

SPRING MILLINERY MAKES ITS DEBUT

**Brimless Bobby, Roman War
Bonnet and Empire Cha-
peaux Most Popular.**

Chicago, Feb. 23.—Stand back, gentlemen, here comes the new spring hat! What's that? Lady policeman? No, Monsieur, c'est une mam'selle with her new London bobby hat. No brim, m'sieur—c'est une spring style. That c'est the new spring style.

Breathe again, gentlemen. The National Association of Retail Milliners, by decree, has tied the can of old style to the wide buzz saw brim on the summer hat and humanity may once more pass unmolested along the public way without fear.

London Bobby Helmet.

The association is to hold its fifteenth annual convention in the green room of the Congress hotel Friday and Saturday. According to Mme. Maerle, the president, the great and stunning hit of the season is to be the brimless "London Bobby" helmet.

The "London bobby" will be varied in trifling details and one of the nearest kin to it will be the "Roman war" bonnet. The latter will bear a close resemblance to the helmets worn by the legions of Julius Caesar. Besides being close copies to the shape and style, these helmets will carry as ornaments the gladiator's short sword thrust through a wide bow on the side.

Another new style to be exhibited will be the "empire" bonnet, also brimless. The empire is designed as an aviator's headpiece. It is reversible—for street style the front faces forward and for air flight is turned back.

Flowers and Butterflies.

The "coed" hat will introduce a new rimless style in the straw hat family. Its general appearance is similar to the elevation plan of a scenic railway. It is made of rice straw and has a band of plain black velvet with lilacs and forget-me-nots and lilies on the side.

No hat will be in style this spring unless it has trailing around on its premises a hot-house display of flowers and butterflies.

Even the wedding hats and the accompanying bridesmaid's hats, which have been generally exempted from the wide brim ban, must have the flowers and butterflies. An outfit of this kind that is being prepared for a certain occasion is made with trimming of ribbon roses over a drapery of remembrance lace. The bride's hat has an immense butterfly of silver cloth. One hat—not of the straw variety—that will be seen somewhat this summer, according to the prognostication of the heads of the milliner's association, will be the Rembrandts. It bears a resemblance to the Chinese mandarin's headpiece and is noticeable for the fine lace spread that is draped over it, like the lamp mat from the library table.

There will be at the exhibition a display of the whole hat family—from the great-grandmother hat to the baby hat for the gawky population. But the wide brim straw hat is tabooed for one and all.

A Guarantee To Rheumatics

**Treatment of Rheumatism Revolution-
ized by Simple Remedy Which is
Absolutely Guaranteed.**

Startling new features are presented in the new remedy, called D-M-F, which has lately been the subject of wide attention among those afflicted with rheumatism and lumbago, gout and neuralgia. Physicians, too, have given this remedy an approval which



has never been accorded to other rheumatic treatments. Dr. C. W. Boon, prominent in Oklahoma and the Southwest for his success in the treatment of rheumatism, states that he is willing to stake his professional reputation on the fact that D-M-F will cure even so-called incurable cases. D-M-F has produced results almost unbelievable. Not only for fresh, new cases, but also for long chronic and serious cases has it proved one of the most remarkable remedies ever produced. It has the unique feature of "signaling" to the patient by means of peculiar symptoms, the progress of uric acid elimination.

C. H. Fargo, of Warsaw, N. Y., says: "I had rheumatism about seven years. I started 'D-M-F' and by George, inside of six weeks, I was cured." C. T. Watkins, also of Warsaw, N. Y., says: "I suffered with terrible rheumatism for five years, all crippled up, for days at a time. I began taking 'D-M-F' and felt an improvement within two days and two bottles cured me. My case was a bad one."

D-M-F is guaranteed as to results. Many of the most terrific cases imaginable have been quickly conquered by its peculiar, powerful, yet safe action, in two or three weeks. D-M-F is absolutely free from opiate or dangerous drugs. Read about its wonderful action in the circular packed in every D-M-F carton. Read the guarantee. Get D-M-F at your druggist's at \$1.00 a bottle. If you are satisfied with it as you will be, get 6 bottles for \$5.00 and get rid of your affliction. If your druggist can not supply you, it will be sent on receipt of price by the D-M-F Medicine Co., 2715 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill. The first bottle will convince every sufferer.

Richmond by A. G. Luken and Co., and Clem Thistlethwaite.

The Lion--A Short Story

By ANDRE CORTHIS

When the caravan arrived in the small town, its miserable appearance aroused the ridicule rather than the pity of the inhabitants. All the week, preceding the local fair, scores of caravans, one more magnificent than the other, had arrived and stopped in the broad avenue under the big chestnut trees, but this last one was headed by a wagon with a single window, the paint had all worn off and its roof was so leaky that it let the rain through everywhere. An old man was leading the horse while his pretty wife was peeping through the faded curtains. Behind it came another, heavier van, containing a gaunt ferocious lion. The man who drove this was a muscular youth of unusually handsome features and form. Every little while the pretty woman leaned out of the window toward him, then both smiled sadly and pursed their lips as if kissing. If the old man happened to turn around at such a moment, he quickly lowered his eyes and pretended not to have seen anything. At the end of the long avenue they stopped and put up the tent placing the lion inside.

The men made a small fire and the woman cooked a few beans, which they ate greedily, it being their first meal that day. Afterwards they sat silent and pensive, looking at the magnificent tent which lined both sides of the avenue, and listening to the heavy steps of the lion pacing up and down its cage.

"He is hungry," said the old man. With their last sons they had bought the day before a few pounds of meat and bones. Since then the beast had had nothing to eat. The thought of this made the men turn pale and the young woman wrung her hands in despair.

"If we do not announce that one of us will enter the cage, nobody will come," said Romain the worried master of the show, and then he might as well jump into the river, and if we do announce it, we must do it or—"

All three hung their heads, remembering a scene they had witnessed when a poor tent had been plundered and torn to pieces by the peasants who did not think the show worth the price of the admission. "If the butcher would only trust us until tomorrow night, we might pay him with the money we get here," said the young man. "Let Penic go and see him. She is pretty and knows how to talk to people."

She stood very close to him and he pressed her hand passionately to make her understand that he cared even more for her than he dare say. She stood up, pale and nervous and said: "I will go. Clement's idea is good."

After fixing her hair, painting her lips and lacing her corset a little tighter she went, followed by the admiring glances of the two men, but the butcher who was sitting outside of his shop enjoying the evening air with some of his neighbors treated her as if she were a beggar.

"What trust people who might run away during the night with their horses and chattels? Not he!"

Renie begged. She told him that the lion was starving and it might mean the loss of a man's life, if it were not fed before tomorrow. The butcher shrugged his shoulders, while his neighbors listened intently. Perhaps they would see something interesting tomorrow. They must not miss it, they said to each other. Renie heard what they said and bit her lips with rage as she walked back through the silent village streets.

Who was to face the starving beast the next day? Clement was younger, Romain more experienced. The latter was the first being who had ever cared for Renie and spoken kindly for her, but to the former she owed all the happiness she had ever known for he loved her and she returned his feelings.

She sat down near the young man, bore his sufferings without anger. When she came back, she was crying and no explanation was needed, who put his arm around her waist under cover of the darkness. Romain saw it, and his face clouded but he said nothing. Pitying these young people, both of whom he loved, he well knowing that they could not help falling in love and that it cut their hearts to make him suffer. All three accepted this calamity which had come on top of many others.

Standing on the platform outside the tent the next day, Clement loudly told the crowd how ferocious the lion was and praised the courage of the man who dared brave it. The people listened eagerly though scores of far more gorgeous tents offered their attractions. At noon he sat down with his uncle and young wife in front of the lion's cage, and the starving beast's bloodshot eyes and restless movements made them forget the pangs of hunger.

"It is I, who must go into the cage," said Clement.

"Nonsense," said the old man, I know him better than you do."

"But I am younger."

"But I am the boss here."

Both grew silent, as they saw the woman's pale face. They looked at each other without hatred but neither cared to be generous, each feared a wound that would disgrace him and make him repugnant to her, or death which meant a separation from her. "Let the dice decide," said Romain. Renie brought the leather cup. The old man made the first throw.

"Eight," he said.

"Four," said Clement next.

"I cannot let you do it," Renie cried, but her eyes met the sad eyes of the old man and she dared not object. All three embraced one another tenderly. Then they began to dress for the show. Renie clad in tights and painted to hide the ghastly pallor of her face, was to go outside to attract the crowd. Romain was to sell tickets and show the audience their seats. They did not speak, did not say a word about the drama to be

enacted. All animation seemed to have been crushed within them. Renie wanted to take her lover into her arms once more but the tent began to fill. Romain was at the entrance. Clement stood near the cage. The young woman mounted the platform and shutting her ears to the sigh she heard behind her, she shouted at the top of her voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, you cannot afford to miss this show. The lion is furious, dreadful to look upon. The show begins now, right away. Come inside! Come inside!"

The waiting crowd of peasants flocked past the ticket office; the tent was crowded to its doors, the coffers of old Romain were overflowing. When the place would hold no more, Renie stepped from her platform, and the old man pulled together the tent flap, while Clement, casting one look at his friends slowly mounted the platform and faced the hungry lion. A peal of thunder rumbled in the distance. The lion answered with a roar, his shifty eyes fixed on the man who was moving toward the door. He humbled with the lock. Again the lion roared, each hoarse bellow answered by the increasing thunder of the approaching storm. The cage door swung open; the audience held its breath; the lion every muscle tense, its tail thrashing the floor of its den, watched Clement, who, whipl in hand stepped fearlessly within.

So they stood a full minute, the audience with bated breath; the lion tense and silent; the man standing motionless near the entrance to the cage. The first gust of the approaching storm rustled the canvas of the tent and snapped the flags without; the lion rose till its belly scarcely touched the floor; its cruel claws crept from their velvet sheaths and gripped the boards as it opened wide its cavernous mouth to sound the roar that was to prelude its leap. Renie shut her eyes. A peasant broke the stillness with a cry. There was a roar, a blinding flash and the tent collapsed upon their heads.

A hundred hands tore off the canvas and brought the cage to light, disclosing instead of a mangled corpse and feasting lion, a huge gaunt shape pinned beneath the heavy tent pole, and Renie, his face upturned to the descending rain, gazing dazedly about.

(The End)

DISTINGUISH THE DIFFERENCE IN GAMES

Columbus, Ind., Feb. 23.—The difference between "draw poker" and "freeze out" was demonstrated in the city court here when Mayor Barnaby declared he did not know a thing about either game. Lew Thompson was being tried for gambling, the police having raided a game which they insisted was poker. W. W. Lambert, an attorney appearing for Thompson, said he did not know anything about poker. Prosecuting Attorney Spaulding intimated that he knew the difference but he did not enlighten the court. Instead he placed sanitary officer Riddle on the stand and the officer gave the minute distinctions between the two games. Then the arguments were made and while attorney Lambert was addressing the court the prosecutor took the deck of cards that had been offered in evidence and played a game of solitaire.

Mayor Barneby acquitted Thompson on the ground that the game was not finished when the officers made the raid and that nothing had been won or lost. The court never did determine whether poker or freeze out was being played.

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Syrup and Save \$2, by Making It at Home.

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. If you take one pint of granulated sugar, add 1/4 pint of warm water, and stir about 2 minutes, you have as good syrup as money could buy.

If you will then put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly.

And you will find it the best cough syrup you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually stops the most severe cough in 24 hours. It is just laxative enough, has a good tonic effect and taste is pleasant. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for hoarseness, asthma, chest pains, etc. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the healing pine elements. No other preparation will work in this formula.

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TEN COMMANDMENTS NEED NO REVISION

**"They Are Sublime in Their
Present Form" Says Rev.
Mack, Presbyterian.**

Cincinnati, Feb. 23.—The Rev. Dr. Edward Mack, professor of Lane Theological Presbyterian Seminary, said regarding the contemplated cutting of three of the Ten Commandments:

"Both from a literary and legal standpoint the Ten Commandments are sublime in their present form and I don't see any need for shortening them."

Protestant Episcopal Bishop Boyd Vincent said:

"I rather believe the proposition to shorten the Ten Commandments is a provision to shorten the service of the

\$100 Reward, \$100.

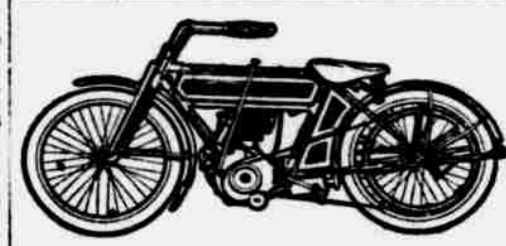
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all the stages. That is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional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

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Bicycles and Sundries



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ALLEGED CRUELNESS

**Edna May Steele Wishes to
Be a Maid Once More.**

Five Years of cruel and inhuman treatment on the part of her husband, including threats on her life, proved too much for Edna May Steele to withstand as is evidenced by her separation from her spouse February 12, 1911, and the filing of a suit in the Wayne circuit court on Thursday, directed against Clary Steele, and outlining his alleged misconduct. In addition to a decree absolving the bonds of matrimony, the plaintiff desires restoration to her maiden name, Edna May Shoope.

The defendant is alleged by his wife to have at divers times, and often in the presence of others, purposely and falsely accused her of divers offenses, often to have struck and beaten her, to have called her vile names, and to have threatened to kill her. All that

is alleged to have occurred through a period of five years, but March 15, 1910 is the specific date set forth in the complaint upon which the action is based. Also the plaintiff charges her husband with having left her a number of times, staying away for months and making no provisions for her support in the meantime.

The couple were married at Centerville, September 24, 1884, and separated February 12, 1911.

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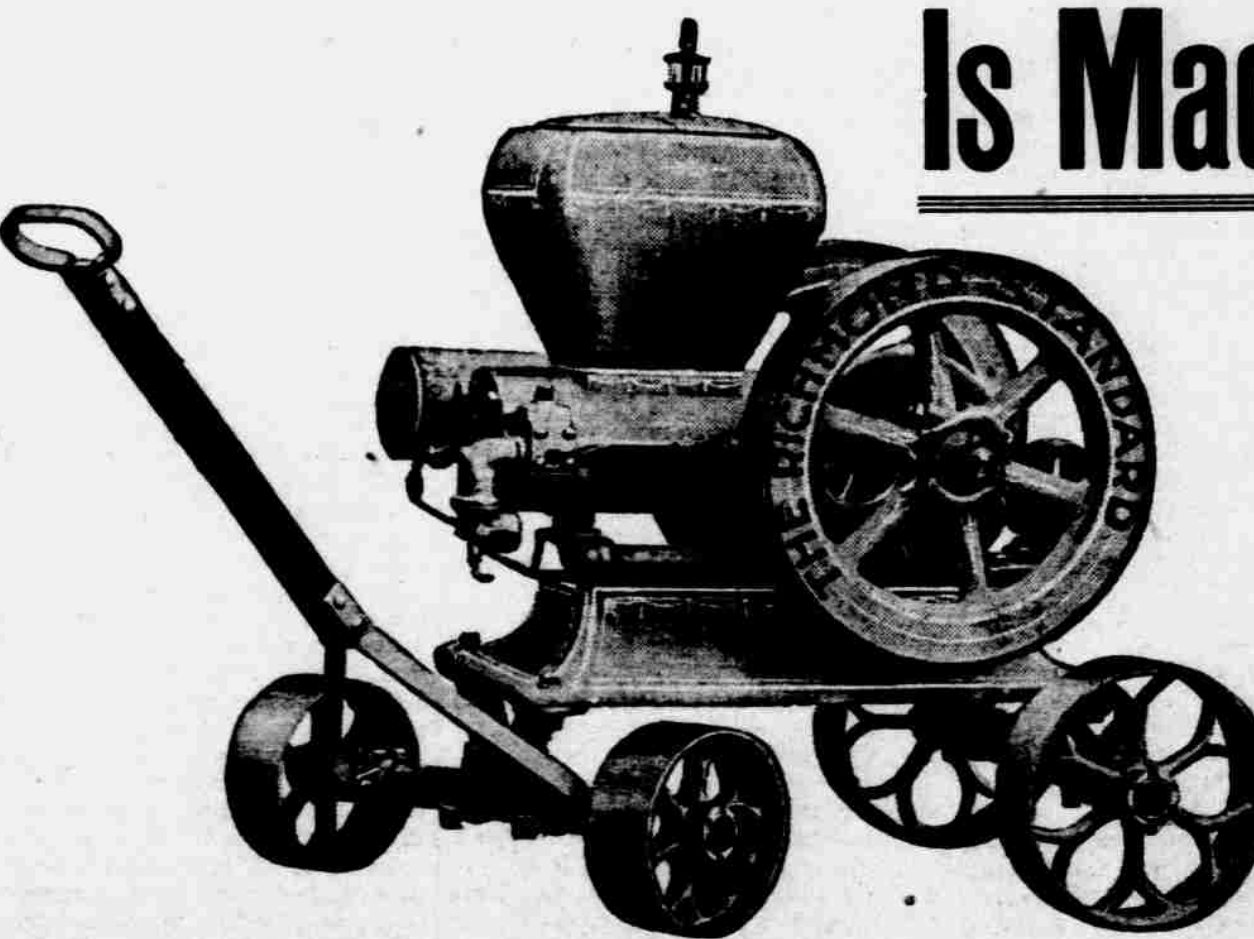
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