

The Genoa Republican-Journal

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, SEPTEMBER 16, 1904, AT THE POSTOFFICE AT GENOA, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1879

GENOA, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 17, 1919

VOLUME XIV, NO. 13

"LOST BATTALION OF ARGONNE"

Kirkland Boy, Cecil Duryea, a Hero of the Famous Group of Men

CAPTURED BY A KIND GERMAN

Experience Different than Others as Chronicled by Returning Prisoners—Refuse to Surrender

The Kirkland Enterprise says that our country can never repay this boy of barely 17 years of age for the heroic part he played in the late world war. Cecil Duryea of Kirkland, son of Steve Duryea, tells his story below of the famous "Lost Battalion of Argonne."

The following story was told by young Duryea in an interview with a New York newspaper reporter at Ellis Island:

Private Duryea told his story in detail at Ellis Island, where he had been transferred with other wounded soldiers. His left leg had been shattered by bullets. He is young but wiry and set his jaws with a grimace that tells of courage and a big man's deeds. He shows marks of suffering but is very cheerful and anxious to reach home, which he expects to do in a short time.

As Private Duryea was under the command of Maj. Whittlesey of the 308th Inf., he was asked to tell the facts about a dispatch received in this country some time ago stating that when the major was asked by a German lieutenant to surrender, he politely replied in forcible English, "Go to H—!" His story is as follows:

Surrounded by Huns

Our whole division was ordered to advance, but in some manner our regiment got split up. I guess it was because our battalion, Cos. F and T, got excited and went too far toward Berlin. First thing we knew it was getting dark and we couldn't locate our other battalions. We stopped on the side of a wooded hill and below us less than half a mile away, were the Germans. They could easily see us and looking around we could see the bushes in every direction—we were surrounded. Well, those hunks spotted us with their artillery. We had no artillery, nothing but rifles and grenades. They attacked us and we shoved them back. The second day they came at us several times. We repulsed them, altho we lost a lot of men in doing it, on account of their artillery. The second day our food and water gave out. We gave what little we had to the wounded and still a lot of them died of starvation.

Sent as Messenger

Day after day we lay there sending out volunteer messengers to try and sneak thru the German lines for aid, but they all were either killed wounded or captured. But Major Whittlesey always came around, patting us on the back and told us to stick to it, and we all knew that he had neither food nor water himself.

Well, the morning of the sixth day I started out with seven men. We were forced to sneak thru the German lines for help. We crept thru the woods, dodged behind trees, jumped into shell holes, and all of a sudden, when we were only a half mile from our own crown, we bumped into a nest of three machine guns. They open on us from front and rear. Four of my pals, crawling just ahead of me were killed. I was wounded and so were the three men behind me.

Asks Whittlesey to Surrender

The Germans rushed at us, broke our guns over trees and dragged us into a dugout, where there were about twenty-five German soldiers. They covered the four dead bodies with branches and leaves, so that if any more of our men came that way they would not see the bodies and would come along and be picked off by the huns. The lieutenant spoke English. He was a darned nice chap and lived in New York four years ago. He said he was tired of war and that Germany was too strong for her. He bandaged our wounds and gave us food and water; only for that I would not be telling this story now. He asked how many of our men were in the woods and we told him 25,000 at least. The next morning he sent Corporal Hollingshead, one of our men whom they had captured, with a message, asking Maj. Whittlesey to surrender.

Saved by Americans

During the day the German lieutenants and the others beat it. I thought they were going to attack the Americans. They did not come back and the three of us lay in the dugout all night without food or water. About nine o'clock the next morning we almost dropped dead when a lieutenant and corporal from the 42nd division poked their heads into the dugout. And they came darned near shooting us, but we hollered, "We are Americans!" They asked how we got there. After we told them the lieutenant said: "I just killed a lieutenant, I hope it was not the fellow who was so kind to us."

It seemed the 42nd finally broke thru the German lines and saved our battalion.

When Corporal Hollingshead brought the message to Major Whittlesey the major read it and said: "No, nothing doing on the surrender proposition."

Wanted ad will find a buyer.

EULOGY TO THE COW

"The Cow is the Most Wonderful Laboratory" says Gov. Lowden

"The cow is the most wonderful laboratory. She takes the grasses of the pasture, and the roughage of the field, and converts them into the most perfect food for man. In that food there is a mysterious something which scientists have found essential to the highest health of the human race, and which can be found nowhere else. Men have sought for centuries the fabled fountain of youth. The nearest approach to that fountain which has yet been discovered is the udder of the cow. Without her milk children languish, the vigor of the adult declines, and the vitality of the human race runs low. Millions of these gentle, unobtrusive 'foster mothers' of man have become the victims of this war. The world faces a shortage of dairy products. Let us of Illinois help meet this shortage in every way we can."

The foregoing classic by Governor Frank O. Lowden is the opening paragraph of a pamphlet designed to improve dairying that has just been issued by the Illinois Department of Agriculture, thru its Division of Dairy Extension, of which Lewis N. Wiggins is superintendent. The pamphlet is entitled "The Foster Mother of the World." It contains short quotations from well known authorities upon dairying. It shows the value to the world of the dairy cow.

"No greater catastrophe can happen to the people than the loss of its dairy herds, for the total loss of dairy produce means ultimate extinction of a people," said Herbert Hoover, the United States food administrator during the war, who has recently been appointed by the Allies to handle the food problem in Europe.

Some well prepared and carefully presented statistics which will not be found elsewhere appear in the pamphlet, the object of which is to develop dairying by the presentation of facts from recognized authorities. The pamphlet begins with the awakening of the dairying industry and follows it thru its development—the intelligent use of silage, the distribution of calves, the testing of cows and their conversion, the care of cream and milk. It closes with the following plea: "The world demands good dairy cows. Raise them. The world demands milk, butter and cheese. Produce them."

PAY RECORD CLAIMS

Modern Woodmen Pay out \$3,539,204 for the Month of December

The epidemic of influenza and pneumonia, plus the demands made by the war, have brought the Modern Woodmen of America to face the largest number of claims ever entered against the society but they are being paid without any serious crimp in the resources of the society.

At the last session of the directors of the organization claims of beneficiaries of 2,363 deceased members were passed upon. The largest number of claims ever allowed in any prior month was 800. Less than one fifth of the deceased members were soldiers and sailors, 420, a majority succumbing to pneumonia.

All calculations and mortality tables prove useless in this unusual circumstance, and the management expects no material change in the next two months.

The claims for the month aggregate \$3,539,204, and the sum from the patriotic fund, for soldiers and sailors, \$547,000. To date the number of members who have died in service is 899.

tenant and the others beat it. I thought they were going to attack the Americans. They did not come back and the three of us lay in the dugout all night without food or water. About nine o'clock the next morning we almost dropped dead when a lieutenant and corporal from the 42nd division poked their heads into the dugout. And they came darned near shooting us, but we hollered, "We are Americans!" They asked how we got there. After we told them the lieutenant said: "I just killed a lieutenant, I hope it was not the fellow who was so kind to us."

It seemed the 42nd finally broke thru the German lines and saved our battalion.

When Corporal Hollingshead brought the message to Major Whittlesey the major read it and said: "No, nothing doing on the surrender proposition."

Wanted ad will find a buyer.

During the day the German lieutenants and the others beat it. I thought they were going to attack the Americans. They did not come back and the three of us lay in the dugout all night without food or water. About nine o'clock the next morning we almost dropped dead when a lieutenant and corporal from the 42nd division poked their heads into the dugout. And they came darned near shooting us, but we hollered, "We are Americans!" They asked how we got there. After we told them the lieutenant said: "I just killed a lieutenant, I hope it was not the fellow who was so kind to us."

It seemed the 42nd finally broke thru the German lines and saved our battalion.

When Corporal Hollingshead brought the message to Major Whittlesey the major read it and said: "No, nothing doing on the surrender proposition."

Wanted ad will find a buyer.

During the day the German lieutenants and the others beat it. I thought they were going to attack the Americans. They did not come back and the three of us lay in the dugout all night without food or water. About nine o'clock the next morning we almost dropped dead when a lieutenant and corporal from the 42nd division poked their heads into the dugout. And they came darned near shooting us, but we hollered, "We are Americans!" They asked how we got there. After we told them the lieutenant said: "I just killed a lieutenant, I hope it was not the fellow who was so kind to us."

TWENTY HEAD OF CATTLE KILLED

When Two Cars Jump Track on the I. C. at Hart Station

CARS LAND IN THE WAGON ROAD

Both Team and Rail Traffic Held up for Hours Tuesday Morning—Abbott's Narrow Escape

Two stock cars jumped the track on the Illinois Central at Hart station early Tuesday morning, dropped into the roadway below and stopped both rail and team traffic for several hours. The cars were loaded with heifers, being shipped to Chicago, and twenty of the animals were either killed or so badly injured that it was necessary to butcher them at once. The dead animals were purchased by Whipple & Wyde, owners of the rendering plant which is located not more than two hundred feet from the scene of the wreck.

The stock train had been on the siding to allow a passenger train to pass and were pulling out when the accident happened. The two cars, which were near the rear of the train, left the track only a few feet west of the Hart station, the train at that time not having attained a speed of more than five miles an hour. Herbert Abbott, the operator, stood outside at the corner of the building and as the cars left the track they were headed directly toward him. It is needless to say that "Bunny" did a few acrobatic stunts in getting clear of the oncoming danger, in fact, he states that he was over in Stott's farm yard in a little less than no time. Had the train been moving rapidly, he never would have had an opportunity to get away. As it was the cars swayed back toward the south immediately after Abbott jumped and as quickly again swayed to the north and in their progress took away the platform of the station, just grazing the semaphore pole. Twenty-five feet beyond the station is the culvert over the roadway. Here the wheels on the north side of the cars left the earth embankment and the two cars toppled over into the road, each one standing on end at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The cattle, all of which were fine fat heifers, were hurled into a heap at the end of the cars, most of the dead cattle having been killed by suffocation. About twenty-five escaped injury.

The wreck took place about three o'clock in the morning, but it was nearly noon before the wreckage was cleared away. The cause of the accident has not been determined.

THE RED FLAG

Must Give Way Absolutely to the Red of the White and the Blue

If it isn't one thing it's another. For four anxious years it was the war. Now it's the red flag. "Down with capital!" shriek the red flaggers.

The folks who bought Liberty Bonds are capitalists.

The folks who subscribed to the war drive are capitalists.

Every man who owns a bank account is a capitalist.

Every man whose life is insured is a capitalist.

Every man who owns his own home is a capitalist.

Millions of humble capitalists are living today fairly contentedly under the Red, White and Blue.

Democracy as practiced under the tri-color—here and in France—has recently given a pretty glorious account of itself.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue" doesn't mean three separate cheers for separate colors.

Still less does it mean two soft cheers for the White and the Blue and a loud one for the Red.

If you don't like our flag, stay where you are.

If you dwell in our midst and prefer monochrome standard, betake yourselves speedily to the lands where the ensigns and the hands of those who wave them are uniformly and unmistakably red.—S. T. Sterne, in Life.

NO SHORT COURSE

The two weeks short course which was to be given by the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, from January 20 to 31, 1919, has been cancelled on account of influenza.

During the day the German lieutenants and the others beat it. I thought they were going to attack the Americans. They did not come back and the three of us lay in the dugout all night without food or water. About nine o'clock the next morning we almost dropped dead when a lieutenant and corporal from the 42nd division poked their heads into the dugout. And they came darned near shooting us, but we hollered, "We are Americans!" They asked how we got there. After we told them the lieutenant said: "I just killed a lieutenant, I hope it was not the fellow who was so kind to us."

THE DAYLIGHT PLAN

Farmers and Factory Workers Do not Agree as to Merits of Scheme

So well did Detroit people like the "daylight" saving plan in force the past year they have had a resolution introduced in congress to make it the year around. The people are now working under the new plan in force the past summer.

Farmers in Iowa will oppose the daylight saving plan another year, according to a statement made by Carl N. Kennedy, county agricultural agent of Des Moines. He is conducting an investigation of the question owing to several complaints made by farmers. They claim that they lose an hour's work, especially during haying and harvesting and other times when the heavy morning dews interferred with harvest work. Under the old system of time the dew was dried off the fields at 8:30 a. m. and allowed a normal day's work. Under the new system they are not able to get into the fields until 9:30 a. m. and consequently lost an hour's time when time is a very vital question in harvesting, haying and other work. Regardless of the time work is begun in the morning, hired farm hands insist on quitting at 6 p. m., no matter what the weather conditions or harvest situation may be.

GENOA MAY GET GERMAN CANNON

Congressman Fuller has Presented Bill to Provide for Gun

Matter is now in Hands of Committee on Military Affairs in Washington—A Memorial

AS MONUMENT TO OUR SOLDIERS

Genoa may one of these days be the owner of a German cannon or field piece, captured during the world war. Placed in a public place, it will be a fitting monument and a memorial of the great strife in which so many Genoa boys took an active part.

The bill presented before congress by Congressman Charles E. Fuller of the 12th district, reads as follows: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of War, be and he is hereby, authorized and directed to donate to the City of Genoa, State of Illinois, one cannon or field piece captured by the American Army from the forces of the Imperial German Government during the present war."

The United States is still calling loudly for sailors for the Merchant Marine. An official announcement of the U. S. Shipping Board says:

"We want to attract to the sea the kind of American boys that older men among us remember in their own school days—nice, clean boys, who had good homes and left them amid the old family discussion as to whether they should be bankers, insurance men, retail merchants, or what not. Today, we want to add to this list of careers for our American boys that of the pursuit of the sea. We want to attract, among others, boys who know how to swim and play football. We want to make conditions in sea-going such that they will feel it is the best destiny they can find."

"We want to get good men and train them to be good seamen and then good officers—or good foreign representatives in commercial or industrial lines, and agents on the staffs of steamship companies, at home or in foreign ports."

The way to enroll for service in the Merchant Marine is as follows: Write for information and enrollment blanks to Henry Howard, director of Recruiting Service, U. S. Shipping Board, Custom House, Boston, Mass.

Give your name in full and state your age, permanent address, previous occupation, weight and height.

To enter the Merchant Marine you must be an American citizen, between the ages of 18 and 35, both inclusive; physically sound; not less than 5 feet, 4 inches in height; not less than 125 pounds in weight if enrolling for department (sailor), or steward's department (messman, cook or baker); not less than 140 pounds weight if enrolling for engine room service (fireman.)

Men trained by the U. S. Shipping Board must agree to serve in the Merchant Marine for one year from date of their acceptance for training. They will be shipped to a different port on each voyage, so far as possible, in order that they may become acquainted with different parts of the world.

Clarence Crawford of Genoa enrolled in the Merchant Marine last week and after a month's training in Chicago he will make his first voyage to South America.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED

Belvidere Republican: Harold Spencer, about twelve years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Spencer, was accidentally shot under the right eye Sunday evening at the family home. The lad was coming into the kitchen from out of doors when his young brother picked up a small shot gun and snapped it at him, thinking the weapon was not loaded. The charge of No. 6 shot crushed the end of the cheek bone and some of the shot came out in front of the right ear. Only a superficial examination has as yet been possible. The lad is in an extremely critical condition and the outcome one of much uncertainty.

Funeral services were held at the Leonard home last Friday morning, interment taking place in Genoa cemetery.

Martin has a fine selection of wrist watches at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

THE SEA AS A CAREER

U. S. Merchant Marine Calling for Boys Who will take up Work

The United States is still calling loudly for sailors for the Merchant Marine. An official announcement of the U. S. Shipping Board says:

"We want to attract to the sea the kind of American boys that older men among us remember in their own school days—nice, clean boys, who had good homes and left them amid the old family discussion as to whether they should be bankers, insurance men, retail merchants, or what not. Today, we want to add to this list of careers for our American boys that of the pursuit of the sea. We want to attract, among others, boys who know how to swim and play football. We want to make conditions in sea-going such that they will feel it is the best destiny they can find."

"We want to get good men and train them to be good seamen and then good officers—or good foreign representatives in commercial or industrial lines, and agents on the staffs of steamship companies, at home or in foreign ports."

The way to enroll for service in the Merchant Marine is as follows: Write for information and enrollment blanks to Henry Howard, director of Recruiting Service, U. S. Shipping Board, Custom House, Boston, Mass.

Give your name in full and state your age, permanent address, previous occupation, weight and height.

To enter the Merchant Marine you must be an American citizen, between the ages of 18 and 35, both inclusive; physically sound; not less than 5 feet, 4 inches in height; not less than 125 pounds in weight if enrolling for department (sailor), or steward's department (messman, cook or baker); not less than 140 pounds weight if enrolling for engine room service (fireman.)

Men trained by the U. S. Shipping Board must agree to serve in the Merchant Marine for one year from date of their acceptance for training. They will be shipped to a different port on each voyage, so far as possible, in order that they may become acquainted with different parts of the world.

Clarence Crawford of Genoa enrolled in the Merchant Marine last week and after a month's training in Chicago he will make his first voyage to South America.

BRIDE AND GROOM DEAD

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bolden, aged 20 and 19 respectively, died at their home in Somonauk last Sunday, the husband passing away a few hours after his bride of two weeks had breathed her last. Both were victims of pneumonia.

GENOA MAY GET GERMAN CANNON

Congressman Fuller has Presented Bill to Provide for Gun

AS MONUMENT TO OUR SOLDIERS

Genoa may one of these days be the owner of a German cannon or field piece, captured during the world war. Placed in a public place, it will be a fitting monument and a memorial of the great strife in which so many Genoa boys took an active part.

The bill presented before congress by Congressman Charles E. Fuller of the 12th district, reads as follows: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of War, be and he is hereby, authorized and directed to donate to the City of Genoa, State of Illinois, one cannon or field piece captured by the American Army from the forces of the Imperial German Government during the present war."

The United States is still calling loudly for sailors for the Merchant Marine. An official announcement of the U. S. Shipping Board says:

"We want to attract to the sea the kind of American boys that older men among us remember in their own school days—nice, clean boys, who had good homes and left them amid the old family discussion as to whether they should be bankers, insurance men, retail merchants, or what not. Today, we want to add to this list of careers for our American boys that of the pursuit of the sea. We want to attract, among others, boys who know how to swim and play football. We want to make conditions in sea-going such that they will feel it is the best destiny they can find."

"We want to get good men and train them to be good seamen and then good officers—or good foreign representatives in commercial or industrial lines, and agents on the staffs of steamship companies, at home or in foreign ports."

The way to enroll for service in the Merchant Marine is as follows: Write for information and enrollment blanks to Henry Howard, director of Recruiting Service, U. S. Shipping Board, Custom House, Boston, Mass.

Give your name in full and state your age, permanent address, previous occupation, weight and height.

To enter the Merchant Marine you must be an American citizen, between the ages of 18 and 35, both inclusive; physically sound; not less than 5 feet, 4 inches in height; not less than 125 pounds in weight if enrolling for department (sailor), or steward's department (messman, cook or baker); not less than 140 pounds weight if enrolling for engine room service (fireman.)

Men trained by the U. S. Shipping Board must agree to serve in the Merchant Marine for one year from date of their acceptance for training. They will be shipped to a different port on each voyage, so far as possible, in order that they may become acquainted with different parts of the world.

Clarence Crawford of Genoa enrolled in the Merchant Marine last week and after a month's training in Chicago he will make his first voyage to South America.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED

Belvidere Republican: Harold Spencer, about twelve years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Spencer, was accidentally shot under the right eye Sunday evening at the family home. The lad was coming into the kitchen from out of doors when his young brother picked up a small shot gun and snapped it at him, thinking the weapon was not loaded. The charge of No. 6 shot crushed the end of the cheek bone and some of the shot came out in front of the right ear. Only a superficial examination has as yet been possible. The lad is in an extremely critical condition and the outcome one of much uncertainty.

Funeral services were held at the Leonard home last Friday morning, interment taking place in Genoa cemetery.

Martin has a fine selection of wrist watches at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

THE SEA AS A CAREER

U. S. Merchant Marine Calling for Boys Who will take up Work

The United States is still calling loudly for sailors for the Merchant Marine. An official announcement of the U. S. Shipping Board says:

"We want to attract to the sea the kind of American boys that older men among us remember in their own school days—nice, clean boys, who had good homes and left them amid the old family discussion as to whether they should be bankers, insurance men, retail merchants, or what not. Today, we want to add to this list of careers for our American boys that of the pursuit of the sea. We want to attract, among others, boys who know how to swim and play football. We want to make conditions in sea-going such that they will feel it is the best destiny they can find."

"We want to get good men and train them to be good seamen and then good officers—or good foreign representatives in commercial or industrial lines, and agents on the staffs of steamship companies, at home or in foreign ports."

The way to enroll for service in the Merchant Marine is as follows: Write for information and enrollment blanks to Henry Howard, director of Recruiting Service, U. S. Shipping Board, Custom House, Boston, Mass.

Give your name in full and state your age, permanent address, previous occupation, weight and height.

To enter the Merchant Marine you must be an American citizen, between the ages of 18 and 35, both inclusive; physically sound; not less than 5 feet, 4 inches in height; not less than 125 pounds in weight if enrolling for department (sailor), or steward's department (messman, cook or baker); not less than 140 pounds weight if enrolling for engine room service (fireman.)

Men trained by the U. S. Shipping Board must agree to serve in the Merchant Marine for one year from date of their acceptance for training. They will be shipped to a different port on each voyage, so far as possible, in order that they may become acquainted with different parts of the world.

Clarence Crawford of Genoa enrolled in the Merchant Marine last week and after a month's training in Chicago he will make his first voyage to South America.

BRIDE AND GROOM DEAD

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bolden, aged 20 and 19 respectively, died at their home in Somonauk last Sunday, the husband passing away a few hours after his bride of two weeks had breathed her last. Both were victims of pneumonia.

TAX BOOKS LATE

Rate for City a Little Less Than in 1917—State Tax Lighter

The True Republican says that the tax books of all counties will be late this year, as the county clerks did not receive the railroad values or the state rate until the last of December, when they should have been received about the first of the month. The books of DeKalb county will be ready about January 20 or 25, as the county clerk is employing several extra help ers in order to get the books to the county collector somewhere near on time.

The total value of DeKalb county as assessed for the year 1918, is \$60,898,877. The assessed value upon which taxes are extended is one-third of the full value or \$20,299,625.

For 1917 the full value was \$59,326,821 and the assessed value was \$19,775,607. The increase over last year is \$1,572,056, on full values and \$524,018 on assessed value.

The state rate this year is 75 cents, whereas last year it was 90 cents. The county rate this year is 50 cents; last year it was 58 cents.

The total rates in cities and villages are as follows:

	1918	1917
Shabbona Village.....	\$6.07	\$5.86
Lee Village.....	5.04	5.55
Malta Village.....	5.17	5.70
Kirkland Village.....	5.10	5.66
Fairdale Village.....	4.78	5.38
Waterman Village.....	6.35	6.57
DeKalb City.....	7.65	7.45
Kingston Village.....	5.16	5.56
Somonauk Village.....	5.34	5.13
Sandwich City.....	5.73	6.57
Hinckley Village.....	5.10	5.85
Cortland Village.....	3.83	3.87
Sycamore City.....	6.84	7.20
Genoa City.....	6.68	6.32

MILK PRODUCERS MEET

Those of Kane County Frame New Plan for Getting Their Price

The milk producers of Kane county want more money for their milk. They met Saturday at Geneva to devise ways and means. Unwilling to try to fix prices because of the fear of government prosecution, they have another plan. They urged the 5,000 milk producers in the district to sell their milk to the Producers' Cooperative Marketing Co.

This company, backed by the producers, according to the plan, will pay a higher price than they have been getting. In turn it would sell to the big Chicago milk distributing concerns at wholesale.

The producers also went on record as opposed to setting the clocks ahead an hour next spring, as was done a year ago. They attacked the plan to tinker with the sun by saying in their resolution:

"And, whereas, nature, in its great work, created the sun, and whereas, the farmer works from sunrise to sunset, be it resolved that we are opposed to any change or attempted change in the time furnished by the sun."

The producers also went on record as opposed to setting the clocks ahead an hour next spring, as was done a year ago. They attacked the plan to tinker with the sun by saying in their resolution:

"And, whereas, nature, in its great work, created the sun, and whereas, the farmer works from sunrise to sunset, be it resolved that we are opposed to any change or attempted change in the time furnished by the sun."

AFTER THE WETS

Annual DeKalb County Field Day in Churches January 26

The anti-saloon movement is sweeping on so rapidly it is impossible to keep up with it. No matter how extravagant the dry's prediction may be in the morning, at sun down it is verified. It was once said of a Chicago real estate man that in the morning he would lie about Chicago's greatness and by night his statement was far too low.

The wets are on the run and DeKalb county churches will accelerate their speed by holding their annual Anti-saloon League field day on Sunday, Jan. 26, with a League speaker in every co-operating church.

International Service and Opportunity of American Merchant Marine

By EDWARD N. HURLEY



Our merchant marine of today and tomorrow will carry a message of good will to the nations of the world. Millions of cruelly starved folk face westward from every shore with mouths open to the promise of America. These must be fed, and clothed, and also supplied with other necessities of life.

Highway transport facilities are at the farmer's gate, and "at every farmer's gate" must immediately suggest the initial phase of overseas distribution. The highways transport service is the first step in the great system of transportation to the sea and then on the merchant marine to the far points of the world. Our railroads must no longer end at the ocean. We are building an American merchant fleet of twenty-five million tons—three thousand ships. We are backing modern ships with modern port facilities, establishing our bunkering stations all over the globe, and will operate with American railroad efficiency.

We will carry American cargoes at rates corresponding to our railroad rates—the cheapest in the world. Fast American passenger and cargo liners will run regularly to every port in Latin America, the Orient, Africa, Australia.

We must all take off our coats and work to bring these American ships home to the people of every American interest and community. The manufacturer must think of customers in Latin America as being as accessible as those in the next state. The farmer must visualize ships carrying his wheat, cotton, breeding animals, dairy products and fruit to new world markets. The American boy must think of ships and foreign countries when he chooses a calling.

British policy seeks to develop all the resources of the far-spread British empire. A world-wide inventory is being taken of the metals, the fibers, the crops and other resources of British colonies, so that John Bull may supply his own needs as far as possible and may increase the prosperity of Britons everywhere by developing their resources, broadening their trade and raising their incomes and living standards.

Our task is to use American merchant ships, American dollars, American factories and American ability to help other nations in the same way.

Since the Civil war we have learned that railroads, money and energy will do for undeveloped sections in our great West. After the world war we must learn what American ships and American money and American energy can do for the undeveloped sections of other nations—such sections as the rich mineral country of the west coast of South America, the great, fertile Amazon basin, the growing nations of Australia and South Africa, so like our own in many ways.

Our new merchant ships will take us into this great field of international service and international opportunity. It is time for Americans everywhere to think of world trade from this angle of raw materials.

Women War Workers Must Be Safeguarded During Reconstruction Period

By MRS. ROSALIE LOEW WHITNEY

Now that the soldiers are starting home from the front the first effort that should be made in the demobilization of the army of women who have been doing war work is to insure their return either to other work or to domestic life under favorable conditions.

There should be no general throwing out of women from the work in which they have been engaged, either in the munition or other factories or in the office work at the national capital and other centers. The same splendid military regulations governing the demobilization of the men in the army should govern the demobilization of the woman's army.

My opinion is that women who have gone into business, either for patriotic or economic reasons, will remain in industry of some kind. By this I do not mean they will, in retaining their position, exclude the men who have given up those positions for the service of the United States and who will return when peace is established.

There will be no sex controversy. The readjustment will work gradually, and as for the women as a whole, there is no fear that they will eschew domestic life.

The most important duty of women during this period is to help in every way and to watch and make sure that such legislation as will insure the protection of women, as the great foundation of humanity, is passed and properly administered.

War Has Taught Japanese to Develop Their Resources in All Directions

By ANDRE BELESSORT, Professor in Paris Lycee

Japan is the only nation which has directly benefited by the present conflict. Before the war Japan was poor, but the war has enriched her far more than the victories of Port Arthur or of Mukden. Japan has learned to depend on herself. She has kicked away all her former props, with the result that the war has done more to develop her industries than ten years of effort would have accomplished. Certain industries, such as the textile industries, or those of chemical products, and the manufacture of glassware and of European paper, have expanded tremendously in the last four years.

Japan has created that which it lacked, whilst that which it already possessed is developing to an extent which the benefits of a world peace would never have allowed it to hope for. In order to give an adequate idea of this progress, it is only necessary to glance at the statistics, which prove that the net profits of the textile industries have increased by 5,330,000 yen since the beginning of the war, while the profits of the chemical industries have increased by 1,133,500 yen.

Once started in this direction Japan resolved to acquire complete economic independence. This is proved by the fact that although before the war Japan was behind Germany in the manufacture of artificial dyes and many other chemical products, she has now taken these industries completely in hand, and two companies have been formed with the approbation and direct aid of the Japanese government, so as definitely to check any attempt Germany may eventually make to resume her supremacy in these directions.

GERMANY MUST PAY

Nation Will Never Be Able to Make Amends for Damage.

FERTILE SOIL IS DESTROYED

Innumerable Unexploded Shells Will Make Cultivation Precarious—Doubtful if Land Can Be Reclaimed.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

What must Germany pay for? That question can be adequately answered only when it is remembered that Germany started the terrible conflict in Europe for no reason other than that of conquest and loot; started it only to satisfy the selfish ambitions of a selfish people for world domination. That is being admitted today by what is left of the German nation; it is admitted by those who were directly responsible for the war.

And it is because Germany started this conflict for no reason other than that of conquest and loot that Germany owes to the world full payment for all the devastation which the war has brought, not only in so far as she can pay now, but in so far as she can pay for generations yet to come.

Among the many, many sections of Belgium and northern France that I personally covered, following closely on the heels of the retreating Hun army, was that which lies between what were the cities of Ypres and Menin, approximately 20 miles apart. Here, before the coming of the invading Boche, was what was considered the most productive soil of the world, and the most intensely cultivated. Here in a number of farm villages lived the Belgian peasant families, happy, thrifty people, each family cultivating the small fields which it owned. No fences separated these fields, no hedges cut them off from the

and Menin, on both sides of that long, straight road, I am sure I did not see one square foot of soil that was not a part of a shell crater. What had once been the richest soil of the world is today but a waste, made so by the shells that fell upon it because Germany sought world domination. This soil has been destroyed by countless thousands of shells falling actually one upon another, each digging deeper into the earth until the very subsoil has been turned over and the land made worthless for cultivation for years to come, if indeed it can ever be reclaimed.

Unexploded Shells Buried in Soil.

There lie today on the surface of this land many thousands of unexploded shells, and there are buried in the soil many, many thousands more, each one of them a menace to any farmer who attempts to put a plow into the soil in an effort to reclaim it. And this land is destroyed, as the homes were destroyed, because of German ambition, of German cruelty, of German lust, of German wantonness and German brutality.

Who is to pay for it? Who is to risk destruction that it may again be put into condition for cultivation, that it may serve the purposes of the human race? Shall the peaceful Belgian peasants, who had no part in the starting of this conflict, suffer their loss without compensation? Shall these peasants who have endured more than four long years of homeless agonies, who have suffered not alone the loss of homes and land but the loss of relatives and friends as well, be the ones to risk destruction in the effort to again bring these lands back to a condition where cultivation is possible? Shall they be blown to bits by the bursting of these shells, hidden as they are beneath the surface of the ground, when the plow strikes and explodes them? If undisturbed, those shells continue to be a menace for years to come, but who are to risk their lives in removing them?

Could the American people generally, and especially the American farmers, have seen the sights I have seen



Ground Pulverized by Bursting of Big Shells.

roadways, and the families that cultivated the fields lived not on the little farms but in closely built villages of from 100 to 500 people each.

Devastation Is Complete.

It is hard to realize today that these villages ever existed, that the land along this long, straight road was ever cultivated, ever produced foodstuffs for a people. In fact, it is hard to realize today that this was ever an inhabited country.

Of these peaceful villages, the living places of these farm people, there is no trace left. There are not even piles of debris, of broken brick and stone and lumber, to mark the spots where they stood. There is no single thing by which the returning peasants, wearily dragging themselves back to that spot which had been home to them and to their ancestors for almost countless generations, can mark the place where not only their home but their village had stood.

I have seen old men and women, wearied by four long years of exile, stand beside this road and gaze longingly over the devastated landscape, in an effort to locate some familiar object that would remind them of the spot they had known all their lives, and then turn away with tears on their cheeks because they could not find even one small object that would tell them of the homes, the only homes, they had known.

It was German ambition, German cruelty, German lust, German wantonness, German brutality, that were the cause of the destruction of these homes, of the agonies of a peaceful, thrifty people.

What can possibly compensate these people for their loss, for the misery they have suffered and must still suffer, for the homes and the associations that are gone forever? No, Germany can never pay in full, but she can continue to pay and pay until there has been bred out of the German people that desire for war, that love of conquest, that brutality, that it has taken centuries, almost, to breed into them, and which has resulted in laying a whole world waste.

In all that 20 miles between Ypres

along this long, straight road between Ypres and Menin, they would say, as I say, it is the German who must pay; it is the German who must risk destruction in the effort to put this land again into condition for cultivation.

I believe that one condition of the peace treaty should be that Germany, either as one nation or proportionately from the several small nations that may be formed out of the German empire, should call its military classes to the colors each year as it has done in the past; but in place of putting guns into the hands of these men, and training them for the purposes of war—a war of conquest—that it should put these men into the territories she has devastated, to reclaim the soil and to rebuild the villages, the towns and cities the Huns have destroyed. Let these Germans, under guard of Belgian troops, take the risk of destruction; let them guide the plow that may strike the unexploded shell, and let Germany pay them the meager wages of the German soldier while they are doing this.

Should Pay and Pay and Pay.

That would be the nearest thing to an accounting that Germany can render to the world, but she should pay all that it is humanly possible for a people to pay who have so ruthlessly despoiled the world. Her people should pay, and pay, and pay, until they have learned beyond the shadow of a doubt that war for the purpose of conquest, for the purpose of loot, for the gratification of selfish ambitions, is the most unprofitable business they could possibly engage in.

And remember that the devastation to be seen along the road from Ypres to Menin is but an example of all the terrible destruction to be found throughout Belgium and northern France and Serbia and other countries that have been overrun by the conquest-seeking armies of the Boche. And remember, too, that it is not alone the devastation that is to be paid for, but it is the work and the tears and the economic loss of every nation that was called into the struggle to defeat the selfish purposes of a selfish people, that the world might be a decent place in which free men might live.

GIRL MISSING 6 YEARS IS FOUND

Husband Clears Case of Lillian Ricketts, Who Fled From Stern Father.

DIED OF PNEUMONIA

Young Woman Decided She Could Live No Longer With Father and Fled to Detroit—Worked for Auto Concern.

Chicago.—Lillian Ricketts has been found. Death solved the mystery of a vanished girl after the police of the nation, hunting six years, had failed.

Lillian Ricketts' father, Dr. Richard Ricketts, formerly of Hammond, Ind., is said to have spent his entire fortune, nearly \$50,000, trying to find her. At one time it was thought Chicago had swallowed her up.

Francis McAlvey, 347 Larchmont avenue, for three years the young woman's husband, broke the news to the family. She sleeps in a graveyard in Detroit. She died of pneumonia on October 26, leaving a little son, eight months old.

Takes New Name.

When Lillian Ricketts dropped out of the world in 1912 she was twenty-two years old. For some reason she decided she could no longer live at home with her father. She went to Detroit, and relatives there, fearing to arouse Doctor Ricketts, a stern man, declined to help her if she ever communicated with any one at home, the husband in Detroit explained.

She made the promise and kept it. Taking the name of Clara Butler, she went to work for an automobile concern. In time she met and married McAlvey under her own name. He knew her secret.

Lonesome for Mother.

"She was pitifully lonesome for her mother," he said. "She would get so homesick for her that she would often lie awake at night crying when she thought I was asleep. I often used to urge her to write to her people. She would never do it, she said, because her father would find out and make trouble for the relatives who had befriended her."

When McAlvey telephoned to his dead wife's sister in Indianapolis she said:

"Oh, why didn't you tell us before? Mother has grown gray with worry."



"I Used to Urge Her to Write to Her People."

McAlvey was told that his wife's pledge had been all in vain; that the father, long since separated from the rest of the family, had moved away and has been living in Knoxville, Tenn., where he is practicing medicine. He made the fortune he spent looking for the girl in the manufacture of medicines.

QUICK WIT OF LITTLE GIRL

Helps Police Capture Criminals by Writing Auto License Number in Sand.

Cleveland, O.—The quick wit of a Cleveland girl enabled police here to clear up the mysterious shooting of Andrew Jablonski, seventeen. Stella Kaminska, twelve, saw five men firing revolvers from an automobile. Not having a pencil or paper, she quickly wrote the license number of the machine in the sand with a stick. Police traced the bandits through this number and made five arrests.

OWES LIFE TO WATCH CHAIN

Deflects Bullet Fired by Former Police Officer and Inflicts Trivial Flesh Wound.

Thompsonville, Conn.—Policeman Alton C. Payne of this place owes his life to a heavy gold watch chain which he wears. When shot by a former policeman the only shot which would have proven fatal struck the chain just over his heart, cutting out three links and penetrating his clothing. He sustained only a flesh wound.

MASQUERADES AS A PIE AND ESCAPES

Max Schalk Gets Out of Tombs by Concealing Himself in Baker's Wagon.

New York.—Daring escapes have been made from the Tombs by all sorts of methods. To Max Schalk goes the distinction of leaving Warden Hanley's castle of culture by means of a pie wagon.

Schalk, who had been transferred from the workhouse, was leaving coal in the courtyard of the Tombs. The big gates opened and in came a pastry cook's wagon. The driver crossed the courtyard with a basket brimming with goodies, pies among them. It was known Schalk liked pies.

Now listen to Warden Hanley: "I am not trying to deprive Schalk of any credit for his getaway, if he planned it. If he did, and nerve was water, he would be the Pacific ocean."



Climbed Into Wagon.

My own idea is that Schalk was not disguising genius under a short haircut. My theory of the escape can be summed up in one word—PIE!"

The warden thinks Schalk got a whiff of the pie man's basket and climbed into the wagon to fitch "a tart or something" and that the driver came out sooner than Schalk thought he would and drove off with him.

"What would you have done in Schalk's place?" asks the warden. "Would you have yelled?"

The interviewer was inclined to believe he would have made a noise like a pie.

The pastry cook thinks Schalk slid into the wagon as it was leaving the courtyard. If Schalk had been nestling among the pies in the bottom of the wagon trying to look like the late afternoon shadow of a chocolate éclair the general passenger agent of the outfit would have discovered him. But he didn't until after he was several blocks from the Tombs. Schalk then decamped.

TAILOR ALL CUT UP; FALLS FOR OLD GAME

Pittsburgh, Pa.—H. Shear of Braddock, a tailor, is considerably cut up because some clever sharpers separated him from \$2,500, leaving him only a \$1.50 box of brass slugs. Two men entered Shear's shop and exhibited what they said was a gold disk, and asked the proprietor \$2,500 for it. Shear declared he didn't want it, whereupon a third man appeared. He said he was a jeweler, and then put the "gold disk" to a test. It was found O. K. and Shear paid the money.

WOMAN WITH TWO HUSBANDS

Calls on Police to Settle Argument and Is Placed Under Arrest on Charge of Bigamy.

Cleveland, O.—Police here are dealing with the peculiar situation in which an unnamed woman finds herself. Fifteen years ago the woman was married to a Minnesota man and moved with him to Cleveland, where they opened a small shop. A year ago the woman disappeared. Three months later she came back to town with a man whom she introduced to her husband as her new husband, and showed a marriage license from Toledo to prove that she had another "man."

An argument, apparently good-natured, followed, and husband No. 1 proved to be a good talker, for his wife went back to him. Then she left again and sought out No. 2. The two husbands tried argument again, but this time the woman said a policeman would have to decide the question as to whom she ought to live with, so they all went to a police station and told the story. The prosaic sergeant could see no love to the case and held the woman on a charge of bigamy. She is waiting action by the court at present, while the husbands fraternally seek some way to help her out of her trouble.



Backache? Rheumatism?

Those of us who are past middle age are prone to eat too much meat and in consequence deposit lime-salts in the arteries, veins and joints. We often suffer from twinges of rheumatism or lumbago, sometimes from gout, swollen hands or feet. There is no longer the slightest need of this, however, as the new prescription, "Anuric" is bound to give immediate results as it is many times more potent than lithia, in ridding the impoverished blood of its poisons by way of the kidneys. It can be obtained at almost any drug store, by simply asking for "Anuric" for kidneys or backache. It will overcome such conditions as rheumatism, dropsical swellings, cold extremities, scalding and burning urine and sleeplessness due to constant arising from bed at night.

Send to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a 10c. trial package.

MADISON, CAL.—"I recommend Doctor Pierce's Anuric very highly. I have suffered for the last three years with catarrh of the bladder, having tried every remedy I heard of but without relief. I saw Anuric advertised in the paper, and like a drowning man grabbing at a straw I thought I would try it also, which I did with great success, as it relieved me almost immediately, before I had taken all of the trial package, and having great confidence in the remedy I immediately sent to the drug store and bought a full-size package. I can say to all suffering from any disease of the kidneys or uric acid troubles, try this remedy and suffer no longer. I have great faith in Dr. Pierce's remedies."—S. F. HENSLEY.

Highly Important One.

"This country has some important problems before it."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "The question of whether I am to be re-elected is coming up right now."

Get New Kidneys!

The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering out and throwing off the poisons developed in the system, things begin to happen.

One of the first warnings is pain or stiffness in the lower part of the kidney; liver, bladder or urinary organs start taking Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules, and save yourself before it is too late. Instant treatment is necessary in kidney and bladder troubles. A delay is often fatal.

You can almost certainly find immediate relief in Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules. For more than 20 years this famous preparation has been an unfailing remedy for all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles.

It is the pure, original Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used. About two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Get it at any drug store, and if it does not give you almost immediate relief, your money will be refunded. Be sure you get the GOLD MEDAL brand. None other genuine. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Her Method.

"Does Mildred talk when she plays golf?"

"No, only when you play."—Life.

A mushroom gathered in Lincolnshire, England, some years ago, measured a yard in circumference.

No man ever thinks a woman talks too much—for a woman.

Influenza and kindred diseases start with a cold.

Don't trifle with it. At the first shiver or sneeze, take

CASCARA QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Itching Rashes Soothed With Cuticura

Check Book FREE! Draw your own check on Chicago and bank by mail. No charge whatever. Your name and address please for free specimens of individual checks, and a free booklet with the bank's compliments, entitled "How to Bank" and all particulars. 25¢ or more opens a checking account and we draw money from your account. Write for particulars to

ABBOTT'S BANK, 659 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN NURSING

We furnish board, laundry and pay a salary while learning. For full particulars address

Supt. Jefferson Park Hospital 1402 W. Monroe St. Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

Coughing is annoying and harmful. Relieve throat irritation, tickling and get rid of coughs, colds and hoarseness at once by taking

PISO'S



"Our country!" In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—Stephen Decatur.

A BONE DRY NATION

Undoubtedly before this issue of The Republican-Journal reaches its readers, 36 states will have ratified the constitutional amendment and in so doing will have paved the way for a bone dry nation.

This outcome of the liquor traffic was inevitable, and despite the fact that temperance workers have been fighting "booze" in all its phases for generations, yet the distillers and the brewers themselves were the one big factor in bringing about this nationwide prohibition movement. For years the brewers and distillers defied all the laws of decency and order in their greed to get their goods before the public. Not satisfied with the business that might come to them thru the saloon keeper who was in the business for himself, they, the manufacturers, would start most any person up in business, no matter how disreputable, provided that individual sold the stipulated brand of beer or whisky. It was this class of sa-

loon keepers mostly that put the skids under the liquor business.

At the time these disreputable were in business, the people were disgusted and that disgust finally led to the very amendment that now makes the nation dry. While we censure the brewers and distillers for their indiscretion, or indecency, at the same time, considering what their acts have brought about, they are really entitled to a vote of thanks.

It is now the contention of many that moonshining will be carried on to a greater extent than ever. At first this may be true, but when the law breaker discovers that his offense leads to federal prison instead of a visit to the comfortable county jail, there will be less inclination to conduct the illicit stills. There will always be moonshining, despite the most stringent laws, and so will there always be murder and robbery despite the laws—murder and robbery as well as all other forms of crime will materially lessen as the liquor is put out of business.

We have many who feel that one man should not control the appetite of another nor should one state or a number of states be permitted to dry up the entire country. This argument is sound in some cases, but it has no bottom to stand on in this instance. No great public improvement was ever put over by waiting for the consent of every one. There are times when man must be shown that his surroundings need improving, and when those improvements are once established, the ones who opposed the innovation the most bitterly, are the ones to take the greatest pleasure in that improvement. We consider the eradication of the liquor evil the greatest improvement ever made in any country in any age of the world's history, and ten years from now those who have opposed the amendment, whether as consumers of booze or from a business standpoint, will marvel that the people put up with the evil as long as they did.

Horatio Perkins of Rockford spent the week end with home folks.

Bookkeeping.

It comes as a surprise, very often, to find how far back in the centuries some of the ordinary things of everyday life cast their roots. It may not be generally realized that double-entry bookkeeping, for instance, adopted in most large businesses of the modern world, originated, or if it did not originate, was practiced, among the mercantile communities of Italy in the fifteenth century. An early exponent of the method was a Minorite monk named Luca De Burgo, otherwise Paclol, who wrote and published a treatise on the subject in Venice in the year 1494, three years before Sebastian Cabot landed in America. The system survives as Luca De Burgo established it, with the exception of the few alterations necessitated by four centuries of commercial evolution. Still Mr. Evans or some one else tells strange stories of bookkeeping by double entry in the palace accounts of Knossus, twelve centuries before the Christian era.—Christian Science Monitor.

Bought Island Cheap.

There is a good story telling how the captain of a British warship came into possession of a small island near the New Hebrides. The captain was in search of a place to hold the annual prize firing, but the only suitable location was on a small island in Southwest bay. This was tribal property and, as the natives had been taught to fear the power of big guns they insisted that they should be paid for the island, as it would likely be destroyed. The negotiations ended in a chief going off to the ship, and it was agreed that the commander of the warship should become the owner of the island upon the payment of five sticks of tobacco. A target was then erected and the shooting took place.

Town Has Long History.

Mannheim isn't an old town. The village that preceded it dated back a thousand years, but the real Mannheim has just entered its fourth century. It was founded by Protestant refugees from Holland, who gave it a strongly fortified castle and brought no end of trouble on the place. During the Thirty Years' war that castle and the town were taken and retaken no less than five times. In 1794 it was in the hands of the French and then an Austrian army bombarded it so severely that scarcely a building was left unharmed. In 1803 a grand duke had the fortifications razed and Mannheim became an open town.

Feared She Might Be Suspected.
Midge came downstairs with perhaps one-half a bottle of big sister's perfume saturated in her clothing. She got up on a chair beside mother, and looking up into her face, she said, "Mother, if you smell anything, it isn't me."

Crososoted Trestles the Safest.
Crososoted railroad trestles are more nearly fireproof than those built of unpreserved timber, as their sound surfaces do not retain stray sparks.

Your Own Way.

Many have an idea that it would be pleasant always to have their own way. It is sometimes pleasant, but the results are not gratifying. It is the road that leads to temptation and bondage of sin.

Don't Be a Quitter.

Advertisement—"Married man, thirty-three years old, desires a change." Not an uncommon desire, though few are so bold as to advertise it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

DIVORCE FROM DESEATER

Mrs. Genevieve Martin Bortels of Rockford has docketed a suit for the annulment of her marriage to Lavorne C. Bortels, the young man who several times deserted from Camp Grant and was finally court martialed and sent to Fort Leavenworth for twenty years. The marriage was solemnized in Rockford in 1917, when the bride was 15 and the groom 18.

Has your subscription expired?

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.

The Thrift Blouse of a Nation



The Same Price the Country Over

There's Always a Saving on Wirthmor Waists

THERE'S always a saving on Wirthmore Waists, for the many great economies of the Wirthmore Plan in buying materials, in the making and in the selling of Waists insures that.

Consider these facts: that for several months past, cotton fabrics have cost from 100 to 200 per cent over pre-war days; that trimmings have advanced proportionately; that labor costs have gone up excessively and then you'll wonder as we do, how the price has been kept down so long.

That the price must now be advanced to maintain the quality is not in the least bit surprising; it's surprising rather that this did not occur a long time since for during these past many months Wirthmor Waists could readily have been sold at \$1.50; in fact, would have represented splendid values at that price.

The New Wirthmor Waists Priced at \$1.50

\$1.50 is the lowest price at which a worthy Waist can now be sold. Up to this price the Wirthmore folks will hereafter build the Waists that will be just as superior to all others at that price as have the Wirthmors in the past at the former price. For these things the word Wirthmor always will stand; style insurance, quality insurance, economy insurance; the positive assurance that you are receiving the very ultimate value for your expenditure.

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-Freezeable 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-Freezeable. 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.



Saving

If you are burning soft coal, you have discovered ere this that a large amount of the fuel is used in the morning before the house becomes warm; in fact coal is unnecessarily wasted at that time. On a cold morning a quick hot fire is wanted at once, and the desired results cannot be obtained no matter how much coal you shovel into the furnace. After cleaning the grates, just throw in an armful of kindling. This burns quickly, gives the desired heat almost instantly and cleans out the chimney as well. Then throw on the coal later and note the saving. It will pay to burn kindling once every day if for nothing more than to keep the flues clean. We can recommend nothing better than

Cedar or Walnut Slabs

We have them now
The price is right
ZELLER & SON

Watch For It!

\$'s are worth waiting for. People are watching for Leath's February Sale of Furniture and Rugs. The saving is great. Leath's furniture is beautiful. Look for this February Furniture Festival. Leath's Chain of Stores Furnishers of Beautiful comfy Homes.

Elgin, 70-74 Grove Ave.
Rockford, Opposite Court House
Dubuque, 576-584 Main St.
Aurora, 31-33 Island Ave.
Freeport, 103-105 Galena St.
Waterloo, 312-314 E. 4th St.
Beloit, 617-621 4th St.
Joliet, 215-217 Jefferson St.

FREE DELIVERY

Say you are from out of town

F. W. Olmsted Co.
Genoa, Illinois

L. G. Hemenway, M. D.
Office over
SCOTT'S PHARMACY
Residence No. 8.
TELEPHONES Office No. 54

E. M. Byers, M. D.
OFFICE and RESIDENCE
S. W. Corner
Washington and Jackson Streets
Telephone No. 23

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

Dr. J. T. SHESLER
DENTIST
Telephone No. 44
Office in Exchange Bank Building

—SEND ORDERS—
Pianos and Victrolas
T. H. GILL, Marengo, Ill.
Selling Goods in this vicinity Over
Forty Years
Want ads—they work for you.

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

Have you Junk, Furs and Hides?
Call Gordon Bros.
Telephone 138 GENOA, ILLINOIS

T. J. REINKEN
Live Stock
Auctioneer
Farm Sales made anywhere.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Phone 922-22 GENOA, Ill

**Why Meat Prices Vary
in Different Stores**

Prime steers	\$19.90@20.35
Good to choice steers	17.00@19.85
Common to medium steers	10.75@15.75
Yearlings, fair to fancy	16.00@19.90
Fat cows and heifers	8.95@15.35
Canning cows and heifers	7.25@ 8.25
Bulls, plain to best	6.50@12.50
Poor to fancy calves	6.75@15.75
Western range steers	10.00@15.00

These newspaper quotations represent live cattle prices in Chicago on December 30th, 1918.

The list shows price ranges on nine general classified groups with a spread of \$13.85 per cwt.—the lowest at \$6.50 and the highest at \$20.35.

Why this variation in price?

Because the meat from different animals varies greatly in quality and weight.

Although the quotations shown are in nine divisions, **Swift & Company grades cattle into 34 general classes**, and each class into a variety of weights and qualities.

As a result of these differences in cattle prices, (due to differences in weights and meat qualities), there is a range of 15 cents in Swift & Company's selling prices of beef carcasses.

These facts explain:

- 1—Why retail prices vary in different stores.
- 2—Why it would be difficult to regulate prices of cattle or beef.
- 3—Why it requires experts to judge cattle and to sell meat, so as to yield the profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to affect prices.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



Dance at the Opera House January 24. Sycamore music.

Cameo broches and bar pins of unusual beauty at Martin's.

V. S. McNutt returned Monday from a few days' stay at Indianapolis.

Chris Holm visited his mother in Racine, Wis., Sunday and Monday of this week.

B. L. Parker is in Indiana this week, in the interest of the Leich Electric Co.

Edgar Baldwin of Rockford spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Henrietta Baldwin.

You should not miss Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer" at the Grand this Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fishbach and children of Gilberts were visiting in Genoa last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Goding entertained Mrs. Harry Dobler of Holcomb over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Williams returned Saturday from a couple of days' visit with Elgin relatives.

Miss Blanche Patterson of Chicago was a week end visitor at the Arthur Patterson home.

Earl Williams of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Caroline Williams.

Blanche Patterson of Chicago was a week end guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. M. Corson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Austin and daughter of Rockford are spending the week with relatives in this city.

Mrs. J. W. Sowers spent Thursday and Friday of last week with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Shanahan, at Hampshire.

What could be a more ideal ideal birthday gift for Her than a string of beautiful pearl beads. Talk it over with Martin.

Mrs. Emma Duval and son, Milburn, of Elgin were over Sunday visitors with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lembke.

Don't fail to see the 7-reel feature, "Because of a Woman" (Belle Bennett) at the opera house January 25. Show starts at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Wm. Engle visited her mother, Mrs. Carrie Peterson, who is receiving treatment at Rest Haven Sanitarium, Elgin, Wednesday.

The Odd Fellows will celebrate their anniversary Monday evening. All members and their families and visiting Odd Fellows are invited.

Some times the Grand puts on an extra show. There may be, one on Friday night. If you are interested, watch the front lights at 6 o'clock.

Mrs. G. H. Martin left Wednesday evening for a several months' visit with relatives at San Bernardino, California. Mr. Martin accompanied her as far as Chicago.

If you see Marguerite Clark in "Rich Man, Poor Man" at the Grand Wednesday, Jan. 22, the first thing you will do is to tell your friends who were not there what they missed.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Patterson entertained the H. B. club at cards Tuesday evening, in honor of Corp. John Sell, who returned Monday from Camp Hancock, Ga. A delicious supper was served late in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Shafer of Sycamore and Mrs. S. H. Stiles of this city departed Wednesday of this week for the South. They will pass a time in Biloxi, Miss., and then go to Florida and anticipate an ocean trip. They will probably be away from home for two months.

Notice to Milk Producers:—The annual meeting of the DeKalb County Milk Producers Association will be held in the public library at Sycamore on Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:00 o'clock p. m. All members are urged to be present.

Only 380 adults and 14 children in Genoa township have joined the Red Cross this year. This is a mighty poor showing, and one that is not a source of pride to the city. Every man and woman should make an effort to join; there are very few who can not save up a dollar for this noble and very essential cause. If one cannot spare the dollar, possibly, there is no more argument, but that can not be the reason for the present state of lethargy on the part of hundreds. There are over 1100 adults in the township and according to those figures there should be no less than 1000 local members of the Red Cross.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Halls' Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Halls' Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

W. J. Prain spent Saturday in Chicago.

Clayton Faber was in Chicago the first of the week.

L. J. Kiernan transacted business in Chicago Monday.

E. H. Browne and son, R. H., were in Chicago Monday.

Bryce Smith visited in Belvidere and Marengo Saturday.

J. A. Patterson transacted business in Rockford Wednesday.

Dance at the Opera House January 24. Sycamore music.

S. H. Matteson called on Hampshire friends the first of the week.

Charles Maderer was one of the Chicago passengers Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Douglass were Chicago passengers Monday morning.

Miss Arla Crawford visited her sister, Mrs. Lewis Gormley, in Chicago last week.

Mayor J. J. Hammond visited at the home of his mother in Aurora the first of the week.

Mrs. Albert Rudolph spent the week end at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. H. King, in Chicago.

Elmer Albertson went to Chicago Monday to welcome the Blackhawk division, his brother being among the returning troops.

Ed. Pierce is in the Sherman Hospital, Elgin, recovering from the effects of a recent operation for appendicitis and complications.

Dr. Lord of Plano writes home that the 129th infantry is stationed at Esch, Germany. The information is believed to be authentic.

W. H. Jackman was out from Chicago over Sunday. Mr. Jackman is now in the Chicago offices of Swift & Co., being assistant to the city sales manager.

Ed. Safford of Mayfield lost 14 head of cattle on the tracks of the Great Western Tuesday. A ste animal was crossing the right of way, they ran up the tracks and were hit by a train.

A number of relatives gathered at the home of M. J. Corson January 8 and assisted Mrs. Sarah Corson in celebrating her 88th birthday anniversary. Mrs. Corson is enjoying unusually good health, despite her advanced years.

Scores of subscriptions to the Republican-Journal expired on the last of December. Subscribers will confer a favor by paying up without the necessity of sending out statements, incurring considerable expense and consuming valuable time. Read your label today. If it reads Dec. 15, it means that your time has expired.

The large car barn of the Woodstock & Sycamore Traction Co. was sold last week to Frank Arbuckle and the Thurlby Brothers of Kingston who are now razing the building. The lumber salvaged will be utilized in the construction of sheep sheds.

A twenty-five cent want ad in the Republican-Journal brought buyer and seller together in this instance.

Vern Corson, who has been confined to his home for some weeks with influenza and pneumonia, is again on the job. He is now reorganizing the working plan of the Crescent Remedy Co., of which he is owner, and will soon put an experienced salesman into the field and now has on the road a car load of raw materials for the manufacture of his stock remedies and foods.

HOME BUILT AROUND ICEBOX
Nature Kindly Furnished Cold Storage Facilities for Landowner in Western Montana.

The owner of a plot of ground in western Montana discovered on his property a well which emitted a constant current of cold air, which in hottest summer was about 35 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature of scientifically regulated refrigerators. With a business eye to economizing in ice he decided to build a house in such a position that the well would be at the side of the kitchen in a built-in addition. In this addition he afterward placed shelves and receptacles for storing perishable goods.

His next step was to build a store nearby, with an underground pipe connecting the well with a room in the basement of the store. Here he planned to keep perishable merchandise. The pipe led up into the store, also. It was provided with a damper so that it could be opened or shut in order to regulate the temperature of the room. In this way electric current for operating fans in hot weather was saved.

At the opening in the pipe the force of air current is sufficient to sweep a man's hat from his head. No satisfactory explanation of the current has been found. In winter the air is warmer than the outside atmosphere and prevents the stored articles from freezing.—Popular Science Monthly.

Dimmed Light.
Mrs. Peavish says that before they were married Mr. Peavish used to call her the light of his life, and now he says she can't hold a candle to his sister-in-law.—Dallas Morning News.

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—3 acres of land in the city of Genoa. Will be sold at a bargain if taken at once.
13-ft G. E. Stott, Atty.

FOR SALE—Barrd Rock Cockerels. Large, vigorous and good coloring. A few left that I will sell cheap.
M. L. Evans
Phone 916-14, Genoa

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

FOR SALE—Eight residence properties, at anywhere from \$600.00 to \$6,000.00, according to location and improvements. Some of these ought to fit and suit you if you want any.
35-ft D. S. Brown.

FOR SALE—Fairbanks Morse Jack of all Trades Gasoline engine. Inquire of Chas. Maderer, Genoa. 11

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

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

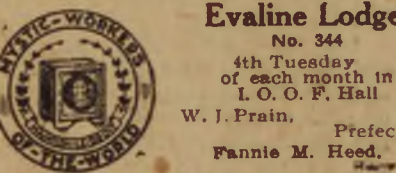
FOR RENT
NOTICE
To Olive Rosenke.
You are hereby notified that there is now pending in the Circuit Court of DeKalb County, in the State of Illinois, a certain suit [General No. 19928] wherein William Rosenke is complainant and Olive Rosenke is defendant; that a summons has been issued in said cause returnable at the Court House in Sycamore, in said county, on the Fourth Monday of February, 1919.

Geo. A. James, Clerk of said court.
G. E. Stott, Solicitor for complainant, 12-4t Genoa, Ill.

Evaline Lodge
No. 344
4th Tuesday of each month in L. O. O. F. Hall
W. J. Prain, Prefect
Fannie M. Hoed, Wm.

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, Edna Abraham
N. G. Sec.



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
SPECIALTY HEATERS



PERKINS & ROSENFELD
Deposits Guaranteed with over \$300,000.00

GENOA OPERA HOUSE
COMING JANUARY 25
Seven Reel Feature
"Because of a Woman"—Belle Bennett
Show Starts at 8:00 o'clock
CONRAD KNIPRATH, Prop.

**Warm Feet
On a Cold Day**

It's a simple matter to keep your feet warm and dry and so ward off many winter-time complaints by wearing a pair of

**Dr. A. Reed
Cushion Shoes**

Come in and let us fit you. The soft cushion insole is a non-conductor of cold and dampness. Comfortable from the first moment, for Dr. A. Reed Shoes need no breaking in.

F. O. HOLTGREN

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB
with 1¢, 2¢, 5¢, 10¢ and in 50 weeks Get \$12.50

That small change you have in your pocket, and usually spend foolishly, would soon amount to a nice little sum if put in our Christmas Banking Club.

Just try. Come in and join. It costs nothing to join and in only 50 weeks you will thank us for urging you to do so.

Besides the 1 cent, 2 cent, 5 cent and 10 cent increasing and decreasing clubs, we have 50 cent, \$1.00, \$5.00 or any amount you wish.

Come in and let us explain the plan to you.

You will receive 3 per cent interest

Exchange Bank
Deposits Guaranteed with over \$300,000.00

Cold weather service

Groceries delivered to your door

Phone 74

E. J. TISCHLER, Grocer

GUNNER DEPEW

By
ALBERT N. DEPEW

Copyright, 1918, by Rellly and Britton Co., Through Special Arrangement With the George Matthew Adams Service

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

As we went ashore, the bombardment began, and we were not only under fire of spit, if you could call it that, but also of rocks and bottles and sticks and most anything that could be thrown.

All this time, "lest you forget," we had no shoes, and no clothing—only what had once been our underwear. It is all right to be a Coney Island snowbird and pose around in your bathing suit in the drifts, because you are in good condition, and last but not least, because you do not have to do it. Figure out the other side of it for yourself.

They marched us into a field where there was nothing much but guns and ammunition and snow, and set us up in something like skirmish formation. We stood there for some time, and then we saw a lot of Huns with the new long rifles coming toward us, yelling just as they did in battle, and we thought sure we were being used for practice targets. It is a good thing they halted and stopped yelling when they did, or we would have started for them to fight it out, for we were not the kind that likes to be butchered with hands in the air, and we would have been glad for a chance to get a few of them before they got us. But they did halt, and then surrounded us, and drilled us away through swamps and woods and shallow water or slush. The women followed, too, and there were plenty of bricks and split left. Women as well as men are the same the world over, they say. I wonder? You can just picture the women of, say, Rockland, Me., following a crowd of German prisoners that way, can't you? Not! But of course the women of Rockland are pretty crude—no kultur at all—and Gott never commissioned President Wilson to take the lid off the strafe pot for him.

They drilled us along the docks, and it looked as though the whole German navy was tied up at Swinemunde. We saw many of the ships we had heard about, among them being the famous Vulcan, the mother-ship for submarines. There were many sail-ors loafing along the docks, and they gave the women a hand with their days' work. They were no better with a brick, but they had more ammunition when it came to splitting. One of them tripped a young boy by the name of Kelly, and as you would never doubt, Kelly picked up a rock and crashed the sailor with it. He was then bayoneted twice in the left leg. We began singing then, our popular favorite, "Pack up your troubles," etc., and when they heard us, how the swine stared!

Then they drilled us past the German soldiers' quarters. The men were at rifle practice, and I guess all of us thought how handy we would be as targets. But when we got near them, they quit practicing and crowded around us yelling: "Raus! Zuruck!"

Finally we got to the top of the hill, and were halted near the barracks while an officer read the martial law of Germany to us. At least we thought maybe that was it.

Finally they let us into the barracks, and the first thing we saw was a great pile of hay. That looked good to us, and we made a rush and dived into it. But the Huns told us to take the hay and throw it in the middle of the road. They had to use force before we would do it. Finally we gave in, however, and started to carry it out. Some of the young boys were crying, and I do not blame them much.

But one of the boys tried to hide some of the hay behind a box and was caught doing it, and two sentries clouted him from one end of the barracks to the other. His nose was broken and his face mashed to a jelly. But there was nothing we could do, so we just wandered up and down the barracks, about as we did between decks on the Moewe, trying to keep warm.

While this marathon was on we heard a whistle blown very loudly, and when we looked out we saw a wagon piled up with old tin cans. Then we were told to form single file, walk out to the wagon and each get a can for himself. Each man had to take the first can he laid his hands on, and many of us got rusty ones with holes in them. So that about half an hour later, when we received barley coffee, and all we had to drink it from was the cans, lots of the men had to drink theirs almost in one gulp or lose half of it.

The barracks were very dirty and smelled horribly, and the men were still not even half clothed. We all looked filthy and smelled that way, and where the coal dust had rubbed off, we were very pale. And all of us were starved looking.

About eleven o'clock that morning the whistle blew again, and we came out and were given an aluminum spoon and a dish apiece. Then we cheered up and saw corned beef and cabbage for ourselves. An hour later they drilled us through the snow to the kuche. When we got there we stood in line until at least half-past twelve, and then the Germans shout-

ed: "Nichts zu essen." But we did not know what that meant, so we just hung around there and waited. Then they started shouting, "Zuruck! Zuruck!" and drove us back to the barracks.

Later we heard the words "nichts zu essen!" so often that we thought probably they meant "no eats." We had our reasons for thinking so, too. Those words, and "zuruck" and "raus," were practically all we did hear, except, of course, various kinds of schweinbunde.

It was awful to see the men when we got back to the barracks. Some of the boys from the Georgic, not much over twelve years old, were almost crazy, but even the older men were crying, many of them. It was nothing but torture all the time. They opened all the windows and doors in the barracks, and then we could not heat the room with our bodies. When we started to move around, to keep warm, they fired a few shots at us. I do not know whether they hit anyone or not; we had got so that we did not pay any attention to things like that. But it stopped us, and we had to stand still. The Huns thought we would take the rifles from the sentries and use them, too.

I never saw a yellow bunch of people in my life. I do not mean people. I wish I could publish what I really mean.

We had stoves in the barracks, but no coal or wood to burn. There were many boxes piled up there, but they belonged to the Germans. We would have burned them if we could, but the Germans made us carry them across the road. They weighed about 150 pounds apiece, and we were so weak that it was all two men could do to budge them. And we had to carry them; they would not let us roll them. We were so cold and hungry that even that exercise did not warm us.

About 2:30 the whistle blew again, and the Huns picked out a few men and took them down the road. We could not figure out why, but they came back about three o'clock, all of them with bread in their arms. They were chewing away on it when they had a chance. Whenever the sentries were not looking they would bite at it like a fish going after a worm. Each man carried five loaves.

When they got in the barracks the sentries made them put the bread down on the floor, and then, with their bayonets, the sentries cut each loaf once down the center lengthwise and four times across, which meant ten men to a loaf about the size of an



They Tied Me, Face to the Fence.

ordinary ten-cent loaf in this country now. They gave each of us a piece a little larger than a safety-match box.

The bread was hard and dark, and I really think they made it from trees. It had just exactly the same smell that the dirt around trees has.

We filed past the sentries single file to get our ration of this mud, and there was no chance of getting in line twice, for we had to keep on filing until we were out in the road, and stand there in the snow to eat it. We could not go back in the barracks until every man had been served.

Our meals were like this: A can of barley coffee in the morning; cabbage soup, so called, at noon; a tenth of a loaf of bread at 3 p. m. That was our menu day in and day out, the kaiser's birthday, Lincoln's, May day, or any other time.

This cabbage soup was a great idea. We called it shadow soup, because the boys claimed they made it by hanging a cabbage over a barrel of water and letting the shadow fall on the water. We pretended, too, that if you found any cabbage in it, you could take your dish back for a second helping. But I never saw anybody get more than one dishful. All it was, was just spoiled water.

We tried to go to sleep that night, but there were so many sentries around us—and those of us who were

not sick were wounded—that I do not think a man of us really slept. After a while I asked a sentry if I could go outside for a minute, but for some reason he would not let me. I had different ideas about it, so I stood around near the door, and when he turned his back out I went and around the corner of the barracks.

But one of the sentries there saw me and blew his whistle, and a guard of eight came up from somewhere and grabbed me. I tried to explain, but it was no use, because every time I said a word it meant another swat over the ear, so finally I gave it up.

Then they drilled me across the road to the officers' quarters. There were three officers there, and each of them asked me questions about all kinds of things, but never once mentioned my running out of the barracks. Then they gave the sentries some commands, and four of the sentries took me out and over to the barbed wire fence. There they tied me, face to the fence, arms over my head, and hands and feet lashed to the wire, and with a rope around my waist, too. I thought, then, that my hunch had come true, and that I would be crucified, like Murray and Brown.

They posted a sentry there in addition to the regular guards, and every time he walked past me he would kick me or spit on me, or do both.

One time he kicked me so hard that a prong of the barbed wire gashed me over the left eye—the only one I can see with—and when the blood ran into my eye it blinded me. I thought both eyes were gone then, and I hoped they would shoot me. It seemed to me that I had got my share by this time without losing the other eye, and if it was gone, I wanted to go too.

I could not put up my hand to feel where the prong had jabbed me, and it kept on bleeding and smarting. I had on practically no clothing, you remember. The wounds in my thigh had opened, and it was bitter cold and windy. So you can picture to yourself how gay and carefree I was.

When I had been there for an hour and a half they untied me from the wire, and I keeled over on my back. They kicked me until I had to stand up, but I fell down again, and all the kicking in Germany could not have brought me to my feet. I was just all in. So they blew their whistles and the sentries in the barracks awakened two of the boys, who came and carried me in.

All the time the sentries were yelling, "Gott strafe England!" and "schweinhund!" until you would have thought they were in a battle. What their idea was I do not know.

The boys had a little water in a can, and one of them tore off part of the sleeve of his undershirt. So they washed the gash and bandaged it. Believe me, I was glad when I could see again. I was so tired and worn out that I went to sleep at once, and did not wake up until they were giving us our barley coffee next morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

German Prison Camps.

A few days after I had been lashed to the barbed wire fence some of the German officers came to the barracks, and one of them who spoke very good English said: "All of the neutrals who were on unarmed ships step out." Only a few stepped out.

Then he called for all the neutrals, and the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Brazilians and Spaniards stepped out. But when I did, he said, "No, not Americans. Americans are not neutrals. America supplies our enemies with food and ammunition." He raised his fist, and I thought he was going to hit me, but instead he gave me a shove that caused me to fall and get a little cut on the head. Then the sentries pushed me over with the British and the French.

After that they took the Norwegians, Swedes and Danes to separate barracks, and gave them clothes and beds and the same rations as the German soldiers. When I saw this I made a kick and said I was a neutral, too, and ought to get the same treatment as the Scandinavians. They took me to the officers again, kicked me about and swore at me, and the only answer I got was that America would suffer for all she had done for the allies. Then I was sent back to the barracks again.

The next day at about one o'clock they took us from the barracks and drilled us through the swamps. The men began to fall one by one, some crying or swearing, but most of them going along without a word. Those who went down were smashed in the head with rifle butts or belts.

Finally we arrived at a little railroad station, and had to stand in the snow for over an hour while the engine ran up and down the tracks hooking on cars. When we finally got in the cars we were frozen stiff. I could hardly walk, and some of the boys simply could not move without intense pain.

They loaded twelve men into each compartment, and detailed a guard of

six men to each car. The windows in the cars were all smashed, and everything about the cars was dirty.

Finally the train stopped at a town named Alt-Damm, and there was a mob of women and children around, as usual, ready for us with bricks and spit. They stoned us through the car windows, and laughed and jeered at us, but by this time we were so used to it that we did not mind much. Only, every now and then some fellow would get all he could stand, and either talk back or make a pass at somebody. Then he would get his—either a bayonet through the arm or leg, or a crash on the head with a gun butt.

After an eighteen hour ride, without food or drink, we arrived at Neustrelitz. It was raining as we pulled in. As we went up the grade to the town we could see lights about a mile away, and we figured that that was the camp. The rain stopped and we remained in the cars for some time. Then, after a while, we knew our new guards were coming; long before we could see them, we could hear the racket they made. Somehow a German cannot do anything shipshape and neatly, but always has to have a lot of noise, and running around, and general confusion. Four-footed swine are more orderly in their habits than the Huns.

When they came up, we were roused from the cars and drilled up the road to the camp. When we got near the German barracks we were halted and counted again, and made to stand there for at least an hour after they had finished counting us, shivering like leaves. At last they placed us in barracks, and those who could went to sleep.

There were about forty barracks in the Limey group at Neustrelitz and two large Zeppelin sheds. The barracks were just about like those at Swinemunde—at least, they were no better. Along the sides of the rooms were long shelves or benches, and every three feet were boards set in grooves. The shelves were what we had to sleep on, and the boards in the grooves divided them up so that only a certain number of men could use each bench.

The following morning we nearly dropped dead when the Huns pulled in a large wagon full of clothing. We thought we never would have anything to wear but our underclothes. They issued to each man a pair of trousers, thin model, a thin coat about like the seersucker coats some people wear in the summer, an overcoat about as warm as if it had been made of cigarette papers, a skull cap and a pair of shoes, which were a day's labor to carry around. Not one of us received socks, shirts or underwear.

The toe was cut from the right shoe of the pair I received, and as my wounds were in the right thigh and my leg had stiffened up considerably and got very sore, I got pretty anxious, because there was nothing but slush underfoot, and I was afraid I might lose my leg. So I thought that if I went to the commander and made a kick I might get a good shoe. I hesitated about it at first, but finally made up my mind and went to see him.

I told him that it was slushy outside, and that the water ran through the hole in my shoe and made it bad for my whole leg, which was wounded. He examined the shoe, and looked at the open toe for some time, and I thought he was going to put up an argument, but would give in finally. Then he asked me what I wanted. I thought that was plain enough to see, but I said just as easily as I could that I wanted a shoe without a hole in the toe.

"So the water runs into it, does it?" he said. "Well, my advice to you is to get a knife, cut a hole in the heel and let the water out." All the other swine in the room laughed very loud at this, and I guess this Fritz thought he was a great comedian. But somehow or other, it did not strike me so funny that I just had to laugh, and I was able, after quite a struggle, to keep from even snickering. It was a harder struggle than that to keep from doing something else, though!

Our meals were just about the same as at Swinemunde—the bread was just as muddy, the barley coffee just as rank, and the soup just as cabbageless. The second morning after we had had our barley coffee, one of the sentries came to our barracks, which was number 7-B, and gave each of us an envelope and a sheet of writing paper. Then he told us to write to anybody we wanted to, after which he chalked on the door in big letters: KRIEGSGEFANGENENLAGER

and told us it was the return address. We were all surprised, and asked each other where we were, because we had thought we were in Neustrelitz. After a while, we learned that it means "Prisoner-of-War-Camp." At first, though, many of us thought it was the name of the town, and we got to calling it the Brewery, because the name ended in lager. Whatever beer was brewed there was not for us though.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAND INNOCENT OF BATHTUBS

In Turkey the Stationary Tub, So Familiar in Western Lands, Is Absolutely Unknown.

The Turk in spite of his constant bathing (bathing being enjoined by the Mohammedan religion) has no stationary tubs nor wash bowls—indeed, Turkish houses are quite innocent of plumbing, says Edith Giffallin, in an article on the colorful ancient capital of the Ottoman empire. But as the Turk never bathes save in running water the brick floors contain drains that carry the water to the garden outside. Always before eating, a servant pours, from a pitcher, water over an oriental's hands; which seems a wise provision, for they do not use knives nor forks; spoons only are used to eat soup or sherbets.

They do not sit around a table as we do, but sit on cushions round foot-high table trays. All over the nearest they have but two meals. Breakfast is a sort of movable feast up to eleven o'clock. It consists of coffee, fruit and various hot breads. The Turk is enabled to sustain life until his dinner at sunset by drinking innumerable cupsful of thick, hot, heavily-sweetened coffee.

Dinner, which is consumed in the evening, is the only meal the Turk takes in the bosom of his family. It often is an elaborate affair of twelve courses: Tomatoes and squash and eggplant and other vegetables stuffed with rice or minced meat or cheese, fish swimming in oil, mutton stews, goat fricassees, roasted chickens, rich pastries and candies, preserves of plum and quince and fig and peach, and always coffee and the narghile—waterpipe.

At some of these dinners they drink a sort of brandy called raki; but alcoholic drinks are anathema to the orthodox Turk.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE PASSES

World Soon to Have Little Use for Picturesque Character Whose Fortune Was His Sword.

If it shall now come to pass, as it well may, that there shall be an end put to wars, the old-time soldier of fortune will become an extinct species.

The world, of course, can get along very well without him, and yet he will be missed. For he is a very ancient institution, indeed. He was with Alexander and Caesar, Napoleon, the captains and the kings of every nation under the sun wherever there was a knife to stick or a bullet to shoot.

Slowly but surely, however, the ground has been cut from under the feet of the soldier of fortune, and now it seems that, at last, he is to disappear completely.

He had a good time, though, while it lasted, and it did last a long time, at that. For there was always, somewhere, a job waiting for him. If things went stale on the Spanish Main, he could cross over to the other side of the world and find another banner under which to fight.

It was all the same to him, which side he fought with or against. He had no enmities, no hatreds; he had no grudge to satisfy. His business was fighting. The doubling of Spain looked just as good to him as the sovereignty of England or the yen of Japan.

To Get Cash From Bank Vaults.

An ambitious young yeggman once approached a famous safe cracker in the penitentiary where both were sojourning. The young man was about to leave prison and wanted to know a sure method of getting money from a bank's vault.

"Go," said the famous safeblower. "to your home town. Get a job. Visit the bank every Saturday evening and deposit a small amount of your week's wages. Thus you will gain the confidence of the bank officials and people in general. Get a better job as soon as you can. Continue your weekly visits. In time you'll find yourself universally trusted."

"And then?" the young yeggman asked expectantly.

"Then," the wise old crook answered, "you will be drawing interest out of the bank vault; and that is the only sure and safe method of getting money from such a place."

System Brings Results.

It's not necessary to become a recluse to gain fitness. The very fact that you grow makes present tasks easy. That gives additional time that can be applied in still greater attainments. Self-mastery begets self-confidence that reacts again in greater self-mastery. And that leads to the mastery of other things. Each new attainment helps to make work easier. The wise man knows he must have recreation and diversion so he does not become a grind. He just systematizes his time and marshals his resources in such a way as to startle the careless worker. The result is continued growth in efficiency. Every day brings added satisfaction, for there is joy in achievement.—Exchange.

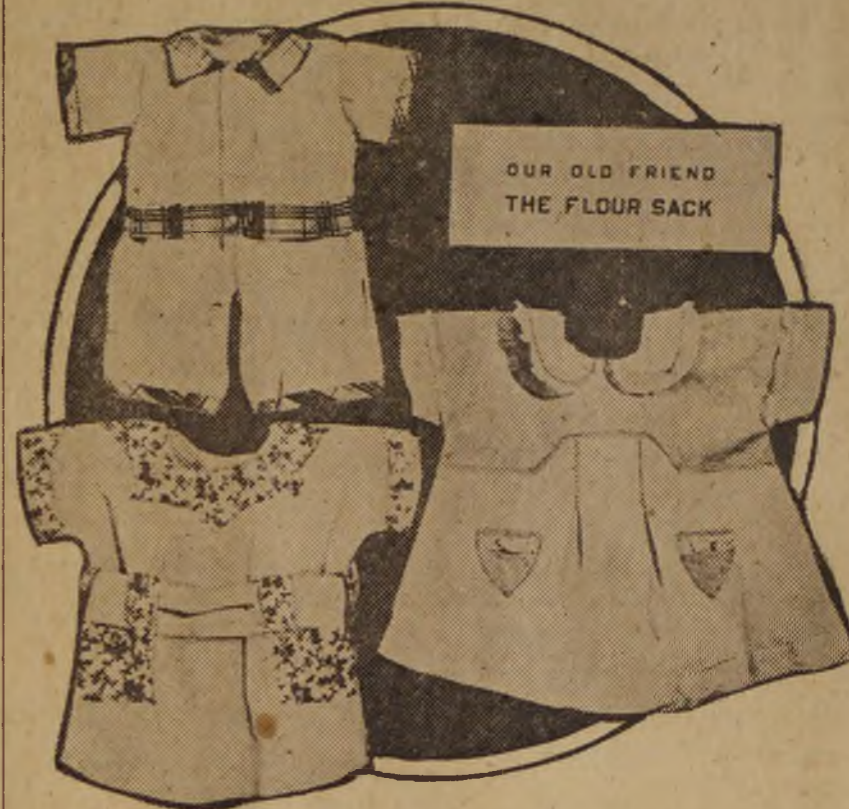
Glazing Soles of Shoes.

Shoe soles that are occasionally glazed have exceptional wearing qualities, and it was by this process that our grandparents made a single pair of shoes last an entire season, without resoling. A thin varnish should be used, two coats of it being applied the first time and only a single coat after that. Once a fortnight is often enough to glaze the soles, and it can be done either on new or old shoes.

The Housewife and Her Work

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

THRIFT IN CLOTHING THE WATCHWORD THIS YEAR



Dainty Garments for Children Are Being Made From Cloth Flour Sacks.

GARMENTS MADE FROM DISCARDS

Material Cut in Expenses Made by Reducing Amount of New Wearables Bought.

CONSERVATION OF CLOTHING

Home Demonstration Agents Busy Showing Women Throughout Country How to Make Use of Cast-Off Garments of All Kinds.

"You must be the son of my old friend Edward Miller," said the man back on a visit in his home town to the small boy he met on the street, "for you have his eyes and his mouth."

"Yes, and his pants, too," piped up Eddie.

This winter Eddie Miller won't be alone when it comes to wearing father's cast-off trousers cut down for his diminutive form. All over the country the Eddies and Johnnies are being clad in warm garments made from discarded clothing which of late years has been given or thrown away, and the Susies and Marys display with pride the dress "mother made from her year-before-last skirt." Thrift has become the rule almost overnight. The old saw, "a penny saved is a penny earned," has taken on fresh meaning to many in the past year.

With those whose incomes are a thousand dollars or less economists state 40 to 60 per cent has had to go for food during these war years. Rents have gone up too in many places, so that often the only place where a cut can be made in expenses is in the clothing column. Realizing that there are many who, anxious to save by utilizing old materials, are unable to do so because of lack of knowledge, the home demonstration agents under the extension service of the department of agriculture in connection with the state agricultural colleges have been holding classes in clothing conservation in all parts of the country. This work has evoked marked response from women attending and some remarkable results have been attained.

Fashion Shows Popular Events.

Proud of their efforts and anxious to have their neighbors profit by their experience, the pioneers in this work have put on "fashion shows" where parades are staged in the manner of the big store parades at the opening of clothing seasons. However, the models in these up-to-date fashion shows wear garments remodeled from old material.

The campaign has been especially strong in Iowa and Nebraska. Stores, halls, private homes and libraries have been utilized for the exhibits and as places in which to hold the "clinics." To the "clinics" those who are interested bring garments and leftovers and discuss with the expert in charge the best way of putting them to new uses. In Cerro Gordo county, Iowa, an especially interesting display of garments was held in the Mason City library. One much-admired piece of work was a good-looking dress for a ten-year-old girl made from a three-year-old lightweight suit of her father. The little pleated skirt was pieced eight or nine times but the pleats hid the piecing.

Expert Advice Given.

In Lincoln, Neb., a room in the city hall was donated by the mayor for the use of the home demonstration agent and her assistants in this remodeling work. Here the old garments are brought and expert advice is given their owners on how best to make them over. Some noteworthy accomplishments in saving cloth have been

the uses which have been made of the cloth flour sack. Once used for drying dishes, they now are made into children's dresses, undergarments, aprons, and other garments and attractive articles of wear are the result.

The thrift of the French has always been admired. This national characteristic has been attained in part by their struggle to pay the huge indemnity exacted from them by the Germans after the Franco-Prussian war. America's opportunity now comes to cultivate this same virtue. To help reduce our war debt we must increase our savings by individual sacrifice and economy.

NEW CLOTHES

Invoice your wardrobe carefully and be sure you really need every article you plan to buy.

For the articles to be replaced, choose material in garments which will harmonize with the rest of your wardrobe. It is economical to buy fewer garments at a time and to buy the best material one can afford.

In ready-made garments, choose conservative styles that they may be worn a long time. Select garments appropriate to the use they are intended for and suitable to your individuality. It is economical to limit the number and variety of colors in your wardrobe.

Standard materials of good grade, such as wool serge, broadcloth, flannel, crepe de chine, gingham, dimity, and percale, are economical because they wear well and are never out of style.

If you have the time and ability, it is economy to make your clothes or part of them.

In buying ready-to-wear undergarments give preference to simplicity in style and good workmanship, because they wear better and are easier to launder.

One garment of good material will outlast two cheaper ones; but it may be economy to buy cheaper material for garments worn only occasionally.

Buy after the rush season. Estimate the quantity of material required before buying. Select a garment that will serve two purposes if possible.

Use Apples Freely.

The only fresh fruit many families in the North have during the cold months is the apple. Different ways of utilizing this kitchen standby are sure of a welcome from the cook.

The department of agriculture suggests the following ways of serving the apple:

Fresh apples may be stuffed with sausage and then baked; sliced and fried in fat to serve with meats, or served raw in salads.

Canned, dried or stewed apples may be varied greatly by changing the flavors used.

Canned apples make a delicious addition to custards or souffles, adding a piquant flavor.

Canned, dried or fresh, they form an acceptable basis for Brown Betty made with crumbs.

Fresh or canned, the fruit may be utilized in short cakes, and in apple sauce.

One Base, but Many Dishes.

Every housekeeper of experience has formulas for staple dishes which she has fitted to her needs. Just as one recipe for crust may serve for various kinds of pie fillings, or one cake may have different flavors and icings, so one dough may be used for short cakes or dumplings or be steamed for a roly-poly pudding in combination with any fruit available, or a tutti-frutti combination.

Unheralded Heroes of the War

Heroes were made every day during the war. Unusual deeds of bravery became so common that little attention was paid to them. Sometimes they found their way into official dispatches, but often no one heard of them. But now many stories of these brave acts are being told, usually by the pals of the men who dared and died for their country and for humanity. Below are a few of these unusual stories:

How Two Yank Soldiers Held Enemy Street Till Help Came

NO INDIVIDUAL or group of individuals can step into the limelight and stay any time without becoming the subject of criticism of one sort or another. And the American soldier during his comparatively short participation in the great world war has come in for his share.

One of the most outstanding criticisms of the American soldier as a fighter is that he doesn't know when to stop, that he's reckless in his courage and seemingly devoid of all care as to his personal well-being or safety in the accomplishment of a given object. These qualities of the Yankee fighter were shown recently at the capture of the town of Serby by the American forces.

It was Sunday morning. A platoon of 50 men was ordered to go into Serby and to hold a certain street. The Germans were still in the town and were raking all roads approaching with a storm of machine gun fire. The platoon emerged from a wooded shelter on the north bank of the Ourcq and made its way across a sloping field toward the outskirts of the village. There it was met with a withering hail of bullets that immediately began to thin the ranks, but the men kept on going.

As the little company drew nearer the town the fire from the German machine guns increased. It became so deadly accurate that by the time the platoon had entered the village only 20 of the original 50 men remained, and James Hyland of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of those 20.

Immediately on entering the town the platoon made its way to the street it had been ordered to hold. The men sought shelter behind a pile of debris at the head of the thoroughfare, a poor shelter indeed and one swept by machine guns and snipers from three sides. But the lieutenant in command, who is now dead, decided that inasmuch as his orders were to stay there until relieved, there he would stay.

Every Hun in that end of the town seemed to be directing his undivided attention to the little company of Americans behind its flimsy shelter. The snipers were everywhere. A particularly deadly fire came from machine guns placed in a Red Cross building; so fierce was it that the men spent nearly all of their ammunition trying to get those guns, and finally rushed the building, but they had to come back.

Foedless and waterless, they stayed there all that day. As the hours dragged on, the gallant band grew smaller and smaller. By afternoon all of the officers had been killed and the privates elected commanders, who one by one were shot down.

When relief reached them at seven o'clock that evening Hyland and one comrade—whose name isn't given—were all that were left of the 50 who started out in the morning. Hyland was in command, and the two men were shooting their last cartridges at the machine gunners up the street they had been ordered to hold.

How Former Circus Clown Bore His Message Through Barrage

EVER since we have all been old enough to think behind the things we see we have wondered as we have watched the antics of a circus clown just what kind of a man he really is when out from under the big tent and moving around in the everyday life of the ordinary man.

It isn't likely, however, that we ever thought of a clown as being of such stuff as heroes are made, but here is the story of a former circus clown who became a real hero in the great war.

Charles Klein of Brooklyn, N. Y., became a member of the American expeditionary forces. Early in the spring, before General Foch turned upon the Germans and began to drive them back to where they came from, Klein was detailed to the motorcycle squad as a dispatch rider.

One day early in May, Klein was sitting in a dugout watching the big shells as they went screaming and whistling overhead.

But while Klein was watching the bombardment he received orders to report to the commanding officer of the unit to which he was attached. This officer gave Klein a message to deliver at once, the carrying of this message meaning that he would have to ride straight through a hot barrage that had just been laid down.

Without a moment's hesitation, with eagerness even, the former clown—a mighty serious-minded courier now—took the message, mounted his motorcycle and started on his perilous ride.

"The racket sounded as though a hundred boiler factories had broken loose," said Klein later,

"but I put on full steam, and the old motorcycle leaped ahead like a kangaroo.

"Bing! A big shell busted only ten feet from my machine. Bang! Another exploded to the left of me, and I put on some more steam. Then a whopper hissed over me just missing the top of my tin derby, but I kept on going.

"Say, once I rode a white mule in the circus that no one else could ride—he broke my arm and tattooed me with cuts and bruises. The mule's name was Snowball, and that animal seemed to have a hundred heels every time I tried to get on her back. But, believe me, one Boche shell is worse than a hundred Snowballs.

"It was the hardest work I ever did to dodge the holes in the road. Bing! A shell plunked behind me and ripped off my back tire. Bing! A piece of shrapnel knocked off my helmet, but never touched me. Then I began to smell mustard gas. My eyes watered so that it was hard for me to see. I don't know how I did it, but I delivered my message, and when I woke up I was in the hospital.

"Talk about mules in a circus! Mustard gas is mighty rough stuff, I'm telling you, and it doesn't help to make speed on a motorcycle, either."

And then, because of his smile and his ability as an entertainer in the hospital, Klein was nicknamed "Sunny Charles."

How English Aviator Exercised the Commander's "Privilege"

AVIATORS were often compelled to destroy their own machines to prevent the Germans from obtaining some jealously guarded secret about the new type of aircraft. This is a story of an aviator who did that at the cost of his own life.

There were two men—the pilot and his observer—in the latest flying boat which England's aircraft builders had turned out. The two flyers were well out to sea when a fog came down and cut them off from their companions. The pilot headed for home, but the engine suddenly "died."

A hasty examination showed the pilot that only a repair shop and a squad of expert mechanics could hope to make the engine run again. He told the observer so, and the two men—the observer was really little more than a boy—sat down to watch and wait with the hope that a British patrol boat would come along and pick them up.

The night came on and the young observer fell asleep. The pilot sat on the deck-coaming and listened all the night through. In the morning the fog lifted and the observer, looking out over the waters, caught sight of a little black smudge on the horizon, which grew steadily in size, and behind it another smudge and another. It was a patrol flotilla rapidly approaching them. The boy was elated.

"It is German, my son," spoke the older man in a quiet voice, as he turned his eyes from the smudges to his rocking craft. "Have you your life belt on securely?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then go over the side and swim for all you're worth."

"But don't you want me to stay and help you?" persisted the boy.

"Get over the side," commanded the pilot sharply, "and good-by, sonny. It is my privilege, you know."

About 200 yards away the boy paused and looked back at the disabled plane. The pilot was crouched on the top of the under plane just over the bomb rack with a heavy wrench in his upraised hand, ready to strike a blow.

A mile away the first of the German destroyers was tearing the sea in its haste to take the broken plane and get away before the British patrol should appear. The boy turned and swam away from the tragedy which he knew was about to take place.

A few moments later there was the mighty roar of an explosion, and he heard the swish of the air blast along the surface waters and the rush of the approaching wave from the sea disturbing

FUTURE HIDDEN FROM CLAY.

Could the shade of Henry Clay, roused from the slumbers of more than threescore years by the pandemonium as 100 engineers tied down their whistle cords and shrilled forth exultant shrieks, have trod the atmospheric space from his haunts in the Blue Grass country to Sault Ste. Marie a few weeks since, and looked with dull eyes on the newly finished engineering feat spread out before his astonished gaze, he would have been forced to admit that his declaration back in 1840 was at least shortsighted.

"It is a work quite beyond the remotest settlement of the United States, if not in the moon," said Henry Clay on that memorable occasion, when by the power of his silver-tongued oratory he influenced the congress of the United States to defeat a measure by which a canal could be dug around St. Mary's falls.

He was believed, and the project that now in finished form ranks in world importance far greater than the Suez canal, and in some minds greater than the Panama canal, was condemned as impractical. It was not until 12 years later that congress saw its mistake and yielded to the persuasion of influential citizens of Michigan and New York to grant an appropriation of land whereby the state of Michigan could finance the excavation of a canal.—J. Paul Chandler in Detroit Free Press.

HER VOTE.

"How how you going to vote, Grace?"
"Depends on the weather. If it rains I suppose I'll have to vote in a mackintosh."—Judge.

ance. The wave engulfed him just as he began to hear the splash of the falling debris, then he knew no more.

He was still sobbing deliciously when the British patrol boat picked him up an hour later. The pilot had exercised his "privilege."

How Man "Tackled" a Deadly Depth Bomb and Saved a Ship

IT ISN'T recorded that John Mackenzie, chief boatswain's mate in the United States naval reserve force, was once a great football player, but he was recommended for an honor medal and a gratuity of \$100 for doing one of the greatest football stunts ever reported.

The navy department report shows that on the morning of December 17 a depth bomb on board the destroyer Remick broke loose from its position on the stern of the craft, and, bursting its boxing, went bounding about the deck. A heavy sea was on at the time; in fact, the waves were breaking far over the stern of the destroyer, and the rolling and pitching of the little craft sent the big bomb flying backward and forward to port and starboard, crashing into the rails of the vessel and hitting everything upstanding on the deck with a force that threatened to explode it at any moment and blow the boat to scrap iron.

The actions of this engine of destruction recall Victor Hugo's great description of the gun which breaks loose from its moorings on a shipboard and "becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates."

The bomb was a regular sized depth charge, weighing hundreds of pounds, and it would have been impossible for anyone to have lifted it and carried it to safety even if one of the crew had cared to take the risk of catching it in its wild rushes and rollings about the deck. So the officers and men stood for a time watching the charge as it thrashed madly about, wondering what to do, and not knowing what minute the infernal machine might explode and send all hands flying into eternity.

Suddenly someone cried "The pin has come out."

Whether Mackenzie had been in some other part of the ship until that moment, or whether he had been standing with the others staring in hopeless wonder and was only aroused by the cry, reports do not say. But it is recorded that less than a second after the shout was raised the plucky Yankee boatswain's mate dashed down the deck and flung himself on the rolling bomb, much after the fashion that football players throw themselves on the ball.

Three times he had his arms about it, but each time it tore away, once almost crushing him as the roll of the ship hurled it upon him. The fourth time, however, he got a firm hold on it, and with almost superhuman effort heaved it upright on one flat end. Then Mackenzie sat down on the deadly charge—though even in that position the bomb might have exploded and blown him to atoms—and succeeded in holding it until lines could be run to him and the charge lashed safely to the deck.

The commanding officer of the Remick in his report recommending that the medal of honor be conferred on Mackenzie, says:

"Mackenzie, in acting as he did, exposed his life and prevented a serious accident and probable loss of the ship and the entire crew. Had the depth charge exploded on the quarterdeck with the sea and the wind that existed at the time there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost."

Mackenzie is a native of Massachusetts. His home is South Hadley Falls.

Y. M. C. A. IN DARKEST RUSSIA.

The rural group (of the American Y. M. C. A. in Russia) dealt with another need of national magnitude. The mighty Volga basin, covering more than half a million square miles, is unable even in normal times wholly to feed the huge population it holds. E. T. Cotton in Association Men says a floating exhibit was made up to visit and impress the teeming riverside communities with the importance of more sowing, better production and fuller conservation. A staff of 35 was organized to demonstrate with models, moving pictures, lantern slides, charts and lectures such neglected subjects as seed selection, cultivation, dairying, horticulture, animal husbandry, bee keeping, domestic economy, play life for children and other aspects of community welfare.

FINDS FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

No place in the United States or Canada has a lower death rate than Kelley's Island, Lake Erie, according to Dr. Paul Fitzgerald, chief of an eastern insurance company's bureau of statistics.

The island, the home of a large stone-quarrying industry, is the home of approximately 5,000 people.

For years the insurance company has been insuring a large percentage of the population but never has been called upon to pay a death claim, says Doctor Fitzgerald, who in his report to headquarters will refer to the island as "the head of the fountain of youth."

WORLD NEEDS FOOD

Demand Makes Opportunity for Returning Soldiers.

Thousands Will See Glorious Possibilities in Settlement of Available Farm Land in This Country and in Canada.

The war is over, peace will soon be signed, the fighting nations have sheathed their swords, and the day of reconstruction has come.

What of it? Hundreds of thousands of men, taken from the fields of husbandry, from the ranks of labor, from the four walls of the counting house, and the confines of the workshop, taken from them to do their part, their large part, in the prevention of the spoliation of the world, and in the meantime removed from the gear of common everyday life, will be returning, only to find in many cases old positions filled, the machinery with which they were formerly attached dislocated.

Are they to become aimless wanderers, with the ultimate possibility of augmenting an army of menacing loafers? If they do it is because their ability to assist in laying new foundations, in building up much-needed structures, is underestimated. Men who fought as they fought, who risked and faced dangers as they did, are not of the caliber likely to flinch when it comes to the restoration of what the enemy partially destroyed, when it comes to the reconstruction of the world, the ideals of which they had in view when they took part in the great struggle whose divine purpose was to bring about this reconstruction.

Inured to toil, thoughtless of fatigue, trained in initiative and hardened by their outdoor existence, they will return better and stronger men, boys will have matured and young men will have developed.

They will decide for themselves lines of action and thought, and what their future should and will be. On the field of battle they developed alertness and wisdom, and they will return with both shedding from every pore.

Action was their watchword, and it will stand them in good stead now that the din of the battle no longer rings in their ears, or the zero hour signals them to the fray, and it will continue their entire existence.

But if they return to find their old avocations gone, their places filled, the institutions with which they were connected no longer existing, new walks of life and employment must be opened to them. It may be that the counting house, the factory, the workshop will have lost their attraction. The returned soldier will look elsewhere for employment; within his reach there is always the "Forward-to-the-Land" necessity. In this lies the remedy that will not only take care of a multitude of those who may not be able to return to their former occupations, whose desires are not to do so, whose health prohibits them from indoor life or whose outdoor habits from the past one, two, three or four years have given them such a taste and desire for it that confinement would be unbearable. Farm life will thus appeal to them, and the indications are that it will be taken advantage of by thousands. It means much to them as well as to the continent of America that provides the opportunity to the world at large, and to the stricken and famished nations of Europe, who, not only today, but for years to come, will require the sustenance that can only largely be supplied by the United States and Canada. By following the pursuit of agriculture the returned soldier will continue the cause he so greatly advanced when fighting on the field of battle. Both countries have undeveloped areas yet open to settlement.

Stock Raising in Western Canada
is as profitable as Grain Growing

In Western Canada Grain Growing is a profit maker. Raising Cattle, Sheep and Hogs brings certain success. It's easy to prosper where you can raise 20 to 45 bu. of wheat to the acre and buy on easy terms.

Land at \$15 to \$30 Per Acre
—Good Grazing Land at Much Less.

Railway and Land Co's. are offering unusual inducements to home-seekers to settle in Western Canada and enjoy her prosperity. Loans made for the purchase of stock or other farming requirements can be had at low interest.

The Governments of the Dominion and Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta extend every encouragement to the farmer and ranchman.

You can obtain excellent land at low prices on easy terms, and get high prices for your grain, cattle, sheep and hogs—low taxes (none on improvements), good markets and shipping facilities, free schools, churches, splendid climate and sure crops.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of lands for sale in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, reduced railroad rates, etc., apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.
M. V. MacInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agents

There is little need here to direct attention to the wealth that has come to the farmers of Canada within the past few years. It is not only in grain growing that unqualified and almost unequalled success has followed honest effort, but the raising of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs has been a large source of profit. These are facts that are well known to the many friends and acquaintances of the thousands of farmers from the United States who have acquired wealth on the prairies of Western Canada. Farms of from one hundred and sixty to six hundred and forty acres of the richest soil may be secured on reasonable terms, and with an excellent climate, with a school system equal to any in the world, and desirable social conditions, little else could be asked.

Canadian statesmen are today busily engaged planning for the future of the returned soldier with a view to making him independent of state help after the immediate necessary assistance has been granted, the main idea being to show in the fullest degree the country's appreciation of the services he has rendered.

But now that the war is ended, and the fact apparent that of all avocations the most profitable and independent is that of the farmer, there will be a strong desire to secure farm lands for cultivation. Canada offers the opportunity to those seeking, not as speculator but as production. The deepest interest is taken by Federal and Provincial authorities to further the welfare of the farmer and secure a maximum return for his efforts. Large sums of money are spent in educational and experimental work. Engaged on experimental and demonstration farms, and in the agricultural colleges, are men of the highest technical knowledge and practical experience, some being professors of international reputation. The results of experiments and tests are free and available to all. Educational opportunities for farmers are the concern of the government and appreciation is shown by the number of farmers who attend the free courses.

Agriculture in Canada has reached a high standard, notwithstanding which lands are low in price.

Thus upon the United States and Canada for many years will rest the great burden of feeding the world. With free interchange of travel, difficulties of crossing and recrossing removed, Canada may look for a speedy resumption of the large influx of settlers from the United States which prevailed previous to the war. During the war period there was a dread of something, no one seemed to know what. If the American went to Canada he might be conscripted, put in prison, or in his attempt to cross the border he would meet with innu-

merable difficulties, most of which, of course, was untrue. These untruths were circulated for a purpose by an element, which, it was discovered, had an interest in fomenting and creating trouble and distrust between two peoples whose language and aims in life should be anything but of an unfriendly character. The draft law of the United States, adopted for the carrying out of the high purposes had in view by the United States, kept many from going to Canada during the period of the war. The citizen army of the United States was quickly mobilized, and contained a large percentage of the young men from the farms. In this way many were presented from going to Canada.

That is all over now. There are no real or imaginary restrictions; there is no draft law to interfere. On the contrary, there is an unfathomable depth of good feeling, and the long-existing friendship is stronger than ever. This has been brought about by the knowledge of what has been done in the recent great struggle, each vying with the other in giving credit for what was accomplished. In thought and feeling, in language, in aims in life, in work, in desire to build up a new world, there has been bred a kinship which is as indissoluble as time itself.—Advertisement.

The Modern Way.
Back Number Old Gentleman—Jimmie, do the little boys and girls still take a big red apple to their teacher to make her happy.
Jimmie—No, we make her happy by bringing a certificate from the doctor that we've had our adenoids and tonsils removed and have been inoculated for diphtheria, scarlatina and influenza, and that we've had our teeth repaired and our eyes examined. Then if we want to make her feel real good we all get up and recite the calory catechism.

Wise.
"Would he sooner be right than president?"
"Oh, no; he's a wise guy and would sooner be about fifty-fifty."

A man's reputation for wisdom depends less on what he really knows than it does on what he doesn't say.

Happy is the man who owes nothing and whom no one owes.

The wings of thought bear us on to action.

The higher the price of meat, the more food we have for reflection.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 1-1919.

ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMLING, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HELM, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



A Quitter is one who backs out before he gets in. Don't be a quitter. Follow the example of the ball player; always work for home. Now is the time to anticipate your wants in repairing.

Do it Now!

Genoa Lumber Co.

KINGSTON NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Worden of Kirkland visited relatives here last Friday.

Miss Daisy Ball was home from Sycamore over the week end.

Miss Frances Sullivan was a Belvidere visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. B. F. Uplinger was a Sycamore visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Anna Baars and daughter, Florence, were the guests of friends in Kirkland the latter part of last week.

Miss Maggie Miller is visiting her niece, Mrs. George Helsdon, in Belvidere.

Miss Mary Aurner was home from her duties at DeKalb Saturday.

Rev. Ferguson of Malta visited over Sunday with friends here.

Gilbert Helsdon and Kenneth Mull-doon of Belvidere visited the former's grandparents Saturday.

Frank Shrader was home from Camp Grant Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Tazewell went to Rockford Monday. Mrs. Tazewell went to see Dr. Helm about her health.

Jay Ball was home over Sunday.

Frank Bradford spent Friday night and Saturday with his brother, E. E. Bradford, in Sycamore.

Clarence Packard transacted business in Sycamore one day last week.

Mrs. Anna Baars and daughters, Bessie and Florence, went to Belvidere last Saturday to visit the former's daughter, Valda, who is sick at the City Hospital with the influenza.

Mrs. Margaret Worden and daughter, Mrs. Herman Benson, and the latter's son, Robert, of Kirkland were the guests of the former's son, Frank Worden, and family Tuesday.

Vern Barber of Iowa visited a few

days this week with his old friends in Elgin and vicinity.

Mrs. H. T. Branch entertained her daughter, Miss Polly, of Malta Saturday.

Mrs. J. G. White came home from DeKalb Tuesday to spend a few days.

Obituary

William Elmer Armbuster son of G. F. and Sarah Armbuster, was born Nov. 26, 1873 at Farmers Mills, Pa., and passed away Jan. 9, 1919, at his home at McClave, Colo. He had been sick since November with the Spanish influenza.

He was married to Grace Stark on February 16, 1898 who, with his three daughters, Mrs. Adah Byrd and Misses Mayme and Myrla; one son, Elmer, his mother, and six sisters, remains to mourn his loss.

His remains were brought to Kingston Monday and the funeral services were held in the M. E. church Tuesday afternoon. Interment took place in the Kingston cemetery. The deceased was a former resident of this place.

Where Great Men Begin.

The small fry shine with singularities; great men start from their deep likeness to the race. Emerson remarked that great men have accepted the society of their contemporaries, the connection of events, and confined themselves to the genius of their age. A taste for smashing and alienation or martyrdom is not necessarily any better than a taste for heirlooms or sentiment or jewelry.—Stark Young in The New Republic.

Everyone Satisfied.

My little daughter, four, loves to treat her playmates. After passing around bread, butter and sugar to all, she came in and took out one peach. Later I said, "June, tell me how you divided one peach." She replied: "Well, mother, Nelly said she just loved skins, and I gave Irene the stone, then I ate the peach."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

New Lebanon

Mrs. Theo. Reinken and sister, Francis Finley, called on their brother, Richard, at the Elgin Hospital Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hartman, and Mr. and Mrs. Lem Gray attended the installation at Hampshire Thursday.

Edd Crane, Mr. Keller, and Mr. Craine called at Chas. Coon's Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. C. Gill of Lanark is visiting at her daughter's, Mrs. Ralph Aldrich.

Rae Crawford and family entertained the following at dinner Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Howard Crawford of Genoa; Mrs. Pearl Holmes, Afton; Crawford and family, and Carl Schaan of Hampshire.

Mrs. Edward Finley was a Genoa passenger Wednesday.

Otto Gentz and family of West Harmony called at the home of John Gentz Sunday.

Sidney Gray and Henry Kruger, accompanied by Miss Daisy Gallarno of Fairdale and Miss Zella McDowell of Kirkland, attended the show at Genoa Saturday night.

Ira Aldrich of Elgin spent a day at the home of his son, Ralph, and family.

The Colton brothers are shelling corn for farmers in this vicinity now.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Japp spent Sunday at J. Stoffgren.

Lem Gray and family were Sunday guests at the Louis Hartman home.

Arthur Hackman and family spent Sunday at Arthur Hartman's.

Charles Coon and Rae Crawford were at Chicago on business Thursday.

Mrs. Chas. Coon was a Genoa passenger Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bahe spent Sunday at the home of William Japp.

John Japp and family were Sunday guests at the Will Gnekow home.

Gussie Japp is staying at the Gnekow home while attending school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gentz left for Minnesota Wednesday for the Mayo Bros. Hospital. Mrs. Gentz will take treatment.

Mrs. H. Lund of Chicago is visiting Miss M. Washburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hartman, Will Gray, and daughter, Bessie, motored to Sycamore.

Slyvester Finley shipped a carload of hogs to Chicago Monday.

Lem Gray was a Chicago passenger Saturday.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the D. Gallarno home Friday evening when Miss Ruth gave a party to twenty-five of her friends and classmates of Hampshire. Those present were: Misses Plummer, Goodwin, Ruth Bauman, Meta Floto, Stella Getzleman, Esther Getzleman, Marlon Gift, Thema Allen, Bernice Laufen, Bernice Melms, Leora Mauhake, Margaret Hansler, Laura Getzleman, and Messers. Lincoln Scott, William Crill, Edwin Watrons, Kenneth Brill, Herbert Warrington, Donald Melms, Lowell Countryman, Ralph Reams, Edward Butz, Harold Laufen, and Herbert Bauman. Refreshments were served by the hostess after the evening of fun.

Waging War on the Rabbit.

Australia has spent millions in fighting a pest of rabbits, for which a man who turned loose three pairs of rabbits in New South Wales, in 1850, is responsible, and which has made necessary a woven-wire fence 1,200 miles long, shutting off the fertile agricultural regions from the central and eastern semi-desert areas, where rabbits most abound. We have a few rabbits in our own country west of the Rockies. According to the biological survey of the department of agriculture, fully 200,000,000 wild rabbits are annually killed in this country, yet men touring across the continent invariably speak of the number of rabbits seen.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Report of the condition of Kingston State Bank located at Kingston, State of Illinois, at close of business on the 31st day of December, 1918, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

Resources

1. Loans and discounts	\$134606.39
2. Overdrafts	1079.17
3. Investments	4800.00
4. Banking House	3000.00
5. Furniture and Fixtures	2000.00
6. Cash and due from Banks	16413.97
Total Resources	\$161899.53

Liabilities

1. Capital Stock paid in	\$ 25000.00
2. Surplus Fund	5000.00
3. Undivided Profits (net)	3405.69
4. Deposits	97493.84
5. Dividends unpaid	1500.00
6. Bills payable and redisc-counts	29500.00
Total Liabilities	\$161899.53

I, L. H. Branch, cashier of the Kingston State Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

L. H. Branch, Cashier

State of Illinois } ss
County of DeKalb }

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1919.

F. P. Smith, Notary Public

Anxious About Baby.

Harold is rather jealous since a wee brother came to his home. It was bedtime, and mother was busy with baby and could not rock Harold, as had been the custom. Coming up to his mother, he asked: "Don't you flink baby ought to lay down in the bed so him can rest his back?"

Candor Always Pays.

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to show your hand. There is no diplomacy like candor. You may lose by it now and then, but it will be a loss well gained if you do. Nothing is so boring as having to keep up a deception."

Lucky Elopement.

Jones—"All that I am I owe to my wife. She eloped with the chauffeur right after the honeymoon and I have never seen her since."



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.

Hosmer Remedy Co. Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

Scott's Pharmacy

No More Slacker Acres

can be permitted these days. Tile the swamp and the low spots and make them help feed the hungry world.

Tiling is comparatively cheap. The first year's crop on drained land often pays the bill and your acreage is permanently increased.

Measure up the footage you need and let us sell you the best tile that money can buy. It will be the best investment you can make.

Tibbits, Cameron L'mbr Co.
ORRIN MERRITT, Manager

You Can Save Much Money By Doing All Your Shopping at Elgin's Great Department Store

With this great store within easy reach, you are by no means restricted to the limited facilities of small town stores. You can take advantage of this great store's immense stock, wider selections and superior values.

Our store is easy to reach by train or automobile--and we refund your car fare according to the amount of your purchases. And we want you to ask for car fare refund. Simply tell the clerk who waits on you last that you want your car fare

You'll find here at all times large and varied assortments of merchandise in the finest qualities and the leading styles. Our goods are guaranteed by us absolutely to give perfect satisfaction or we will reimburse you cheerfully. We want you, for our sake, to bring back any article that does not give satisfaction, and we will make it right. You can run no risk whatever when you trade here.

Mail Ordes Promptly Filled by Parcels Post

If you cannot come to the store, we'll gladly fill mail orders and telephone orders by parcels post or express—satisfaction guaranteed. Orders will be filled promptly as soon as received and will reach you in the shortest possible time.

What We Sell in Our Twenty-nine Departments

MAIN FLOOR—Wool and silk dress goods, all cotton goods and domestics, wash fabrics, linens, bedspreads, blankets, trunks, bags and suit cases, men's and boys' furnishings, gloves, handkerchiefs, women's wear, hosiery, jewelry, leather goods, laces and embroideries, ribbons and neck wear, fancy goods, books and stationery, notions, dress forms, Pictorial patterns, umbrellas, toilet goods, Aeolian-Vocalions, Columbia Graphonolas and records, and the Musola phonograph.

SECOND FLOOR—Women's, misses' and children's apparel of all kinds, including coats, suits, dresses, waists, skirts, petticoats, house dresses, kimonos, sweaters, dressing sacques, bath robes, bathing suits, rain coats, muslin underwear, corsets, millinery and the finest and largest Children's Store in this vicinity.

THIRD FLOOR—Furniture, rugs, carpets, lace curtains, draperies, curtain goods by the yard, tapestry, scarfs, pillows, etc. hand electric vacuum sweepers, sewing machines.

BASEMENT—House furnishings, china, dinnerware, cut glass, table glassware, pottery, aluminum ware, bath room fixtures, washing machines, electric ironers, Community and Rogers silverware, cutlery, garden tools—also the toy department.

Our Great January Sales are now Going on in All Departments

One Block from East Side
Northwestern Depot



Block and one-half North
from Fountain Square