



Your Money Should Work

for you as hard as you work for it. The question is—how to make it work. The best way, in fact about the only safe way is to

Invest It Judiciously in Land

in Illinois and Iowa. The land will produce crops which can be exchanged for gold and every year it will be increasing in value. Your money invested here will surely grow. You and NOT your banker will reap the harvest.

FRANK L. SMITH

LAND MAN

LAW, LOANS, LAND AND INSURANCE
DWIGHT ILLINOIS

OF course you want individual pictures of the members of your family and they want yours; but do not neglect the family group, for such are the pictures that are most cherished as the years go by.

DWIGHT PHOTO SHOP
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DWIGHT ILLINOIS

A Beautiful Woman Kidnapped

A shipwreck, a rescue, two love affairs, a mistaken identity, with all the other accompaniments of a modern romance of adventure make

The Stolen Singer

one of the most delightful stories you ever read.

We Have Arranged to Run This Story as Our Next Serial

Read the first chapter and you'll want to follow it through to the end.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estates of William Louis Rabe, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Administrator of the Estate of William Louis Rabe late of Dwight, in the County of Livingston, and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the County Court of Livingston County, at the Court House in Pontiac, at the March Term on the first Monday in March next; at which time all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons interested in said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 21st day of January A. D. 1913.

CLARENCE P. RABE, Administrator
C. J. AHERN, Attorney.

Get your job printing done at this office. We can do it satisfactorily.

That Silk Gown

He was a son of the house. But he found her most alluring enough in her soft gowns of cotton, the badge of servitude pinned neatly in her hair.

Home for a long vacation, it pleased him to have some one close at hand fair enough to make pleasant love to. Stray half hours passed quickly so. The girls he met in his mother's drawing-room seemed to him strangely dull and colorless after cheeks as round and red as hers.

Now and again the folly of such a flirtation passed before his mind like a cloud before the sun. He had no intention of ever letting it become more than a flirtation. Sometimes he took himself to task for breaking a simple girl's heart. He was quite certain within himself that sooner or later he would break her heart. He would have been surprised had he known how little she thought of him.

True, the thoughts in her head buzzed busily as the bees among the wall flowers, but they had no connection with the holiday making son of the house.

Pretty red brown girls in subordinate positions are so used to being kissed that they may be forgiven for growing cold and indifferent to the giving of the kisses.

When, on her afternoons out, she met him walking with a girl whom it was common gossip he rather wanted to marry, it was shyness that made her dart suddenly behind the kindly protection of a hedge—not, as he thought, jealousy.

What she did think was that perhaps she might yet attain the long deferred wish of her heart through him.

The next time he found her dusting an already dustless room, and flung a careless arm about her, she made bold to ask him.

He stared at her in astonishment. "You want a silk gown?" he repeated after her. "Whatever for?"

She raised her eyes to his. So blue were they that he thought of warm June skies. "For Sundays," she faltered, "when Jim takes me out."

"And who may Jim be?" inquired the son of the house, frostily.

It was her turn to be astonished. Jim was her young man, of course, and she wanted to look nice when she went out with him. Jim thought a lot about clothes. And there wasn't a girl in the village who owned a silk dress.

He listened frowningly to her quick words. The pretty red-brown girl, it seemed, had no intention of breaking her heart over him. More, she was engaged to somebody else. A sense of annoyance rose suddenly in his breast—more, for the first time a sense of desire at the thought of losing her. He bent forward suddenly and touched her wrist.

"I'll give you all the silk gowns you want child," he said, "and anything else besides, if—"he looked into her eyes—"you'll give up Jim."

The hot color rose to her cheeks. She looked at him, then away. "Oh! but I couldn't, I couldn't," she protested.

He laughed annoyedly. "Be a sensible girl," he told her. "Better take the silk gowns, my dear; they will serve you better than a country clothopper."

"I love Jim," she said, stolidly.

His will fought to crush hers. In earnest now, he told her what he would do for her, how he would take her to town, of the gay times they would have, of theaters, all the lures of the city.

She looked at him steadily, seeing, perhaps, in imagination all the splendid things a man like him could give. She was only a housemaid with a love for pretty clothes. For a moment she saw herself gorgeously as a fashion plate in her favorite pattern book. For a moment she hesitated. Perhaps she saw instead a cottage and a child and love. Be that as it may, suddenly she turned away.

"I love Jim," she said again.

The Jim of the house was a sportsman. He knew when he was beaten. He sauntered carelessly to the door. When he reached it he paused and looked around.

"You shall have your silk gown, my dear," he called to her.

She wore it at her wedding three months afterwards.

Population of the Ocean.

A striking proof of the vastness and variety of the population of the sea is furnished by the results of explorations made by a committee of the zoological department of the British Association in that part of the Irish Sea surrounding the Isle of Man.

Out of one thousand species of marine animals collected 224 never before had been found in that region, 38 were previously unknown as inhabitants of British waters and 17 were entirely new to science; indeed, they were animals whose existence had never been suspected.

Counsel Fees.

Georgia Lawyer (to colored prisoner)—Well, Ras, so you want me to defend you. Have you any money?

Rastus—No; but I've got a mule and a few chickens and a hog or two.

Lawyer—Those will do very nicely. Now, let's see; what do they accuse you of stealing?

Rastus—Oh, a mule and a few chickens and a hog or two.

BREAKING AWAY FROM TRUTH

Two Opinions With Respect to a False Statement Minister Admits He Made.

A curiously interesting question of ethics has arisen over the failure of a minister to secure employment for an erring but repentant woman until he told prospective employers that she was a woman of good character. He had often been on the point of getting for her the work she needed in order to make an honest living and to regain the moral equilibrium which had been disturbed by her wrongdoing. But as soon as the minister, in his devotion to the strict letter of the truth, admitted that the woman had sinned, the doors of honest living were closed in her face, the "uncle" good people who were in a position to lend a helping hand refusing to run the risk of "contamination," unwilling to follow the example of Him who said to another erring woman: "Go and sin no more."

Now a rather lively local discussion has arisen as to whether the minister was justified under the circumstances, or whether anybody is ever justified under any circumstances, in telling a lie. Perhaps few will deny that if this minister really lied at all he strained the truth in a good cause and that the imposition practiced upon those who refused to give to another the chance of reform which they themselves would have welcomed in their own cases was intended to serve a human purpose. All who are inclined to take an ultra conservative view of the inviolability of truth might ponder the splendid words of Dickens when he wrote Tom Pinch and the like that he did only good to another human being:

"There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount, as on bright wings, to heaven. There are truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, that bind men down to earth. Who would not rather have to fall him in his dying hour the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, than all the quills plucked from the sharp porcupine, revengeful truth, since Time began?"—Kansas City Journal.

JUDGE STILL HAS THE \$50

Condition Competitors Did Not Seem to Notice Went With Offer of Prize.

The walking craze of a few years ago gave a well-known sporting man an opportunity which he could not resist taking advantage of. He had handbills widely distributed on which was stated:

"A Great Crosby gentleman will give \$50 to the man, woman or child who first succeeds in doing the following task: To walk from the Pierhead (Liverpool) to Crosby village. There each competitor must buy a meat pie and walk around the Big Stone and eat it."

About a hundred entries were received, and the walk took place on Whit Monday. Much excitement prevailed and a great cheer rose as a local pedestrian was seen leading the rest of the crowd. His meat pie was soon eaten as he walked round the stone, and he went to the judge for the \$50.

"Why," exclaimed the judge, "I didn't think you could have done it. The stone seemed too hard to eat."

"What's that go to do with it?" asked the ped.

"Everything to do with it," answered the judge, "and nobody gets the \$50 till they do."—London Tit-Bits.

Mother Kangaroo's Bravery.

During a severe drought in a certain section of Australia, the owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the porch when he saw a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as if half in doubt and fear what to do.

At length she approached the water pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with apprehension, for she was but a few feet from the porch where one of her foes was watching her.

The baby having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch and the old kangaroo set off at a rapid pace.

The spectator was so much impressed by the astonishing bravery of the affectionate mother that he made a vow—and kept it—never again to shoot a kangaroo.

Eccentric Tides.

Owing to the effects of shore lines and other influences which are more or less obscure it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited by tidal waves in various parts of the world.

Interfering waves cause once-a-day tides at Tahiti and in some other places, while on the other hand in the harbors back of the Isle of Wight and in the Tay in Scotland there are three tides in a day. The latter have been ascribed to overtides, produced by the modification of tidal waves running ashore and resembling the overtones of musical sounds.

Diamonds in a Rat's Nest.

Seven years ago Mrs. Charles DeLong lost trace of two diamond earings valued at \$200. Carpenters, remodeling the house, found the jewels in partition where rats had a nest. Incidentally, an apology was made to a servant who had been indirectly accused of the theft.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Need of Ornamental Street Lights.

Many cities in the United States of America, having a far smaller number in population, are proud possessors of nicely decorated streets. Now, Dwight, wake up to the fact that you are the city of nearly 2,500 population, yet you cannot boast of anything more than common, unattractive, good for nothing, hanging street lamps, which have a lighting force much on the order of a candle or kerosene lantern.

So bad to say, but Dwight, this village of almost 2,500 population, seems to be going back gradually instead of progressing as it should, so far as the street lighting system is concerned.

How much better, and how much more attractive would our streets be if we could discard these useless and anything but attractive, hanging incandescent lamps and install large cluster lights at the intersection of all our streets. In the business districts it would be necessary, of course, to place more cluster lights, say two or three to the block. With such an arrangement, Dwight, you could boast and have good reasons to boast of being an attractive and artistically decorated city. As it is now, our city is dormant, so far as attractive street lights are concerned.

Now is the time to break away from this system. Don't delay. Get busy and oust this dungeon system of lighting our streets.

If Dwight were a city of power we would be justified in having such a system of street lights, but this is not the case. Dwight is by far, more wealthy, for its size, than is any other city in the state. Thus we are back numbers. All it means to our citizens is "Loosen up and get a move on."

With the excellent electric power we are being furnished in this city, there is no reason whatsoever why cluster lights should not take the place of our present street lanterns.

Again, cluster street lamps are not alone attractive, but they are real street lights. When placed properly they throw the light in the manner which it should be thrown. A cluster light, as has been demonstrated, will throw a good bright light twice or three times as far as a light such as we now have on our streets.

Now don't say, "No use, our lights are good enough," because we know plainly that our lights are not good enough. All that is necessary is "push." We already have the money. Get busy. Combine the two and put Dwight in line with the larger cities, a place she rightfully deserves.—Interested Reader.

WEATHER REPORT.

Report of the weather for the week ending January 22, 1913, at 6 o'clock p. m., showing highest and lowest temperature, also precipitation as compared with same period one year ago.

1913—

Date	Max.	Min.	Prec.
16.....	.52	.37	T rain
17.....	.54	.42	.22 rain
18.....	.42	.28	.17 rain
19.....	.46	.27	.00
20.....	.49	.17	.52 rain sleet snow
21.....	.27	.4	.00
22.....	.36	.17	.00

Average—Maximum, 43.7 degrees; minimum, 24.6 degrees; total precipitation, 0.91 of an inch.

1912—

Date	Max.	Min.	Prec.
16.....	.14	-.12	.00
17.....	.33	.11	T rain
18.....	.32	.20	.22 rain and sleet
19.....	.20	-.4	.00
20.....	.22	-.1	T snow
21.....	.34	.2	.00
22.....	.36	.16	T snow

The week's weather was unusually variable of a variable character. The rain, sleet and snow storms of the 20th, while not of a serious character in this vicinity, was a part of the disagreeable weather to be expected during the winter months. The mean 34.1 was 7.7 above normal and 18.1 warmer than the same week 1812.

Unsettled conditions and a rising temperature prevail at the close of the week.

E. O. WELCH, Observer.

What Others Think.

Read the following letter and note what is thought of the Royal Typewriter in England.

C. M. Baker & Son, Local Mgr.

Messrs. C. M. Baker & Son,
Dwight, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

The following letter has just been received in this office from Mr. Geo. Ed. Smith:

The London office has just secured an order for fifty machines from the British Government for use in the Post Office Department. The Royal won this victory by dislodging a competitor who was supposed to be permanently entrenched behind custom, prestige, prejudice and favoritism in Government affairs. In competition for this business our competitors could not win by price cutting tactics and the quality of the Royal is alone responsible for the victory.

Yours very truly,

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO.

Manager Chicago Office.

CHILDREN

Do You Know Why Your Mother Trades at the Booster Club Store?

Ask her and write us a letter. The boy or girl under twelve years of age who writes us a letter on

"Why his or her mother does or ought to trade at the Booster Club Store"

and presents it to us, we shall give a 5c tablet and fifty coupons free, which may be voted for any Booster, and the one who writes the best letter will be given a gold watch. The letters will be judged by a local committee of disinterested persons.

THIS LETTER CONTEST CLOSES SAT., FEB. 22

The premium will be awarded the following week. The letters will be put on display in our store for everybody to see. We want every boy or girl within ten miles to write us a letter.

The lamp in our store window was lighted at 11 a. m. last Saturday. It is still burning. Come to our store and watch it burn. Be present when it goes out so that you may see how near your guess was right.

DO IT NOW!

Install a

Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

and a

Free Sewing Machine

in your home and boost some contestant with your votes

What Booster Will Win the Last Watch on Monday, Feb. 22

Our windows were trimmed by Florence Snyder.

C. M. BAKER & SON

Proprietors of

"The Piano Contest Store"

NOW

Is the time to see that your bins are filled with Soft Coal. Don't let the car shortage catch you.

BOSTON & McCLELLAND

Braidwood and Wenona Coal

PHONE 22

DWIGHT, ILL.

Why
Don't
YOU

Advertise in the
Star and Herald

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

Chicago to San Antonio

Commencing Sunday, November 3rd, the Chicago & Alton Railroad in connection with the Iron Mountain, Texas & Pacific and International & Great Northern Railroads, will inaugurate through Electric Lighted Sleeping Car Service, between Chicago and San Antonio, Texas, on the following schedule:

CHICAGO TO SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Lv. Chicago, C. & A. 11:43 P. M. 1st day

Ar. St. Louis, C. & A. 7:58 A. M. 2nd day

Lv. St. Louis, I. Mtn. 9:05 A. M. 2nd day

Lv. Little Rock, I. Mtn. 8:00 A. M. 2nd day

Ar. Texarkana, I. Mtn. 12:40 A. M. 3rd day

Lv. Texarkana, T. & P. 12:55 A. M. 3rd day

Ar. Longview Jet., I. & G. N. 3:55 A. M. 3rd day

Lv. Longview Jet., I. & G. N. 4:55 A. M. 3rd day

Ar. Palestine, I. & G. N. 8:01 A. M. 3rd day

Ar. Austin, I. & G. N. 3:30 P. M. 3rd day

Ar. San Antonio, I. & G. N. 6:30 P. M. 3rd day

SAN ANTONIO TO CHICAGO

Lv. San Antonio, I. & G. N. 2:00 P. M. 1st day

Lv. Austin, I. & G. N. 4:35 P. M. 1st day

Lv. Palestine, I. & G. N. 10:58 P. M. 1st day

Lv. Longview Jet., I. & G. N. 1:45 A. M. 2nd day

Lv. Texarkana, I. & G. N. 1:55 A. M. 2nd day

Lv. Little Rock, I. Mtn. 5:05 A. M. 2nd day

Ar. St. Louis, I. Mtn. 8:30 P. M. 2nd day

Lv. St. Louis, C. & A. 11:45 P. M. 2nd day

Ar. Chicago, C. & A. 7:55