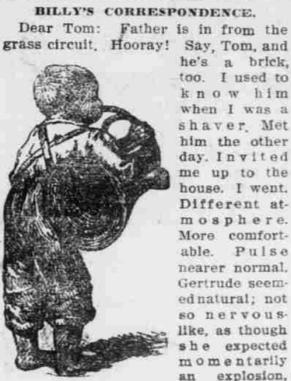


Chords and Discords



BILLY'S CORRESPONDENCE. Dear Tom: Father is in from the grass circuit. Hooray! Say, Tom, and he's a brick, too. I used to know him when I was a shaver. Met him the other day. I invited me up to the house. I went. Different atmosphere. More comfortable. Pulse nearer normal. Gertrude seemed educational; not so nervous-like, as though she expected an explosion.

as she acted when I sat in when she was alone at home with mother. Mother was present also. But there was none of that suffragite dope that she threw into me on a former call. I immediately saw that father wore the corduroys, after all. Mother was as calm as an 8-year-old. Perfectly gentle and acquiescent. Glad to see me—don't believe she meant it; but she discovered that I was in fairly to the good with father. That is going to help, I am satisfied.

Father turns out to be one of those chaps that will take a hand in a social game of draw. I happened to stumble across him a few years ago. We got fairly chummy at that time. I had not had a chance to talk with him since. You know, he is always so much. We happened to bump the first of the week. He said he was glad to see me, and he acted as though he meant it. Remarked that he had heard I was sort of interested up at the mansion. I confessed, and I made an heroic effort to blush. I couldn't tell whether I got away with it or not, but it felt as though I did.

Anyway, the old boss said he was going to remain in our midst a couple of weeks, and he wanted to see more of me. He seemed interested in how I was fighting the battle, and I was honest with him. Said I was holding my own—we were talking business, not about Gertrude. He was glad to know that I was keeping up my end, we broke clean, and he wanted to know if I would fall for a dinner at his home. I almost embraced him.

Well, we had the dinner. Just the four of us. You know mother is there with the sledge. I recall her remarking on my first visit to the house that her home had never been cursed by the presence of liquor; that she would never tolerate it on her table. And I had no reason to question what she said, for she put a full head of steam out when she kicked that declaration out of her.

However, she must have changed her mind. Father, in opening up the ceremonies, closing an optic as he glanced at me, asked if I was agreeable to an appetizer. I replied that I was not a drinker, although I had no scruples against an innocent participation as a dinner introductory. Mother's lips curled; Gertrude smiled condescendingly. The grape was passed, all consuming excepting Gertrude. She simply touched her rubies to the bubble. I noticed that mother planted hers before the rest of us, and she did not back up at a second delivery that came in about the middle of the bill.

"In the 30 years of our married life," said father, "we have never been without wine in our home. Isn't that right, mother? I rarely ever touch drink away from my own fireside, unless the occasion be such as the one tonight, when I am sitting at the private board with a friend. Mother does not approve of the too frequent use of wine, but it has been a great benefit to her at various times during our married life. It has pulled her through on numerous occasions when she was run down, and she never misses a day that she does not take a small libation, we will say purely for medicinal purposes. I don't approve of young men habitually frequenting bars, and sobriety is the first requisite I will demand of the man who leads my daughter to the altar. (This was after the second glass. Father had begun to loosen.) I heard mother mention the name of that college chap, Duval, since my return home. I want to say right here that that fellow is no good. I have seen some of his work, and it doesn't suit me. You know I was raised on hard knocks. I worked out my own career. I have been fortunate in my investments, that is true, but I never got through by hanging on another's bank roll and getting through socially on the standing of my relatives. I've roughed it with men—the fellows with knots in their hands—the good old kind that you know by looking into their faces, paying dollar for dollar, and asking odds of no one. I'm not much for this high-collar and spike-tail suit game, but when I did mix I have always managed to turn the ballroom corners without slipping. That Duval chap might ride strong in a duffy-ruffles review, but he'd lose his goat in a week in an even race with men, where brains and work were the requisites to win. He makes good ballroom scenery, but he'd be a fizzle in a crop failure with an overdue mortgage staring him in the face. He's what we call out in my country a pink top Lizzie. I don't doubt that he impresses the frivolous young girl, but he'd be a joke on the crocheting and bread-baking circuit. I don't like his looks, and, besides, he's a phony—a human counterfeiter with some real money to keep him on his pedals. I don't want him around these diggings, and that order is official. I know that he don't appeal to Gertrude, for she is like her dad."

Wouldn't you have liked to have heard that speech? And me sitting right across the table from father. It sounded as though he had been getting some valuable tips. Wonder if Gertrude had been helping me out? Before the evening was over mother acted as though she was about to have an attack of headache. Gertrude sang and played, and spread some of that Melba gurgle that catches a fellow between the vest pocket and the necktie. Father said she got her voice calling the chickens out west on the farm the family lived on before settling in town. This drew a rise from mother. She said Gertrude's voice development was the result of four years' instruction by "one of the highest-priced teachers in the country." Father said he never believed the "fellow with the long hair ever did her much good." There was a near argument that was shut off by Gertrude breaking into another song.

The sitting broke up close to midnight. It seemed to me as though it was hardly more than sundown. I could have stuck until 8 the next morning without batting a lamp. I only wish that dad would stick around home all the time.

Say, when I was leaving Gertrude shook my hand as though she felt good over something. I wonder if the ice is going to move soon? BILLY.

best means of judging the ancient chunk is by biting it and finding if there is any difference in the solidity. The vintage of 1822 ought to be pretty well frozen by now. If you are not satisfied with the statement that the ice is 27 inches thick in the channel at the Rock Island bridge investigate for yourself. Take along an ax, a saw, a gas stove and three meals. Mark off a space about eight by eight. Saw it out squarely and stand in the middle of the square. In that way you will keep out of the water.

Cynthia—Our heart-to-heart editor is on a leave of absence, and your inquiry has been referred to this department. We dislike to take sides in a dispute between husband and wife. You strike us as too intelligent a woman to allow trivialities such as you mention to worry you. We only wish we could tell you how to make your husband love you more than he does. Suppose you change the coffee and place a bouquet of flowers on his dresser. Let us hear from you in a year or two.

Henrietta—We have it pretty straight that the "rat" is to go. We are surprised, after perusing your photos before and after taking on the artificial surplussage, that one of your wealth of natural adornment should burden yourself with such a pile of rubbish. You have a beautiful face, and you write as though you were above the ordinary mentally; but, you say, you must keep up with the fashion. Of course there will be a big difference in your appearance when you discard the excess, but by taking a reef in your bonnet, and forgetting the absence of the false covering, you will soon forget your error. Take early morning walks to the river shore and don't use the mirror. We give the same advice to others from whom we have heard anonymously on this subject. Save the hair. You may have use for it 75 or 80 years hence.

HIGH COST OF LIVING. Two women passengers on the Elm street line: "The increase in our expense bill at home the past month positively shocked me."

"Who ever heard of paying 40 cents for eggs?" "We had just about decided to abstain from meats when my husband brought home the cheering news that there were to be reductions on all foodstuffs."

"Hearing such things don't mean much. We'll have to dismiss one of our servants to cut expenses; that's the only way I see out of it." "Why, it just worries me to death almost. I hesitate in presenting the bill to my husband. And he is such a dear about those things. But I happen to know that, while our circumstances are not uncomfortable, yet this gradual rise in the cost of living is bound to be felt in the family bank account."

"Isn't that Mrs. Brown?" "Wait—yes, it is she. And another new hat?" "Well, I declare. Little early for the change, don't you think?" "But that's not all new."

"I believe it is." "No. You remember that pretty one she brought out two years ago? That's it rebuilt." "I would never have believed it of her. She don't have to."

"I don't know about that." "In mid-season it might be proper to fill in with a made-over, but in the spring and fall I must have mine new and in keeping with the fashion."

"It is true; one can't see up to date with a made-over." "Have you looked over the advance models?" "Indeed, yes, and aren't they darlings?"

"Don't say a word. I have had mine laid aside. Only \$15." "I don't want to keep a secret from you, either. Mine is the sweetest thing I have seen in years. I'm perfectly charmed with it. Isn't it peculiar that it should be priced so near to yours? I am to pay \$16.50 for it, and I am told it is a bargain."

"Yes, it helps the milliners to get the patterns out early." "Your's loud?" "Well, it's toppy. One wouldn't say it were loud for one of my years." "I'm not an old woman, am I?" "Why, dear, I never saw you look younger in your life. Why, we've gone by our corner."

HERE'S A TIGHT ONE. We know a man, worth twenty or thirty thousand dollars, who, on seeing in the paper that a certain saint in this city was giving a sauer kraut and sparerib lunch, took a half gallon bucket and tried to get the keeper, who was an old acquaintance, to give him some to take home to his wife. He had never spent a nickel in the place.

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO. It's easier to smile than to frown, and it gets you further.

The man who insists on the full change when he gives the penny paper boy a nickel may not be a tightwad. It's a matter of principal with him.

We heard of a man dropping dead while shoveling snow from his walk in a neighboring city. What would be the effect on you if the man who lives next door to you cleaned his walk?

Talking of present-day opportunities for the young man—we heard of an enthusiastic youngster who built 300 miles of railway and launched a city of 50,000 population between 8 and 11 o'clock one evening. They were talking it straight.

Look up the man who brags about the good qualities of his wife to strangers. Chances are he couldn't get away with it among those who know him intimately. They may have different information.

BOYCOTT OF MEAT

Reasons Ohioans Give for Abstaining from the Use for 30 Days.

PROTEST FOR HIGH PRICES

Employees of 21 Cleveland Factories Pledge Themselves to Become Vegetarians.

Four hundred and sixty superintendents and foremen of twenty-one of the largest manufacturing concerns of Cleveland, O., recently pledged themselves to aid in a general boycott on meat for thirty days. In addition to agreeing to do without meat themselves the superintendents and foremen have promised to induce as many as possible of the 7,000 employees under them to dispense with the food for the same period. If the employees enter into the pact approximately 30,000 Clevelanders will abstain from meat for a month.

The pledge went into effect on Jan. 17. The anti-meat action was taken at a meeting of the Superintendents and Foremen's club, in which practically every manufacturing plant of Cleveland is represented. The idea of living the vegetarian life for a period originated in the minds of a few members of the club while discussing high priced food at dinner the other day. Meat being the most expensive portion served at dinner, the club members decided not to eat meat that meal and see how they felt when the day's work was over. Each of the abstainers was no more fatigued than usual when night came, and it was then decided to form a thirty day vegetarian club among workmen. The pledge follows:

The Pledge. First.—We as wage earners are willing to assist both the state and the municipality in probing into the high cost of living, particularly the cost of meats, which is prohibitive. Second.—This agitation can best become effective by refraining from eating meat for a period of thirty days. Third.—If this does not bring the price of meat within the means of poor people, then we will refrain from eating meat for sixty days. Fourth.—We, citizens, do hereby ask our representatives in each councilmanic district and the legislative bodies to keep this agitation uppermost in their minds and actions until the result manifests itself. Fifth.—We ask the co-operation of all persons who are interested in fair play and the future of our otherwise prosperous country. Sixth.—This self denial to take effect Jan. 17 and continue henceforth. The signers of the pledge point out that, while most Americans eat meat at least once a day and often three times a day, poor people of other countries consider meat a luxury, while the well to do are content to eat meat once a day at the most.

COMET'S POISONOUS TAIL. Yerkes Observatory Finds Cyanogen in Spectrum of Halley's Comet. Although astronomers at the Harvard observatory at Boston have not yet made a photographic spectrum of Halley's comet, which is rapidly approaching the earth, a telegram recently received by them from the Yerkes observatory states that spectra of the comet obtained by the director and his assistants show very prominent cyanogen bands.

Cyanogen is a very deadly poison, a grain of its potassium salt touched to the tongue being sufficient to cause instant death. In the uncombined state it is a bluish gas very similar in its chemical behavior to chlorine and extremely poisonous. It is characterized by an odor similar to that of almonds. The fact that cyanogen is present in the comet has been communicated to Camille Flammarion and many other astronomers and is causing much discussion as to the probable effect on the earth should it pass through the comet's tail. Professor Flammarion is of the opinion that the cyanogen gas would impregnate the atmosphere and possibly snuff out all life on the planet.

Only once, as far as known, has the earth passed directly through the tail of a comet, and at that time no unusual phenomena were noticed except that there were abundant showers of meteors. A "GARDEN OF EDEN." Community of Interest Planned by Wealthy Pittsburgh Contractor. William Schillingman, a wealthy contractor of Pittsburgh, purchased a large tract of land near Scranton, Pa., the other day, on which he proposes to start a modern "garden of Eden." He plans a community of interest, where the earnings of the individual will be utilized for the benefit of the whole. Marriage is to be permitted in the garden, but it will not be compulsory, it is said.

Schillingman believes the jealousies caused by the expensive clothes of the present day women is the primary evil, and in his garden simplicity will reign. Plan to Mark Lincoln's March. Congressman Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, formerly of Burlington, Ia., is planning a project to set up permanent markers to outline the march of Abraham Lincoln during the Black Hawk war. Mr. Lowden has donated considerable money to the plan, and others have become interested. His object is permanently to fix the march and the places where the followers of the martyr president camped. The march started from Beardstown, continued to Oquawka and thence to the mouth of Rock river. The markers are to be of stone with suitable inscriptions. It is Mr. Lowden's plan also to have maps drawn of the territory, copies of which will be kept in the public records of the state of Illinois.

Father Twenty-Eighth Time. New York, Feb. 19.—Oscar Darling, a civil engineer of Babylon, L. I., became the father yesterday of his 28th child. He is 65 years old and has been twice married. The first Mrs. Darling died in 1884, the



The Electrical Shaving Mirror

In thousands of homes the lighting arrangement is such that, for shaving, one side of the face is in dark shadow. In others, where lighted from both sides, the light is thrown into the eyes equally as much as upon the shaving surface. The beauty of this Electrical Mirror is that a solid shaft of light is thrown just where needed, leaving the eyes in restful shadow. Price \$3.75

The Electrical Shaving Mug

provides hot water for shaving in bedroom or bathroom—summer and winter—early morning or late evening, quickly upon the turn of a switch. At home, on the Pullman or steamer, in hotel or summer cottage, it is always a comfort. Price \$2.25 to \$3.75.

Electric Shop

Corner Michigan and Jackson Boulevards, Chicago

Wm. D. McJunkin Advertising Agency, Chicago

Improved Tourist Car Service To California and Pacific Coast Points. Has just been inaugurated from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and intermediate points to Los Angeles and San Francisco via El Paso and New Mexico.

COURT HOUSE RECORD

Real Estate Transfers. Fred A. Shull to John T. Gaffey, lot 17, block 1, L. Mosenfelder place, Rock Island, \$400. Thomas Conville to Marquis D. Tomlinson, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, block 2, Tomlinson & Conville's second addition, East Moline, also lots 6, 7, block 4, Tomlinson & Conville's first addition, East Moline, \$1. James D. Davis to Theodore F. Olson, lot 10, block 1, W. McEniry's addition, Rock Island, \$2,700.

Are You Nervous

THE SOUTHERN ROUTE. and route of lowest altitudes. Cars are easy-riding, vestibuled and embody all the essentials of the standard Pullman sleeping car. Cars are also operated via The Scenic Route several times each week. You can't help having a good time "going tourist." Let me give you full particulars. S. F. Boyd, Div. Pass. Agt., Davenport. F. H. Plummer, C. P. Agent, 1829 Second Av., Rock Island.

Are you nervous? Then we say to you that somewhere along the spine there is very often a congestion and you can never get well until that congested spot is relieved. We have proven this in hundreds of cases, and we can prove it to you. We have the testimony of hundreds of grateful patients to back up this great truth. For years we have made a scientific study of these cases. By finding these congested places in the spinal column and relieving them by special treatments we have cured hundreds after others failed. Many of these cases had been ailing for years, and before coming to our office, they had been treated by others for all kinds of complaints except the right one. Many complaints are caused or kept up by congestion in the spine, such as nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, loss of sleep, poor memory, pain in back of neck, restlessness, lack of confidence, loss of strength, easily tired, general weakness, or weakness of any part, backache, dependency, worry, hot and cold flashes, numb feeling, paralysis, neuralgia, female complaints, constipation, nervous debility, weakness of the heart, stomach, liver or kidneys, cough, cold hands and feet, poor circulation and general weak and nervous conditions of men, women and children.

Mr. A. R. Waits of Leedsdale, Iowa, writes: "When first commencing with Dr. Walsh, I was a perfect wreck with nervous exhaustion. I had tried several treatments before that time, with no benefit. After taking treatment from Dr. Walsh, I am now feeling like a new man, and am free from that tired and worn out feeling. I honestly and cheerfully recommend his treatment to all sufferers of nervousness." Mrs. John Maroff, whose address is Wilton Junction, Rural Route 1, says: "I suffered for a long time from stomach, heart and nervous trouble. In fact I was so nervous and weak, and had such great pain around the heart and stomach that my folks never wanted me to be alone. When the pills of pain would come on I would often suffer agony. For quite a while I could only eat light food. Yet after taking Dr. Walsh's treatment a short time I felt just fine. It is really wonderful in my case. I can't say too much in his praise." Mr. Evi Williams of Clarksdale suffered from kidney and nervous trouble for years. He writes: "I am getting along, feel stout and can eat anything I like." Mrs. William Thorne of Savannah, says: "Dr. Walsh cured my daughter of eczema, so there is no sign of it left. Before that she had tried many other treatments without benefit." Mrs. Walsh have been located for 15 years in Davenport, Iowa, in the McCullough building at 124 West Third street. Examination is free of charge and charges are small.

Don't Get a Divorce. Have an understanding. See things in the right light. Perhaps your eyes are defective and you need glasses. No better place to have the eyes properly attended to than at Ramser's.

J. RAMSER OPTOMETRIST

What a Woman Will Not Do. There is nothing a woman would not do to regain her lost beauty. She ought to be fully as zealous in preserving her good looks. The herb drink called Lane's Family Medicine or Lane's Tea is the most efficient aid in preserving a beautiful skin, and will do more than anything else to restore the roses to faded cheeks. At all druggists and Dealers, 25 cents.

Keeley Cure THE KEELEY INSTITUTE. For Drunkenness, Opium, Morphine and other Drug Usings, the Tobacco Habit and Neurasthenia.

DOCTORS ENDORSE

Newbro's Herpicide

When a doctor endorses a preparation it means more than an ordinary testimonial. His professional man devoted to the welfare of the people, opinion is always that of the Dr. J. J. Boyd, Covington, Tenn., says: "I feel it my duty to write this for the benefit of those suffering from dandruff. In the average case a few applications of Newbro's Herpicide will remove all dandruff. It is advisable to continue its use for several weeks."

The words of J. B. Thompson, M. D., No. 2 Burrough Place, corner Hallis street, Boston, Mass., are not less enthusiastic: "I can only speak in praise of Newbro's Herpicide. It is all that is claimed and perhaps more. Herpicide not only cleanses the scalp but brightens the hair, gives it life and makes it soft."

Dr. T. A. Moore, Duncan, Ariz., writes of his experience: "My scalp was in places covered by patches of dry, scaly material and the itching was incessant. Since using Herpicide all these evils have disappeared and my hair is soft, smooth and growing. Hair has grown on spots before but thinly covered."

Newbro's Herpicide is the original remedy to kill the dandruff germ and stop falling hair. The terrible itching which goes with dandruff is allayed almost at once. Herpicide is for sale at drug stores and one dollar bottles are guaranteed. Applications may be obtained at the leading barber shops. Be sure you get genuine Herpicide. Send 10c in postage for sample and book to the Herpicide company, Dept. 7B., Detroit, Mich. Thomas Drug Company Special agents.

Poor Digestion?

This is one of the first signs of stomach weakness. Distress after eating, sour eructations, sick headache, bilious conditions are all indicative that it is the stomach that needs assistance. Help it to regain health and strength by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

for they are a stomach remedy that never disappoints. They act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, sweeten the contents of the stomach, carry off the disturbing elements, and establish healthy conditions of the liver and bile. The wonderful tonic and strengthening effects from Beecham's Pills, make them a safe remedy—they

Help Weak Stomachs

In Boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.