

REFUSE TO ENTER TAFT IN PRIMARY

With Roosevelt Because the
Latter Is Not Avowed
Candidate.

(National News Association)

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—Because Theodore Roosevelt is not an open and avowed candidate for the Republican nomination for President, officers of the Chicago Taft club today refused to accept the challenge by the local Roosevelt boomers to enter into a presidential preference primary, throughout the city.

Col. Chauncey Dewey, once a cow-puncher now a Chicago millionaire politician, let out an old-fashioned cowman's yell when he read this letter from the Taft club:

Col. Chauncey Dewey, Chairman Illinois Roosevelt Committee.
Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the 12th inst., I would say that, so far as we know, Col. Roosevelt is not a candidate for the presidency. If, however, you will obtain his authority to submit his name to a preferential presidential primary, we shall be glad to take your proposal up for consideration.

David R. Forgan, President
Taft Club of Chicago.

The Colonel was too dignified to yell "afraid" but that sentiment quickly pervaded the atmosphere of the Roosevelt national committee headquarters.

Despite the announcement of the Taft organization, there will be presidential primaries in several wards of the city.

ALWAYS IN ORDER.

The Subject That Roused the Interest
of Every Woman Present.

Elizabeth Jordan, who recently finished a play the second act of which is laid in a beauty parlor, was talking the other day about women beauty parlors and conversation.

"There are a good many things that a good many women are interested in," she said. "But there is one subject of conversation that will draw every woman's attention. She'll forget everything else in the world to discuss it. To illustrate my conviction I'll tell you a story. This actually happened:

"One day last winter I was at a dinner where there were fifteen or twenty other women guests. When we went to the drawing room after dinner, leaving the men to their cigars, it happened that all the women but myself and one other got into one corner of the room, and I and one fellow guest



ALL CROWDED AROUND US.

were left alone. I've forgotten why, but that's the way it was.

"We were talking of a subject in which we were both interested, and we were having a beautiful time. But it occurred to the hostess that one or both of us might feel neglected. So she called out from the other side of the room:

"Why, Miss Jordan, what are you and Mrs. Blank talking about all by yourselves?"

"Mrs. Blank is telling me how she lost ten pounds," I replied.

"Well, you ought to have seen the center rush! Every woman in the room made a wild dash for our corner, and all crowded around us. The eyes of every woman were all alight with eagerness. And from every woman's throat burst the one impassioned word: 'How?'—New York Times.

Hard on the Other One.

One hot summer day a Kentucky beau stopped at a florist's to order a box of flowers sent to his lady love. At the same time he also purchased a design for the funeral of a friend. On the card for his girl's box he wrote: "Hoping these may help you bear the heat." The other card bore the one word, "Sympathy."

Very soon the girl telephoned. "Thank you so much for the flowers, but why did you write 'Sympathy' on the card?"

There was no word from the other card.

Fellows in Distress.

An efficient woman principal of a New York grammar school, though devoid of good looks and bearing the marks of long service in her profession, still retains the charm of a delightful frankness. One day while watching the pupils pass out of her building two by two, as usual, she noticed one boy marching alone, with his arm to his eyes, sobbing tumultuously. In answer to her solicitous inquiry as she drew him from the line the little fellow wailed, "I-I haven't got no partner!"

The principal extended a prompt and sympathetic hand. "Shake, dear boy, shake!" she invited. "I haven't, either."

Plans A Novel Entertainment



The Baroness De Groyse, of New York, who is a member of the Lonely Widow's Association, will soon give a dance which will surprise Broadway. One of her plans for the ball will be that the men attending shall be enclosed in paper bags, before they will be admitted to the ball-room floor.

THE PENGUIN.

It Is Awkward on Land and a Gymnast in the Water.

A kind of penguin, the adelle, is a laugh provoking bird. Adelles are most inquisitive and at times are in such a hurry to follow up a clue that they will scramble along the ice on the belly, pushing with their legs and using their flippers alternately like the paddle of a canoe. They get over the ground at an astonishing rate, and it is hard work to overtake a penguin when it takes to this means of locomotion, especially when it doubles.

In the water the penguin is perfectly at home, diving and steeplechasing in grand style. It can jump clean out of the water and pop down on the ice exactly like some one coming up through a trapdoor on the stage and dropping on its feet. The penguins collect in enormous numbers and are sometimes seen marching about like a regiment of soldiers in Indian file, all acting in unison.

A much larger penguin, the emperor, weighs sixty or seventy pounds and stands well over three feet high. It possesses the most extraordinary muscular powers in its flippers. When presented with the end of the ski stick the emperor gives it such a smack that one's hands tingle. At the same time it utters an angry guttural exclamation.

SPEED OF OSTRICHES.

The Swiftest Birds Are Chosen by
Buyers For Menageries.

In selecting ostriches for menageries or zoological gardens the swiftest are chosen, not because it will be necessary for them to run in their new quarters, but because swiftness is a good indication of health and robustness.

A buying agent visited a pen of ostriches in Africa. At his call two beautiful birds came up to him. Being desirous of testing their speed, he arranged with the keeper that they should run a race. So he caressed the birds and showed them a handful of figs, of which they were very fond.

The ostriches were held while the visitor walked to a certain distance. At a signal they were set free and began to run for the figs. They came bounding along at a terrific rate, taking twelve or fourteen feet at a stride. They ran neck and neck for more than half the distance, their wings working like arms and making a great sound. Presently one drew ahead, and, looking behind, as you may have noticed a boy in a foot race do, to see where his rival was, and, finding him beaten, the winner slackened his pace and gently trotted up for the prize of figs.—Exchange.

The "Anchor" Shot in Billiards.
The "anchor" or "cradle" shot, as it was called before it was excluded from all professional billiard matches, was made when two balls were jammed in one of the six pockets of the regulation English billiard table so that the player, by extremely delicate cue work, could keep them there indefinitely and practically run his score as high as he wanted to. Billiardists quickly recognized that it was not strictly sportsmanlike and therefore abolished it in their contests. Frank Tree may properly be called the discoverer of the shot, although he stumbled upon it by accident rather than by careful computation of billiard angles. In a match with John Roberts in London for the world's championship he jammed two balls in one of the pockets and held them there until he ran out and won the trophy. His run of 2,540 points was a world's record.—New York Times.

FELL DOWN STAIRS; SEVERELY INJURED

Mrs. J. A. Walls suffered a broken arm and sprained back when she fell the full length of the stairs in her home at 21 South Tenth street early this morning.

Mrs. Walls, on arising this morning, went to the head of the stairs to switch on the electric light. While groping around in the dark, she stepped off the top of the stairs, and as there were no banisters, Mrs. Walls fell the whole distance to the first floor. When the house maid reached her Mrs. Walls was in a serious condition, for her left arm had snapped at the wrist and her back was severely sprained.

She was in better condition this afternoon, however, and is expected to recover soon.

COLDS CAUSE HEADACHE

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy, removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. GROVE, 25c.

A Safe Place.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man sat next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. The fair companion suddenly exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his best jokes passed unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. "I am in misery," she said. "In misery?" echoed the man. "Yes, I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I can almost scream, it hurts so." The young man looked at the beautiful arms. No sign there. "Why, where were you vaccinated?" he asked surprised. "In Boston," she said, the smile chasing away the look of pain.

A Mean Trick to Save Himself.

Not so long ago a knowledge of Latin was essential to an orator, and long quotations from the Roman poets embellished every debate. James Payn, the novelist, was once at a dinner party where a learned, distinguished and very dignified statesman insisted on quoting Greek. The lady sitting next to Payn asked for a translation. Payn's Greek was rusty. Accordingly he assumed a blush and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say—"

"Please don't ask any more," murmured Payn. "I really could not tell you."

Hot Supper Friday night from 5 to 7, at First English Lutheran church. 14-21

English Art Treasure.

Another art treasure, a painting depicting a striking incident in the life of Queen Elizabeth, from the brush of Solomon J. Solomon, has been added to the collection of the Palace of Westminster. The artist has not had recourse to fresco work, which is unsuited to the climate. The picture is the gift of the late Lord Swaythling, and occupies a large panel on one of the landings of the staircase leading from the central hall to the committee-room corridor of the House of Commons. It is entitled, "The Commons Petitioning Queen Elizabeth to Marry." The monarch is seated on her throne, and, holding a ring high in the air, is exclaiming, "With this ring I was wedded to the realm."

The Brute.
She—You married me for my money.
He—Well, it's no use grieving over it now. It's all gone.

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Consequently This Magnificent Showing
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Fine Cambric Edges and Insertions, worth up to 10c, at 2c Yd.

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Fine Embroideries, worth up to 25c, mostly cambrics, 10c Yd.

Fine Swiss and Nainsook Embroideries, worth up to 50c, at 15c Yd.

25c-35c Cambric Flounces and Corset Cover Embroideries, 19c Yd.

Fine 35c-50c Swiss Flounces, 25c Yd.

Fine 27-inch Swiss Flouncings, worth up to \$1.50 per yard, at 59c Yd.

See our showing of Fine Bandings, Galoons, Beadings to match all the above embroideries, 10c to 98c Yd.

Fine Swiss and Nainsook Allovers, worth to \$1.00 yard, at 59c Yd.

Fine 27-inch Swiss Flouncing, pretty baby effects, 59c Yd.

Fine 27-inch Swiss Flouncings, worth up to \$2.00, at 98c Yd.

Fine Swiss All Overs, worth up to \$2, including all the new eyelet effects, 98c Yd.

Fine Swiss Flouncings, worth up to \$2.25 yard, at \$1.25 Yd.

Fine Swiss Flouncings, worth up to \$2.75, at \$1.49 Yd.

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