TELL-TALE THUMB-PRINTS.

FINGER MARKS OF CRIMINALS LIFE LONG AIDS TO THEIR DETECTION.

Individual Finger Marks Permanent Through Life-Adoption of System for Identification of U. S. Soldiers and Sailors.

A few weeks ago Inspector McLaughlin of the New York City Detective Bureau received remarkable evidence of the value of thumb-print identification. A letter was brought to him through the mails from London containing the picture and record of a noted criminal whose thumb-print, with his name and description, was sent to London to test the efficiency of this new method of recording distinguishing marks of criminals. By means of the thumb-print alone the English police identified the criminal captured by the New York police, whose record in England includes eight Imprisonments on charges of larceny, The prisoner was caught by Inspector McLaughlin in the corridor of the Walderf-Asteria Hotel in April. There were no charges against him in this book at last fell into the hands of Mr. country at the time, but the Inspector decided that his captive was an English "crook." It was found that two patrons of the hotel had been robbed and the prisoner was detained for a thorough investigation of his case. Meanwhile the Inspector sent the thumb-print to London and the reply brought a photograph of the "cros and a duplicate photograph of his thumb-print and his record.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

For some time the criminal bureaus of prominent cities have been using the Bertillon measurement system which also includes making two photographs of the suspicious character, but the French system and photography have fallen short in many cases, as a scheming criminal can adopt various subterfuges to cheat the law, but there is no way of changing the character of his thumb-print, for there are no two people whose thumbs are exactly alike, and each person has his own individual thumb-print whose character remains the same from the day of birth to the end.

OLD AS THE HILLS.

There is nothing really new in this mode of identification, as from time immemorial the Chinese have known



MAGNIFIED THUMB MARK SHOWING DISTINGUISHED LINES.

the fact that every man carries on his finger-tips the proofs of his identity. and passports in the Celestial land have consisted of a governmentstamped piece of oil paper on which the traveler has to record his digitalmarks before setting forth on his journey. So in India, where deeds transferring land have for centuries past been signed among the illiterate peasantry by a thumb-mark. Within recent years the government of India has extended this native custom to postoffice savings bank books, millitary and civil pension certificates, emigrants' contracts, mortgages on growing crops, and other transactions where false personation has to be guarded against or an authenticated acknowledgment of money received has to be made. Naturally, also, the system was premptly adopted for the identification of criminals, and it was an Indian police officer, E. B. Henry. inspector-general of police in Bengal, who carried to England his experiences in the work, and when appointed



THERE ARE NO TWO THUNK PRINTS

chief commissioner of police in London, introduced the method into New Scotland Yard. FINGER PRINTS NEVER CHANGE.

Finger-marks continue permanent through life. Injuries may partially destroy them, but as the injury heals the original lines reassert themselves as before. In growing youth the ball of the finger enlarges; so does the pat-tern, but its distinctive tracings are absolutely unchanged, whereas the Bertillon method is applicable only to adults, when bone measurements have become fixed. Yet youthful criminals, for their own sake, as well as for society's are worth watching at every but h. H. Elsen, 156, wh are but, Philadephia, Pa.

singe of their career, and the finger-print system is the only means of dentification yet devised that makes

this practicable. Not only is it virtually impossible that any man's ten finger-prints, one after the other, should resemble in mere general mathematical form each of those of another man, the chance against any such coincidence being calculated by Professor Francis Galton, the eminent anthropologist and

Recently the United States government has also adopted the thumbprint system for identification of the sailors and soldiers in service, as this might become useful not only in cases of desertion, but also to more readily identify the be ses of those who have fallen on the field of battle.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

what I should do if some sporting kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the le" " When the Andrew Lang, then acting for Messrs, Longmans, Green & Company, the success of Micah Clarke was assured, and its author's literary career placed on a firmer footing. The "Sign of the Four" followed in 1889, in which story Sherlock Holmes, who had made his bow to the public in "A Study in Scarlet," reappeared and increased Dr. Doyle's rising reputation. His heart, however, was in the historical novel, and in 1890 he followed up the success of Micah with "The White Company." in the preparation of which be read one hundred and fifteen volumes. French and English, dealing with the fourteenth century in England. His delight in the work is expressed in his own words: "To write such books," he once said, speaking of Micab Clarke and The White Company, "one must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. He must think it great one, and then he must go deliberately to work and reconstruct it. Then is his a splendid joy."

STUDY IN SCARLET FOR \$125.00. However, Dr. Doyle may prefer a write historical romances, and what-ever his personal estimate of his great detective may be, the fact remains that in Sherlock Holmes he has created a character whose exploits are as familiar as household words, and

debtedness to Dupin, the detective in Poe's short stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter." This is the more interesting for the reason that in "A Study in Scarlet," Sherlock Holmes is made to speak rather contemptuously of Dupin's skill and acumen. To quote Dr. Doyle again: "In work which consists in the drawing of detectives there are only one or two quality which one can use, and an author is was gone."

Exactly! Dr. Neison thrust his watch back into his pocket and smiled at her disappointed face.

Should be a speak rather contemptuously of watch back into his pocket and smiled at her disappointed face.

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Should be a speak rather contemptuously of the proposition of the propositio which one can use, and an author is erced to bark back upon them con-

CONSTRUCTION OF SHERLOCK.

Dr. Doyle went to work, therefore, to build up a scientific system in which everything might be logically reasoned Where Sherlock Holmes differed from his predecessors was that he had an immense fund of exact knowledge upon which to draw, in consequence his previous scientific education. He was practical, he was sy ematic, he was logical, and his success in the detection of crime was to "> the result, not of chance or luck, but of his characteristic qualities. "With this idea," says Dr. Doyle, "I wrote "With a book on the lines I have indicated, and produced 'A Study in Scarlet.' That was the first appearance of Sherock; but he did not arrest much attention, and no one recognize I him as being anything in particular. About three years later, howe r, I was isked to do a small shilling book for Lippincott's Magazine, which pub-

lishes, as you know, a complete story in each number. I didn't know what to write about, and the thought occurred to me, 'Why not try to rig up the same chap again?' I did it, and the result was "The Sign of the Four." Although the criticisms were favorable. I don't think that even then Sherlock attracted much attention to his individuality." But this shows Mr. Doyle's modesty.

GET INTO GOOD COMPANY.

We are preparing for publication in this Magazine Section a treat for our readers, and will very shortly present to you that most interesting novel of Sir A. Conan Doyle's, "THE WHITE COMPANY," full of excitement and adventure, with a pretty love story running through it. which ends "just right" and leaves everybody feeling good. JOIN US NOW AND GET READY FOR THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

in spite of all the talk and rumpus in the House of Representatives over an attempt to eliminate the free seed farce, with its attendant enormous expenditure, when it came to a yes and may vote of the members a big majority stood in favor of the appropriation. Each year congress creates a diversion by inveighing against the proposition, and then enthusiastically votes it into the agricultural bill.

Crocuses in March.

BY EDITH DOANE. Whatever in the world-The speaker, her fur coat white with now, stood transfixed in the doorway "Crocuses!" she gasped. "Crocuses-in early March-with the snow outside an inen deep and more to follow! Cro-

Words failing her, she stepped inside the heavy curtains and regarded the scene before her with astonished eyes. It was a pretty room and long, with mathematician, as one hundred and a blazing fire of pine logs at one end. mathematician, as one hundred and sixty-four million against one, but it is equally impossible that any two finger-prints should be identical in table in the centre at which she gast d nyphotically, where masses of Jenov crocuses glowed in reckless profusion They raised tremendous golden heads from a big brass bowl; they noduced from long, slender vases; they flamed over the edges of a pewter jug in riot

us confusion. The girl standing beside the table poked the last slender green stalk into place, and, stepping back, regarded her work with the triumph. flushed face toward the doorway.

"The only trouble," she said, impressively, "will be to make him believe they grew.'

Yes, grew, naturally," with a vague wave of her hand in the direction of the window and the softly whirling flakes outside. "He won't believe it."

Who won't believe it?"
He has the crocus hobby as seriously as daddy, and they kept at it until in a moment of wild enthusiasm Daddy insisted that his crocus came up in March. Once—" apologetically—"we did have a crocus the last day of March.

"But who—" began Dora again,
"Daddy saw he doubted it, but he
didn't care, for by that time he had begun to believe it himself; so when he said he was coming to New York March he invited him out, insisted, set the date and all. This is the date, and," Anne dimpled, "here are the

"Anne," insisted her chum, firmly will you please stop saying 'he' and

"will you please stop saying 'he' and 'him' and tell me who and what you are talking about?"

"John Rexall," essayed Anne. "The man daddy met in camp and liked so well that he chummed with him, even though he shot more game than daddy did himself. He has money and good looks and—"

"Crocuses," suggested Dora.

Anne dimpled again, "If only I could

Anne dimpled again. "If only I could make him believe they really grew!"

The door at the further end of the room opened to admit a gray-haired man, rugged but kindly featured, who came down the room, watch in hand Anne smiled at him across the crocuses "You may just as well put that wate out of sight," she cried, as she place out of sight," she cried, as she placed a bowl of flowers on the plane. "No more calls to-night, Daddy, in this who has entered into the very of Anglo-Saxon life and literature. It is setually said that at times Dr. Doyle has expressed a wish that "r. Watson had never met Sherlock thought so little of "A Study in Scartion of "A Study in Scartiet," the story in which Sherlock thought so little of "A Study in Scartiet," the story in which Sherlock thought so little of "A Study in Scartiet," the story in which Sherlock thought so little of "A Study in Scartiet," the story in which Sherlock to leave him very little breath for protest. Dr. Nelson pretended great in dignation. "Tut! tut! It isn't fair to take advantage of an old man," he chuckled, but his eyes were full of tenderness as Anne laid her cheek softly against his. storm, and 'company comin',' too," Slipping her arm through her father's

against his.
"You remember Milligan, the flag-man?" Dr. Nelson said at last, again glancing at his watch.

Anne nodded.
"He has been seriously hurt—is dying.
I must go at once. I shall be late."
"There is always somebody—" began Anne

"Exactly!" Dr. Nelson thrust his

was gone.
The sound of his departing horses

says that great and august personage is delayed by the storm and will not be here to-night."

"And you will be left alone—"
cidedly c

"There are the servants. I do not ind," returned Anne. "But this house is so isolated and the grounds so large," Dora deliberated. "I will send Tom over to stay with you," the announced, with the relief of one

who has solved a knotty problem.

Anne protested faintly.

"Yes, I will." Dora insisted. "He is only eighteen, but he will be company."

"Of course I should like it." agreed

Dora swept a parting glance over the oom. On every side flowers gleamed n yellow splendor, "When I consider these wasted March grouses," began Dors. Anne giggled. "And the florist's bill

At this Dora gave way and relapsed into a helpless fit of laughter, where-upon Anne laughed, too, half hysterical-

y, helpless to stop herself—laughed un-ill the crocuses shook in their tall vases and both girls sank into chairs, laughng and breathless. "It's a judgment—because I wanted him to believe—they grew," cried Anne,

wiping her eyes.

An hour later Anne descended the wide, open staircase. Her trailing gown hung in soft, straight lines; a row of tiny pearls clasped her throat; some rocuses were tucked in her belt, and ne crocus nestled in her hair.

At the bottom step Johnson waited.

"Gentleman to see you, Miss Anne,
done put him in de library."

"What is his name?"

"I disremembered to ask him his name. He said yo' all was expecting

Her face eleared; Tom, of course, Only the firelight illuminated the IIbrary, casting flickering, ruddy rays upon the slender figure that came slow-

A vision in soft shimmering white pressed close to his side—his hand, his arm. was grasped in a warm though unmistakable hug. "You were a dear, good boy to come," the vision said.

"Mistah Rexall," announced Johnson, at the library door, bowing pomposity as he held aside the hangings to admit a stender, dark-eyed man, who advanced a step into the room and then

So glad you managed to get here after all." She forced herself to the usual conventionalities.

So this was John Rexall, this man whom she instinctively dreaded—perhaps it was the flekering firelight that give that shifting gleam to his eyes.

She touched a heil, "A light, Johnson," she commanded, half nervously.

"Nothing surprising Rexall, I warned g.ve that shifting gleam to his eyes.
She touched a bell. "A light, Johnson," she commanded, half nervously.
"Mr. Rexall, allow me to present—"
Her words trailed off into amazed stlence. The room behind her was empty. A door closing softly at the further end where the erstwhile admirer had gone.

One o'clock chimed the tiny timesiece on the mantel. Outside the sound tance to graver, deeper tones. Anne shivered. Two hours had passed since the household had settled into silence, but so far no sleep had come to her eyes. She had not even undressed, but still sat upon the hearth rug in front of the fire in her cozy bedroom, staring into the glowing coals.

It was dreary waiting, but some came fear had kept her awake, hop-ng nervously for her father's return, Instening anxiously for the first sound of his horses' hoofbeats on the gravel outside. Indeed, if he did not come soon she had the horrible conviction that she would scream. In vain she tried to reason it away, sitting, her face in her hands, her eyes on the clear glowing coals. What matter if she instinctively distrusted the mon her father had found companionable? Was that such an extraordinary thing? What if the man she had found congenial—'for you know you did like him," she said to herself, "even if you did—" Here her cheeks supported by genial—for you know you did like him," she said to herself, "even if you did—". Here her cheeks supported by the slim hands grew unaccountably hot. What if this man had chosen to take his departure suddenly?

But reason as she might, the vague misgiving remained. At the sound of the clock she shivered

slightly, and getting up from her lowly position she drew back the curtains of her window. The storm had ceased, and the snow lay lightly on branch and wall; the night was brilliant with moon light, clear as day, full of hallowed oftness.

She stood for a while, spellbound by the glory of the scene before her, then turned again toward the fire. The crocuses she had worn that evening in selt, now lying wilted on her dress-Ing table, caught her eye. "I forgot to "To !
look at the flowers—if the fire dies down to me.

"Johnson has left a light for daddy," she thought, going steadily on and de-eidedly cheered by the thought that gloom did not await her.

Pushing open the door very gently,
she entered the room.

she entered the room.

At first the light dazzled her sight. She advanced a few steps, unconsciously treading lightly, as she had done all along, lest she would wake some member of the household, and then, passing her hand over her eyes, looked leisurely up. The fire was nearly out. She turned her head, and then—then—she uttered a faint scream and grasped the back of a chair to steady herself.

With his back to her—all unaware of With his back to her-all unaware of TRUSIGHT SPECTACLE CO., 547 Ridge Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

man, evidently—and extremely good to look at. Just now amusement strucking led with admiration in the clear-cut features, as he stepped forward and again held out his hand.

"Please forgive me," he began, quite as contritely as if he really were to blame. "I did not know—it was so insufferably stupid of me—" He stopped. ("You are altogether charming," said his eyes.)

Anne's face softened.

Anne's face softened.

"I am sure Dr. Nelson will intercede for me," he went on, pursuing his advantage.

Anne smiled. "Dr. Nelson is not at home. I am his daughter," she said simply.

"Then we are already old friends, declared the man eagerly. "In camplast September your father—but first allow me to present myself. I am—"
"Mistah Rexail," announced Johnson.

turbed the stillness that reigned within

Anne stood motionless, her heart thumping wildly, wondering what the end would be. Then, suddenly the at-lence was broken by the distant sound equaled by that of the man beside her. He turned with a quick start, glanced sharply at the newcomer, then stood motionless in the shadow.

With a most unreasonable sense of disappointment Anne advanced to well.

"Father will be delighted. He has counted so on your coming—we were quite distressed over your telegram so glad you managed to get here after iff." She forced herself to the word.

"Nothing surprising, Rexall, I warned you things were protty lively here—in March."

The day, begun so strenuously, was fast drawing to an end. The shadows closed softly in on the white world out-side; inside the bright light of the great pine fire streamed cheerily over

Anne tucked herself comfortably in one corner of the huge Davenport. "If this thing keeps up much longer, she announced, dramatically, "I shall lose my vole

As bad as that?" laughed John Rexall Every bit. This last harrowing recital to Tom makes the third since

uncheon. I can understand," she went on, reflectively, that that man mucht have gotten hold of your telegram in some way, either at the station or on the road, and so discovered that you were expected and delayed, and in that way conserved the idea of impersonating you. That part is clear enough. But what I cannot understand is how he knew we did not know you by sight."

"His face was familiar. I have seen him somewhere before. Probably he was hanging around the camp last fall, and Judged I would know only the doc-

What it this man and some also departure suddenly?
Was that so strange? He had come you had come."
"He did not know it at first. I fancy he had a fairly clear idea of my present that her father was not at home ense later in the game."

"Never mind him now," he pleaded "Hy your own statement you are in danger of losing your voice over him: and I want you to save your voice he continued, softly, "for better pur-Anne looked up at him. "Yes" she

"I want you to save it to talk to meo promise me something," he went on. arnestly.

A wave of delicate color dyed Anne's face from brow to chin. Her eyes fell

Then, perhaps, next year, when prosent



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forced to hark back upon them constantly, so that every detective must stantly, so that every detective must really resemble every other detection of the hard hardly died away when John French to a greater or less extent. There is no great originality required in devising or constructing such a man, and the only possible originality which one can get into a story about a detective is in giving him original plots and problems to solve, as in his equipment there must be of necessity an alert acuteness of mind to grasp 's and the relation which each of them bears to the other."

The sound of his departing horses how had hardly died away when John Result in the first dies down the library will be too cold for them. I will attend them now; anything is better than waiting here."

For de doctah, Miss Anne," he announced.

Anne twoich the envelope from the outstream of contracting such a man, and the only possible originality which one can get into a story about a detective is in giving him original plots and problems to solve, as in his equipment there must be of necessity an alert acuteness of mind to grasp 's and the relation which each of them bears to the other."

The sound of his departing horses had hardly died away when John Result is find the library will be too cold for them. I will attend them now; anything is better than waiting here."

For de doctah, Miss Anne," he announced.

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; and walked swiftly show the send you know me."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left here now; anything is better than waiting he No Money Required

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Even an expert cannot distinguish by | are greater than the combined sales of | presents before you order the coffee. its appearance roasted Java from Brazilian Coffee. Then how can you know that you get your money's worth when you buy loose grocery-store coffee on looks and the price mark? You don't know, and the grocer does not know. ly toward the centre of the room; a very sweet and attractive figure, indeed, it seemed to the eyes of the man standing waiting in the shadow. Nearer and nearer she came, and the man steped forward, offering his hand in easy, pleasant greeting, and then stood spell-pleasant greeting, and then stood spell-pleasant greeting, and then stood spell-pleasant greeting, and the stood spell-pleasant greeting, and the stood spell-pleasant greeting, and the stood spell-pleasant greeting. eye, and he cannot show it to you. Refuse loose scoop coffee! You may be skilled blending and roa-ting—not to be sure that all coffee deteriorates when ex- compared with crude, primitive methods posed to the air, and is easily contami-nated by dust and impurities. You will find it to your advantage to

The next moment an embarrassed buy from us direct if your grocer refuses young man faced an equally embar-to supply Arbuckles' Ariosa Coffee.

young man faced an equally embarrassed young woman with crimson
cheeks and indignant eyes.

"Why didn't you speak?" she demanded wrathfully. "I thought it was
Tom." She stopped in a vain search for
words with which to annihilate this
presuming interloper. "You know I
thought you were Tom." she added indignantly.

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"Would that I were," fervently
thought the new comer.

Carlosity tempered the wrath in
Anne's eyes as she raised them to the
face above her. The face of a gentle-

What is the use of paying 25 to 85 cents a pound for coffee that may not be as good as Arbuckles' Ariosa!

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