

The Genoa Republican-Journal

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VOLUME XIII, NO. 7

PATRIOTISM IS IN CO-OPERATION

If the Farmer Must Produce so Must the Laborer Produce

CONSCRIPT LABOR IF NEED BE

Soldier Gets \$1.00 a Day and Sticks—Miner Gets \$5.00 a Day and Sticks—Is it Right?

We, the people of the United States are at war, in the greatest, most terrible and destructive war this world has ever known. Forty millions of men fighting or in training—why and for what?

We in this locality, in this land of comparative peace and plenty, can hardly comprehend or realize the enormity and meaning of it all. May be it is best that we can not, even in imagination fully appreciate the awfulness or the horrors and misery now suffered over the large areas where the battles have been fought and where they are now being fought. May God grant that we never may—For what is this appalling war?

On the side of Prussia for a world empire—to compel all other nations and people to forever bow to the will of Hohenzollern—to make slaves of all mankind.

The evidence of this is so abundant and clear that none who will investigate can doubt.

The record made by Admiral Dewey in 1898 and filed in Naval and Military records of the U. S., recently discovered by Senator Lewis and by him revealed to the U. S. Senate, is alone sufficient proof. But for the heroic resistance offered and the sacrifice made by little Belgium Prussia would, undoubtedly have done just what

she would do—start a war in about 15 years—besiege and take Paris—subdue the French and conquer England—and with all the resources of her own, of France and England, armies, navies and supplies, attack and subdue America. Make America pay for it all and submit to Prussian tyranny—every American then an American no more, but a slave of the Prussian Kaiser.

Had not Belgium blocked the way, we, today, might on our own soil be witnessing the horrors of suffering inflicted on her, our land torn by Prussian shells, our children maimed and murdered, our women dishonored, dishonored. This is not a dream from a disordered brain. As it was, Prussia had France and England whipped—America had to get into the game with the Allies or suffer a like fate. Every American, if he or she could realize what that war meant, would fight to death rather than submit to death under the Stars and Stripes infinitely better than life under the emblem of Prussian despotism.

Dr Hillis is quoted as having said, "If we and our Allies are not successful in this war, it would be better for every mother to cut the throat of her daughter."

We, the people of the U. S., are now the greatest factor in this war. On us rests the great responsibility of determining when and how it shall end. Great God! What a responsibility! May every man, woman and child in this beloved country of ours appreciate that responsibility sufficiently to impel him and her to render service to the country now to the limit of their ability. Let every member in every industry now forget self except to keep efficient for this great work.

On agriculture probably falls the greatest responsibility and burdens. Food, good and plenty, our soldiers must have to be efficient. Can you see them over there, thousands of them, somewhere in those war torn countries? Can you see that vast army struggling with the enemy? What an awful battle! Train our boys to try to keep up the fight. But weak from lack of food they can not withstand the shock, many are slain, many wounded, many captured, the balance routed. Of those surviving some are held in bondage worse than death—others finally return to what was once their homes to find them despoiled or devastated—their women and children gone—where?

Or do you see them over there, well fed, healthy, strong, full of vigor and courage, grappling with and crushing the enemy? Can you see them coming home erect, proudly under the flag of the free, praising God that their homes and folks are safe and that all the people of the world are safe and happy?

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Farmer it is largely up to you which of these pictures shall be painted at the finish. It is largely up to you to produce and provide such food, not only for our soldiers but for all our people in every industry, the people and soldiers of our Allies and later they, that are now our enemies. In this tremendous task there should be no slackers.

The world is short of food, millions are now starving and millions more on short rations. Keep ever in mind the cry "Produce and Provide! Produce and Provide!" Remembering that this is the greatest need today and that the food supply will ultimately determine this war as it has determined all wars.

In order to produce and provide to maximum of possibility, the farmer must have the co-operation of every other industry and business in the nation. This, it must be admitted, he

(Continued on page eight)

HOW TO CONSERVE MEAT

Substitutes Which Will Keep the Family Well Fed and Happy

By Mrs. F. A. McKeene
Secretary Dep't. Household Science,
Illinois Farmers Institute

Long before the great war was upon us, housewives asked the question "What shall we eat?" Then with no careful planning for the body needs, they have served the foods which were pleasing to the eye and palate. Just now as we have most important place in winning the war, and compose the large army behind the lines, every article of food must be conserved that the armies at the front and in training may be properly fed. Food combinations and substitutes must be carefully studied and a much deeper realization that we are in real and will be called upon for real sacrifice should be impressed upon every American home maker.

We are asked to save meat and no woman who has the feeding of a family is true to herself, her family and the Nation if she does not strictly obey the request. It is no self-denial to economize on all foods, at this time, and a greater sacrifice would help us to realize that the war needs the enlistment of every housekeeper to do not only her "bit" but full share at this time.

What can we use in place of meat? Cheese, fish, sea foods of all kinds, eggs, dried peas, beans, milk, poultry and many kinds of nuts. Nutritious meals can be served for many days in succession, without meat, and the American people would still be well fed. Some recipes:

Nut Loaf
2 cups bean pulp, 1 cup strained tomato, 2 eggs, 2 cups fine nut meats, 1 cup stale bread crumbs, seasoning of salt, onion juice and a little minced celery if desired. Mix and have the loaf stiff, adding more crumbs if needed, and bake 60 minutes in a slow oven.

Cheese Roll
One half cup rice, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped onion (little parsley if liked), 8 cup grated cheese, or cottage cheese, 1/2 cup potato, pepper and salt to taste. Cook rice in milk with onion, then add potato, pepper and salt. Form in a roll, brush with fat and brown in oven.

Mrs. W. W. Story, who has been suffering from a bad case of blood poisoning for the past two weeks, is very much improved. Mrs. Story was poisoned while in the woods.

A DRUG STORE CHANGES HANDS

L. F. Scott Becomes Proprietor of the Carmichael Store in Genoa

THE NEW OWNER IS A HUSTLER

Will Soon have a Registered Pharmacist on the Job to Take Charge of Drugs

L. E. Carmichael, who has been in the drug business in Genoa several years, coming here about fifteen years ago as clerk for George Hunt, and later buying the business, retired recently and is now enjoying a vacation. L. F. Scott, who was in Mr. Carmichael's employ for some time, has become the owner of the stock of goods and is now on the job. With his happy disposition and capacity for work, Mr. Scott will make good. He will soon have a registered pharmacist behind the counter and be fully equipped in every way to serve the public.

Kirkland Closed Up By Military Rules

Rockford Register-Gazette: Hensky young men from the farms, and scores of other young men, all shaved and polished, and garbed in their Sunday best, lined the streets of Kirkland Saturday night, paving the edge of the sidewalks with their hands jammed in their pockets and kicked against the powers that be.

They were "all dressed up and no place to go."

Uncle Sam had sent out word that the two pool halls in the village must close their doors—and the local lounging places therefore were not fulfilling their usual Saturday night function of housing and entertaining "the bunch" who came in once a week. It had developed during the week that something stronger than "near beer" was flowing in considerable quantities in Kirkland. Even this violation might possibly have been missed by authorities, but it soon leaked out, it is said, that soldiers from Camp Grant found no trouble at all in getting something with a kick in it at Kirkland. Hence the order to close and stay closed. One of the owners is said to have offered his place for sale for \$600.

There are said to be other places in Kirkland that will receive the same attention from local and federal authorities.

Over in Elgin pro-Germans got to feeling their oats somewhat. Some of them became so noisy that it became necessary to take a fall out of them and so last Wednesday William Gross and his son, John Gross, were compelled to eat their words in public and to sign a public statement in which they pledged undivided loyalty to this country. Pro-Germanism died with a tremendous suddenness immediately afterwards.

INSTANT DEATH OF GENOA MAN

Godfrey Johnson was Killed in Marengo Last Saturday

VICTIM HURLED FROM WAGON

Loosened Bolt Allows Singletree to Drop—Head Split in Fall—Funeral Tuesday

Godfrey Johnson, whose family reside on a farm north-east of Genoa, was almost instantly killed when thrown from his wagon at Marengo Saturday, Nov. 24. The accident was witnessed by only one person, a woman who resided near by.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Johnson was driving to Marengo in a lumber wagon to get coal for the school house in his district. As he was entering the city on Main street, where there is a steep grade, a bolt came out, allowing the singletree to drop down onto the legs of one of the horses. In some manner the wagon tongue also dropped and was driven into the ground. Owing to the sudden stopping of the wagon and the fact that Mr. Johnson was hanging onto the lines, he was pulled out of the wagon and thrown violently to the ground. It is thought that his head struck the wagon tongue in the fall, for the skull was split as the struck with a cleaver. The victim lived only a few minutes after the accident.

The inquest was held Sunday. The hill which leads into Marengo from the south has been the scene of many accidents in the past years. It has been made as safe as possible by the city, the accidents usually being caused by breaking of harness or parts of the vehicles.

BROWN GETS COMMISSION

Genoa Boy Now Second Lieutenant of Infantry

In awarding commissions at Fort Sheridan Monday, Bayard Brown of this city, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, was awarded a second lieutenantcy of Infantry, and is well satisfied with the appointment. Every man who fell heir to a commission has reasons to be proud of the distinction. It means that they have perfect health, clear brains and are fitted to be leaders of men. Five hundred or more of the men who entered the training camp were disappointed in not being recognized as fit office timber.

Card of Thanks
We wish to thank the neighbors and friends for the kindness shown in our recent bereavement and for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. Godfrey Johnson and family.

LIBERTY BONDS

Letter from Federal Reserve Bank Explains Plan of Delivery

Cashier Bevan of the Exchange Bank has handed us this letter for publication for the information of Liberty Bond subscribers. He says the bank will be pleased to supply bonds to those who wish more or failed to subscribe for any.

November 22, 1917.
To the Bank Addressed:
In view of the large number of payments entered on our books as of November 15, 1917, it is impracticable, in this case, to follow our rule of first come first served, with respect to the deliveries. We have, therefore, determined to sort the allotment letters alphabetically by cities. Deliveries of bonds, for which full payment was received November 15, will be made in the order indicated. Under this arrangement shipment will be made to all of the banks, in any given city, on the same day.

In spite of the efforts of the Treasury Department and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington to keep pace with the demand for bonds, they have so far been able to fill only a limited proportion of our requisitions. It is, therefore, impossible for us to indicate definite dates for deliveries in individual cases. We count on your co-operation in explaining the situation to subscribers who do not understand why delivery should be delayed. Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, Government Bond Department.

J. H. MOORE VERY LOW

Genoa Pioneer at Point of Death at Home in California

The Republican-Journal has just received the following message from California:

"It is with regret that we, the relatives of Mr. J. H. Moore, Sr., now of Fresno, California, but formerly of Genoa, write of his serious illness. Mr. Moore has been confined to his bed the past four weeks, with a complication of heart and liver trouble. Only for his strong constitution Mr. Moore could not have endured the suffering of the past four weeks. Owing to his advanced age we have no hopes of a speedy recovery."

Will you please make announcement of this in your paper, as Mr. Moore has relatives and friends in Genoa who will hear this sad news with deep sorrow and regret."

SAVE AND WIN

Exchange Bank Christmas Banking Club Announcement this Week

In this issue the Exchange Bank announces the opening of its Christmas Banking Club, December 18th. Those who desire this, may begin payments now in advance.

It offers a very easy and systematic method of saving small amounts of money which soon make a total worth while. This plan gives each depositor a very handy Bank Book which indicates clearly the amounts of weekly deposits required and the total paid in the different classes.

It is a fascinating game to start with a weekly saving of .01, .02, .05, or .10 cents or more and in the end receive a check from the bank for \$12.75, \$25.50, \$38.25, \$127.50 or more together with interest.

It is a fine Club to join especially if you have never banked before and no matter how much other banking business you do or where you do it. Watch for further announcements.

70 CATTLE DIE IN FIRE

Blaze Destroys Two Barns and Contents Near Plato

What is believed to have been an incendiary fire early Tuesday destroyed two large barns and their contents at the Ira Russell farm about five miles west of Elgin. Seventy head of cattle, three colts, farm implements and all the grain and hay stored in the barns were burned. The fire started about 1 o'clock in the morning and when discovered had gained too much headway for the tenants on the farm to overcome. The loss is estimated at \$25,000, all of which was covered by insurance.

John Baumgartner, tenant on the farm, discovered the blaze and by the time he had reached the cow barn and opened the doors to let the cattle out, all of the animals had been overcome. Neighbors came from all directions to help, but all efforts to save the building proved futile. The workers turned their attention to the other barns.

A call to Plato Center had brought scores of workers to the scene but nothing could be accomplished with the available equipment. All of the horses were gotten out of the last barn but the three colts had perished before they could be released. Quantities of hay and oats and farm machinery were destroyed.

One of the workers was burned on the face and hands while liberating the horses. Although incendiarism is charged by Baumgartner, he declares he has no enemies whom he suspects and an investigation of the origin of the blaze will not be made.

KIND WORDS FOR STATE COUNCIL

Official of National Council Says it is One of the Most Efficient in Country

Illinois is to have a general war conference at the beginning of the year. The State Council of Defense and the United States Government, working through the Council of National Defense and the Committee on Public Information at Washington, are working together to make it representative of both the activities and the patriotic thought of the whole state.

The conference is to be held in Chicago. The date has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably be either Thursday, January 3rd, or Tuesday the 8th, to suit the convenience of the Washington participants. The State Council is to have a big food show in Chicago running from the 3rd to the 12th inclusive, and the purpose is to have the conference meet while that effort in behalf of conservation is in progress.

THREE KILLED NEAR PERRYVILLE

Cherry Valley Young Men Struck By Illinois Central Train

CROSSING TRACKS IN AN AUTO

Were on Way to Camp Grant Monday Where they Were Employed as Artisans

Three Cherry Valley young men were instantly killed Monday at Perryville by the Omaha flyer on the Illinois Central railroad, and the auto truck in which they were riding was completely demolished.

These three lost their lives: Arthur Peacock, Glenn Taylor, Earl Cramer.

The younger men have been employed at Camp Grant, living at their homes in the Valley and making the trip there nightly in a motor truck belonging to a Minneapolis firm which has a contract at Camp Grant. This morning they were a little late in getting started, and as the wind was cold they doubtless had their ears covered and did not hear the approach of the train as they struck the crossing, and at Perryville the approach of a train from either direction is hidden from view to anyone coming from the north.

Evidently the truck reached the tracks just ahead of the train and was struck squarely right at the seat where the three men were wrapped in the robes. It evidently came so suddenly that none of them had time to act. Taylor was driving and undoubtedly tried to avert the tragedy by sticking to the levers. The other two were probably unable to get free from the robes. All of them appear to have been instantly killed.—Belvidere Republican.

DEDALB CO. NOT IN LAND TAX RAISE

This County Not Included in Tax Raise of Illinois Land Owners

MANY COUNTIES ARE INCLUDED

Land owners of DeKalb county will not have to pay the increased taxes on land next year. Many land owners of Illinois must. It was reported Saturday that the state board of equalization has ordered an increase of 1 to 10 per cent in some counties on lands. The increases will be made on the equalized value of lands and city lots. No change will be made, it was announced in the assessment of personal property.

A reduction of 1 per cent will be made in Lee and Ogle counties and a reduction of 5 per cent in LaSalle county. There will be no change in Kendall, DuPage, McHenry, Will or DeKalb counties, it is said. A 4 per cent increase was ordered in Gallatin and Perry counties, and 10 per cent in Richland county.

Gossard corsets are the best. Olmsted sells them.

STATE SAVES \$48,935.00

Yearly Salary of Eleven Executives Eliminated

THE INSTITUTE FOR THIS YEAR

Usual Series of Farm Institutes Will be of Unusual Interest

Will Hold Several Meetings

A bit of interesting news comes from the State Department of Finance is contained in the following figures that when Governor Frank O. Lowden took the oath of office as chief executive of Illinois he found 130 different commissions and boards. The duties of many overlapped, and the expense mounted in proportion. Figures are not usually interesting in narrative, but he tax-payers of Illinois can obtain from the following a clear idea of what the new method of handling affairs of the State, under the civil code law that became effective July 1 last, is accomplishing for them.

Salaries paid former three commissioners engaged in various waterway activities follows:

Illinois Waterway Commission	Chairman, per year	\$ 6,000.00
Four members at \$5,000 per year		20,000.00
Secretary, per year		4,000.00
Rivers and Lakes Commission	Chairman, per year	5,000.00
Two members at \$3,500 per year		7,000.00
Secretary, per year		3,600.00
Illinois and Michigan Canal Commission	Three Commissioners at \$1,825 per year	5,475.00
Superintendent, per year		2,500.00
Assistant Treasurer, per year		360.00

Total per year paid in salaries \$48,935.00

Under the New Civil Code Law Superintendent of Waterways per year \$9,000.00

Net saving to the State \$48,935.00

It will be seen from the above that under the present law one official is doing all the executive work heretofore done by eleven, and the figures show the manifest advantage of the new arrangement and the saving effected. The amount saved in this executive service alone, on a five per cent basis, is practically equivalent to the interest on one million dollars annually.

START CAMPAIGN FOR 30,000,000 CTS.

Minimum Quota of Pennies for Each County is 5 times its Population

RED CROSS FIGHTING DISEASES

More than 200,000 French Soldiers Suffering with Disease—Red Cross Xmas Seal will Help Sammies

A recruiting campaign for 30,000,000 pennies for war service began throughout Illinois Monday, Nov. 26. The money is to be used to conserve the man power of the state. The minimum quota of pennies has been set for each county at five times its population. The "target" or maximum quota for each county is fifteen pennies for each man, woman and child.

For each penny raised in each county a receipt will be given in the form of the 1917 edition of the Red Cross Christmas Seal. Contributors of pennies to this war fund, thus becoming the purchasers of Red Cross Seals, are invited to use the seal to add \$1 of holiday good cheer to their December letter, postcards and packages.

All of the funds raised during the campaign are to be used in fighting tuberculosis in America. Since the war began in Europe, tuberculosis has increased so rapidly that it has now become the chief medical problem of the war aside from the treatment of soldiers wounded in battle.

More than 200,000 French soldiers have been stricken with the disease. Hospitals in England have been unable to care for thousands of British soldiers sent back from the front with tuberculosis and similar conditions prevail in other countries.

The necessity for increased work against tuberculosis in America was emphasized last week when thirty American soldiers from General Pershing's army reached New York on a "leave" Most of them had tuberculosis. News concerning this was sent back from the front by Miss Mary Kennedy, an Illinois nurse enroute to France.

The Illinois State Department of Health has reported that returns from the exemption boards show that more than five per cent of the Illinois men examined for service in the national army were rejected because of tuberculosis. The War Council which is directing the Red Cross Seal campaign in Illinois has announced that plans for a far reaching program of anti-tuberculosis work will be made in every Illinois county with funds derived from the sale of seals.

O. M. Barcus will soon move into his beautiful new home on Emmet street. This house is finished entirely in hard wood, the first floor being in birch and the second in hard pine. Henry Ream of Genoa was the builder, and as a finisher he is second to none in this part of the country.

Gossard corsets are the best. Olmsted sells them.

THE INSTITUTE FOR THIS YEAR

Usual Series of Farm Institutes Will be of Unusual Interest

WILL HOLD SEVERAL MEETINGS

War Times Will Make the Programs of Absorbing Interest it is Believed

Farmers' Institute meetings for DeKalb county will be held as usual this year. The places and dates are: Rollo, December 11.

Brush Point, December 14. Genoa, December 15. U. P. church, January 8. Waterman, January 9. Malta, January 10. Esmond, January 11. Kingston, January 12. Lee, January 16. Elva, January 17. Clare, January 18.

The DeKalb county farmer says: The DeKalb county farmers have had rare opportunity in the past to hear the best informed men on agriculture. Teachers of national fame have taught at our Farmers' Institutes and Mid-Winter farm meetings. This year to develop to the highest the national needs as far as practicable it is planned to hold a business session with the view of planning our business collectively. The directors of the DeKalb County Farmers' Institute met at DeKalb November 14, and took the necessary steps to organize their respective committees.

Let it be said that when our country was put to its greatest task we did our part. This series of meetings will be attended by your county agriculturist, who has been made chairman of the food, fuel and conservation committee for DeKalb county and who will briefly outline some of the work and look for much help from you.

KEEP KNITTING NEEDLES GOING

Red Cross Asks Women to Give Best from Now Until New Year's Day

KEEP ON KNITTING!

Tales that sweaters, socks, mufflers, wristlets and the like are not wanted by the nation's soldiers and sailors are maliciously false. Tales that such articles, when turned over to the Red Cross are old or are used by the members of that organization privately, are plain lies. "A knitted sweater is a garment of great service and is a welcome addition to a soldier's equipment," says Secretary of War Baker.

"With the cold weather coming on, the demand for sweaters, especially, has been beyond the capacity of all our resources to supply," says H. D. Gibson, general manager of the Red Cross. "We have been compelled to buy in the market 550,000 sweaters, of which about 250,000 have been delivered."

"We are buying all the yarn we are able to secure, it is suitable for knitters, and are sending it out to the chapters as fast as we can get delivery of it.

"We have received from the chapters about 200,000 sweaters, all of which have been delivered to the men in the camps and training stations, with the exception of a few thousand which we have held in reserve for France."

"We call upon the women to give us their very best efforts from now until at least January 1, that we may be able to furnish our own men with these comforts, and have some to spare for the dire needs in France."

SEND MAGAZINES TO THE FRONT

It Costs Only One Cent Stamp Each; Uncle Sam Does the Rest

Most Americans are magazine readers. That is true of the boys in the navy, the soldiers in France and in the training camps as well as the stay-at-homes. The government is helping the boys at the front get magazines. The folks at home can help very easily and very cheaply. Nearly all the good magazines—and particularly those that the boys care for—have printed on the cover this notice:

"Notice to the reader
"When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
"A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General."

"That tells the whole story. Read the magazine yourself, put a 1 cent stamp on it and give it to the postmaster or the carrier. Uncle Sam will do the rest.
"But don't wait too long about sending it. The boys like to get their literature within a reasonable time. If they are reading the continued stories, they don't like to get one installment in November and then have to wait until March for the next. Keep the magazines going right along just as fast as you read them yourself.
"Do not try to send a magazine without the printed notice. It will not be forwarded. The boys don't care for house-keeping, knitting or farming publications. The government has censured the list and decided those that are best, and has marked them with the printed notice."

King of the Khyber Rifles

By TALBOT MUNDY

The Most Picturesque Romance of the Decade

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

KING IS LED TO VISIT A VAST CAVE THROUGH WHICH AN UNDERGROUND RIVER FLOWS, AND IN A GREAT CAVERN MEETS THOUSANDS OF FANATICS

Synopsis.—At the beginning of the world war Capt. Athelstan King of the British Indian army and of its secret service, is ordered to Delhi to meet Yasmini, a dancer, and go with her to Kinjan to meet the outlaws there who are said by spies to be preparing for a jihad or holy war. On his way to Delhi King quietly foils a plan to assassinate him and gets evidence that Yasmini is after him. He meets Reva Gunga, Yasmini's man, who says she has already gone north, and at her town house witnesses queer dances. Ismail, an Afridi, becomes his body servant and protector. He rescues some of Yasmini's hillmen and takes them north with him, tricking the Rangar into going ahead. The Rangar deserts him at a dangerous time. He meets his brother at Ali Masjid fort. The disguise he assumes there fools even the sharp-eyed cutthroats composing his guard. He enters Khinjan caves, thanks to his lying guides.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Are there devils in Tophet? Fire and my veins are one!"

The man did not notice the eagerness beaming out of King's horn-rimmed spectacles, but Ismail did; it seemed to him time to prove his virtues as assistant.

"This is the famous hakim Kurram Khan," he boasted. "He can cure anything, and for a very little fee!"

The man looked incredulous, but King drew the covering from his row of instruments and bottles.

"Take a chance!" he advised. "None but the brave wins anything!"

Ismail and Darya Khan were new to the business and enthusiastic. They had the man down, held tight on the floor to the huge amusement of the rest, before he could even protest; and his howls of rage did him no good, for Ismail drove the hilt of a knife between his open jaws to keep them open.

A very large proportion of King's stores consisted of morphia and cocaine. He injected enough cocaine to deaden the man's nerves, and allowed it time to work. Then he drew out three back teeth in quick succession, to make sure he had the right one.

Ismail let the victim up, and Darya Khan gave him water in a brass cup. Utterly without pain for the first time for days, the man was as grateful as a wolf freed from a trap.

"Are there any others in pain in Khinjan?" King asked him.

"Listen to him! What is Khinjan? Is there one man without a wound or a sore or a scar or a sickness?"

"Then, tell them," said King.

The man laughed.

"When I show my jaw, there will be a fight to be first! Make ready, hakim! I go!"

King sat down to eat, but he had not finished his meal—he had made the last little heap of rice into a ball with his fingers, native style, and was mopping up the last of the curried gravy with it—when the advance guard of the lame and the halt and the sick made its appearance. The cave's entrance became jammed with them, and no riot ever made more noise.

"Hakim! Ho, hakim! Where is the hakim who draws teeth? Where is the man who knows yunani?"

Ten men burst down the passage all together, all clamoring, and one man wasted no time at all but began to tear away bloody bandages to show his wound. King rolled up his sleeves and began, so that eagerness gave place to wonder. The desperate need of winning his first trick, made him horror-proof; and nobody waiting for the next turn was troubled because the man under the knife screamed a little or bled more than usual.

When they died—and more than one did die—men carried them out and flung them over the precipice into the waterfall below.

Ismail and Darya Khan became choosers of the victims. They seized a man, laid him on the bed, tore off his disgusting bandages and held their breath until the awful resulting stench had more or less dispersed. Then King would probe or lance or bandage as he saw fit, using anesthetics when he must, but managing mostly without them.

They almost flung money at him. He tossed money and clothes and every other thing they gave him into a corner at the back of the cave, and nobody tried to steal them back, although a man suspected of honesty in that company would have been tortured to death as an heretic and would have had no sympathy.

For hour after gruesome hour he tolled over wounds and sores such as produce untold pain and evil living can produce, until men began to come at last with fresh wounds, all caused by bullets, wrapped in bandages on which the blood had caked but had not grown foul.

"There has been fighting in the Khyber," somebody informed him, and he stopped with lancet in midair to listen, scanning a hundred faces swiftly in the smoky lamplight. There were ten men who held lamps for him, one of them a newcomer, and it was he who spoke.

"Fighting in the Khyber! Aye! We were a little lashkar, but we drove

them back into their fort! Aye! we slew many!"

"Not a jihad yet?" King asked, as if the world might be coming to an end. The words were started out of him. Under other circumstances he would never have asked that question so directly; but he had lost reckoning of everything but these poor devils' dreadful need of doctoring, and he was like a man roused out of a dream. If a holy war had been proclaimed already, then he was engaged on a forlorn hope. But the man laughed at him.

"Nay, not yet. Bull-with-a-beard holds back yet. This was a little fight. The jihad shall come later!"

"And who is 'Bull-with-a-beard'?" King wondered; but he did not ask that question because his wits were awake again. It pays not to be too much of a hurry to know things in the "Hills."

As it happened, he asked no more questions, for there came a shout at the cave entrance whose purport he did not catch, and within five minutes after that, without a word of explanation, the cave was left empty of all except his own five men. They carried away the men too sick to walk and vanished, snatching the last man away almost before King's fingers had finished tying the bandage on his wound.

"Why is that?" he asked Ismail.

"Why did they go? Who shouted?"

"It is night," Ismail answered. "It was time."

King stared about him. He had not realized until then that without aid of the lamps he could not see his own hand held out in front of him; his eyes had grown used to the gloom, like those of the surgeons in the sick-bays below the waterline in Nelson's fleet.

"But who shouted?"

"Who knows? There is only one here who gives orders. We be many who obey," said Ismail.

"Whose men were the last ones?" King asked him, trying a new line.

"Bull-with-a-beard's."

"And whose man art thou, Ismail?"

The Afridi hesitated, and when he spoke at last there was not quite the same assurance in his voice as once there had been.

"I am hers! Be thou hers, too! But it is night. Sleep against the toll tomorrow. There be many sick in Khinjan."

King made a little effort to clean the cave, but the task was hopeless. For one thing he was so weary that his very bones were water. He appointed two-hour watches, to relieve one another until dawn, and flung himself on a clean bed. He was asleep before his head had met the pillow; and for all he knew to the contrary he dreamed of Yasmini all night long.

It seemed to him that she came into

the cave—she, the woman of the faded photograph the general had given him in Peshawar—and that the cave became filled with the strange intoxicating scent that had first wooed his senses in her reception room in Delhi.

He dreamed that she called him by name. First, "King sahib!" Then "Kurram Khan!" And her voice was surprisingly familiar. But dreams are strange things.

"He sleeps!" said the same voice presently. "It is good that he sleeps!" And in his sleep he thought that a shadowy Ismail granted an answer.

When he awoke at last it was after dawn, and light shone down the passage into the cave.

"Ismail!" he shouted, for he was thirsty. But there was no answer.

"Darya Khan!"

Again there was no answer. He called each of the other men by name with the same result. He decided to go to the cave mouth, summon his men, who were no doubt sleeping. But there was no Ismail near the entrance—no Darya Khan—nor any of the other men. The horse was gone. So was the mule. So was the harness, and everything he had, except the drugs and instruments and the presents the sick had given him; he had noticed all those lying about in confusion when he woke.

"Ismail!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, thinking they might all be outside.

He heard a man hawk and spit, close to the entrance, and went out to see. A man whom he had never seen before leaned on a magazine rifle and eyed him as a tiger eyes his prey.

"No farther!" he growled, bringing his rifle to the port.

"Why not?" King asked him.

"Allah! When a camel dies in the Khyber do the kites ask why? Go in!"

He thought then of Yasmini's bracelet, that had always galled him at least civility from every man who saw it. He held up his left wrist and knew that instant why it felt uncomfortable. The bracelet had disappeared!

He turned back into the cave to hunt for it, and the strange scent greeted him again. In spite of the surrounding stench of drugs and filthy wounds, there was no mistaking it. If it had been her special scent in Delhi, as Saunders swore it was, and her special scent on the note Darya Khan had carried down the Khyber, then it was hers now, and she had been in the cave.

He hunted high and low and found no bracelet. His pistol was gone, too, and his cartridges, but not the dagger, wrapped in a handkerchief, under his shirt. The money, that his patients had brought him, lay on the floor untouched. It was an unusual robber who had robbed him.

"Who's 'Bull-with-a-beard'?" he wondered. "Nobody interfered with me until I doctored his men. He's in opposition. That's a fair guess. Now, who is he? Thunder—by the fat lord Harry—can 'Bull-with-a-beard' be? And why fighting in the Khyber so early as all this? And why does 'Bull-with-a-beard,' whoever he is, hang back?"

CHAPTER XII.

They came and changed the guard two hours after dawn, to the accompaniment of orders growled through the mist, and the crash of rifle-butts grounding on the rock path. King went to the cave entrance, to look the new man over; he was a Mahsudi—no sweeter to look at and no less treacherous for the fact. Also, that he had bolts all over the back of his neck. He was not likely to be better tempered because of that fact, either. But it is an ill wind that blows no good to the secret service.

"There is an end to everything," he remarked presently, addressing the world at large, or as much as he could see of it through the cave mouth. "A hill is so high, a pool so deep, a river so wide. There is an end to pain!" he went on, adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles. "I lanced a man's bolts last night, and it hurt him, but he must be well today."

"Go in!" growled the guard. "She says it is sorcery! She says none are to let thee touch them!"

"I can heal bolts!" said King, retracing into the cave. Then, from a safe distance down the passage, he added a word or two to sink in as the hours went by. At intervals throughout the day Yasmini sent him food by silent messengers. It is not easy to worry and eat heartily at one and the same time. Having eaten, he rolled up his sleeves and native-made cotton trousers and proceeded to clean the cave. After that he overhauled his stock of drugs and instruments, repacking them and making ready against opportunity.

"As I told that beahten with a gun out there, there's an end to everything!" he reflected. "May this come soon!"

The second guard that afternoon proved even less communicative than the first, up to the point when, to lessen his ennui, King began to whistle. Each time he came near the entrance the new guard could catch a few bars of the tune. After a little while the hook-nosed ruffian began to sing the words to it, in a voice like a forgotten

dog's. So King stopped at the entrance and saw then a blood-soaked bandage on the right of his neck, not very far from the jugular.

"Hah!" said King. "Was that wound got in the Khyber the other day?"

"Nay. Here in Khinjan."

"A man told me last night," said King, drawing on imagination without any compunction at all, "that the fight in the Khyber was because a jihad is launched already."

"That man lied!" said the guard, shifting position uneasily, as if afraid to talk too much.

"So I told him!" answered King. "I told him there never will be another jihad."

"Then thou art a greater liar than he!" the guard answered hotly. "There will be a jihad when she is ready, such an one as never yet was! India shall bleed for all the fat years she has lain un plundered! Not a throat of an unbeliever in the world shall be left unslit! No jihad? Thou liar! Get in out of my sight!"

So King retired into the cave, with something new to think about. Was she planning the jihad! Or pretending to plan one? Every once in a while the guard leaned far into the cave mouth and hurled adjectives at him, the mildest of which was a well of information. If his temper was the temper of the "Hills," it was easy to read disappointment for a jihad that should have been already but had been postponed. King let him alone and paced the cave for hours.

He was squatting on his bed-end in the dark, like a spectacled image of Buddha, when the first of the three men came on guard again and at last Ismail came for him holding a pitchy torch that filled the dim passage full of acid smoke and made both of them cough. Ismail was red-eyed with it.

"Come!" he growled. "Come, little hakim!" Then he turned on his heel at once, as if afraid of being twitted with desertion. He seemed to want to get outside, where he could keep out of range of words, yet not to wish to seem unfriendly.

But King made no effort to speak to him, following in silence out on to the dark ledge above the waterfall and noticing that the guard with the bolts was back again on duty. He grinned evilly out of a shadow as King passed.

"Make an end!" he advised. "Jump, hakim, before a worse thing happens!"

To illustrate the suggestion he kicked a loose stone over the cliff, and the movement caused him to bend his neck and so inadvertently to hurt his bolts. He cursed, and there was pity in King's voice when he spoke next.

"Do they hurt thee?"

"Aye, like the devil! Khinjan is a place of plagues!"

"I could heal them," King said, passing on, and the man stared hard.

"Come!" boomed Ismail through the darkness, shaking the torch to make it burn better and beckoning impatiently, and King hurried after him, leaving behind a savage at the cave mouth who fingered his sores and wondered, muttering, leaning on a rifle, muttering and muttering again as if he had seen a new light.

Instead of waiting for King to catch up, Ismail began to lead the way at great speed along a path that descended gradually until it curved round the end of the chasm and plunged into a tunnel where the darkness grew opaque. For thirty minutes he led swiftly down a crazy devil's stairway of uneven boulders, stopping to lend a hand at the worst places, but everlastingly urging him to hurry.

Then the hell-mouth gloom began to grow faintly luminous, and the waterfall's thunder burst on their ears from close at hand. They emerged into fresh wet air and a sea of sound, on a rock ledge like the one above. Ismail raised the torch and waved it. The fire and smoke wandered up, until they flattened on a moving opal dome, that prisoned all the noises in the world.

"Earth's Drink!" he announced, waving the torch and then shutting his mouth tight, as if afraid to voice sacrilege.

It was the river, million-colored in the torchlight, pouring from a half-mile-long slash in the cliff above them and plunging past them through the gloom toward the very middle of the world. Somewhere it met rock bottom and boiled there, for a roar like the sea's came up from depths unimaginable.

He watched the overturning dome until his senses reeled. Then he crawled on hands and knees to the ledge's brink and tried to peer over. But Ismail dragged him back.

"Come!" he howled; but in all that din his shout was like a whisper.

"How deep is it?" King bellowed back.

"Allah! Ask him who made it!"

The fear of the falls was on the Afridi, and he tugged at King's arm in a frenzy of impatience. Suddenly he let go and broke into a run. King trotted after him. After ten minutes' hurrying uphill he guessed they must be level with the river, in a tunnel running nearly parallel. Ismail kept never backing to bid King hurry and never pausing once to rest.

"Come!" he urged fiercely. "This

leads to the 'Heart of the Hills'!" And after that King had to do his best to keep the Afridi's back in sight.

They began after a time to hear voices and to see the smoky glare made by other torches. Then Ismail set the pace yet faster, and they became the last two of a procession of turbaned men, who tramped along a winding tunnel into a great mountain's womb. The sound of slippers clicking and rubbing on the rock floor swelled and died and swelled again as the tunnel led from cavern into cavern.

In one great cave they came to every man beat out his torch and tossed it on a heap. After that there was a ledge above the height of a man's head on either side of the tunnel, and along the ledge little oil-burning lamps were spaced at measured intervals. A quarter of a mile farther along there were two sharp turns in the tunnel, and then at last a sea of noise and a veritable blaze of light.

Part of the noise made King feel homesick, for out of the mountain's very womb brayed a music-box, such as the old-time carousals made use of before the days of electricity and steam. It was being worked by ineffectual hands, for the time was something jerky; but it was robbed of its thin meanness and even lent majesty by the hugeness of a cavern's roof, as well as by the crashing, swaying music it played—wild, wonderful—invented for lawless hours and a kingless people.

"Marchons!—Citoyens!"

The procession began to tramp in time to it, and the rock shook. They deployed to left and right into a space

so vast that the eye at first refused to try to measure it. It was the hollow core of a mountain, filled by the sea-sound of a human crowd and hung with huge stalactites that danced and shifted and flung back a thousand colors at the flickering light below. Across the cavern's farther end for a space of two hundred yards the great river rushed, plunging out of a great fanged gap and hurrying out of view down another one, lapping smooth banks on its way with a hungry sucking sound.

There were little lamps everywhere, perched on ledges amid the stalactites, and they suffused the whole cavern in golden glow. In the midst of the cavern a great arena had been left bare, and thousands of turbaned men squatted round it in rings. At the end where the river formed a tangent to them the rings were flattened, and at that point they were cut into by the ramp of a bridge, and by a lane left to connect the bridge with the arena. The bridge end formed a nearly square platform, about fourteen feet above the floor, and the broad track thence to the arena, as well as all the arena's boundary, had been marked off by great earthenware lamps, whose greasy smoke streaked up and was lost by the wind among the stalactites.

"Greek lamps, every one of 'em!" King whispered to himself, but he wasted no time just then on trying to explain how Greek lamps had ever got there. There was too much else to watch and wonder at.

No steps led down from the bridge end to the floor; toward the arena it was blind. But from the bridge's farther end across the hurrying water stairs had been hewn out of the rock wall and led up to a hole of twice a man's height, more than fifty feet above water level.

On either side of the bridge end a passage had been left clear to the river edge, and nobody seemed to care to invade it, although it was not marked off in any way. Each passage was about fifty feet wide and quite straight. But the space between the bridge end and the arena, and the arena itself, had to be kept free from trespassers by fifty swaggering ruffians, armed to the teeth.

Every man of the thousands there had a knife in evidence, but the arena guards had magazine rifles as well as Khyber tulwars. Nobody else wore firearms openly. Some of the arena guards bore huge round shields of prehistoric pattern of a size and sort he had never seen before, even in museums. But there was very little that he was seeing that night of a kind that he had seen before anywhere!

The guards lolled insolently, conscious of brute strength and special favor. When any man trespassed with so much as a toe beyond the ring of lamps, a guard would slap his rifle-butt until the swivel rattled, and the of-

fender would scurry into bounds amid the jeers of any who had seen.

Shoving, kicking and elbowing with set purpose, Ismail forced a way through the already seated crowd and drew King down into the cramped space beside him, close enough to the arena to be able to catch the guards' low laughter. But he was restless. He wished to get nearer yet, only there seemed no room anywhere in front.

Then a guard threw his shield down with a clang and deliberately fired his rifle at the roof. The ricocheting bullet brought down a shower of splintered stone and stalactite, and he grinned as he watched the crowd dodge to avoid it.

Instantly a hundred men rose from different directions and raced for the arena, each with a curved sword in either hand. The yelling changed back into the chant, only louder than before, and by that much more terrible. Cymbals crashed. The music box resumed its measured grinding of the "Marseillaise." And the hundred began an Afridi sword dance, than which there is nothing wilder in all the world. Its like can only be seen under the shadow of the "Hills."

Ismail seemed obsessed by the spirit of hades let loose—drawn by it, as by a magnet, although subsequent events proved him not to have been altogether without a plan. He got up, with his eyes fixed on the dance, and thrust himself and King next to some Orakzal Pathans, elbowing savagely to right and left to make room. And patience proved scarce. The nearest man reached for the ever-ready Pathan knife, but paused in the instant that his knife licked clear. From a swift side glance at King's face he changed to a full stare, his scowl slowly giving place to a grin as he recognized him.

"Allah! He drove the long blade back again."

"Well met, hakim! See—the wound heals finely!"

Baring his shoulder under the smelly sheepskin coat, he lifted a bandage gingerly to show the clean opening out of which King had coaxed a bullet the day before. It looked wholesome and ready to heal.

"Name thy reward, hakim! We Orakzal Pathans forget no favors!" (Now that boast was a true one.)

King nodded more to himself than to the other man. He needed, for instance, very much to know who was planning a jihad, and who "Bull-with-a-beard" might be; but it was not safe to confide just yet in a chance-made acquaintance. A very fair acquaintance with some phases of the East had taught him that names such as Bull-with-a-beard are often almost photographically descriptive. He rose to his feet to look. A blind man can talk, but it takes trained eyes to gather information.

The din had increased, and it was safe to stand up and stare, because all eyes were on the madness in the middle. There were plenty besides himself who stood to get a better view, and he had to dodge from side to side to see between them.

"I'm not to doctor his men. Therefore it's a fair guess that he and I are to be kept apart. Therefore he'll be as far away from me now as possible, supposing he's here."

Reasoning along that line, he tried to see the faces on the far side, but the problem was to see over the dancers' heads. He succeeded presently, for the Orakzal Pathan saw what he wanted, and in his anxiety to be agreeable, reached forward to pull back a box from between the ranks in front. Its owners offered instant fight, but made no further objection when they saw who wanted it and why. King wondered at their sudden change of mind.

He found a man soon who was not interested in the dancing, but who had eyes and ears apparently for everything and everybody else. He watched him for ten minutes, until at last their eyes met. Then he sat down and kicked the box back to its owners. He touched the Pathan's broad shoulder. The man smiled and bent his turbaned head to listen.

"Opposite," said King, "nearly exactly opposite—three rows from the front, counting the front row as one—there sits a man with a black beard, whose shoulders are like a bull's. As he sits he hangs his head between them. Look! See! Tell me truly what his name is!"

"An Afghan?" King asked.

"He says he is an Afghan. But unless he lies he is from Ishtamboul (Constantinople)."

Itching to ask more questions, King—the hakim: Kurram Khan—blinked mildly behind his spectacles and looked like one to whom a savage might safely ease his mind.

"He bade me go to Sikaram where my village is and bring him a hundred men for his lashkar. He says he has her special favor. Wait and watch, I say!"

"Has he money?" asked King, apparently drawing a bow at a venture for conversation's sake. But there is an art in asking artless questions.

King witnesses wild doings in the cavern and sees harrowing sights. Yasmini appears, a lovely vision, and the army of fighters go wild with enthusiasm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



DEALTON VALENTINE

"Come!" He Urged Fiercely. "This Leads to the 'Heart of the Hills'!"

Nerves All Unstrung?

Nervousness and nerve pains often come from weak kidneys. Many a person who worries over trifles and is troubled with neuralgia, rheumatic pains and backache would find relief through a good kidney remedy. If you have nervous attacks, with headaches, backaches, dizzy spells and sharp, shooting pains, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They have brought quick benefit in thousands of such cases.

An Illinois Case

Mrs. Mary L. ... bly, 620 E. Tenth Ave., Maywood, Ill., says: "For years I was in poor health from disordered kidneys and inflammation of the bladder. The pains in my back were awful and mornings it was all I could do to get up. My feet and ankles were swollen and I often got so dizzy I could hardly keep from falling. Doan's Kidney Pills made me well and everything else had failed. I have felt fine since."

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is cheap and climate perfect. Excellent farms, ranches and truck lands in Alabama, Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi. Easy terms. Your clear farm or lease property takes in part payment. Wayne Gilman, Goodland, Ind.

Aunt Jerusha's No-Cake.

"You never heard o' no-cake?" Wal, that was parched corn pounded up in a mortar an' eat w' milk of the had it, an' ef they hedn't jest mixed up w' water. They parnt that of the Injuns, an' they loved it 'ould stan' by a man longer'n any other Injun corn fixin's. Then they uster make samp in the plumpl' mill, big mortars they was, 'at went w' a spring pole, an' they'd check off ontu camp when they got sick o' no-cake. Hasty puddin' an' Johnny-cake they couldn't hev, 'thout gittin' the corn ground to a reg'lar mill, an' them was nebby forty miles off." — Rowland Robinson's Danvis Folks.

On Authority.

Bobby, the son of the house, age four, was not the sort of boy that comes in to entertain grown-up visitors. Quite the contrary. His place was the back-yard playground, and he knew it. But one day when he entered the drawing-room inadvertently he was beckoned forward for introduction to a caller.

"Bobby," said his mother, "this is Mrs. Lord."

Bobby went up and shook hands gravely. Then he turned and regarded his mother with an amused twinkle.

"Aw, say, muvver," he returned, "you're kiddin' me. There ain't no Mrs. Lord."

Before and After.

"Why are the stars so dim tonight?" she cooed softly.

"Because your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand.

They were engaged then.

"I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she murmured, musingly.

"One, if it were long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

That was after they were married.

A Perfect Husband.

"Subster is a perfect husband." "I never heard he was so wonderful."

"Well, every time he sees a mall box he feels in his pockets."

All the Same.

First Neighbor—My daughter is very patriotic. She isn't going to play any more German music.

Second Neighbor—I'm afraid that won't help any. She will probably play something else in place of it?—Judge.

Not a Bad Comparison.

"Why do they liken the world to an oyster?"

"Possibly because we all get something to eat out of it, but very few of us find pearls."

Philadelphia building in which Ben Franklin conducted his printing office is still standing.

Most people are patient when there is nothing at stake.

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The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Opening of Our Christmas Banking Club ON DECEMBER 18TH.



It Costs Nothing to Join
There is no entrance fee of any kind.
You get back every cent you pay into the Club.

How To Start
Look at the different clubs in the table below and select the club you wish to join then, come into our bank with 10c, 5, 2c, 1c, or 50c, \$1, \$5 or whatever sum you like; we will make you a member of our Christmas Banking Club and give you a Bank showing the amount of money you have paid in, and the Club you have joined.
This is all there is to it.



Everybody Can Join--Nobody Is Barred Out

Everybody should join.
MEN and WOMEN, BOYS, and GIRLS, LITTLE CHILDREN, the BABY—all should join.
You can take out memberships for your family or friends.
An employer can take out memberships for his employes.
We will welcome everyone.
Parents should join our Christmas Banking Club to set a good example to their children. The saving habit acquired early in life is of untold value to them in the future.
The Christmas Banking Club is the best way to learn to save money.

The Reason for the Christmas Banking Club

To provide a way for those of moderate and even small means to save a part of what they earn.
To teach the saving habit to old as well as young by having a certain specified sum to save each week.
To make it easy for little children to learn that saving and banking money is the sure way to accumulate money.
To teach economy by showing that the small amounts usually frittered away for unnecessary things amount to large sums in a short time.
To make "SAVERS" instead of "SPENDERS" out of the people.
To help others to help themselves.

What the Different Clubs Will Pay You

1c CLUB PAYMENTS	2c CLUB PAYMENTS	5c CLUB PAYMENTS	10c CLUB PAYMENTS	50c CLUB PAYMENTS	\$1.00 CLUB PAYMENTS	\$5.00 CLUB PAYMENTS	X CLUB
1st Week1c	1st Week2c	1st Week5c	1st Week10c	1st Week50c	1st Week . . \$1.00	1st Week . . \$5.00	for
2nd Week2c	2nd Week4c	2nd Week10c	2nd Week20c	2nd Week50c	2nd Week . \$1.00	2nd Week . \$5.00	\$2, \$3, \$4,
3rd Week3c	3rd Week6c	3rd Week15c	3rd Week30c	3rd Week50c	3rd Week . \$1.00	3rd Week . \$5.00	\$10 or
Increase Every Week by 1c	Increase Every Week by 2c	Increase Every Week by 5c	Increase Every Week by 10c	Deposit 50c Every Week	Deposit \$1.00 Every Week	Deposit \$5.00 Every Week	Any
Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Amount
\$12.75	\$25.50	\$63.75	\$127.50	\$25.00	\$50.00	\$250.00	

You can pay as many weeks in advance as you wish.

Make the Largest Payment First

A very popular way of joining the Club is to begin with the largest payment first. Then you decrease your payments each week. This makes it easy at the end.
For instance, if you join the 5c Decreasing Club your payments are—
1st week \$2.50
2nd week \$2.45
3rd week \$2.40
Each week you decrease your payments 5c. Your last payment is only 5c.
In 50 weeks you have \$63.75.
We have decreasing Clubs in 1c 2c, 5c and 10c.

Clubs to Fit Every Purse

Our Christmas Banking Club is for YOU. It was made to admit everyone by having Clubs for small as well as larger amounts.
No matter how much you earn, be it a large or small amount, we have a Club that you can and should join.
The best advice your best friend can give you is to learn to save your money.
If you haven't yet learned this, begin now. Join our Christmas Banking Club.
It is the only sure road to wealth.
Ask any rich man today how he got his start—He will tell you it began with a small Savings Account.
Make your start. Make it NOW—Join our Christmas Banking Club.

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The advance in prices has not greatly changed the price mark on our stock of **MACKINAW** and **OVERCOATS**

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If you spend your money with your neighbor he'll spend his with you.
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BOOST FOR HOME TRADE AND PROSPERITY

Ceilings.
Ceilings of an ordinary country or town house should be treated with great discretion. This work should never be trusted to a painter who will insist on some stenciled design for which he has a partiality. When a low ceiling is so treated it appears to be lower than it really is. We should not give accentuation to the ordinary ceiling. When the walls and woodwork are of one color the ceiling may be colored just enough to carry the tone away from white. Green walls and white woodwork require a white ceiling. Height is diminished by bringing the ceiling color down to the picture molding. The ceiling can then be finished with a wash or covered with paper. Flowered papers are sometimes used in such cases.—Exchange.

Much Better.

He—Jibbs can't care very much about his wife. He never gives her a kiss or a caress.
She—He cares the best way about her. He gives her his whole weekly envelope.

Proof Positive.

"Am I really the only man you ever loved?"
"Of course you are. Why are you so persistent in asking me? None of the others ever did it."

Back Yard Agriculture.

A movement for "back-yard agriculture," inaugurated in Ontario, should be extended to this country, says the Providence Bulletin. It is not necessary to have a large tract of land for gardening. Much can be done at small expense on a city yard of ordinary size. An area of 40 by 50 feet is worth cultivating. Tomatoes, lettuce, radishes, beans and onions, all valuable food products, can be grown within the limits of a house lot. "Back-yard agriculture" will not support the people, but it will add materially to the food supplies of the country, and thus will have effect upon prices. The Canadian government is wise in its advocacy of "a vegetable garden for every home."

Utter Cruelty.

"The prima donna's going to quit!" exclaimed the music director.
"I know it," replied the manager, coldly. "She demanded more salary and I told her I'd give it if she'd use the difference to take singing lessons."

His Price.

"I see farm hands in Manchuria are paid only 15 cents a day."
"The idea! Why, they can't smoke more than one cigar a day at that rate!"

PURELY PERSONAL

Mrs. J. W. Ovtiz was a Chicago passenger Monday.
Mrs. Frank Drake attended a Red Cross meeting in Sycamore Saturday. Sidney Burroughs was in Chicago on business Monday.

Miss Blanche Fredrickson visited Elgin relatives over Sunday.

Jas. L. Prutzman spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Shaunon. Mrs. M. M. Malana and Mrs. Margaret Rowe were Elgin visitors Monday. L. W. Miller of Aurora was here on business on Saturday of last week. V. J. Corson and L. W. Miller were in the windy city on business Saturday.

Miss Myrtle Geithman entertained Miss Mary Sheehan of Marengo, Sunday.

Wm Mowers of Kirkland was a Sunday guest at the home of Chas. Walters.

Glenn Adams of Chicago was a Sunday visitor at the Emma Lord home.

Misses Irene Patterson and Helen Holroyd were home from Elgin over Sunday.

Misses Frances Dunn and Myrtle Larson visited the latter's parents in DeKalb.

Mrs. George Evans had her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Austin, with her over Sunday.

Miss Flora Buck has Miss Minnie Fox of Muskegon, Mich., with her this week.

Miss Flora Buck spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Corson in Elgin.

Miss Ruth Crawford of Chicago spent the week end with Genoa relatives and friends.

Bryce Smith is spending the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Smith, in Earlville.

Lawrence Smalley of Chicago is here visiting at the home of his brother, H. J. Glass.

Mrs. C. C. Ellis is spending Thanksgiving with her daughter, Mrs. John Keating, in Chicago.

Mrs. Arthur Waters went to Esmond Wednesday to visit her aunt, Mrs. Charles Mowers.

Mrs. F. O. Swan accompanied her sister-in-law, Mrs. Leon Burke, of Elgin, to Chicago Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duval of Kirkland were guests at the Wm. Duval home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Smith motored up from Earlville one day last week and visited their son, Bryce.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Zeller and son, John, motored to Ashton Sunday and spent the day with relatives.

Miss Sadie Olmsted of Chicago is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Olmsted.

Mrs. F. O. Holtgren and Mrs. N. P. Thurber visited the former's son, Karl, at Camp Grant, Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Shesler left Wednesday for Chicago, where they visit relatives over Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Stott, J. E. Stott, J. G. Forsythe and Miss Ione Victoria Stott motored to Burlington Sunday.

D. S. Brown, Attorneys G. E. Stott and E. W. Brown transacted business in Chicago on Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Juliette Burroughs of Harvard is visiting Mrs. Fannie Burroughs and other relatives and friends in this city.

Mrs. John Keating returned to her home in Chicago Sunday after a few days' visit with her mother, Mrs. C. C. Ellis.

B. Mowers and family, accompanied by the former's sister, Mrs. Arthur Waters, motored to Garden Prairie Tuesday.

Irvine Patterson came home from Dixon Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Patterson.

Mrs. Chas. Stott returned to her home in Des Plaines last Saturday after several weeks' visit with Genoa relatives and friends.

Mr. C. A. Patterson and son, Richard, left last Friday for Champagne, where they will visit Lieut. C. A. Patterson for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Scott, Miss Beth Scott, Derwin Scott and Clarence Redner were Sunday guests at the Donnelly Gray home.

Mr. N. P. Thurber returned to her home in LaCrosse, Wis., Monday after a visit of several days with her sister, Mrs. F. O. Holtgren.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Corson and daughter, Barbara, who visited relatives here last week, returned to their home in Leaf River Monday.

Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Sr. returned home last week after a visit of several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Briggs, and family in Ottawa.

Mrs. C. E. Aldrich, who was here last week caring for her daughter, Miss Dorothy, who was ill, returned to her home in Elgin Sunday.

Miss Blanche R. Patterson left Wednesday morning for Ohio, Ill., where she will spend the remainder of the week with Miss Mayme Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Swan and daughter, Helen, motored to Elgin Sunday and visited at the home of Mrs. Swan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burke.

Mrs. Lina Adams of Chicago of Cicero was here last week visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma Lord and her twin daughters, Ruth and Ruby Adams.

Mrs. Vern Bennett and two daughters, Leone and Elaine, of Rockford are visiting at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Patterson.

Horatio Perkins came home from the University of Illinois last week to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Perkins. He will remain the rest of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watson entertained Mrs. Thos. Lock and son, Dr. Arthur Lock, of Rock Valley, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ashford and son, Ralph, of Sycamore, at their home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Browne and daughter, Alice Carolyn, motored to Shabbona Monday where they remained until Wednesday guests at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Jas. M. Kirby.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Mrs.

J. W. Sowers, Mrs. Thos. Shanahan, Mrs. Ora Koehl, the latter two of Hampshire, went to Flora Tuesday where they attended the funeral of their late aunt, Mrs. W. Koch.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stanley and Miss Blanche R. Patterson motored to Camp Grant Sunday, where they were guests of several friends from Mrs. Stanley's home in Jamestown, S. D., who are now in the U. S. service.
Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Shattuck and son, Harlan; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mansfield and son, Floyd, motored out to the Will Little farm near Herbert Saturday and remained until Sunday. Mrs. Shattuck will be there for some time to care for her mother, Mrs. Hammond, who is ill.
Miss Blanche Patterson and Quint Cochran came out from Chicago Saturday and visited at the C. M. Corson home. Mrs. Cochran, who has been here for some time, returned to the city with Mr. Cochran Sunday evening. Miss Blanche remained with her mother, Mrs. Electa Patterson, who is ill at the Corson home.

ROLL OF HONOR

Under this heading each week will be printed the names and addresses of all the Genoa and Kingston men who join the United States Army or National Guard. All families are urged to file the names of their members now in the service, or about to enter the service with The Republican-Journal. The Republican-Journal, thru its news service, will keep in touch with the companies to which the men are assigned and will give such information to their friends and relatives as the censorship will permit.

George Goding, Allen Patterson, Robert Westover, Frank Hoffman, George R. Wilson, Thomas Abraham, Irvin Thorworth, Van Ite and James Cornwell are with Company A, 3rd regiment I. N. G. at Houston, Texas.

C. Vernon Crawford is now stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, with Troop I, 5th Cavalry.

Dr. C. A. Patterson, Officers Reserve Corps at Urbana, Ill., with rank of lieutenant.

Benjamin Pierce is stationed at The Great Lakes Naval Training Station where he is War Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Charles C. Schoonmaker is with a detachment of the 149th Artillery now awaiting orders to embark at Newport News, Va.

Clarence Eiteljok has been transferred to Chickamauga Park, Ga., and is with the 2nd Co. M. P., 2nd Division.

Carl Bauman is at Camp Shelby, Hattisburg, Miss., with the 77th F. A., Supply Troop.

Harry Carb is with Co. D, 3rd regiment, I. N. G. in Houston, Texas.

Charles Adams is with the navy and is at present "somewhere in France."

Sergeant Paul Miller is with Company M, 3rd regiment I. N. G. at Houston, Texas.

Ernest A. Fulcher is located at Charleston, South Carolina, and is now learning seamanship at the Charleston Naval Training Station.

Thos. Nicholson is with the regular army, now stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kas.

Richard Gormley is stationed at the aviation school at Urbana, Ill.

Ransom Davis is at Fort Sheridan with Battery B, 16th Field Artillery, with the 16th Battery B, Field Artillery.

Lawrence Duval is with Co. B, 340th Machine Gun Battalion, stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas.

Karl K. Holtgren, Carl Bender, Sidney Davis, August Niss, Lloyd Shafer, William Schnur, John Meckler are in training with the National Army at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

Rayard Brown is at Fort Sheridan with Co. 17, 3rd Provisional Training regiment, R. O. T. C.

Glenn Montgomery is now with the 33rd Hdq. Div., stationed at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Everett Naker and William Walters have been transferred to Camp Pike, Arkansas.

Arthur Morehouse is "Somewhere in France."

While the Spirit Lives.

The men of the American Revolution have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers, and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.—Jared Sparks (1780-1860).

REAL TRAGEDY IN BIRD LIFE

Story of Long Vigil Kept by Scarlet-Coated Songster for Missing Mate is Full of Pathos.

In the annals of bird lore nothing can be found surpassing in pathos the story which comes from Tarleton, O. For many weeks, close to the home of the writer, early and late there could be heard the loud, clear call of a bird to his mate. With his scarlet coat in strong contrast with his surroundings, and his no less decided military bearing, he would perch on the topmost twig of a tall apple tree, and from his lofty vantage scan the little world around him with his eagle eye, hoping to glimpse the familiar form of his lost companion. His alert ear and eye catching no sight or sound of the absent loved one, he would pour out his soul in unavailing pleadings for her return. The little singer in his untiring song proclaimed the fact that he was waiting with a hopeful heart.

One morning, while in quest of the early worm, he chanced to light upon a bush that stood by a window opposite the window of another house only a few feet away, and, seeing his image reflected so vividly and so close to him, he flew joyously at the apparition, believing it to be his long-lost mate. His enthusiasm knew no bounds. Quick and hard were the blows struck with his horny beak and claws in his impotent wrath until nightfall, when he sank to rest. The next morning at early dawn he renewed his clarion call, and came back to renew the battle of the previous day with his delusive image. This little tragedy in the heart of the bird has been carried on for five months. His flaming coat is just as bright and his kingly bearing none the less striking, but a great change has come over the spirit of the bird. He gave no sign of the battle royal that has raged in his breast for weary days and weeks, but his song has fallen into silence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ACTION RESULT OF HABIT

Man is an Instinctive Animal and Usually He Acts First and Thinks Afterward.

At least nine-tenths of all human action is the result, purely and simply, of habit. Man is an instinctive animal in spite of the reasoning faculties that have been given to him and normally he acts first and thinks afterward.

The child is conceived and born so that he may do things and that in doing them he may develop a personal will and an individual character.

He could not even begin to form a character were it not for that universal process of habit formation. Education itself is a habit. It could never have been developed without the mechanical operations of habit.

This mechanical procedure economizes the two great essentials of education. The first is time and the second is energy.

Ideal behavior, then, involves perfect balance and sanity of action. It demands moderation in all things, with every function exercising with every other function.—Mother's Magazine.

Preventing Milk From Boiling Over.

Among the various devices which are intended to prevent milk from boiling over we noticed one which solves the problem in a very simple way, says the Scientific American. It consists of a straight tube of say two or three inches in diameter at the top and expanding somewhat toward the bottom, where it is provided with a flaring and cup-shaped end of rather large diameter, the whole being somewhat of trumpet shape. Out of the lower part are cut, say, four suitable openings, and we set the device upright in the vessel with the small end just out of the liquid. Should the milk tend to boil violently this action commences at the bottom, and the liquid is forced up the tube, then falls upon the surface again, so that the boiling action will continue in this way and the milk has no tendency to leave the vessel.

Why Fish Will Fall Upward.

The deep-sea fish are subject to a pressure internally, by gases, and externally of over two tons to the square inch, and under this pressure they are quite solid. When these fish are brought to the surface in nets their bodies become puffy, their bones loose and their eyes start out of their heads; very often they burst. This is because the pressure is released.

When these fish of the deep sea chase their prey or rise for some reason high above the ocean bed, the gases of their swimming bladders expand and they become light. The fish whose muscles are not strong enough to take it down deeper into the ocean expands more and more until it rises upward to the surface and is killed, so that it really "falls upward."

Eagle Symbol of Power.

From ancient times the eagle, as the king of birds, has been looked upon as the symbol of power. The American eagle is the native bald eagle and was first adopted on the seal of the United States on June 20, 1782, against the bitter opposition of Franklin. This patriot looked up to it as a Cæsarian emblem and wanted to know what was the matter with the wild turkey, as being more distinctly American. Nevertheless the eagle was accepted, not only on the seal, but on the first coin issued by the United States in 1795, and on a majority of the coins since.

FIGHTING OFF MIDDLE AGE

Society Women of Today Set Example for Others in Preservation of Gallantness of Youth.

If one stops to think of it, just when does the gallantness of youth change into the heaviness of middle age? Why do all the engaging, entrancing boys and girls become dull, uninspired men and women? Why do we submit to the change? We bring joy with us when we come into the world and we expect to find joy waiting for us again when we go back to heaven, but in the meantime we walk with downcast eyes and hanging arms, crushed by the heaviness of mortal existence, when, if we stopped to think, we would know that the spiritual things make life; that without love and joy and unselfishness and courage we could not long endure the daily mortal round of dressing and eating and sleeping. If there is any such thing as eternal life, this present life is part of it, and why not go lightly through the hours—even when we stop being twenty—instead of wearily plodding through them? We may, if we refuse to allow the laws and demands of mortal existence to superimpose themselves on the laws of eternal life and crush out all spiritual eagerness, says a writer in Scribner's.

It is a matter, not of the events of life, but of our acceptance of life. Could the terrible events of the French revolution crush the spirit of the French noblesse? There were no middle-aged among them in those prison days when they danced and sang with gay insouciance while each waited for his turn at the guillotine. They lost their heads but they never dropped them, for they knew the secret of spiritual youth.

The society women of today maintain that same gallantness of youth. Perhaps not every one of them feels the pulse of spiritual life, but they refuse middle age and are willing to pay the price of their refusal. To hold their prestige they must be slim and charming, and slim they are, even though in extreme cases they gain their slimmness by rolling on the floor and the charm from the hands of their maids, and their gaiety lies no deeper than the tips of their tongues. Still, in their courage and confidence they never strike their colors to middle age. However they feel inwardly, outwardly they never flaunt a drooping mouth or a sagging figure.

INTERNATIONAL

Live Stock Exposition

International Amphitheatre, West 42d and South Halsted Streets Chicago, December 1st to 8th inclusive. Extensive exhibits of sheep and swine; judging cattle; instructive demonstration and laboratory work; discussions on problems of breeding, feeding and fitting dairy cattle;

Economical Production of Live Stock;

thirty meetings and conventions of associations and clubs representing various dairy and allied interests; 1800 cattle of the leading breeds; many new features; and connected with each day's work will be a thrilling and entertaining Night Programme.

The show has been designated a FOOD TRAINING CAMP and as a result is in the service of the United States Government. As a whole it will be

Bigger and Better Than Ever

See your local Illinois Central Ticket Agent for specific Train Time and Fares

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

H. J. PHELPS, General Passenger Agent

THE HARDWARE QUESTION SOLVED

Why Not Make Those Repairs Now

Perhaps it's a broken door, or a cracked window pane, or some other little repair job that you have been putting off from day to day, simply because you haven't the necessary materials or tools. But whatever it is, don't let it go any longer. We can supply whatever you lack.

Whether it is a cheap window glass for the barn or a good one for the house—a hinge for a door or a handle for your hammer, come in and get it before you forget it.

Small purchasers are just as welcome here as the big ones. Every price a bargain.

HARDWARE THAT STANDS HARD WEAR
AT PRICES THAT STAND COMPARISON
PERKINS & ROSENFELD



The Republican-Journal GENOA, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 THE YEAR

C. D. SCHOONMAKER, PUBLISHER L. C. YOUNG, Managing Editor

WEEK'S SOCIAL EVENTS

MRS. HELEN SEYMOUR, Editor

Pretty Marriage at St. Catherine's

On Wednesday morning at 9:00 a. m. John Holsten was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth McKeown at St. Catherine's church at a nuptial high mass by the Rev. Fr. Thos. O'Brien. Miss Isabel Holsker acted as bridesmaid and Clement McKeown as best man. Mrs. C. A. Goding presided at the organ. Both young people live in this parish and have been closely identified with every local catholic activity and it is with genuine pleasure that we announce that both will make their home in the parish and continue their useful work at St. Catherine's. Their many friends extend best wishes for a happy married life. Contributed.

Entertain at Cards

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Patterson entertained seven young married couples at their home last Thursday evening. These young people have formed a card club and will meet from time to time throughout the winter months. The game played Thursday evening was the ever popular five hundred, and as usual the refreshments served were delicious. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey King will entertain the club at an early date at their home in Charter Grove.

Knitting Club

Mrs. John Geithman entertained the ladies of Locust street at her home on last Friday evening. The hours were busy ones as each lady had the knitting needles fly at full speed. Mrs. James Hewitt was the ladies with her on Friday evening of this week.

SCHOOL NOTES

by EDWARD CHRISTENSEN

Phyllis Buck, of the first grade, has been absent for the past two weeks on account of sickness.

H. J. Glass installed some stronger and safer lead wires in the high school building last Saturday. He also installed lights in the small building.

Dorothy Johnson is absent from school this week on account of the death of her father. The entire school extends deepest sympathy.

Horatio Perkins, who is home from the University of Illinois for Thanksgiving, visited the high school on Monday afternoon of this week.

Letters from Lyle Shattuck, who is attending the University of Wisconsin at Madison, say that he is carrying his work and that the preparation he received while in the Genoa school was up to standard.

An oak book rack has been finished by the manual training class and presented to the high school. It will be used on the reading table and will hold some of the new agricultural and vocational books.

As a result of the series of meetings conducted by the Parent-Teachers' Association, the school board has secured the service of Miss Winifred Williams for the position of school nurse. She will also assist in teaching the third grade. Miss Williams will begin her duties after the holidays.

Prof. Taylor returned from the University of Illinois on Saturday, where he attended the High School Teachers' State conference. While there he visited his daughter, Miss Meredith, Kenneth Furr, Harold Durham and several other former Genoa high school students. They all report good health, that they are pleasantly situated and pleased with their work.

An effort is now being made by the school board to have the city council take action in trying to get under the C. M. & S. P. railroad tracks at Emmett street. Ever since Prof. Taylor has been in Genoa, the question has been "bobbing up", of the danger of the children crossing the tracks at this point. If action is taken it will lessen the danger and provide a short cut to the school grounds.

Genoa schools will be closed Thursday and Friday of this week so as to give the students and the teachers a chance to celebrate Thanksgiving. Some of the teachers, who live away from this city, left Wednesday to remain away the rest of the week. M. P. Mitchell will visit relatives in Delavan, Wis.; Miss Hazel Rylander will spend the days with her parents in Chicago; Miss Helen Ibbotson also goes to Chicago; Miss Dorothy Aldrich to Elgin and Miss C. W. Christian to Sycamore.

The first basket ball team of the Genoa high school went the Rollo last Friday evening only to suffer defeat at the hands of the Rollo team. The boys left this city about 4:30 p. m., stopped at DeKalb for supper and then on to Rollo. The trip was made by auto. In the game each member of our home team did his best but at an early stage it was realized that Rollo had the superior team. The game ended with 25 points for Genoa and 45 for Rollo. The line up was as follows:

Rollo: Baker, C; Clapsaddle, F; Foster, F; Knutson, G; Firkins, G. Genoa: Albertson, C; Patterson, F; Mansfield, F; Olmstead, G; Reid, G. Substitutes: Rollo, Cambell, Bacon, Hill, Genoa, Scott, Barcus. Field baskets: Foster, 6; Knutson, 2; Bacon, 3; Clapsaddle 1; Patterson, 6; Albertson, 3; Olmstead 3, Baker 6. Free throws: Patterson, 1; Clapsaddle, 1; Firkins, 5; Cambell, 3.

Anyone wishing crocheted articles and hand made fancy work would do well to call at my home after December 1st. Mrs. Clarence Butcher.

Tennis flannel gowns and petti coats at Olmsted's.

The merchant may be relied upon to make his advertisements not merely interesting to you, but of actual value to you.

If you are having electrical troubles call in H. J. Glas, the local electrician. He is proficient in this line and can remedy the trouble at satisfactory prices.

Sanol Eczema Prescription is a famous old remedy for all forms of Eczema and skin diseases. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. Get a 35c trial bottle at the drug store.

Kilkare Club

Miss Olive Perden entertained the Kilkare Club at the home of Mrs. Emma Corson last Monday evening. Heretofore the young ladies have devoted their time to knitting and making useful articles for the soldiers, but on this occasion they laid aside their work and spent an evening in games and music. Delicious refreshments were served by Miss Perden.

Entertain at Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Buck entertained at a 12 o'clock dinner at their home Saturday in honor of Mrs. Amanda Burroughs of Dexter, Mo., and Mrs. Juliette Burroughs of Harvard. The guests were Mrs. Priscilla Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Waite, Mrs. Estella Howlet, Mrs. Caroline Williams and daughter, Miss Winifred, and Miss Flora Buck.

Mowers-Waters

Miss Alice Mowers and Mr. Arthur Waters were married in Rockford November 24. Mrs. Waters is a sister to Benj. Mowers of this city, where the bride and groom came immediately after the ceremony. Mr. Waters is a member of Co. H, 342nd Inf. at Camp Grant.

Jolly Eight Club

The members of the Jolly Eight Club, Mrs. LeRoy Beardsley and Mrs. J. W. Oritz played five hundred at the home of Mrs. R. B. Field Monday afternoon. Mrs. J. A. Patterson made high score in the play. After cards the hostess served a delightful two-course luncheon.

Mansfield was taken out in the first half on account of personal fouls and Scott was put in.

On Friday night of next week the first team will go over and "eat up" DeKalb. We have no return game with DeKalb this year.

Another program was given by the High School Literary Society last Friday afternoon. The meeting was called to order promptly at 2:30 o'clock by the president. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The program was then opened by a short talk on current events, by Walter Albertson, which was very interesting. Next Pearl Russell gave a vocal solo and as usual delighted her audience. A short reading by Lone Stott was appreciated. It was a splendid selection and was well read. Several victrola selections were then heard. The Genoa High School "Menace" or high school paper by Griffith Reid and Edward Christensen was presented by the latter. Everyone seemed to be pleased with this (?). A short business drill followed in which a certain part of parliamentary rules were practiced. The date of the next program will be announced later. Remember, everyone is invited.

Rubbers, all kinds, fleeced and otherwise, Olmsted's.

Self-confidence inspires confidence in others. The worker who lacks it, and who advertises timidly and intermittingly, rarely wins.

The members of Golden Star Chapter No. 359 O. E. S. are requested to be present at the next stated meeting, Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, as it is the annual election of officers.

The W. C. T. U. will hold their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Frank Russell on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 6, Subject "Our Soldiers and Sailors."

The Genoa Home Makers' Club will meet at the home of Mrs. D. S. Brown on Thursday, Dec. 6, at 2:30. The attendance of every member is desired as a vote will be taken regarding the uniting of the Home Makers' and the Community Club of Genoa.

Olmsted's basement is full of dandy dishes, see them.

L. F. Scott will inaugurate a big sale of Christmas goods next week. Some startling prices will be made. Watch for his adv. next week and keep your eye on his show window for quotations.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy, 35c and \$1.00 a bottle. If

Jas. L. Prutzman received a letter from his brother, Paul, who is with the navy "Somewhere in France". Paul states that he is in splendid health, likes his work fine and that he has been promoted to corporal.

Those new Brown Shoes with the new heel are winners, Olmsted's.

The saving of a few dimes is not the chief end in view in studying the ads. Information, light—these are more important. "To Know" is the greatest asset.

All Genoa township women who have not registered will be given a final chance to do so at the city hall on Saturday afternoon from 1:00 until 5:00 o'clock. The names of those not registered will then be sent into headquarters.

Womans friend is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin tonic. Get a 35c Trial bottle at the drug store.

Subscriptions taken for Ladies Home Journal, Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Woman's Home Companion, American Magazine. Many clubs of other magazines combined with either the Woman's Home Companion or American Magazine. Call Nina Patterson, Phone 902-21.

WHAT ILLINOIS EDITORS SAY

Harvard Herald: Someone who has observed the progress of events in the United States, since the declaration of a state of war between this country and Germany, has reached a definite conclusion that not a single pro-German negro has been found in the length and breadth of the land. It is also stated that in many of the parishes of Louisiana every negro eligible under the terms of selective draft law, was not only willing but eager to go to the front. In some sections when calls were made for volunteers, five times the number asked for crowded the enlistment places. These facts form a chapter in the history of the American negro worthy of being preserved for reference when his social and industrial status is discussed as a national problem.

Plainfield Enterprise: Before this war is over every transaction that is represented as being an American policy must measure up to 100 per cent. The bluff must be taken out of everything and every dollar represent 100 cents. Dealing in "margins," "futures" or water in the places of stock and cease and every American citizen must be 100 per cent American and his list must be 100 per cent lift.

Springfield State Register: As a matter of fact we ought to be thankful that the millionaires of this country did not gobble up the entire Liberty Loan issue. Henry Ford for instance, subscribed for only \$10,000,000 worth. He might have taken \$100,000,000 if he had not been unselfishly interested in letting his employees and others have a chance to do their bit.

LaSalle Tribune: There are a lot of American citizens who refuse to economize on food, and abuse Mr. Hoover for his recommendations, because they "object to being dictated to." And when the government is driven to establish a sure-enough dictatorship in order to make the food supply carry us through, these are the people who will be responsible.

Ogle County Republican: Let us cultivate a public spirit and talk less and work more. Encourage our local authorities in making improvements. Speak up, speak well, talk encouragingly of our town and its bright prospects. It is these many little considerations that a town grow.

Elgin News: American soldiers are living up to the old saying, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." They are doing it in such a way that it is cause for remark in France. A veteran writer for the Figaro gives a whole section of one of his recent articles to praise of this quality among the latest contingents arrived from the United States.

It is not alone their individual predilection for water, not even the care of their barracks, but their treatment of occupied villages that is causing comment. Speaking of this, Joseph Reinach says: "They immediately clean up towns whose charm has delighted them but whose dirtiness has troubled them. One of our best known generals said to me 'You may know the presence of American troops by the absence of any refuse from the streets.' The highest command has, among its most constant cares, regard for hygiene—for all of hygiene."

Through cleanliness many of the dangers which strike soldiers before they reach fighting will be avoided.

ILLINOIS HISTORY

Some Interesting Notes Regarding Early Events in the State

November 10, 1842—Prairie Flower, a western magazine, monthly periodical, to be published in Charleston, Coles County, Illinois, first issue advertised for November 10.

November 11, 1824—Joseph Duncan, the Senator from Jackson County, resigned his office of President and Director of the branch bank at Brownsville.

November 12, 1842—Governor Thomas Carlin issues Thanksgiving Proclamation, designating Thursday, December 1, as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the State. Dated Springfield, November 12, 1842.

November 13, 1849—Portuguese exiles arrived in Springfield, Illinois.

November 14, 1842—A negro arrested in Chicago for not having "free papers" was sold at auction for twenty-five cents, the purchaser immediately setting him free.

November 15, 1824—The Fourth General Assembly convened at Vandalia in a new statehouse which had been built to replace the one destroyed by fire.

November 16, 1824—Governor Edward Coles' message to the General Assembly, stating that he had convened the General Assembly at an earlier period to obviate a defect in the act entitled, "An Act providing for the election of electors of President and Vice President of the United States."

November 17, 1824—Wm. L. D. Ewing, fifth governor, was inaugurated. He was elected lieutenant governor, succeeding to the governorship when John Reynolds resigned to go to Congress. Served only fifteen days.

November 18, 1836—Arrival of the first settlers of the Wethersfield Colony, Henry County, Illinois.

November 20, 1848—The election shows that the increase of our population since 1844 has been very great. The aggregate votes polled amount to over one hundred and thirty thousand; a comparison of present returns with those of '44 shows that in a large number of the southern counties the voters were not out in full

force. The result makes it clear that the census of 1850 will give us at least a million of inhabitants.

November 24, 1843—Quincy, Ill. The Herald of the 24th ult. says: Farmers, bring your pork to Quincy if you wish to get the best prices in the State. A lot of thirty-four hogs weighing 300 lbs. and upwards were this week sold to Messrs. Holmes & Wood for three dollars a hundred cash up.

November 25, 1824—Mr. Raphael Wilson from the joint committee of the House and Senate General Assembly, appointed to draft an address to General LaFayette reported an address which was read and adopted.

November 26, 1833—Chicago's first newspaper, the Chicago Democrat, was published for the first time.

November 27, 1843—Governor John Davis of Massachusetts, was on the steamboat Mermaid at Meredosia, Illinois, on his way to visit the canal and expected to meet the commissioners at Peru. Governor Davis was chosen by the canal bond-holders to ascertain the correctness of the statements made by the commissioners in regard to the canal.

November 28, 1823—Supreme Court of Illinois in session at Vandalia. Present Hon. Chief Justice Reynolds and the Hon. Associate Justices William Wilson, John Reynolds and Thomas Browne.

November 29, 1843—Post office established at McGary's in township 6 N. 6 W. in Hancock's Co., Ill. George Beach, Esq., appointed postmaster. Office nine miles from Carthage on the LaHarpe road.

November 30, 1824—Ellis Kent Kane was elected to the U. S. Senate.

IN CONCENTRATED FORM

The International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago will be a stupendous display of the products of the soil, augmented by the efforts of science.

Primitive agriculture is not applicable to modern needs, much less to the requirements of warfare.

The International aims to get maximum results at minimum cost. The day of the scrub steer, the ill-bred hog and the nondescript sheep has passed, never to return. That kind of live stock never has been profitable and never will be. Exhibitors at the

Here is HELP for that sore throat, sore chest or aching back. No messy mustard plaster needed either. Just soothing, cooling GORDON'S Mustard Oil Cream (Double Strength) Absolutely will not blister. Reduces inflammation quickly. Relieves all sorts of pains and aches. Be sure you keep a jar handy. Two sizes at all druggists, 25¢ and 50¢. L. E. Carmichael

R. E. CHENEY Expert Piano Tuner and Repairer WITH Lewis & Palmer Piano Co DeKalb and Sycamore PHONES: Sycamore 234 DeKalb 338

DUROC JERSEY BOARDS We are offering for sale DUROC BOARDS of the best blood lines They have good length, high backs and the best of feet. A. M. Simmons Kingston, Illinois.

A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST There are many dishes suitable for breakfast, but that which appeals to the appetite of the American are the good old buck-wheat cakes. When you think buck-wheat, think PRIDE OF AURORA Then sweeten them with that good KIRO SYRUP E. J. Tischler, Grocer

international are in every instance the men who have made live stock raising pay. A majority have amassed wealth in that sphere of industry.

They are the men who feed the land, that it may feed them, and the soil never fails to respond when treated in that manner.

The first week of December spent at the International will be a period of combined pleasure and business with inspiration for the year to come.

Students at the International a decade ago are the successful live stock growers of today. They are reaping the reward of foresight, observation and judgment.

Intelligent observation stimulates inquiry, which means experience. The other fellow's experience is as valuable to you as your own, provided you can get access to it.

And nowhere is this fund of experience on tap as at the International. It is the school in which successful live stock growers are trained.

All that is valuable to the seeker after live stock knowledge will be available in the International arena at Chicago during the first week of December, in concentrated and concise form that "he who runs may read."

A horse belonging to Bert Fenton, died in the business district of this city Tuesday morning. Mr. Fenton drove to town and was about to hitch the animal to the hitching post, when it fell to the ground. A veterinary was immediately called but the animal was dead before the doctor arrived. The Fentons have driven this old white horse for years and it will be hard to replace the faithful animal.

ARE YOU A 1918 MODEL? If you are a model husband—1918 model—you are equipped with all the modern improvements. Your home will be lookable and liveable, with sleeping porch, covered veranda, furnace heat, bath, light and water fixtures, tight roof, and ornamental with a loving wife. All the other buildings on your place will be substantial and storm-proof, suited to their various uses, and fences and will be hog-tight and in repair. If you lack any of these things, see us. We cannot supply you with all, maybe, but we can supply the best of GOOD LUMBER—Southern Pine or other sorts—exactly suited to your every building need and at surprisingly low prices. We have valuable plans and other building helps that, with our service, are free to you. BE A SELF STARTER—see us NOW! We have made over many a one-cylinder, tin wheeze of a husband into an up-to-date, high power Super-Six. GENOA LUMBER CO.

Furniture of Real Distinction for Homes of Refinement We invite a most critical inspection of the artistic quality and structural perfection of the furniture we offer. Carefully selected from the offerings of the foremost American makers, we believe it typifies the best in modern furniture making. Our comprehensive stock of varied designs makes discriminating selection easy here. Our name for selling furniture of real distinctive quality has been won thru our ability to meet the requirements of critical purchasers. Our prices are very moderate for the quality of furniture we sell. S. S. Slater & Son

America's Wonderful Cotton Crop

By Robert H. Moulton

Government experimenters have found it has high food value for both man and beast :: A gold mine for the South, it has become one of this nation's most profitable "war brides"

"YOU can eat cotton" has become the slogan of the forces engaged in en-
thralling still more firmly the South's chief agricultural product. The South has been thrilled with the vision of a farm crop which cannot only clothe the world and provide the base for huge quantities of powerful explosives but can supply food as well.

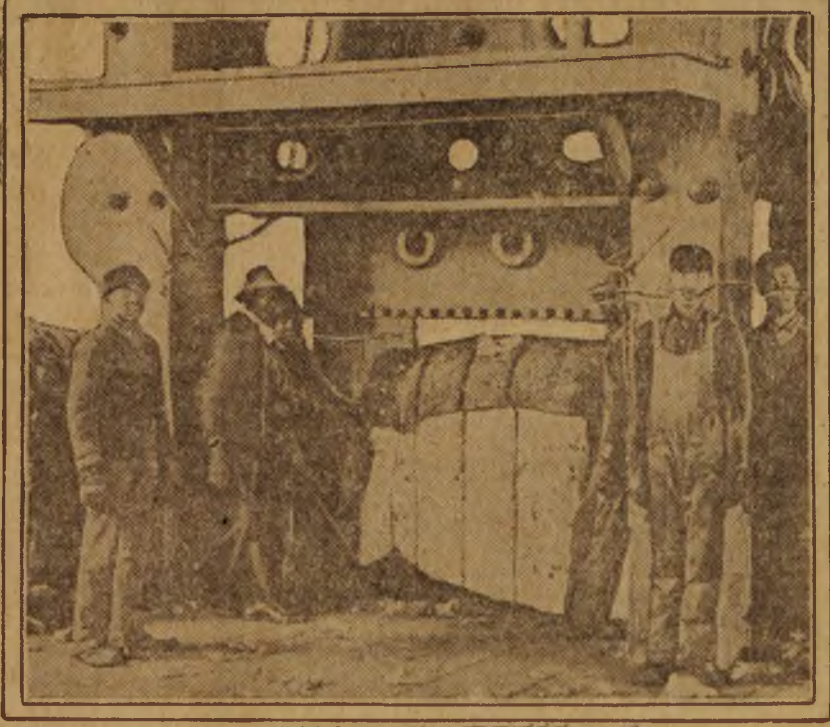
Everyone knows the important part cotton is playing in the making of the high explosives needed to win titanic battles on land and sea. In recent years an ever increasing number of important uses have been found for cottonseed and other waste. Cottonseed meal has been used for years in the preparation of food for animals and in the making of cooking compounds, but experiments made recently in Oklahoma and in other parts of the South have demonstrated that cottonseed meal when properly combined with other materials makes an acceptable flour, and can also serve as a substitute for meats, owing to its richness in protein. The hulls are now being used in preparing feed for live stock, and are consumed in enormous quantities.

Another by-product which is serving the country well at this time is linters, the short lint removed from the seed in the course of its preparation for eating purposes. Linters are almost pure cellulose, which is the base of one of the high explosives used in most of the armies and navies of the world. And pound for pound, cottonseed will provide as much lard as any hog, the seed from a bale of cotton yielding as much high-grade lard as five average hogs.

The enormous increase in the demand for cotton, combined with conditions in America and other parts of the world which have reduced the available supply, assures the South a period of prosperity. When newspapers printed stories recently regarding the spectacular feat of cotton in climbing to 27 cents, the highest point since 1871, they gave but a hint of the prosperity which has been brought to the South by its war bride.



COTTON BAILED ON THE FARM



COTTON COMPRESSOR

Almost everyone recalls the slump in cotton which followed the opening of the war and how, with cotton selling as low as five and seven cents a pound, the South arose as one man in an organized "buy-a-bale-of-cotton" campaign which enabled the cotton producers to tide their industry over the financial doldrums which resulted from the chaos of war. The manner in which cotton rebounded from this low mark makes it one of the huskiest war brides in America, with the possible exception of the munitions and allied industries. When cotton had reached 18 cents last year there were certain optimists who were predicting 25-cent cotton, and they did not have to wait long for that miracle to come to pass. When King Cotton passed the 27-cent mark recently it marked the highest level of prices since the days immediately following the close of the Civil War, when Southern planters were able to obtain almost any price they asked for their cotton.

It is believed that this prosperity will continue long after peace is restored. Until the world's greatly depleted supply of cotton is replenished at least there should be no material change in the situation. The latest available estimates as to this year's crop show an increase of approximately

200,000 bales over the crop of last year, but this is 4,500,000 bales less than the record-breaking crop of three years ago.

Two new conditions in American agricultural life are responsible in the main for the failure of this year's cotton crop to meet or even pass the record of 1914. Perhaps the one felt more commonly throughout the South has been the acute shortage of labor, due to the fact that many thousands of negroes have been enticed North into the munitions plants and factories by the lure of higher wages. It is obvious that any general attempt to increase the cotton acreage would have resulted in an even more serious predicament for the cotton planters during the summer season.

Another reason for the decline in production has been the strong pressure brought to bear upon the South to practice diversified farming. This has resulted in some states in a considerable decrease in the cotton acreage in order that more corn, wheat, oats, hay and other food crops might be grown, though these conditions are more or less local. The government is engaged in a campaign to interest the South in feeding itself, and many thousands of farmers who planted cotton almost exclusively have embarked in diversified farming in the last two years.

The idea back of the diversified farming movement in the South is to make cotton the money-making crop, and to utilize corn and other staple farm crops to pay the expenses of operating the farm and to enable the South to produce enough foodstuffs to feed itself. Thus, a tenant farmer who has 40 acres in cotton would, provided he practiced diversified farming successfully, make from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, all from the sale of his cotton. This would be net profit, but would not, of course, include the increased value given the land through the enrichment of the soil by the crop-rotation plan. The average tenant farmer who practices crop rotation will can double his cotton production within two or three years, it has been demonstrated.

This gives food for speculation as to the possibility which would follow the general adoption of crop diversification throughout the South. The average tenant farmer can grow barely more than one bale of cotton to the acre, though with proper farming and fertilization he can increase this yield to three bales an acre, according to farming experts. However, not all of the Southern cotton fields are soil impoverished and it would be doing the better-class cotton planter an injustice to say that by proper farming he could double or triple his cotton crop. Of the 35,000,000 acres planted in cotton this year, a large percentage of the acreage could be so increased in fertility as to double the yield by 1919, provided crop rotation was followed out along the most modern lines.

With better farming the South will thus be able to make its 35,000,000 acres or more do the work of from 45,000,000 to 50,000,000 acres under the old plan. Any important reduction in acreage, therefore, is not to be looked upon with alarm for there is certain to be a consequent increase in production, barring unforeseen weather calamities. To this increased production must be added the millions of dollars added to the wealth of the South by the other farm products grown in increased quantities.

The slogan, "The South Must Feed Itself," is the outgrowth of this campaign for crop rotation as practiced in the North and West.

The realization of this dream would add hundreds of millions of dollars to the wealth of the South alone, for almost all of the states will become producers instead of consumers. Despite the enviable climate and the good soil possessed by Alabama there are many counties which spend one million dollars or more each year in importing outside foodstuffs. With the practice of diversified farming it will be possible for every county in the state to export as much corn and other farm crops as it now imports.

Some observers have taken the view, especially since the entry of the United States into the war has resulted in increased activity in the diversified farming campaign, that a serious blow is intended at King Cotton, but such is not the case. The whole idea of the campaign is not to uproot the chief Southern crops for the Northern crops, but to rotate such crops as have soil-enriching values, so as to enable the Southern soil to produce even greater cotton crops. Because of its revolutionary character, the diversified farming campaign has not made much progress except in Alabama, Georgia and neighboring states, which have been adding tens of millions of dollars to the value of their farm products each year in recent years.

When the war sent corn and wheat to sky-high prices along with cotton, it proved much easier to enlist the sympathies of the Southern farmer, and many thousands of farmers are making more money growing high-priced corn and wheat than they did in growing cotton. This is due chiefly to the relief given the soil by crop rotation, and such conditions will be even more common next season, when the soil rebuilding process adopted by nature is given time to get well underway. Impetus has also been given crop diversification by the shortage of labor. The most of these crops require less labor than cotton and can be tended more efficiently than cotton.

STOLEN REPTILE CAUSES UPROAR

Wriggles Out of a Wicker Suitcase and There Ensues a Tableau.

JOLT FOR "BAR LANE"

Mutual Inquiries Established That Everybody Saw What Everybody Else Saw—Ahyow It Was a Good Temperance Lesson.

Chicago.—West Madison street is trying to solve the strange mystery of the wicker suitcase and the eight-foot snake. In some ways the tale has more wriggles than the story of the mahogany table and the chucking hen. A young man wearily moving westward with what appeared to be a heavy and aged suitcase stopped in front of 1341 West Madison street and laid his burden down. He looked all about him and then cautiously stooped and unfasted the catch of the suitcase and threw it open.

Ye Mystery Appears. The corner policeman heard a scream of fright and saw the young man legging it westward. Habitués of "bar lane" beat the policeman to the suitcase for one look at the thing that turned the self-contained young man into a frenzied catfish. Then West Madison street fell back in disorder.

The head of a snake appeared and then eight feet of snake wriggled out on to the sidewalk.

After many mutual inquiries by which it was established that everybody saw what everybody else saw it was decided to call the police wagon and one was rushed to the scene forthwith.

The snake crawled back into the suitcase soon after the police arrived.



"Fell Back in Disorder."

and after the receptacle had been fastened with 60 feet of clothesline it was taken to the station.

Detectives Barry and Mulvihill, who gingerly carried the snake into the station, said they could not tell what kind of a snake it was but had heard "experts" in the crowd class it as a monster rattlesnake.

Ha, They Have a Clue.

It was left near Desk Sergeant Moran until Policeman Thomas Galligan, self-styled "snake expert," agreed to take charge of it. He opened the suitcase and also agreed that it was a rattlesnake. The police believe that the snake and suitcase had been stolen by the young man who was seen to flee after opening the suitcase. The initials "L. B." were on one side of the case.

Policeman Galligan and his followers insisted the reptile was a rattler. An argument was in progress when Patrol Sgt. Frank Smith, another "snake expert," entered. The suitcase was opened and with a club the snake was pulled out on the floor and straightened out. It promptly coiled up again, but otherwise showed no signs of life.

"It's harmless. I know the name of this kind of snake but can't think of it just now," was the decision of Sergeant Smith. The snake was placed back in the suitcase and is awaiting its owner.

Anyhow, West Madison street has had a temperance lesson.

MAN FIGHTS COON IN WATER

Varmint of Immense Size Puts Up Fierce Fight Before He Is Captured.

Harrodsburg, Ky.—John Morgan and Elmer Jenkins went coon hunting on Salt River to try out a young dog and succeeded in bagging two of the varmints. One of the coons, of immense size, boldly pressed, took to the water. As is known to hunters, a coon can lick half a dozen dogs when in the water, and not wishing to have his young dog cut up, Morgan waded into the stream, and after a most terrific combat got the coon into a sack and landed him on the shore. During the scrimmage between man and coon Jenkins became so excited that he toppled off a six-foot embankment into the river.

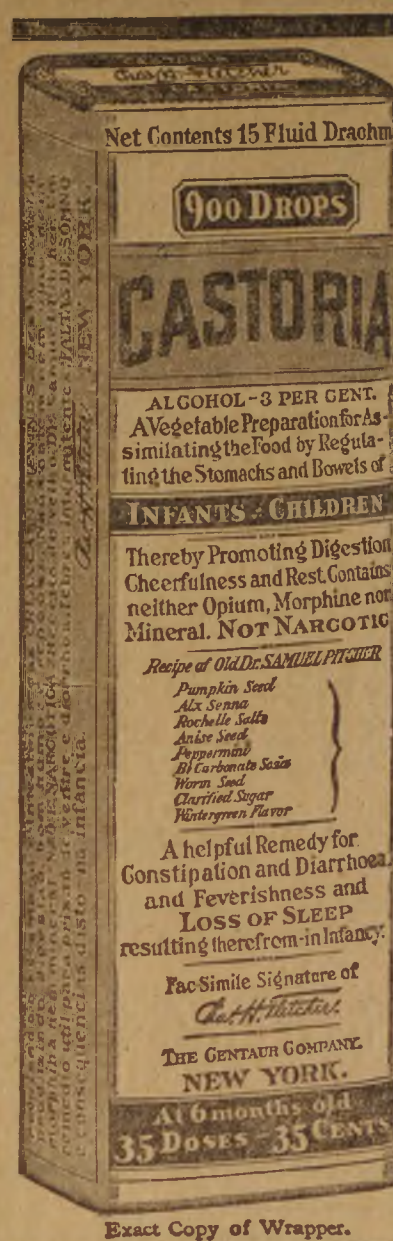
CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Genuine bears signature

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but **CARTER'S IRON PILLS** will greatly help most pale-faced people

Both Get Weary. Tell everything you know and see if you don't get tired. The man you tell it to will also get tired.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER has been a household panacea all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming of up food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Give a man a good dinner and he will remain in a good humor for at least an hour.

The average young fellow is always hoping that some day he'll find a fortune ready-made.

Prospective Competition. "Where's the tape line?" "I don't remember exactly," responded mother. "What do you want with it?"

"I was just reading over the measurements of the Venus de Milo," explained the daughter with embarrassment.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 30 years. They are so pleasant to take, children like them. They never fail. All Druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

In His Class. "I'm a man of few words." "Same here. I'm married, too."

To preserve ink, add from one and a half to two grains of salicylic acid to one quart of ink.

Light is known to have an injurious effect on bacteria; hence it is an important hygienic factor.

Old Colony Life Insurance Company
OLD COLONY BUILDING, CHICAGO
Insures Man, Woman and Child from ages 2 to 65 inclusive, under Annual Premium Policies
Old Colony Life Agents Can Write the Entire Family



Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising.

The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets, convenient climate excellent. There is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., or V. Macdonald, 178 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., Canadian Colonization.

Hotels Copy Army Meals

A few weeks ago the quartermaster general's department, faithful to its complicated task of supplying everything from shoes to sugar to a rapidly forming army of more than one million men, telegraphed an appeal to 58 leading hotel proprietors throughout the country asking the loan of 3,840 chefs and expert cooks to teach the science of gastronomy to the kitchens of our 16 new cantonments.

Now, the "browned in the oven" old mess sergeants of our regular army cooking schools—of which four have flourished for many years—are willing and anxious to sit at the feet of the capable wizards who have fed Fifth avenue and Tremont street; but so great is the faith of the mess sergeant in the "Manual for Army Cooks," issue of 1916, that they pause reflectively in their scientifically arranged pantries and allow—quite unofficially—that maybe a few of those fancy chefs will go back to their hotels with one or two choice recipes well worth trying on the favored fellow who always gets by the push rope and calls the head waiter by his first name.

As a matter of fact, M. Panchard, first chef of the Hotel McAlpin, New York, was "lent" a while back in order to gain sufficient knowledge of army cookery to instruct National Guard kitchens in various New York armories. Panchard spent two days at Washington barracks, where he studied the cuisine for enlisted men; he went back to New York with his observations, together with a copy of the month's menu.

The day of Civil war hardtack and Spanish war embalmed beef is "long gone." Emergency rations, of course, the soldier must carry to tide him over bad situations where the enemy fire is hotter than the bake ovens behind the line. But for feeding his armies in barracks and trench, Uncle Sam has become a domestic scientist who thinks in terms of nutritive values and a psychologist who realizes that the stomach's digestive juices will not respond unless the palate telegraphs its approval to the brain.

In the months to come, when our American "rolling kitchens" are perched reasonably out of range on a scarred field somewhere in France and our boys from home are emptying their plates of a generous helping of "El Rancho" stew, they may lift their bullet-proof helmets to the printed consoler, comforter and friend which has followed them to the trenches—the "Manual for Army Cooks," issue of 1916.

As a matter of history, the present volume of official recipes is about a dozen years old. It has been collected from many sources by many wise men adorned with uniforms and backed by general orders; but its choicest and best originated in the instinctive inimitable methods of Aunt Diana, who concocted her champion waffles by "jes' tastin'."

In fact, a large majority of the good and fine points in Uncle Sam's daily menu for his Sammies is due to an old commissary sergeant of Fort Riley. His name was Dunne, and he was one of those "born to the griddle," who has the same advantage over the ordinary aspirant to kitchen honors that Kubelik had from birth over the little girl next door.

He was not a man of education in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but he was a first-

class army cook. On scraps of wrapping paper or old bills he kept a copy of every recipe he had ever tried. These were edited by Colonel Holbrook, then in command at Fort Riley, and published in a little book called "Methods of Handling Army Rations," which was developed into the "Manual for Army Cooks," the textbook in the army schools for cooks and bakers started in 1900 by General Sharpe, now quartermaster general.

There is a legend to the effect that there are several amusing musical ditties against the army food, but questioning of officers and men at the Washington Barracks school does not reveal them. One sergeant—one of the three "noncons" in line for their commissions—said that when the food was bad the men "got the growl" and wouldn't sing at all, and when it was good they "felt fine and sang the prettiest songs they knew."

It is rather heartening to think that the men can have the same food in the field as they do in barracks. This is accomplished by the bakeries, which are portable, easily taken down and set up, and by the very remarkable "rolling kitchens," which cook a meal as the army marches, having lunch or supper ready when the order comes to pitch camp. All of these kitchens have stoves for burning oil and also arrangements for the use of coal or wood. One model, of which the government has ordered a great many, has two double boilers, where oatmeal, for instance, may be cooked as the big stove on wheels trails on supply wagon or truck. Also there are direct heat boilers where coffee may be made, or one of the many delicious stews, the familiar Irish, the savory "El Rancho" (containing everything eatable on a ranch), or the very delectable American stew, invented on the Mexican border and the first favorite at Sammie's table.

There is also an oven where a roast may be brought to a turn, and, as a surprise to you, a big, smooth plate where flapjacks come to life. One kitchen will feed 200 men, a war-strength company, and it will need three men to operate it.

Trailing each kitchen is a fireless cooker with four large compartments. These are very convenient in that the tin receptacles fit either the stove or the fireless department and can be transferred without the bother of emptying of food from one vessel to another.

There are now four regular schools for army cooks—at Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Fort Riley, Kan.; Monterey, Cal., and Washington barracks. The cantonments increased these schools manifold. It takes about four months of rigorous instruction to make a first-class army cook, but under the intensive method the cantonment cooks will be educated in half this time.

There are many very delicious and exceedingly efficient recipes in the "Manual for Army Cooks," and Uncle Sam gives his boys all three of their excellent meals for an average of 40 cents a day. If the economy of 40 cents a kitchen could be brought into all American homes we would hear little of food conservation, for the utilization of every edible molecule is nothing short of marvelous, as is the system of accounting for every ingredient that comes out of the storeroom.—Wallace Irwin in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Let Us Show you a "wearable" suit,--a suit that you will feel at home in, the moment you slip into it--yet one that will fit you in that most perfect of all way--Comfortably.



Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co.

Everything in Footwear

WHEN you think of groceries or of merchandise of the general line, think of our store. We can supply your every want in General Merchandise and Groceries

and our stock is always fresh and up-to-date. We invite you to come in and look over our store. We want you to see what we have even if you don't buy.

I. W. DOUGLASS

OBITUARY
The following was clipped from the Bradshaw, Neb., Monitor. Mr. Ayers was a former resident of Genoa and was well known among the older residents of this city:

Mary Wager was born at Genoa, Illinois on November 19, 1848, and died at Bradshaw, Nebraska on November 4, 1917 at the age of 68 years, 11 months and 15 days. She was one of a family of five children, three of whom preceded her to the Home Above.

On October 28, 1868 she was married to Solomon A. Ayers of Kingston, Ill. To this union were born thirteen children, nine of whom are living.

In December 1870 she with her husband, moved to Otoe County, Nebraska. In the spring of 1872 they moved to York County, Nebraska, locating on a homestead near Bradshaw, where she still lived at the time of her death.

On the 16th of July 1891, the husband departed from this life, leaving the wife with the large family of growing children to fight life's battles alone. Through the trying years of drought in the early nineties, she kept her family together, saving in every way she knew, trying to make both ends meet. The coming years were years of trial and hard work, but she ever showed the utmost bravery. Only during late years did she find it possible to begin to enjoy the fruits of her labor.

At the age of sixteen, she united with the Methodist church at Genoa, Illinois. Since that time she has been a faithful member of the church, attending services whenever her health would permit. All through her life she has shown the utmost trust in the Heavenly Father, and has carried all her burdens to him. She was always ready to help those in distress, always willing to aid the needy.

A cordial invitation is extended to the Rebekahs and wives of Odd Fellows to be present at a party to be given in the Odd Fellow Hall on Tuesday, Dec. 4. Each lady is requested to bring light lunch for two. The entertainment for the evening will be progressive card playing and there will be two prizes awarded, one to the lady winning most games and one to the gentleman having the most games to his credit. The progressive game will start promptly at 8:00 o'clock and there will be seven games played. Don't forget the date.

Lucky! Sure we are, in having all kinds of dishes, Olmsted's.

CONCENTRATE ON WAR
Uncle Sam Needs Shipbuilding Mechanics—Men Should Volunteer

In Germany it is said that 90 per cent of the industries of the country are concentrated on war work. This includes of course not merely munition work but food production. In our country the industries that supply the people with luxuries are going about as usual. Henry Ford has nobly shown the way in offering the services of his plant for war work, and shutting down the production of pleasure cars. His example should be followed by many others.

Our people can go without some of their candy and their pleasure vehicles and the frills and trappings of life, but they cannot go without success in this war. It is going to be a long war, and we should set our teeth and set aside forms of work that simply drag and hinder.

It seems a shame that there is any difficulty in getting the necessary number of shipbuilding mechanics. Here is the very heart of our war work. We are going to send a great army to France, and they must be well fed and we must supply the usual amount of food and munitions to our allies. The submarines are sinking ships rapidly, and the supply of tonnage is already too short. Munitions are waiting on the docks of the Atlantic ports for ships to come and take them.

Meanwhile in the shipyards the cry for help goes up. Men are striking in some of them. While the work drags, our boys will die for lack of the full supply of munitions. Every man who has ever had experience in a shipyard should volunteer his services to the government at this crisis. Many other mechanics with general skill at tools could be used. Employers should be glad to let such men go and should promise to take them back to the old job when the war is over. It seems the height of folly to let this most essential part of our war work drag. It is up to any man who can help to offer the needed assistance at this crisis.

YOUR OWN HOME TOWN
Don't call it slow and old and dreary, Don't sneer and jeer about it, Don't think it aught but live and cheery; Don't let the cynics doubt it, Don't criticize its "lack of sand", Don't doubt its strength to grow—Get busy! Lend your helping hand, It's your town, you know.

PATRIOTISM IS IN CO-OPERATION

(Concluded from page one)

does not now have in full measure. Many farmers are now in need of coal that can not be obtained. The coal miners, with no investment whatever, is paid from \$5 to \$15 per day, consequently he does not need to work many hours in the day or many days in the week in order to make a living. The balance of their time they have for their favorite indulgences, strikes for more wages, dissipation and trouble-making.

The miner requires food and it is the duty of the farmer to produce food and supply that want. But the idea that the farmer requires coal and that it is the duty of the miner to produce coal to supply the farmer with fuel does not seem to have entered the heads of the miner. The coal miner gets far more for the time he puts in than the farmer but seldom produces anything like up to ability. The result is the country is suffering from lack of sufficient coal.

A farmer, much more prosperous than the average, working from 12 to 14 hours every day in the year, when asked if he would turn his farm with his entire equipment over to the government, any other organization or individual who must order and direct, conduct, work and manage the same with the same vigor and same number of hours per day, if it or they would pay him 3% on his investment and \$3.00 per day for his services answered, "You bet your life I would and put in an hour or two a day extra when needed."

Very few farmers get \$3.00 per day for their work and most do exceedingly well if they make 3% net on their investment from actual farming, one year with another, farming compared with all other industries and businesses shows about the same conditions and ratios.

Railway employees, better paid than the farmer, do not seem to consider that they owe any service to the farmer, who largely supports them and who must order and provide them with food if food is produced and provided. The idea of co-operation and neutral interests to the advantage of both to help each other does not seem to bother them in the least.

So with most employees, but few seem to realize that any duty to perform other than to satisfy their own greed and desires. No thought or care for general welfare or society or the brotherhood of all mankind.

Labor today seems to be the worst profiteer and least patriotic in the nation. Workers in munition factories, cantonments, shops and shipyards are getting from \$5 to \$15 per day, many rendering small and inefficient service, frequently striking for more pay or some fancied grievance. The soldier in the ranks, pits, trenches and cantonments, \$1.00 per day.

Every strike, no matter in what industry, injures and impairs the efficiency of every other industry and business.

In this time of great trouble every member of this great organization, the United States of America, should lay aside greed and self interest and render to his country to the full extent of his ability such service as he can.

The farmer is doing more according to means and power, and rendering more patriotic service for less personal gain, than any other in any industry or business in the U. S. today. Suppose all the farmers in the U. S. should go on a general strike for 30 days or more every time they have a real or supposed grievance, and they have more than others, what an awful time we would have. Yet, why not? They may organize and come to this if the workers in other industries don't behave better than they have. If the farmers of this nation ever up their realize their power, unite and exercise it, they will out-weigh all others combined.

Universal conscription of old and young, men and women, for service would seem now a reasonable and necessary measure to put all on equal and fair footing.

Every person in the nation enrolled for service—let us then say to the farmer: "Produce, so long as you do that to the limit of your ability, keep at it and we will see to it that you get a fair reward. If you loaf on the job we will transfer you to some other branch of service, under guard, where you will render service."

"To the coal miner let us say, "Produce to the limit of your ability that articulate and every other industry may have fuel needed to keep up their efficiency, and we will see to it that you are fairly well rewarded. If you do not so produce we will put you somewhere where you will render service." He may say that he is an alien and not subject to service. If so, let us say to him, "Render service now or get to hell out of here."

Word is dig?

So with every other branch, business and industry. Conscription, enrollment, require service now, everyone, where and at what he or she is best qualified and will be of the most use to our country now. At home in their present occupation, in the ranks, hospitals, shops or where they can be most useful, with just compensation for all.

Conscription, enrollment, require full service to country and humanity now. Why not?

KINGSTON NEWS

Rev. James was a Herbert visitor Monday.

Miss Beatrice Ort spent Sunday in Rockford.

Mrs. Daisy Ball was home from Sycamore Sunday.

Frank Bradford was an Elgin visitor Tuesday.

Miss Irene Minnegan was a Sycamore visitor Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Haldon spent Saturday in Chicago.

Mrs. Frank Wilson was a Chicago passenger Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Wickell visited relatives in DeKalb Sunday.

We are sorry to note that Mrs. J. F. Gross is on the sick list.

Dr. and Mrs. Burton and daughter, Georgia autoed to Belvidere Tuesday.

Frank Starck and family spent Sunday with his son, Arthur, at Camp Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray James are the proprietors of a girl born to them last Friday.

Mrs. E. P. Schmeltzer and children of Rockford visited with friends here Saturday.

Mrs. S. Witter returned home Sunday after a few day's visit with relatives in Genoa.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Shaffer of Sycamore called on Kingston friends one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Bradford and son, Clyde, of Sycamore visited with relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Delos Ball and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Larson spent Sunday in Belvidere.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bicksler entertained their daughter, Mrs. Mary Schwartz of Minnesota.

Charles and Harce Boise of Independence were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bicksler last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker entertained the former's brother, William and his wife of Genoa Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Swanson and daughter, Ina, and Mr. I. W. Wickell autoed to DeKalb last week Friday.

Mrs. R. Haldson and daughter Mildred of Chicago are visiting with relatives and friends here for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker, Mrs. F. P. Smith and Miss Beulah O'Brien autoed to Sycamore Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shrader spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Shaffer in Sycamore.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Phelps of Batavia spent the first of the week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Phelps.

Mrs. Floyd Hubber and son, John, returned to their home in Rockford Sunday, after a few day's visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ort.

Mrs. P. G. White attended a dinner that was given in honor of her daughter, Miss Katherine, by Mrs. George Nichols at the Ward's Hotel in Sycamore Tuesday.

NEY
Geo. Geithman was in Harvard on Monday.

Miss Nellie Geithman of Genoa spent the week end with Miss Maye Kellogg.

Miss Thera Lindburg of DeKalb spent the week end with Miss Gladys Kellogg.

Mrs. Geo. Geithman, Jr. and Mrs. James Holmes were Rockford passengers Monday.

Sidney Pickler of Belvidere spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of his brother Harvey.

The Ney Ladies Aid will meet with Miss Minnie Johnson on Thursday afternoon, December 13.

Miss Ruth Dalby entertained the Marengo Sophomore Class at her home on Saturday evening.

Many attended the funeral of the late Godfrey Johnson held at the Ney church on Tuesday afternoon.

Clyde Shipman has been sick with tonsillitis the past week but is somewhat better at the present writing.

Mrs. Mahle Buck very pleasantly entertained the Ney Ladies Aid Society and a few invited guests on Thursday afternoon.

RIPLING RHYMES
I've never found in joint debate much profit or much pleasure, though I have argument of weight and facts beyond all measure. My neighbors sit around all day and argue without ceasing; they jabber, in their tireless way, until their lungs need greasing. They say the same thing o'er and o'er, a million times they've said it; and in the village not a store will give these alecks credit. They tell how governments would run if their advice were heeded, and lack the price to buy a ton of coal that's badly needed. Some of their wives are scrubbing floors and others take in washings, while all the day these wise old bores are arguing and joshing. There are so many useful jobs that people should be doing, I don't admire the windy swabs, their talk-fest still pursuing. That man will yet be in a box, will yet be swatted dizzy, who leans against a post and talks while other men are busy.—Walt Mason.

Conserve Steel by Protecting Tools
Many dwellers in DeKalb county haven't cultivated the habit of protecting their tools from inroads of the weather. As a result, much steel is unnecessarily wasted.

In ten years the use of machinery on the farms has increased 70 per cent; and it is indeed a pity to permit so much of the machinery used rust its way to destruction.

To many Illinois farmers it did not make so much difference when machinery was cheap; but the price of steel has advanced so materially since the war began that it is patent to all that every farm should have a tool shed.

Not only that, but it requires so much steel to win the war that every pound saved on a farm is helping the government.

Be patriotic and save your money at the same time.

Wants, For Sale, Etc.
Ads in this column 25c each week for five lines or less; over five lines, 5c per line.

Lands and City Property

FOR SALE—Vacant lots and improved city property in Genoa, in all parts of town. Lots from \$200 up. Improved property from \$1000 up to \$5000, according to location and improvements. Some ought to suit you. Now is the time to buy. D. S. Brown, Genoa. 1f

Wanted

WANTED—Woodworkers. Good wages and steady work all winter. DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill. 7-3f

WANTED—To help you find that lost article, rent that house or furnished room, sell that real estate, automobile or house, second hand furniture or anything you have to sell. Will also assist you in finding what you want to buy. I have offices in the Republican-Journal office, call and see me. Mr. Classified Ad.

WANTED—"The Better Class of Printing". That's what you want isn't it? We can furnish you with anything in this line and it is of the Better Class. Consult us about your printing needs. Republican-Journal.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Rose Comb R. I. Red Roosters. Inquire H. A. Lanan, Kingston, Illinois.

FOR SALE—One vacant lot, \$55.00. Will sell on installment. Also 8-room house in good repair and two lots located on Main street, Genoa, Ill. Easy terms. Mrs. A. Fredrick, Itasca, Ill. 5-4f*

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Several good locations for display advertisements, also effective copy. We furnish 4,000 possible buyers to read your ad, at no additional charge. Inquire at Republican-Journal office or address Lock Box O, Genoa, Ill.

FOR RENT—Our store building on Main street, just west of the laundry. 4-1f Geithman & Hammond.

Miscellaneous

INSURANCE—Call on C. A. Brown, Genoa, Ill., for insurance. Any kind. Anywhere.

DR. J. W. OVITZ
Physician and Surgeon
Office Over Cooper's Store
Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m.
2:00 to 4:30 p. m.
7:00 to 8:30 p. m.
Phone No. 11

J. T. SHESLER
DENTIST
Hours: 8:30 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Office in Exchange Bank Building

GENOA CAMP NO. 163
M. W. A.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
Visiting neighbors welcome
B. C. Awe, V. C. R. H. Browns, Clerk

Genoa Lodge No. 288
A. F. & A. M.
Meets Second and Fourth Tuesdays of Each Month
E. H. Crandall, W. M. T. M. Frazier, Sec.
MASTER MASONS WELCOME

Genoa Lodge No. 768
I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Monday Evening in Odd Fellow Hall
R. Cruickshank, N. G. J. W. Sowers, Sec.

Della Rebeckah Lodge
NO. 330
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday of Each Month
Odd Fellow Hall
Carrie Cruickshank N. G. Eppie Morehart Sec.

Dr. D. Orval Thompson
OSTEOPATH
SYCAMOR - ILL.
Member Faculty Chicago College of Osteopathy

Pianos and Victrolas
T. H. GILL, Marengo, Ill.
Selling Goods in this vicinity Over Forty Years

SWANSON BROS.
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR
AUTO BATTERIES CHARGED AND REPAIRED.
EDISON FARM LIGHTING PLANTS A SPECIALTY.
Phone 240. . . . DeKalb and Sycamore

Evaline Lodge
No. 344
2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall
A. R. Slater, Perfect
Fannie M. Heed, W. M.

Stop! Look! and Loosen!

All of the necessities of life—all of the important commodities—are getting higher and higher and higher in price.

There is as yet, however, one important exception—GOOD LUMBER.

Compared with present prices of ninety-seven of our most important commodities, including farm products, the wartime advance in the price of GOOD LUMBER has been ridiculously small as yet.

WHY WAIT to attend to your building needs? Your purchasing power now is comparatively high—the cost of lumber is comparatively low. Isn't it the wise thing to buy lumber NOW, before war demands force up its cost?

We have the GOOD LUMBER, including strong, durable, economical SOUTHERN PINE, in all forms necessary for every type of building, from a hen coop to a modern home. Also we have plans and building helps that will be of assistance to you—we and they are at your service.

LET US SHOW YOU how little it will cost to do your building NOW.

TIBBITS, CAMERON LUMBER CO.
JAS. PRUTZMAN, Manager

LEARN STENOTYPE!
Easier and more accurate than shorthand. One of our 17 year old lady graduates learned it in 3 1/2 months, and has been advanced from \$960 to \$1020 a year since Aug. 15, 1917. We are receiving many calls for stenotype operators, both male female. Write for our special stenotype booklet.

THE ELLIS Business College
ELGIN, ILLINOIS
New Building North of Post Office

CLEANING, PRESSING, REPAIRING
Men's and Ladies' Suits and Coats
Over Holtgren's Store
JOHN ALBERTSON

For the News While It is News,
Read The Republican - Journal

COAL SATISFACTION

DISCRIMINATING BUYERS - TRADE HERE -

Discrimination in Buying Coal.
that laudable desire to get the most for your money, brings many a customer to this yard.

When We Sell Coal,
you get COAL, not slate, dirt or slag; we fill the bill to the last detail.

A Customer Once,
A Customer Always

QUALITY COAL AT ALL TIMES
ZELLER & SON
GRAIN - COAL & MILL FEED
PHONE 57 GENOA, ILL.