/2 miles north west of Genoa, on Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1913 commencing at 12 o'clock sharp, the following property: 5 horses, 7 head cattle, 2 good farm teams, 1 good road mare, 2 grade Holstein cows, 3 and 4 years old, yearling grade Holstein bull, full blood Jersey cow with calf by her side, 6 years old, 3 grade Jersey cows due in March, brood sow due in March, 10 shoats, 100 hens, 2 sets heavy double harness, 1 set heavy double harness, set of light double harness, 2 single harness, 2 two-horse lumber wagons, heavy truck wagon, democrat wagon, top buggy, 2 good pairs of heavy bobs, one nearly new, Kemp's 20th Century manure spreader, nearly new, Empire grain drill, McCormick binder, Osborne mower, McCormick ten foot rake, nearly new, hay tedder, land roller, cultivators, harrows, LeRoy plow, Syracuse plow, wagon box, hay rigging, hay, 30 bu. seed buck wheat, quantity of seed barley, oats, corn and seed potatoes, etc. L. B. Norman, Auctioneer.

Arthur B. Mead will sell at public auction at his residence, 2 1/2 miles east of Genoa and 2 1/2 miles west of Locke, on Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 10 o'clock. Six horses—brown mare, coming 5, bay mare coming 4, pair bay geldings 4 and 5 years old, all sired by Genoa German Coach horse Essie; bay mare 10 years old, and bay mare 14 years old; 10 head high grade Guernsey cows, 3 with calves by side, 3 due in March and April, 4 due in October; 3 Berkshire brood sows, 12 shoats, 100 hens, 18 registered Shrop-hire ewes, 15 grade ewes, registered Shropshire ram; large quantity and variety of farming implements, light and heavy bobs, democrat, surrey, harnesses, ladders, 25 bu. potatoes, potato crates, some household goods. L. B. Norman, auctioneer.

Jay and Myron Boyer, executors of the estate of the late Chas. Boyer, will sell at public auction at the Boyer farm, 3 1/2 miles south of Genoa and 2 miles north and west of North Lansing, on Monday, Feb. 24, at 12 o'clock, 2 horses, 4 cows, 75 hens, 2 shoats, harnesses, lumber wagon, iron wheel truck wagon, narrow tire lumber wagon, democrat, top buggy, open buggy, harrows, plows, hay loader, mower, 2 reapers, 3 ladders, etc etc J. A. Greenfield, auctioneer.

License or No License.

Will the town be "wetter" when it is "dry" than when it is "wet"? Will there be more drink sold on the sly? Some say so. They tell us that when we shut out license, the jug and bottle trade will make things tenfold worse. This is not true; facts deny it. No doubt confirmed tapers will get liquor in some way. But those are the present generation of tipplers. We are thinking about the next generation of drinkers, and wish to shut up the factory that manufactures them. Every bar-room in hotel or saloon, is an "ad" to educate drinkers; it seeks to create a desire for its goods.

No license means less drinking. The lessening business of breweries and distilleries proves it. The cry of their owners against the no-license movement tells it. The resolutions of liquor trade conventions to clean up their dives, restrain their lawless dealers to be respectable, all show it. The organized effort of the liquor forces against no-license, proves it. No-license makes sane people and prosperous towns. We want to get out of the "wet" into the "dry" column. Vote no-license on all four questions.—Ex

Montague-Barrett.

The marriage of Thomas L. Montague and Miss Agnes M. Barrett of Auburn was celebrated at the Holy Family church Monday morning, Feb. 3, at 5:30 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. J. Hickey, pastor of the church, and the bride and groom were attended by Miss Edith Barrett, sister of the bride and John E. Young. The happy couple left at 6 o'clock for a wedding trip to Niagara Falls and Canada. They have returned to Auburn and taken up their residence at No. 2 Grant Avenue, where the groom had a home already furnished. Mr. Montague is a well known young business man of Auburn, being a partner in the Auburn Public Market.

Wanted—Good Homes

Wanted—Good homes wanted for boys and girls under 14 years of age, where they will be received as members of the family; apply to Children's Department, State Charities Aid Association, 269 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Lake Ridge.

Feb. 10—Miss Florence Savocool of Ithaca spent Saturday and Sunday at home. She successfully entertained twelve of her young friends Saturday evening.

There will be a birthday party for Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Smith at their home Feb. 15. Their birthdays are on the same day.

The funeral of Nathan Bower was held at the Lake Ridge church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Burial in Lake Ridge cemetery. The Sunday previous Mr. Bower attended services in the church and expressed his gratitude in being able to attend meeting in the old church again. Mr. and Mrs. Bower were planning to move to their home at Lake Ridge in the spring. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The telephone has been replaced in the home of E. Wooley.

Floyd Davis and wife and Frank Whipple and wife were entertained at W. L. Davis' Sunday.

Mrs. Jessie Best has been visiting relatives and friends in this locality recently.

The Lake Ridge Union will hold an afternoon meeting with Mrs. Carrie Wooley Tuesday, Feb. 18.

The Lansingville Ladies' Aid will serve a dinner at Mrs. Floyd Davis' home on Thursday, Feb. 20. Every one welcome and all are assured of a good time.

The Rev. Mr. Zeigler of Pennsylvania returned to his home Friday.

There will be services in the church Sunday next at 10:45 a. m.

Quite a number from here attended a party at Clayton Sweeney's Wednesday evening. A pleasant time is reported.

Raymond VanNest and Ivan Davis are on the sick list for a few days.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Floyd Shaddock is slightly improved.

Mrs. Frank Campbell of Trumansburg is spending a week in this vicinity.

Ellsworth.

Feb. 10—The Cayuga Lake Grange will meet this week at the home of E. G. Bradley at Willett's.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Myers, a son. Mr. Myers is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Giles Carter, south of Aurora.

Miss Ellen Patchen is spending some time at the home of Arthur Close.

Mrs. Sabin of Spencer, after spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Patchen, has returned to her home, and Mrs. Eva Mosher is with her mother.

Dan Snushall is recovering from an attack of the grip.

Arthur Snushall and Mrs. Charles Mitchell of Scipioville spent Saturday at Dan Snushall's.

Miss Anna O'Herron of Scipio has been visiting Miss Margaret O'Connell the past week.

Mrs. Hugh Purcell and little son are spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Fox.

Orrin Stewart of Auburn spent Sunday at Albert Gould's.

Mrs. A. B. Locke has her little granddaughters from King Ferry visiting her. Frank Brill is carrying the mail on his route and makes a good mail carrier.

Questions Submitted.

To the electors of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y. Notice is hereby given of the following proposed questions and that a vote will be taken thereon by ballot at the biennial town meeting to be held in and for the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., on Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1913, to-wit:

Question 1.—Selling liquor to be drunk on the premises where sold—Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors under the provisions of subdivision one of section eight of the liquor tax law, namely, by selling liquor to be drunk on the premises where sold, in the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y.?

Question 2.—Selling liquor not to be drunk on the premises where sold—Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors under the provisions of subdivision two of section eight of the liquor tax law, namely, by selling liquor not to be drunk on the premises, where sold, in the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y.?

Question 3.—Selling liquor as a pharmacist on a physician's prescription—Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors under the provisions of subdivision three of section eight of the liquor tax law, namely, by selling liquor as a pharmacist on a physician's prescription in the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y.?

Question 4.—Selling liquor by hotel keepers only—Shall any person be authorized to traffic in liquors under subdivision one of section eight of the liquor tax law, but only in connection with the business of keeping a hotel in the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., if the majority of the votes cast on the first question submitted are in the negative?

A. B. PECK, Town Clerk.
Value of Time.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it—no idleness, no laziness, no procrastination. Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.—Lord Chesterfield.

Their Relatives.

Mrs. Muchwed—Henry, I'm not going to put up with this a bit longer. I'll take the baby and go away to mother's. Mr. Muchwed—Yes, an' (hic) I'll take the jewelry an' (hic) go away to uncle's.—New York Journal.

Report of the Condition of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF GENOA, No. 9921.

at Genoa, in the State of New York, at the close of business, February 4, 1913.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$107,629.84
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	12.69
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure postal savings	517.90
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	290.00
Bonds, Securities, etc.	35,329.02
Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures	4,667.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	2,990.56
Due from approved Reserve Agents	14,399.02
Notes of other National Banks	345.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	57.99
Specie	5,350.20
Legal-tender notes	3,245.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)	1,250.00
Accrued interest paid	60.02
Total	\$201,153.26

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	4,500.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	1,435.92
National Bank Notes outstanding	24,300.00
Individual deposits subject to check	143,492.32
Demand certificates of deposit	2,152.48
Cashier's checks outstanding	64.25
Postal Savings Deposits	8.29
Reserved for interest	200.00
Total	\$201,153.26

STATE OF NEW YORK
County of Cayuga } s.s.
I, A. H. Knapp, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. H. KNAPP, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of February, 1913.
William H. Sharpsteen, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
J. D. Atwater,
Frank H. Tarbell,
Frank E. Young, } Directors.

Big Fur and Fruit Farm.

Unless there is some hitch in the plans of three Syracuse men—Perry Morgan, William J. Deans and Frank J. Gregg—the highlands of Fabius will be inhabited in a year or two by animals heretofore unknown to North America. Some of these fur producing animals will come from Russia and others from Persia, the home of the Persian lamb.

The introduction of these animals into America is to be made by the Persian American Fur and Fruit company, which filed incorporation papers recently with County Clerk Henry C. Whitney with a capitalization of \$250,000. In connection with the fur industry the company will have several hundred acres of fruit. It has already acquired a large area suitable for both grazing and fruit. Fifty acres, it is said, have already been set to apples. This will be increased to 300 or more acres of apples and other fruits. The company intends to secure a tract of fully 3,000 acres.—Cortland Democrat.

A Native of Genoa.

Mrs. C. H. Lyon, aged 72 years, died at her home in Bichford on Monday, Feb. 3. She had been in very poor health for a long time, and for a few days she had been having an attack of the grip but ate supper with the family Sunday evening. About 2 o'clock Mrs. Stevens, who was sleeping in the same room, was aroused and found her lying on the floor. It is thought she may have had one of the coughing spells to which she was subject.

She was greatly interested in the work of the church and the W. O. T. U. holding the office of president of the Bichford union for many years. Mrs. Lyon was born in the town of Genoa, her native home being near Five Corners, where her girlhood was spent and in that vicinity she taught school for several years. She was one of seven children and saw her six brothers grow to mature manhood. Of the entire family, two brothers, Milton C. Allen of Binghamton, and J. W. Allen of Cambria, Va., and one sister in law, Mrs. M. C. Allen, and the afflicted husband, who is overcome with grief, and Mrs. Fred Clock, a dearly beloved adopted daughter, residing in Buffalo, are the only ones left. The funeral was held at the home on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and the burial was made at Corning the following day.—Ithacan.

Remember that we print calling cards, programs, auction bills, circulars, stationery, by-laws, and all kinds of fine job work. Also orders taken for engraved cards and invitations.

FARMS BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED. Inquire of THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.