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LETTERS FROM BOYS OVER THERE

Modification of Censorship Allows Soldiers to Tell More in Detail

ALL HAVE SEEN REAL ACTION

Nurse Writes for Paul Ruback, Who was Wounded in Action Some Time Ago—Interesting

Now that the censorship of soldiers' letters has been modified, the boys are able to go more in detail concerning events over there, and we are glad to reprint herewith portions of letters received recently.

The following letter was written by Sgt. Geo. Allen Patterson, Co. A, 129th Infantry, to his brother, Dillon, under date of November 24, 1918:

"Received your letter and was glad to hear from you. Well, I am journeying over the country again on my way to another school. My lieutenant is with me also. We pulled into this town last night and I had a good night's rest on a table in the 'Y' here. The lieutenant wasn't so lucky as a chair was the best he could do. I pulled about a dozen frogs out of their beds for the purpose of impressing on their minds the fact that I desired a couch, but it was no use. This is the best town of any size near the lines. It is called Bar Le Duc. We leave tonight at 5:30 for the place where the school is located, namely a town called Gondrecourt.

"The 1st corps schools are located there. It seems funny that they should send me to school again when the war is over but it suits me as long as we have to stay in this country for a while longer. The outfit is located about 20 miles this side of Metz. They are living in dugouts and have been putting in our time since the signing of the armistice in salvaging. That is some job. We had to ferret out all the material left in the dugouts, possies and trenches and carry it to the road. Talk about junk! Well everyone over here, myself included, is mighty glad it is over with. We were under fire at the front practically all the time from July 17, when the regiment went up on the Somme. We were brigaded with the Australians up there and there are no better men or soldiers in the world. Part of our division took Hamel Village on July 4. We went from the Australian front (just out of Amiens) to the English front near Albert. After putting in some little time there we were transferred to the American front, holding the famous hill 304, the scene of the battle of Verdun in 1914. We held the line here until the big drive started, took part in the drive and followed up, holding the new line just this side of the Meuse. Here was where we suffered most heavily, most of our casualties being gas. Boots, Frank Hoffman, Bud, Wilson and Ide were all gassed. It was a very small company, indeed, that finally got relieved. We went back to the reserve trenches (the old Hindenberg line) but only stayed here three days when the call came again. A. C. and D. companies were consolidated into one and we started up at night. After hiking all night we crossed the Meuse over a pontoon bridge and crawled into a ditch just to the left of Consenvoye. Here we slept for a few hours but were rudely awakened by some low flying boche aviators who peppered the parapet above our heads with machine gun bullets. That afternoon we entered the Argonne forest, advancing in battle formation. The shelling was very heavy. The forest itself was a regular jungle. We halted for a rest along a sunken road. Our company commander was a way ahead on a little private exploring expedition. When he came back the order was passed back to discard our packs and fix bayonets. This we did and again started the advance. All of a sudden machine gun bullets zip-zapped over our heads. The men went forward rapidly, dislodged the tormentors (machine gunners), captured a few prisoners and scaring the rest away. We then went back to the road and slept there that night. The next night we marched up the right of our own 3rd battalion to support their flank. Captain Harold Davis was killed about an hour before we arrived. We were digging in and we saw a dig, too my son's tool was a bayonet when Jerry spotted us and opened up. He inflicted quite a few casualties on us and we abandoned the position and retired to a wood about two hundred yards

back, with an open space between. Here we spent that night. The next day we tried again, tho we did not go up as far. This time his machine guns spotted us as we were digging in. They cut off the limbs above my partner's and my own comes as we lay on our stomachs. However, we piled our equipment in front of us and this gave us a little protection. My partner at the time, Roy Miller of Dekalb, had a trench knife and I my bayonet and we sure made the dirt fly. We scooped out a shallow hole and stuck it out. The next night we were relieved and went back only as far as Consenvoye. We slept in the trenches here that night and the next morning moved up to the support again. This support line was on the side of a hill. Here we staid two days and then the French colonials relieved us. We went back to the line about 25 miles to a town. Here we rested a week (I went to the hospital for a week), were replaced by the casuals and here I received my furlough. When I came back I met the company as it came out of the line again. The 33rd division was in at the finish, in fact were awaiting orders to go over and part of them did. The old Illinois division sure was a credit to the home state. They have received citations from the British, French and American armies. The old bunch is gradually drifting back from the hospitals and by the time we go back most of them will no doubt be back. Suppose you know Bob Westover was wounded. We are tickled they didn't make occupation troops of us."

Under date of November 24, Ivan Ide, Co. A, 129th Infantry, writes his father, E. D. Ide, as follows:

"Well, as this is dad's Christmas letter day I thought I would not disappoint you in your letter. Also as the censor lid is off, I will tell you in as short as possible where I have been and all about it. I came over on the Covington which was a boat that was formerly owned by the Germans. We landed at Brest, France, on the 24th of May. As we had scar let fever on board coming over we were in quarantine at Brest three weeks. We slept in our pup tents while there but the weather was good and we didn't mind it. After we got out of quarantine we went up to Brest and took a train. This train was nothing like those in the U. S. A. The box cars are quite small and 40 of us rode in a car with our rations and equipment. It was rather crowded but the idea was to get the men to the front. We rode two days and nights and about 2 o'clock of the 2nd night we reached our destination. We hiked about a mile and were bunked in tents that night. The next day we hiked to another town and stayed there about a week and drilled under British officers. From there we hiked for three days and on the third day we could see the guns that were hammering Fritz. We went into support for the Australians here and to get used to the front line they would send a platoon at a time up with the Australians. My first time in was my time under fire and believe me it was far from a joke. We would stay in 48 hours and then go back out to support. My second time up was fine until the night we moved out and as we got lost got up near the front again and Jerry started to shell the road we were on and lots of quick foot work it didn't take us long to put a couple of miles between us and the shelling. From here we hiked to Amiens and again took a train and went to the Albert front. We were still with the British and the front proved to be about as exciting as the Australians. We didn't stay long there but while we did it was a good one. From here we took a train ride of about three days, going thru Paris and to the Verdun front. I expect you have read of Hill 304 and Dead Man's Hill. Well, I was on both and if you remember, this ground was the scene of an awful battle in 1916, when the Crown Prince's army was beaten by the French. We were there from the 1st of September until the 23th. On the 26th a push was made on his front and on the 28th we started up to relieve the men that made the push. We relieved them on the Meuse river and here was where I was gassed, so since then I have been a long way back. I would have liked to been up there for the finish, but it couldn't be. I am feeling quite well and hope to be home to eat Christmas dinner, but I expect I am out of luck. Well if I am not, I sincerely hope that you enjoy yours as I know I will mine wherever I am.

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WHAT COUNTRY MUST DO FOR ITS DISABLED SOLDIERS

Problems of Reconstruction Confront American Red Cross With New Tasks and New Responsibilities.

During these Christmases, when men in the trenches and on mindless singing carols; when our country glows to its uttermost boundaries with the symbol of the Red Cross; when the most earthbound look for awhile at the crosses and the stars—new understandings, new simplicities, new willingness for service come to very many men and women.

And as our soldiers and sailors who went out young and strong and singing the "Long, Long Trail" and "Over There" now come back crippled and disabled, Americans are seeing more and more their own part and responsibility in reconstruction. This work means teaching the blind to see, giving movement to the paralyzed, power to the remnants of arms and legs to do full duty, the chance of health to the tubercular, light to minds be-fogged by shell shock.

Our government, the Medical Department of the Army and the American Red Cross, from the time of our entrance in the war, have been working out the tasks preparatory to this reconstruction, which is the key-word to their usefulness and happiness. The work itself is already begun in the hospitals where our returned men have been brought.

This has meant the equipment of hospitals, the recruiting of the doctors and nurses and the formulation of plans for training for vocations, which means independence, replacing activity for inactivity.

For this physical reconstruction in our military hospitals at home, our government, through the office of the Surgeon-General, is asking for reconstruction aids. This hospital service is open to hundreds, indeed thousands, of women who as wives of men in the service have been technically barred from other military hospital service. They are needed at once and may learn full particulars regarding training, qualifications, pay and so forth by writing for information to the office of the Surgeon-General, Division of Reconstruction, Washington, D. C. They are civilian employees of the Medical Department of the Army, and their work comes under one of two classes—either the distinctly physical reconstruction which has to do with massage, electrotherapy, hydrotherapy and mechanical therapy, or the occupational work which will prepare the men to take up the regular vocational training for which we often hear the word "re-education."

The Federal government has charge of this work. Other agencies working under government control will help. The American Red Cross, especially, will supplement it, and through its Home Service has assumed the obligation to assist every soldier or sailor and his family whenever they need aid or counsel from it.

When American soldiers, blinded in battle, recover from their immediate wounds at the base hospitals in France special work for them is commenced. Later they are brought to the United States Military General Hospital No. 7, at Baltimore, for further medical and surgical treatment and special teaching. The ideal of the government will be to place every blinded man in a condition to take care of himself and those dependent on him. In many cases, it is hoped, the men will be able to command a larger salary after taking their training than before they lost their sight.

American Red Cross has supplemented the Army's plan by creating the Red Cross Institute for the Blind. One of its functions will be to provide certain financial aid to equip the blind man after his re-education is completed, as, for instance, furnishing typewriters to those who enter commercial life. It will be unearthing new occupations, helping to establish homes and arrange home work for those who cannot go into offices or factories. But it will do something else that is

again, a Christmas story. This Red Cross Institute will, in so far as is humanly possible, have the relative who will be responsible for the care of the blind man when he returns home, take the government training, side by side with him, as is now done by the British and French. With this full understanding at home of his difficulties and possibilities, many an ambition at first undreamed of may be fulfilled.

Through the gift of Jeremiah M. Huber of New York the Red Cross was enabled to establish in New York its experimental Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men. One of its principal objects is to assist in the general campaign of public education regarding the results which can be accomplished by systematically re-training disabled men for occupations in which they can successfully compete with able-bodied men.

"Thus equipped," writes W. Frank Persons, Director General of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross, "they may confidently look forward to a future of normal human work and play."

CARING FOR THOSE WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND

Because of her continued absence from school and the fact that she lived in rather an undesirable neighborhood and was on the streets all day a school teacher recently brought to the attention of the Home Service department of the Red Cross the story of a girl of ten years whose mother was ill and whose only other relatives were two brothers, one in camp and the other a youth of seventeen whose earnings seemed to be the only means of support for the family.

The Home Service worker called, found the mother very ill and needing hospital care at once. Arrangements were made for the mother's care and also for a home for the girl in the country where she would receive real home training and love. The mother grew worse and died soon afterwards. The seventeen-year-old boy enlisted.

The boy in camp had not known that his mother needed his help, but was glad to contribute from his pay when the true circumstances were made known. The girl is now in the country, going to school, and is receiving allotments from both of her brothers and is well cared for. She is under the watchful care of the Home Service workers and comes to them often for counsel.

A portable kitchen, installed by the American Red Cross on the exact spot where Joan of Arc was captured, provided tea, coffee and other refreshments to 10,000 soldiers and civilians daily.

BODY FOUND IN THE KISHWAUKEE

Dennis Hollean of Kingston Killed by Train Saturday Night

LAY IN THE WATER ALL NIGHT

Discovered by A. D. Hadsall Sunday Morning—Taken to Coocoe's Undertaking Rooms

The lifeless body of Dennis Hollean of Kingston was found lying face down in the shallow water of the Kishwaukee river under the C. M. & St. Paul bridge, west of Genoa, last Sunday morning by A. D. Hadsall of this city, the man having undoubtedly been struck by a train and thrown from the bridge.

Undertaker W. W. Cooper was notified and the body was taken to his establishment where it was held until claimed by relatives.

As the body appeared in the river there were no marks visible to show that the man had been mutilated, but when turned over it was found that his face had literally been obliterated, there not being one feature by which the man might be recognized. Wm. Parker, who knew the man well in life, was on the scene and from the general appearance of the body determined at once that it was Hollean.

Hollean was last seen alive at four o'clock Saturday afternoon, when he started down the track on his way to his home in East Kingston. It is supposed that he became confused

Undersea Pipe Line for Oil.

Tank steamers are loaded with oil on the Mexican coast by means of undersea pipes, sometimes over a mile long. The record is broken by two lines each two and one-half miles long, recently installed about seventy miles south of Tampico. This method of loading is made necessary by the character of the coast in the vicinity of the oil fields. There are no harbors deep enough to accommodate tank vessels, and the water alongshore is shallow for a mile or more out to sea. The oil pipes lie on the sea bottom and connection is made with the tank ship at the outer end by means of flexible metal hose. The line is fully connected on shore and is then towed out to sea by a tug.—Literary Digest.

About Milestones.

Most people imagine milestones to be quite ancient institutions. They are not so really. The first milestones to be erected in England were set up on the Cambridge road between Barkway and Cambridge in 1727, and that was not until 40 years later that their use became at all general. True there are two "milestones," so called, that bear the date 1700, still standing—one at Tadcaster, and the other near Withington, Herefordshire. But those do not give the distances to the places graven upon them, being, in effect, therefore, merely stone signposts.

Love and Sympathy Needed.

Goodness should be the most attractive thing in the world, but we do well to remember that mere correctness of life and principle, unutilized by love and sympathy, lacks the qualities that charm.

when a train approached and was struck, the body being thrown violently against the iron railing of the bridge and then falling into the water.

WANT GARDEN SEEDS?

If so, Write to Your Congressman, Charles E. Fuller, at Once

Owing to the high cost of seeds and the limited appropriation therefore, the distribution of vegetable and flower seeds, by the government for the coming season will be much more limited than usual. It is therefore desirable that they be sent only to those who wish to have them and who will make use of them. All residents of the 12th Congressional district who wish to have such seeds either for their own use or for distribution to school or garden clubs, should make early application to Congressman C. E. Fuller, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., who will endeavor to see that all requests are honored, in the order in which they are received so long as the supply lasts. Seeds cannot be sent to those who fail to make their wishes known in due season and before the supply is exhausted.

LOWMAN RETURNS

J. E. Lowman, who returned from his four months' work along the Hudson river appraising the West Shore properties, will remain at his home in Sycamore until the first of the year, when he will go south to work along five railway systems in and near New Orleans. Earl is with the Interstate Commerce Commission His work in New York state, while exacting and requiring a high degree of skill, introduced him to the most delightful surroundings in the east. He worked from Haverstraw northward along the Hudson. Mr. Lowman was Genoa's engineer at the time of putting in the sewer system.

BACK TO THE HOSPITAL

DeKalb Chronicle—Khaki clad men and other friends of Marine Joe Neuman wished him Godspeed on his second journey of his war career this (Thursday) morning at the Northwestern depot. Neuman, jovial, as usual, and most optimistic, departed for the Naval hospital at Brooklyn, where he is to submit to an operation on his hip, wounded at Chateau Thierry. Pieces of shell in his hip are to be removed and it will be some days before Neuman is home again.

BURGLARS AT BELVIDERE

Belvidere Republican—In spite of the fact that there were ten people in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ainsworth on Ninth street between 3 and 4 last Thursday morning, burglars entered the place, choked and gagged Mrs. Ainsworth, ransacked several of the rooms, robbed Mr. Ainsworth's clothing, and got away with \$135 he long to a son, Floyd Ainsworth, which was concealed back of a picture hanging on the wall.

"SOME PUMPKINS"

A pile of pumpkins at Petersburg, Ill., has attracted much attention. They covered a four acre tract to a depth of four feet. The lot was purchased by the local canning factory. Farmers of the community have made big money raising pumpkins. They grew them between the corn rows. One man, who planted 23 acres of pumpkins in addition to corn, realized \$306 from the crop, in addition to the grain.

CHAMPION CORN HUSKER

Ben House of Douglas county is believed to be the champion corn husker of Illinois. He has been averaging 110 bushels a day. His work netted him \$8.50 a day or \$52 a week. In former years when corn huskers were allowed 3 cents per bushel, \$2 a day was considered big wages.

Mortality in Civil War.

The battle of our Civil war having the highest mortality rate was Gettysburg—"the high tide of the rebellion"—where 55 men were killed out of every 1,000 engaged. Mortality rates in some other important battles were: First Bull Run, 40.7; second Bull Run, 45.4; Antietam, 39.7; Chickasaw, 47.6; Fredericksburg, 18.1; Wilderness, 31.2; Spottsylvania, 44.3.

death of our loved one. We also want to thank the friends for the beautiful floral offerings.

Orrin Merritt.
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Merritt.

Rebecca Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loyal C. Brown, was born in Genoa October 12, 1917, and passed away December 23, 1918, after a short illness of pneumonia, following influenza. The funeral services were held at ten o'clock Thursday morning of this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brown.

A VIVID STORY OF FOREST FIRES

Graphic Account by Ashton Man Who was in the Army

HUNDREDS OF DEAD ARE FOUND

Flames Travel Sixty Miles an Hour—Rescue Work Carried on Under Great Difficulties

The great forest fires in Minnesota in October were described in the daily papers at the time, but in reading the newspaper stories, one could not fully realize the terrible conditions in stricken area.

The following account of the scenes was written by Chas. R. Ferrell, to his aunt, Mrs. G. R. Charters, at Ashton, Ill., and was published in the Ashton Gazette:

"Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 20, 1918. I have been sleeping steadily for over eighteen hours and feel refreshed and ready to travel again. Expect you will wonder why I have taken such a nap but I just got back Friday evening from the fire zone, where I was working night and day for six days.

"Guess you do not know it, but I belong to the Motor Reserve Corps of the National Guard and we were all called out Sunday and started for the fire district. We got to Rockville, a town of four or five buildings, Sun day night. The smoke was so thick we could not travel as we could not see the front end of our own car so we had to lay up there until Monday morning, but did not get a wink of sleep. There were over one hundred cars in the string and we started out at six o'clock, after having what little breakfast the natives could scrape up for us.

"The fog and smoke was so heavy we could not see the tail light on the car ahead ten feet in front of our own car. This necessitated some careful driving I can tell you. It required seven hours to cover eighteen miles and we got into Moose Lake, which was the military headquarters, you could hardly see a man next you whom you might be walking down the street with and usually when two or more went together they held hands to keep from getting separated.

"This awful smoke and fog interfered with relief work very much, but about two or three o'clock it began to clear up and we began getting our soldiers to go out into the stricken district and begin the relief work. Each one of us carried from two to five soldiers and piled in all the wood we could carry in addition. You cannot realize the difficulties we underwent in getting over the roads. All bridges and culverts were burned out and in many places hundreds of trees had fallen across the road. As we had axes and spades the soldiers went to work and cleared the roads ahead of us. We did not have time to build bridges, however, and we either went thru the river and creeks and if the streams were narrow enough we ran our cars across them. We carried these planks with us and I drove my car over many creeks on two planks laid down, one for each wheel and these planks were only 10 inches wide. Some of these creeks were ten or twelve feet across and all the way from two to ten or twelve feet deep.

"We often drove across such bridges with four or five soldiers in the car and did not stop to unload them. If we had missed the planks it would have certainly been a bad smash up but we had to get thru so we just took chances and the strange part of it to me now is that only two motor corps men were killed.

"In all we recovered at Moose Lake something like 400 bodies and rendered relief to thousands of stricken people. As late as last Thursday we found families that had not had a bite to eat since the fires which occurred the Saturday previous.

"No one who has not seen it can hope to realize the utter desolation and destruction in that district. Now in the world any human being ever went thru that thing and got out alive is beyond my comprehension, but there were thousands of them that escaped some way.

"One of our searching parties took fifteen dead out of one well and thirteen out of another on a farm across the road net over two hundred yards distant. We dug into foot cellars and took them out by the score and found thirteen on one side of the road and eight on the other side in a dis-

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The Dream Denied

By A. W. PEACH

(Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

In the quiet of his college room Richard Martin fought out the old battle between ambition, dreams and duty. On the desk before him lay the fateful note, written in the wavering hand of old age.

It was his last day and last evening. That afternoon the final exercises had been held that ushered him out into the busy, workaday world of men. His lips tightened as he thought of his dreams and plans—that he must put by. His lips drooped in repose that is born of tenderness as he thought of Ruth Leighton.

He had not really known her until the senior year when the senior girls and men were thrown together in the upper classes. She had appealed to him in a thousand ways—the music of her voice, the dark, tantalizing depths of her eyes, the soft dark hair that made such a fine setting for the sensitive face. Then had come the glorious evening—it seemed ages, yet it was but a week ago—when, on the verge of parting, he had told her breathlessly that he loved her; her silence that chilled him—then the whispered word that turned his humble world into heaven.

Then he had met her father and mother, and it had dawned upon him that he had perhaps aspired beyond where his aspirations should go. He discovered that Mr. Leighton was far more wealthy than he had surmised—in fact, as Richard told himself a bit



Fought Out the Old Battle.

hopelessly, Leighton was an aristocrat in the fine meaning of the term, while he himself was one of the toilers, the son of a farmer in poor circumstances. Then had come his brief visit to Ruth's great house in the beautiful Massachusetts city.

He picked up the brief note from his mother, which told him that his father had suffered a shock and would be helpless the rest of his life. Why had he not realized, Dick asked himself, that something might happen? All he had thought about was the fine opening in the city that had been promised him, with its splendid chances, if small wages. Now, beyond any question, his duty was to return to the farm, from which he knew his father and mother could not bear to be separated, and there take up the round of farm duties.

But Ruth—there his cup filled with bitterness. His dream had been of her, in his home, her dark eyes looking into his, her gay and pleasant voice within his hearing; that dream must be put aside.

First he wrote a note to his mother, then he picked up his cap, set his shoulders squarely and started down from the college hill to the cottage where Ruth roomed. On the way he passed old friends who bade him farewell, telling him at the same time of their own happy plans.

By the time he reached the cottage his heart was bitter within him, though there was no wavering in his mind. He rang and was ushered into the reception room.

"Ruth, I am really here to say good-by," he began quietly, when Ruth came in. "I have received word that means my return to the old place for—well, for the best years of my life. I want—"

"Suppose we sit down, Dick," she broke in.

In the dusk of the room he faced her and went on, wrapped in the renunciation he was feeling. "I want to tell you how much—I love you, just as I had planned—but—well, Ruth, I'm going back to the old place. Father has had a shock—and somebody must help them. If he had kept well—no, I owe them everything. I am going there."

"I see," she said as quietly as he. She had never seemed quite as beautiful to him as then, with the dusk in her eyes, her voice and her hair. He held himself with firm grip upon his will. He rose.

"I wish things could be different, from the very bottom of my soul. My duty is plain, however, and I will get my joy out of others' happiness I

hope," he said tensely. He held out his hand. "Good-by, little chum."

Quiet, passive, her own hand lay in his for a brief moment.

"Good-by, Dick; I hope everything will be well," she answered briefly.

Outside in the evening dusk he looked up at the stars as men have looked for comfort through the ages. "She understood—to go to an old country farm with me; even love cannot make the sacrifice. Well, perhaps there is a destiny that shapes things for the best after all," he thought to himself.

The next day he took the early train for the city, purchased some gifts for his father and mother, and started homeward. It was evening when the train dropped him at the quaint little station of the village beyond which his father's farm lay.

He found one of his father's men waiting for him with the span of horses that was his father's delight.

They drove home in silence. As the great farmhouse loomed through the friendly dusk, Dick's heart thrilled a bit with pride. It was a splendid home of its type, keeping the stern but beautiful lines of the old architecture. Into it most of his father's money had gone through the hard years. The lights glimmered out—the homelights that always seemed so cheerful—and soon the span drew up before the door.

He jumped out, rushed in, and caught his mother in his arms; then he went to his father, and the trembling pressure of the sick man's hand was a blessing and a benediction. He turned from the invalid's chair to go to the hall and stopped, staring.

In the door stood a girl's figure; her smooth, oval face, rosy under the light; dark-eyed and dark-haired, she stood there. Ruth in spirit and form!

He rubbed his eyes as he staggered and gasped her name.

With a laugh half teary, half merry, she came to him and put her arms on his shoulders, looking up into his eyes. "Dick," her voice said, "aren't you glad to see me?"

He caught her tightly to him. "Ruth, what does it mean?"

"It means just this: that if you do intend to leave me behind I do not intend to be left! I thought when you said good-by that you didn't want me—you acted so—so funny. Do you?"

"Do I? Oh, little sweetheart, you don't know—you don't; but do you mean that—that—"

"I mean that where you go, my dear, I want to go—even to the very end."

"But this place—"

"It is a beautiful home. You forget that father spent his boyhood and early days at just such a beautiful place—"

A gruff but tender voice broke in. "You bet I did! And now you youngsters put off your love-making for a little. I want to ask Dick about some of the trout brooks around here. I'm going fishing in the morning."

Dick had whirled about to find himself facing Mr. Leighton, whose hand was out.

As their hands met firmly Leighton's voice lost its banter and his eyes were steady, though there was a twinkle in them. "Dick, I shall be proud to have you for a son—as I would have told you at the college if you had asked me; and as regards your future wife, let me tell you that she has been brought up in the good old-fashioned way. She is of the hills, she belongs to the hills and I'm mighty glad a man of the hills has won her. That's a thundering long speech for me to make; but I guess you see how I feel."

Voice as From the Tomb.

Empress Maria Theresa, who reigned over Austria from 1740 to 1780, told what she thought of Prussia and the Hohenzollerns. "Everybody in Europe knows how much dependence may be placed in the king of Prussia and his word," she wrote. "France has experienced it on several occasions, and, speaking generally, no sovereign of Europe has been able to avoid his perils. And it is such a king who wishes to impose himself on Germany as a dictator and protector. . . . For 37 years this man has been, by his military despotism and his victories, the scourge of Europe. He has broken with all recognized principles of right and truth; he disregards every treaty and every allegiance, and it is we who are the first to be exposed to his blows." A few days before her death she added: "The Hohenzollern dynasty recognizes no other motive than its own profit. If this principle is allowed continually to gain ground, what will be the future reserved for our successors?"

Tuna Fishing Great Sport.

Contrasted with fishing for salmon, catching tuna presents a very romantic adventure. There is scarcely a fisherman of note anywhere who has not at one time or another journeyed to the little island city of Avalon, Catalina, Cal., to engage in the wonderful sport provided by this gamest of fish. It will battle for hours before it can be brought to gaff, and great skill and care is required in playing the big fellow. The fish travel in large schools, taking bait as fast as it is cast overboard. They live in deep water, coming to the surface only during mild weather. All fish are caught by hook and line, no seines being used, as the large tuna is much too large and powerful. They weigh as much as 75 pounds, though the average is about 25 pounds, and they are extremely active and rush through the water at a terrific speed.

Everything.

DeSmythe—they tell me that after Dublin's sweetheart flitted him he went away to forget everything. Van Jones—I guess he succeeded. His creditors are still hunting for him,

For Mature Figures



Lines that give an effect of slenderness make the plainest frocks or suits intensely interesting to women whose figures have lost that long-for-attribute of youth. Line and quality—they are the first consideration in the American gentlewoman's clothes after she has reached "the age of discretion" and becomes severely discriminating. She will take the simplest affair in street frock or suit, if it possesses what she requires in these regards, and tone it up to a high degree of distinction by means of a bit of neckwear, a furpiece, and a hat that matches it in trimness. Designers occupy themselves in working out clothes that are to give to the figure long and very graceful lines and their artful achievements compel us to admire them.

The suit shown in the picture above is a case in point; built on almost straight lines and plain even to the exclusion of buttons. The skirt is narrow and a trifle longer than has been the rule in suits. It has barely enough width to allow a comfortable stride in walking and is finished with a five-inch hem. The coat has a long waistline, indicated by a narrow belt made of

the cloth and crossed at the front. It has pockets of the sort that are not noticeable, merely slits at each side that don't interfere with any line which is pursuing its straight-downward career. The ever present fur collar and cuffs, in this particular instance, are of Hudson seal, the collar one of those long convertible affairs that can be brought up close about the throat.

Collars by the way are one of the means of achieving length of line. Made of the material of the coat or frock or blouse they creep up about the chin and are fastened by buttons at the end of a long row on the garment. It is impossible not to follow this slim line of buttons that attract and hold the eye.

Paucity, wide and narrow, that hang from neck to hem, made their instant success because of their long lines. For the sake of variety designers have added narrow floating panels to one-piece frocks and have carried out the idea in many ways on both frocks and suits. Even blouses have taken on the distinction of panels that fall from the shoulder and far below the limits of the waist they embellish.

From the Salon Debutantes



Only three of the many charming styles in hats, made for the girl who finds herself at last grown up, can be shown in our illustration. But these three styles have been found great favorites with the younger women whose individual tastes and preferences in matters of dress, are more clearly defined than those of their elders. Their young intuitions are keen and it will have to be conceded that no millinery could express more definitely the spirit of youth than these hats which so many debutantes have approved.

The hat at the left of the group is one of a great many interpretations of the tam which is enjoying a long-drawn-out period of popularity. It is picturesque to start with, and since the war, the glamor of the Blue Devil of France has cast a spell about it. This particular tam is made of beige-colored beaver cloth, mounted on a headband of grosgrain ribbon in the same color, tucked at intervals. A flat bow of the same ribbon fastens the folded-in-crown to the band. These tams are made in all the popular colors—with brown and purple worth mentioning for their richness in heaver. And there are others of velvet.

The pretty square-crowned hat at the right reveals beaver in combination with velvet in a street hat of unusual merit for all-round wear. It is

a beige and brown combination having a band and bow of brown grosgrain ribbon. A bit of needlework at the simplest sort holds the flat bow to the side crown—or pretends to—and it might be put on in a gay color.

A dressier bit of headwear appears in the black hat of panne velvet at the bottom of the group. It has a facing of plain velvet and is placed in the class of things youthful by the scalloped edge of the brim. An odd trimming daintily placed helps out in this regard. It is a small stiffened tab of velvet, supporting a cabochon made of black soutache braid which is fastened to the edge of the brim. One must explain it as a vagary of youth as well as an ornament. This is an all-black hat which proves that all-black may be as youthful as rose-color—if it is managed in the right way.

Julia Bottomley

To Lengthen Skirts.

To lengthen petticoats for little girls, instead of taking out tucks to make longer, open the shoulder seam and sew pieces of muslin to one edge, make buttonholes and button to the front. You can thus drop the skirt to the desired length and easily shorten it if necessary.



THE KITCHEN CABINET

Be honest, but hate no one; overturn a man's wrong doing, but do not overturn him unless it must be done in overturning wrong.

FOR THE THANKSGIVING TABLE.

For the breakfast on Thanksgiving day, when all the good things our purses and markets can furnish are planned for the dinner, let us not forget to serve:

Chestnut Pancakes.—Beat separately the yolks and whites of three eggs, add three-quarters of a cupful of cream, a tablespoonful each of fat and sugar, with sufficient flour (using corn flour) and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, to make a batter. When the cakes are baked spread each with mashed and seasoned chestnuts.

Frozen Cranberries.—This makes a most delightful change from the ordinary method of serving cranberries. Pick over and wash a quart of fine berries. Add two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water and when boiling add the berries. Cook until soft; cool and add one-half cupful of lemon juice. Rub through a sieve, turn into a melon mold and bury in ice and salt for four hours. When ready to serve unmold and send at once to the table.

Pear and Tomato Salad.—This is a combination especially good, and not at all common. Take small even-sized tomatoes, peel and cut in petal-shaped pieces without separating them, so that the tomato lies like an open flower. Peel ripe pears and slice on a vegetable slicer into strings; heap over the tomato, add French dressing and a little minced celery. The dressing should be well seasoned and a generous portion of cayenne added.

Thanksgiving Pudding.—To two cupfuls of fine bread crumbs, softened with a cupful of grape juice, add three well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful each of brown sugar and molasses, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Mix well and add one cupful of raisins, chopped, one-half cupful of dried currants, one-quarter of a cupful of candied orange peel and half a cupful of nutmeats, all well dredged with flour. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one-half cupful of flour and add, beating well. Put into well-buttered molds and steam three hours. Garnish the pudding with nut meats when serving.

TEMPTING DISHES.

The reason so few people get what they want is because they don't want it hard enough to use real effort in bringing things their way.—Max.

TEMPTING DISHES.

The seasoning of foods is the most important part of cookery. The finest of dishes imperfectly or improperly seasoned, are "flat, staple and unprofitable."

A most appetizing hot dish good for the noon or night meal may be prepared by using two cupfuls of cooked rice and the meat which has been put through the meat chopper. Season highly with cayenne, salt and add enough tomato to make the mixture quite moist. Bake until well-heated through.

Cooked beets either chopped or sliced and reheated with plenty of good olive oil, when butter is to be saved, salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, a dash of cayenne and a tablespoonful of hot vinegar, makes a most appetizing way of serving the good wholesome vegetable.

Hot Potato Salad.—Boil half a dozen potatoes and slice them while hot. Fry thin slices of bacon and cut into small pieces until there is half a cupful; into this after pouring off all but two tablespoonfuls of fat, stir a tablespoonful of flour, with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, a few dashes of red pepper and a half teaspoonful of salt. Stir constantly until smooth, adding gradually a half cupful of mild vinegar; let the dressing boil; add the bacon and a small onion chopped to the potatoes; heat all together and serve very hot.

Cranberry Conserve.—Cook a quart of cranberries in water enough to float them. When cooked add an equal measure of sugar, the pulp of three oranges, one cupful of raisins and the grated peel of one orange. Simmer until thick; then pour into glasses and cover with paraffin.

Cooked chopped beets, added to chopped onion and green peppers with French dressing makes a nice salad. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Bake cabbage in the oven and when tender season with butter, salt and pepper. Chicken fat, bacon fat or any sweet dripping may be used as butter in seasoning. These fats will not add the flavor that butter gives, but we are asked to save butter as it is needed in large quantities by the allies and our own soldiers.

The marshmallow cream which comes in the small paper cartons, selling at 15 cents, is a most convenient delicacy to have on hand. It will serve in place of whipped cream on chocolate or light desserts, is a fine filling for cake and may also be used as frosting.

Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; cultivate vines of our own planting, a few books full of inspiration and genius, a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of bigotry, full of trust and hope and love; and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—David Swing.

THE EVER POPULAR POPCORN.

Popcorn may be used in such a number of ways which will appeal to the taste that the following will be welcome as suggestive of the possibilities of this common, well-liked food:

A fruit salad is improved as to food value by the addition of a cupful of freshly popped corn. Added just before serving, it remains crisp. A spoonful of popped corn sprinkled over a dish of hot cream soup is another favorite.

Savory Balls for Salads.—Mold into balls one cupful each of ground popped corn and grated cheese. Season with paprika and salt and bind into balls with a little mayonnaise dressing. Served with salad these balls take the place of crackers or bread and make a substantial food.

Balls for Clear Soups.—Beat an egg and season it highly with salt, paprika, minced parsley or a little grated lemon peel. Gradually work in sufficient fine-ground popcorn to make a stiff dough. Roll out in balls half an inch in diameter; drop into the kettle of soup; boil five minutes before serving.

Popcorn Kisses.—Beat the white of an egg until stiff; add a half-cupful each of ground popcorn and powdered sugar and a tablespoonful of flour (level), a little salt, and when well-mixed drop by spoonfuls on greased paper and bake slowly until well-browned. This will make a dozen small cakes.

Popcorn Biscuits.—Sift four teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and one cupful of wheat flour and a half-cupful of corn flour, four tablespoonfuls of shortening and one cupful of freshly ground popped corn. Add enough milk or water to make into soft biscuits, cut in rounds and bake on a hot griddle, turning the cakes as they brown. They may be baked in the oven if preferred. This recipe makes one dozen biscuits.

All men whom mighty genius has raised to a proud eminence in the world have usually some little weakness which appears the more conspicuous from the contrast it presents to their general character.—Dickens.

TIMELY DISHES.

Cranberries are said to be especially good for various ills, warding off acid conditions by building the alkaline carbonates needed in the blood. Cranberry jelly, the time honored Thanksgiving dainty, is prepared by boiling two quarts of fruit with one of water; strain and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; stir until dissolved, but do not boil. Candied cranberries are as good for garnishing as cherries and much cheaper. Cook slowly until tender in a heavy sirup, then dry on oiled paper. Cranberries if firm and fresh will keep indefinitely in jars of cold water, keeping the fruit under the water.

Chicken Fricassee.—For one fowl add a quart of boiling water, three sprigs of parsley, a bay leaf, a stalk of celery, two slices of onion, a carrot and salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly and serve with the following sauce if it is a special occasion: Cook together four tablespoonfuls of fat and flour without browning; add slowly a pint of the chicken stock and cook ten minutes. Add the yolk of an egg beaten with a tablespoonful of cream and a squeeze of lemon juice. Pour over the chicken and serve hot.

Steamed Fruit Roll.—Roll good, rich biscuit dough half an inch thick, spread with butter, then with jam, jelly or marmalade. Roll up and place in a steamer on a perforated plate and steam for half an hour. Serve with any desired sauce.

Nut Mince Pie.—Chop two cupfuls of apples, add a cupful of nut meats, cut fine, half a cupful of not too strong vinegar, one cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of sugar, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Add salt and use for filling two crusts. Fruit juice or sweet cider may replace the vinegar.

Onion and Pepper Salad.—Chop six green peppers and one Bermuda onion very fine, add salt, pepper, a dash of mustard, one cupful of olive oil and the juice of one lemon; stir and mix until well blended. Add an inch of preserved ginger cut very fine. Serve on a bed of lettuce.

Onion Salad.—Add the juice of an onion or part of one to a rich white sauce. If served with mutton, add a sprinkling of cheese; if with fish, a chopped pickle.

Nellie Maxwell

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles.



I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

Cuticura Soap

Best for Baby

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

FREE LIBRARIES IN ITALY

Society Which Promotes Such Institutions Has Made a Record It May Well Be Proud Of.

The federation for the promotion of free libraries in Italy has to its credit the establishment of more than 2,000 libraries since the year of its first national convention in Rome in 1908 up to the present.

The federation is modeled after the Society of Milan for Popular Libraries, and has as its aims the promotion of circulating libraries of every description, and their management, and the organization of a speedy center, so that the federated libraries may buy supplies at cost.

It publishes manuals, guides, catalogues, etc., for the various types of libraries; publishes a federal periodical to be distributed free; has established a service for supplies which includes subscriptions at reduced rates, and the printing of catalogues, cards, etc., at cost; has established a federal library, an office for technical advice on library management and is planning for the direct production of books.

Houses for soldiers with libraries were established in the Italian war zones by the federation in collaboration with the minister of studies. These diminutive libraries were found more effective than the system formerly in vogue of sending books individually to the soldiers.

Talked Too Much.

Joe had been instructed that if he did not stop running away he could not go to the movies. Supposing the day's slate was clean, Joe's mother was taking him to a show. As the two reached the door Joe said: "Just running to the bridge wasn't far, was it, mother?" Joe was turned homeward and put to bed. Hearing the little fellow talking to himself a few moments later, mother eavesdropped: "That's one time, old man, you talked too much."

A young man can button his sister's gloves in less than half the time it takes him to button any other girl's.

The circles in which some of us move are but a scant half-mile track.

Some people learn of the harmful effects of coffee by reading. Others find it out through experience. In either case it is a good idea to adopt

INSTANT POSTUM

A delicious drink made from the finest cereals, harmless and nourishing. Made in the cup, instantly. Saves sugar and fuel.

Nellie Maxwell

Wants, For Sale, Etc.

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

For Sale

FOR SALE—Car barns of the Woodstock & Sycamore Traction Co. At a bargain if taken at once. G. E. Stott, Genoa, Ill. 10-1f

AUTOS FOR SALE—We have the following used cars for sale: five passenger Ford, five passenger Maxwell, five passenger Briscoe, five passenger Overland, Viehle Bus and 2 trucks. Hoover's Garage. 10-1f

FLOUR—At Union Feed Mill, \$2.70 per 49 lb. sack; \$10.75 per bbl. When sacks are furnished, \$10.14 per bbl. 5-1f

FOR SALE—Eight residence properties, at anywhere from \$600.00 to \$5,000.00, according to location and improvements. Some of these ought to fit and suit you if you want any. 35-1f D. S. Brown.

FOR SALE—Fairbanks Morse Jack of all Trades Gasoline engine. Inquire of Chas. Maderer, Genoa. 1f

Wanted

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

WANTED—Salesman. Active, energetic man, with or without selling experience. Opportunity to establish in own community business paying \$4 to \$8 per day. Stetson Oil Co., Station E., Cleveland, Ohio. *

HAY—I am in position to buy hay and bale by the ton. L. A. Wyld, 9-4t Genoa, Ill.

RENDERING—The Genoa rendering plant having changed hands, we will give the best of service. Wyld & Whipple. Phone 68. 7-1f

To Remove Ink.
To remove ink from fingers wet the fingers and then rub with the phosphorus end of a match. Wipe the fingers and repeat until stain disappears.

Tri-Color Not of Equal Proportion.

It is evident from the appearance of the French flag as a pictorial decoration that many artists are unaware that the tri-color does not consist of the three colors, blue, white and red, in equal proportion. When the famous flag was adopted in the year that gave the United States its Constitution, 1789, it was complained that due to an optical illusion, the white, in the middle, looked narrower at a distance, than the blue, which is next to the staff, and that the red, on the fly end of the flag, looked narrower than the white. After numerous experiments, the proportions of the colors were ordered to be, as they are now, "in every 100 parts, blue to be 30, white, 33 and red 37."

Ladies Shave in Japan.

There are many things the Japanese do differently from ourselves. For instance, ladies sit with their hands folded palms upward in Japan. They all shave. They never brush their hair, but only comb it. For the English "a thimbleful" the Japanese speak of "a sparrow's tear," and instead of talking of putting a thing on the fire to cook, the Japanese speak of fitting the fire through it. A man never wishes his wife good morning first—a truly oriental touch. She greets him and he replies. A woman never speaks of her husband as such. She speaks of "the house."

L. G. Hemenway, M. D.

Office over SCOTT'S PHARMACY
TELEPHONES Residence No. 8. Office No. 54

R. E. CHENEY

Expert Piano Tuner and Repairer

WITH Lewis & Palmer Piano Co. Dekalb and Sycamore

PHONES Sycamore 234 DeKalb 338

Curse for Gentlemen

He who thinks he cannot learn to love his neighbor as himself needs to learn to love himself less.—Youth's Companion

NOTICE

OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE
Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order and decree of the County Court of DeKalb County, Illinois, in the matter of the estate of Dorothy McNally, deceased, on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1915, pursuant to a petition of the undersigned Administrator of the estate of said decedent for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent hereinafter described for the purpose of payment of claims against said estate and cost and expense of administration, the undersigned will on Saturday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1919, at the front door of the court house in the city of Sycamore in said county, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, to-wit, at the hour of eleven o'clock on said day, offer for sale at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, the following described real estate of said decedent, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to the west fifty-eight (58) feet of the north fifty (50) feet of lot seven (7) in block twenty-one (21) in the Original Village (now city) of DeKalb, in said county.

Terms of sale will be ten per cent of the amount bid payable at the time of sale, and the balance upon approval of sale by the court and execution and delivery of proper deed or deeds of conveyance

E. J. Wiswall, Administrator of the estate of Dorothy McNally, deceased. 7-4t

NOTICE

OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order and decree of the County Court of DeKalb County, Illinois, in the matter of the estate of Sarah Thompson, deceased, on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1915, pursuant to petition of the undersigned Administrator of the estate of said decedent for leave to sell real estate of said decedent hereinafter described for the purpose of payment of claims against said estate and cost and expense of administration, the undersigned will on Saturday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1919, at the front door of the court house in the city of Sycamore in said county, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, to-wit, at the hour of eleven o'clock on said day, offer for sale at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, the following described real estate of said decedent, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to the west fifty-eight (58) feet of the north fifty (50) feet of lot seven (7) in block twenty-one (21) in the Original Village (now city) of DeKalb, in said county.

Terms of sale will be ten per cent of the amount bid payable at the time of sale, and the balance upon approval of sale by the court and execution and delivery of proper deed or deeds of conveyance.

Dated December 3, A. D. 1918. E. J. Wiswall, Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Thompson deceased. 7-4t

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order and decree of the County Court of the County of DeKalb and State of Illinois, made and entered of record on the 3rd day of December, A. D. 1918, the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Charles A. Carlson, deceased, will, on Saturday, the 11th day of January, A. D. 1919, at the office of the Kingdon State Bank, in the Village of Kingston, DeKalb County, Illinois, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, to-wit, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The north half (N. 1/2) of the northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of section seventeen (17) in township forty-two (42) north, range four (4) east of the third (3rd) principal meridian, situated in the County of DeKalb and State of Illinois, subject, however, to three certain trust deeds or mortgages, as follows:

One certain trust deed covering that part of the said premises known and described as the northwest quarter (N. W. 1/4) of said northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of said section seventeen (17), dated October 13, 1916, for \$2100.00, and recorded in the recorder's office of DeKalb county, Illinois, in book 98 of mortgages, at page 485.

One certain trust deed, covering that part of said premises known and described as the northwest quarter (N. W. 1/4) of said northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of said section seventeen (17), dated October 5, 1918, for \$1240.00, and recorded in the recorder's office of DeKalb County, Illinois, in book 102 of mortgages at page 407, and

One certain mortgage, covering that part of premises known and described as the northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of said northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of said section seventeen (17), dated August 23, 1918, for \$4500.00, and recorded in the recorder's office of DeKalb county, Illinois, in book 93 of mortgages at page 514.

The said premises will be sold free and clear of dower and homestead interests. The said sale is to be held on the following terms and conditions, to-wit: Ten per cent of the amount bid payable at the time of sale, and the balance upon approval of the sale by the Court and execution and delivery of proper deed or deeds of conveyance.

Dated this 10th day of December, A. D. 1918. Mamie Carlson, Administratrix of the estate of Charles A. Carlson, deceased. E. W. Brown, Atty. 8-4t

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order and decree of the County Court of the County of DeKalb and State of Illinois, made and entered of record on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1918, the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Charles L. Nelson, deceased, will, on Saturday, the 18th day of January, A. D. 1919, at the premises, in the City of Genoa, DeKalb County, Illinois, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, to-wit, at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot Seven (7), in Block Nine (9), of Citizen's Addition to Genoa, situated in the County of DeKalb and the State of Illinois. The said premises will be sold free and clear of dower and homestead interests.

The said sale is to be held on the following terms and conditions, to-wit: Ten per cent of the amount bid payable at the time of sale, and the balance upon approval of the sale by the Court and execution and delivery of proper deed or deeds of conveyance.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order and decree of the County Court of the County of DeKalb and State of Illinois, made and entered of record on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1918, the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Charles L. Nelson, deceased, will, on Saturday, the 18th day of January, A. D. 1919, at the premises, in the City of Genoa, DeKalb County, Illinois, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, to-wit, at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The said sale is to be held on the following terms and conditions, to-wit: Ten per cent of the amount bid payable at the time of sale, and the balance upon approval of the sale by the Court and execution and delivery of proper deed or deeds of conveyance.

Genoa Lodge No. 288 A. F. & A. M.

Meets Second and Fourth Tuesdays of Each Month
F. F. Little, 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
John Gray, N. G. J. W. Sowers, Sec

JANUARY Clearance Sale

With the coming of the New Year also comes Bargain Days for The Careful Shopper

- | | |
|--|---|
| Children's Underwear
Fleeced lined garments, good and warm, broken sizes, clearance price 25c | Ladies' Underwear
Union Suits, fleeced lined, a good garment clearance price \$1.29 |
| Ladies' Hose
Regular 20 and 25c values at this clearance sale 14c and - - - - - 18c | House Dresses
Dresses made of a good grade of percale and gingham clearance price - - \$1.48 |
| Notions
Talcum Powder 9c per can, Hair Pins 4c per box, Soap 4c and 8c per cake, 500 yd basting thread 5c per spool, common pins 4c per paper. | Men's Mittens
Double thumbs, heavy canton flannel, clearance price per pair - - - - 10c |

Remnants
Many real bargains in remnants, in wool dress goods, silks, gingham, tennis flannels, laces and ribbons, **less than Half Price**

Coats Shoes

Now is the time to buy that coat. Sault Sac Plash **\$32.50**. Broad Cloth, Cloth, full lined coats at **\$27.50** and **\$22.50**. Scotch Tweed Weaves in many colors **\$17.50** and **\$9.50**. And other Coats at **\$5.00**.

Shoes good enough for anybody. Tan lace cloth top shoes, black kid shoes in lace and button, also heavy calf shoes. Every shoe all leather. Clearance price **\$3.48**

Percales 25c per yard	Curtain Scrim 15c per yard	Muslin 18 1-2c per yard
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Short Length Dress Ginghams 25c per yard

Make Our Store Your Store and Save Money

F. W. OLMSTED GENOA ILL.

Stop Throwing Money Away

You're throwing away the extra profit that warm water in cold weather will bring you from your stock. Cold water decreases the milk supply of cows and the fat producing capacity of hogs. You can get the full value of the grain you feed. Your stock will do 20% better on the same feed if they are given a constant supply of pure water that is warm in winter and cool in summer by using



Non-Freezable Sanitary Waterers

Keeps water clean and sanitary. Easily filled, automatic feed. Saves time and labor. Eliminates the necessity of chopping ice in winter. **Guaranteed Non-Freezable.** Enables your stock to have water that is always accessible, as well as warm, in 40 degrees below zero weather and cool fresh water on the hottest day. An "All-Year Round" Waterer. Lasts a lifetime. Made of galvanized steel. Simple, practical and inexpensive to operate. Prevents disease, reduces feed expense. A real necessity on every farm. Pays for itself in a short time.

An O-K Waterer is the best investment you can make. It will pay you big dividends every year. Come in and let us show you the **Guaranteed O-K Waterer.** Sold ready to use.

Sold only by **Crescent Remedy Co.** Genoa, Ill.

To boost the fire in the early morning and save coal

Cedar or Walnut Slabs

We have them now The price is right

ZELLER & SON

GENOA OPERA HOUSE

Dances every Friday night until after the Holidays. Show Christmas and New Years nights. Skating Christmas and New Years afternoon from 2 until 5, also skating Christmas and New Years after the show.

CONRAD KNIPRATH, Prop.

Daily Thought.
All things are less dreadful than they seem.—Wordsworth.



IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER
The Perfection Heater is ready in a minute to make any room cozy. Portable, clean, good-looking and dependable. Inexpensive. Gives that extra warmth an hour at a time or all day long, just as you need it. Come in and let us show it to you.

Perkins & Rosenfeld

Bargain week at Olmsted's.
F. O. Swan was in Chicago Tuesday. A gift for New Years can be found at Olmsted's.
Miss Ruth Slater is home from Chicago for the holidays.
Dishes of all kinds Olmsted's bargain basement.
F. W. Olmsted was a Chicago passenger this week Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sandall were in Chicago Thursday of this week.
R. H. Browne transacted business in Chicago Monday.
Vernum Hannah of Hampshire was a visitor the first of the week.
Many money saving values at Olmsted's the coming week.
Mrs. James Hutchison, Jr. was a Hampshire visitor Sunday.
Don't miss reading Olmsted's advertisement this week.
Vay Kellogg of Beloit was in town this week.
Mrs. Emma Duval and son, Milburn, of Elgin visited home folks on Christmas.
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Smith entertained Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Nutting of Oak Park over Christmas.
Miss Klea Schoonmaker spent the fore part of the week at the home of her uncle, G. C. Kitchen, in Ney.
Mrs. T. B. Haines of Chicago is spending her holiday vacation with her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Baldwin.
We wish all our customers and all who will eventually be our customers

a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co.

Light and dark percales, 36 inches wide, special at 25 cents per yard, at Olmsted's.

Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Lott and sons, Merrill and Spencer, were Christmas visitors at Downers Grove.

Mrs. Emma Kohne and two daughters are ill with influenza. Mrs. Irene Richards is caring for them.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Leich are entertaining the latter's brother, Geo. E. Bartholf, of Rochester, N. Y.

Hoover's Garage is again open for business and we solicit your patronage. J. A. Patterson.

The Red Cross meeting will be held on Tuesday of next week instead of Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crawford of Rockford were in Genoa the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Field and sons, Kenneth and Donald, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. Field's father in Rockford.

W. F. Nulle spent last Sunday at the home of his son, Malwin, in Chicago. Mrs. Nulle is spending the holidays with her son.

Dr. A. B. Sowers was out from Chicago the first of the week, visiting his father, J. W. Sowers.

E. O. Gustavson of Canada is visiting at the home of his father in New Lebanon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Donely Gray saw "Hitchy Koo" at the Illinois theatre in Chicago Christmas day.

G. H. Martin spent Christmas with Mrs. Martin who is receiving treatment at Rest Haven Sanitarium in Elgin.

Mrs. Lenora Worcester of Alton is spending her Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bevan and son, Thomas, went to Atlanta, Ill., Monday to spend Christmas at the former's home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patterson and son, Dillon, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Patterson and family were Christmas guests at the M. J. Corson home.

Mrs. Mesdames Roy Beardsley and J. W. Ovitiz will be hostesses at a Christmas party to the members of the Thimble Club Friday afternoon of this week.

Capt. and Mrs. E. B. Wilcox of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, are visiting at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Virginia Wilcox.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Kiernan and children were guests of Mrs. Kiernan's sister, Mrs. Wells, in Elgin on Christmas day.

Attorney and Mrs. G. E. Stott were guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. C. H. Meyers, in Chicago over Wednesday.

Mrs. W. H. Kennedy and daughter Ellen, of Byron were Christmas guests at the home of the former's daughter, Mrs. C. A. Goding.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Holtgren of Chicago spent the first of the week with Mrs. Holtgren's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Corson.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Beardsley have been entertaining the latter's mother, Mrs. Bidwell, and sister, Mrs. Clifford, and the latter's daughter, Jane Ann, of Elgin.

James L. Prutzman of Shannon, Ill., was calling on Genoa friends this week. Jim is now selling insurance and is meeting with success in the new venture.

Arthur Morehouse, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Morehouse, who is serving in France, has recently been promoted to the rank of major.

Dillon Patterson arrived home from New York the first of the week, his trip across the Atlantic as a Jack Tar of the U. S. Navy having been postponed indefinitely. He may report at New York the first of the year.

Clive Watson will enter the employ of the C. M. & St. Paul Ry Co. next week, as signal man. His headquarters will be Savannah and his work will take him along the line from Davis Junction to Marion, Iowa. He expects to retain his home in Genoa.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Forrester, who reside on the Burroughs farm, south of town, are spending holiday week with Belvidere relatives. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Burroughs are residing on the farm during the tenant's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Patterson and two daughters of Rockford, Miss Lenora Worcester of Alton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Patterson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Worcester, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Caroline Sager of this city ate Christmas dinner at the Joe Patterson home.

Fred Spansail, Sr. passed away at Hampshire last Friday, the funeral services being held on Monday. Mr. Spansail resided in Genoa several years and for many years was section foreman at New Lebanon. Mrs. Charles Nelson of Genoa is a daughter of the deceased. Mrs. Spansail resides with her.

The following gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Minard Scott for

Christmas dinner: Mrs. T. B. Haines of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Brown and family of Garden Prairie, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott and family, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Snyder and Mrs. Henrietta Baldwin of Genoa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sowers entertained the following guests on Christmas day: Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Shangan and family and Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Koch and family of Hampshire; Mr. and Mrs. James Hutchison, Jr.; Mrs. James Hutchison, Sr. and Miss Margaret Hutchison of this city.

The county clerk, under direction of the board of supervisors, is trying to get a complete and permanent record of each and every boy from Genoa township who is now serving or has served in any branch of the army or navy. We now have blanks for making out such records, and will be pleased to have the parents, relatives or friends of such men call for these blanks. We would like photos of all men from Genoa, postal card size preferred, for a permanent record for Genoa.

EXCHANGE BANK

It has been the custom of The Republican-Journal for many years to suspend publication one week during the holidays, but owing to the fact that we are running legal notices which must appear consecutive weeks we can not take the much needed vacation this year. Christmas coming on Wednesday is enough to make us late with a very poor paper this week, but in connection with this handicap, part of the force is in bed with influenza.

About forty neighbors of the Hewer family went to that farm last Wednesday with 35 or forty wagons and husked forty acres of corn, or about two thousand bushels. At noon the ladies served dinner at the Blain Blake home. Father and son were recently taken from the Hewer home by death, and this assistance of the neighbors was a mighty fine thing. It meant only a few hours of time for each man, but the work accomplished in the aggregate is a wonderful help to the stricken family.

GAVE GREAT WRITER THEME

How Patriotic Protest of Gentle-Hearted Man Furnished Inspiration to Joel Chandler Harris.

In one of his stories of farm life in Georgia Joel Chandler Harris tells of a wealthy planter who wanted a few acres of original woodland cleared near a village in which he lived. Labor was scarce, but he finally induced a thrifless fellow in the village to do the work—a man who had always been honest, but a kind of dreamer and "n'er do well."

After a few days the man came to his employer and frankly confessed that he could not do the work, although he needed the money. Pressed for a reason he said that the first tree he started to cut down was hollow and occupied by two squirrels, who made violent complaint at the destruction of their house. The next was the home of a chipmunk, with a large family, and the third was occupied by at least four pairs of jaybirds. "That piece of woodland is a peopled city, throbbing with life, busy from morning until night. It contains their homes and families, they have built and lived there for years and I have not the heart to destroy what belongs to these helpless creatures." And out of that incident, simple but impressive as it was, Mr. Harris drew inspiration for one of the most graphic pictures in all literature.—H. E. Harman, in the South Atlantic Quarterly.

Music is a Moral Law.

There is an intense need for art, and above all for music in the daily lives of our people, and it is through the public schools that the musical resources of the younger generation, at present lying dormant, must be awakened.

Why should our girls and boys being educated to be good business men and women be denied development of all higher intellectual and moral side of their natures? It is here that music most directly exerts its influence. To quote the words of Plato: "Music is a moral law. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."

There is always the possibility, too, that embryo Patis and Carusos are amongst our children and these can add as much to the future fame of our country as orators, poets, writers, or successful business men—then let them too, have their choice in school days, as well as the others.

Dr. J. T. SHESLER

DENTIST

Telephone No. 44
Office in Exchange Bank Building

WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

We pay from \$2.00 to \$35.00 per set (broken or not.) We also pay actual value for diamonds, old gold, silver and brook-work. Send at once by parcel post and receive cash by return mail. Will return goods if our price is unsatisfactory. MAZER'S TOOTH SPECIALTY Dept. X, 2007 So. 5th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

—SEND ORDERS—

Pianos and Victrolas

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

LETTERS FROM BOYS OVER THERE

(Continued from page 1)

Give my best regards to my friends and I wish you and them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"

Under date of November 24, Private Paul Ruback, Co. A, 363rd Infantry, writes to his mother as follows:

"I am in a good American hospital and not able to write so am having a Red Cross worker send you a little Christmas note. Will be sitting up in a few weeks, and will try to write you a good letter then, myself.

"I'll help you eat that turkey in the spring since I can't be with you Christmas."

Under date of November 9th, Private Ruback wrote his sister, Mrs. Olive Ruback, as follows:

"I was wounded on the 23rd of October. I am now at a base hospital and am getting good care taken of me. I expect to improve fast and be back on my feet before many days. I have been away from my company about two weeks and have not seen any snow as yet."

The above letter was written by a friend of the wounded man. Private Ruback was wounded in the chest by a machine gun bullet. He entered the service from Woodstock where he was employed at the time war was declared.

Private Otto Dander writes his mother, Mrs. M. Dander, as follows:

"Will write a letter just to let you know that I am well and happy. No doubt, you heard the good, cheerful news about the war before we did. I am in a new company and it is the best. We went to the front the first of November and stayed there for eleven days. But it was some life, did not get any sleep until Monday night, Nov. 11. Well, mother, it was November 10, Sunday morning, that we went over the top. We gained about a half mile. Again we went over in the afternoon. Mother, I tell you I gave up all hopes that time, but we came out all right, for I must say that God was with us. The next day at eleven o'clock the war was over and it was some happy bunch. Just before I left for the front I happened to run across George Patterson. Had a little visit with him and he said I was the second man from home that he had seen. It certainly felt good to see an old friend. I can not tell you when we'll pull back for the good old U. S. A. The U. S. A. girls have them all beat, so don't worry. Have just received pay for September and October. I suppose you are busy husking corn and getting ready for the winter. It is getting cold here now, but we have fires, which keep us pretty warm. Take good care of yourself and give my love to all the family. I will write more in a few days. I haven't received any letters yet. So with best wishes for your good health, I will close."

Evaline Lodge
No. 344
4th Tuesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall
W. J. Prain, Prefect
Fannie M. Heed, Sec.

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

Della Rebeckah Lodge
NO. 330
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday of Each Month
Odd Fellow Hall
Mae Corson, N. G.
Edna Abraham, Sec.

Away with DEADLY POISONS
RAT CORN
KILLS RATS, MICE AND GOPHERS
FOR SALE BY
SCOTT'S PHARMACY

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

To the Trade
a Happy,
Prosperous New Year

F. O. HOLTGREN

Have you Junk, Furs and Hides?
Call Gordon Bros.

Telephone 138

GENOA, ILLINOIS

What to do with Your Year's Profits

The best place to put farm profits, after you have done your duty with Liberty bonds and war charities, is back into your business. You know whether it is a crib or a hog house (a feeding floor or a stable that you need most. Whatever will help you to produce more or lose less by rats and disease should be built next spring.

Start Figuring Right Away

Losses that you can prevent with new buildings will more than offset the slightly increased cost of material and labor. You can select from full stocks now. Ask for free plans, and estimates on cement, lumber and roofing.

Tibbits, Cameron L'mbr Co.

ORRIN MERRITT, Manager

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Live Stock

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Farm Sales made anywhere.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Phone 922-22

Genoa, Ill

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Deposits guaranteed with over \$300,000.00

Kingston Market & Grocery

FRESH AND SALT MEATS
Oysters and Fish in Season

A line of Specially Selected Staple Groceries. Goods and Prices Right

R. H. STERNBURG

Telephone 16

Silver drip syrup

in bulk! Just as good as you have been buying in cans and cheaper, of course. Try a gallon or less. You will have to furnish your own jug or pail.

Fresh supply of the best Pancake Flour

NONE SUCH VIRGINIA SWEET

PRIDE OF AURORA

E. J. TISCHLER, Grocer

GUNNER DEPEW

Albert N. Depew

EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY-OFFICER, U. S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Coming back along the same road we halted to let another convoy of mules go past, and an officer of the Royal naval division came up and began talking to our officers. He was telling them how he and his men had landed at "X" beach, and how they had to wade ashore through barbed wire. "And, you know," he said in a surprised way, as if he himself could hardly believe it, "the beggars were actually firing on us!" That is just like the Limeys, though. Their idea is not to appear excited about anything at any time, but to act as though they were playing cricket—standing around on a lawn with paddles in their hands, half asleep. The Limeys are certainly cooler under fire, though, and I think that because the Anzacs did so well at Gallipoli people have not given enough credit to the British regulars and R. N. D.'s, who were there too, and did their share of the work, and did it as well as any men could.

After a while this officer started on his way again, and as he cut across the road a French officer came up. The Limey was a monacle, which caused the French officer to stare at him a minute before he saluted. After the Englishman had passed him the Frenchman took a large French penny out of his pocket, screwed it into his eye and turned toward us so that we could see it, but the Limey could not. That was not the right thing to do, especially before enlisted men, so our officers did not laugh, but the men did, and so loud that Limey turned around and caught sight of the Frenchman. He started back toward him and I thought sure there would be a fight, or that, more likely, the Limey would report him. Our officers should have placed the Frenchman under arrest, at that.

The Frenchman expected trouble, too, for he pulled up very straight and stiff, but he left the penny in his eye. The Limey came up to him, halted a few paces off and, without saying a word, took the monacle out of his eye, twiddled it three or four feet in the air and caught it in his other eye when it came down.

"Do that, you blighter," he said and faced about and was on his way down the road. They had it on the Frenchman after that.

This Philippe Pierre, of whom I have spoken, told me a story about two Limey officers that I hardly believed, yet Philippe swore it was the truth. He had been in America before the war, and he said he had seen one of the officers that the story is about many times in New York.

He said there were two Limey officers going along the road arguing about the German shells which the Turks were using. One of the officers said they were no good because they did not burst. Just about that time a shell came along and they picked themselves up quite a distance from where they had been standing. Another shell whizzed by and landed flat on the side of the road. The officer walked over, dug it out of the ground, and took away the detonator and fuse—to prove that they did not explode! The only thing that would make me believe that story is that Philippe Pierre said they were Limey officers. No one but a Limey would remember such an argument after being knocked gallely west by a shell concussion. I do not doubt that a Limey would do it if it could be done, though.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Croix de Guerre.

When we had been on the shore for about three weeks we found ourselves one morning somewhere near Sedd-el-Bahr under the heaviest fire I ever experienced. Our guns and the 'Turks' were at it full blast, and the noise was worse than deafening.

A section of my company was lying out in a shell hole near the communication trench with nothing to do but wait for a shell to find them. We were stiff and thirsty and uncomfortable, and had not slept for two nights. In that time we had been under constant fire and had stood off several raiding parties and small attacks from enemy trenches.

We had no sooner got used to the shell hole and were making ourselves as comfortable as possible in it when along came a shell of what must have been the Jack Johnson size, and we were swamped. We had to dig three of the men out, and though one of them was badly wounded we could not send him back to the hospital. In fact, the shelling was so heavy that none of us ever expected to come out of it alive.

So, it was like keeping your own

death watch, with the shells tuning up for the dirge. It was impossible to listen to the shells. If you kept your mind on the noise for any length of time it would split your eardrums, I am sure. So all we could do was to lay low in the shell hole and wait for something to happen.

Then they began using shrapnel on us, and one of our machine gunners, who got up from his knees to change position, had his head taken clean off his shoulders, and the rest of him landed near my feet and squirmed a little, like a chicken that had just been killed. It was awful to see the body without any head move around that way, and we could hardly make ourselves touch it for some time. Then we rolled it to the other side of the hole.

Then, to one side of us, there was a more violent explosion than any yet. The earth spouted up and fell on us, and big clouds of black smoke, sliding along the ground, covered our shell hole and hung there for some time. One of our sergeants, from the regular French infantry, said it was a shell from a Turkish 155-mm. howitzer. That was only the first one. The worst thing about them was the smoke—people who think Pittsburgh is smoky ought to see about fifty of those big howitzer shells bursting, one after another.

We could not tell what the rest of our line was doing or how we were standing the awful fire, but we felt sure they were not having any worse time than we were. In a few minutes we heard the good old "75s" start pounding, and it was like hearing an old friend's voice over the telephone, and everybody in our shell hole cheered, though no one could hear us, and we could barely hear each other. Still we knew that if the "75s" got going in their usual style they would do for an enemy battery or two, and that looked good to us. The "75s" made the noise worse, but it was already about as bad as it could be, and a thousand guns more or less would not have made it any harder to stand.

One of our men shouted in the sergeant's ear that the men in line ahead of us and to the right were trying to give us a message of some kind. The sergeant stuck his head above the parapet and had a look. But I stayed where I was—the sergeant could see for himself and me, too, as far as I was concerned.

He shouted at us that the men in the other trench were trying to signal something, but he could not make it out because the clouds of smoke would roll between them and break up the words. So he laid down again in the bottom of the hole. But after a while he looked over the parapet and saw a man just leaving their trench, evidently with a message for us, and he had not gone five steps before he was blown to pieces, and the lad who followed him got his, too, so they stopped trying then.

And all the time the "75s" were sending theirs to the Turks not far over our heads to 900 yards behind



His Head Taken Clean Off His Shoulders.

us, and the howitzers were dropping their 240-pound bits of iron in every vacant space and some that were not vacant. It was just one big roar and screech and growl all at once, like turning the whole dog pound loose on a piece of meat.

The concussions felt like one long string of boxes on the ear, and our throats were so dry that it hurt to swallow, which always makes your

ears feel better after a strong concussion. One after another of our boys was slipping to the ground and digging his fists into his ears, and the rest of them sat on the parapet fire step with their heads between their knees and their arms wrapped around their heads.

Our sergeant came to me after a while and began acting just like people do at a show, only he shouted instead of whispered in my ear. When people are looking at one show they always want to tell you how good some other show is, and that was the way with the sergeant.

"You should see what they did to us at St. Elol," he said. "They just baptized us with the big fellows. They did not know when to stop. When you see shelling that is shelling, you will know it, my son."

"Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is it? Are they trying to kid us or are you, mon vicux?" which is a French expression that means something like "old timer."

"My son, when you see dugouts caved in, guns pushed all over the map, roads wrecked, bodies twisted up in knots and forty men killed by one shell—then you will know you are seeing shelling."

Then one of our men sat up straight against the parapet and stared at us and began to shake all over, but we could not get him to say anything or move. So we knew he had shell shock. And another man watched him for a while, and then he began to shake, too. The sergeant said that if we stayed there much longer we would not be fit to repel an attack, so he ordered us into the two dugouts which had made in the hole, and only himself and another man stayed outside on watch.

The men in the dugout kept asking each other when the bombardment would end, and why we were not reinforced, and what was happening, and whether the Turks would attack us. It was easy to see why we were not reinforced—no body of men could get to us from the reserve trenches. The communication trenches were quite a distance from us and were battered up at that. Some of the men said we had been forgotten and that the rest of our troops had either retired or advanced and that we and the men in the trench who had tried to signal us were the only detachments left there.

Pretty soon another man and I relieved the two men who were outside on watch, and as he went down into the dugout the sergeant shouted to us that he thought the Turks were afraid to attack. He also ordered one of us to keep a live eye toward our rear in case any of our troops should try to signal us. When I looked through a little gully at the top of the hole, toward the other trench, all I could see was barbed wire and smoke and two or three corpses. I began to shiver a little, and I was afraid I would get shell shock, too. So I began to think about Murray and how he looked when they took him off the wall. But that did not stop the shivering, so I thought about my grandmother and how she looked the last time I saw her. I was thinking about her, I guess, and not keeping a very good lookout, when a man rolled over the edge and almost fell on me. He was from the other trenches. I carried him into the dugout and then went out again and stood my watch until the relief came. We were doing half-hour shifts.

When I got into the dugout again the man was coming to. He was just about as near shell shock as I had been—by this time I was shivering only once in a while, when I did not watch myself. He said four men had been sliced up trying to get to us before he came; that they had lost 11 men out of their 32, including the sergeant-major in command and two corporals; that they were almost out of ammunition; that the trenches on both sides of them had been blown in and that they were likely to go to pieces at any moment. He said they all thought the Turks would attack behind their barrage, for he said the curtain of fire did not extend more than a hundred yards in front of their trench. What they wanted us to do was to relay a man back with the news and either get the word to advance or retire or await reinforcements, they did not care which—only to be ordered to do something. There was not a commissioned officer left with either of the detachments, you see, and you might say we were up in the air—only we were really as far in the ground as we could get.

The man thought there were other of our lines not far behind us, but we knew better; so then he said he did not see how any one could get back from there to our nearest lines. I did not see either. Then we all figured we were forgotten and would not come out of there alive, and you can believe me or not, but I did not much care. Anything would be better than just staying there in that awful noise with nothing to do, and no water.

Our sergeant said he would not ask any man to attempt to carry the message, because he said it was not only certain death, but absolutely useless. And he began to show that he was near shell shock himself.

Then I began to shiver again, and I thought to myself that anything would be better than sitting in this hole waiting to go "cufard," so I decided to volunteer. I did not think there was any chance to get through, but it seemed as if I just had to do something, no matter what. I had never felt that way before, and had never been that anxious to "go west" with a shell for company, but I have felt that way since then several times, I can tell you.

The man was telling us that some time before they had seen the Turks bringing up ammunition from some storehouses, but they did not come anywhere near. He said their sergeant wanted our messenger to tell them that, too. He would say a few words very fast, then he would shiver again, and his jaws would clip together and he would try to raise his hand, but could not.

Then our sergeant asked the name of the other sergeant, and when the man told him he said the man was senior to himself and therefore in command and would have to be obeyed.

He seemed to cheer up a lot after he said this and did not shiver any more, so I thought I would volunteer then, so I said to him, "Well, mon vicux, do you think we are seeing real shelling now?" And then I was going to say I would go, but he looked at me in a funny way for a second and then said, "Well, my son, suppose you go and find out."

I thought he was kidding me at first, but then I saw he meant it. I thought two things about it—one was that anything was better than staying there, and the other was that the old dugout was a pretty fair place after all. But I did not say anything to the sergeant or the other men—just went out of the dugout. The sergeant and another man went with me and boosted me over the back wall of the hole. I lay flat on the ground for a minute to get my bearings, and then started off.

I set my course for where I thought the communication trenches were, to the right, and I just stood up and ran, for I figured that as the shells were falling so thick and it was open ground I would not have any better chance if I crawled.

I tripped several times and went down, and each time thought I was hit, because when I got it in the thigh at Dixmude it felt a good deal as though I had tripped over a rope. And one time when I fell a shell exploded near me and I began to shiver again, and I could not go on for a long time. All this time I did not



All I Could See Was Barbed Wire and Smoke.

think I would get through, but finally, when I reached what had been the communication trench I felt I had done the worst part of it, and I began to wish very hard that I would get through—I was not at all crazy about going west.

The mouth of the communication trench had been battered in and the trenches it joined with were all filled up. There were rifles sticking out of them in several places, and I thought probably the men had been buried alive in them. But it was too late then, if they had been caught, so I climbed over the blocked entrance to the communication trench and started back along it. It led up through a sort of gully, and I thought it was a bad place to dig a communication trench in, because it gave the Turks something like the side of a hill to shoot at.

Every once in a while I would have to climb in and out of a shell hole, and parts of them were blocked where a shell had caved in the walls. In one place I saw corpses all torn to pieces, so I knew the Turks had found the range and had got to this trench in great shape. At another place I found lots of blood and equipment but no bodies, and I figured that reinforcements had been caught at this spot and that they had retired, taking their casualties with them.

The Turks still had the range, and they were sending a shell into the trench every once in a while, and I was knocked down again, though the shell was so far away that it knocked me down with force of habit more than anything else. I felt dizzy and shivered a lot, and kept trying to think of Murray or anything else but myself.

So finally I got to the top of the little hill over which the gully ran, and on the other side I felt almost safe. Just down from the crest of the hill was one of our artillery positions, with the good old "75s" giving it to the Turks as fast as they could. I told the artillery officers what had happened, had a drink of water and thought I would take a nap. But when they telephoned the message back to division headquarters the man at the receiver said something to the officer and he told me to stay there and be ready. I thought sure he would send me back to where I came from and I knew I never could make it again, but I did not say anything.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Electric locomotives are being increasingly adopted in South Africa for underground haulage.

HOW SARDINES ARE PACKED

Comparatively Simple Process, but the Work Requires Expert Supervision and Must Be Carefully Done.

The process of preparing sardines is very simple but requires experience and great care. Upon the arrival of the sardines at the factory they are immediately placed on large wooden tables about forty feet long, where they are cleaned. This process takes only a second, and a fairly efficient worker can clean from 200 to 400 pounds of fish per day, according to a writer in Fishing Gazette.

The fish are then placed in vats of brine, where they are allowed to remain from one-half to two hours, according to size. They are then placed in wire trays equipped with prongs in upright position, where they are allowed to dry for about an hour before they are ready for cooking. This is done by placing the trays in large steam ovens, where the fish are subjected to a pressure of about two pounds of steam, twenty minutes being consumed in properly cooking the small fish and as much as thirty-five minutes in cooking the larger sizes.

This cooking has to be carefully watched; if the sardines are subjected to too much steam they become somewhat brittle and break when being packed. Some sardines are cooked in oil; however, an extra charge is made for this process, and comparatively few are sold.

After the sardines have been properly steamed the trays are placed on long counters for sorting, which is done by carefully selected and well-paid girls. After sorting, the tins are filled with oil and placed on shelves, where they are allowed to remain for about twelve hours in order to insure the proper impregnation of the oil. Pure olive oil is used in preparing most sardines, especially the best grades, but for some markets a mixture of olive oil and high-grade peanut oil is desired.

CIVILIZATIONS OF THE PAST

Nations With High Degree of Civilization That Are Now Only Memory in History's Pages.

Thousands of years ago—long before the great western nations of today, long before even Greek and Roman were heard of—there were more or less advanced civilizations on both sides of the Pacific. China, for example, had grown into a stable Mongolian kingdom perhaps 4,000 years before the beginning of our era. A Chinese author writes: "There is no existing nation in the world that has a larger past than China. She has seen the rise and fall of the ancient Egyptian dynasties; the extension of the Persian empire; the conquests of Alexander; the irresistible advance of the Roman legions; the deluge of the Teutonic hordes from the north, and the birth of all the nations of modern Europe."

The Japanese also, a people compounded of various elements, but chiefly Mongolian and Malayan, stood at the beginning of our era on a high plane of civilization, and even then exhibited the tendencies and the adaptiveness which distinguish them today.

Then away to the east in Central and South America, civilizations waxed and waned, reaching their highest development in the Aztec and Incan empires, the latter of which was an extremely interesting example of despotic socialism.

Rupert Brooke in Fiji.

Fiji in moonlight is like nothing else in this world. . . . It's all dim colors and all scents. And here, where it's high up, the most fantastically shaped mountains in the world tower up all around, and little silver clouds and wisps of mist run bleating up and down the valleys and hillsides like lambs looking for their mother. There's only one thing on earth as beautiful; and that's Samoa by moonlight. That's utterly different, merely heaven, sheer loveliness. You lie on a mat in a cool Samoan hut, and look out on the white sand under the high palms, and a gentle sea, and the black line of the reef a mile out, and moonlight over everything, floods and floods of it, not sticky, like Honolulu moonlight, not to be eaten with a spoon, but flat and abundant, such that you could slice thin golden-white shavings off it, as off cheese. . . . From "Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" with a Memoir.

Marriage.

Marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect and hath in it the labor of love and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.—Jeremy Taylor.

Brand New Head.

"What a good head the baby has," exclaimed Aunt Madge, who had come all the way from Anderson just to see the new baby in Ashland Avenue. "He'll be president, sure." "It ought to be a good head," put in little brother, whose three-year-old nose is out of joint, "the only has used two weeks."—Indianapolis Star.



Back Feel Achy After Grip?

COLDS and influenza leave thousands with weak kidneys and aching backs. The kidneys have to do most of the work of fighting off a cold or a contagious disease. They weaken—slow up. Then you feel dull and draggy, irritable or nervous, and have headaches, dizzy spells, lame back, backache, sore joints and irregular kidney action. Give the kidneys quick help and avoid serious kidney troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills are always in unusual demand after grip epidemics as so many people have learned their reliability. Doan's are used the world over. They are recommended by your own friends and neighbors.

Personal Reports of Real Cases

AN ILLINOIS CASE.

Mrs. J. R. Pittson, 902 Chestnut St., Monticello, Ill., says: "I had such a bad attack of kidney complaint I had to give up entirely and for a week I was almost helpless. I had terrible pains in my back and was lame and sore all over. I had cold chills and had flashes and my hands and fingers became cramped with rheumatic pains. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and when I had finished five boxes I was entirely free from the pain and other suffering and felt like a different woman."

AN IOWA CASE.

C. B. Weston, justice of the peace, Traer St., Greene, Iowa, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills off and on for attacks of kidney complaint. When I take cold it settles on my kidneys and brings on the attacks. Mornings I have a lameness in the small of my back and the kidney secretions are unnatural and irregular in passage. I always use Doan's Kidney Pills at these times and receive prompt relief."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

60c a Box at All Stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Mfg. Chem.

Higher Freight Rates.
"Say, pa," came the voice with the rising inflection, rising for the fiftieth time.
"Well, son?" answered pa's voice.
"Do they have sulphur and brimstone in heaven?"
"I guess not; those commodities are supposed to exist at the other place."
"Gosh, they have to ship it a long way, don't they, pa?"
"What are you talking about, my boy?"
"Well, I heard you say that matches are made in heaven."

Dandruff and Itching.
To restore dry, falling hair and get rid of dandruff, rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Starting Something.
A prominent broker of Indianapolis was attempting to correct his child by giving him a "licking" when he was astonished by his small son striking back at him. The father asked the boy what he meant by hitting his father, when the boy replied: "Well, you started it, didn't you?"—Indianapolis News.

Never judge the cook in the kitchen by the cook book in the library.

Many School Children are Sickly.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Pleasant to take and give satisfaction. A certain Relief for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Teething and Stomach Disorders and remove Worms. They tend to break up a cold in 24 hours, act on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels and tend to correct intestinal disorders. Over 10,000 testimonials of relief.

Read a few extracts from the hundreds of unsolicited letters we receive every year, the originals of which are on file in our offices:

"I think MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN are grand. They were recommended to my sister by a doctor. I am giving them to my little three year old girl who was very puny, and she is picking up wonderfully."
"I received a sample of MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN some time ago. I tried them for both my babies and found them to be a great cure for worms. The babies like to take them and cry for more."
"I am using MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS as directed, and have no trouble with the Powders."
Used by Mothers for over thirty years.
Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.

She Woke Up.
She—"Dear, I saw a Paris hat yesterday that was a dream." He—"That's all right. I set the alarm clock."

It takes a lot of switching to get some boys on the right track.

Bronchial Troubles

Soothe the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by using promptly a dependable remedy—

PISO'S

Blink's Christmas Gift

By Alfred C. Pickells COPYRIGHT BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION



"Couldn't you stop it?"

BLINK CORRIGAN looked from Skeeter's mournful face to the bundle of papers under the lad's arm as the little fellow turned from a signboard at the edge of the alley.

"What youse whimperin' about, y'mutt?" he asked. Then as Skeeter fingered his newspapers, he added, "Stuck?"

"I are," replied Skeeter sadly, leaning against the corner of the building, one foot resting on top of the other. "An' look dere."

Blink cocked his left eye in the direction of Skeeter's nod, and with an exclamation of boyish delight beheld the dramatic scenes portrayed in brilliant colors.

Blink was nicknamed for that defection of his left eye, and readily recognizing that short, un-complicated names were suitable for the needs of his profession, he had applied "Skeeter" to his diminutive younger brother with the authority of the elder brother of a fatherless family.

"Why Didn't I See Dat Last Week?" After a few minutes of hard mental labor Blink spelled out the wording, "Great Mike!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I see dat last week?" Then turning to Skeeter, "Say, Skeet, leave us go tonight, hey? It's de 'Newsboy Detective.' 'It's at de Regent, an' we ken git in de loft fer 15 cents."

Again Skeeter's face was overspread with sadness. "I only got 'nough to buy mudder's Christmas present, an' six cents over," replied the boy. "An' people ain't buyin' no more."

"Aw, choke it off; youse ain't on de job a little bit," retorted Blink, although he knew that the demand for papers was decreasing. He glanced at Skeeter's big armful and then at his own slim pile, and softened a bit. "G'wan now, make a hurry," he added. "I'll give youse de foist chance."

A customer whistled and Skeeter ran off. Blink jingled the coins in his pocket. "I'll help de poor kid if he don't sell enough," he told himself. "Sold 'tree," came Skeeter's shrill voice from the corner.

Blink beckoned to him with wildly waving arms. "Hey, youse, pipe yer lights over dere!" he shouted, pointing across the street. "G'wan, beat it."

Dodging in and out among the wagons and carriages, Skeeter started across the street on a run. The street was crowded with traffic at that point, there was a great confusion of noises, and the little fellow did not hear the warning shouts that preceded a heavy dray drawn by two runaway horses. Suddenly it crashed full into an empty carriage, and beneath the torn canvas, the splintered wood and glass and the twisted iron lay Skeeter, stunned.

Blink, too, was stunned by the suddenness of the accident. Then bystanders helped him extricate both Skeeter and one of the men of the team. Skeeter revived quickly, but the man was severely injured, and while he and Skeeter lay waiting for the ambulance he held a brief, hurried talk with his partner.

"Remember, Jim," he said in a low tone, audible enough to Skeeter, "them two tanks what's marked is them what has the gasoline forced in 'em; other two's plain. The team's all right, ain't it?"

"The man nodded.

"Then get 'em up to the Regent, as soon as you can," the injured man continued. "Bill knows the mark, but be sure'n tell him they're for the second performance tonight."

Blink had Skeeter home by seven o'clock. Visions of the preparations which their mother and Skeeter and he had made for their Christmas feast had strengthened his pleadings with the hospital doctors. They found a badly sprained ankle and a few bruises.

Blink had cast aside all thought of the theater after the accident, but when his mother and he had made Skeeter comfortable in bed, Skeeter said, "Ain't youse goin', Blink?"

"Ain't no good," returned Blink, shifting awkwardly.

"Ain't?" repeated Skeeter, his head thrust up in emphasis. "Dat's all you knows. Why, dere's goin' to be two performances tonight."

Blink's eyes opened wide in surprise. "Two!" he exclaimed. "Who said so?"

"Great Mike!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I see dat last week?"

the gallery entrance to well down Fourteenth street when Blink arrived.

Step by step he moved along the line, passing the brilliantly lighted stores from which shone an unending array of Christmas things. At last a glittering display of surgical instruments dazzled him; his eyes rested on two long pieces of polished wood crossed as a background to the shining metal pieces, and he stopped, wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

In a moment Blink was out of the line. In another hour he was home, standing before his mother and holding a pair of crutches up to her astonished gaze, with but fifteen cents left in his pockets.

Haltingly, Blink told his story to his mother and asked her to wait until next week for her Christmas present, at which Mr. Corrigan folded the boy in her arms until he suddenly straightened up, excited.

"Say, look dere!" he exclaimed, pointing breathlessly to a bright glare in the western sky. "Gee! Will yez look at it. Dere's a whoppin' big fire somewhere."

It was half past ten o'clock when Blink reached Broadway. The sidewalks were filled with the usual Christmas eve crowd, most of them unheeding of the fire toward which Blink was hurrying.

With each step the crowd grew denser, the excitement greater. Occasionally a few people came hurrying in the opposite direction, and from these Blink heard a lot of mixed rumors. But what he did hear made him rush the faster. It was the Regent theater; an explosion that seemed to start a fire all over the theater at once, a panic, and a score or more of people supposed to have been lost.

For a moment Blink shuddered at what he felt was a narrow escape for Skeeter and himself. But his boyish excitement gave little room for sentiment, and he became all intent upon getting nearer.

"Couldn't You Stop It?" Presently the voices of two men caused Blink to draw farther in. They stopped near by and one said:

"My God, Gallagher! There's people been killed. Wasn't there no way? Couldn't you stop it?"

"How could I stop it?" came the growling reply. "I had the two marked tanks turned away in 'props' room, fixed so's I could turn 'em on last thing before I left after the house closed. Everything was O. K., I tell you, until the tanks we had on the calcium lights got weak just in the burglary scene. The stage manager got hot and called for them other tanks. Well, there was nothin' to it; I had to get 'em out. I was makin' slow work so's the scene would be over, but the stage manager was fery. He had them things connected in a second, turned 'em on, and when the gasoline spray hit them red-hot limestones in the lamp—My God! I never seen anything like it. Both tanks burst together, and—you know the rest."

The two men were silent for a moment, then, "Where's the manager, Jim?"

"I don't know," was the reply. Blink heard, "We warned him. Well, it's done now, but I wish we could have burnt his house without—"

"Shut up, man. Somebody might hear."

A heavy prolonged rumble, followed by a dull crash of falling walls, the shouts of firemen, and an increased crackling of the flames held the men speechless for a moment while Blink crawled to the edge of the arway. Then:

"How about Collins? He might blow. Let's go to the hospital and talk to him. It'll be safer."

There was another pause, then the reply: "I never got the name of the hospital. I don't know where he is."

"You don't!" came the astounded voice. "Then we will have to beat it. This is no place for me and you."

"Say," he said, between breaths, "could youse guys tell me where I could find Mister Gallagher?"

The men eyed Blink suspiciously. "What d'you want with him?" asked one of them. "They's a guy sick in the City hospital what wants to see him right away," returned Blink. "They sent me up here on a dead run."

Another great crash and then the smoke in the alley became blinding. But Blink saw the men run, and he fancied he saw also a grin of satisfaction.

Close on their heels Blink ran to the nearest telephone and called the city editor of the Record. He was not a stranger to that official, and he said, "Dis is Blink Corrigan. Know me?"

"Yes, yes; what is it?" came a hurried voice. "I've got somethin' great fer youse and the Record about the fire," answered Blink excitedly. "Send a man and two plain cops to meet at de City hospital right away. Tell 'em to wait fer me if I don't get dere ahead of dem. I'll point out de men they got to arrest. Are youse on?"

"Cause of fire?" questioned the city editor. "Sure, an' a stunner."

At the hospital Blink stationed himself in the shadow of one of the big columns at the main entrance. Presently the two men from the theater appeared. Blink's heart started to sink, but as they turned to mount the steps the Record man and two headquarters men turned the corner.

Blink slid out from behind the pillar, ran down the steps, and wildly waved his arms to the detectives. "Pinch 'em!" he cried, as they hurried up.

The two men turned about. "What's this for?" asked one.

Excitedly Blink blurted out the story. It caused a laugh from the men, looks of incredulity on the part of the detectives, and even a question on the face of the reporter. But Blink, instead of losing his nerve, remembered stories of the "third degree," boldly jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said, "No use bluffin'. It's all up wid youse. He's confessed—got scared when he heard of de fire."

Blink plucked at the sleeve of one of the detectives and pulled him aside. "Say," he whispered, "dat was a bluff about him confessin'."

"I know it, you scamp," the officer replied; "but he will son, don't you worry."

The mental preparation of the injured man within the hospital by the police was a slow and tedious process through which Blink was consoled by numerous winks from the reporter. It was long after press time before the detectives called upon the newspaper man to take down the confession, which verified Blink's story. In the meantime the reporter had written the main features of the story in anticipation, waited only for the verification and motive, and when they came was off in an instant. Blink followed and laid in a stack of papers, which promised to contain an unusual and rapid-selling story.

They did, and they sold more rapidly then ever before in all Blink's professional experience. Only after the edition was exhausted Blink went home, armed with the proceeds in the form of two bundles, one for his mother and one for Skeeter.

It was a glorious Christmas morning. The sun had risen brightly and Blink went in whistling. Just as he passed into the room a messenger arrived and handed in an envelope and a copy of the Record. It was the first opportunity. Blink had had to spell out the headlines, and on the front page in big, black type, supported by half a dozen subheads and encircled by a heavy blue pencil mark were the words: "A Newsboy Detective."

Blink cast it aside with the expression, "Slush!" opened the envelope, and passed it to his mother. Mrs. Corrigan read:

"My dear Blink: Inclosed find check for \$50 in part payment for last night's work. By your friendliness to us, the delay in securing the confession, and the fact that the men on the other papers were chasing up the manager of the Regent in every corner of New York for a story on the cause of the fire, the Record made the greatest scoop in history. Therefore, I say, the inclosed is in part payment. Please come to the office tomorrow night prepared to go to work."

"ANDERSON, C. E."

Seeming Contradiction.

A soldier who fought in the war with conspicuous valor obtained, after his return home, a situation in the service of a lady in the south of Ireland. One day his mistress was talking to him about his military career and asked him:

"In all your experience of the war what struck you as the most wonderful of all?"

"Well, ma'am," he said, "what struck me most was all the bullets that missed me."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrrh conditions. Druggists 7c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

National Kitchens.

The British bureau of information says 1,000,000 portions of food are sold each day in the 623 national kitchens and restaurants which have been established in London and the English country. All these institutions are of recent development—the communal kitchen being unknown before the war—and British housewives are greatly appreciative of the saving of labor and economy of fuel which results when meals are purchased at the state kitchens. The coming winter, it is surmised, will see a large increase in their number, nearly 200 new schemes having been submitted for approval recently.

STOMACH UPSET?

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, GAS, INDIGESTION.

Your meals hit back! Your stomach is sour, acid, gassy and you feel bloated after eating or you have heavy lumps of indigestion pain or headache, but never mind. Here is instant relief.



Don't stay upset! Eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin and immediately the indigestion, gases, acidity and all stomach distress ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets are the surest, quickest stomach relievers in the world. They cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

The Hard-Hearted Jailor. The Suftragist—Tell me, my good man, would you go to jail for a principle?

The Hobo—I once tried it, lady, but de experiment was unsuccessful. De jailer made me work.—Buffalo Express.

Lives 200 Years!

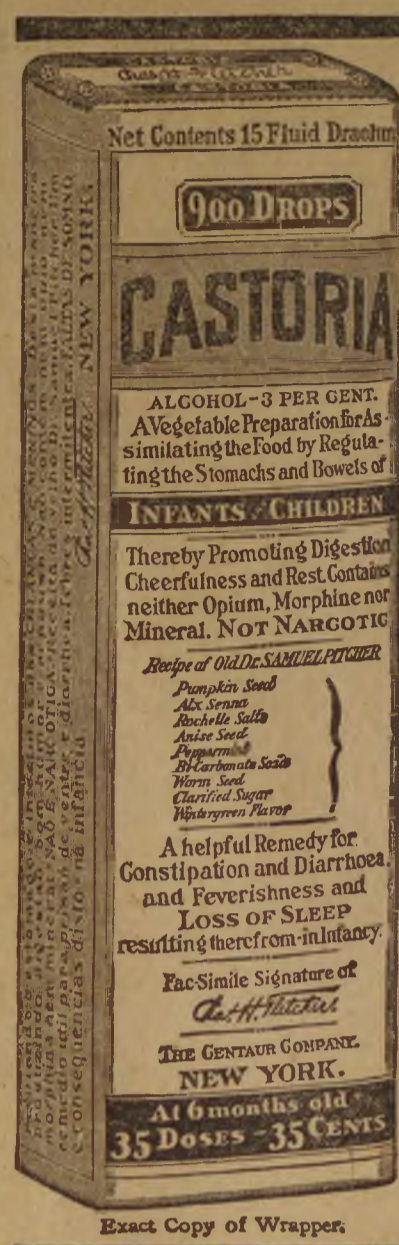
For more than 200 years, Haarlem Oil, the famous national remedy of Holland, has been recognized as an infallible relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders. Its very age is proof that it must have unusual merit.

If you are troubled with pains or aches in the back, feel tired in the morning, headaches, indigestion, insomnia, painful or too frequent passage of urine, irritation or stone in the bladder, you will almost certainly find relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the good old remedy that has stood the test for hundreds of years, prepared in the proper quantity and convenient form to take. It is imported direct from Holland laboratories, and you can get it at any drug store. It is a standard, old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. Each capsule contains one dose of five drops and is pleasant and easy to take. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. Your money promptly refunded if they do not relieve you. But be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL brand. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

One of Those Foreign Kakes. "What do you know of the Ukraine?" "Nothing. I never take those headache remedies myself."

Time is but a narrow ruffle on the edge of eternity.

Even when the worm does turn it doesn't cause much excitement.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 60 cents and \$1.15 a bottle, \$5.50 and \$11.00 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. You Cannot be Constipated and Happy. A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living. Genuine bears signature. Small Price. 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

Enforced Silence. "I did Mrs. Glippers an injustice yesterday." "How was that?" "I told her she talked all the time." "Does she do that?" "No. When she forgets and leaves her teeth at home her end of the conversation drugs terribly."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Meant Business. Mrs. Hatterson—Shopping? Mrs. Catterson—Oh, no. I went out to buy something I wanted.—Life.

Trolley Ambulances. Open trolleys are said to make good ambulances. When the backs of the seats are removed, 16 litters can be accommodated, as well as 16 passengers who can sit up.

ASTHMADOR GUARANTEED TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE ASTHMA OR MONEY REFUNDED—ASK ANY DRUGGIST. W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 49-1918.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE. Get under the Shower of Gold. coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$20 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta 160 Acre Homesteads Free to Settlers and other land at very low prices. Thousands of farmers from the U. S. and their sons are yearly taking advantage of this great opportunity. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.; M. V. MacIntosh, 178 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents

You Are Dying By Acid. When you have Heartburn, Gas, Bloat, and that Full Feeling after eating. TAKE ONE EATONIC FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE. Rids you of the Excess Acid and Overload and you will fairly feel the GAS driven out of your body—THE BLOAT GOES WITH IT. IT GIVES YOU REAL STOMACH COMFORT. Sold by druggists generally. If your druggist can't supply you a big box of Eatonic for 50c, send us this ad. with your name and address and we will send it to you—your own send us the 50c after you get it. Address Eatonie Remedy Co., 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. A Big Box for 50c

KINGSTON NEWS

John Helsdon spent Sunday with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Anna Baars and daughter, Bessie and Florence, were Kirkland visitors Saturday.

Misses Mary and Frances Sullivan were Chicago passengers Monday.

Mrs. Nina Moore went to Chicago last Friday morning to care for her daughter, Mrs. Ida Helsdon and her daughter, Marjorie, who are sick with influenza.

Lawrence Burke was a Rockford visitor Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Burton entertained Mrs. O. F. Lucas of Belvidere Tuesday.

Cadet Ralph Ort returned home from Camp Hancock, Ga., Friday evening with his honorable discharge papers in his pocket.

Miss Daisy Ball came home from Sycamore Wednesday night with the influenza and at this writing she is doing nicely.

Eddie Phelps spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Carl Gustafson in Rockford.

Miss Bessie Baars spent Tuesday with Miss Nina Hoffman in Genoa.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Burke and daughter spent Saturday in DeKalb.

Mrs. John Helsdon was called to Chicago last week to care for her son, Fred Helsdon, and two children who have influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dibble spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Ottman in Belvidere.

Frank Bradford entertained his cousin, Leon Bradford, of Elgin Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cunningham and children visited in Elgin Sunday.

Benj. Knappenberger and son will hold their farm implement sale Saturday, Dec. 28. Sale starts at one o'clock sharp.

We are sorry to note that Mrs. R. S. Tazewell and Frank Bastian are not in the best of health.

Mary Knappenberger was home from Belvidere for Christmas.

Miss Valda Baars came home from Belvidere Tuesday evening to spend a few days.

Mrs. E. L. Bradford came home from DeKalb Wednesday evening to spend the holidays.

Dennis Hollean's body was found in the river under the C. M. & St. P. bridge west of Genoa on Sunday morning. It is supposed he accidentally fell from the bridge. He was past 51 years of age and never married. He came to Kingston forty years ago with his parents from Sycamore and has made his home here ever since. He was sexton of the Kingston cemetery and did his work faithfully. He leaves to mourn his death four sisters, Mrs. Wm. Burton of Iowa Falls, Iowa; Mrs. James Smith of Belvidere; Mrs. Frank Countryman of Herbert and Mrs. Reed Burchfield of Kingston. Funeral services were held at the home of his sister, Mrs. Burchfield, Thursday afternoon. Interment was in Kingston cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wilson received the official word Tuesday saying that their son, Lieut. Milton Wilson, was killed in action November 10. Last week they received a letter from the colonel of his regiment telling of Milton's death but did not give the date. Milton enlisted at Rockford in the summer of 1917. He trained at the Rockford armory for several weeks and was then sent to Texas where he entered an officers' training school and graduated as 2nd Lieutenant. He received his commission after arriving in France and was later promoted to first lieutenant for gallant action in service. He had seen some hard fighting and had been wounded and gassed but his letters were always cheerful. His last letter written home was dated November 8. Milton gave his life

bravely for his country and his many friends are grieved to hear of his death and the deepest sympathy is extended to his parents, sister, Lena, and brother, Clair, and also his other relatives.

Peter Paulson is entertaining his son, Oscar, of Beloit, Wis.

Another Great Price Reduction Sale STARTS SATURDAY, DEC. 28

OUR ENTIRE STOCK

An extraordinary Clearance with vast reductions throughout our entire stock. Unseasonable weather prevented many of our patrons from attending our Holiday sale. Now comes the big event with its great possibilities in money saving. The entire stock offers price inducements worth consideration. The sale starts Saturday, December 28. Be among the early comers.

NOTHING WILL BE RESERVED

Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co.

- \$30.00 Overcoats on sale at.....\$25.00
 - \$25.00 Overcoats on sale at.....\$20.00
 - \$20.00 Overcoats on sale at.....\$16.00
 - \$15.00 Overcoats on sale at.....\$12.50
- All other lines previously advertised prices

- \$30.00 suits on sale at.....\$25.00
 - \$25.00 Suits on sale at.....\$20.00
 - \$20.00 Suits on sale at.....\$16.00
 - \$15.00 Suits on sale at.....\$12.50
- Boys clothing previously advertised prices

TANKS

Made of Cypress and ready to deliver... We have on hand six and eight foot stock tanks and water troughs, manufactured right here on the premises and we know that they are right in every particular... There can be no better tank made and no better material used for the purpose... If you will call and see these tanks, it will be much better than a full column of detailed description... Call and talk it over with us today or tomorrow or next week, but do not delay until next spring.

Genoa Lumber Co.

Stop Right Now and Cure That Cold—

Use **MORSE'S LAXA-PIRIN**

No Quinine, but Fine Laxatives with ASPIRIN, CAFFEINE, GELSEMIUM, Etc.

QUICK—EASY—EFFICACIOUS

Relieves LaGrippe, Cold or Headache without distress of stomach, roaring ears, or throbbing head. A trial will convince.

Morse Remedy Co. Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

Scott's Pharmacy

A VIVID STORY OF FOREST FIRES

(Continued from page 1)

tance of not over two blocks. Some of them were almost entirely burned up and others were not burned at all excepting their hair and eyebrows. All were naked as the fire consumed their clothing all but their shoes and they did not seem to burn.

"On one road we found almost two hundred automobiles in which people were trying to escape. This road was about ten miles long and some people from almost every one of these cars were killed. We found them scattered along the roads, in holes they had dug into the roadside, in creeks in the brush and every conceivable place.

"I helped to dig a family of five out of a root cellar while a man stood by and watched me. He had been in town and got home after the fire just in time to see the cellar cave in and bury the bodies. Of course they were all dead and some of them almost entirely consumed by the flames.

"In all this misery the thing that struck me most forcibly was the fact that no one cried. All the tears I saw shed were by two men and one of them only lost a cow and his buildings. The captain and I went out to shoot the cow, which was badly burned and when the captain fired one shot the man broke down and cried. The other case was when I took two brothers out to see if their family had escaped, they having heard that they were all dead. We met two girls coming along the road eight miles from our destination. One of the boys cried out 'those are my sisters,' leaped out of the car before we could stop him, grabbed one of them and they sat down right in the middle of the road and began to cry. The two girls were walking to town, eighteen miles, and had got about half way. We went on out and found everything burned out but the family all safe.

"After we got the bodies picked up and taken in then began the relief work. You cannot understand unless you had seen it, the utter lack of everything. Cows and horses and all kinds of live stock wandering over the country without a scrap of anything to eat, everything in the food line burned up and no fences to hold them because the posts were all destroyed and the wire on the ground. Hundreds of head of live stock killed and lying on the ground everywhere, which had to be killed because the weather was warm. We had to take bales of hay in the back of the car, haul it into the country and scatter along the road wherever we found stock to feed it to. We had to catch horses and drive cattle and other stock to wells and pump water for them and I even watered hundreds of geese and chickens. Some people we found had nothing to eat for days and when we opened up food for them they attacked it like hungry wolves. They would tear it right out of our hands and swallow it whole. One man had his family of seven all laid out in a row and was digging a trench to bury them in when we drove up. He had the trench about two feet deep and we told him that the bodies would be picked up and put in coffins and he said he could not do that as he had nothing left to pay for coffins. When I asked him when he had eaten last

NEW LEBANON

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Gray were Elgin passengers Monday.

Mrs. L. Lund of Chicago is a guest of Murietta Washburn at the home of John Gentz.

Mrs. Edward Finley called on her son, Richard, at St. Joseph's Hospital in Elgin Monday.

Ruth Gallarno attended a party given at the Hampshire high school on Friday evening.

Paul Lehman and family are improving from an attack of influenza. Mrs. Krey of Hampshire is caring for them.

John Japp and family and Charles Reiser and family spent Monday evening at Wm. Japp's.

Mrs. Wm. Bottecher, Irene and Forrest Roth called at Lem Gray's Monday.

Henry and Joe Koerner were Genoa passengers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lentz motored to Sycamore Friday.

Private Frank Miller of Camp Grant spent Sunday at the Charles Coon home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Koerner and Joe Koerner were Elgin passengers Friday.

Charles Reiser transacted business at Genoa Friday.

Destroys Plant Worms.

Worms may be killed in jars of potted plants by taking a dozen horse chestnuts and pouring over them two quarts of hot water. Let stand overnight and with this water thoroughly saturate the earth in the jars. It will not injure the plants, but the worms will be dead in a few hours.

Had One Requisite.

Junior was fond of the neckties belonging to his big brother and, bringing me a bright-colored one, asked me to tie it on for him. He was wearing a low collarless middie blouse, so I told him I couldn't tie it on and he yelled out, "Well, I got a neck, haven't I?"—Chicago Tribune.



The Farmer Receives More Than Five Thousand Dollars a Minute From Swift & Company

This amount is paid to the farmer for live stock, by Swift & Company alone, during the trading hours of every business day.

All this money is paid to the farmer through the open market in competition with large and small packers, shippers, speculators and dealers.

The farmer, feeder, or shipper receives every cent of this money (\$300,000 an hour, nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$11,500,000 a week) in cash, on the spot, as soon as the stock he has just sold is weighed up.

Some of the money paid to the farmer during a single day comes back to the company in a month from sale of products; much does not come back for sixty or ninety days or more. But the next day Swift & Company, to meet the demands made by its customers, must pay out another \$2,000,000 or so, and at the present high price levels keeps over \$250,000,000 continuously tied up in goods on the way to market and in bills owed to the company.

This gives an idea of the volume of the Swift & Company business and the requirements of financing it. Only by doing a large business can this company turn live stock into meat and by-products at the lowest possible cost, prevent waste, operate refrigerator cars, distribute to retailers in all parts of the country—and be recompensed with a profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to have any noticeable effect on the price of meat or live stock.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.