

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXIV. No 27

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 29, 1915.

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.
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Special attention given to diseases of digestion and kidneys.

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Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Cancer removed without pain by escharotic. Office at residence.

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Regular trip every thirty days.

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Bronchial Coughs
The prostrating cough tears down your strength.
The clogged air-tubes directly affect your lungs and speedily lead to pleurisy, pneumonia, consumption.
SCOTT'S EMULSION overcomes bronchitis in an easy, natural way. Its curative OIL-FOOD soothes the inflamed membranes, relieves the cold that causes the trouble, and every drop helps to strengthen your lungs.
All Druggists Have It
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

From Nearby Towns.

North Lansing.
Jan. 25—Who is not rejoiced in the fact that the Ithaca Journal has taken an advanced step—No more liquor advertisements. Just what every paper ought to do.

The Willing Workers met with Mrs. Benton Buck on Thursday of last week.

Elmer Carter is moving some things to the Erwin Davis farm, where he will work the coming year. Mrs. Sarah French is improving.

Fred Sharpsteen has returned to his work in Nova Scotia, after spending a few weeks here among relatives. His work is on a steam shovel where they are building a railroad; it is a government job and will last about ten months longer.

The Atwater farm, lately known as the Haven farm, has been sold to Fred Sharpsteen. Mr. Atwater bought the farm of John Herman some time in the fifties; now it has passed entirely out of the family. Mr. Herman and wife with their daughter and husband, Addison Moe, had lived there a few years, having moved down from what was known after as the Esquire Bowker place. Elbert Karn is moving some things to the Dorothy Wilcox farm.

Charles Bower was in Ithaca on Monday.

Mrs. Helen Bower is able to ride out a little way.

Wm. Steveson is at Dana Singer's.

East Venice.
Jan. 26—Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Trapp and little son are visiting relatives in Cortland.

Wm. H. Cole visited at Ray Smith's in Moravia Monday.

Misses Edith and Louise Mead of Moravia and Pauline Hurlbut have been spending some time at Herman Taylor's.

The play "Among the Breakers" presented by the East Venice Dramatic club Thursday and Friday evenings of last week was largely attended and enjoyed by all.

Mrs. May E. Teeter spent last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mildred Bothwell, at East Genoa, who is slowly improving from her recent illness.

Mrs. Mattie Wattles is spending some time with Mrs. Frances Taylor.

David Nettleton and family attended the oyster supper at Frank Young's last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Spafford, who has been quite sick with bronchial trouble, is improving. Miss Emma Parker is assisting her with the housework.

Fay Teeter was home from Auburn over Sunday.

Ensenore Heights.

Jan. 26—The L. A. S. will meet with Mrs. Rachel Daniels Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Bessie Hanlon of Five Corners spent the week-end at her home in this place.

Mrs. Clinton Miller of Auburn was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Harmon Sawyer.

Bert Rowe has bought a farm east of Moravia and will take possession April 1.

Robert Wyant spent the week-end with his grandparents at Merrifield.

Frank Delano has purchased a farm near Union Springs and will move there in the spring.

Mrs. Ettie Pope and son Leslie visited Mrs. Ivan Coulson in Niles Thursday last. Miss Grace Pope returned with them.

James O'Conner has purchased the Mosher farm.

Miss Margaret Couling of Willowbrook-on-Owasco, was a recent guest of relatives in this place.

Tompkins County Jurors.

The following men from nearby towns in Tompkins county have been selected as trial jurors for the term of County Court which opens in Ithaca Feb. 1 at 10 o'clock:

Lansing—Luther Bower, William DeCamp, R. M. Holden, William Baker, Albert Bissell.

Groton—LeRoy Smith, Francis W. Webster, Herbert Jennings.

Dryden—William Sutfin, Al Reed, A. C. Burr, Allen Rockefeller, Paul Ewer.

Sherwood.

Jan. 25—The ladies of Sherwood have organized a sewing society for the purpose of making good comfortable garments for the sufferers in Belgium. The first meeting was held at the home of Miss Isabel Howland last Saturday afternoon. A large amount of work was accomplished. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Charles Cook in Poplar Ridge next Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Good ready-made garments will be gratefully received by the society, also cloth that can be converted into garments.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Lane and daughter Ruth and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Brewster were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Locke.

Mrs. A. B. Comstock is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Louise Boroughs, in Seneca Falls. Mrs. C. F. Comstock is quite recovered from her severe attack of eczema.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. White spent Sunday in Auburn the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Judge.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Defreeze and son spent Sunday in Auburn.

Mildred Ward of Wheeler Corners spent several days last week with her aunt, Miss Blanche Allen.

The next and last of the entertainment course will be a concert by the "Eastern Girls," Friday evening, Feb. 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brewster visited his brother, I. L. Brewster and wife last Saturday.

Lake Ridge.

Jan. 26—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Parr, and Mrs. Eva Boyer spent Monday in Ithaca.

Song service and prayer meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fabo on Wednesday night. Jay Swartwood of Trumansburg is visiting at Nelson Parr's.

Mrs. Annis Drake of Ithaca is visiting her uncle, George Bower.

Mrs. Eva Boyer, who has been staying at George Bower's for the last two months, has gone to North Lansing to stay a few weeks with her daughter.

Mrs. St. Croix remains very poorly. Nelson Parr and family are living in Mrs. Eva Boyer's house while they are moving their goods to the new home they purchased north and east of Moravia.

Mr. Bird, the teacher in the Drake district, has been sick.

Merrifield.

Jan. 26—Mark Cuykendall and wife of Moravia were recent guests of C. A. Morgan and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Banks visited their daughter, Mrs. Van Liew, at Ensenore, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Notebeck and son have returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Savannah.

Bert Austin of Auburn was in town Saturday, called here by the illness of his mother, Mrs. Helen Austin, whose condition is slightly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. George Doremus attended the funeral of their aunt, Miss Lucy Curtis in Auburn to-day.

Miss Mary DeLooze of Savannah is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Rena Notebeck.

Mrs. Claribel Thurston and Mr. Joseph Schenevus of Auburn were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Carter.

Patrons Elect Officers.

E. T. Casler of Merrifield was elected president of the Patron's Co-operative association at a meeting of the Board of Directors Saturday morning in the office of the Cayuga County Farm Bureau, Auburn. N. J. Atwater of Atwater was chosen vice president, W. G. Davis of Throop was elected secretary and A. H. Goodrich of Springport treasurer.

Plans to obtain the best market for the products of the farmers belonging to the association, were discussed. No solution to the matter of finding a suitable market was reached, however. This question will be settled later and the Board of Directors will make a report at the State Grange meeting in Oswego in February.

King Ferry.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

Sunday morning: Sermon theme, "The Study of the Bible as Necessary to a Spiritual Awakening in our community." The pastor is preaching a series of sermons Sunday mornings on "The Way to a Spiritual Awakening in our community." The sermon next Sunday morning is the third one in this series. We shall be glad to see you present.

Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:15; subject, "Foreign Mission Opportunities the world around"; leader, Miss Elizabeth Atwater.

Sermon at 7 p. m. on "Prayer in the Spirit." This is the fifth sermon in a series that the pastor is preaching on Sunday evenings on "How to Pray Prayers That Will be Answered by God." There are about four more sermons in this series to be given. If you wish to be a live Christian come out to our evening services.

"For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory Forever, Amen" is the theme for next Thursday evening at 7 p. m. This is the last of the series on the Lord's Prayer.

Offering for the emergency call for Foreign Missions last Sunday morning about \$25.

Let every Christian be praying and speaking to people about Christ in preparation for our spiritual awakening.

The last entertainment of this season's entertainment course, on Friday evening, Feb. 5. This will be given by the famous "Sweet Family" assisted by the able K. P. S. S. quartette of young ladies and by our home talent including the King Ferry male quartette. The "Sweet Family" consists of a mother and her nine talented daughters; we are very fortunate in securing them for our last entertainment. The quartettes will give you two, four and eight hand piano numbers, besides vocal solos, duets, and quaternettes. Admission by season ticket or 35 cents for all above 14, and 20 cents for those between 8 and 14; those below 8, free. If you stay at home, you will miss it.

Ledyard.

Jan. 25—Charles Veley, who had the misfortune to break his leg while drawing ice two weeks ago, is doing as well as could be expected. He has the sympathy of his many friends who hope for him a complete recovery. His sister, Mrs. Dagle from North Rose, is helping to care for him.

Wm. Tilton has been confined to the house for a few days, but is now able to be out.

Your correspondent received a letter from her brother in New Jersey last week, stating that they were having regular May weather and he hadn't seen a flake of snow since he left Hornell four weeks ago. He had just come in from a fifty-mile automobile ride. We are sighing for New Jersey weather.

Wesley Wilbur is building a pick-up house. Frank Hollahd is the workman.

Muriel and Mildred Holland took regents at King Ferry last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Misner and family and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Parmenter spent Sunday at Frank Main's.

There will be no services in the M. E. church at Ledyard on Sunday morning, Jan. 31, on account of the reopening and quarterly meeting services at West Genoa. Preaching service in the evening at 7:30 p. m. Rev. E. M. Mills, D. D., will be present and preach. A special invitation is extended to all to attend this service.

Impossible.
"Walter, has my friend Miller been here?"
"Miller—Miller! Oh, yes, the gentleman has just paid his bill and gone out."
"Paid his bill! Then it wasn't he—Man Lacht."

Where the Appeal Comes.
Mrs. Muggins—Does your husband appeal to you as a vocalist? Mrs. Baggins—Not exactly. In fact, it's the other way. When he begins to sing I appeal to him—Philadelphia Record.

Five Corners.

Jan. 26—The installation of the officers of the Odd Fellows took place at their hall here last Saturday evening with a large attendance. A good many from Poplar Ridge and different places were present. A supper was served after installation and the evening was enjoyed by all. The Rebekahs with their families were invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferris entertained Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ferris and sister, Miss Sarah Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. George Ferris, Mrs. Dannie Moore and Miss Jennie Ellison last week Saturday at a very excellent turkey dinner.

Wilbur Cook took a load of his friends to North Lansing to a dancing party last Friday night. All report a good time.

Dannie Moore has been quite indisposed for a week or more, but is somewhat better.

Several of the scholars took examinations at Genoa last week.

Mrs. Carrie Crouch returned to her home this week Monday, after caring for Mrs. Leon Curtis and little daughter who are getting along finely.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curtis of Genoa spent last Sunday with their son Leon and wife and little granddaughter, Helen Irene.

Mrs. Will Cook visited relatives last week for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Atwater are still with their children in the western states.

We forgot to mention Mrs. Will Ferris and Mrs. Jay R. Smith entertained the Rebekahs for the supper at the Odd Fellows hall two weeks ago; when the sewing circle met. Mrs. Wm. White with Mrs. George Cook entertained the circle last week Thursday for dinner at the same place.

The Rev. F. H. Gates and Rev. E. L. Dresser are still holding meetings. Mr. Gates' sermons are fine and enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Worsell of Ludlowville and their guest, Miss Gladys Dalton of Cortland spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Barger.

Mrs. Walter Hunt was quite sick during last week. She is recovering at this writing.

Miss Cora Goodyear suffered last week from a severe attack of the grip.

Ellsworth.

Jan. 26—Millard Streeter spent Monday and Tuesday in Syracuse.

Arthur Smith has been on the sick list.

John Callahan, James Ryon, Ray Fortner and Carter Husted spent last Monday in Auburn.

Miss Blanche and Mr. Lilburn Smith spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Corey spent last Sunday in Merrifield.

Millard Streeter spent last Thursday in Auburn.

Mrs. Samuel Vint and son Percy spent Sunday with Miss Ella Fisher.

Walter Kind is visiting his sister, Mrs. Frank Corey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Chase and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. White and family.

Elwood Stevenson is suffering with the quinsy.

Lansingville.

Jan. 25—A. B. Smith spent a few days in Ithaca the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Townsend and their son Leslie were guests of Wm. Tait and family Sunday.

Mrs. Purley Minturn and her son, Herbert of Locke are spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith.

Ralph Tait began Monday to attend the Ludlowville High school.

Miss Mabel Boles spent a part of last week with Mrs. Clayton Swayze.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Boles of King Ferry were guests at Frank Lobdell's Sunday.

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

Advertisements in THE TRIBUNE.

Feed the Birds.

Three kinds of winter birds come daily to a tree at the home of the Simkin and Foster sisters at Poplar Ridge. They are very fond of suet, which they find in a little white cotton bag, crocheted in large meshes, and hung on the tree trunk. The largest are hairy woodpeckers, beautifully marked with black and white on back and head. Then the downy woodpeckers, smaller, but with much the same markings. The male of both kinds has a patch of bright red on the back of his head. The nuthatches are busy little birds, often on the tree, running with head downwards as readily as a fly. They have a black cap, gray back with indistinct markings, and white underparts. Chickadees used to come but so far have not been seen this winter. The birds pick the suet till nothing is left but skin which must be thrown away and a fresh supply provided. It is very interesting to watch them, and feeding them is well worth while for the good they do in destroying harmful insects. Only, don't begin unless you are willing to watch and keep up the supply, for the birds depend upon it.

Jurors for County Court.

Jurors were drawn Saturday morning for the February term of County Court which will be held in Auburn on Feb. 8. Those from this section of the county are as follows:

Fleming—George B. Myers, Wilson Wheaton.

Genoa—Charles Foster, Ira Rowland.

Ledyard—Cyrenus Walton. Locke—William DeVine, Michael Lamey, William Strong.

Moravia—George Kelly.

Owasco—Edwin Cook.

Scipio—James Cotter.

Springs—Charles Hathaway.

Springport—O. F. Shalibo.

Summerhill—Frank Griffin, James Kane.

Venice—David Nolan, W. H. Purdy, Theodore Parker.

New Game Law.

A new game law that should be passed by all the states would contain the following:

"Book agents may be shot between Oct. 1 and Sept. 1; spring poets from March 1 to June 1; automobile speed demons Jan. 1 to Jan. 1; road hogs from April 15 to April 15; amateur hunters from Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; war talkers no closed season. Any man who accepts a paper for two years and then, when the bill is presented, says, 'I never ordered it' may be killed on sight and shall be buried face downward in quicklime so as to destroy the germs and prevent the spread of infection."—Ex.

Services at West Genoa.

The First M. E. church of Genoa, (Belltown) which has been closed for some weeks, having been redecorated and a new carpet laid, will be re-opened for divine worship on Sunday, Jan. 31, with a sermon at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. E. M. Mills, D. D., of Syracuse. After which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. The officials of the Ledyard and West Genoa charge will hold a short session of the quarterly conference at the close of the other services. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend this service. You will be welcome.

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, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Christmas

A Story By Zona Gale

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High over all, climbing the east, came Capella and seemed to be standing above the village.

As he looked the need to express what he felt beset Ebenezer.

"Quite a little town," he thought, "quite a little town."

He closed the glass and groped in the darkness to where the roof, sloping sharply, met the door. There he touched an edge of something that swayed, and he hid hold of and drew out that for which he had come—Malcolm's hobbyhorse.

Downstairs in the hall he set it on the floor, examined it, rocked it with one finger. The horse returned to its ancient office as if it were irrevocably ordained to survive. Ebenezer, his head on one side, stood for some time regarding it. Then he slipped something in its worn saddle pocket. Last, he lifted and settled the thing under his arm.

"I dunno, but I might as well walk around by Mary Chavah's house," he thought. "I needn't stay long."

At Mary Chavah's house the two big parlors, the hall, the stairs, the dining room, even the tiny bedroom with the owl wall paper, were filled with folk come to welcome the little boy, and on the parlor table, set so that he should see it when first he entered, blazed Ellen Bourne's little tree. The coffee was hot on the stove, good things were ready on the table, and the air was electric with expectation, with the excitement of being together, with the imminent surprise to Mary and with curiosity about the little stranger from Idaho.

"What'll we all say when he first comes in?" somebody asked.

"Might say 'Merry Christmas,'" two or three suggested.

"Mersey, no," replied shocked voices; "not to Mary Chavah especially!"

But, however they should say it, the time was quick with cheer.

At quarter to 8 the gate clicked. The word passed from one to another, and by the time a step sounded on the porch the rooms were still save for the whispers and a voice or two that kept unconsciously on in some remote corner. But instead of the door opening to admit Mary and her little boy a hesitating knock sounded.

Those nearest to the door questioned one another with startled looks, and one of them threw the door open. On the threshold stood after the telegraph operator, who thrust in a very dirty hand and a yellow envelope.

"We don't deliver nights," he said, "but I thought she'd ought to have this one. I'm going home to wash up, and then I'll be back," he added and left them staring at one another around the little lighted tree.

Before they could go out to find Mary, as a dozen would have done, she was at the threshold, alone. She seemed to understand without wonder why they were there, and with perfect naturalness she turned to them to share her trouble.

"He hasn't come," she said simply.

Her face was quite white, and, because they usually saw her with a scarf or shawl over her head, she looked almost strange to them, for she wore a hat; also she had on an unfamiliar soft colored wrap that had been her mother's and was kept in tatters. She had dressed carefully to go to meet the child. "I might as well dress up a little," she had thought, "and I guess he'll like colors best."

Almost before she spoke they put in her hands the telegram. They were pressing toward her, dreading, speechless, trying to hear what should be read. She stepped nearer to the light of the candles on the little tree, read and reread in the stillness. When she looked up her face was so illumined that she was strange to them once more.

"Oh," she said, "it's his train. It was late for the local. They've put him on the express, and it'll drop him at the 'draw.'"

The tense air crumpled into breathings, and a soft clamor filled the rooms as they told one another and came to tell her how glad they were. She pulled herself together and tried to slip into her natural manner.

"It did give me a turn," she confessed. "I thought he'd been—he'd got!"

She went into the dining room, still without great wonder that they were all there. But when she saw the women in white aprons and the table arrayed and on it Ellen Bourne's Christmas rose blooming she broke into a little laugh.

"Oh," she said, "you done this a-purpose for him?"

"I hope, Mary, you won't mind," Mrs. Mortimer Bates said formally.

"It being Christmas so, we'd have done just the same on any other day."

"Oh," Mary said, "mind."

They hardly knew her, she moved among them so dusted and bustling and comfortable, just as admitting, thanking them.

"Honestly, Mary," said Mrs. Moran finally, "we'll have you so you can't tell Christmas from any other day it'll be so nice!"

The express would be due at the "draw" at 8:30-8:33. After told her when he came back "washed up," Mary watched the clock. She had not milked or fed the cows before she went because she had thought that he would like to watch the milking and it would be something for him to do on that first evening. So when she could she took her shawl and slipped out to the shed for the pails and her lantern and went alone to the stable.

Mary opened the door, and her lantern made a golden room of light with in the borderless shadow. The hay smell from the left and the mangers, the even breathing of the cows, the quiet safety of the place, met her. She hung her lantern in its accustomed place and went about her task. Her mind turned back to the time

that had elapsed since the local came in at the Old Trail town station. She had stood there, with the children about her, hardly breathing while the two Trail town men and a solitary traveling man had alighted. There had been no one else. In terror lest he should be carried past the station, she had questioned the conductor, begged him to go in and look again, parleyed with him until he had swung his lantern. Then she had turned away with the children, utterly unable to formulate anything. There was no other train to stop at Old Trail town that night. It must mean disaster—indeed, disaster—that had somehow engulfed him and had not pointed the way that he had gone. She recalled now that she had refused Buff Miles' invitation to ride, but had suffered him to take the children. Then she had set out to walk home.

On that walk home she had undived her plans. Gossamer speculations, stirring in her fear, at first tormented her and then gave place to the conviction that John had changed his mind, and seen perhaps that he could not afford all let the child go so far, had found some one else to take him, and that the morrow would bring a letter to tell her so. In any case, she was not to have him. The conclusion swept her with the vigor of certainty. But instead of the relief for which she would have looked, that certainty gave her nothing but desolation. Until the moment when the expectation seemed to die she had not divined how it had grown into her days, as subtly as the growth of little cell and little cell.

And now the weight upon her, instead of lifting, soaring in the possibility of the return of her old freedom, lay the more heavily, and her sense of oppression became abysmal. "Something is going to happen," she had kept saying. "Something has happened."

So she had got on toward her own door. There the swift relief was like an upbreathing into another air, charged with more intimate largess for life. Now Mary sat in the stable in a sense of happy reality that clothed all her feeling—rather, in a sense of super-reality, which she did not know how to accept. So, slowly singing in her as she sat at her task, came that which had waited until she should open the way.

In the stable there was that fusion of shadow and light in which captive spaces reveal all their mystery. Little areas of brightness, of functioning; then dimness, then the deep. Brightness in which surfaces of worn floor, silvered wall, dusty glass, showed values more specific than those of color. Dimness in which gray rafters with wavering edges, rough posts, each with an accessory of shadow; an old harness in grotesque loops, ceased to be background and assumed roles. The background itself, modified by many an unshadowed promontory, was accented in caverns of manger and roof. The place revealed mystery and beauty in the casual business of saying what had to be said.

Mary filled her arms with hay and turned to the manger. The raw smell of the clover smote her, and it was as sweet as spring reprimised. She stood for a moment with the hay in her arms, her breath coming swiftly.

Down on the marsh, not half an hour away, he was coming to her, to be with her, as she had grown used to imagining him. She had thought that he was not coming, and he was almost here. She knew now that she was glad of this, no matter what it brought her—glad as she had never known how to be glad of anything before. He was coming! There was a thrill in the words every time that she thought them. Already she was welcoming him in her heart, already he was here, already he was born into her life.

With a soft, fierce rush of feeling not her own, it seemed to her that her point of perception was somehow drawn inward, as if she no longer saw from the old places, as if something in her that was not used to looking looked. In the seat where her will had been was no will. But somewhere in there, beyond all conflict, she felt herself to be. Beyond a thousand instincts, volitions, little seekings for comfort, rebellions at toil, the cryings of personality for its physical own, she stood at last, herself within herself. And that which through the slow process of her life and of life and being immeasurably before her had been seeking its expression, building up its own vehicle of incarnation, quite suddenly and simply flowered. It was as if the weight and the striving within her had been the pangs of some birth. She stood, as light of heart as a little child, filled with peace and tender exultation.

These filled her on the road which she took to meet him—and took alone, for she would have no one go with her ("What's come over Mary?" they asked one another in the kitchen. "She acts like she was somebody else and herself too.") The night lay about her as any other winter night—white and black—a clean white world, on which men set a pattern of highway and shelter; a clean dark sky, on which a story is written in stars, and between—no mystery, but only growth. Out toward the drawbridge the road was not well broken. She went, stumbling in the ruts and hardly conscious of them. And Mary thought:

"Something in me is glad. 'Tis as if something in me knew how to be glad more than I ever knew how alone."

"For I'm nothing but me here in Old Trail town, and yet it's as if something had come, secret, on purpose to make me know why to be glad."

"It's something in the world bigger than I know about."

"It's in me, and I guess it was in folks before me, and it will be in folks always."

"It isn't just for Ebenezer Rule and the city."

"It's for everybody, here in Old Trail town as much as anywhere."

"It's for folks that's hungry for it, and it's for folks that ain't."

"It's always been in the world, and it always will be in the world, and some day we'll know what to do."

But this was hardly in her feeling or even in her thought; it lay within her thanksgiving that the child was coming and he only a little way down there across the marsh.

CHAPTER XV. Merry Christmas.

It seemed quite credible and even fitting that the mighty, rushing, lighted express, which seldom stopped at Old Trail town, should that night come thundering across the marsh and slow down at the drawbridge for her sake and the little boy's. Several coaches' length from where she stood she saw a lantern shine where they were lifting him down. She ran ankle deep through the thin crust of snow.

"That's it!" said the conductor. "All the way from Idaho!" And swung his lantern from the step. "Merry Christmas!" he called back.

The little thing clasping Mary's hand suddenly leaped up and down beside her.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" he shouted with all his might.

Mary Chavah stood silent, and as the train drew away held out her hand, still in silence, for the boy to take.

As the noise of the train lessened he looked up.

"Are you her?" he asked soberly.

"Yes," she cried joyously. "I'm her!"

Their way led east between high banks of snow. At the end of the road was the village, looking like something lying on the great white plate of the meadows and being offered to one who needed it. At the far end of the road which was Old Trail town hung the blue arc light of the town hall, center to the constellation of the home lights and the shop lights and the street lights. There, in her house, were her neighbors gathered to do no violence to that Christmas paper of theirs, since there was to be no "present trading," no "money spending." Nevertheless they had drawn together by common consent, and it was Christmas eve. She knew it now. There is no arti-



"Are you her?" he asked soberly.

trary shutting out of that for which Christmas stands. As its spirit was in the village, so its spirit is in the world—denied, indeed, put upon, crowned with mockery, dragged in the dirt, bearing alien burdens, but through it all immaculate, waiting for men to cross the threshold at which it never ceases to beckon to a common heritage. Home of the world, with a thousand towers shining with uncounted lights, lying very near—above the village, at the end of the Old Trail road, upon the earth at the end of a yet unbroken path—where men face the sovereign fact of humanhood.

But all this lay within Mary's dumb thanksgiving that the child was coming at her side. And the vision that she saw, streamed down from Capella, of the brightness of a hundred of our suns, the star that stood in the east above the village where she lived.

Lanterns glowed through the roadside shrubbery, little kindly lights, like answers, and at a bend in the road voices burst about them, and Buff Miles and the children, Gussle and Bennet and Tab and Pep and little Emily, ran, singing, and closed about Mary and the child and went on with them, slipping into the "church choir Christmas carols," and more, that Buff had been fain to teach them. The music filled the quiet night, rose in the children's voices like an invocation to all time.

One for the way it all begun. Two for the way it all has run. What thre'll be for a do forget. But what will be has not been yet. So holly and mistletoe. So holly and mistletoe. So holly and mistletoe. Over and over and over, on!

Between songs the children whispered together for a minute.

"What's the new little boy's name?" asked Tab.

Nobody knew. That would be some thing to find out.

"Well," Tab said, "tomorrow morning, right after breakfast, I'm going to bring Theophilus Thistle-down down and lend him to him."

"Ain't we going to bury Sandy Claus right after breakfast?" demanded Gussle.

And all the children, even little Emily, answered:

"No; let's not."

They all went on together and entered Mary's gate. Those within, hearing the singing, had opened the door, and they brought them through that deep arch of warmth and light. Afterward no one could remember whether or not the greeting had been "Merry Christmas," but there could have been no mistaking what everybody meant.

At his gate in the street wall lined with snow bowed lilacs and mulberries Ebenezer Rule waited in the dark for his two friends to come back. He had found Kare Kerr in his kitchen methodically making a jar of Christmas cookies. ("You've got to eat, if it is Christmas," she had defended herself in a whisper. And to her stupefaction he had dispatched her to Mary Chavah's with her entire Christmas bakine in a basket.)

"I don't believe they've got near enough for all the folks I see going," he explained it.

While he went within doors he had left the hobbyhorse in the snow close to the wall, and he came back there to wait. The street had emptied. By now every one had gone to Mary Chavah's. Once he caught the gleam of lanterns down the road and heard children's voices singing. For some time he heard the singing, and after it had stopped he fancied that he heard it. Startled, he looked up into the wide night lying serene above the town and not yet become vexed by the town's shadows and interrupted by their lights. It was as if the singing came from up there. But the night kept its way of looking steadily beyond him.

It came to Ebenezer that the night had not always been so unconscious of his presence. The one long ago, for example, when he had slept beneath this wall and dreamed that he had a kingdom; those other nights when he had wandered abroad with his star glass. Then the night used to be something else. It had seemed to meet him, to admit him. Now he knew, and for a long time had known, that when he was abroad in the night he was there, so to say, without his permission. As for men, he could not tell when relation with them had changed, when he had begun to think of them as among the externals, but he knew that now he ran along the surface of them and let them go. He never met them as "others," as belonging to countless equations of which he was one term, and they playing that wonderful, near role of "other."

Thus he had got along, as if his own individuality were the only one that had ever occurred and as if all the mass of mankind—and the night and the day—were undifferentiated from some substance all inimical.

Then this vast egoism had heard itself expressed in the mention of Bruce's baby—the third generation. But by the great sorcery wherewith nature has protected herself, this mammoth sense of self, when it extends into the next generations, becomes a keeper of the race. Ebenezer had been touched, relaxed, disintegrated. Here was an interest outside himself which was yet no external. Vast, level reaches lay about that fact and all long unexplored. But these were peopled. He saw them peopled.

As in the cheer and stir within the house where that night were gathered his townfolk, his neighbors, his "hands," he had thought that their way of meeting him, if he chose to go among them, would matter nothing. Abruptly now he saw that it would matter more than he could bear. They were in there at Mary's, the rooms full of little families, moving along as best they could, taking pride in their children, looking about looking ahead—and they would not know that he understood. He would not have defined offhand what he meant. But he understood. He would not have defined, something in the night's present look and presence.

Gridden by the thought that he had not understood, he had turned to do. And when he had turned to do, he had seen the child, under the wall, and he had seen the child.

He had seen the child going the other way.

1849 AUBURN SAVINGS BANK 1915

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UNDER THE TOWN CLOCK

Mr. Farmer!

Having installed a MIDGET MARVEL, the SANITARY FLOURING MILL, I am now grinding hard spring wheat, and can give you a

Bread Flour of Superlative Sweetness in exchange for your winter wheat, on a basis of 40 pounds, for a bright, clean sample.

Give me a trial—By doing so you will REDUCE THE HIGH-COST OF LIVING.

Every Sack Guaranteed. Your patronage solicited.
FRANK H. WOOD,
WOOD'S MILL.

of the winter night, himself unconscious of them. The night, with all its content, a thing of explicable fellowships, lay waiting patiently for those of its children who knew its face.

In the dark and under the snow the very elements of earth and life were obscured, as in some clear wash, revealing strong values. He moved along the village, and now his dominant consciousness was the same consciousness in which that little village lived. But he knew it only as the impulse that urged him on toward Jenny's house. If he went to Jenny's, if he signified so that he wished not to be cut off from her and Bruce and the baby, if he asked Bruce to come back to the business, these meant a lifetime of modification to the boy's ideals for that business and modification to the lives of the "hands" back there in Mary Chavah's house and to some thing else.

"What else?" he asked himself.

Mechanically he looked up and saw the heavens crowded with bright watchers. In that high field one star, brighter than the others, hung over the little town. He found himself trying to see the stars as they had looked to him years ago, when they and the night had seemed to mean something else.

"What else?" he asked himself.

The time did not seem momentous. It was only very quiet. Nothing new was there, nothing different. It had always been so. The night lay in a sovereign consciousness of being more than just itself. "Do you think that you are all just you and nothing else?" it was seen to be compassionately asking.

"What else?" Ebenezer asked himself.

He did not face this yet. But in that hour which seemed pure essence, with no attenuating sound or touch, he kept on up the hill toward Jenny's house.

Mary Chavah left ajar the door from the child's room to the room where, in the dark, the tree stood. He had wanted the door to be ajar "so the things I think about can go back and forth," he had explained.

In the dining room she wrapped herself in the gray shawl and threw up the two windows. New air swept in, cleansing, replacing, prevailing. Her guests had left her early, as is the way in Old Trail town. Then she had had her first moments with the child alone. He had done the things that she had not thought of his doing, but had inevitably recognized—had delayed his bed going, had magnified and repeated the offices of his journey, had shown her the contents of his pockets, had repeatedly mentioned by their first names his playmates in Idaho and shown surprise when she asked him who they were. Mary stood now by the window conscious of a wonderful thing—that it seemed as if he had been there always.

In the clean inrush of the air she was aware of a faint fragrance, coming to her once and again. She looked down at her garden, lying wrapped in white and veiled with black like some secret being. Three elements were slowly fashioning it, while the fourth, a soft fire within her, answered them. The fragrance made it seem as if the turn of the year were very near, as if its prophecy, evident once in the October violets in her garden, were come again. But when she moved she knew that the fragrance came from within the room, from Ellen Bourne's Christmas rose, blossoming on the table. Above her eye fell on the picture that Jenny had brought to her on that day when she had all but emptied the house, as if in readiness. Almost she understood now the passionate expectation of those who in her dream

had kept saying "You."

There was a movement in her garden and on the walk footsteps. The

three men stepped into the rectangle of lamplight—Abel Ames and Simeon, who had left the party a little before the others and, hurrying back with the gifts that they planned, had met Ebenezer at his gate, getting home from Jenny's house. In Abel's arms was something globed, like a little world; in Simeon's, the tall, gray-gowned St. Nicholas taken from the Exchange window, the lettered sign absent, but the little flag still in his hand, and Ebenezer was carrying the hobbyhorse.

"Has the boy gone to bed?" Abel asked without preface.

"Yes," Mary answered. "I'm sorry. 'Never mind,' Simeon whispered. 'You can give him these in the morning.'"

Mary, her shawl half hiding her face, stooped to take what the three lifted.



The Three Men Stepped Into the Rectangle of Lamplight.

"They ain't presents, you know," Abel assured her positively. "They're just—well, just to let him know."

Mary set the strange assortment on the floor of the dining room—the things that were to be nothing in themselves, only just "to let him know."

"Thank you for him," she said gently. "And thank you for me," she added.

Ebenezer fumbled for a moment at his heavier hat and took it off. Then the other two did so to their firm fixed caps. And with an impulse that came from no one could tell whom, the three spoke—the first time hesitatingly, the next time together and confidently.

"Merry Christmas, merry Christmas!" they said.

Mary Chavah lifted her hand. "Merry Christmas!" she cried.

THE END.

JOHN CARLE & SONS,
Desk 121, 152 Water St., New York

IMPERIAL GRANUM Food for the Nursing Mother

Increases the quantity and quality of her milk and gives strength to bear the strain of nursing.

For the BABY
Imperial Granum is the food that gives hard, firm flesh, good bones and rich, red blood. Send for Free Sample and 44-p. book, "The Care of Babies." Includes the names of 3 friends with babies and a Cute Rag Doll will be sent you.

JOHN CARLE & SONS,
Desk 121, 152 Water St., New York

Advertising Talks

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND ADVERTISING

No Good Reason Why Doctors Should Not Follow Example of Others.

The medical profession has always occupied a peculiar attitude upon the question of advertising. A generation ago it would have been well-nigh impossible to find a respectable physician who would have consented to proclaim his professional qualifications and attainments to the world through the medium of the public prints. It was not considered in accordance with "professional ethics."

And this feeling has very largely survived to the present day. Nearly all of what may be termed the old school physicians disapprove of publicity that comes by reason of advertising in the public press. All that is permissible is the publication of a simple professional card, and even that is in many cases omitted.

Is there any good reason for this? asks the Tampa Times.

Why should the profession be so excessively modest? Many very respectable doctors do advertise; but they are discouraged by their more conservative brethren, and some even go so far as to term them quacks or charlatans. This is in most cases unjust, but it springs from a feeling that is hard to eradicate.

Other professions are forgetting the conservatism of former days and are utilizing the columns of the newspapers for the purpose of attaining that publicity that can be gained so effectively and completely through no other medium.

Even the preachers are now using the newspapers to call attention to their special services and to extend to the public invitations to attend their churches.

Lawyers advertise, though perhaps less than the members of any other profession except the medical, architects, engineers of every kind—in fact, every calling and profession into which human activities are divided make use of the modern newspaper to "get into the limelight" of publicity and to draw attention to themselves, except the doctors.

We cannot avoid the opinion that this should not be so. The feeling against advertising is more a prejudice than anything else. It is true that many quacks and incompetents do advertise; but all who advertise are not by any manner of means quacks or incompetents, and because a practitioner seeks publicity through the newspapers it is not safe to dub him a charlatan.

It should no longer be considered unethical by the doctors to advertise. It should be left optional with each one to do as he pleases in that respect without loss of prestige or standing among his associates.

Many intelligent and progressive physicians are coming to recognize that publicity through the press, kept within the bounds of moderation and good taste, may be made the means of great good to the community and to themselves.

Advertisers Are in Good Company.

Mr. Business Men, have you ever thought that advertising put you in good company? It is an old saying that a man is known by the company he keeps. Then you join the ranks of the biggest and most successful merchants and manufacturers of the world.

How many concerns can you name in Chicago, in New York, in Kansas City, in Boston, in any large city in the country? Name them and you will notice that all are big advertisers and all are leaders in their lines. Ask your friends to name the most successful merchants they know in the big cities and in each case the name of a great advertiser will be mentioned.

The same rule is true of smaller cities and towns. The successful merchants are the advertisers. The advertiser stamps himself as one having confidence in himself and his wares, as one proud of his calling and seeking publicity and the test of patronage. Join the ranks of successful advertisers.

Via Parcel Post.

Here are some of the articles, advertised under a general display heading "Parcel Post Business" by miscellaneous firms in a single issue of a western paper: Kodaks, phonographs, elastic stockings, suits for men, women, boys or girls; false hair, boots and shoes, printed matter, music, paints, cigars, collars, both for humans and horses; rifles, shotguns, portieres, candies, seeds, old hats made new, pocketknives, art and drawing materials, small rugs, valises, women's hats, men's hats, homemade baby blankets, homemade needlework, sausage made by farmers' wives, dolls. This list short as it is, shows the wide variety of articles which anyone may advertise for sale and on which may be built up a profitable business under the parcel post system, pursuing mail order trade methods.

"I Am Advertising."

I came into being as the spoken language came; slowly, gradually and to meet an urgent need. I have been worked for evil, but mostly I have worked for good. I can still be worked for evil, but each day it grows more difficult to so misuse me.

I am at once a tool and a living force. If you use me wisely, I am a tool in your employ. If you misuse me, my double edge will injure or destroy you. If you do not use me, I am a force that works against the aims and purposes that animate your business.

I speak a thousand tongues and I have a million voices.

I am the ambassador of civilization, the hand-maiden of science and the father of invention.

I have peopled the prairie, and with my aid commerce has laid twin trails of gleaming steel in a gridiron across the continent and stretched a network of copper into the far corners of the globe.

I am the friend of humanity—for I have filled the commoner's life with a hundred comforts denied the king of yesterday.

I have brought clean food, healthful warmth, music, convenience and comfort into a hundred million homes.

I laugh at tariffs and remake laws.

I have scaled the walls of the farmer's isolation and linked him to the world of outer interests.

I build great factories and people them with happy men and women who love the labor I create.

I am a bridge that spans all distance and brings the whole world to your door, ready and eager to buy your wares.

I have made merchant princes out of corner shopkeepers and piled the wealth of a Monte Cristo into the laps of those who know my power.

I find new markets and gather the goods of the world into a handful of printed pages.

I fathered the penny newspaper.

I am either the friend or the foe to Competition—so he who finds me first is both lucky and wise.

Where it cost cents to hire me yesterday it costs quarters today, and will cost dollars tomorrow. But whosoever uses me had best have sense; for I repay ignorance with loss and wisdom with the wealth of Croesus.

I spell service, economy, abundance and opportunity; for I am the one and only universal alphabet.

I live in every spoken word and printed line—in every thought that moves man to action and every deed that displays character.

I am advertising!

FINED FOR DISHONEST "AD"

Oregon Merchant Convicted on Charge of Inserting False Advertisement in Newspaper.

The first conviction has just been obtained in Oregon under a law which makes it a misdemeanor to insert false advertisements in the newspapers. There have been attempts in congress and in some legislatures to enact laws providing that leather shall be of hide and cloth, just what it claims to be, but Oregon is, so far as we are aware, the only state where this sort of legislation has reached the statute books.

It appears that the proprietor of a dry goods store in Portland advertised "\$15 all-wool dresses for \$6.95." Portland has a very alert and aggressive branch of the Advertising Clubs of America, and this branch sent out a woman to ascertain if the all-wool dresses were "as advertised." She bought one, submitted it to an expert in wool fabrics and when he reported that the "all-wool" was only 50 per cent, what its claims set forth, the storekeeper was arrested and prosecuted, with the result, that he was fined \$40.

There is a lesson in this for the advertiser as well as the purchaser. The first will learn that common honesty demands that his wares shall be exactly as he represents them; the purchaser will be taught to give his trade only to those who are known to meet this reasonable test. If the Oregon idea shall become nation-wide, says the Nashville Tennessean, it will mean a larger bestowal of confidence by the one and an increase of sales by the other. The moral is obvious: Honest advertising pays.

Unique Advertising.

A unique form of advertising appears in the Detroit News. It is in the nature of a warning to consumers by James W. Helme, state dairy and food commissioner, against alleged adulterated foods that have been advertised to the public as pure goods. Owing to the inadequacy of the law governing fake advertising, Mr. Helme says, this is the only method the dairy and food department of Michigan can use in protecting the public against imposition. The warnings of the department are displayed and paid for at regular advertising rates.



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

FOUND—TWO BILLION DOLLARS.

A sure way of solving the problem of the high cost of living is forcefully indicated by Dan Poling in an appeal to the voters of the country. "Have you ever stopped to consider," he says, "what two billion dollars would do toward solving that problem?"

"Do you think that it would help if we could find two billion dollars somewhere?"

"We have found two billion dollars! Two billion dollars worse than lost! In round numbers, the drink bill of the United States represents an investment in body, mind and soul destruction of \$91.00 for each family in the country. When we remember that there are unnumbered families that have no drink bill at all, we begin to form a hazy conception of the drinking families of the nation. Liquor money is generally bread money, meat money, shoe money, and money that ought to be spent for clothing. Some stomach goes hungry for bread, some feet go poorly shod, some body goes inadequately clothed, in order that the liquor traffic may gratify the unappeasable appetite it creates for unneeded, sary strong drink."

DESTROY THE DESTROYER.

In his book, "Man's Value to Society," Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis says: "Statisticians reckon the average man's value at \$600 a year." Each worker in wood, iron or brass stands for an engine or industrial plant worth \$10,000, producing at 6 per cent, an income of \$600. The death of the average workman, therefore, is equivalent to the destruction of a \$10,000 mill or engine. The economic loss through the non-productivity of 20,000 drunkards is equal to one Chicago fire, involving \$200,000,000.

This does not take into account the cost of the crime and pauperism which 20,000 drunkards entail upon the public, nor the degeneracy of drunkards' offspring which adds enormously to the economic loss through non-productivity and direct criminality. By the license system this nation is deliberately destroying each year its chief assets. The liquor traffic must go!

OUT OF A JOB.

The cry is sometimes made that if saloons are voted out saloonkeepers will lose their jobs and their families will suffer. Did it ever occur to you, pertinently asks an exchange, that if the saloons are not voted out, hundreds of the patrons of the saloons will lose their jobs and their families will suffer?

When a saloonkeeper puts a man out of a job, he disgraces the man and his family, and unfits him for another job. When prohibition puts a saloonkeeper out of a job, he becomes a more honorable citizen, his family becomes more honorable and the community secures a wealth-producing workman instead of a wealth-destroying workman.

NEW COMMANDMENT.

The voice of science speaks with greater authority than ever before; and the average man is beginning to believe that it is the voice of God speaking to his children. Science, industry, philanthropy, patriotism, religion and common sense are today thundering from a hundred Sinais the divine command: "Thou shalt not use alcohol in any form, neither thou nor thy president, nor thy army, nor thy navy, nor thy physician, nor thy pastor, at the communion table, nor thy teacher, nor thy railroad engineer, nor thy chauffeur, nor anyone who dwells within thy borders."—Rev. Henry Stauffer in Union Signal.

SELLING PASSWORD FOR DRINK.

Surgeon General Evatt, speaking in London, not long ago, dwelt upon the deplorable condition of drink among women, adding "for a woman to drink is like selling the password in the field of battle." This is a unique and powerful way of describing the effect of drink, not only on women, but on men. Alas, how many have lost in the battle of life by selling the password of success and happiness for strong drink!—Lillian M. N. Stevens.

INJURIOUS WORK OF BEER.

It is just this precious beer which lowers the intellectual capacity and will power of thousands and thousands of people and makes them old before their time; ruins stomach, liver, heart and brain; brings them into the poorhouse and prison, hospital and asylum, and early puts them under the earth.—Max Gruber, M. D., president Royal Institute of Hygiene, Munich.

SUSCEPTIBLE TO DISEASE.

Liabilities to sickness are greater among drinkers than among abstainers, because alcohol weakens the vitality, lessens the power of resistance, renders the body more susceptible to disease.—Adolf Baer, M. D., Royal Sanitary Commission, Berlin, Germany.

WORK OF ALCOHOL.

"Alcohol does not nourish, but pulls down; does not stimulate, but depresses; does not strengthen, but excites and exhausts."—Dr. Norman Kerr.

All Around the Mulberry Bush

Story of a Wife's Devotion.

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

All the afternoon the thud of flatirons on the ironing board had gone on steadily.

Now, with the coming of dusk, they began to lag. In the overheated little kitchen, potently smelling of starch and clean linen, Mrs. Whalen paused at intervals more and more frequent to listen for the sound of familiar footsteps on the back steps.

At last they came—dragging, tired footsteps, pausing at the rubber mat on the top step to wipe the mud from the big boots before they should enter that spotless domain.

Mrs. Whalen whisked her iron back to the stove and sped to the back door to throw it open.

"Wherever have ye been all this long, dearie?" she gently chided the gray haired, bent figure on the doormat. "I was beginnin' to feel a wee bit worried about ye."

The pallor of his pinched face made his eyes seem unusually large. His clothes hung loosely and baggily on his shrunken frame.

"Now we'll have supper," she announced. "A bit of tay'll be puttin' the heart into ye. I've made ye the ligitant mutton broth this afternoon too."

"Ye've been ironin' the livelong day," said Whalen at length. "I take shame to myself to think av yer doin' it, Nora."

"Tis no wor-rk for me at all; I love it," she declared briskly, but Whalen noticed how tired her eyes looked and how thin the gray hair was getting at her temples. A spoonful of the mutton broth he was swallowing at the moment seemed to choke him.

"Ye'd say that anyway," he averred, looking at her with admiration.

"There's the foine money in doin' this fancy stuff," she declared. "Tin dollars a week we can be countin' on now!"

The little clock on the mantel was striking 9 when from the bedroom she heard sleepy, half audible mummings.

She put down her iron and tiptoed to the threshold. Whalen was tossing restlessly on the bed.

"Folnd me anny kind av wor-rk, Brady—anny kind," Mrs. Whalen heard his uneasy mutterings. "Sure, I'm strong enough for wor-rk now. I can't see her workin' like she does to kape us goin'! She's too old for it, Brady. Folnd me somethin' to do. Yep, I'll take tin dollars a week to start in on. If I have to."

"So!" she breathed softly to herself. "That's why he's so tired ivry night, hey? 'Tis no sittin' on a par-rk bench that does it. 'Tis lookin' for a job already he is and himself not half over the sickness yet."

She sat for a long time staring thoughtfully at the distorted reflections in the polished nickel of the stove.

At last she arose, smiling and nodding to herself as she whisked another skirt from the basket beneath the board and, with a hot iron, began to smooth out its many founces.

There were several bundles of laundry to be delivered the next afternoon. No sooner had Whalen poked abroad, ostensibly for his brief walk to the park, than Mrs. Whalen donned her rusty best clothes and fared forth herself.

The little suburban town was mellow with the warmth of early summer. Mrs. Whalen delivered her bundles and then turned her eager steps to one of the town's more pretentious streets. Here each house had its trim bit of lawn, a few shade trees and not infrequently a hopeful little garden.

Up to one of the smaller houses Mrs. Whalen made her way and whirled the bell.

"Would I be findin' Mr. Evans at home?" she inquired of the trim maid who answered her summons.

Mr. Evans was home, and Mrs. Whalen was ushered into a dim library, where a pleasant faced man was poring over a pile of papers.

"Why, it's Nora Whalen," said he, rising to get her a chair. "You want the money for the past few washings, of course?"

Mrs. Whalen shook her head. She began pulling at the fingers of her black cotton gloves.

"Ye—ye couldn't be usin' a man about the place, could ye, Mr. Evans," she asked diffidently, "sort of a gardener, say, or the likes av that?"

"A gardener—me?" Evans inquired, with a slow shake of his head. "Why, that little patch of lawn isn't enough to keep me in trim, Nora. A gardener?"

Mrs. Whalen pulled more nervously at the glove fingers.

"'Twill cost ye nothin' at all," said she.

Evans looked puzzled.

"Tis like this," she hastened to explain: "Ye know the sickness Mike has had and the bad shape it's wint and left him in. Well, I'm doin' 'fols veif the washin' and leavin' things goin' first rate. But Mike do be worried to death all the time about the way I have to wor-rk. I've found out he's been tryin' ivry day to get him a job instead av pokin' out to the par-rk to set on a bench, like he tells me he does—him that ain't the strength av a horse in him yet. And I'm afraid he'll get a job somewhere, wan that'll lay him out again be the wor-rk in it."

get a job somewhere, wan that'll lay him out again be the wor-rk in it.

"If he had alsy wor-rk, now, somethin' that wouldn't hurt him none, but would take up his mind and let him think he was earnin' the money that's keepin' us goin', 'twould not be bad at all, I'm thinkin'." So I thought maybe you'd take Mike on as a sort of a gardener here and see he didn't do too much. And if ye would and pay him tin dollars for it I'd sive ye the tin ivry Saturday mornin', so yer could be payin' it to him Saturday night."

"I see," said he. "Why, yes; I think I could afford a gardener under those conditions."

"There's a letter for ye the post-man just brought, dearie," said Mrs. Whalen that night as Mike came shuffling in somewhat later than usual. "Who's it from?" she asked when her husband had torn it open and read the brief missive.

"Just a bit of an advertisement that don't amount to annything at all," said he.

"He's afraid I won't give him the job," thought Mrs. Whalen, noting him closely.

Whalen was early away from the house next morning—indeed, quite early enough to stop on his way to his new job at the Cobb place and catch Charlie Cobb before he should leave for town.

"Well, well, Mike," said Cobb as he met Whalen coming up the walk, "what brings you round here at this time of day?"

Whalen caught the other man by the arm in his eagerness.

"Would ye be doin' me a favor, Mr. Cobb?" said he.

"You know annything I can do for you, Mike?"

"Would ye mind, now," Whalen went on, "takin', say, a few av yer clothes over to Nora for her to press and mend? 'Twill cost ye nothin'." he hurried on, catching the perplexity and doubt in jovial Charlie Cobb's eyes.

"Not many, mind ye, just a few! And I want ye to tell her ye'll be payin' her tin dollars a week to look after the clothes av ye for avtill."

"Ye see, I've just got the foine, nisy job weedin' a few pansy beds and the like that's to pay me that much, but Nora did she know av it would put her fut down and say I wa'n't yet well enough to do the wor-rk? She'd say she'd kape on wif the washin' in 'she's doin', which same, God knows, is cruel hard for a woman av her age. But she can't know I'm workin', or she'll be unhappy and worried to death. So I'll slip ye a tin each Saturday, and when Nora brings back the mended clothes av ye ye can slip it to her, and 'twill be aisy for her and she none the wiser where it comes from."

"And so, after going into details somewhat more minutely, it was arranged that Cobb should furnish Mrs. Whalen an easier job than the washing she had heretofore been doing."

Now, on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock Charlie Cobb came into the Evans yard and made for Mike Whalen, who, seated comfortably on a low stool, was holding the nozzle of a sizzling hose with which he watered the lawn.

"Mrs. Whalen's just brought back the suit I sent over to her this week," said Cobb. "She's waiting over at the house for her money, although I've had hard work to convince her the work is going to be worth \$10 a week. So, if you'll just slip me the ten, Mike, I'll pass it over to her."

"The boss ain't handed me me pay yet," said Whalen. "She's waitin', yer say? Well, I'll run up to the house and—"

"Oh, never mind," said Cobb. "I'm going to have a word with Evans, anyway, before I go back. I'll just tell him to pass your wages over to me."

"Sure!" said Mike and went on comfortably with his sprinkling.

Evans looked up quickly in the library a few minutes later at Charlie Cobb's request.

"Come again, please," said he.

"I say I just saw Mike out here, and he says for you to pass the week's wages that are due him over to me. You see, it's like this—"

Whereupon he explained the deal into which he had entered with Mike Whalen.

"Well!" said Evans, holding up a hand before Cobb was fairly through "Now listen to me!"

And he told of his little business arrangement with Mrs. Whalen.

Charlie Cobb began to laugh delightedly, but in the midst of it he stopped short. His face became grave.

"It's a fine circle to chase around, isn't it?" he mused. "But I'm hanged if I'm not going to find a beginning and an end to this particular circle. Why, if you'd see that old codger hatchin' up that scheme with me so that Nora wouldn't have to wash any more and at the same time not be worried to death about him!"

"Or if you'd seen Nora planning it out so he would think he was earning the money," Evans interrupted.

"I'm hanged if it isn't worth \$10 a week to have my clothes looked after!" said Cobb vehemently, bringing down a dobnied fist on the corner of the library table.

"Oh, no, it isn't," Evans demurred. "Never in the world, Charlie! But, I'll tell you what, mayb' it's worth \$5 to you and \$5 to me to have Mike look after the lawn. I always did hate waterin' it and weedin' the pansy beds. But we can't be bothered chasing around the mulberry bush with that \$10 each week. Suppose you trot back and bring Mrs. Whalen over here in your car, and then maybe all together we can straighten this thing out satisfactorily."



The cares of the day, old moralists say, Are quite enough to perplex one. Then drive today's sorrow away till tomorrow, And then put it off till the next one.

FLAVOR VEGETABLES.

The vegetable which ranks high as flavor for various dishes is the onion.

They are considered a most valuable vegetable medicinally, and there is no more wholesome or delicious one when well cooked and properly seasoned and served.

The Bermuda or Spanish onions are mild flavored and most attractive served sliced with French dressing. Chopped Spanish onion—and green peppers, served on slices of cucumbers, laid on a bed of watercress, is another good salad. For creamed onions allow two to each person and cook them in water that is all evaporated by the time they are tender. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter for a dozen onions and a half cupful of rich cream. Salt and pepper is added and the vegetables are heated in the cream until well seasoned through.

Onions With Rice and Chicken.—This is a combination which is not often found in American homes, but is especially good. To a dozen onions, all small and even sized, add a cupful of rice and a cupful of chicken meat. Put the onions into a baking dish with the rice. Pour over three cupfuls of chicken stock and a cup of chopped chicken meat. Salt and pepper and dot with butter. Place in a moderate oven and cook covered for one hour; then uncover, add a cupful of cream and cook 15 minutes longer. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Fried onions are very hearty and are not good for those who have a weak digestion. Combined with apples they make a most delicious vegetable to serve with pork.

Onions are good in beef stock and covered while cooking, then during the last half hour sprinkle with a teaspoonful of sugar and brown uncovered.

Onions parboiled and baked with cheese and a white sauce is another most wholesome way of serving them.

Cabbage is another of our flavor vegetables, which is as good as cauliflower when carefully boiled, drained and served in a rich white sauce.

Garlic is another flavor vegetable that is most delightful if used sparingly as a seasoning for meat and salads.

Never inquire into another man's secret; but conceal that which is entrusted to you, though pressed both by wine and anger to reveal it.—Horace.

USE YOUR FIRELESS COOKSTOVE.

If you haven't one buy one; if you can't buy one make one out of a candy pail lined with asbestos paper and padded well with mineral wool or the real wool. A cracker box or an old trunk have made most acceptable cookers when well padded. It is necessary that there be a tight cover over the cushion that keeps in the heat.

For a home-made cooker the amount of cooking is limited, as broiling or brown roasting cannot be done, neither can baking. The main thing to be remembered in preparing food for the cooker is that there is no means of evaporation, so the amount of liquid should be added with that in mind. The heat that is generated in the water that surrounds the food and the heat in the receptacle are all that cooks the food, so it must be conserved.

Have the dish boiling hot and the cooker near the stove so that little heat is lost in transit, then cover quickly and allow it to stand from three to six hours, depending on the food cooked. It may need to be reheated if it is food that requires long cooking, but rice, macaroni and steamed puddings may be cooked in an hour or two.

Seasonings of course should be added after the food has reached the boiling point on the stove. All foods must actually boil and be put so into the cooker.

One of the reasons that steals and chops are so expensive is because there is a larger demand for them, and they form a very small part of the animal. Those who will call to their aid a fireless cooker and buy the cheaper cuts will furnish their families with just as wholesome and much cheaper food. A piece of meat weighing eight or ten pounds can be cooked 12 hours to good advantage.

Although the home-made cooker is especially adapted for the cooking of stews and tough portions of meat, there are many cereals and puddings that are well cooked in it.



Some report elsewhere whatever is told them; the measure of fiction always increases, and each fresh narrator adds something to what he has heard.—Ovid.

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THE GENOA TRIBUNE

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

Friday Morning, Jan. 29, 1915

Home Economics and Agriculture.

As a result of a marked interest shown in the work of the rural schools by the patrons of the different school districts, and a desire on their part to have this work better meet the needs of the rural girls and boys, work in Home Economics and Agriculture will be installed in five schools of the 4th Supervisory District of Cayuga county.

As it has been planned this work will in no way interfere with the regular day program as the school will be held in the evening at the local schoolhouse.

The lessons and demonstrations will be held bi-monthly and will be conducted by experts from the College of Agriculture, Cornell University.

The work in home economics will be cooking and canning. The work in agriculture for the boys and those of the girls who wish to do the work will be poultry raising. This work will consist of the care and feeding of poultry and also the manual training work in coop and model building construction. If the present plans can be carried out similar work will be regularly installed in the Genoa Union school with weekly lessons.

It is planned that the girls and boys who have taken the poultry course in each of these districts enter a poultry raising contest this spring and summer with a poultry exhibit some time next fall.

The following is a schedule for the classes in Home Economics for the remainder of this month with Miss Nye as instructor: King Ferry, Miss Vah De Bogart, teacher, Tuesday, Jan. 26; Five Corners, Miss Bessie Hanlon, teacher, Wednesday, Jan. 27; East Genoa, Mrs. E. May Tarbell, teacher, Thursday, Jan. 28; Bolts Corners, Miss Elizabeth Neville, teacher, Friday, Jan. 29.

The following is the schedule for the remainder of the winter:
King Ferry—Miss Nye; Feb. 15, March 8, April 5.
Mr. Krum; March 1, March 22, April 19.
Bolts Corners—Miss Nye; Feb. 19, March 12, April 9.
Mr. Krum; March 5, March 26, April 23.
East Genoa—Miss Nye; Feb. 18, March 11, April 8.
Mr. Krum; March 4, March 25, April 22.
Five Corners—Miss Nye; Feb. 17, March 10, April 7.
Mr. Krum; March 3, March 24, April 21.

Seminarians Win.

In the presence of a large and enthusiastic crowd at the rink last Friday night the Auburn seminary basketball team defeated the Genoa Baraca team by a score of 20 to 18. The game was close and hard fought by both teams. At one time in the first half Genoa led 10 to 3, but by the end of the half the score was tied 10 to 10. With only a few minutes of play left before the end of the game, Genoa tied the score on a foul throw. When the whistle blew for the end of the game the score was again tied 18 to 18. The tie was played off and with a hard fight the Auburn team took the game.

The line-up:

GENOA BARACAS	AUBURN SEMINARY
Dean	Anderson
Reeves	Eddy
Wilbur	Hogan
Reas	Rock
Howell	Salisbury
Hand—R. F.	C.—Gilmore
Baskets—Anderson 1, Eddy 8;	
Dean 2, Reeves 1, Wilbur 5.	
Fouls—Eddy 2; Dean 2.	
Referee—Willoughby.	

Woman (separated from husband in crowd)—"I'm looking for a small man with one eye." Policeman—"If he's a very small man, maybe you'd better use both eyes."

Rome's new directory gives the population of that city as 24,425.

The Sunday school convention of the town of Genoa will be held on Thursday, Feb. 2.

Genoa Presbyterian Church.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock. In company with almost 2,000 other pastors of the State, the pastor of the church will give a brief discussion of the Optional Local Prohibition Bill, which is now pending before the Senate and Legislature of the State of New York. This bill is backed by representatives of all political parties and demands the earnest consideration of the Christian people of the State. Voters are especially urged to be present next Sunday morning.

Sunday school immediately following the morning service. Our school is growing in interest and in attendance and should have your support.

Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Topic, "Foreign Mission opportunities the world around."

Evening service at 7:30. The topic for discussion will be the Third commandment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord Thy God in vain."

Mid-week service Thursday at 7:45 p. m. Continuation of study of Paul's doctrine of election as found in 10th chap. of Romans.

Former Genoa Resident.

Died, at her home in the town of Ripley, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., on Jan. 23, 1915, Elizabeth Mary Newburg Spencer, aged 76 years. Mrs. Spencer lived in Genoa many years ago and is remembered by some of the older residents of the town. She was a granddaughter of Enoch Buck, and a niece of Thomas Buck and Marietta Buck Avery. She went to Ripley in the year 1858, and accumulated a considerable property. Her home was one of the finest in the grape belt country.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WANTED—One of the large magazine publishing houses desires to employ an active man or woman in this community to handle a special plan which has proven unusually profitable. Good opening for right party. Address with two references. Publisher, Box 155, Times Sq. Sta., New York City.

FOR SALE—20 cows, 3 to 6 years old, 8 2-year-old heifers. They are all extra fine high grade Holsteins of a strict dairy type and will suit the buyer who wants producers; also 3 bred yearling Berkshire sows. 27w2 John I. Bower, King Ferry.

Keep your hens busy shelling out eggs in spite of cold weather by using Pratt's Poultry Regulator. Sold on money back guarantee by J. S. Banker, Drugs, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Stove wood, also 2 tons of baled straw. 27w3 E. H. Bennett, Venice Center.

FOR SALE—10 horses, roadsters and workers. Cattle wanted. 19tf Archie B. Smith, King Ferry.

Salesman Wanted to look after our interest in Cayuga and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. Address The Harvey Oil Co., 26w2 Cleveland, Ohio.

Harnesses cleaned and oiled in first class shape, at residence of 26w3 Wm. Smith, Genoa.

Express load of 28 head of Iowa mares, all good farm and draft chunks, well broken and young. Weighing from 1,100 to 1,500 lbs. The good kind. On sale at my stables in Moravia on Jan. 22. Will continue to have plenty of the above kind on sale at all times. A look means sale. Come and look for yourselves. W. P. Parker.

FOR SALE—A nine-room house, large barn, hen house, well and cistern, garden and fruit. Inquire of Frank Brill, King Ferry, N. Y. 26w2

FOR RENT—The living apartment over Hagin's store, Genoa. Inquire of F. C. Hagin. 25tf

WANTED—Poultry, hogs, calves, at highest market price. Write or phone. S. C. Houghtaling, Phone 42F4, R. D. 5, Auburn, N. Y.

LOST—Near Poplar Ridge church, evening Jan. 6, square horse blanket. Finder please leave at Mosher's store. A. W. Dixon.

FARM FOR SALE—First class for grain or dairying, 111 acres. Inquire of Fred C. Clark or Richard Clark, Venice Center, N. Y. 23tf

FOR SALE—Farm of 14 acres; good house, barn and henhouse, abundance of fruit, land level and productive, near church, school and store. Price reasonable. Easy terms. 22tf Clarence Hollister, Atwater.

FOR SALE—Set light bobs, heavy three spring wagon. 21tf Fred Oldenburg, Genoa.

FOR SALE—My residence with barn and good garden. Easy terms. For particulars, inquire of Mrs. A. J. Hurlbutt, Genoa. 16m3

Cash paid for poultry delivered every Tuesday. We want your furs, hats and horse hides, deacon skins. 14tf Weaver & Brown, Genoa.

Town Nominations.

REPUBLICAN.
Supervisor—Edwin Fessenden.
Town Clerk—F. C. Hagin.
Superintendent of highways—Frank Gillespie.
Collector—Charles Foster.
Justices of the peace—F. Hollister and Wm. Sharpsteen.
Assessors—George Curtis and Robert Ferris.
Overseers of the poor—A. J. Bothwell and Claude Palmer.
Constables—G. N. Coon, Walter Hunt, James Riley, Frank Sellen and S. C. French.

DEMOCRAT.
Supervisor—A. L. Loomis.
Town Clerk—A. B. Peck.
Justices of the peace—Lorenzo Couse and George Nettleton.
Assessors—Arthur Slocum and Seymour Weaver.
Collector—Herbert Hand.
Overseers of the poor—Michael Sullivan and Thos. O'Neil.
Constables—Mortimer Hilliard, Wm. Callahan and Thomas Walsh.
Superintendent of highways—John Sullivan.

Collector's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the taxable inhabitants of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., that I, the undersigned, collector of taxes in and for said town, have received the warrant for the collection of taxes for the present year, and that I will attend from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 4 o'clock in the afternoon for 30 days from the date hereof, for the purpose of receiving payment of taxes at the following places in said town, viz:

Wm. Ferris' store, Five Corners, Tuesday, Jan. 26 and Feb. 2; Atwater's store, King Ferry, Wednesday, Jan. 27 and Feb. 3; Mastin's store, Genoa, Thursday, Jan. 28 and Feb. 4, and the balance of the time at my residence in Genoa. C. J. Foster, Collector Town of Genoa. Dated Jan. 19, 1915.

Some Interesting Facts.

A. J. Hodge of 205 Elk St., Syracuse, formerly a resident of East Venice and vicinity for 60 years, informs us that he has kept a diary for 49 years and has noted down the births, marriages and deaths of many in that vicinity during that time; also the high and low temperature of the seasons, and many other notable events. The amount of money received and paid out and for what purpose. At one time he sold to Squire Howe of Genoa 100 bushels of wheat for \$300, and delivered the same in one day; that he sold barley for \$2 per bushel and oats for \$1 per bushel; that he paid as high as \$1.75 for a pound of tea; that he held a town office for 21 years; that he can read the news without glasses and that if he lives until Feb. 6 he will be 78 years of age.

Collector's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the taxable inhabitants of the town of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., that I, the undersigned, collector of taxes in and for said town, have received the warrant for the collection of taxes for the present year, and that I will receive the same as follows: At Ledyard, Tuesday Jan. 26; East Venice, Friday, Jan. 29; Poplar Ridge, Thursday, Feb. 4. The remainder of the thirty days at the depot at Venice Center. Jan. 18, 1915. 26w2 George B. Crawford, Collector, Town of Venice.

Remember the bake sale Saturday afternoon at Hagin's grocery.
The 1915 encampment of the G. A. R. of New York state will be held at Albany on June 23 and 24.
"Education is a developing of the mind, not a stuffing of the memory. Digest what you read."
A conference of Sunday schools, which include the schools of all denominations in Ithaca and near-by towns, will be held in the First Baptist church of Ithaca on Friday, Jan. 29.

The Order of the Eastern Star of the State has purchased the Waterbury mansion at Oriskany, near Utica, and will found a State Infirmary and Home for the aged members of the fraternity. There are 60,000 O. E. S. members in the State.

With a list of exhibits excelling any previous event of the kind and interesting amusement features, the 1915 show of the Syracuse Automobile Dealers' association promises to eclipse any former exhibition. The dates are Feb. 23-27 inclusive. The show will be held in the Armory.

THE POULTRY MAN.

Castor oil is useful in cases of diarrhea in poultry. A dose will relieve the intestines of irritant matter, the cause of the trouble, and cool and clean the bowels.
The male chicken is a cock, the male goose a gander, the male duck a drake, the male turkey a tom or gobble.
February is generally the beginning of the laying season for both ducks and geese.
Keep up the fight against lice. Do not let the good work of last month end your warfare. You did not get them all by any means. Go at them again.
Poultry culture calls for brains, energy, experience and capital.

PARASITES THAT INFEST POULTRY

For practical purposes lice and mites may be divided into three classes, according to their life habits and the best means of destroying them. The first and least harmful class is that made up of the large body lice which live upon the skin of adult fowls and annoy them chiefly by the irritation of their presence. These are comparatively easily killed by lice powders sifted through the feathers, or by the dust baths which all fowls enjoy if given opportunity to take them. Given opportunity to take these dust baths, adult fowls will need little help in combating this class of parasites.

The second class is composed of those which burrow into the skin or beneath the scales of the fowl's body and legs. The depluming mite which burrows into the skin at the base of the feathers and causes these to drop out and the mite which causes scaly leg by burrowing beneath the scales of the feet and shanks belong to this class. These cannot be reached by dusting powders and must be attacked with some grease or oil that can penetrate to their habitations. Any nonirritating



Sealy leg in fowls is a filthy disease and is caused by a parasite that burrows under the scales and when it starts soon infects the whole neck. Where it exists clean up thoroughly, whitewash walls, roosts, nests, dropping boards and disinfect floors. If scaly is thick soak the fowls' legs in sweet oil, remove crusts gently and apply sulphur ointment or a mixture of three parts lard and one of coal oil. Repeat until the disease disappears.

grease or oil may be used, ordinary lard being as good as anything, though it sometimes needs re-enforcing with mercurial or blue ointment in the proportion of about one-fourth part of the latter. This can be rubbed in and reaches the pests. As a liquid dip for legs kerosene or coal oil is efficient and handy.

The third and most destructive class of parasites is represented by the common red mite. These mites do not stay upon the fowls during the day, but live in cracks and behind loose boards about the nests and perches and come out at night to feast upon the blood of their victims. Careful search will find them in any neglected henhouse, and no fowls can thrive where they are present. These are to be killed by the lice paints or sprays and by white-wash. For painting perches and small surfaces kerosene to which has been added one-fourth part of crude carbolic acid is cheap and effective. Any hard grease like tallow may be melted and applied to perches by means of a brush; this will fill the pores of the wood and lasts longer than the liquid paints.

Charcoal For Poultry. Char out is an excellent corrective of the evils of indolent feeding and also is a good remedy in bowel disorder in poultry. Having wonderful absorbent powers, especially for gases, only a small quantity should be put in the hoppers at a time, on account of its absorptive nature. It should be kept in a thoroughly dry vessel with a close fitting cover, so as to exclude the air. If charcoal is heated well before given to poultry it will have a tendency to drive off impurities which may have become absorbed and will be equal to fresh charcoal.

OVER-STOCK REDUCING SALE 10-DAYS-10

As my stock of Clothing, Overcoats, Mackinaws, Sweaters and Underwear is larger for this time of the season than usual, I will sell the above mentioned goods at greatly reduced prices.

All the above goods are this season's. You will surely buy them right, as I have no room to keep them over. Don't wait, but call while the assortment is good and get your share of the bargains.

Have just received a reduction from the Fall Sample Book of 94 pieces, reduced from \$2 to \$8 per suit. Now is your chance to get a suit made to measure at a very low price.

Sale begins to-morrow (Saturday) and lasts 10 days. Come early and get your share while the sizes are in stock. GENOA CLOTHING STORE.

M. G. SHAPERO.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE and N. Y. World \$1.65

MINTZ at Ithaca

extends a most cordial invitation to the people of Genoa and vicinity to attend his big **OVER-STOCKED SALE** of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing and Furnishings including Suits, Overcoats, Fur Coats, Mackinaw Coats, Sweaters, Fleece Lined Coats and Vests, Raincoats, Underwear and other articles too numerous to mention. **A Big Chance to Save Money. Sale Now Going on at BEN MINTZ'S, 129 and 131 East State St., Ithaca, N. Y. (NEXT TO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE.)**

Wellington's Plans. Wellington's reticence once drew a protest from Lord Uxbridge, the brilliant cavalry leader, who lost a leg at Waterloo and became Marquis of Anglesey. On the eve of the great battle Uxbridge, although next to Wellington in command, knew nothing of his chief's plans for the morrow's battle. With trepidation he approached the duke. If Wellington were killed Uxbridge would become commander in chief. What was the plan? The duke listened patiently. "Tell me, Uxbridge, who will attack the first tomorrow, I or Bonaparte?" "Undoubtedly Bonaparte." "Well, Bonaparte hasn't given me any idea of his projects, and as my plans depend upon his plans, how can you expect me to tell you mine?"—London Standard.

Source of Supply. "What is one of the principal products of the West Indies?" asked the teacher. The class remained dubiously silent. "Oh, come, think a little!" adjured the teacher, with patient encouragement. "Billy, tell the class where the sugar you use in your home comes from." Billy pondered bashfully for a moment, then, blushing, blurted out: "Sometimes we buy it at the grocery, but I think we usually borrow it from the folks who live next door."—Chicago News.

Happy Thought. Ministerial Friend (on a visit)—I wonder what it is that makes your mamma so happy today? She is stung yellow by boiling. Little Nell—I deem she's thought of something to avoid papa about when he comes home.—London Tit-Bits.

An Exception. "I believe in the motto 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.'" "Pay me that \$5 then." "The rule doesn't apply; that's something I can't do today."—Boston Transcript.

When the Flower Withers. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that conceals it.—Emerson.

Who's the Town Booster? Why, Here He Is!

The citizen who praises his own town.
The citizen who encourages local enterprises.
The citizen who helps along home improvements.
The citizen who patronizes the home merchants.
The citizen who gets his job printing done in his own town.
That man's THE TOWN BOOSTER.

One Moment, Please! Who's the Town Buster?

The citizen who sneers at his own town.
The citizen who belittles local enterprises.
The citizen who scoffs at home improvements.
The citizen who buys his household goods by mail.
The citizen who gets his job printing done outside.
That man's THE TOWN BUSTER.

Boiled Clothes. Some housekeepers believe in boiling the clothes before rubbing, and some do not believe in boiling them at all. Others believe that clothes are made yellow by boiling. Boiling does not make clothes yellow. Clothes become yellow when they are improperly rinsed, when there is iron in the water or a deposit of iron is formed from the boiler or by the use of an impure soap. On the other hand, boiling takes an important part in the dissolution and removal of the soap, which expert housekeepers, who know that the soap must be removed if the clothes are to keep their color and wearing qualities, will recognize as an indisputable reason why the clothes should be boiled—and boiled after rubbing. In these days of sterilizing it seems illogical to accept as clean unboiled clothes.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Philosopher. "Take things as they come, eh?" "Yes. And when they don't come be takes a rest."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WORRY KILLED THE CAT
A Want Ad. Got Another Household Pet.

Village and Vicinity News.

—Ground Hog day next Tuesday, Feb. 2.

—Mr. James Burns of Mt. Morris, Mich., is visiting among Genoa relatives.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Doyle of North Lansing, Jan. 27, 1915, a son.

—Clarence Lewis returned Sunday afternoon from a few days' visit in Seneca Falls.

—A. E. Wafer of the Short Line office, Ithaca, was the week-end guest of friends in Genoa.

—The new metal plates for motor-cyclists have a red background with the license number stamped in white.

—In the report of the Venice Town Insurance Co. last week the amount of losses by fire was given as \$36,50. It should have been \$136.50.

—A woman walked into a Groversville book store to exchange a book she received for Christmas, "because she didn't like the way it ended."

—J. G. Cobb of West Groton was re-elected president of the Groton and Dryden Insurance company at its annual meeting in Freeville recently.

—To-day (Jan. 29.) William McKinley's birthday, is known as Carnation day. It is generally observed throughout the nation by the wearing of carnations, in memory and in honor of our late President.

—Women hereafter may hold chairs at Cornell. A resolution was passed at a recent faculty meeting to the effect that women shall be eligible to be appointed to the faculty of the college of Arts and Sciences.

—Books rented, 5 cents per week. Call and we'll explain to you.

—Hagin's Grocery and Book Store. 27tf

—The annual meeting of the Genoa Ladies' Aid society will be held at the home of Mrs. Fay Reas next week Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 3. The election of officers will take place and plans for the coming year will be discussed.

—On Monday, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone in 1875, talked with Thomas W. Watson, his assistant, in San Francisco, 3,400 miles away, by telephone. This wonderful feat has been accomplished after several years of continuous labor.

—Mrs. D. C. Hunter and Miss Pauline Law were in Ithaca last week Thursday to see Miss Edith Hunter. The latter was able to return to Moravia this week Monday, after spending three weeks in the hospital. Miss Pauline returned to Moravia Thursday night.

—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Reas left this week for Solon, where they are to reside. On Tuesday evening, they were given a farewell surprise party which was attended by over forty young people. All spent a pleasant evening with games and music. A nice supper was served.

—Wallace Snyder of Forks of the Creek, who has been confined to the house for some time, still remains very poorly. On Tuesday, Mr. Snyder's friends and neighbors made a wood bee for him. Twelve cords of wood were cut and drawn to his home, the wood being donated by Henry Hand.

—On Saturday, Feb. 6, there will be a sale of household goods at Mastin's Garage. Further particulars next week.

—This is the season when merchants are planning for business for the coming year. They should not forget their advertising appropriation. This is an age of publicity, and of all forms of advertising that of the newspaper is the most favored and considered the most profitable form of publicity. Advertising in a well printed newspaper, with a paid circulation, covering its field, is a good investment for any business man.—Skanateles Free Press.

—The Bible school convention of District association No. 11 will be held to-day (Friday) at the Friends church, Poplar Ridge. Among the speakers on the program are Rev. W. H. Perry of King Ferry, Rev. C. L. V. Haynes of Ledyard and others. Rev. E. L. James of Auburn will give an address this evening on "Christian Leadership." The devotional period this evening will be conducted by Rev. L. W. Scott of Genoa. Officers will be elected for another year.

—Mrs. Timothy Mastin is reported as gaining. Her injuries were very painful.

—The excise question is to be voted upon in this town at the coming town meeting Feb. 16.

—"Go-to-Church Sunday" is an American idea, but it has been adopted by the Christians of Hawaii.

—Oswego expects to entertain nearly 1,000 visitors at the State Grange meeting there next week.

—Mrs. J. Turney has moved from Little Hollow to rooms in the house of her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Holden.

—Thos. Breen and family will move from the Geo. Lester place, east of the village, to Wm. Booker's farm on the creek road.

—The moon becomes full twice during the month of January and twice in March, but has only three phases in February.

—There are only six "wet" towns at present in Cayuga county—Genoa, Owasco, Springport, Aurelius, Brutus and Montezuma.

—George DeCamp and family of Locke have moved on the Bolster farm, recently purchased by Ralph Hare of North Lansing.

—Chas. Carson, who has been spending some time at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Richard Clark, on the Indian Field road, has returned to his home at Memphis.

—C. J. Potter has opened a repair shop in the Armstrong building, Maple St., Genoa. All kinds of wood work promptly done, also furniture repaired. Prices right. 25m2

—Patrick Conway and his famous band of fifty pieces has been engaged to play an eight-weeks' engagement at the Panama Exposition, beginning May 22.

—The Genoa Rebekah lodge will hold a poverty social in Odd Fellows hall on Friday evening, Feb. 5, to be attended by the Odd Fellows and their families.

—The George Junior Republic at Freeville now has a population of sixty citizens and affairs are running along smoothly under the direction of "Daddy" George.

—The East Ithaca Brick Yard has received an order for 48,000 bricks, for the use of the Buffalo Concrete and Steel company in the construction of the new drill hall at Cornell University.

—According to Francis M. Hugo, secretary of state, there were in 1914, 169,966 motor vehicles in use in New York state, with 66,636 chauffeurs. Registration and license fees for year \$1,529,852.36.

—The pastor of the Venice Center M. E. church announces that on Sunday evening, Jan. 31, at 7:30, there will begin, at that church, a series of sermons on conditions in Europe. The subject this week will be "Mohammedanism the Foe of Christianity." All are invited.

—Mr. Byron Morse of Oklahoma City, Okla., recently called on his friend, F. C. Hagin. Oklahoma City is one of the new cities of the West, having grown in 24 years to a population of 72,000. Mr. Morse in former years resided at Cascade.

—Mrs. Amanda Underhill, aged 71, widow of Ezra H. Underhill, who died suddenly Jan. 3 of this year, expired at the family home in the town of Springport Saturday afternoon. The funeral was held at the house Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, with burial in the Hicksite cemetery at Poplar Ridge.

—Mrs. B. J. Brightman of Genoa and Mrs. Warren Counsell of Union Springs, formerly of Genoa, are in the Auburn City hospital where they each underwent an operation on Tuesday. Mrs. LeRoy Jacobs of East Genoa also had an operation in the same hospital on Wednesday. All are reported as doing well. Dr. M. K. Willoughby was at the hospital Tuesday and Wednesday.

—J. R. Teall, manager of the Cayuga County Farm Bureau, has completed arrangements for a meeting of the fruit growers of this county to be held in the Cayuga county Court House at 1:30 o'clock to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon. The best means of propagating and saving the fruit trees will be discussed, led by Prof. H. D. Knapp of the pomology department at Cornell university. Prof. Knapp is a practical fruit man and one of the best authorities on fruit in the state. Officials declare opportunities for producing first class fruit are equally as good in Cayuga county as any county in Central New York, but the farmer thus far has not given his orchard sufficient care. Cayuga county grapes are known all over the country, as are some of the peaches grown along Cayuga lake.

—Mrs. Wm. Booker was in Ithaca Thursday.

—John W. Brunton is ill at his home north of the village.

—Mrs. F. W. Miller is spending a few days with her daughter and family in Ithaca.

—Mr. Ernest Dennison of Pulteney visited Charles Dean and family, a few days this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thad Corey of King Ferry were guests at Wm. Smith's Thursday of this week.

—Mrs. Jerome Barger of King Ferry has been spending a week with her mother, Mrs. H. D. Blue.

—An additional donation of \$100,000 for the Cornell University dormitory fund has been announced.

—Peter Driscoll of Venice has purchased the Chas. Parker farm in that town. Possession will be given April 1.

—Misses Louise and Alice Montgomery of Auburn were guests of their sister, Mrs. Morell Wilson, for the week-end.

—Miss Jane Louw has purchased the place near the old mill on South St., of Mrs. Cordelia Norman, and will take possession March 1.

—Two or three sleighloads of Genoa people attended the play, "Among the Breakers" at East Venice last week Thursday evening.

—The Auburn Festival Chorus are negotiating with the celebrated tenor, John McCormack, for his appearance in a concert in that city in April.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Warren and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Miller attended the I. O. O. F. installation at Five Corners last Saturday evening and report a fine time.

—R. W. Hurlbut and family will move from their farm at Pine Hollow to the Raymond place in this village, March 1. We understand Walter Hurlbut will occupy the farm.

—Mrs. Robert Bush returned to Auburn Monday evening after spending a few days in assisting to care for her mother, Mrs. Frank Gillespie, who has been very ill but is improving.

—Kaustine Large Complete Toilet also Waterman-Waterbury Sanitary Toilets suitable and convenient for any home in village or on farm. I am now installing these plants in several homes. Please call on me for particulars. F. C. Hagin, Genoa. 44tf

—D. C. Hunter and sister, Mrs. Frances Wilbur, who is spending some time in Genoa, went to Moravia Wednesday. Mrs. Wilbur remained for a few days' visit with her sister, Mrs. J. G. Law.

—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd King of Lansingville were Sunday guests at Frank M. King's. Mrs. W. D. Fish, who had been spending two weeks with her parents, left Saturday evening for her home in Binghamton.

—Mrs. Geo. E. Mead of Chicago is visiting relatives at King Ferry and vicinity, after an absence of twelve years. She spent two weeks at the home of her nephew, Chas. E. Shaw, and has been a guest this week at the home of Geo. L. Ferris at Five Corners.

—The East Genoa Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. Frank Huff next week Wednesday, Feb. 3, for dinner. The ladies are requested to go early and take thimbles as two comfortables are to be tied. Fifty were present at the meeting at Mrs. Eugene Younglove's on Wednesday of this week.

—Mrs. Amanda L. Ibach of Moravia fell at her home in that village Wednesday of last week and suffered a fracture of the left hip. The injury is very severe and Mrs. Ibach will be confined to the house for several weeks. This is the second misfortune to befall Mrs. Ibach recently, her arm having been broken by a fall a short time ago.

—Supt. of Schools Hervey of Auburn sent a protest to the Regents branch of the State Department of Education at Albany against the difficult examination in elementary algebra last week. The protest was signed by the teachers interested. It is stated that principals of schools in Syracuse, Utica, Geneva, Elmira, also declare that the examination was too severe.

—Supervisor Casper Fenner of Lansing and a special committee of the board of supervisors went to Albany last week to present a petition for the building of the state road on Route 11. As a result, State Commissioner Carlisle has promised an immediate survey of Route 11, extending from South Lansing north to the Cayuga county line, by way of Myers. It is thought probable that this road will be constructed during the coming summer.

CLOCKS.

Every sort, size and price. Big clocks that are cheap. Small clocks that cost quite a bit of money. Eight-day clocks. One-day clocks. Clocks that strike the hour and half hour. Clocks that don't know how to strike at all. Clocks that it takes a shelf to accommodate. Clocks a little larger than watches. Clocks at a dollar and up. Also the famous Big Ben alarm clock, world renowned for accurate time and loud alarm with my name on the dial. I guarantee them perfect.

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

For the Sake of Others.

Billy Sunday is being given credit for having been the chief factor in changing fifty thousand votes in Colorado and making that a dry state.

Two years ago when Colorado voted on the question of state-wide Prohibition the wets won by forty thousand. This year the dries carried the election by more than nine thousand majority. It is estimated that Billy Sunday changed at least fifteen thousand votes in Denver alone.

It is said that clubmen and those who had no scruple whatever about taking a drink themselves voted dry after hearing Billy Sunday. Many men who had been in the habit of drinking socially were willing to forego the use of liquor themselves if their abstinence would aid the community.

It is this very spirit that is causing the prohibition movement to advance so rapidly. Men who have been more or less regular drinkers are lining up behind Prohibition because they have come to understand that the welfare of the country demands the abolition of the liquor traffic.

Billy Sunday is doing his part to make the business men of the country realize that they have an important interest in this great fight.—Editorial from The Elmira Advertiser.

When Mr. Ground Hog crawled weakly back into his cave after his inevitable outing on Feb. 2, his wife eagerly inquired, "Did you see your shadow, dear?"

"Just about," replied Mr. Ground Hog feebly. "Another month of this hibernating business and I won't have any shadow."—Lippincott's.

Ithaca Auburn Short Line

Central New York Southern Railroad Corporation.
In Effect Sept. 21, 1914.

SOUTHBOUND—Head Down					STATIONS		NORTH BOUND—Head Up				
27	23	421	21	31			32	422	22	24	20
Daily	Daily	Sunday Only	Daily Except Sun.	Daily Except Sun.			Daily Except Sun.	Sunday Only	Daily Except Sun.	Daily	Daily
P M	P M	A M	A M	A M			A M	A M	A M	P M	P M
6 20	1 50	8 30	8 30	6 45	AUBURN	9 20	11 09	11 27	5 00	8 59	
6 35	2 04	8 45	8 43	7 00	Mapleton	9 05	10 54	11 14	4 45	8 44	
6 46	2 14	8 56	8 53	7 11	Merrifield	8 53	10 43	11 04	4 35	8 33	
6 55	2 22	9 05	9 01	7 20	Venice Center	8 44	10 34	10 56	4 27	8 24	
7 10	2 33	9 20	9 12	7 33	GENOA	8 29	10 19	10 45	4 16	8 09	
7 21	2 41	9 31	9 21	7 43	North Lansing	8 18	10 08	10 36	4 06	7 58	
7 40	2 50	9 50	9 32	8 05	South Lansing	8 05	9 55	10 26	3 55	7 45	
8 05	3 15	10 15	9 56	8 30	ITHACA	7 30	9 20	10 00	3 30	7 10	
P M	P M	A M	A M	A M			A M	A M	A M	P M	P M

Trains No. 21 and 23 going South, and No. 22 and 24 going North are the motor cars and do NOT stop at Flag stations. Sunday trains No. 422 and 421 are the motor cars and these stop at all stations.

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 10:00, (daily except Sunday) 12:15, (Sunday only) 2:00 and 4:40 daily and 9:30 p. m. (Saturday only.) Also leave Rogues Harbor at 10:40 a. m. (daily except Sunday) 12:50 (Sunday only) 2:35 and 5:15 p. m., daily, and 10:05 p. m. Saturday only.




"All the World Loves a Lover"

and a real, good love story will interest everyone. But there are lovers and lovers; some folks will delight in old-time romances of knights in armor and maids in ruffles, while others prefer romances of to-day—the hero a near-captain of industry, and the girl the sweetest—

But anyway, whatever your taste, look over our

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Here you'll find entertaining love stories by the greatest novelists of to-day. The few titles given below are picked at random from more than 500 others just as good. Why not start one to-night?

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Owed.....Henry Sydney Harrison
The Master's Violin.....Myrtle Reed
Bought and Paid For.....Broadhurst & Hornblow
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.....John Fox, Jr.
Truxton King.....George Barr McCutcheon
The Mistress of Shalstone.....Florence La Parley
The Common Law.....Robert W. Chambers
Janet of the Dunes.....Harriet T. Comstock

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Deposits

10 YEARS' RECORD

1905	December 31	\$1,709,661.20
1906	" "	1,788,980.35
1907	" "	1,741,601.31
1908	" "	1,831,272.05
1909	" "	2,042,125.32
1910	" "	2,107,320.00
1911	" "	2,352,007.78
1912	" "	2,426,628.45
1913	" "	2,420,469.01
1914	" "	2,560,282.45

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Large Assets Quickly Convertable

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Continues.

We have decided to continue to sell all Men's, Boys' and
Children's Winter Overcoats at these prices. Our reason for
doing so is that we have too many and we are anxious to reduce
the stock. This is your opportunity.

\$30	Overcoats	\$23.75	\$8.50	Overcoats	\$6.50
25	"	18.75	7.50	"	5.75
20	"	13.75	6.00	"	5.00
18	"	12.75	5.00	"	3.95
15	"	10.75	4.00	"	2.95
12.50	"	9.75	3.00	"	2.35

C. R. EGBERT,

THE PEOPLE'S CLOTHIER, HATTER & FURNISHER,
75 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Our Canadian Boundary Line.

The country which can boast not a scientific frontier merely, but a natural one, has a huge advantage in time of war. The sea takes the first place in the category of natural boundaries; a big mountain range comes second and a big river third.

An object lesson in the value of all three is presented by India. Why is India the jewel of Asia? Because it is contained in a casket, the base of which is the ocean, the lid of which is the biggest range in the world and the key of which is the river Indus.

It is the most remarkable fact in the history of mankind that betwixt the vast dominion of Canada and her neighbor, the mighty United States of America, the dividing line is merely imaginary.

There is not a fort or redoubt or gun or military station along all that 4,000 miles of frontier. That is the true peace spirit. That is an object lesson to the world—two great nations dwelling side by side under separate flags and different laws and yet not in fear and dread of each other.—London Answers.

First Carrier Pigeons.

The Turks appear to have been the first nation to organize carrier pigeon service on any extensive scale. William Litbrow, who resided in the Levant from 1605 to 1620, tells us that the pigeon post of the caliphs conveyed messages from Aleppo to Bagdad, a thirty days' journey. In forty-eight hours. The whole kingdom was equipped with a pigeon post, and news sent by half a dozen birds or more—so that some might escape the hawks—was quickly transmitted from one end of it to the other. Philological evidence, backed by the opinion of the earliest writers on pigeons, goes to show that the carrier pigeon comes of Turkish stock. The old Turkish name for this bird is "bagadin," the French "bagadals" and the Dutch "bagadat," while the English used to call it "mawmet," evidently a corruption of Mahomet.—London Chronicle.

Rock Cannon of Malta.

It is a curious fact that when the island of Malta was in possession of the Templars those doughty knights defended their forts by means of cannon cut into the solid rock. Each of these strange engines of war was capable of containing an entire barrel of gunpowder and, it is said, could throw 10,000 pounds of projectiles. Inasmuch, however, as these natural cannon could not be aimed, fifty were cut out of the rock guarding the various channels of approach, and the vessels of that time were therefore unable to come within their own range before being annihilated by the big weapons of defense. Although the fame of these cannon was spread far and wide, they were not duplicated elsewhere and to this day they remain the only rock cannon of which there exists any record.

Christmas Aprons.

Charming pinafores of colored linens or of white, embroidered in colors, make pleasant work for Christmas. The most popular stamped patterns are fluffy kittens, processions of ducks and floral designs, all appropriate and amusing both to the donor and the recipient.

No one of us may do that which if done by all would ruin society.



Typhoid Fever at A Church Dinner

PUBLIC HEALTH HINTS

Prepared Each Week For the Readers of This Newspaper by the New York State Department of Health.

A MYSTERIOUS epidemic of typhoid fever recently traced to its source by the good detective work of the California State Board of Health is of general interest because it shows that in certain cases disease germs may be carried even by COOKED FOODS—in this case Spanish spaghetti.

During March, 1914, the city of Hanford, Cal., experienced a severe outbreak of typhoid fever. The local health authorities and physicians and the State Board of Health immediately began to investigate this outbreak. Upon inquiry it appeared that the one common bond between those affected was that they had attended a public church dinner held on March 17. All those present at this dinner (150) were followed up, and of this number it was found that eighty-five had become infected, while the eight others who had typhoid had had food from the dinner brought to them at their houses. Many of the victims had come to the dinner from a long way off and carried home the infection with them to their distant homes.

The next problem was to find the particular person who had sown the seed of infection at the dinner. Careful study showed that no single food of those served at the meal had been eaten by all the patients. Most of them had eaten chicken pie, but the chicken pie was of three or more different lots. The next thing which had been most generally eaten by the typhoid cases was Spanish spaghetti, but NOT ALL had eaten this. So it was clear that the person who caused the infection must have been in the kitchen in which the food was prepared and served so as to infect various articles of food. There was plenty of chance for such a transfer of infection in the serving of the food and the hurried washing of dishes and utensils.

A study of the people who helped in the kitchen soon narrowed down to seven women, and samples of discharges were taken from all of these women for bacteriological examination.

The history of one of these women—Mrs. X.—was particularly suspicious. She had formerly kept a boarding house, and it appeared that during the last eight years four cases of typhoid had occurred AMONG HER BOARDERS. It was no surprise, therefore, when the laboratory telegraphed that the bacteriological examination showed HER to be the carrier of the typhoid bacilli.

It was Mrs. X. who had prepared the Spanish spaghetti for the dinner. The spaghetti and the Spanish sauce were prepared in her home on the day before and mixed and cooked VERY HASTILY just before the dinner. Experiments made by the Board of Health showed that typhoid germs would grow and increase rapidly in the Spanish sauce and that the process of baking actually used would not raise the spaghetti even to a pasteurizing temperature and WOULD NOT DESTROY the typhoid germs.

This epidemic teaches that SOME PROCESSES of cookery do not make food safe and that the greatest care should be used by those preparing foods to WASH THEIR HANDS since any one may be growing germs in his or her body and spreading them about as Mrs. X. was doing without suspecting it at all. Most cases of typhoid come, of course, from other recognized cases of the disease, but there are hundreds of cases like this one on record where the germs have been spread by a well person or "carrier."

Place your Insurance with the
VENICE TOWN INSURANCE CO.

\$1,400,000 IN FARM RISKS!

WM. H. SHARPSTEEN, Secretary,
Office, Genoa, N. Y.

Paid your Subscription Yet?

ARMY AND NAVY TERMS.

Origin of Some of the Titles and Expressions in Use.

Here are the origins of some of the terms used in the army and navy: "Captain" is derived from the Latin "caput," meaning a head; "colonel" comes from the Italian "colonna," a column, the "compagna colonella" having been the first company of an infantry regiment, the little column which the "colonel" led. The title "lieutenant" comes from a word signifying "holding the place"—e. g., a lieutenant colonel is a sort of under study for a colonel. A lieutenant looks after a company in the absence of the captain, and so on. The titles of "lance sergeant" and "lance corporal" originated in the fact that in the old days the holders of those ranks carried a lance instead of a halberd, round the head of which was twisted a slow match. Their duties were to go round the ranks with these torchlike lances and give fire to the matchlock men just before a battle took place.

The word "dragoon" was first used of a regiment of mounted infantry, so called from the "dragons," or short muskets, with which they were armed; the well known cavalry call of "Boot and saddle" is really a corruption of the old French signal, "Doute selle," or "Put on your saddles." "Admiral" comes from the Arabic "Emir of bagh," meaning "Lord of the sea"; "commander" comes from the Italian "com mandatore"; "mate" is from the Icelandic and means an equal, and the term "giving quarter" is believed to have originated in the agreement which existed in the old fighting days, that the ransom of a foot soldier should be one-quarter of his pay for one year.—Pearson's Weekly.

BELFRY OF BRUGES.

A Belgian Landmark That Goes Back to the Thirteenth Century.

Of all the cities of Belgium Bruges has best preserved its medieval characteristics. Bruges in Flemish means bridges, the city deriving its name from its many bridges, all opening in the middle to admit of the passage of vessels. It is connected with the sea, eight miles away, by the three canals from Ghent, Sluis and Ostend.

Dating from the thirteenth century, Bruges ultimately became the metropolis of the world's commerce. Seventeen privileged trading companies, from seventeen different kingdoms, settled there, while its importance was such that twenty ministers from foreign courts at one time had mansions within its walls.

The belfry of Bruges is probably the most famous in the world. It was built at the end of the thirteenth century. It is 353 feet high and possesses a carillon of forty-eight bells, regarded as the finest in Europe. It is really one of the detached municipal belfries which were erected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in certain continental towns as important symbols of their freedom.

Caxton, the first English printer, lived at Bruges, where he served out his apprenticeship after the death, in 1441, of his first master, Robert Lande, lord mayor of London, 1439-40. Caxton lived in Bruges for thirty-five years, when he returned to London and set up his press in Westminster.—London Answers.

Subscribe for the home paper to-day.

February and Pneumonia.

The Woman's Home Companion for February contained the following:

"February is the month when pneumonia is busiest and deadliest. In Chicago and New York last February more than one thousand persons died of pneumonia.

Pneumonia is now classed by physicians as a preventable disease. It is an infectious dust-disease, due to germs which can be fought with pure air.

Pneumonia germs thrive and multiply in unventilated schoolrooms, stores, factories, homes, and moving picture theatres.

Dry sweeping and dusting put germs in circulation. Moisten your broom and dustcloth when cleaning. Wash and dry both when your task is done.

Dry air dries out the mucous membrane or lining of the nose and air passages, leaving them susceptible to infection and colds. If you have steam heat or a hard coal burner in your home, always keep a pan of water on the radiator or the back of the stove.

Pneumonia is sometimes the result of a neglected cold. Treat a cold promptly.

When your children have colds, do not dose them with soothing syrup, cough syrup or patent medicine of any sort. Give castor oil, keep the child in the house, and if the cold does not get better send for your doctor.

Colds can be "caught" from a kiss, a common drinking cup, or a handkerchief or towel which has been used by someone suffering with a cold.

Adenoids or enlarged or diseased tonsils furnish a lodging place for germs. Children who are subject to colds should be examined by a physician—if possible by a throat specialist.

If you have a cold, do not kiss your children. When nursing, bathing and dressing your baby, protect it from infection by tying a soft handkerchief or piece of old linen over your mouth.

Teach your children to protect themselves from cold-contagion by avoiding their little playmates who cough, sneeze, have a rash or a sore throat.

Remember that pneumonia is an evidence of unsanitary living, unventilated factories, stores, offices, schoolrooms, theatres, churches and homes. The pneumonia germ's favorite companions are dirt, dust and dry air. Ventilate. Ventilate. Ventilate!

Think it Over.

The weekly newspaper promotes the interests of the town in which it is published to such an extent that it becomes impossible to place an estimate upon its worth. There is no enterprise that does so much for the corporation or the individual citizen as the paper. It stands for action as against dry rot. It stands for progress as against stagnation. It is ever ready to combat the schemes of visionaries and as ready to aid the constructive plans of the wise and level-headed citizens. It is for the upbuilding of the community. The paper has not yet come into its own; however, because it is never appreciated to the extent of its worth by the people at large. Yet when battles are to be fought for town or county a rush is made to the newspaper office always to find the loyal editor ready, frequently without hope of reward. Many other enterprises are encouraged by a bonus, but rarely is the newspaper offered any such help and still more often not given the support it is entitled to. Communities frequently lose sight of their real benefactor when they fail to recognize the weekly journal as such. The editor and his paper stand as the bulwarks of defense against the attacks of evil or designing schemes affecting the good of the individual or the town. For these and other reasons the newspapers of the town and county should receive the support of the public at large in a very liberal degree, for it is really the most important business enterprise of the community.

Please remember this Mr. Farmer or Business Man the next time you need printing of any kind, and bring your work to THE TRIBUNE office.

Has that subscription to THE TRIBUNE been renewed yet? If not why not? Remember we need the money and that you are probably only one of many who have not renewed. In the aggregate this amounts to a great deal to us.

—Auburn claims a population of 37,130, a gain of 2,462 since 1910.

—On Jan. 20, Hon. S. Edwin Day of Moravia observed the 75th anniversary of his birth.

—The King's Daughters of New York state will hold its annual convention in Syracuse next fall.

—A new definition: "An optimist is one who can make lemonade out of the lemons that are handed to him."

—After June 30 next, Alabama will be a "dry" state, a state-wide prohibition bill having passed the legislature.

—Charles R. Skinner of Watertown, former head of the State Department of Education, has been re-appointed librarian of the State Assembly.

—The World's Sunday School Association is asking for "A million nickels, for a million scholars; for a million Testaments, for a million soldiers."

—The federal department of agriculture, asserts that the 1914 apple yield was a bumper crop at 239,000,000 bushels. The crop in New York is put at 49,600,000 bushels.

—W. J. Barrett of Marion, Wayne county, refused to sell his stock of onions, over 11,000 bushels, when the price was low, and has just received an offer of a dollar a bushel.

New York manufactures more pulp paper than any other state consuming over 1,000,000 cords of wood per annum. Maine, its nearest competitor, is surpassed by over 100,000 cords.

—Frank Johnson of Rushville purchased 100 ewes a year ago last fall, paying \$645 for them. He sold the wool and lambs from the flock for \$999.40 and has the original flock now in his possession.

—Dr. James H. Hoose, dean of the faculty of the University of Southern California, at Los Angeles, and formerly principal of the State Normal school at Cortland, was 80 years old on Sunday, Jan. 24.

—More than 35,000 claims were settled and payments of about \$2,000,000 for injuries and deaths was ordered during the first six months' operation of the State Workmen's Compensation Commission.

—A rural conference of the Baptist churches in Central New York will be held at the First Baptist church, Syracuse, Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 1 and 2, under the direction of the New York State Convention.

—The grape crop of the Chautauqua and Erie belt for the season of 1914 amounted to 8,386 cars, valued at \$2,607,415. It was the largest crop in the history of the belt, while its total value far exceeds that of any previous season.

—Under the name of The Mizpah, the First Baptist church in Syracuse, will commence the operation of its dormitory floors as a transient hotel on Feb. 15. This will be the first hotel of the kind in the United States, so far as is known.

—Henry B. Lord, "Ithaca's Grand Old Man," celebrated his 94th birthday at his home in that city, Jan. 18. Although retaining his mental powers to a remarkable degree, Mr. Lord is physically feeble and is able to get about only by carriage or a wheeled chair.

—The Ithaca Journal announces that it will not publish any more liquor advertising. This is good news. THE TRIBUNE, under its present management, has never taken any liquor advertising. There are several other papers in Cayuga county which do not.

—The death rate for 1914 in New York city was the lowest ever attained. The number of deaths was 74,803 and the rate was 13.40 for 1,000 population. Last year the rate was 13.76. The births for the year were practically double the number of deaths, being 149,647.

—The church statistics show that in the Episcopal diocese of Central New York for 1914, there were 111 clergymen, parishes and missions, 167 baptisms, 1,273 confirmed, 997 communicants, 24,357 marriages, 505 burials, 1,083 Sunday school scholars, 8,311 teachers, 972 contributions, \$365,488.

—Dr. H. W. Wiley, the food expert at Washington, says: "There is a popular fallacy in favor of meat. Meat contains 60 per cent. water and costs 25 cents a pound. There is more energy in a pound of bread than in a pound of meat. If the cost of flour makes bread rise, cut down on the meat. Bread is the cheapest food known."

The Scrap Book

Wrong Foot.
Sam, who was a great runner, made arrangements to go on a hunting trip at an early hour in the morning, but having no faith in alarm clocks, he sought the services of the night cop on the corner.

"Jim," said he, instructing the cop, "when I go to bed tonight I am going to tie one end of a cord around my big toe and throw the other end out of the window. At 4 o'clock in the morning I want you to pull on the rope and keep on pulling until I tell you to stop."

"All right, Sam," smiled the policeman, "you will find me on the job."

Late that night Sam crawled in, and after adjusting the rope according to schedule, he was soon in the land of nod. He thought, when he was awakened by a frightened cry, and then more cries, and to his horror he saw Mrs. Sam slowly sliding feet first toward the window.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as the truth suddenly dawned upon him. "I must have tied that cord around the wrong toe!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Till Evening's Hour.
Thou shalt not praise the day till night is falling.

However fair its dawn and noon may be Ofttimes at eventide come storms appalling.

Setting the lightning and the thunder free

Thou shalt not blame the day till it is evening.

Though it has brought thee flood and hurricane

Full oft at nightfall comes deep peace descending

In sunset gold and roses, glorious gain

Praise each fair morn that calls thee up from sleeping,

And through the hot day work with all thy might;

Then leave the evening pour in heaven's keeping

Which sent both winter cloud and summer light.

—From the German of Gerok.

His Reputation.
A surgeon whose work lies largely among foreigners tells the following which happened several years ago:

A woman who had very little the matter with her was so interested in her own case that she talked about it every time opportunity afforded. One day she said to the doctor:

"What would happen to me if I did not come when I did?"

"Oh, you would probably have died if you had come any sooner," replied the doctor.

The woman got well, and the doctor dismissed the case from his mind. One day, however, a neighbor of the woman appeared with a bad deformity which was growing rapidly worse as time went on.

"Why didn't you come to me sooner with this?" he demanded.

"Well, you know Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes," nodded the doctor.

"Well, she tell me you say if dey come to you too soon you kael dem."—In dianapolis News.

A Pretty Poor Clan.
An old Scot came down from the highlands to visit his son, a student at Edinburgh university. Together they attended a learned lecture, in the course of which the professor frequently referred to the wonderful part which microbes play in human existence. On their way out the son asked his father how he liked the lecture. "I din na ken whit mak's him pit sne muckle stress on whit the McRobies hae done," replied the old man. "I've no heard o' them afore, but I ken aye thing—they've never done whit th' McGregors an' th' Macphersons hae accomplished, an' there lives no siccan a glorious clan as th' Campbells in a' th' ward!"

Juggled the Language.
Dr. Huns Richter, who has resigned the honorary degrees conferred on him by two of the English universities, lived in England ten years, but never became proficient in the English language, says the London Chronicle. Many amusing blunders of his used to be passed around in Manchester.

"She is no better; if she does not lie, she swindles," he told a member of his orchestra who, hearing that Frau Richter had been ill, inquired as to her progress.

"Schwindel" in German means giddiness or faintness.

Subsequently it was decided that Frau Richter should stay by the sea for some weeks, and her husband accompanied her to New Brighton, returning the same day for a concert. A friend overheard him saying at the booking office:

"Give me two tickets, one for me to come back and one for my wife not to come back."

Voiced His Feelings.
Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, still familiarly known in the British service as "Lucky Lambton," for two years commanded the royal yacht and once had occasion to revisit to King Edward how little thought of in the naval service was the lavishly awarded Victorian order. A yachtman had forced himself on the late king's attention at Cowes. "Do you know that man?" his majesty asked. "I'm afraid I do," said Admiral Lambton. "What do you think of him?" "Not much, sir. In fact, he's a boonder." "I'm sorry to hear that," the king replied.

"Because I have just made him a member of the Victorian order." "Glad to hear it, sir," the admiral chuckled. "It serves him right!"

FOOD FOR THE SEINE.

Odd Incident of Whistler's Student Days in Paris.

The early scenes in "Trilby" have shown us the hilarious squalor of the student life in Paris when Whistler joined the studio that Gleyre carried on in succession to Delacroix. It was the Bohemia, barely modernized, of Murger's novel, and the shifts to which these raw recruits in art descended furnished Whistler for life with some of his raciest stories. Once when an American friend unearthed him Whistler was living on the proceeds of a wardrobe. One hot day he pawned his coat for an iced drink. Invited once to the American embassy, he had to borrow Poynter's dress suit.

But the best story of these frolicsome days arises from the eternal copying in the Louvre, either on commission or on "spec," which kept them alive between remittances.

Whistler's chum, Ernest Delannoy, had done a gorgeous replica of Veronese's "Marriage Feast at Cana" that took when framed the pair of them to carry. They started out to sell it and tried it on every dealer up and down both sides of the Seine until the first price of 500 francs had dropped with several thousands to 100, then 20, then 10 then 5. Suddenly the dignity of art asserted itself.

On the Pont des Arts they lifted the huge canvas. "Un," they said, with a great swing, "deux, trois—vlan!" and over it went into the water with a splash. Then arose a mighty commotion as a great crowd gathered. Sergeants de ville came running, omnibuses stopped and boats pushed out on the river. Altogether the excitement was an immense success, and the pair of joyous artists went home enchanted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

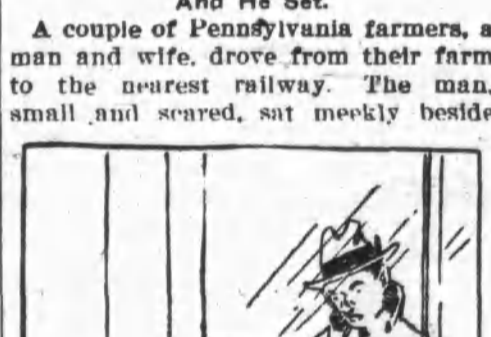
Do Good Now.
If you do not now the good which you can do the time will come when you cannot do the good which you would.—Frederic H. Hedge.

An Admission.
A north of Ireland orator in a Scottish county constituency sought to ingratiate himself at the outset thus:

"Gentlemen, I am an Irishman, but I am not ashamed to admit that I have a little Scotch in me."

And for a full minute he could not understand what the uproar was about.—Lippincott's.

And He Set.
A couple of Pennsylvania farmers, a man and wife, drove from their farm to the nearest railway. The man, small and scared, sat meekly beside



his wife, who filled two-thirds of the seat, and only spoke to command.

Finally the station was reached. The woman bustled in, settled her numerous bundles and sat down. Looking over her goods and chattels, she suddenly missed something and, looking about, discovered that her husband had remained outside on the platform. She rapped sharply on the window.

"Hen!" she called, pointing to the bench beside her. "Come set!"—Everybody's.

Ward on Chaucer.
Artemus Ward once said: "Some kind person has sent me Chaucer's poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spell. No man has a right to be a literary man unless he knows how to spell. It is a pity that Chaucer, who had gennysus, was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of."

More Exciting Than the Play.
A countryman on one of his rare visits to London, after completing his business, visited the local theatre and patronized that part of the non-known as "the gods," obtaining a seat in the front row. He had provided himself with refreshments before entering in the form of a bag of chocolates and a bottle of mineral water.

As the performance progressed he consumed these and, becoming absorbed in a thrilling passage, was absent toying with the empty bottle on the ledge in front of him when he accidentally allowed it to fall over.

Horror-stricken, he instantly looked down and was just in time to see the bottle drop heavily on to the bald head of a man below, who, not noticing whence the attack came, jumped to the conclusion that his neighbor was the aggressor. He seized the bottle and belted the other man smartly across the head with it.

Our friend above had now seen enough and hastily but quickly quitted the place and reached the exit just as two angry, struggling men were being ejected.—London Tit-Bits.

Prescriptions.

The most important section of a drug store is its Prescription Department and the whole store may be judged by the care and accuracy with which it is managed.

We Are Prescription Specialists

This is our work and we are fond of it. Bring your Prescriptions to us. Your doctor knows that they will be filled as he wants. Ask him. We do a large business of this nature and enjoy the confidence of every physician in the city.

All Prescriptions are dispensed by Registered Pharmacists, men who have passed the examination of the State Board of Pharmacy.

Every Prescription dispensed is compounded with the best obtainable drugs, by a Registered Pharmacist, strictly as directed by the Physician.

Household Drugs

Powdered Orris Root, 4 oz. box	15c	Coryza Tablets, 100	25c
Powdered French Chalk, 4 oz. box	10c	Rhinitis Tablets, 100	25c
Soda Bicarbonate, lb. box	10c	Hydrogen Peroxide, pints	25c
Compound Licorice Powder 4 oz. box	15c	Hydrogen Peroxide, 4 oz	10c
Boric Acid, 4 oz. box	15c	Acetanilid Tablets, 100	25c
Quinine Pills, 100	25c	Flaud's Iron Pills, 100	25c

Resall Toilet Cream.
Dries quickly. Recommended for tender faces and chapped rough, red and hardened skin. 25c the bottle.

Resall Toilet Soap.
Lathers free, will not irritate or injure delicate skin tissues, 10c the cake 3 for 25c.

Violet Dulce Liquid Face Powder.
Imparts a natural hue to the skin cannot be detected. Two shades, flesh and white, 45c the bottle.

Ankle Supporters for Skating.
Corset Fitting Ankle Supporters, just what is needed for wobbly ankles. Pair 75c.

Wrist Bands.

Of soft leather, found desirable by people having weak or lame wrists. Several sizes and styles, 25c to 50c.

Canary Birds

Cheerful little yellow and green songsters.		Mite Exterminator	25c
St. Antzembourg Singers	\$3.50	Bird Tonics and Bitters	25c
St. Antzembourg Rollers	5.00	Cuttle Bone	5c
Brass Cages from	1.50 to 5.00	Bird Gravel	5c
Philadelphia Mixed Bird Seed	15c	Bird Baths, Cage Springs, Hooks, Feeders, Seed Cups, all the little extras.	

Fountain Pen Special

A few Pens that we wish to close out Parker Lucky Curve, a number of styles
Rexall Fountain Pens from
Conklin Self Filling Pens, from
Waterman Fountain Pens
Everyone guaranteed. If they do not suit after a month's trial, exchange for another.

1-3 off the regular price
\$1.00 to \$6.00
2.50 to \$11.50
\$2.50 to \$6.00

Veterinary Needs

Epsom Salts, 5 lb. lots	25c	Extract Witch Hazel, 1/2 gal.	60c
Glauber Salts, 5 lb. lots	25c	gallon	\$1.00
Salt Peter, lb.	25c	Absorbent Cotton, lb.	30c
Powdered Sulphur, 3 lb. lots	25c	Cotton Bandages, 4 inch	10c
Fowler's Solution, pints	25c	Self-retaining Milking Tubes	20c
gallon	75c	Dairy Thermometers	25c and 30c
Pine Tar, 1/2 pints	15c	Feyer Thermometers	75c and \$1.00
Oil Tar, 4 oz.	10c	Horse Syringes of white metal from 1 to 16 oz. size	45c to \$3
Petrolatum, lb.	25c	Horse Powders, Harvel's, Wear's, Daniels', Newton's.	
Petrolatum Carbolated, lb.	25c		
Powdered Boric Acid, lb.	35c		
Crude Carbolic Acid, gal.	75c		

Sagar's Condition Powders

Tonic Powders which we believe as good as any of the higher priced powders. Full half-pound package .0c, 3 for 25c

Sagar Drug Store

109-111 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

John W. Rice Company,

103 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Coats, Suits and Furs at a Great Reduction.

To close out the balance of our Coats, Suits and Furs we are offering them at a great reduction.

Suits are being offered at 1-2 the regular price, Coats and Furs at remarkably low prices, some splendid styles left to select from.

Silks

1 lot of 50c Silks now 29c.

1 lot of Silks that were 75 and 85c now 59c.

Bargains in every department.

QUINLAN'S

Week of February 1st

will be the closing week of our very successful RACK CLEARING SALE

We have many Hats, Suits, Coats and Dresses to dispose of still.

50 Suits to close out at \$5 each.

50 Coats to close out at \$5 each.

100 Trimmed Hats at \$1.98.

Waists—A large assortment to close out at 50c.

145 Genesee Street, Auburn, N. Y.