

## ILLINOIS HAS A GREAT FOOTBALL TEAM



Coaches Hall and Lindgren.

With the game with Minnesota on November 25 to decide the western intercollegiate conference championship as the goal toward which to turn their eyes, the Illinois football men are in grand form. Coaches Hall and Lindgren, both alumni of Illinois, are again back coaching and expect to turn out the banner eleven of the west this year.

Only four veterans have been to the team by graduation—Captain Butzer, guard; Twist, center, and Bernstein, halfback. All the other veterans of the team that went through the season last year without losing a game or being scored on against the best there was, with the exception of Minnesota, have weathered the gales of scholastic standing and financial discrepancies and are out on the field getting ready to win the conference championship.

### Daubert Makes Record.

Jake Daubert of the Superbas has set up a world's record this season. Daubert has not muffed a fairly thrown ball at the initial corner during a game. What errors he has committed have been made on wild throws to second and on fumbles.

### MANAGER MACK MAY RETIRE

Poor Health and Recent Marriage of Leader of Champion Athletics Assigned as the Reason.

This season will probably be the last one for Connie Mack as manager of the Athletics.

Connie is a stockholder in the Athletic club, and when he retires will become an officer of the club, probably president, in which capacity he would direct the club the same as Charley Comiskey directs the White Sox.

Mack is forty-nine, and at times his health is not good. He has remained at home several times this season when the Athletics made short trips on the road. Another thing, Connie was married last fall and naturally prefers to remain at home instead of traveling over the country with his team.

### Umpires Not Needed.

Paul Armstrong, a New York humorist, after long and careful observation, is convinced that the umpiring system is a dead loss to baseball. "If Tom Lynch will listen to me, suckers, I'll save him some money," declared Paul the other day. "If I were president of the league I'd fire all the umpires. I'd let the catchers call the balls and strikes, because they always know best and have to correct the umpires frequently. I'd leave the other decisions up to the infielders. The first baseman always knows whether he has the ball ahead of the runner, and on steals the other infielders are closer to the plays than the umpire. That would entirely eliminate the mistakes we see made so frequently. Hardly a day passes but what the infielders and catchers have to correct umpires in addition to their other duties."

## Sporting Gossip.

Perhaps if there were more intrascholastic athletics it might help.

Swindell, the pitcher signed by the Naps, should be a good base stealer. Another rooster's pet notion of nothing to read about is an ante-season football game.

Somehow or other Rye doesn't seem a singularly appropriate name for a golf tournament.

The golden days of football are past. Athletes are obliged to attend classes nowadays.

Over in dear old Linnon they have a way of letting the opponents to joking take it out in talk.

It is understood some of the high schools have substituted marbles and top spinning for football.

The 1911 Carlisle football squad includes the following: She Bear, Half Town, Ex Nes and Wounded Eye.

The "old boys" who once played prep school football hate to admit it in these days of the board of control.

Suing a ball club for damages after having been ejected on account of disorderly conduct seems the height of fourfurling.

Ty Cobb is thinking of training this winter in a billiard room. He heard George Boston made 500 points in four innings.

To the uninitiated it seems as if a course in football, track or basket ball ought to be just as much physical training as fancy dancing, even in the "colored" line.

## ANOTHER GREAT PLAY

"Kid" Elberfeld Redeemed Himself After Making Error.

Scrappy Little Third Baseman Made Sensational Catch of Hot Hit Over Third Base and Caught Runner at Home Plate.

(By "WID" CONROY.)

The greatest play I ever heard of was the one "Tacky Tom" Parrott made when he mistook an English sparrow for a line fly and caught it with one hand after a hard run. But the greatest I ever saw I believe was one Elberfeld pulled off in a game against New York a couple of years ago.

The game was close and up to the ninth, the score was tied, and the way things were breaking it looked as if we had the better chance to win out as we were hitting their pitcher harder than they were hitting ours. Elberfeld was playing first, and in the ninth inning of the game New York got a base hit, then I kicked one, and finally the kid kicked one and filled the bases with no one out. It was Saturday and there was a big crowd out and everyone in the stands seemed to cut loose at once to tell me and the kid what they thought of us as ball players. They called us everything they could think of, and one big fellow over in the bleachers stood up and informed me I was a disgrace to the Irish. It just goes to show how quickly a player can turn from a hero to a dud in the eyes of the fans.

The next batter hit the ball hard and almost over the top of third base. When he hit it the runners on first and second were going with the pitch, but for some reason the runner on third was late in starting and that made the play possible. Elberfeld jumped at the ball and stabbed it with one hand back of the base. That might have happened with any fielder. It wasn't the stop itself that made the play seem so great to me, but the way Elberfeld acted and



"Wid" Conroy.

thought. He jumped to third base, touched the bag, forcing the runner coming up from second, and then slammed the ball to the plate—and the catcher tagged out the runner there and made the double play. That saved us and we won out in the tenth.

Elberfeld had figured as soon as he got the ball that the only way he could make a double play was backwards, and knowing the batter was fast he played to the plate for the runner who was off to a bad start. He must have had almost half a second in which to figure it out, but he calculated it perfectly.

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### MILLERS TO HAVE NEW PARK

If Negotiations Prove Successful Minneapolis Will Have Modern Grandstand in Two Years.

Minneapolis followers of the national pastime took notice the other day when the story leaked out that the Cantillons have in mind the making of a new baseball park within easy walking distance of the center of the business district, to have a seating capacity double that of Nicollet park.

The Cantillons, it is stated, are dickering for coveted property, and the building of the new park hinges wholly upon their ability to close the deal.

Even if the negotiations are successful, it is stated, it is unlikely that the park will be ready for occupancy next season. In the event of purchase the building of a modern grandstand, the bleachers and the diamond will be timed so that the 1913 season will find the Minneapolis team of the American association in a new and superb home.

### Followed Ring Rules.

Seated on the veranda of the Chicago Beach hotel were a bunch of the players, and in the natural kidding that results in such a gathering the talk turned on Cyano Morgan's well-known lack of ability to hit. Cy was in the bunch, too, and joined the festival of comment.

Tales were told of the Athletic pitcher, and his prowess with the bludgeon, and also his ability to back away from any sort of pitching.

"Well," said Cy as a finale, "you can kid me all you wish. But I'll tell you one thing. I'm the only man in this league who bats Marquis of Queensberry rules, hitting with one hand free."

### New Grounds for Highlanders.

The new Highlander grounds at Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth street in New York are being hurried along so the concrete stands can be erected before the weather gets too cold this fall.

Hal Chase and his men are to have the finest home of any American league team when the big plant is completed.

# NEW NEWS of YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

## Father of Weather Bureau

General Albert J. Myer, Discussing That Service in 1871, Seemed to Have Some Intuition of Coming of "Wireless."

One of the most thrilling events connected with Sherman's struggle for Atlanta in 1864 occurred at Allatoona, Ga., when the small Federal garrison there was doomed apparently to fall into the hands of a division of the Confederate army, sent against it by Hood. But at the last moment, by means of the system of flag signals which he had invented before the war, when he was an assistant surgeon in the regular army, Brigadier-General Albert J. Myer, then in command of the signal service corps of the Union army, was able to summon from General Sherman the assistance that saved the garrison. It was during this interchange of signals that Sherman sent the celebrated message that became the theme of one of the great gospel hymns of the world: "Hold the fort; for I am coming."

The year after the civil war was over General Myer was made chief signal officer of the regular army. Four years after, when congress had authorized the secretary of war to provide for the observation and prediction of storms—the official beginning of the Federal weather bureau—General Myer was placed in charge of this work, and so became the country's first official weather prophet.

A day or two after the meeting of congress in December, 1871, I met General Myer by appointment in his office in Washington, and told him that I had been sent by some citizens of New Haven, Conn., to say to him that if it would be possible for him to establish a weather bureau station in New Haven, a convenient and otherwise suitable home for the bureau would be furnished rent free by the owner of one of the city's largest buildings.

"If I had the money I would like to establish a weather bureau in every considerable city on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts," replied the general. "At present, however, I am only authorized to establish twenty-four stations, and I am going to make the money go as far as I can in the establishment of stations along our Great Lakes. I want a sufficient number of stations from Duluth, on Lake Superior, to Clayton, on Lake Ontario."

I asked General Myer what special reason there was for this seeming to favor the lakes.

"A special reason?" he replied with

care, while his eyes—so full of fire and yet so self-contained that they withdrew all of one's attention from his other striking facial characteristics—looked intently at me. "The very best of all reasons. It was while I was living in Buffalo, where I settled after the close of the war, that I took up the study of the storms which sweep the Great Lakes and have caused awful devastation thereon. I discovered that almost all of the dangerous storms for lake navigation are developed somewhere in the northwest and then come careering with increasing fury across the lakes, ultimately to disappear in the valley of St. Lawrence. Then, one day, it occurred to me that if we could establish telegraph stations along the lakes whose business it would be to give warning of the approach of storms we could probably reduce the dangers to lake navigation to a minimum, as far as storms were concerned.

"Well, out of that idea has come this recently organized weather bureau. It has already demonstrated its usefulness; with a complete system of storm stations along the Great Lakes I am sure that it will prove itself a necessity to the country. And when that has been done, then there will

speedily be weather stations all over the country.

"I am sure, too," continued General Myer, "that ultimately this service is some day going to give the country perfect weather service. Of course, perfect weather service means that we must know what the weather conditions are far out upon the oceans that bound us, but the more I have thought about the matter, the more I am persuaded that some day some means will be devised by means of which almost instant communication from midocean with the mainland may be secured. It must be overhead communication, for you cannot tap the ocean cable so as to send reports of weather conditions from the deep. There are atmospheric conditions over the ocean which, I am sure, will yet be utilized for the conveyance of intelligence, and when that discovery is made we will have taken a long step in the direction of securing a perfect weather service."

Years later came Marconi with his invention by means of which the Hertzian electric waves are utilized for the transmission of intelligence from midocean to land; and I have often thought that General Myer, the creator of our weather bureau system, must have had some dim, prophetic intuition that told him of the coming of this achievement.

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## Beginning of Civil Service

One of the Earliest Examinations Under the System in the New York Post Office Described by H. G. Pearson.

"It was in the New York city post-office, in 18—, that the first attempt was made to establish in this country a genuine civil service. The attempt was purely voluntary, in the sense that it was not commanded by law. But we thought that, if civil service could be shown to be entirely feasible in so large an office as that of New York, it would be found feasible in every department of the government," said the late Henry G. Pearson, who was postmaster of New York under Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland. Mr. Pearson was assistant postmaster at the time Postmaster Thomas L. James established civil service in the New York post office, and the scope and plan of the system were worked out by Mr. Pearson.

"At first, we met with a good many embarrassments," Mr. Pearson con-

tinued, "but all of them were overcome with no great difficulty, excepting one. That, in fact, was finally overcome by ignoring it. It had its very humorous side, and I think that in the entire history of civil service there is not to be found another incident so delightfully funny as was this.

"One day not long after the service had been established, there entered the room which had been set apart for the civil service examinations, a very jolly-faced German, blue-eyed, blonde-whiskered, and of powerful physique. As he entered he said cheerily: 'This is the place where they send me, hey?'

"He was told to take a seat for a few moments, and wait until our medical examiner could be called in. He waited patiently. I should say for 20 minutes. Then the medical examiner came in and, beckoning to the waiting German, led the way to a place which had been partitioned off by means of a portiere. The doctor said to the German, 'Now you must take off your clothes.' The German replied, 'I take off my clothes already, hey?' and the doctor said it was necessary, since he would have to submit to a physical examination.

"The German obeyed and stood perfectly nude before the doctor. He submitted patiently and cheerfully to the thumping of his chest, to the taking of his pulse, and to the test of his lung capacity, and, in fact, went through a very thorough physical examination. Then the doctor told him to put on his clothes and go out into the main room and wait for further examination.

"The German, after he was dressed, went out into the main room and took his seat, still waiting patiently. One of the examiners came in after a while and said to him: 'I want you to make out an application.'

"'Well,' replied the German, 'after I do that, do I get my letter?'" He handed the examiner a card. It was the customary notification card, telling him that a registered letter awaited him.

"'Well,' he said again, 'ven do I get my letter?'"

"The examiner was very quick with him. He carefully and sojournly read the card.

"'Well,' he said at last, 'you have now passed the examination properly. If you step into the next room and present this card, you will get your letter.' And do you know," continued Mr. Pearson, "that man, who had been stripped, punched and pummelled by a doctor, enduring the torture of a physical examination with perfect patience because he thought it was a part of the regulations that were necessary in the New York post office before a registered letter could be handed out, went away perfectly happy, came back in a few moments, thrust his head in at the door and said, 'Well, I get my letter all right.'"

"That was almost the first examination under the new civil service system when it was established in the New York post office. We took pains that there should not be another mistake of that kind."

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## Story of a Mother of 1861

How She Nursed Her Wounded Son, General Francis Walker, So That He Might Fight to the End of the War.

The late General Francis Amasa Walker, who died in 1897, when president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was, in his lifetime, regarded as perhaps the greatest writer upon economic topics the United States has ever produced. It is sometimes said of General Walker that the prevailing interest in economic questions which is now so characteristic of the people of the United States was in great measure due to his work. General Walker, too, organized the census bureau in 1870 and again in 1880 as superintendent of the census, bringing the work of the census bureau up to its present high standard and its far-reaching statistical authority. During the Civil war he gained a good deal of renown as a soldier. He enlisted, when he was not long out of Amherst college, in a Massachusetts regiment, and came out of the struggle a brevet brigadier general.

General Walker's pre-eminent ability as an economist he undoubtedly inherited from his father, Amasa Walker, who was regarded as one of the highest authorities of his time upon financial questions and whose political economy, published after the close of the Civil war, was widely used as a text book. But General Walker's intense patriotism, his disposition to serve his country in any way in which he might be called upon to serve it, even though the emoluments were less than he could receive as a writer and teacher, and a certain rigid disciplinary capacity which he possessed which was not inconsistent with great kindness of heart, he inherited from his mother.

"Frank," the mother said, when she was told that he had responded to Lincoln's call for volunteers, "I don't

### Bothersome Connecticut Deer.

Doc Manwaring, the patriarch of Black Point, says that the confounded deer: are getting so familiar that they won't get off a man's land when they are ordered off. Several property owners will apply soon for damages due them for destruction of crops.

Tuesday when Doc Manwaring went out into his mowing lot, where grows the grass that is expected to sustain life in his domestic animals this winter after the summer people have gone home, there were four deer. One was a big buck, another a large doe and two small ones were does. Doc Manwaring was some mad. He got within thirty feet of one of the young set deer before he could shoot it into skeddaddling out of the way.

Four deer in a mowing lot in one afternoon can do a great deal of damage, according to latest advice from Black Point. Mr. Manwaring has not only lost mowing but corn, beans and other crops planted in close proximity to his house. The other Black Pointers who have had aspirations as gardeners have suffered, too.—New London Day.

care whether you are a private or whether you become a captain. I am very proud that I have a son who has become a soldier and who is going to fight in defense of the Union."

At the battle of Spotsylvania Court House General Walker was especially conspicuous for his courage and for the readiness with which he met dangerous emergencies, as well as for the perfect discipline of the soldiers who were under him. He was severely wounded in that battle and when his mother was told of the wounds she simply said: "Well, he got them when his face was toward the enemy—I know that."

When convalescing from his wounds General Walker obtained a furlough and set out to visit his parents at their home at East Brookfield, Mass. His mother saw him coming up the walk and met him at the door. There was kindly expression in her countenance, and at the same time anxiety. General Walker's first thought was that this anxiety was due to her fear lest his wounds should prove very dangerous. What was his surprise, therefore, to hear his mother ask before she gave him any other words of greeting:

"What, Frank, have you come home?"

"Yes, mother, I have come home for a little while."

"For a little while? Then you are going back again?"

"Yes, mother, as soon as I am able to rejoin the regiment."

"Oh, Frank," cried the mother, joyously, "I am so glad to hear you say that! I was afraid you had resigned. I want you to stay until the war is ended."

And she nursed him carefully and tenderly, brought him back to health, talked to him by the hour about the patriotic duties of a soldier, and saw him return to his regiment, giving him his first blessing.

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## Wants an Organized Kick

Citizen Comes to the Front With a Protest Against Iniquities of Motorist.

"I noticed your job at the motorist with the unearthly horn," writes a correspondent, "and I wish more power to your elbow. I know that siren player and all his caterwauling clan. He ripped out a yip and a yowl one day that nearly made me swallow my palate. If we ever get a society for the prevention of unnecessary noises he'll be the first victim of the official muffer. And then there's another petty annoyance that needs abating. It's the 40,000 candle power (more or less) searchlight that some drivers use. Not only is it disagreeable to the public eye, but it's a menace as well. Other drivers, coming from the opposite direction, are absolutely blinded by the glare, and steer by guess-work only. One of these searchlight cars was halted the other night some 200 feet from my home, and for

nearly an hour kept our porch flooded with such a dazzling light that there was neither pleasure nor comfort in sitting there. Now I claim that the searchlight fellow had no more right to annoy me in that fashion than he had to run his car over my lawn and juggernaut my flower beds. Of course if we could organize and kick in a concerted fashion these discomforts would be abated. But, unhappily, it's the chronic American way to let George do it."

### Ideals.

Well—I want a brave, handsome young husband who would live only for me.

Belle—I would prefer a rich old one who would die for me.

### Not Needed.

"Is there any water in the stock of the big furnace trust company?"

"No; don't need it with all the hot air they've got in it."

## EVER TAKE A MUSIC BATH?

They Are as Good for the Soul, Holmes Says, as Water for the Body.

One must be educated, no doubt, to understand the more complex and difficult kinds of musical composition. Go to the concerts where you know that the music is good, and that you ought to like it whether you do or not. Take a music bath once or twice a week for a few seasons, and you will find that it is to the soul what the water bath is to the body. I wouldn't trouble myself about the affections of people who go to this or that series of concerts chiefly because it is fashionable. Some of these people whom we think so silly will perhaps find, sooner or later, that they have a dormant faculty which is at last waking up, and that they who came because of others, and began by staring at the audience, are listening with a newly "oude delight." Everyone of us has a harp under the bodice or waistcoat, and if it can only once get properly strung and tuned it will respond to all outside harmonies.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

### Rhode Island First to Have Navy.

Rhode Island was the first state to create a navy of its own, and captured the first prize, a British frigate, off Newport. Seeing its success, the continental congress chose Rhode Island to execute plans for a colonial navy, and Essek Hopkins, the first commander-in-chief, and three-fourths of all the officers were from this state. In the later war of 1812 it was another Rhode Islander, Commodore Perry, who fought the immortal battle on Lake Erie when he "met the enemy and they are ours!"—National Magazine.

### For Cramps.

A piece of old-fashioned candlewick worn around the leg in the garter place, next to the skin, will prevent, or cure, cramp in the calf of the leg or in the foot. I have proved this by personal experience; I believe this would prove effectual in preventing swimmers' cramp; those liable to cramp while in the water would be wise to try it. Cottonbating, wrapped round the body from the arm-pits downward, saved the life of a man suffering agony from painters' cramp; it gave almost instant relief.—National Magazine.

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

### He Might Be Offended.

"See that dog, Kath! It has taken the first prize at ten shows and is valued at a thousand marks." "I wonder if I dare offer him a bit of sausage?"—Flengende Blaetter.

Whenever you have a pain think of Hamlin's Wizard Oil. For Headache, Toothache, Earache, Stomach ache, and many other painful ailments there is nothing better.

In London 900,000 persons are living more than two in a room and 26,000 persons are living six or more in a single room.

### BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FREE

Send 2c stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Birthdays, Flowers and Motto Post Cards, beautiful colors and latest designs. Art Post Card Club, 73 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas.

Giving other people the best of it is a good investment. And besides it may not cost you anything.

Dr. Pierce's Peppets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Some men never succeed in putting their best foot forward because they are unable to decide which one it is.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

About the only proof a woman needs that she is in love with a man is to feel perfectly sure that she isn't.

## CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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