

WINNEBAGO IS THE ONLY COUNTY

In North Half of State That Has Not Organized Farm Bureau

LITTLE WABASH COMES IN

Farmers Planning Buying and Marketing on Big Scale—at The Con Con

The Illinois Agricultural Association, which is the business organization of the 82 County Farm Bureaus, now has a membership of 63,000. Farmers are organizing as never before, and their united effort is getting concrete results in the projects they have attempted. The fact that this number of farmers have signed checks for three years, paying \$10 to the County Farm Bureau and \$5 to the State Association means they are in earnest.

Little Wabash County, with only five townships, recently started a Bureau, and in one day signed up 436 farmers for both County and State Associations. Cook County with the farm land scattered around Chicago, secured a membership of 1206 in three days. Winnebago is now the only county in the North half of the State that does not have a bureau and plans are being made by the farmers there to start one.

Contracted for Phosphate
When the rock phosphate committee was appointed last fall, there was little prospect of Illinois farmers getting anywhere near an adequate supply of this important fertilizer. The I. A. A. has contracted for 50,000 tons from the Tennessee mines at \$7.50 per ton. This price is 50 to 75 cents a ton lower than the standard price. This phosphate will be delivered evenly through the season to the Farm Bureau members.

The Association has established an office at Columbia, Tennessee. This office will make a test of every carload shipped and route it over the best railroad to its destination. Since the problem of getting a supply for this year is solved, this Department will make investigations relative to getting a permanent supply. Already orders have been received for 75 carloads from 25 County Farm Bureaus.

Livestock Marketing Department
The fact that Herbert W. Mumford one of the best authorities on all livestock problems, has a leave of absence from the University to help Illinois farmers solve their business problems in livestock marketing means a great deal. Prof. Mumford has announced that the first thing the Illinois Agricultural Association will do is to take a complete census of all grade and purebred livestock in the State so that the work can be carried on more intelligently. Some of the plans of this Department are to establish a representative at the Stock Yards, promote cooperative livestock shipping, the sale of pure bred stock and study the supply of feeders.

Prof. Mumford has also announced that there will be another cooperative wool pool this year. Last year 1700 farmers pooled a half million pounds of wool and saved 10 cents a pound over the cost.

Howard Leonard, Woodford County, President of the Association, says that Prof. Mumford's acceptance of this position means to him more than putting this Department on a working basis. He says it means that farmers can command the best authorities in the country to tackle these big problems and he believes it is the one way to meet the competition they have.

Farmers and the Constitution
Illinois is now writing a new constitution and farm folks, through their organization, are making a thorough study of all proposals and how they will affect future Agriculture. Secretary D. O. Thompson said, "The reason the Illinois Agricultural Association was asked to present its views to the convention is because this Association is a large representative body of real farmers. The Constitutional Convention Committee of the Association has fought bitterly the initiative and referendum. It is now working taxation proposals.

Put Character Above All.
One of the sayings of the late J. P. Morgan that will be remembered after his art collection's glories have been forgotten, was: "I will loan any amount of money to a man of character, but nothing to a man of bad repute, no matter what his security."

PREACHERS MEET

Directors Appointed for County Include all Denominations

The Inter-Church World Movement was advanced in DeKalb county last Thursday when the Protestant Evangelical pastors of the county met in the parlors of the First Baptist church of DeKalb for conference and organization, says the Chronicle. All of the various phases of the movement were thoroughly discussed and a much better understanding of the work in hand was obtained by those present. Mr. C. B. Nordeman of Chicago, the district director, was present and assisted greatly in explaining the complexities of the movement and the organization which was needed to carry the work to a final and victorious conclusion. The great word of this movement is "cooperation."

All Evangelical denominations are to be led into closer cooperation in order the better to serve each and every community in the state and nation. Their result may be fewer and stronger churches in over-churching communities and some sort of an evangelical church in every community, there being many communities where there is no church.

Rev. William R. Yeard, who has served as temporary convener of the county was made permanent convener. The following denominations directors for the county were appointed: Evangelical, Rev. A. F. Schemmer, Hinckley; Congregational, Rev. F. L. Hanscomb, Sycamore; Methodist, Rev. R. B. Evans, DeKalb; United Presbyterian, Mr. Ward McAllister, Waterman; Presbyterian, Rev. E. J. Wykle, Waterman; Evangelical Association, Rev. A. L. Walker, Malta; Swedish Mission, Rev. J. O. Gustafson, DeKalb; Swedish Baptist, Rev. Carl J. Jonsson, DeKalb; Baptist, Rev. Hal Norton, Sandwich; Lutheran, Rev. A. Okerstrom, Sycamore; United Evangelical, Rev. R. R. Brothers, Hinckley; Christian Advent, Rev. J. R. Fox, DeKalb. A committee consisting of Revs. F. M. Webster, chairman, B. B. Evans, F. L. Hanscomb, Jonathan Thompson and W. R. Yard was appointed to take care of the matter of securing a county director who shall lead in the work of the Inter-church Movement in this county. A county conference will be held in DeKalb, April 7 when a large gathering from all the churches of the county is expected.

THIRTEEN YEARS OLD

Belvidere Holstein Cow Produces 494.6 Pounds of Milk in 7 Days

Oleasis Girl, a Holstein cow owned by F. M. Easton & Son, living north west of Belvidere, has won the state official record for her age for seven days in production of milk and butter fat, and also ranks ninth in the world for her age. This rating will be officially published in the blue book of Holstein-Friesian association Oleasis Girl is thirteen years old.

The test was taken in February by an official tester for Illinois University and is now a matter of official record. The cow produced in the seven days 494.6 pounds of milk, with an average test of 3.69, and producing 22.83 pounds of butter. For a cow thirteen years of age, which is far past the usual period of profitable milk production, this is a remarkable record. Her continuance in the herd is proof of her demonstrated value as a producer. She is the one remaining of the trio of cows on which the Eastons founded their present so-called herd of 65 pure bred. Of that number 25 are direct descendants of Oleasis Girl.

FORMER GENOA BOY

Raymond G. Sisley Married in Hampshire Monday

Raymond G. Sisley, son of the late George E. and Gertrude Sisley, was married last Sunday, at the home of C. S. Backus, his bride being Miss Patricia Moore of Chicago. Raymond, who is a nephew of C. D. Schoonmaker, resided in Genoa when a boy. He served in the 149th Artillery in France and is now in the art department of the Chicago Tribune.

AN EDITOR AMBITIOUS

Editor U. S. G. Blakely, of the Plainfield Enterprise, a prominent Will county Republican, has announced his candidacy for the office of Congressman from the 11th Congressional district, which seat is now held by Col. I. C. Copley of Aurora.

INCONSISTENCY OF TAX SYSTEM

County Treasurer W. M. Hay talks before Constitutional Convention

COOK COUNTY LAGS IN FUNDS

Down State Counties Pay More Than Their Share According To Figures

County Treasurer W. M. Hay appeared before the constitutional convention last week and let in some light on the present inconsistent tax system. Mr. Hay has been giving the question considerable study and his investigations have brought out some facts that do not speak well for the present system of assessment in Illinois. In his talk before the Convention, one of Mr. Hay's most effectual documents was a book issued in 1918 by order of the revenue committee of a recent legislature, written by directions of C. A. Young, says the Sycamore Tribune. First the book takes the map of Winnebago county which has 11 townships. Each township is illustrated by the picture of a pig and the map shows the monstrous inequality in that small county in the assessments of hogs.

In Owen township stands a little runt all tail and snout who is claimed by the assessor of that township to be worth \$11.15. Other hogs in various degrees of flesh run up the scale until Cherry Valley is reached and there we find a fine, well built fellow, full of good steaks and loins and valued at \$24.75. Now as a matter of fact the hog in one town is worth as much as the hog in any other town of like average, yet the Owen fellow, by reason of his light assessment pays one-half the tax the man in Cherry Valley pays.

A horse in Hardin county is worth \$109.77, while in Pulaski county it is worth but \$48.51. A sheep in Menard county is worth \$13.44 while in Pulaski county it only reaches \$3.24. A tractor in Rock Island county tips beam at \$2,233.41, while in Douglas county it is worth but \$90.12. In Hardin county a beautiful lady is playing, in evening dress, as far as it goes, on a \$124.23 piano, while over in Coles county the neighbors are stopping their ears to stop the noise that comes from a \$42.69 piano. And so the pictures run. Winnebago county is assessed \$2,577,735 on intangibles, while St. Clair county, can scare up but \$63,461.

Now just take a look at Cook county who, because it has about one-half of the population wants representation enough to run the state. The city of Chicago has 10,114 manufacturing plants with 386,794 employees, and the assessment of these plants is only \$5,917,770 and the assessment of tools is \$3,999,816, yet they claim to produce a product of \$1,482,814,000. The rest of the state with its 8274 manufacturing plants, 231,120 employees are assessed \$7,334,271; tools \$6,855,348, almost twice the value of Cook county stuff and almost one-half less in number, and producing only one-half the product.

This same Cook county with a banking capital of \$127,769,000 is assessed on bank moneys and credits \$29,788,659, while the rest of the state with its one-half the amount is yet assessed \$62,020,140, or nearly three times what Cook county is assessed on its two times capital.

BUYS HUNTLEY PLANT

Marengo Public Service Company Branches Out

A deal was consummated last week in the purchase of the Victor Mey distribution system at Huntley by the Marengo Public Service Company. The deal although definitely agreed upon by Mr. Mey and R. T. Fry, manager of the Public Service company, is subject to the decision of the Public Utilities Commission. The Marengo company and Mr. Mey both buy "juice" from the Illinois Northern Utilities Co.

ROCKFORD REDS

Face Deportation as Result of Hearings Recently

The first deportation order growing out of the recent raids on Rockford Communists was received on Tuesday. The alien to be deported is Samuel Misnik, who was picked up in a raid on New Year's day by federal operatives and given a hearing before a representative of the immigration bureau. Misnik is now at liberty on bond, and has been since his hearing. He will remain so until arrangements for transportation can be completed. It is expected that 50 Communists who were given hearings before the immigration commissioner will be deported eventually.

FARMER IS BANKRUPT

John Myers, formerly a farmer near Burlington, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, through his attorney, Charles B. Hazelhurst, in the United States district court at Chicago. His liabilities amount to \$3,000, and his assets, \$100. His creditors are largely bankers and cattle raisers of St. Charles, Geneva and Batavia.

A want ad costs little—pays big.

TREATING OATS

* An error was made in last issue in the article pertaining to treatment of oats for smut. The copy received from the Illinois University read as follows: "Mix one pint of formalin with 10 gallons of water for each 8 bushels of seed to be treated." It should have read 80 bushels.

THE BOY SCOUTS

Invited to Write Essays on Subject of Preventing Fires

Destructive fire is one of our nation's greatest foes. In a single year 15,000 human beings are burned to death, most of the victims are women and children, but they also include able-bodied men and women. Many more thousands are injured and hundreds of millions of dollars of valuable property, including thousands of happy homes, are destroyed each year.

Nearly all of these fires are caused by carelessness frequently by carelessness in handling matches and fire in the home, factory, workshop or camp.

The Boy Scouts of America thru the Chief Scout Executive, James E. West, urge every Boy Scout to take part in the prize essay competition of the National Board of Fire Underwriters on fire prevention.

The scouts are urged to write an essay on the subject of preventing fires in the homes, factories, workshops, schools, camps, etc. Tell what precautions should be taken to prevent unnecessary fires, how people should be more careful in handling of matches, open fires, electric irons, cigars, cigarettes, gasolene, etc., and how important it is that camp-fires should be thoroughly extinguished before breaking camp. They also should tell what should be done in case of fire. The essay must not be less than 500 words nor more than 1,000 words. To the Boy Scout who produces the best essay in the whole United States and Alaska will be presented, in addition to the proper medal awarded, a \$100 camping outfit.

BOONE ORGANIZES

County Farm Bureau Now Assured For Our Neighbor

The Boone County Farm Bureau was organized Tuesday afternoon at the meeting held in Belvidere by the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Wrate Hill presided at the meeting as temporary chairman and George Godall acted as secretary. The attendance, almost entirely farmers who have signed the membership pledges, was large, the auditorium practically filled.

A. B. Hammond, chairman of the committee on nominations for officers, made his report and recommendations were adopted. The officers elected were:

President—Robert Cummings. Vice-President—Roy Moss. Secretary—Kenneth Cleland. Treasurer—C. E. Johnson. Directors—D. L. Hildebrand, of Flora; J. E. Goodall, LeRoy; William Pinar, Spring; A. O. Engelle, Manchester; Elmer Hyde, Bonus. The term of office is for one year. The officers are members of the board of directors.

FOX PAYS \$1,000

Record prices for Holstein cattle were obtained at the sale held by the State Holstein Friesian Association at the Union Stockyards in Chicago last week. George Fox of Sycamore was one of the purchasers, paying \$1,000 for Peitertje DeKol Columbo from the Lisle Farms at Lisle, Ill.

MISSIS MARJORIE HOLROYD AND NELLIE GEITHMAN WERE ROCKFORD VISITORS SATURDAY

MILLER SETTLES FOR SUM OF \$1400

Result of Automobile Smash In Aurora in 1918

CIRCUIT COURT HAS BUSY WEEK

The Cliton-Colton Case Still in Court—Motions Denied in Bandit Case

True Republican; Circuit court has been busy all the week, many orders having been entered, and jury trials occupying much of the time. Judge Slusser presided.

Porter Shafer of DeKalb had been indicted for receiving stolen property. In his possession was found metal and other property stolen from boys. A jury was assembled. Before the trial commenced a conference was held with State's Attorney Smith, and after an hour or two, defendant withdrew his plea of not guilty. He then pleaded guilty to receiving stolen property of the value of less than \$15, which plea was accepted by the state's attorney. Defendant was sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 and costs of prosecution and to be confined one day in the county jail, to be committed until fine and costs are paid.

A jury heard the case against Adolph Towlish. He had been indicted for larceny in stealing a check and money from a trunk belonging to a fellow boarder in DeKalb. The jury considered the evidence insufficient, and returned a verdict of not guilty.

Three additional cases against one of the so-called "auto-bandits," recently sent to the penitentiary, were called up at the motion of attorneys of defendant Joseph Wheeler, to dismiss the cases. A motion was also made that the case be tried at this term. Both cases were denied.

The court was occupied on Thursday in considering the case of Margaret Reavell of Aurora against Frank D. Miller of Fairdale, this county. Plaintiff claimed defendant's automobile ran into her automobile and she was thrown out and sustained serious permanent injuries while on the west river road, between St. Charles and Elgin in August, 1918.

The jury was withdrawn. The case was settled and stricken from the docket, defendant agreeing to pay the plaintiff \$1400.00.

In the burglary and larceny case against Munson, Nelson and Whyte, defendant pleaded guilty to petit larceny and burglary, and was sentenced to pay \$50 fine and costs and make restitution to Jacob Haish. Paroled to probation officer.

A jury was elected, tried and sworn in the case of I. Langski & Son of Chicago against Abe Levin of Sycamore, involving loss of part of a shipment of iron sent to Chicago. The case was settled and dismissed.

This Friday morning the case of Archie T. Hay against George I. Talbot, involving commission on sale of land, was before the court for a hearing, the jury having been waived and the case submitted to the court.

A number of orders were entered by the court, among those of interest being the following:

Furst & Thomas against J. N. Johnson et al, trespass on the case on promise. Jury waived and issues submitted to court.

Columbia Hardwood Lumber Co. against Genoa Piano Co., assumption. Defendant defaulted for want of answer.

Myrtle Colton against Elis B. Colton, divorce. Rule on defendant to show cause in five days why he should not pay alimony.

Edward B. Hunt against James B. Murray et al, foreclosure bill. Dismissed by complainant. Costs paid.

W. A. Knapp et al against Domenico Rolla et al, bill to foreclose judgment for \$4,722.58. Decree of foreclosure.

George Brown was appointed probator officer.

THE CITY SCHOOLS

Election of Board Members and President April 17

The annual school election will be held on the 17th of April at which time a president and two members of the board of education of school district No. 1 (Genoa City Schools) must be elected. A. C. Reed, the present incumbent of the president's office, retires as do O. M. Leich and S. T. Zeller, who finish three-year terms as members.

Petitions are now being circulated with the three men as candidates for re-election. At least two of the candidates have expressed a desire to have their names kept off the ticket this spring, but friends of the candidates as well as friends of the school feel that now, more than ever before, the city should put up its best business men for membership on the board of education. The Republican sincerely trusts that all three will abide by the decision of the voters.

Three members of the board of education of the Genoa Township High School are to be elected, Frank Little having moved from the district and the terms of Bryce D. Smith and Ernest Sandall expiring. No slate has been made up at the present time.

A LEGION DRIVE

In Effort to Make Illinois Enrollment 100,000

A state-wide campaign for members is to be launched by the Illinois Department of the American Legion starting May 2 and continuing eight days.

The minimum goal is fixed at 100,000 legionnaires and it is hoped that the final figures of the drive will show thousands more than that number.

A special Drive Committee, headed by State Commander Milton J. Foreman and including Edward Clifford, of Evanston, State Adjutant, Earl B. Searcy, W. E. Rominger, of Springfield, Roger V. Flory, and A. H. Ogle, assistant to the Commander, has been appointed by the Executive Committee and will meet early next week to draft plans.

The campaign will swing into action with "Legion Sunday" in the state, ministers of all denominations having announced their intention of aiding to recruit from their pulpits. During the week mass meetings will be held in various parts of the state, speakers of prominence, including Franklin D'Oller, will be invited to make addresses, and literature distributed in public places. Hundreds of girls, many of whom served as nurses, yeomanettes, telephone operators and in other capacities during the war, will help out.

Every post will be requested to appoint a committee for the drive and individual members will be asked to volunteer a certain amount of time each day to bring in new members.

PETITIONS ALL IN

Only Competition is For Office of Town Clerk

Monday, March 22, was the last day for filing petitions for the township election. Only five papers were filed with Town Clerk W. W. Buck, there being but one candidate for any of the offices, except that of town clerk.

The nominees line up as follows: For highway commissioner—J. W. Brown.

For assessor—J. W. Sowers.

For town clerk—W. W. Buck, L. F. Scott.

For constable—No nomination.

For justice of the peace—No nomination.

For Trustees Ney Cemetery—No nominations.

There being five separate petitions there will be five tickets on the ballot, the law so providing.

MARENGO WANTS FACTORY

The Marengo Republican says that the executive committee of the Marengo Commercial club, composed of prominent Marengo citizens, is making an effort to procure the location of one or two factories in that city. Although no deals have been perfected to date, the committee has met with gratifying encouragement in its negotiations, and it is expected that in regard to one factory, a decision will be reached within a few days. Two good industries are in view, either one of which would be a valuable asset to the town, affording employment to about 50 people.

A want ad costs little—pays big.

MILK PRODUCERS IN FIGHT AGAIN

Nestle's Food Company Tries The Old Time Tactics

OFFERING \$1.85 FOR MARCH MILK

Producers See an Attempt to Reduce The Price for April—Call to Arms

The alleged refusal of the Nestle's Food company to deal with the Milk Producers' Co-operative Marketing company is the starting of a movement that will force the marketing company eventually—if not soon—to handle all the milk of its own members in the opinion of members of Elgin local in a meeting at Woodman hall last Saturday, says the Elgin News.

The Nestle firm has refused to buy from producers, who are members of the marketing company, and are offering \$1.85 a hundred pounds instead of \$2.90 a hundred as set as the March price by the marketing company and several manufacturers, it is said.

"The refusal of the Nestle company is a revival of our old fight," said James Owen, secretary of the Elgin local, "and we have got to fight it to a finish. Should the Nestle people succeed in winning against the producers it will not be long until the Bowman company will start like action.

"The Nestle people are in the condensing business and for that reason think they can wage an easier battle than the bottling companies, which must have a daily supply. If the condensing companies win, then the bottling firms will try it, in my opinion."

Unverified reports that the Nestle's Food company has acquired the condensing interests of the Borden company and the Bowman people have taken over the Borden farm products company seemed to strengthen the belief that the fight was to destroy the producers' organizations.

"The action of the Nestle firm is a signal for similar action by other firms, if they are successful in ignoring the marketing company," said Representative Hart of the marketing company.

"It is also the first gun in the battle for lower milk price for April. If they are willing to give only \$1.85 a hundred for the last half of March what will they want to give in April?"

"We must stick together and help take care of the members living in the vicinity of Peatonica and Grayslake, Ill., and Burlington and Delevan Wis., who are facing this \$1.85 price. The marketing company must and will handle all the milk of its members there.

"We are now handling almost all of it. More than 1,200 new members have been signed up by the marketing company in the territory where the Nestle firm is offering \$1.85."

"In my opinion the marketing company must prepare to handle milk in every community. Of course more money will be required to do that. The company is now getting ready for the stock sales."

All members of the milk producers' organizations are receiving a copy of a letter sent by the Nestle food firm to the co-operative marketing company regarding the \$1.85 price. Accompanying the Nestle letter is the following statement from Manager Charles H. Potter:

"How will you like \$1.85 price for April milk? This begins to look like old times when we took what the big buyers said we had to take. Do you want to go back to those old days? Well, then, if not, let us fight it out, as General Grant said, 'if it takes all summer.'"

MANN ESTATE \$75,000

The estate of Mrs. Elsie J. Mann, who died recently at her home in Elgin is valued at approximately \$75,000. The estate is composed of two 160-acre farms near Burlington, each said to be worth \$25,000, and the home in Elgin valued at \$6,000. The papers will be filed in the probate court. Thomas E. Perkins, son-in-law of Mrs. Mann, may be appointed guardian for Alfred Perkins, aged eight years, a son of Mr. Perkins, and grandson of Mrs. Mann. The property will by law of descent, go to Alfred Perkins.

We are the Dodgeservice station.

Full line of parts on hand. Duval & Awe Garage.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Wait not till you are backed by numbers. Wait not until you are sure of an echo from the crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth the more distinct and strong must be your own.—Channing.

WAYS WITH SOUR CREAM.

Those who are fortunate enough to have sour cream (which is often, in many farm homes), will like to have a few reminders of how it may be used. Sour cream has been used for generations for cookies, cakes, biscuits and griddle cakes, as well as for salad dressings, pudding sauces, cake filling, fish and meat sauces and for various delightful frozen dishes with fruit juice. These are but a few of the various uses for sour cream.

Those who are fond of codfish in white sauce will find that sour cream used in place of the milk will make a most tasty and appetizing dish. Be careful to cook the flour and butter well before adding the cream, so that must not cook very long or it will curdle.

Sour cream when mixed with fruit juices of various kinds, sweetened to taste and frozen, will make a delicious, smooth, velvety cream. Orange juice, with sugar and water boiled with the grated rind and cooled, then added to the sour cream, is a most delightful combination.

For a cake filling, take one-half cupful of sour cream, one cupful of sugar, and boil until it hairs; add a pinch of salt and a half cupful of hickory nut meats.

Sour Cream Cookies.—Add a cupful of sugar, a cupful of molasses, to two cupfuls of rich sour cream. Add two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of soda and one of baking powder, a tablespoonful of ginger, a dash of cinnamon and cloves, and enough flour to roll; let stand on ice to chill before rolling out.

Shredded Cabbage with Sour Cream Dressing.—Shred the cabbage very thin, plunge into cold water and let stand until crisp. Drain and add sour cream, sugar, salt and a dash of vinegar to give the salad the right zest. If the cream is very sour, the vinegar will not be needed.

For a salad dressing of any kind of vegetable, a teaspoonful or two of boiled dressing and a half cupful of whipped sour cream will be found very acceptable.

So many gods, so many creeds, So many ways that wind and wind; While just the art of being kind Is all this sad world needs.—Witcox.

A CHAPTER ON SOUPS.

There are soups and soups. Clear soup is more in the nature of a stimulant than a nutrient. The hot liquid being easily assimilated prepares the way for the heavier food which is to follow. Cream soups, with bread and butter, make a fairly nutritious meal.

Split Pea Soup.—Soak a cupful of split peas over night in two quarts of cold water. In the morning put the peas over the fire with a ham bone or a piece of salt pork, a slice of onion, and simmer four hours; rub through a sieve, return to the fire; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two of flour; mix well and add a little soup to the consistency for pouring. Stir into the soup and cook five minutes. Season with salt, sugar and pepper to taste; add one cupful of thin cream and serve hot.

Amber Soup.—Brown three pounds of beef from the shin, cut in small pieces. Use the marrow from the bone to fry the meat in. Add the bone with one-fourth pound of ham to three quarts of cold water; let it simmer for three hours. Then add a fowl cut in halves, an onion, half a carrot cut in pieces, a stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley, three cloves and half a dozen peppercorns, all but the last three browned in the fat. Cook until the chicken is tender; remove the owl and strain. Cool and remove the fat, stir into the stock three fresh egg shells; let boil two minutes, skim, strain, reheat and serve.

Cream of Onion Soup.—Slice four onions and cook in boiling water until soft, changing the water once during the cooking. When tender, rub the onions through a sieve and to a cupful of the pulp prepare the following: Melt a tablespoonful of butter, and when hot and bubbling add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Add three cupfuls of cold milk and cook until smooth; after ten minutes of cooking add the onion and the liquid in which they were cooked. Boil up once and serve.

Beef Broth and Egg.—Take a half cupful of beef stock and remove all fat. Have an egg beaten stiff. Heat the broth to the boiling point, season to suit the taste of the patient, stir one-half of the beaten egg into it and serve at once.

Virtue is in a manner contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism, or love of country.—Dickens.

A SYMPOSIUM OF BREAD PUDDINGS.

A bread pudding may be as dainty and as acceptable as the most frilly of fancy dishes, but if one has a member of the household who has an aversion to them, it will be better to rechristen the pudding and leave

out the word. Human nature is a good deal alike all over the world, and if we think we don't like a food, it is a sign of weakness to admit that we were mistaken. Emerson says changing one's mind is not a sign of weakness, but of progression. Just try these on the family that won't eat bread pudding:

Pineapple Pudding.—Dry until crisp three slices of bread in a hot oven, then roll with a rolling pin until fine. To the bread crumbs add one cupful of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of melted fat, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of pineapple juice, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix and pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a hot oven 20 minutes. Use this sauce: One pint of boiling water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour; stir and mix the sugar and flour, then cook until all is well blended. Remove from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of grated coconut and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Serve round the pudding. More acid may be used if liked, or vinegar may be substituted for lemon juice.

Spiced Pudding.—Take two cupfuls of graham bread crumbs, one well-beaten egg, one pint of sour milk, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of chopped dates, one cupful of nut meats, one teaspoonful each of soda and cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven and serve with whipped cream flavored with vanilla and lightly sweetened.

If puddings and pies become slightly cool before the meringue is put on there will not be any drops of liquid forming over the meringue. Water which is sixty to seventy per cent of the body weight aids digestion and carries off waste.

It is not a light matter, the way we spend our time, our strength, our intelligence. The higher duties of womanhood, the higher evolution of humanity through her, of society through the household, demand a more healthful condition of household economies than the present shows. Our households are surcharged with waste matter and ourselves are spent in its arrangement and removal. Soul, mind and body are limited by the dustpan.—Helen Campbell.

HOUSECLEANING TIME.

The old-fashioned method of general upheaval during the spring cleaning has passed out with the incoming of the vacuum cleaner and rummage sales. Today very few housewives are allowed to accumulate old clothing or any household utensil that has passed its usefulness in the home, as any society that needs money calls a rummage sale and three benefits result—the housewife is relieved of her surplus goods, the woman who needs them buys and the society gets the money. All are satisfied.

It takes courage often to do away with things which, because of association, are dear; but one's time and strength, as well as health, are of much more value than an assemblage of "just things."

For the housekeeper who has to economize (as about 90 per cent of all housekeepers do, which makes life interesting), and who finds it necessary to redecorate the walls when the paper is soiled or faded, calomine may be used with good effect. If the paper is firmly attached to the wall it will need no special treatment, but all loose places should be carefully patted and well dried before applying the wall finish. Put the calomine on the ceiling first, to save splattering the side walls. A long stroke down the length of the paper makes a smoother finish than a side stroke. Usually one coat is sufficient, unless the paper is dark, but two will always look better.

A linoleum covering is easy to the feet if put on a pine floor. The linoleum should be varnished yearly to keep it bright and save wear. Kitchen cupboards, if painted white occasionally, can always be kept looking well. A damp cloth to wipe the shelves will keep them fresh and clean with little attention.

Bedrooms should be especially free from dust-catching draperies and use less bric-a-brac. When draperies are used they should be washable.

Neenie Maxwell

MODE DEMANDS SEPARATE SKIRTS



EVERY day sees the sport skirt and the hygienic blouse growing in importance, and it looks now as though they are to crowd the tailored suit for wear upon some occasions where, heretofore, the latter has reigned supreme. For instance, sport skirts, hygienic blouses and summer sweaters coats or sweaters appear often on railway trains, when their wearers are making short trips. They are practical for clean trips—that is, where oil instead of coal is used in the engines, and there are no cinders or smoke. They are sponsored by people who dress well and we may look for them to persist in the use, for frequenters of the California and southern resorts have established a precedent.

Among the new arrivals in these separate skirts there are some interesting black and white models in foulard or similar silks and a few striped taffetas have entered the contest for favor, the latter in colors and white as well as black and white. All these skirts, with dainty lingerie blouses, look well. The light, open-knit sweater, in black yarn, trimmed with white, follows naturally and is very smart, but the gayer colors look well also with these black and white skirts and white blouses.

In wool there are such good specimens as are pictured above. There is not much to say about the details of these skirts, for they are nearly all simply made this season. This one is straight with flat box-plaits over the hips and inverted plaits at the back to dispose of the fullness. The set-in pockets reveal a very clever ingenuity. They appear to be straps with rounded ends turned back and fastened with small black and white buttons. Two very large buttons of the same kind fasten the wide belt.

Revivals and New Arrivals



AMONG the accessories of dress which the smart shops are featuring, there are to be found revivals of lovely things that pleased the gentlemen of two or three generations ago. Along with the vogue for shorter sleeves came the lace mitts, to make a bid for favor, and lace stockings to be worn with satin slippers, or other finery in the way of footwear. Naturally in their company we find the older types of fans, like that shown in the picture above, the cut steel slipper buckles, together with beaded, knitted and crocheted purses and wide-brimmed, flower trimmed hats. They are all enchanting, with a flavor of old-time elegance.

Among new arrivals there are some matched sets in sports clothes that seem destined to success, with people who can afford them. They are the new skirts, scarfs and hats made to match, or skirts, scarfs and parasols, or scarf, bag and hat; in fact almost any combination of not more than three pieces. They are a triumph at southern resorts and will journey north and reappear in the summer on the beaches, in the mountains, and elsewhere.

There is a decided vogue for the dark silk blouse which will be welcomed by women who go in for the practical things.

Julia Bottomley

WANTED A PEEP; GOT AN EYEFUL

High School Girl Gives Youth Lesson He Will Never Forget.

Detroit, Mich.—Curious young men who lurked about the exterior of Southeastern high school on Fairview and Goethe avenues, to get a peek at the girls in their "tank" suits have discontinued this nightly practice with amazing abruptness.

For several weeks these young men enjoyed a blurry view through frosted windows, of the Southeastern swimming pool on "ladies' nights." The classes meet on Monday and Wednesday evenings and are composed mostly of portly married women who are taking swimming to reduce.

Unable to restrain their eagerness of visage, the boys agreed to carefully remove one section of the frosted win-



Gave Him a Thorough Troughing.

ow pane which had the audacity to open on the dressing rooms. The broken window aroused the suspicions of Joseph H. Corns, principal of the school, and on the following "ladies' night" he lay in waiting for the culprits.

One young man was captured and turned over to the girls for punishment. The fair swimmers lined up in their "tank" suits and told the young man to take an "eyeful" but he only stood abashed and chagrined.

It was then decided by the jovial swimmers to give the young man a ducking and a splashing that he wouldn't forget. They rushed at him the way they would attack a pushball on the college campus, and the stranger went overboard with hat, overcoat, shoes and all. After giving him a thorough trouncing he was set free. The young man is reported to have run home like a streak of lightning, and the girls are enjoying their swimming nights unimpeded.

STEALS, BUT RETURNS LOOT

Mysterious Stunts of Thief at Paris, Ky., Baffles the Local Police.

Paris, Ky.—A thief who steals diamond rings only to return them is baffling police here.

Several weeks ago two diamond rings, valued at \$800, were stolen from the home of Mrs. Katie Wilson. Ten days ago they were returned to her mysteriously.

Miss Carolyn Roseberry, daughter of John Roseberry, wealthy citizen, lost a \$6,000 platinum cluster ring. She offered a reward and agreed not to ask any questions. Later she found a tin box tied to the front doorknob. It contained the ring.

A week ago a \$700 ring disappeared from the home of William Farris, restaurant man. Later it was found hanging by a string to a window at the Farris home.

Police believe the thefts to be the work of some one who has access to the homes.

Human Arsenal Is Chased by Police

New York.—Dropping thirteen blackjacks, ten revolvers, two pairs of handcuffs, eight deputy sheriff badges and six private detective shields, a man whose identity is unknown, ran away when approached at Broadway and Reade street by Patrolman Gactano Christiano of the Beach street station.

Patrolman Christiano fired one shot at the man, but slipped when he started to chase him.

Other policemen, called by the shot, found a fire-escape ladder at Reade and Church streets swung to the street, and following footprints in the snow on the roofs discovered at 99 Chambers street William Ranken, seventeen, of 384 Race street, Philadelphia.

PNEUMONIA LEFT BOY WEAK AND SICKLY

Parents Were Almost Hopeless, But He Is Now Well and Strong.

"Our little boy's health was so poor we were afraid we were going to lose him. He is ten years old, and has had weak lungs ever since he was eight months old, caused by pneumonia. We have been very careful with him and doctored him continually, but we had almost despaired of ever having a strong, well boy.

"But since giving him Milks Emulsion all his trouble is gone, and he is in perfect health."—Mrs. G. W. Smiley, 20 Maple St., Dayton, O.

For restoring appetite, health and strength in sickly children, mothers will find Milks Emulsion the thing they have always sought. Most children like to take it, because unlike many emulsions and tonics, it really tastes good.

Milks Emulsion is a pleasant, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy, natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and physic. It promotes appetite and quickly puts the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of flesh and strength Milks Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whose sickness has weakened, and whose strength is resisting and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly relieved—usually in one day.

This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with a spoon like ice cream.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milks Emulsion under this guarantee—Take six bottles home with you, use it according to directions, and if not satisfied with the results your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Adv.

RUB RHEUMATIC PAIN FROM ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Right Out With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress.

"St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.—Adv.

ONLY FAIR AND JUST

Mrs. Mary Stillier wrote us from Santa Rosa, Calif., on January 31: "Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine is my remedy for which I entertain the highest regard. I suffered from headaches very badly, and this remedy helped me. I also sleep well after having taken it at bedtime, and everybody knows that sleep invigorates better than anything else, especially if one is not young any more. If it is worth publication, I am satisfied." Surely it is only fair and just to acquaint all those who suffer from the same troubles with this splendid result of Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine. Ask your druggist or dealer in medicines for this reliable remedy, and try also Triner's Angelica Bitter Tonic, which is unsurpassed for rebuilding the sapped vitality and energy. Joseph Triner Company, 1333-43 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

A man may be fast asleep and too slow to get out of his own way when awake.

DON'T FEAR ASPIRIN IF IT IS GENUINE

Look for name "Bayer" on tablets, then you need never worry.

To get genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" you must look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on each package and on each tablet.

The "Bayer Cross" means true, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years, and proved safe by millions for Colds, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general. Proper and safe directions are in each unbroken "Bayer" package.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Those who wait for the help of the "uplifters" and politicians may never secure help.

HAD LOST HOPE

But Doan's Effected a Complete Recovery After Other Remedies Failed. Now in Good Health.

Mrs. J. A. Stitsworth, E. Bell Ave., Red Key, Ind., says: "When my trouble came on me suddenly and before I realized it I was in a critical condition. My body bloated and my feet and ankles swelled like toy balloons. The kidneys were terribly in passage. My face puffed up and the flesh under my eyes and on my cheeks hung down in folds. I had another-spells, when I thought I would die. So much water had collected under my skin, I weighed 176 pounds, a gain of 45 pounds. My sight failed and little black specks passed before my eyes. I felt drowsy and was so nervous, I couldn't stand the least noise. Rheumatic pains darted all through me and it felt as if every nerve in my body was affected. Medicine didn't help me and I had little hope or strength left. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they restored me to health. I am now well and strong.

Sworn to before me.

M. M. WHITTINGHILL, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't eclipse the good heart in you by a mean, selfish deed. Sunshine is what makes the corn grow.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barb. Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolicaine is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 25c and 50c by all druggists. For free sample write The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Adv.

Rich men have coffers and poor men have coughs.

Charity is to woman what veracity is to a man.

Illinois Folks Tell Their Story

Freeport, Ill.—"I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one who suffers with bronchitis or deep-seated coughs, and I have found it to be an especially fine tonic for children convalescing from serious illness. When my little daughter was only three years old she almost died with bronchial pneumonia. She

was so weak, and it seemed after the crisis had passed that even then she might not recover. It was then that I gave her the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and she grew well and strong in a comparatively short time. She is now fifteen years old and has had neither bronchitis nor any lung trouble since, but is a strong, hardy girl."—Mrs. Marietta Douglas, 17 Wilbur St.

Rock Island, Ill.—"I began to suffer with influenza, which was so prevalent. I ached all over and had a cough and just felt wretched. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it brought me through this dreaded disease in splendid condition. It was the only medicine I took and I was not necessary for me to call in the doctor. 'Golden Medical Discovery' having cured me, I can highly recommend it to others who are afflicted."—G. S. Entrikin, 728 14th St.

Any medicine dealer will supply you with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in either liquid or tablet form.

BILIOUSNESS Caused by Acid-Stomach

If people who are bilious are treated according to local symptoms they seldom get very much better. Whatever relief is obtained is usually temporary. Trace biliousness to its source and remove the cause and the chances are that the patient will remain strong and healthy.

Doctors say the more than 70 non-organic diseases can be traced to an Acid-Stomach. Biliousness is one of them. Indigestion, heartburn, belching, sour stomach, bloating and gas are other signs of acid-stomach. EATONIC, the marvelous modern stomach remedy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries which lead to a long train of ailments that make life miserable if not corrected.

EATONIC liberally absorbs and carries away the excess acid in the stomach. It is strong, cool and comfortable. Helps digestion, improves the appetite and you then get full strength from your food. Thousands say that EATONIC is the most effective stomach remedy in the world. It helps YOU need it. Try it on our money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee. At all druggists. Only 50 cents for a big box.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Freckle Disintegrator.

Freely Disintegrator—Yeast druggist or by mail. Price 25c. 257 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Old Folks' Coughs will be relieved promptly by Finley's Stops Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Croup, Croup.

will be relieved promptly by Finley's Stops Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Croup, Croup. The remedy tested by more than fifty years of use is

PISO'S

DEPENDENT UPON IT 20 YEARS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Been This Woman's Safeguard All That Time.

Omaha, Neb.—"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for over twenty years for female troubles and it has helped me very much. I have also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash with good results. I always have a bottle of Vegetable Compound in the house as it is a good remedy in time of need. You can publish my testimonial as every statement I have made is perfectly true."—Mrs. J. O. ELMQUIST, 2424 S. 20th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health. To know whether Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, try it! For advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

For sores, broken blisters, burns, cuts and all skin irritations. Also innumerable toilet uses. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
State Street New York

Exactitude.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "it was going too far for you to say our boy Josh isn't worth his salt."
"Mebbe 'twas. Salt ain't so dear. But I'll hang to it that the way he's workin' now, Josh ain't worth his sugar."

"DANDERINE" PUTS BEAUTY IN HAIR

Girls! A mass of long, thick, gleamy tresses



Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality.

Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating tonic; then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return—Hurry!—Adv.

Talking Back to the Parson.
"I fear, doctor, I am not good enough to go to church."
"But, my dear madam, it isn't your goodness, it's your desire."
"But I'm not good enough to have any desire."—Boston Transcript.

Refresh a Heavy Skin
With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

Never judge a man's thoughts by what he says.

Leave the latch string out for the first robin.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

OH, WHERE WAS THE MOVIE-MAN. *By Robert H. Moulton*



BODY GUARD TO "BIG NUMBERS"

HERE, oh where, was the movie man? Of course, after the experiences of the photographers in the Great War—in the air, on the firing line and among the U-boats—almost any other photographing adventure is bound to seem tame. Just the same, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson had an experience in the Solomon Islands in the South seas not long ago that has thrills all its own. It's different—that's all. The Solomons, be it known, are one of the few places where the "King of the Cannibal Islands" still reigns and does business at the old stand. Of course none of the natives indulge openly in "Long Pig"; the white man sees to that. But back in the bush it is still about as wild as it ever was and the white man can't watch the savages all the time. And the appetite and the taste still persist in the Solomon islands savage.

Also, back in the bush the petty king takes unto himself as many wives as he wants. In the good, old-fashioned way of the Solomon Islands—maybe that's where they get the name. And naturally a king with a white wife in his collection would be some punkins—which is where Mrs. Johnson comes into the story. As for Mr. Johnson, evidently the kettle hasn't been cast that can convert him into a cannibalistic titbit.

Johnson's home is in Independence, Kan., but he is seldom there because there is adventure in his blood and he cannot stay long in one place. Harking back a few years, he was with Jack London on the famous cruise of the Snark. Forever after there was nothing to the sedentary life of the ordinary American for him. He had to roam, and the region that has presented the greatest lure for him is the Solomon Islands.

Like many another woman, his wife, Osa, did not discover until after her marriage exactly what sort of a man her husband really was. She assumed that she had married an enterprising young business man whose passion for photography need give her no alarm. She knew, of course, that he had been a friend of the late Jack London, but how, when he displayed such a proper, newlywed interest in the rugs and furniture and curtains of the new little home in Independence, was the poor girl to guess that one fine day her spouse would decide that he just must go adventuring in the South seas again?

When he made the announcement about six months ago, however, Mrs. Johnson decided she was bound to be a pal and helpmeet or die in the attempt, so she decided to go along. And thus it came to pass that, a few weeks later, in what is known as the "Big Numbers" district, home of the fiercest race of cannibals at present in existence, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were risking their lives to obtain photographs of these people. They are said to be the first white people ever to enter into this district and come away.

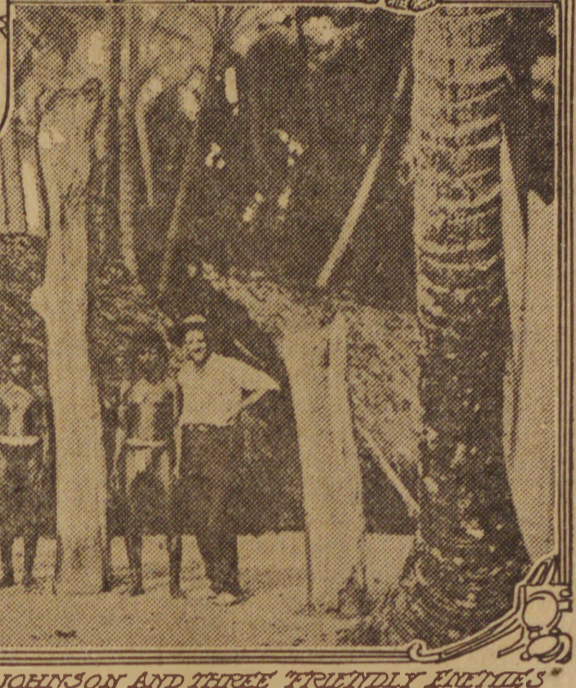
From the moment of Johnson's landing in the New Hebrides and the white people became aware of his mission, he was warned against making photographs of the savage natives of the large island of Malekula, but the stories he heard only made him want to photograph these people all the more. It was with the idea of being close to this island that he visited the small island of Vao and made arrangements to stop with an American missionary located there and wait his chance.

Every day for a week he watched for some schooner. His intention was to make arrangements with the captain to take him to the Big Numbers district, 22 miles from Vao, on the other side of the island of Malekula. But no schooner came along and he grew restless, for he wanted the pictures. Finally he secured a whaleboat belonging to a trader and persuaded five semi-civilized cannibals of Vao island to go along as crew.

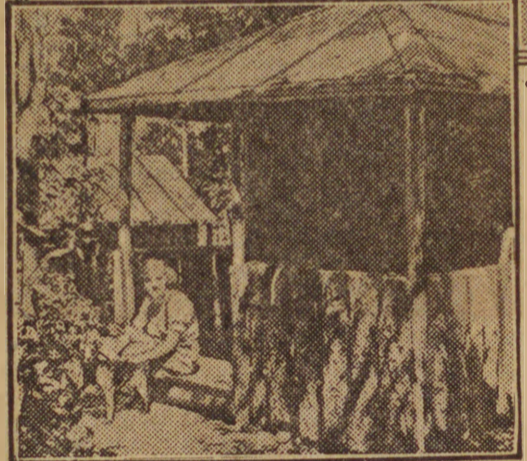
Right here is where Johnson made three mistakes. Mistake No. 1 was in going. No. 2 was in taking his wife with him. No. 3 was in not taking along a motion picture man.

They sailed away from Vao one morning and shortly after noon of the same day came into Big Numbers bay and drew the boat upon the sandy beach. At first not a native was in sight. Then about 25 savages emerged from different places along the horseshoe bay and came to them. They were of larger stature than any Johnson had seen in this group. Around their waists they wore dark bands that covered them from their upper hips to their first ribs. This band is sort of a belt that is wound around two or three times—outside of this they were entirely naked.

Most of them had very hairy faces and big heads of bushy hair and many wore armlets and anklets of wild boar tusks. But their faces were the striking part about them; they were the ugliest and cruellest and most repulsive the explorer had ever seen. Their mouths were large, their eyes those of an animal and their skin was



JOHNSON AND THREE "FRIENDLY ENEMIES"



THE JOHNSON COTTAGE ON VAO

thick and seamed with lines. A few of the younger carried bows and arrows and clubs, but without exception the older men carried rifles.

Mr. Johnson should have been warned right there that such savage animal-like beings could not be trusted. But he had heard of a chief who had 30 wives, and he wanted to photograph him. These people told him their chief was close by, so he decided to get to him.

Following the lead of their guides, the Johnson party climbed up and up, first through a heavy jungle on the side of a hill and then on top of a plateau. While they stood there four bushmen made their appearance on another ridge a short distance away. By this time Johnson was getting a little frightened.

When they reached the bushmen they saw that their cruel faces were made more hideous with big plugs through their noses. The bushmen glared at Johnson and his party and then started a fierce jabber with Johnson's own savages. Finally one stepped on a large boulder and started a queer shouting chant that was so shrill it seemed to carry for miles. In a short time he was answered by a like sound from away back in the hills.

Johnson and his party were about three miles from the sea. It was 4:30 and he was afraid it would be dark before they could get back again. So he told his natives to pick up his paraphernalia and they would go back.

Then on top of the ridge there burst into view the biggest, most savage and most impressive savage that Johnson had ever seen. He was more than six feet tall and a mass of muscle. He came toward the party with a bearing which indicated that he thought he owned the earth. When he stopped in front of them they saw a face that had a great deal of character in it, cruel, brutal character.

At first he stood and glared at the little party one by one. Finally he fastened his eyes on Mrs. Johnson, and then Johnson became more frightened than ever before in his life. However, Johnson handed the chief a package he had prepared beforehand, consisting of four yards of colored calico, fifty sticks of tobacco, twelve boxes of matches, a sheath knife and a large mirror. The cannibal chief, however, showed no signs of friendliness, merely handing the things to one of his men, and keeping his eyes glued on Mrs. Johnson, whose face was drawn with terror.

Since he had put up some pretense of photographing, Johnson got out his apparatus and went to work and in 15 minutes exposed more films than he had ever done in twice that time. He says he just photographed to be doing something, but every action was mechanical, and when he finished the Big Numbers savages were still glaring at them. Finally he packed his apparatus and made signs to his savages to pick it up and that they would leave. He stretched out his hand to say good-by to the chief, and mechanically the latter gave him his own hand, which was so large Johnson's was lost in it. Johnson then told his wife to do the same, which she did. But the chief did not let go. Instead, he stretched out his other hand, felt Mrs. Johnson's arms and face and ran his hand over her body.

Finally the chief let her go and for the first time took his eyes off her, and then turning to Johnson's men commanded them to drop the

Harvest 20 to 45 Bushel to Acre Wheat in WESTERN CANADA

Think what that means to you in good hard dollars with the great demand for wheat at high prices. Many farmers in Western Canada have paid for their land from a single crop. The same success may still be yours, for you can buy on easy terms.

Farm Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre
located near thriving towns, good markets, railways—land of a kind which grows 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Good grazing lands at low prices convenient to your grain farm enable you to reap the profits from stock raising and dairying.

Learn the Facts About Western Canada
—low taxation (none on improvements), healthful climate, good times for past nine years, and always found schools, churches, pleasant social relationships, a prosperous and industrious people.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, reduced railroad rates, etc., write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

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

Many School Children are Sickly

and take cold easily, are feverish and constipated, have headaches, stomach or bowel trouble.



MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Used by Mothers for over 30 years

Are pleasant to take and a certain relief. They tend to break up a cold in 24 hours, act on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels and tend to correct intestinal disorders and destroy worms. 10,000 testimonials like the following from mothers and friends of children telling of relief. Originals are on file in our offices:

"I think MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN are grand. They were recommended to my sister by a doctor. I am giving them to my little three year old girl who was very puny, and she is picking up wonderfully."

"We have used MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN at different times for past nine years, and always found them a perfect children's medicine and very satisfactory in every case."

Get a package from your druggist for use when needed.

Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.

Our Idea of a great talker is a woman who has enough sense to know her limit.

Life is a grind if your grist isn't worth grinding.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sneezing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Adv.

BEAR CUBS PROBABLY UNIQUE

New Species the Result of Mating Canadian Black and Russian Brown, in London Zoo.

A "marriage was arranged" in London some time ago between Teddy, the black bear from Canada, and Daisy, the brown bear from Russia. The result is the first hybrid black-brown bear cubs ever born in the zoo—they may even be unique, for nature let alone produces no hybrids. They are a rich mahogany compromise between their parents' colorings, and are doing splendidly. Along with the news comes word that the ugliest beast in the world, the Matamora turtle, another emigrant from the new world, has been on a hunger strike ever since his arrival in London. At home he gets his food in a nasty, treacherous way. He has a shell which looks like a lump of rock on which weed grows freely. He keeps quiet and looks like a pleasant stone for fish to rest under. Round his jaws are a number of long lumps which look like desirable worms. These are his ground bait, and even if the Matamora be asleep a nibble rouses him to snap up a meal.

Doublet the discriminating reader has already noted that this story of Johnson's adventure is illustrated from photographs of the harmless savages of the missionary island of Vao. Why not from photographs of the savage and his cannibal hand?

Well, Johnson confesses that in his "excitement" he didn't get a single negative. He was too "rattled" to make his camera work.

Where, oh where, was the movie man?

Airplane Wings That Fold

The naval airplane of the future will undoubtedly consist of a fuselage equipped with wings that collapse to permit easy storage in the hold of ship or submarine. The development of the feature is still in the experimental stage, but favor is already inclining to rigid wings that are hinged at the fuselage. On an entirely different principle, however, is based a recent invention of this sort. The extension and retraction of the wings, as demonstrated with the inventor's model, are controlled by wires that run to a crank in the pilot's cockpit. To retract the wings he turns the crank; each wing (on the model) breaks into nine hinged pieces, and all come to rest folded snugly against the fuselage side. Such handling of the wings is, of course, impossible with the spar-and-rib structures now used; it is to be taken for granted that the inventor has another structural scheme, as construction of an experimental plane is said to be in progress at an airplane factory near Birmingham, England.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

To Tap Well of the Gods

The Greek government's proposal to supply the city of Athens with water from Mount Parnassus, 30 miles away, will cost about \$40,000,000 and take four years to complete, according to Thaddeus Merriman, deputy chief engineer of the New York department of water supply, who arrived here recently from Piraeus on the steamship Pan-nonia. He went to Athens with W. E. Smith last August to work on the plan.

A Morning Dish Of Grape-Nuts

certainly does hearten one up for the day. Why shouldn't it? Grape-Nuts is ready-cooked, ready-sweetened, and contains just those good elements nature requires for the strength to do things.

Make Grape-Nuts your home cereal
"There's a Reason"

MARCH PROGRAM

GRAND THEATRE, GENOA, ILL.
Sat., Mar. 27—"Out of the Shadows"
—Pauline Frederick—20c
Wed., Mar. 31—"His Parisian Wife"
Elsie Ferguson—20c
Sat., Apr. 3—"String Beans"—Chas. Ray—20c
Martin Malana spent Sunday in Elgin.

Mrs. Wm. Kool and son, Billie of Kentucky, who spent the latter part of the week with her sister, Mrs. W. A. Lankton, left Saturday night for Des Moines, Ia.
Mrs. O. M. Leich spent several days last week with relatives in Chicago.
Mesdames A. J. Kohn and W. A. Lankton were Rockford visitors Tuesday.

Satisfaction guaranteed when you buy Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. You are entitled to complete satisfaction. We guarantee you'll get it. You're the judge of whether or not you're satisfied. Money back if you say so—All wool suits, Made to measure \$50.00, Hedges Clothing Co.
Tell your auto troubles to the Duval and Awe Garage.
Presto-Lite batteries sold and repaired at Duval & Awe Garage.

Miss Mary Prain was a guest of Chicago friends Saturday and Sunday.
Wm. Duval has purchased a home in Elgin and expects to move there soon.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Arbuckle entertained Mr. and Mrs. F. Arbuckle of Kingston over Sunday.
H. G. L. club members and Mesdames Albert and Edward Rudolph were guests of Mrs. Wm. Jeffery at her home on Sycamore street Thursday afternoon of last week. After several games of cards, at which Mrs. E. W. Gnekow made high score, dainty refreshments were served on the card tables.

DRAFT OF RARE POTENCY

But Traveler Who Indulged in Kava Tells Us Nothing About the "Morning After."
"Menke," he said to me, "you know that to drink kava you must be of empty stomach. After eating, kava will make you sick. If you do not eat as soon as you have drunk it, you will not enjoy it. Take it now, and then eat quickly."
He dipped a shell in the tanos, tossed a few drops over his shoulder to propitiate the god of the kava here drinking and placed the shell in his hands. Ugh! The liquor tasted like earth and water, sweetish for a moment and then acid and pungent. It was hard to get down, but all the men took theirs at a gulp, and when Kivi gave me another shell I patterned by them. A ringing came in my ears as when one puts a seashell to them and hears the drowsy murmur of the tides. Kivi laughed, and vaguely I heard his query:
"Veavea? Is it hot?"
"E, mahanahana. I am very warm." I struggled to reply. My voice sounded as that of another. I leaned harder against the wall and closed my eyes.
A peace passing the understanding of the kava-ignorant was upon me. Life was a slumbering calm; not dull inertia, but a separated activity, as if the spirit roamed in a garden of beauty, and the body, and suffering, all feeling past, resigned itself to quietude. I heard faintly the chants of the men, as they began improving the after-feasting entertainment. I was perfectly conscious of being lifted by several women to within the house, and of being laid upon mats that were as soft to the body as the waters of a quiet sea. It was as if angels bore me on a cloud. All toll, all effort was over; I should never return to care or duty.
I was then a giant, prone in an endless ease, who stretched from the waterfall at the topmost point of the valley to the shore of the sea, and above me ran in many futile excitements the natives of Atuona, small creatures whose concerns were naught to me.—Exchange.

DR. J. W. OVITZ

Physician and Surgeon

Genoa Office over Swan's Store. Telephone No. 11

Monday, 9:00 to 12:00 a. m. Thursday, 9 to 12:00 a. m.
Tuesday, 9:00 to 12:00 a. m. Friday, 9:00 to 12:00 a. m.
Wednesday, 3 to 8:30 p. m. Saturday, 3:00 to 8:30 p. m.

Charges for visits at the home will be the same as tho my residence were in Genoa

Sycamore Office in Pierce Building. Phone No. 122.
Special Appointments by Telephone

CLEANING PRESSING, REPAIRING

Men's and Ladies' Suits and Coats
Over Holtgren's Store

JOHN ALBERTSON

Raincoats

Prepare for a rainy day. The month of showers will soon be here and you will need one of our serviceable raincoats. We have them in several styles, a snappy belted coat for young men which can be worn anywhere or at any time and answers nicely for a spring overcoat.

The prices are right.

A big line of silk striped shirts and the very best in neckwear.

Holtgren & Son

ANCHORITE STEEL POSTS

are, without question, the best buy on the market. The solid anchorage obtained by the post itself makes it the most desirable

FOR

HOG FENCE

FIELD FENCE

CHICKEN FENCE

Order today
DO IT NOW!

Genoa Lumber Co.

Junk

I pay the highest market prices for old iron and all kinds of metals, rags, paper, etc. Also buy Furs and Hides. If you have any of these items, phone and I will call on you at once.

Phone 138 MIKE GORDON

FARM HOUSE COFFEE

A delicious coffee put up in 10 lbs. - \$4.42
10 pound cartons.

E. J. TISCHLER, Grocer

Mrs. Conrad Kniprath, Sr., who recently submitted to an operation for goitre at the Sycamore hospital, is recovering nicely.

Mrs. Arthur Patterson spent several days of last week with her daughters, Mrs. Vern Bennett and Mrs. A. J. Strandquist of Rockford.

Harold Holroyd of Rockford is spending this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holroyd.

Several school friends of Harold Corson's gathered at his home Friday evening and enjoyed a few hours of merriment with music and games. Refreshments were served by the young host's mother, Mrs. Emma Corson.

An open meeting of the Community Club will be held in the Masonic hall, Monday afternoon, April 5. Mr. D. S. Brown will talk on "Forms of Government." Each club member is urged to bring several guests with them to hear this splendid lecture.

Mrs. Wm. Lankton was at home Friday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Cool of Kentucky. The guests devoted the afternoon to cards after which a dainty luncheon carrying out the color scheme of pink and white, was served by the hostess. Pink tea roses were the favors.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Shesler are in Chicago this week where the former is attending the annual convention of the Illinois State Dental Society. Robert Furr has purchased the Kelley house on Sycamore street, recently vacated by W. J. Prain.

Henry McKaben of Hampshire, local manager of the squire Dingle Pickle Co., was in Genoa last Saturday.

T. M. Bagley, who has been employed in the Redwood Billiard Parlor for several years, quit the job Saturday night and will take up work that requires shorter hours.

Frank Fishbach of Huntley was in Genoa the first of this week.

Rev. O'Brien was one of the fifteen thousand persons who heard Pres. DeValera of the Irish Republic in Chicago last Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Patterson and Mrs. Gordon were delegates to the Mystic Worker meeting in Chicago this week, representing the local lodge.

Mrs. Fannie King, who has been spending the winter in Joliet and Chicago, returned to her home in Genoa Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lankton, who have been occupying Mrs. Fannie King's house several months, have rented the second floor of G. H. Martin's house on Sycamore street, where they will begin housekeeping as soon as their furniture arrives.

Daniel Corson was home from Rockford Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Welch of Burlington spent Sunday at the home of the former's brother, Charles, in this city.

Mrs. Charles Roth of Hampshire has moved to Genoa and is occupying an apartment in the Teyler building on Sycamore street.

Mr. and Mrs. August Ruback, formerly of Colvin Park, are now occupying the I. W. Douglass house on West Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gormerly of Rockford spent the week end with the latter's mother, Mrs. Luella Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles. We've were guests of Burlington relatives last week.

Mrs. Edward Nolan of Elgin spent spent Thursday of last week with Genoa friends.

Mrs. Abbie Igglesham, who has been staying with Mrs. Caroline Sager for some time, has decided to make her home with her son. At present Mrs. Gormerly of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Sager.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold an all-day work meeting at the rest rooms Friday, March 26. A picnic dinner will be served.

G. H. Martin was in Chicago Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Geithman and daughter, Cecille, were Rockford visitors over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Crawford were Rockford visitors Tuesday.

Gold and sterling silver lavellieres with unique settings at Martin's. Your inspection is invited.

Beautiful and useful silver napkin rings for the kiddies at Martin's for \$1.25.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey King attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Kerber of Elgin Wednesday.

Miniature lockets are very much in vogue. Martin has several which are neat and attractive, prices \$3.50 and up. Stop in and see them.

Mrs. Virginia Wilcox is visiting relatives in Woodstock.

Mrs. G. H. Martin returned the last part of the week from a visit with her brother and family of Wisco.

Misses Hazel Rylander and Helen Ibbotson of Marengo were week-end guests at the Schoonmaker home.

Ira Westover and family, who left a short time ago for their new home in Alberta, Canada, have arrived there safely.

Mrs. J. A. Patterson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Scudder of Chicago, this week.

An Easter Cantata will be given in the M. E. church Sunday, April 4. The participants are rehearsing now and a splendid program is assured.

John Krueger, John Stoffregen and Dick Borcharding attended the big sale of Holsteins at Bartlett last Friday.

Miss Emma Leonard returned home last Sunday after spending the week end with Chicago relatives.

Mrs. Lilla Dyer and John Dyer, Miss Catherine Burroughs and Mrs. Eva Worcester spent the week end in Chicago and saw the play "Clarence" at the Blackstone theatre.

Dr. Mary Cook of Waynesville, O., is a guest for a month of her sister, Mrs. Lilla Dyer.

Mrs. Julia Green is entertaining her granddaughter, Miss May Green who is enroute from Boston to her new home in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Miss Harriet Doty spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Rendell of DeKalb.

High School Notes

Earl Russell, Editor

The Juniors and Seniors are to write 20 minute compositions this week that are to be sent to the University of Illinois to be judged as the high school English.

Some of the high school youngsters have secured orange and purple caps and arm bands. However, the high school colors have been blue and white so the other members are planning on buying that color.

"All those in favor of the new last line of the Loyalty Song signify by saying ay;" absolute silence; contrary, the same" ay, ay, ay, ay, ay. Let's keep the old words and remain loyal to the members before us who originated it and leave the old words "Genoa High School class"—21???

Mr. Mackenzie had his picture taken with six of the high school girls, don't tell his wife.

Guyla Buck and Esther Tyler took the teachers examination in Sycamore last week. Both are fine young ladies and will undoubtedly develop into good teachers.

Miss Cook insists that there are two sides to every question but Evelyn has half dozen sides and she is certainly a question. Ask Ernest.

If Mr. Burgess was a Bolshevik we wouldn't think so much of it, but he tried to fumigate the Physics class with sulphur dioxide. Then he introduced them to a little hydrogen sulphide which has the delicious odor of yee olden eggs.

Magnate—That fellow knows too much about my affairs. I had to give him \$5,000 to keep me out of jail.
Wife—Oh, Henry, please stop spending your money so foolishly.
He did something.
Grand Rapids Herald.

TOOK THE SCENE LITERALLY

But Not Many Movie Spectators Are as Unsophisticated as Was Uncle Ted Prouty.

A prominent movie director, said at a luncheon in Los Angeles:

"Movie audiences are very sophisticated nowadays. They insist on accuracy. If you are inaccurate in the smallest detail they write you hundreds of jeering letters. It wasn't so in the past.

"The movie audiences of the past were as naive as Uncle Ted Prouty. Uncle Ted came to town one evening and went to the theater with his wife. In the first act a woman was shot, and when the curtain went down a good many men left their seats and went out.

"Uncle Ted fidgeted a while and then he took his hat and started out in his turn.

"Where be you goin'?" his wife asked.

"Look here, Hannah," said Uncle Ted, "I've stood this thing jest as long as I can, and now I'm goin' out like the rest to see how that pore woman is gettin' along that was shot. The unfort'nit wretch may be dead by this time, and if she is this ain't no place for us."

Hans Christian Andersen.
Hans Christian Andersen, styled the children's poet, was a celebrated Danish writer, born at Odense in 1805 and died at Copenhagen after a brief illness, August 4, 1875. His last years were unharnessed by criticism and attended by all the honor and love that should accompany genius combined with old age. As the child of poor, shiftless parents, he had little instruction and few associates, but his dramatic instinct was developed by Fontaine and the Arabian Nights, and the visit of a theatrical company to his native city led him to seek his dramatic fortune in Copenhagen, where for four years he worked diligently but produced nothing of note. In 1835 he essayed the "Fairytale," by which he was to receive world wide recognition. The classic "Tinderbox" and "Big Claus and Little Claus," are also of this year. A short time afterwards "Only a Fiddler" gave him a European reputation.

Beautiful Marine Organisms.
A beautiful marine organism which floats in tropical seas is not a single creature, but a colony of many individuals, connected with each other like Siamese twins, and of several different kinds. The largest and most brilliantly colored is inflated with gas and floats on the water surface. All the other members of the colony hang from its under side. Some are small and trumpet-shaped and do the feeding for the entire community. Others are finger-like and are "feelers." Still others resemble bunches of grapes. These are egg layers. Another kind are like long streamers and extend down into the water to act as "drag anchors." They are also armed with "sting cells" to slay young fishes, which they afterward draw up to the hungry mouths above.

Waste of Money.
Magnate—That fellow knows too much about my affairs. I had to give him \$5,000 to keep me out of jail.
Wife—Oh, Henry, please stop spending your money so foolishly.

You May Pay Your Taxes Here

Exchange Bank

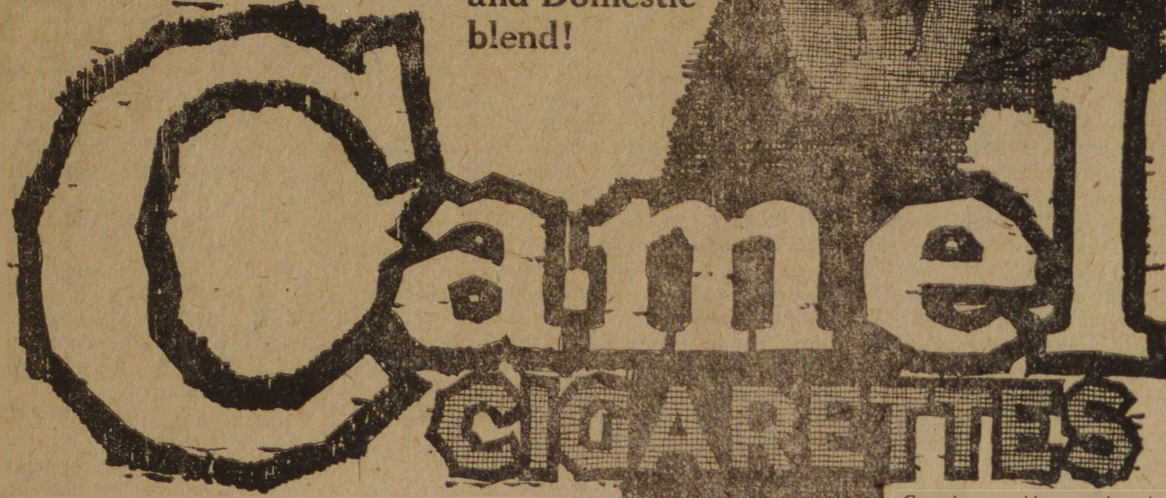
Deposits guaranteed with over \$300,000

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Are designed and built in our own Plant, established in 1874
Save by ordering now for spring delivery.
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We Accept Liberty Bonds. ROCKFORD ILLINOIS.

As sure as you are a foot high—

you will like this Camel Turkish and Domestic blend!



YOU never got such cigarette-contentment as Camels hand you. Camels quality and expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic Tobaccos make this goodness possible—and make you prefer this Camel blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels mellow-mildness is a revelation! Smoke them with freedom without tiring your taste! They leave no unpleasant cigarette aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarette odor!

Give Camels every test—then compare them puff-for-puff with any cigarette in the world!



Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or for the supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. Winston-Salem, N. C.

KINGSTON NEWS

Reed Burchfield was a Rockford passenger Saturday. Mrs. Ida Moore, Mrs. Allen Mowers and Mrs. John Uplinger were Elgin shoppers Monday. Mr. and Mrs. John Van Dusen visited relatives in Sycamore Friday. Miss Anna Peters had her tonsils removed by Dr. Smith at DeKalb last Saturday. Ora Koch entertained his mother from Hampshire last Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ort were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Donally Gray in Genoa Sunday. D. G. Ottman of Belvidere visited friends here a couple of days last week. The Thimble club was entertained by Mrs. John Uplinger last Thursday afternoon. Miss Bessie Sherman enjoyed the past few days in Belvidere. Leslie Ball of Herbert visited relatives and friends here Saturday. Miss Doris Sherman is spending her spring vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Sherman. John Helsdon was an Elgin passenger Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. James Glidden and children were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aves. Mrs. Frank Bradford and son, Marion, were Genoa visitors Saturday. Miss Iona Van Dusen of Sycamore was the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Van Dusen. Margaret Tazewell and Claude Baker are having a "swell" time with the mumps. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bell were Chicago shoppers Tuesday. Marjorie Beth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Helsdon of Chicago has scarlet fever at the home of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Helsdon. Miss Valda Baars of Kingston and Arthur Britton of Garden Prairie were united in marriage Thursday at

ternoon by Rev. Tuttle at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Jordan. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Anna Baar and the groom a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Britton. The following candidates were nominated at the Township Caucus Saturday. Election will be Tuesday, April 6, 1920. Assessor—Ira Bicksler. Clerk—F. P. Smith. School Trustee—Ira Bicksler. Highway commissioner—Mike Ludwig. Park Commissioner—W. H. Bell. They will live on a farm near Herbert where their many friends extend their congratulations and good wishes. Glenn and Harry Bell spent the week end with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bradford, in Mayfield. Mrs. O. F. Lucas, who has been in a hospital in Chicago the past few months, returned to the home of her sister, Mrs. E. C. Burton, Monday. Her many friends will be glad to hear she is much improved. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Knappenberger were DeKalb passengers Wednesday. The sad news of the death of Wm. Gibbs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Gibbs of Chicago, came as a great shock Tuesday morning. He had been sick only a week with inflammatory rheumatism. For the past few summers William always came to Kingston to spend his school vacation with his grandmother, Mrs. Bacon, and his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Brown, and made many friends who extend much sympathy to his parents.

New Lebanon

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hartman were Elgin passengers Saturday. Joe Koerner returned Wednesday from the St. Joseph hospital in Elgin where he underwent an operation and is much improved. John Evans and family were callers at Henry Japp's Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hartman of Sycamore spent Sunday at the home of their son, Arthur. Henry Japp and wife were in Elgin Monday. Frank Fischback of Huntley called at Wm. Dumolin's Monday. Miss Larine Ford was an over Sunday guest at Chas. Coon's home. Louis Hartman and family of Hampshire spent Sunday at Lem Gray's. Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Kiner and daughter, Enid; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coughlin and daughter, Bernadine; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ford, and daughter, Vivian; Mr. and Mrs. Holland Ford, Mr. and Mrs. August Japp were entertained at Henry Koerner's Sunday. Mrs. Wm. Japp was in Elgin shopping Tuesday. Chas Coon is hauling lumber for a new residence to replace one that burned recently. Mrs. William Botcher spent Thursday and Friday with her sister, Mrs. Mille Bahe, of Hampshire. Wm. Dumolin, Sr., and Wm. Dumolin, Jr., shipped 2 carloads of hogs and steers to Chicago Monday. Edward Finley is shelling corn, the work being done by S. Coon. Mrs. Holland Ford was given a farewell party by the H. A. A. club members and nearby neighbors Saturday. The afternoon was spent in playing 500. Mrs. Ford was presented with handkerchiefs. A course luncheon was served. Mr. and Mrs. Ford are going to reside with their son, Sidney, leaving for Maine Tuesday. They have been making their home with their daughter, Mrs. Eldon Kiner. Roads in this vicinity were being dragged. Carl Scherg spent Sunday with his parents at Garden Prairie. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gray spent Tuesday at Elmer Colton's. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bahe and Henry Bahe, of Rosselle, were Sunday visitors at Wm. Japp's. Sidney Ford and family and the former's parents left for Main Tuesday, where Mr. Ford has bought a farm. John Japp and family of Sycamore are visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Movement of Sun and Moon.

Both sun and moon move about the earth from east to west. In reality the sun is fixed. The moon revolves from east to west around the earth as its satellite, and both earth and moon move in common around the sun which is fixed, though the motion of the earth about it makes the sun appear to move about the earth from east to west.

Presidents Who Were Masons.

Masonic records of the early presidents are not complete. The following presidents are listed as Masons: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft.

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—1 1/2 horse power Olds Runley engine, power washing machine with wringer, also pump jack and 12 feet of belt. Will sell separately. Frank Clayton. Phone 923-02

FOR SALE—Full blood pedigree Alrdale pups. E. M. Trautman, Genoa. 21-21

FOR SALE—I have on the floor several new Dodge automobiles and Chevrolet. They are for sale. Call and see them. J. A. Patterson, Genoa, Ill. 18-1f

Lands and City Property

FOR SALE—8 room house, good condition, in choice location. \$4,000.00 See J. A. Patterson.

FOR SALE—Lot on Stott street, 50 x 150 feet, east front, desirable location, \$350, easy terms. Henry Weideman.

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. D. S. Brown. 35-1f

FOR SALE—3 houses and 2 cottages in city of Genoa, also some vacant lots, desirably located. J. A. Patterson, Genoa, Ill. 18-1f

FOR SALE—House and lot two blocks from the postoffice. Price low. Terms to suit purchaser. F. R. Rowen, Genoa, Illinois. 21-1f

FOR SALE—Several local farms, all sizes and all prices. Also some good city property, both business and residence. F. P. Renn, Genoa, Ill. 19-1f

FOR SALE—My apartment building on Sycamore street. First floor contains five rooms and a bath, second floor has 4 rooms and a bath. Inquire of G. H. Martin, Genoa, Illinois. 15-1f

Wanted

WANTED—Boarders or roomers. Inquire Mrs. Chester Davis. Lapham house, first door north Crawford building on Emmett street.

WANTED—Telephone operator. Inquire at Genoa exchange of DeKalb County Telephone Co. 22-21

WANTED—Girl for general household work. No laundry. Good wages. Mrs. A. B. Gochnour, phone 350, Sycamore, Ill. 22-21

WANTED—Maid for general household work. Mrs. George E. Dutton, Sycamore, Illinois. 20-31

HELP WANTED

Tool Makers, Machinists, and Drill Press Operators and Laborers for general factory work. Good wages.

WOMEN AND GIRLS For light Bench and Machine Work. Easy to learn. Good Wages paid. Steady employment. NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO. Belvidere, Illinois

RENDERING—The Genoa rendering plant having changed hands, we will give the best of service. Wyde & Whipple. Phone 68 or 1722. 7-1f

ISLE HAS MANY ATTRACTIONS

Beautiful Corfu Offers Peculiar and Pleasing Sight to the Visitor—Land of Contradictions.

Corfu is an island in the Mediterranean, the largest of the Ionian group, and it belonged to Venice for many centuries. It is separated from the coast of Albania by the channel of Corfu, 40 miles long. The entire island embraces about 277 square miles with a population of 100,000. Aside from its chief city, Corfu, there are only a few towns and villages, as half the island is still covered with natural olive groves. The entire place is reminiscent of the colony of Corinthians who settled there in the earliest period of Greek history, and became a great naval power. Its dark, narrow streets and ancient buildings with their splendid arched bays mute witness to centuries of Venetian rule.

There is a splendid library of 100,000 volumes from the pens of ancient and modern writers, where the bibliomaniac has an opportunity to indulge his taste.

As a matter of fact, Corfu is a city of strange contradictions. It is not an uncommon sight to be walking close to the public library and to hear the flower boys in the arcade nearby singing the beauty of their floral offerings, while under the shadow of the building on the other side is a native woodman standing on a pile of logs, sawing vigorously. It is a queer instrument he piles, unimproved for centuries, and as he saws he sings ballads centuries old.

Placing the Responsibility. "When things are going good financially I notice men always say 'Fine!' when you ask them how they are," observes R. W. Moorhead of Sabetha. "But when finances look a little dark, ask how he is. The usual answer is 'Old woman's growling' or 'Children mighty poorly.'"—Kansas City Star.

To Determine Length of Knot. The British admiralty knot or nautical mile is 6,080 feet and the statute knot 6,082.66 feet, and is generally regarded as the standard. The number of feet in a statute knot is arrived at as follows: The circumference of the earth is divided into 360 degrees, each degree containing 60 knots, or (360 by 60) 21,600 knots to the circumference; 21,600 divided into 131,385,456, the number of feet in the earth's circumference, gives 6082.66 feet, the length of the statute knot.

FITS-U WINDSOR EYEGLASSES. Eyes examined FREE. For Sale by Dr. E. M. Byers, Genoa, Illinois

Genoa Opera House. Friday and Saturday April 2 and 3

Carl Laemmle's LOCKEYAR. The Great Air Robbery. A Thriller in which the Skys the Limit.

E. M. BYERS, M. D. Hours: 8 to 10 a. m. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. OFFICE IN MORDOFF BLDG.

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

Pearl Werthwein Reinken Instructor VOICE AND PIANO. Address, Hampshire, Ill. Genoa Saturday of each week

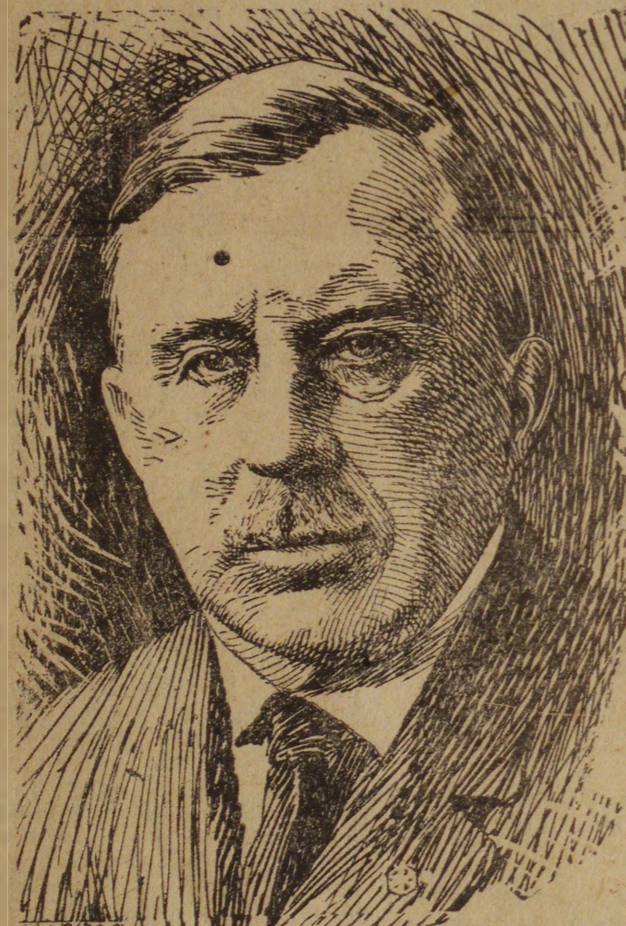
Genoa Lodge No. 288 A. F. & A. M. Meets Second and Fourth Tuesdays of Each Month

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

Eveline Lodge No. 344. 4th Tuesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. Carl Van Dusen, Perfect. Fannie M. Hood, Secy.

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

Genoa Lodge No. 768 I. O. O. F. Meets Every Monday Evening in Odd Fellow Hall



Leonard Wood for President

"During these last 18 years he has rendered to America service of the very highest value and of a kind that could be rendered only by a man of wholly exceptional power and ability, ardent in his disinterested devotion to the honor of the flag and the welfare of the nation." —THEODORE ROOSEVELT, March, 1917.

YOU as a good American and as a voter at the Preference Primary Tuesday, April 13, have a right to know the life record and career of the man for whom you cast your vote. You have the right to read the story for yourself, stripped of embellishment, and draw your own conclusions. Here is the story of Leonard Wood—the things he has done—which make him the one outstanding candidate for President of the United States.

His Work

Born October 6, 1860; Winchester, New Hampshire. Lived in boyhood on bleak Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Graduated from Harvard Medical School, 1884. Worked among poor of Boston as hospital physician. Appointed army surgeon in 1885, served a few days in Boston and was transferred to Mexican border on his request "for action." Fought for many months the savage Apache, who harried the border and successfully blocked the approach of civilization. Years later awarded Congressional medal of honor for his heroism in the Indian warfare. In 1888 he surveyed Arizona under General Miles. Ordered back to active service on border for a few months. Made staff surgeon in 1889, stationed at Los Angeles. Married in 1890 to Miss Louise A. Condit Smith, niece of Justice Field of the U. S. Supreme Court. Sent to Washington in 1895 as assistant attending surgeon and served under Cleveland and McKinley. Organized Rough Riders in 1898; made Colonel with Theodore Roosevelt as Lieutenant Colonel. Led his troops in first battle at Las Guasimas, June 24, 1898. Captured Santiago, July 17th, and was promoted for valor to Brigadier General. Made military governor of Santiago, July 20, and turned city from pest house to modern municipality. President McKinley appointed him Governor General of Cuba, with rank of Major General in December, 1899. In next three years he brought Cuba out of darkness and established it as a modern, law-abiding, self-governing nation. Sent by Roosevelt to Germany in 1902 as military observer. Appointed governor of the savage Moro province in the Philippines in 1903, by President Roosevelt. Went with his men to the front lines, fought fanatic tribesmen, established government and civilization, and in three years redeemed another "lost land." Made commander-in-chief of American forces in Philippines in 1905. In 1908 transferred to United States and made commander of the department of the East. Sent as special ambassador to Argentine Republic. Four years headed American military force as chief of staff. In 1914 again made commander of the department of the East.

Became premier leader in preparedness in the United States by establishing training camps in 1914, 1915 and 1916. Thousands of men trained under his direction to become officers on call. His request for overseas duty in April, 1917, was refused and he was transferred to command the south-eastern department. Selected and laid out eleven large training camps and supervised three officers' training camps. August 26 began training of crack 89th division at Camp Funston, Kansas. Sent to Europe in December as military observer. Wounded by bursting gun; weeks in hospital. Returned and resumed command of 89th division April 12, 1918. 89th went overseas; Wood ordered to return to Funston and start training 10th division. Made commander of Central Department and organized forces to care for returning soldiers throughout central states and now lives in Illinois.

"Wood's work in Cuba was never paralleled."—Elihu Root. "The higher the position to which he [Leonard Wood] may be appointed, the greater will be his value."—Gen. Lawton, 1898.

This is the record of a real man—a man who has done big things and who deserves your support when you go to the polls on Tuesday, April 13, to let the country know who you think ought to be president of the United States.

Nathan William MacChesney Chairman

Leonard Wood Illinois Campaign Committee Suite 1248 Congress Hotel, Chicago

The Honor of the Bluebottles

Member of Family Creates Consternation by Writing Stage Play Which Is Made a Success Only by Kin of Author's Liberally Patronizing Box Office

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By EARL DERR BIGGERS.

When I say that Minerva Bluebottle had always been a thoroughly admirable young woman, I mean just that. Other girls in her set had done unprecedented things. Phyllis Olcott, for instance, had done what is vulgarly termed a "sandwich board" and paraded up and down the Common to call attention to a suffrage meeting. Helen Thurley had become acquainted with an English aviator at a dance, and had later gone up in his machine, to the great joy of the newspapers. Margaret Wells had broken her mother's heart by publicly declaring at a dinner that she considered Longfellow a nursery-rhymish sort of poet. When we Bluebottles heard of these things, we were startled, of course. And then our thoughts turned serenely to Minerva. She was, we felt sure, a sane and conservative girl. The honor of the Bluebottles was safe with her.

Consequently, I was more deeply shocked when my sister-in-law, Prudence Bluebottle—an Ogden before her marriage—telephoned me the news. I had spent a rather trying afternoon at the Art museum, and had returned home about five to find the supply of my favorite tea completely exhausted. I am afraid my tone was somewhat harsh when I said, in response to Prudence's "Are you there?"—"What do you want?"

Prudence's voice seemed just a little shaky as she answered: "Aunt Lucinda, I am in great trouble."

Now, I never have felt that a telephone offers one the privacy a woman of my position has a right to expect in communicating with her family and friends, yet my interest was so keenly aroused that I urged Prudence to continue.

"It's about—Minerva," she said. "Tell me this minute," I commanded, all the indiscretions of which the modern young person seems capable marching in swift array through my brain.

"Minerva," said Prudence, and her voice broke, "has written a play!"

"An amateur play?" I said, trying to reassure myself.

"Nothing of the sort," replied Prudence. "A regular play; and, what is more, she has sold it without our knowledge to an ordinary actress who is soon to present it here in Boston."

"Prudence," said I firmly, "you need me. I will come over at once. And I will have a talk with Minerva."

I spoke firmly, though as I backed away from the telephone my knees weakened and I sank limply into a chair. This—to come to the Bluebottles! I had never been to a theater in my life, but I had some idea—perhaps by intuition—of what it meant; the name of Bluebottle handed about in the public prints; the name of Bluebottle flaunted on billboards in vulgar places; the name of Bluebottle passed from lip to lip in the shabby corners where theatrical people foregather—the sacred name of Bluebottle, honored and respected for over three hundred years in the most select circles of Boston and Cambridge.

A few of my ancestors had shown a literary trend, but always of a well-bred nature. My grandfather, Asahel Bluebottle, had written his memories of Wendell Phillips, but it had been for a magazine with a conservative dark-colored cover and no illustrations. My brother, who bore the honored name of Ezekiah Bluebottle, had during his undergraduate days written a cycle of sonnets expressly for the Evening Transcript. These activities were such, however, as to reflect only credit on the Bluebottles.

Ever since the death of my father, Elijah Bluebottle, the family has looked to me for firm guidance and wise counsel in times of stress. I realized that it was my duty to proceed at once to my brother Roger's house, and, weakened though I was by the news of this unexpected indiscretion, to reason as best I could with his unthinking daughter.

As Parker drove me slowly up Beacon street, I looked with a growing sadness at the houses of such families of our acquaintance as a new and restless generation had deeply disturbed. There stood the Porters', staunch Unitarians, whose young son Peter came down to breakfast each morning with the announcement that he had discovered a new God and a new religion in the night. At this the Bluebottles had shivered.

I found Prudence drinking tea in the drawing room. Her eyes were red. I went up to her, and in silence took her hands. There was nothing I could say. Though I was confident there was more Ogden than Bluebottle in Minerva's outbreak, I did not taunt the mother with it. For she was suffering deeply, as I could see.

When I finally found my voice, "Tell me all about it, Prudence," I commanded.

It worried me slightly, but I had supposed it was just make-believe, and never dreamed for a moment she would develop a talent for—

"Prudence," said I severely, "I should hardly use the word talent in this connection."

"Well," responded Prudence, "a certain fatal facility, shall I say? It appears that Minerva wrote for this course a three-act drama called 'Thin Ice,' and the instructor was thoughtless enough to speak highly of it. By his advice she sent it to a New York actress who is associated with roles of a somewhat flippant nature. Aunt Lucinda, that woman had the effrontery to purchase it, and it is to be produced in Boston a week from next Monday."

I considered.

"You might write to the actress," I suggested. "Of course to a woman such as she can have little grasp of such a situation, but—"

"Little!" broke in Prudence hotly. "She has none at all. I did write to her. I explained that Minerva was a Boston Ogden—"

"A Bluebottle," I corrected.

"—and a Bluebottle," said Prudence. "I told her that her grandfathers Ogden was a distinguished Unitarian minister—I dwelt also on the Bluebottle connection, Aunt Lucinda—and I asked her as a favor to return the play and regard the whole affair as the indiscretion of an immature girl. She replied rudely—"

"What else could one expect?"

"—that she couldn't think of foregoing the pleasure of appearing in a play that had sprung from such remarkable surroundings. And she thanked me for the 'very amusing pedigree,' which she said would make excellent 'press stuff' when the company comes to Boston."

"Press stuff?" I queried, completely at sea.

"I believe," replied Prudence, "that she meant it would furnish the newspapers with interesting material for articles."

I groaned beneath my breath. "Send Minerva to me this instant," I said.

"Minerva," said I sternly, "what is this your mother has told me? Is it true that you have written a dramatic piece which is to be performed on the professional stage?"

"Quite true, Aunt Lucinda," she answered.

"Look at me," I commanded. "Are you aware of the shock this will be to the Bluebottle family? Are you aware that you propose to drag through the mire of publicity a name that has hitherto never been whispered outside of polite society? To take a more selfish view, have you thought of the embarrassment this may cause when you come to enter society next fall?"

"I have thought of all these things," returned Minerva, quietly, "and I am sorry that I shall never be able to convince you, as I have convinced myself, that they are very silly considerations. Aunt Lucinda, the world is moving. It is not necessary that I should remain indoors the rest of my life, a decorous twig on a distinguished family tree. Such days are past forever. Women—even of the best families, auntie dear—are taking their place in the world of men—"

"Twaddle," said I, "twaddle dinned into your innocent head by the degraded disciples of the higher education. The place of a lady of the Bluebottle family in the world of men is at a tea or a dinner table, discharging the social obligations she has inherited. It is assuredly not devising scenes which shall tempt the guffaw of the multitude that attends the theater."

"The theater," replied Minerva, "is not the horrible thing you think it, auntie. It is simply life reproduced. After ten years of attending Doctor Snigg's lectures on Shakespeare, you don't need to be reminded that all the world's a stage, and men and women simply—"

"That," said I sharply, "was not written to apply to the Bluebottles."

"For the reason," returned Minerva, "that the Bluebottles have always lacked the spirit to be players. They have been content to be highly respectable but awfully dull sippers in the last row of the show."

You cannot argue with a girl who speaks disrespectfully of her honorable ancestors. I tried authority.

"Minerva Bluebottle," I commanded, "I desire that you at once withdraw your play from this actress' hands. I will not have a lady of the Bluebottle family speaking, even through the mouth of play-actors, to a concourse of people, many of them vulgar, whom she could not possibly meet in a social way. I command it." I finished dramatically, "for the honor of the Bluebottles."

Minerva's reply was astounding.

"Piffle," she answered, and it was no sop to me that she added, "begging your pardon, auntie dear. The honor of the Bluebottles is in no danger. And even if I were disposed to do as you ask," she went on, "it is too late now."

How we got through that dinner I can never clearly tell. It was a nightmare. Professor Tolliver was as cool and unperturbed as though the intrusion had been that of a gentleman whom he had known all his life. I knew what must be his inner thoughts, and

"Then you refuse," I said haughtily. "I simply can't take your view of it," she replied. "As Bernard Shaw says—"

"Speak that man's name to me again," I broke in, more ruffled than I like to admit, "and I will cut you off without a penny, Minerva Bluebottle!"

Minerva smiled in that idiotic way young girls have, and left the room. As I sat there reflecting on her stubbornness, I realized how a volcano must feel. But there was nothing to be done, as I assured Prudence when she timidly entered the room to learn the result of the interview.

"The Bluebottles," said I, with tightened lips, "are simply suffering, as so many other distinguished families have suffered, the madness of a new generation. The higher education for women—here we have a splendid example of the miracles it works. I have always been against it."

"I know," sniffed Prudence.

"Don't sniff," said I crossly.—Bernard Shaw indeed! "I was opposed from the first to your sending Minerva through college. I have never been one to say, 'I told you so,' but—"

"Well, it can't be helped now," contributed Prudence inanely.

"Of course it can't," said I, "and there is nothing to do, so far as I can see, save to ignore the whole matter. The play of a Bluebottle may come to Boston, but the Bluebottles need take no notice of it. None of us will attend the theater, of course."

"But," said Prudence, "Minerva expects her father and me to be present on the opening night."

"My dear," I replied, "you will do nothing of the sort. We will affect ignorance of the whole affair. If others indelicately mention it in our presence, we will copy, so far as may be, Mrs. Revere's nonchalant iciness of manner when she was asked, at the Porters' reception, if she knew that her daughter had taken dinner with an anarchist. I thought her conduct at that time a model for a lady placed in her unfortunate position."

Prudence agreed to remain away from the theater during the stay of Minerva's play in our city, and I went home to plan a campaign whereby the entire Bluebottle family should ignore the affair. I need not have troubled. From the far corners of the commonwealth Bluebottles sent word they were shocked and humiliated. Cousin Jessica's folks telephoned from Brookline that no consideration would they witness the piece. Uncle Paul's people in Newton announced that they, too, would remain away. In fact, all the branches of the family heartily agreed that it were best Minerva's indiscretion at should receive the censure of silence.

As the day approached for the opening of "Thin Ice," various annoying articles were printed in the newspapers. Even in the Evening Transcript it was announced that the next piece scheduled at such and such a theater was written by a member of the widely known family of Boston Bluebottles. I should hardly have looked for this from the Transcript. In the more vulgar and common sheets—so my servants told me—cheap and rapid stories of the "Boston heiress" who had written a play were appearing.

I did not see Prudence nor Minerva during these trying days. My sister-in-law telephoned that the girl's attitude was one of sullen defiance, and that she had said she "didn't care what anyone thought, she was going to live her life regardless of her family." This is a dangerous sentiment in the young, and I warned Prudence to watch the child closely. Truth to tell, I was still deeply fond of my niece, regarding her as the innocent victim of circumstances.

Roger and Prudence entered, bringing the news that Minerva had not yet returned for dinner. Thus does one inconsiderate act lead to another. We would dine without her, Prudence said. On the way in, Roger confided to me that he desired to attend the performance of "Thin Ice," and beamed the fact that instead he must entertain a man who was "born in a frock coat and a silk hat." I merely smiled; the Bluebottle women, I am happy to say, have always been able to manage their men.

We sat down to table, the four of us, and I proceeded to draw Professor Tolliver out on his favorite topic—the degeneracy of public taste. We had reached the fish when a terrible thing happened. There were voices in the hall—Minerva's and another's. The latter was a deep, offensive, and singularly bourgeois voice.

The door opened, Minerva came in. A large, intense woman followed her. "Mamma," said Minerva sweetly, "I have brought Miss Wenham home to dinner. She is appearing in my play, you know."

Roger broke the silence. He rose and greeted the woman with a show of cordiality. Prudence and I bowed almost imperceptibly. Professor Tolliver made a strange noise in his throat. A place was made for her at the table.

"I hope I'm not inconveniencing you, Mrs. Bluebottle," she said. "Minerva assured me I could not intrude."

We all looked at Minerva, who did not look at us.

"Not at all," barely breathed Prudence. And then she added, "charmed, I'm sure."

"So good of you," effused the actress person, with that overemphasis peculiar to her class.

How we got through that dinner I can never clearly tell. It was a nightmare. Professor Tolliver was as cool and unperturbed as though the intrusion had been that of a gentleman whom he had known all his life. I knew what must be his inner thoughts, and

I was deeply touched by his forbearance, particularly as the creature directed most of her sallies at him.

"I am so glad, Miss Wenham," said Minerva when the meal had been resumed after a fashion, "to have you meet Professor Tolliver." There was a strange glitter in the child's eye. "You know, he is considered the world's greatest authority on Icelandic legends."

"You surprise me!" said the actress. "He isn't an authority on Thin Icelandic legends, is he? Because, if he should be, he might be able to predict the future of our play. Are you, by any chance, professor?"

Professor Tolliver looked at her coldly.

"I am afraid I do not follow you," he said. "I am not interested in the modern stage. I consider that there has been no drama since the Elizabethan. The modern theater, with its bombast and cheap sentimentality, I could not possibly bring myself to endure."

"At any rate," the woman replied, "you can look back with pleasure at the plays you attended in Elizabeth's day."

"That was three hundred years ago," the professor explained, with the patience of one instructing a child. "I was not living then."

The woman attempted to cover up her error.

"I was quite aware," she said, "that it was three hundred years ago." And Roger actually giggled.

There fell an awkward pause. I engaged the professor in conversation on the subject of the disposition of the treasures in the Egyptian department at the Art museum. It is a matter on which he is particularly well informed. The actress insisted on plunging into the talk with us, as a person who dashes into a room the door of which had been slammed in his face. Her comments were ill chosen.

We turned to literature. "Have you read dear Doctor Donald's 'Memories of a Long Life'?" Professor Tolliver inquired.

"I have glanced through the volumes," said I; "the news of his death was a great shock to me."

"He died," said the professor solemnly, "the very day his book was put on sale here by his publishers."

And then again the actress broke violently into the talk of genteelpeople.

"His punishment, perhaps," she suggested, "for boasting of his long life."

By this time I had lost the power to be indignant. I was just dimly aware that I was at Roger's table, and that my old friend Professor Tolliver was being insulted by a giddy person introduced by Roger's daughter.

The voice of the actress came faintly to my ears out of the haze. "How happy you must be in the knowledge of your daughter's cleverness," she was saying to Prudence.

Prudence merely turned a variety of colors. I felt it was my duty to speak for the family.

"My sister-in-law," said I, "is not at all happy in the knowledge of what you call Minerva's cleverness. Unfortunately, the Bluebottle family is not one to be dazzled in a pleasurable way when one of its members becomes associated with the stage. For three hundred years," I said with feeling—and I was addressing Professor Tolliver as much as the stage-woman—"the family has been distinguished for matters in no way associated with publicity. I am sorry to have to tell you that we are all deeply grieved at Minerva's cleverness."

The creature only smiled in a superior way.

"You will get used to it," she said boldly. "It is a novel experience, and novel experiences have always been viewed with horror in this very humorous corner of the world. But as Miss Bluebottle goes on, writing play after play—"

"Miss Wenham," broke in Prudence warmly, "what you suggest is impossible. My daughter will write no more plays."

"You wrong her," responded that wretched woman, "she has more ability than you suppose. All that is necessary is, that she get away from this convent life and see the world she wants to write about."

As they stood in the door, Minerva looked back a bit wistfully, and asked, "Will no one wish me luck?" For a moment I—but this last indignity had been too much. Roger, however, leaped up and kissed her. Men are sentimental fools. She and the actress went out noisily together.

We all breathed deeply, and sat a moment in silence. Then Professor Tolliver rose, and in a few carefully chosen words bade us good evening, alleging important research work as an excuse. He took his departure on tiptoe.

We said very little, Roger and Prudence and I. What was there to say? The blot on the Bluebottle escutcheon seemed to be spreading with terrifying speed in every direction. We were a gloomy trio. At least Prudence and I were gloomy; Roger refuses to take anything with becoming seriousness.

"The higher education!" said I. "Behold, Prudence, what the higher education brings home to dinner!"

"Please don't," said Prudence, and shortly after Roger showed me to my carriage.

The next morning I awoke resolved not to look at a newspaper. I kept to this resolve until about eleven o'clock; then I sent Abigail for a copy of the Morning Herald. It is not so admirable as the Transcript; but a woman may, as a rule, look into it without insult to her breeding and intelligence.

I opened the Herald and sought the dramatic reviews. What I found in

the column devoted to Minerva's play startled and aroused me. A flippant, unjustifiable attack on my niece's mental attainments stared out at me from the page. Evidently written by some ill-bred person, it belittled her wit, sneered at her sentiments, ridiculed her aspirations. It ended with the cheap declaration that "Miss Minerva Bluebottle can hardly expect to skate to glory on 'Thin Ice.'"

I gasped, lay down the paper, then took it up again. Again I read that base attack on the intelligence and mental alertness of a Bluebottle. Could such things be? A Bluebottle? Once more I was a walking volcano.

Twice I went to the telephone to assure Minerva that her old aunt would surely do something to avenge this unwarranted attack on the family. Twice I came away, remembering that my niece had brought this on herself. As the hours passed, I became calmer. I reflected that my copy of the Evening Transcript had yet to arrive. That journal, for years the beacon of our select community, would not attack a child of the house of Bluebottle.

Toward evening the Transcript came; and, cloaked in more polite language, it carried the uncalculated comment of the morning paper:

"The authoress of 'Thin Ice,'" it said, "displays no facility of dramatic construction, no agility of wit or phrase, no feeling for finely shaded dramatic effects—in short, none of the essential characteristics of the successful playwright. In the reticent atmosphere of the Boylston theater her epigrams fell futile, her wit puerile, her situations shallow; her grasp of the underlying emotions of humankind seemed a mere touch of the fingertips in passing. It was an interesting evening, owing to the standing of the Bluebottles in local society; but viewed artistically, it was, as they say in the street, a bore. The buxom star sang a number of melodies vulgarly denominated 'coon songs.' Distasteful as coon songs are to people of finely modulated tastes, last night's audience found them an oasis in the desert of 'Thin Ice.'"

And more. If the events of the past few weeks had not prepared me to bear almost any shock bravely, I should have been overcome by this unprecedented attack on the abilities of a Bluebottle. I had, of course, been deeply opposed to Minerva's action in writing and selling a play, but I had never had the slightest doubt that it was an excellent play. I had none as I read these ill-bred articles. No Bluebottle had ever been slow of wit. No Bluebottle had ever been incompetent in any field he chose to enter. I was aflame with anger at such injustice. The Evening Transcript, at least, should learn that the Bluebottles could defend themselves.

For the first time since the late eighties Parker drove me below Tremont street, and after climbing a pair of dirty ill-smelling stairs I stood in the presence of the Transcript's editor. He was at least twenty years younger than I expected, and, as it developed, neither a Harvard man nor an Easterner. It was little wonder I could not make him understand.

"My dear lady," he said, "our dramatic columns are absolutely unprejudiced. The fact that a member of your family wrote the play in question could in no manner sway our reviewer's opinion. I regret that he was not more impressed, but the retraction you ask for is against all precedent—and impossible."

"Sir," I said, "ever since your paper was founded it has been received into our family. Our children have been reared on it. My brother Hezekiah wrote a cycle of sonnets for it, which I have preserved in book form. Must I go home and cast that volume into the fire?"

"I hope not," he answered. "Who are you, to come between posterity and the literary offspring of your sonneteering brother?"

I played by trump card. "Are you aware," said I, "that when my father, Elijah Bluebottle, was found dead a copy of the Evening Transcript was in his hand? It was widely commented upon at the time."

"I regret," said the brute, "your father's sudden demise, particularly as the Evening Transcript is in need of no such advertising."

"Parker," I inquired, "do you know the location of the Boylston theater?"

"Yes, Miss Lucinda," he replied, "I was there only last night."

And with this astounding statement he drove me to a playhouse, in the vilely glittering lobby of which I purchased a seat for that evening's performance.

Thus it came about that I, Lucinda Bluebottle, whose dissipations in this line had hitherto been confined to the symphony concerts and the Lowell lectures, attended a theater for the first time in my life. Of the humiliation of that night I have no heart to speak. I was forced to sit in a pitifully small audience and hear the sentiments of a Bluebottle derided, the humor of a Bluebottle received with deep groans, and the mental proficiency of a Bluebottle satirically commented upon. Nor was there the least justice in the attitude of these vulgar and uncomprehending people. "Thin Ice" was as clever a piece of the theater as one could well imagine. I applauded heartily after each act, though the fact that this called attention to me caused me exquisite torture.

As I was going out I met the flippant young press agent in the lobby. He had the audacity to address me.

"What did I tell you there on your chilly steps?" he said. "It's a frost—a lemon."

"You mean," said I, "that my niece's

play has not been cordially received?"

"A gentle way of putting it," he replied. "I mean that the only way to boost this thing is by playing up the Bluebottles—and I ain't allowed to do that."

"Nor is it necessary," I said. "Young man, I promise you crowded houses from this night forth. I will myself disseminate publicity for 'Thin Ice.'"

"You!" he cried.

"I will make it," I replied firmly. "The success of the season."

It was a situation requiring tact and persuasion, but such a situation I revel in. Although it was eleven o'clock when I reached home, I began calling up the Bluebottle connections. I pointed out to them in what direction their duty lay. The honor of the Bluebottles was at stake. The public, fed on drivel in the theater, could not appreciate Minerva's more polished manner. "Thin Ice" bade fair to be a fiasco, a thing at which even press agents sneered. It was not an unmixed blessing that a Bluebottle had written a play; but now that it was done our city must be taught that to whatever erratic trade a Bluebottle hand was turned it could not fall.

"But," said the voices that came back over the wire, "you told us only the other day we must in no circumstances attend."

"Tut tut!" I answered. "I have changed my mind. You must not only attend yourself, you must purchase tickets for your friends."

I called up Prudence and told her what I was doing. She agreed that it was best. The reviews, she said, had roused Roger to a point of fury and broken Minerva's heart. I asked her to inform the child that her old aunt had taken charge, and that "Thin Ice" would succeed in spite of the newspapers.

And it did. On Wednesday night—I was again present—a far different audience gathered at the Boylston theater. Aunt Jessica's folks were there; so were Uncle Paul's. Our cousin, Amanda Tibury, puffed in, wearing the black satin that has come to be so well known at Bluebottle funerals. As I learned afterward, the balcony and gallery were occupied by Bluebottle maids, butlers, footmen, and other retainers.

"Thin Ice" was a pronounced success. Every witty sally was received with ripples of polite laughter. When one of the characters spoke a gibe that has been well known in our family for a century, Amanda Tibury nearly passed into hysterics. Curtain call, as the saying is, followed curtain call. It was a memorable night in the history of the Bluebottle family.

That night, of course, but began my work. The piece had still ten days to run. I organized the Bluebottles. I eloquently led them to draw into attendance at "Thin Ice" all the societies and clubs to which they belonged. I influenced them to buy seats for their milkmen and their modistes. I filled that theater night after night with friends, satellites, retainers of Bluebottles, and Bluebottles themselves.

On the final Friday night the young man who acted as press agent for the theater, with whom I had become on terms of almost intimate acquaintance, through his kindness in helping me communicate with Bluebottles, said feelingly:

"I take off my hat to you, Miss Bluebottle. As a press agent you are the wonder of the world. Any time you want a job—say, there ain't a show on the road wouldn't be tickled to death to have you."

His sentiment was crudely expressed, of course, but it did not displease me.

The following morning—the last day of the play's stay in Boston—Abigail announced visitors. I entered my drawing room. There stood Minerva Bluebottle and the actress person.

"I have come to thank you," said Miss Wenham, "for all you have done for us during our stay here. My money is in the production of this play, and that I have got much of it back is due to you. I want to say . . . to thank you."

"I did it," said I, "for the Bluebottles."

Minerva crept up and kissed me on the cheek. "You're an old dear," she said. The actress was looking at me strangely, a queer light in her eyes.

"I'm going to say it after all," she stammered. "I thought I wouldn't, but I must. You're a good sport, Aunt Lucinda."

I knew then what shone in her eyes—tears. And it came to me—the life she must lead, traveling about to most unpleasant towns, and playing before unappreciative people; and after all, even though she was an actress—well, it's hard to explain it as a cold fact, but somehow or other I stepped up and—I kissed her. "Don't mention it, dear," I said. "I did it for the Bluebottles, but I am very glad indeed that it helped you, too."

After they were gone, I sat rocking for a long time, wondering what some people in Boston would say if they knew Lucinda Bluebottle had kissed an actress!

They never did, thank fortune! Minerva wouldn't tell. As for "Thin Ice," it failed a week later in Schenectady, New York. Minerva was unhappy for a time, but for the past year she has been too busy being engaged to the quiet, conservative Wells boy to worry about the theater. She will give us no more shocks, I fancy.

The whole affair is forgotten, save for the fact that Elvira Bluebottle, my cousin, never reads the Evening Transcript now. Elvira has heart trouble; and, knowing this, I commanded her to give up her perusal of that paper. I am determined that the Transcript shall never again be found in the hand of a deceased Bluebottle.

THE MATCHMAKER

By ADELAIDE R. KEMP.
(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Margaret leaned forward in the seat of the buggy. "Come, Ned," she said in a pleading voice, "Do go ahead, there's a dear. Don't you know you are making an exhibition of yourself?"

This was followed by a clucking sound and two slaps from the driver's reins. But Ned had succumbed to stubbornness and proved obdurate to even her pleasant voice. Margaret sighed.

"Why didn't I listen to Aunt Mary and take Dick when I knew perfectly well what might happen with Ned? Now I am probably doomed to stay here for several hours." It was at this moment that she was startled by the voice of a young man who had come along the road unnoticed.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he asked.

DR. D. ORVAL THOMPSON
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

DR. C. STUART CLEARY
Hours 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.

House Calls and Other Hours by Appointment
Telephone Genoa, 188

Osteopathic Physicians

OVER FARMERS STATE BANK, Genoa.
Telephone Sycamore 188

Graduates of American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo.

Home Repairs Better Make Them Now—

If your neighbor has let his porch sag at the corners and failed to repair a broken stair you would set him down as shiftless. Maybe he sees in your yard an old sidewalk to the alley that should be replaced with a concrete walk.

People may be looking over your fence. Why not make everything shipshape right away, indoors and out, and while you're doing the job, do it well.

We have every thing you can possibly need for modernizing your home. Concrete makes a fine porch floor and steps. We have the best of roofing and lumber.

We can recommend a good contractor and give you an estimate of the cost of everything needed.

Our business is to help you get the most for your building money.

"Ask Slim"

Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co.

BUILDING HEADQUARTERS, Genoa, Illinois

WHY SO MANY PREFER THE BRUNSWICK

THE Brunswick Method of Reproduction is the wonder of the phonographic art. And it wins acclaim from two principal ideas: The Uttona and The Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

The Uttona is an exclusive invention, an all record player to be had only on the Brunswick. It plays all makes of records as they should be played—with the proper needle and the precise weight—and with the proper diaphragm.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is built entirely of wood, according to a new process. In this "throat" of the phonograph all metal is discarded. This brings purity and volume of tone. There is an absence of the usual metallic sounds. You've never heard any record at its best until it played on The Brunswick.

A tone test at a Brunswick shop is conclusive evidence. Your ear is a quick judge.

Your admiration for this superior phonograph will compel you to award The Brunswick first place. Come in today. Your judgment is final.

The BRUNSWICK



The Brunswick requires No exclusive artists

Plays all makes of Records at their Best

Easy Terms Liberty Bonds accepted
R. H. BROWNE
Genoa, Illinois

The Genoa Republican GENOA, ILLINOIS.

Subscription, per year.....\$2.00

Published by
C. D. SCHOONMAKER & SON
C. D. Schoonmaker, Managing Editor
C. C. Schoonmaker, Advertising Mgr.

Back to the Republic.
"Who pays the freight?"—Ask the consumer.

Right now is the time for good roads advocates to get busy.

The Republican party can have no better platform this year than the single slogan, "Back to the Republic."

Every boy of proper age should join the Boy Scouts. It is the one best bet for the young manhood of the world today.

Why not eliminate a few of the chair warming jobs in Washington and use the funds thus saved in paying the men in the mail service a living wage?

Has no one a desire for a job as alderman in Genoa? Where are the fellows who have been using the hammer? Here is an opportunity to slip in and do the "knocking" right where the knocking will do the most good, and become official.

The threatened reign of the reds in Germany is not the result of procrastination in signing the peace treaty, but the result of fifty years of military oppression. Germany is only reaping the whirlwind, the product of the same kind of seed sown in Russia.

B. M. Chipperfield, candidate for United States senator, suggests that each candidate for that office limit himself to an expenditure of not more than \$10,000 during the campaign. One would think that that sum is quite sufficient to pay for an office that pays less than \$10,000 a year.

Republicanism is the absolute antithesis of Bolshevism. American people must make up their mind at once which they prefer. Republicanism was the outcome of the struggle of 1776, in America. Bolshevism in Russia is the outcome of murder and rapine, and Bolshevism still tolerates the conditions that gave it birth. It is up to Americans to think and act.

The DeKalb County Telephone Co. has thus far refused to accept the ordinance recently passed by the Genoa city council, and the attorney for the company has informed the city attorney of Genoa that there is no intention of doing so. The company asked for a twenty-five year franchise, but the city council would only allow ten years for the grant to run. The council is right. Past experience in Genoa and other cities has proven that it is unfair to the future generation to tie up the city rights for a longer period than that granted the telephone company. It looks to the one who analyzes the case thoroughly, that the officials of the company are just trying to hand the city of Genoa another "bunch." It would make no particular difference to the company whether the franchise be for one year or fifty years. The officials know that no other company can locate here, under the rulings of the Public Utilities Commission. Is it just another excuse for delay in removing the poles from Main street and putting in an underground cable? The city council has given the matter careful consideration from all angles and the present members at least will not stand for dictation from the company.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Mary A. Fischbach Deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Fischbach deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the County Court of DeKalb County, at the Court House in Sycamore at the June Term, on the first Monday in June next, at which time all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having same adjusted. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.
Dated this 23rd day of March A. D. 1920.
August F. Fischbach
Administrator

Hot cross buns at the Genoa bakery on Good Friday. Leave your order early.

The Brainsy Bee.
The following incident testifies to the remarkable sagacity and efficiency of bees. A hive was being "spied upon" by a wasp. When wasps ascertain a hive is worth attacking they often succeed in ousting the bees. Every time the wasp approached the small entrance hole a bee came out. An hour later the wasp was dead.

IN PROBATE COURT

Duane J. Carnes. Order fixing inheritance tax at \$356.44 entered. Alice Calloway Lane, late of Genoa. Estate of about \$30,000. Will and petition filed and set for hearing April 12.
Henry C. Whittemore. Will proven. Harry M. Wittemore appointed executor; bond \$100,000.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS
Earl H. Hunt wd to John and Ada Bergeson, ea neq sec 35, wj swj sec 26 and nj neq sec 32, \$74,400.
Sycamore—
James Devine qed to John Halgren, pt se4 sec 19 and pt ne4 sec 30, \$1.
Carl Otto Olson by heirs wd to John Halgren, some as above, \$9,412.50.

Charles E. Marshall et al wd to F. W. and S. P. Furr, pt sec 11 and 12, \$29,250.00.

Sandwich—
John N. Leuth wd to Herbert W. Ingles, pt sec 24, \$17,717.17.

Somanauk—
Peter Lieck and Mary Lieck wd to Willis V. Strong, ne4 sec 29, \$42,400.

Christian Muller wd to Arthur L. Parks, wj nwj sec 34, \$24,820.

Cortland—
Thomas Milnamow wd to Andrew Moshack, s 110 a. swj sec 32, \$33,000.00

Malta—
William Bushy wd to Willard E. Byrd, pt s4 sec 24 and pt nj ne4 sec 25, \$32,625.

Myra M. Gurler wd to Ardon W. Otis, pt s4 sec 13 and pt nj sec 24, \$30,697.50.

Pierce—
Joel G. Thomas wd to Albert Ziegler, e4 sec 22, \$20,200.

A want ad costs little—pays big.

FINE WORK NOT RECOGNIZED
Literary World Was Slow to Discover a Masterpiece in Translation of Omar Khayyam.

The appearance in the auction room of one of the most remarkable collections of editions of Omar Khayyam naturally recalls the early history of the famous Rubaiyat, that might so easily have missed finding its remarkable position in the world of books.

When Fitzgerald translated the Persian poet, Bernard Quaritch probably had deep regrets that he had elected to publish it.

One may believe that it was with no feeling of pride as a publisher that he marked down the first edition and left it for somebody to discover in his "two-penny box" where economical book buyers hunted for bargains. If, coming out of the "two-penny box," it had missed attracting the notice of such connoisseurs of the written word as Rossetti and Swinburne, the Rubaiyat would very likely have continued placidly on its way to oblivion.

No other book ever started from a "two-penny box" on a journey in the world of letters that eventually included so many of such varied editions; yet it may be questioned whether it was not the phraseology of the translator rather than the thought of the poet that really started it and kept it going.

Peeved Him a Trifle.
A well-known musical-comedy star was in the Claridge grill the other evening telling some "erickets" of the drama about a character at his little village on Long Island. The character is an old-time ne'er-do-well who has a passion for marching in every parade.

One day recently his wife, a human drudge, had to get up at daylight in order to finish the day's washing by nightfall. At noon she had to step down to the grocery for more soap. Coming out of the store, a parade was passing. Soon her husband came along stepping high to the tune of the band. The tired woman gave him one look and, reaching over, picked up a brick and hurled it.

It struck her husband in the back of the head and he went down in a heap. He got up rubbing his head and shouted: "What's the idea, Liza, knocking me down and getting me all out of step?"—New York Times.

The Porcupine's Habits.
When you come suddenly upon the porcupine in his native haunts, he draws his head back and down, puts up his shield, trails his broad tail, and waddles slowly away. His shield is the sheaf of larger quills upon his back, writes John Burroughs, which he opens and spreads out in a circular form, so that the whole body is quite hidden beneath it. The porcupine's great chisel-like teeth, which are quite as formidable as those of the woodchuck, he does not appear to use at all in his defense, but relies entirely upon his quills.

Determined Threat.
Bartholomew had been very naughty, and at last in despair his mother shut him up in a large cupboard, wherein were stored all sorts of articles. He immediately began to belittle and stamp and make a terrible noise generally. Finally silence ensued, and his mother, who was just showing his auntie out, remarked as they passed the cupboard, "I think Bartie has broken the record this time!" "Yes," came the unexpected rejoinder from within, "I have, an' if you don't let me out I'll smash the gramophone as well!"

His Fellow-Feeling.

Henry had been severely scolded for not turning off the water after he had been playing in the bath tub. Some time later there was a cloudburst near his home, and as he was watching the flooded streets his mother heard him say to himself, "I bet some angel is catching it for forgetting to turn off the water."



It may be "an ill wind" but it sure helps the hatters.

Don't chase the old derby—chase in here and you'll find the finest of new Spring felts and velours. The kind to top off your new spring suit.

HUGHES CLOTHING CO.

\$5.00 Per Day

To learn molding trade. We have increased our foundry capacity and can use several strong men for steady employment. You can earn more than \$5.00 per day... This is a real opportunity for men who are not afraid of work. Apply at once.

Woodruff & Edwards Co.
Elgin Illinois.

Safe to Be Poor.

Again it is proved that age is no guaranty against breach of promise suits. Poverty seems to be the only bar that is absolutely certain.—Kansas City Star.

Astronomical Phenomenon.

Marjorie, three, was watching the sunset: "Daddy," she called, "come and see the sun getting ready to be a moon."

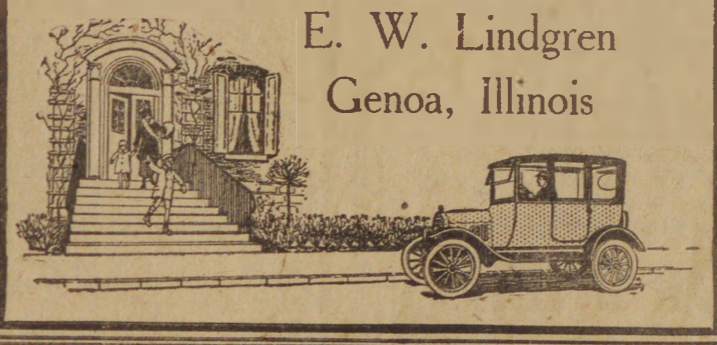
Use the want ad column. It pays.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1888.
A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford Sedan, with electric self-starting and lighting system and demountable rims with 3½-inch tires front and rear, for every day in the year has no equal as a family car. Just as popular on the farm as it is in the city. In fact, it fits the family demands in every vocation of life. Large, roomy seats, finely upholstered, plate glass windows make it an open car in pleasant weather, while in rainy and inclement weather it becomes a closed car, dust-proof and rain-proof. It is not only comfortable, but really cozy, and above all, economical in operation and maintenance, and has all the Ford merits of strength and durability.



E. W. Lindgren
Genoa, Illinois

Millinery

We have just what you want for that

New Easter Hat

Hats, Flowers and Trimmings. Sailors and Fancy Shapes in Black or Colors.

Transparent brims are also very good this year

HOSIERY

Ladies' pure silk thread hose brown \$ 2.00
Ladies' pure silk thread hose black \$1.45 and \$ 1.70
Silk and fibre hose, brown or white \$ 1.75
Boy scout hose for boys a good heavy hose that will stand hard wear. Smaller sizes 50c. Large sizes 60c
Fine hose in black, brown or white for girls
Ladies' lisle hose, brown and black 50c

OXFORDS, PUMPS

New oxfords and pumps. Patent and dull leathers, high and low heels.
Misses shoes, dull leather, patent \$ 3.50
Rubbers and footholds for this rainy weather.

MUNSINGWEAR

Tape top, tight knee, ladies' union suits, sizes 5 and 6 \$1.35
Sizes 7, 8 and 9 \$1.50
Vests 30c, 40c
Bodice top nests 50c
Extra large size vests 50c

CORSETS

Gossard front lace corsets, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.00
If we have not the style you want, we will get for you.
Henderson back lace corsets \$1.95, to \$3.00

F. W. OLMSTED CO.

Geno, Illinois

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure you are having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

Very Likely. "What do you suppose Mars can be signalling us for?" "I guess he wants an engagement as a moving-picture star."

No harmful drugs in Garfield Tea. It is composed wholly of simple, health-giving herbs.—Adv.

It Sometimes Happens. "Well, he made his bed—" "And now he lies in it?" "No, he lies about it."

OUT O' LUCK Never mind! Just take Cascarets if Bilious, Constipated

Everyone must occasionally give to the bowels some regular help or else suffer from constipation, bilious attacks, stomach disorders and sick headache. But do not whip the bowels into activity with harsh cathartics. What the liver and bowels need is a gentle and natural tonic, one that can constantly be used without harm. The gentlest liver and bowel tonic is "Cascarets." They put the liver to work and cleanse the colon and bowels of all waste, toxins and poisons without gripping—they never sicken or inconvenience you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or Purgatives.

Quite So. "Did you see where potato peelers in Chicago want \$6 a day?" "What a skin game!"

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs. Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root. It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses. It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Truthful Appearance. "Bill, I am dead broke." "Then no wonder you look all gone to pieces."

There is no excuse for the dyspeptic with Garfield Tea accessible at every drug store.—Adv.

EASIER FOR HER TO DYE THAN TO BUY

"Diamond Dyes" Turn Faded, Shabby Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to dye any material over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

Valuable Quarters. Howell—What was the most expensive room you ever had? Powell—I once slept in a coal bin.

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

Copyright by F. G. Brown & Co.

"DESTROY THIS LETTER!"

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disables it trying to avoid running him down. In pity the occupant of the auto, a young girl, saves him from arrest and gives him a dollar, telling him to buy soap and wash. His sense of shame is touched, and he improves his appearance. That night, in a crowd of unemployed and archaic, he meets Esther Strom and in a spirit of bravado makes a speech. Esther induces Fitzhugh to address the radical meeting. He electrifies the crowd, and on parting the two agree to meet again. A few days later Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, but which is merely a bundle of paper, demands \$10,000. Otis gives him a check. At the house he meets the girl who had given him the dollar, and learns she is Kathleen Otis. She recognizes him. Ashamed, he tears up the check and escapes, but is arrested. Esther visits Fitzhugh in jail, and makes arrangements for procuring legal advice. His trial is speedily completed and he is found insane and committed to an asylum, from which he easily makes his escape. Fitzhugh takes refuge in Chicago with Esther, who has become infatuated with him, but with the thought of Kathleen in his mind he gives her no encouragement. His one idea is to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. While hiding in Esther's house he grows a beard, which effectually changes his appearance. Nikolay, a big Russian, becomes jealous.

CHAPTER V.

It was ten days since the reward for Fitzhugh's capture had been offered, and though detectives, city, amateur, and private, as well as the police, had kept hot an unremitting search, not a trace of the fugitive could they find. "Clues," they had by scores, but they led nowhere. This tenth day fell on a Thursday in April—a cold, dark day of incessant rain. Nikolay invariably called upon Esther every Friday, but on this particular Thursday night, happening to be in her neighborhood, he decided to take advantage of the opportunity, and drop in on her for a pot of hot tea and a word of good cheer.

He was about to pass under the wooden staircase, and so to her door, when suddenly, just opposite the window he stopped still and stood as though hewed from stone.

What he saw was this: In the center of the room, her back toward him, stood Esther; arms held out, her head back, she had the unmistakable posture of a woman waiting only for the One Man. The next instant a very tall man, young-looking despite the short, untrimmed beard on his lean face, stepped from some point outside Nikolay's range of vision, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

His pimply face livid with fury, yellow hair seeming to stand on end, Nikolay burst into the room.

Fitzhugh sprang from his place and vaulted the table, bringing it between himself and the door. "Get out, Esther," he ordered quietly, rolling up his shirt-sleeves. "I'm going to slaughter this beast."

She made no move to go, however, but drew to one side, and with hands pressed to her cheeks, watched the



Rushed Like an Infuriated Bull.

two gladiators with mingled horror and fascination. Nikolay had the advantage of some forty pounds in weight, but Fitzhugh was vastly his superior in stamina, fist skill and quickness of eye and movement. To win the fight he judged he had to do but one thing; to keep free of the other's clutches. Once the big Russian got those tremendous arms around him the combat would be unequal.

Nikolay rushed upon his foe like an infuriated bull, and Fitzhugh ducked and sidestepped like a lean panther, springing in quickly to deliver two

blows in rapid succession, the last of which brought blood. In the next rush, however, a sledge hammer seemed to swing upon the point of his chin, and he spun dizzily backward, unable to regain his balance, and fell heavily against a fender. But Nikolay was not quick enough to follow up his advantage, and when next he charged, Fitzhugh had recovered, and was dancing around him as before, his lip drawn back from his gleaming teeth in a taunting smile.

The blood was streaming from a dozen cuts on the Russian's face, its crimson blots in his eyes; and ever that smiling, white-and-black face swam before him like a phantasmagoric phantom.

Knowing his endurance to be his strongest, and the other's weakest, point, Fitzhugh desired chiefly to wear his opponent down until such time as he could rush in and finish him.

Nikolay was fast becoming exhausted. Ten minutes of this mad pace was more than he could stand. His breath came shorter and shorter. At last he stopped and allowed his arms to dangle limply at his sides.

For a little while, coughing and spitting blood and catching his breath in wheezy gasps, he stared drunkenly. Then, seizing a heavy water picher from beside an overturned chair, he hurled it, with a vile word. Fitzhugh dodged the missile and leapt for his foe. He put every atom of his vigorous young strength into the blow he landed under Nikolay's jaw, and the man went down like a clubbed ox.

The conqueror walked to a corner, picked up his coat, and slung it over his shoulder. He came back to Esther, crouching against the wall like one awakening from some horrible dream. He smiled, but in the neutral light the smile was ghastly.

"I'm sorry you had to see it. I told you I'd slaughter him."

The next moment the woman was sobbing hysterically in his arms. "I can't let you go! I can't—I can't!" She clung to him as a drowning person, clutching his hands, his arms, his neck.

"You must, Esther." He stroked her hair tenderly. "The police may be here at any moment. Get away as quickly as possible. Never mind about him—he'll be all right presently. I'll write you care of the post office. You write me, too. Good-by, dear, good-by."

With these words of parting he turned and left the house.

Fitzhugh entered a saloon and laved his hurts and washed up, afterward surveying his face very critically in a mirror. He concluded he was effectually disguised against anybody who had not seen him during the past four weeks. He left the saloon and continued northward.

In State street he stopped before an alleged restaurant—one of those discolored, unwashed places that can be scented a hundred yards off on a warm day, and where a "full meal" may be had for twenty cents—and read this sign hanging from a nail on the door-post:

"DISHWASHER WANTED."

He removed the sign, walked inside and handed it to the chemical-blonde cashier perched on a high stool between a cash register and a pyramid of toothpicks.

"I'm it," said he, favoring her with an engaging smile.

It was a sweltering, filthy place, reeking with multitudinous odors and overrun with cockroaches. The soiled dishes came in a never-ending torrent, and all day, with three respites for food, he bent at the wash-bench, his arms immersed to the elbows in black, soapy water. At eight came the night man, and he drew a breath of relief and a dollar on his weekly wage, and started home. Or, rather, he started to look for a home. He found one for two dollars a week—a depressing room, little larger than a coalbox, tucked away in the upper regions of a shoddy lodging house. He paid the grim-faced landlady half of his capital, bought a packet of tobacco and an evening newspaper, and went to his room.

He disrobed to his underclothing, and with the newspaper and a cigarette, stretched himself on the couch-bed, allowing his feet to rest on a chair. He inhaled a satisfying cloud of smoke and unfolded the news sheet—and his fingers closed rigidly on the paper; his heart seemed to stand still. What he read at a glance stretched across four columns of the front page:

MURDER MYSTERY AMONG REDS! OLAF NIKOLAY, RUSSIAN Nihilist, FOUND DEAD IN SOUTH SIDE BASEMENT! WOMAN SUSPECT GONE!

The story so shriekingly heralded was told in a few paragraphs, and Fitzhugh breathed easier as he read. Substantially, it related that Nikolay had been found that afternoon by Esther's landlady, who, thinking the man drunk, had called the police. An examination showed that he was stabbed to the heart and had been dead for hours. Esther had disappeared, leaving no trace behind her.

Fitzhugh dropped the paper to the

floor and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling, crushing his cigarette slowly between his fingers. Suddenly he jumped up and began pacing the floor restlessly.

"Pshaw!—she'll get away all right. Yes, yes, she'll get away all right."

On his way to work next morning he called at the post office and found, as he expected, a letter from Esther. It was written on a scrap of wrapping paper with a lead pencil, and began without preface:

If I've sinned it was because I loved you so—I did it for your sake. I am praying God that your desire for wealth may be granted you. Even though your ambition is one of which I do not entirely approve, I would willingly die that you might achieve it. That is how I love you. It may be a long while before you hear from me again, because I am going far away. Destroy this letter.

Your adoring ESTHER.

He burned the letter in the kitchen range and knuckled down to his opprobrious toil as on the previous day.

Fitzhugh had a clearly defined reason for doing scullery work in a restaurant. It provided a steady, if small, income; it facilitated economy, and, above all, it afforded him a secure hiding place during the day. He intended to stay there six weeks. By that time his beard would be suffi-



Then, Seizing a Heavy Water Pitcher From Beside an Overturned Chair, He Hurled It With a Vile Word.

ciently long to be shaped into a Vanddyke. Also, for he practiced the most rigorous frugality, he expected to have thirty dollars with which to buy some presentable clothes. From that point on he felt positive that somehow his soaring aloft would be swift and sure.

Only once was the monotony of that month broken. By one of those anomalous conditions peculiar to some cities, the street restaurant was on a miserable, poverty-stricken thoroughfare, less than ten minutes' walk from Chicago's wealthiest residential section. This incongruous juxtaposition accounted for the break in Fitzhugh's routine. It was late one warm night in June, and he had walked a few streets from his boarding house and was taking the air along the Lake Shore drive, when he saw Kathleen Otis. A shining limousine stopped before the iron gateway through which he had twice passed, and as he drew back into the shadows of some shrubbery she alighted with her father. How exquisite she was—how desirable!

Every night after that Fitzhugh promenade the drive. But he never saw her again. He read later that she had sailed for France with her mother and would not return until the autumn.

From dishwasher to—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

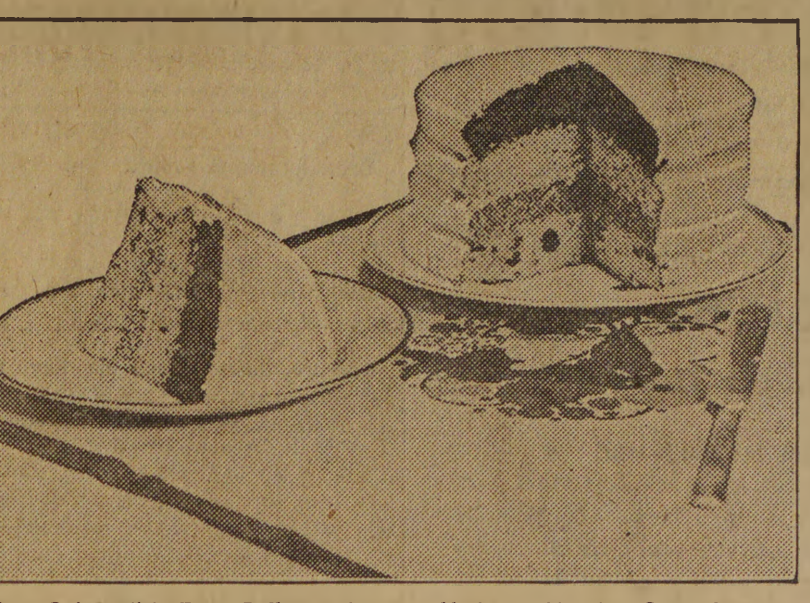
Bird Deadly Enemy of Files.

The Wilson warbler is the champion fly-catcher of the United States. His method of getting most of his food is to dash out from the limb of a tree and snatch passing insects on the wing. He catches other insects which are flitting about or sitting on the foliage or blossoms of the trees. You will often find these little birds in apple trees when in bloom. Their olive green and yellow plumage harmonizes with the green leaves of the trees. The male bird has a black crown patch on the top of its head, while on the female this cap is greenish like the back. This bird is found throughout the eastern United States, but winters in Central America.

Free Hot Water.

Free hot water for hot drinks at picnics or for any other use is served to the public at a recreation park in Toronto from a gas water heater placed on the grounds by the city authorities. A wooden shed houses the heater and a sign on the building calls attention to the fact that hot water is free.

LEARN TO SIMPLIFY FOOD PREPARATION BY USING BASIC OR STANDARD RECIPES



Ribbon Cake With Four Different Layers, Made by Varying Same Layers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Recipes are guides for the cook just as paper patterns are guides for the dressmaker. The good dressmaker does not purchase a new pattern for each new garment that she makes but uses her plain skirt patterns and alters them to meet individual requirements and current styles. So the homemaker should learn to simplify her food preparation by using a few basic or standard recipes, learning the general proportions of ingredients in them and the standard method of combining these ingredients and varying these recipes to meet her needs, rather than blindly following every new recipe appearing in cook book, magazine or newspaper. To analyze these new recipes, says the office of home economics, would be to find that almost all of them are variations of a few simple patterns or types, divided or multiplied, differently flavored, baked in a new form or otherwise changed in some such detail.

Quick batters and doughs make up a large group of our common foods for which recipes are almost endless yet all are variations of the few types given in the table.

How to Mix the Ingredients (except for Pastry).—Mix sugar with shortening. Add egg (in some cases only the yolk is added at this time—the separated white is folded in the batter at the last). Add liquid and sifted dry ingredients alternately.

The Way to Make Pastry.—Mix fat and flour thoroughly, then add water slowly. Mix and roll thin.

All of these basic recipes can be varied in a number of ways. Take the plain cake for example. By varying the flavoring, etc., one can have many recipes from the one-pattern recipe.

Variations With One Batter. For Layer Cake.—Bake batter in layer cake tins. The various layers may be differently colored if desired. Put together with filling or frosting.

For Chocolate Cake.—Add one square chocolate (one ounce or one-fourth cupful) and one tablespoonful less of flour than called for. Or while melting chocolate, make thick paste with two tablespoonfuls boiling water.

Any of these may be baked in loaf, layer or muffin tins. The cake in the illustration was made by using double the plain cake recipe, dividing the batter into quarters, and varying the flavors. To the batter used for the bottom layer, one-fourth cupful of raisins and two tablespoonfuls of shredded citron were added. To the next portion, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of allspice and one-eighth teaspoonful of nutmeg were added. The third portion was left plain, while the fourth portion or the top layer had one-third square of melted chocolate added to it. Many other common recipes can be grouped in the same way as these batters and doughs.

cooking it until thick and of about the same consistency as the cake batter. In the latter case the full amount of flour may be used.

Nut Cake.—Add one-half cupful finely chopped or coarsely ground nut meats. Decrease fat one tablespoonful.

Spice Cake.—Add one-half teaspoonful cinnamon and one-fourth teaspoonful cloves.

Very Dark Spice Cake.—Use brown sugar in place of white and one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

Ribbon Cake.—Add to one-third the batter one-fourth teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and one-fourth cupful raisins cut into small pieces. Bake dark batter as one layer and light as two. Put dark between with raisin jelly, fruit, chocolate or any desired filling. Or, divide batter and color as desired, pink, green, chocolate, etc., baking each portion separately and put together.

Silver or White Cake.—Use four whites in place of two whole eggs and add one-half tablespoonful butter.

Gold or Yellow Cake.—Use four yolks in place of two whole eggs.

Marble Cake.—Color about one-third of the batter by adding two tablespoonfuls molasses or one tablespoonful cocoa or one square chocolate. Put the plain mixture in the tin and into this drop, by the spoonful, the dark mixture. This makes a mottled light and dark marble effect.

HERE ARE THE PATTERN RECIPES.

| | Baking Flour, powder | Liquid | Shortening | Sugar | Salt | Flavor |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------|-------------|---------------|----------|------------|
| Griddle cakes | 2 cups | 3 tsp. | 2 cups | 2 tbsps. | 1 tsp. | 1 or 2 |
| Muffins | 2 cups | 4 tsp. | 1 cup | 1 tbsps. | 1 tsp. | 1 or 2 |
| Muffins (richer) | 2 cups | 2 or 3 tsp. | 3/4 cup | 2 or 4 tbsps. | 1/2 tsp. | 1 or 2 |
| Doughnuts | 2 cups | 2 tsp. | 1/4 cup | 1/2 cup | 1 tsp. | 1 |
| Cookies | 2 cups | 2 tsp. | 1/4 cup | 1/2 cup | 1 tsp. | 1 or 1 |
| Ten biscuits | 2 cups | 2 tsp. | 2 or 3 tsp. | 1 tbsps. | 1/2 tsp. | 1 |
| Baking p. biscuit | 2 cups | 4 tsp. | 1/4 cup | 2 tbsps. | 1/2 tsp. | 1 |
| Pastry | 2 cups | 4 tsp. | 1/4 cup | 8 tbsps. | 1/2 tsp. | 1 |
| Plain cake | 1 1/4 cups | 2 tsp. | 1/2 cup | 4 tbsps. | 3/4 tsp. | 2 1/2 tsp. |

GOOD HEALTH BASED ON WHOLESOME FOOD

Leisurely Eating, Cleanliness and Order Not Sufficient.

Of Much Importance to Acquire Lik-ing for Healthful Dishes and Eating Reasonable Amount—Children Need Training.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Good food habits include more than leisurely eating, cleanliness and order in everything that has to do with food and meals. Equally important are a liking for all kinds of wholesome foods, even if they have not always been used in the home or neighborhood, and eating reasonable amounts, without being either greedy or over-dainty. Every effort should be made to train children in such good food habits. If older people have not learned them, they, too, should try to do so, for such things are important not only to health but also to economy. To refuse to eat some wholesome dish simply because it is new may prevent the use of some very desirable and economical food. To feel that there is any virtue in providing more food than is needed shows poor taste as well as economy.

One Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Relieves Mrs. Frey's Rheumatism

Mrs. Ira Frey, of Le Mars, Ia., suffered for six long months with the agonies of rheumatism. Then she heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and bought a box. Here is what she writes:

"For six months I had rheumatism. I had swelling of the limbs, stiffness in the joints and cramps in the muscles. I suffered greatly from backache. My limbs felt heavy, and I had a dragging sensation across my loins. I had a great deal of pain in the top of my head, was often dizzy and had flashes of light and floating specks before my eyes. I had heart flutterings and could not sleep well. My appetite was fitful and I felt heavy and sleepy after meals. I suffered from shortness of breath. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was much improved."

Mighty few people realize in time that Kidney Trouble is making its advances upon their health. They put off treatment—they say, "Oh, I'll be all right in a day or two." And the maddening tightness of their grip. Result: Bright's Disease, hospital treatment, doctor's bills—often death.

If your druggist does not carry Dodd's, order direct, sending us 60c in stamps and mentioning your druggist's name. Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Beyond Doubt.

The class in business organization at the Arsenal technical schools was listing the essentials of production, which included management. D. C. Morgan, teacher, defined the meaning of the word and cited examples of "good managers." To illustrate a poor manager, he asked: "What would you call a cook who put one cup of sugar and forty-eight eggs in a cake?" "I should call her a rich woman," answered one pupil instantly.

Sure Relief

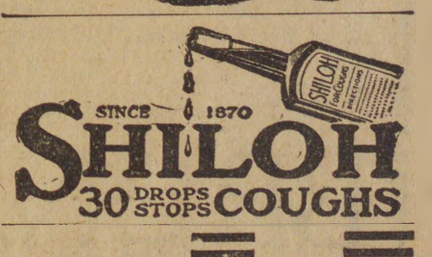


ITCH! Money back without question if HUNNY'S BALVE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, BUNGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 75c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

NR Tonight Tomorrow Alright



SHILOH 30 DROPS COUGHS

DR. CARTER'S K. & B. TEA Makes Fine Laxative Syrup

Make it at Home and Save About \$1.50—Children Love to Take it. Full Directions With Each 30-Cent Package.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1895. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation. PURE OLD VIRGINIA NATURAL LEAF TOBACCO for chewing or smoking; direct from the farm postpaid, 5 lbs. best grade, \$2.75; 5 lbs. second grade, \$2.25. E. O. Whitehead, Route 4, Viroo, Virginia.

Around World, 4 Mos. \$550. Steamers, Rail, Hotels, Tips Inclusive. Australia, Africa, Euro-pe (Battlefields). Agents of parties, \$1.00. Hines & Co., H. Harris, 342 E. 140th, New York.

Household Questions

Mustard poultices will not blister if mixed with the white of an egg.

Mustard and water is a quick and easy emetic in case of poisoning.

A teaspoonful of salad oil will stop a throat tickling cough at night.

Vinegar and stale bread applied as a poultice nightly to a corn for a week will cure it.

CASTORIA

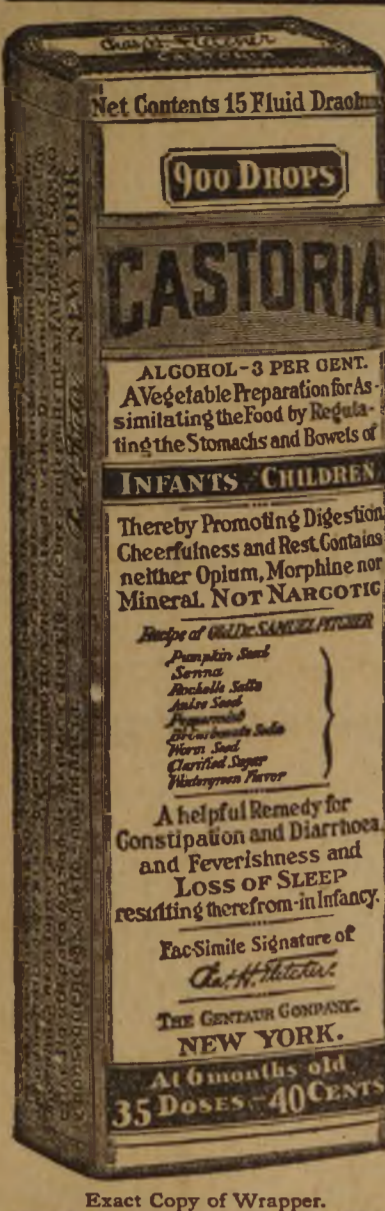
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Net Contents 15 Fluid Drams
900 DROPS

ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.

Fac-Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—40 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

IMPERATIVE NEED FOR ACTION

Twelve Months Since the Signing of the Armistice Practically Wasted—Call for Aid From America Must Be Heeded.

Article V.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

The signing of the armistice ended the fighting. The signing of the peace treaty brought peace, but neither of these acts restored devastated Europe. The great job ahead is the work of reconstruction, and when I write the word "reconstruction" I have not in mind the mere rebuilding of the war-stricken areas of France, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Russia. Gigantic and important as this task is, necessary as it is, it is only a small part of the work of real reconstruction. Hundreds of thousands of square miles make up the actual war zone, the ground marched over, the territory under shell fire. Millions of acres of land that once yielded food in response to the touch of the plow have for the past four years been tilled by high explosives.

Belgium was literally looted, pillaged and ravished. Almost the entire state was violated. Nearly one-eighth of France, her industrial section, was crushed. Buildings were destroyed, factories dismantled. Sixty thousand square miles in Poland were laid waste. Italy suffered terribly. The ground is filled with high explosives, undischarged mines and shells. Every day since the work of recovery and restoration began men working in this zone have been blown to pieces. Billions of feet of barbed wire and millions of tons of metal make a dangerous wilderness out of what was once a highly productive area.

Cities and villages are jungles of twisted, broken, torn wood, iron, brick and stone. I have walked through these villages and have stood stunned by the completeness of the destruction. The streets are uneven and lumpy with brick and stone and plaster and glass, aisles of wreckage. Roofless houses with walls gutted and torn, heaps and piles of broken building material; jagged, ragged pinnacles, masses of debris meet the eye. Had I not known of the war and come upon one of these unsightly, shapeless masses of material, I should have thought nature had entered into a mad conspiracy, combining and concentrating all of the powers of a cyclone, a tornado and an earthquake, and spilled their fury on these mangled, dead villages.

Sights to Wring the Heart.

Picture the refugees returning to these villages—coming back home. What the sight must have meant to them. I have seen them, their faces gray as the gray ruins, standing in the midst of their destroyed homes. I have seen them picking their way over piles of stone and brick through great openings made in the broken walls. I saw in their eyes homesickness, a hurt of heart I never shall forget. Old men and old women and little bare-legged children; now and again a boy with a worn, soiled uniform, some limping on crutches, others wearing an empty sleeve. One thought surged through my mind until it almost sickened me—War. The land of the war zone must be reclaimed. These acres are needed now more than they were before the war. The world's food supply is low. Hundreds of miles of trenches must be filled up. Trees must be planted, the ground must be cleaned of shells, cleared of barbed wire; villages, cities, must be rebuilt; sewer systems must be installed. The mess must be moved. It is a big job.

One great misfortune is that although twelve months have come and gone since the signing of the armistice, no general comprehensive plan of reconstruction has been started. Here and there small sections of the devastated regions are being partly reconstructed. Temporary provision is being made for the homeless. This is all well and good, but intelligent, economical, efficient and speedy reconstruction demands a general plan and an organization big enough to put it over. The doing of this work requires vision and capacity for doing big things well. If the physical reconstruction is left to Europe it will not be finished in 50 years. Here is a chance for America. We have a faculty of doing things on a big scale and in a short period of time. Europe needs our help. If we are to give it eventually, why not now?

But the clearing up of the wreckage and the rebuilding is a minor problem compared with the other greater and more important question of reconstruction, the reconstruction of industry, the establishment of normal life. The reclamation of the devastated area is, after all, only a matter of plan, time and money, and notwithstanding the fact that Europe is bankrupt today, the money must and will come. The barbed wire will be rolled up, the mines and shells will be dug from the fields, the villages will be rebuilt; everything that has been destroyed will be replaced. Physical reconstruction is the least of Europe's problems.

The great problem is the reconstruction of life. The war-devastated and disordered life of the world. It threw everything into confusion; it left the scheme out of balance. Only Road to Prosperity.

We live by work. Prosperity means production. Poverty is underproduction. Stripping economics of all its high-sounding jargon, the simple truth that everyone knows is that the world has only the things it works to produce.

It may not be amiss to state a few facts known by everyone which explain the meaning of production: We live on the earth. It is land and water. In the ground are minerals. The land grows crops. We need the minerals that are in the ground. We need the crops, but minerals in the ground, as well as the fertile soil, mean nothing until man by his work brings the mineral from the ground and makes the soil yield. We must have food, we must have clothing, we must have shelter, and the only way we can get these things is by working. If little work is done we have a shortage. There isn't enough food to go around, there aren't enough clothes, enough coal, and as a result the prices of all these necessities go 'way up. But this is not so important as the fact that when there is not enough to feed the world some go hungry, others must starve. When there isn't enough coal, some are cold, others freeze. When there aren't enough clothes for everyone, some must be ragged and half-naked. Everything by which we live is the result of work. Stop work, and poverty follows. Work, and plenty results. Work is responsible for everything that goes to make life worth living.

To understand Europe's condition today, one must stop and realize that the war stopped production. The result is a shortage of everything. There isn't enough food, there isn't enough raw material, there isn't enough coal. The whole story is told in the word Poverty.

GIRL WILL WED HELPLESS HERO

Blind, Deaf and Armless as Result of Injuries Received in War.

LOVE SOFTENS "EXILE"

French Soldier Believed to Be Most Unfortunate Being in All History—Scientists Were Debating Painless Death.

Paris.—Blind, deaf and with both arms amputated as the result of injuries received in action during the war, the young French veteran, Emile Tilloloy, considered the most unfortunate being in all history, has found a refuge from his tribulations in the love of a little peasant girl, Jeanne Delavoine, his boyhood sweetheart.

Their engagement has been announced and the marriage is to take place early in the spring.

The announcement has set at rest the minds of leading French moralists and philosophers who had been debating if the ending of Tilloloy's trials by euthanasia would not be justified.

Debate Painless Death.

Had society any right to demand for the sake of a moral precedent, the continued Calvary of this modern Job? Would it be an humane and enlightened act to put an end to his horrible sentence by quick and painless death?

These were the disturbing questions asked by French metaphysicians.

On July 24, 1916, Tilloloy was wounded in both arms and the face by a bursting shell. The detonation broke both ear drums.

Expert surgery and tender care saved his life, but he left the military hospital a year later deprived of the three senses of sight, touch and hearing, able only to taste and smell.

Taps Only Language.

He was taken to his own home, in the little hamlet of Canapes, Department of the Somme, and placed under the care of his mother and two sisters.

A primitive system of taps on his body for "yes" and "no" constituted his only means of receiving messages.

Upon Tilloloy's return to his home Jeanne became a daily visitor, taking her turn at sitting beside him and tending his needs. She identified herself by three short taps.

He concealed all affection, fearing that out of sympathy she would sacrifice herself to bring him a ray of happiness, and for three years she continued her tender ministrations.

Finally Tilloloy said to his mother: "Jeanne must care for me, or she could not be so faithful. Do you believe she loves me?"

The answering tap was in the affirmative. Upon his sweetheart's next visit Tilloloy put the question: "Jeanne, will you marry me?"

A resolute tap and the folding of a pair of arms about the blind man's mutilated body turned his fears of a lifetime of solitary suffering into dreams of quiet content.

LIVES TO TELL OF LONG FALL

Chicago Mason in Milwaukee Blown From Top of 125-Foot Smokestack.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Plunging from a smokestack 125 feet high and living to tell of the accident was the experience that overtook Edward Skaring of Chicago. Skaring, who is a mason, was at work on the top of the smokestack when a powerful gust of wind hurled him from his perch. A rope on the inside of the stack broke his fall. He landed at the bottom with his legs fractured in two places.

Applied Christianity.

The late Archdeacon Madden of Liverpool used to relate how on one occasion he separated two women, one a Roman Catholic and one a Protestant, who were fighting in the street. Afterward he asked the latter, whom he knew, how she, as a professing Christian, could justify her behavior, to which she replied:

"Well, sir, I was only obeying you. I have often heard you say 'Fight the good fight!' That other woman came into my house and she saw a picture of you on the mantelpiece. 'That's no priest,' said she. 'Nor no parson, neither! He's only an old quack.' Do you think I could stand that, sir? No! 'Touch not the Lord's anointed!' I says, and I ups with my fists and I hits her!"—London Post.

Smart Kid.

An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer. "And now," he said to the same boy, "what is latitude?"

The youngster hesitated a moment and then with a merry twinkle in his eye he replied, "Please, sir, we have no latitude. The British government won't allow us any."

Seeking the Truth.

He—I can't bear that fellow Chatterton. He always brings up such uninteresting subjects. What was he talking to you about?

She—You.—London Answers.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is asidom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

YEARS BUT ADD TO BEAUTY

Particularly Graceful Tribute Paid to the Elderly by Widely Known American Writer.

I have carried these my preferences through life, and I still regard old ladies as angelic, inasmuch that I have never seen one that I did not revere. I do not know when they begin to look old to other eyes, but to mine they never look old, as old men look.

Very likely some of them may once have been silly, and some naughty, but they do not show it, while all the goodness and wisdom of their youth has grown upon them.

I should like to touch here, but barely touch, the thought of the dear and lovely lady which has all this time been in the back of my mind, as a supreme proof of the highest praise that could be given to aging woman, writes W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine. She was of the finest modernity in her love of the best things in literature and life, and could no more err in taste than in truth or the beauty which is one with it.

She is gone now, who was so lately here in such perfection of mind and soul, that it seems as if she could never have left us who were privileged to share the bounty of her wisdom and grace.

Auto Needed in Peru.

The Peruvians take eagerly to the automobile, wherever its use is possible. Outside of the sections served by railroads—and there are only about 1,700 miles of railway in Peru's 700,000 square miles of land—transportation has hitherto depended on pack mules or burros. As trails or bridle paths are being converted into highways, motorcars and trucks are bringing new life to formerly isolated centers of mining and agricultural production.

Unkind.

Howell—I am wedded to my art.
Powell—Who had the nerve to give the bride away?

A Hint.
She—Did I hear anything fall?
He—I think not.
She—Excuse me. I thought you dropped a remark.

If You Hear Anybody Talking

about coffee prices or coffee troubles, tell them to quit coffee and try

Instant Postum

A ten days' trial shows results that please, and with gain in comfort there is no loss of pleasure.

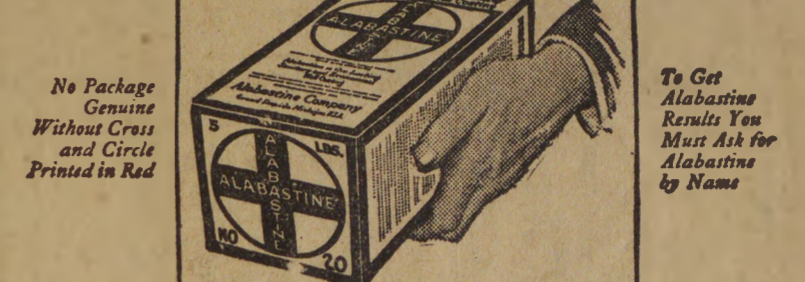
A wonderful table drink, pure, healthful, economical, delicious! No advance in price.

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Alabastine

Instead of kalsomine or wallpaper



Beautiful—Sanitary—Durable—Economical

For Homes, Schools, Churches and all Interior Wall Surfaces

Alabastine can be applied to plastered walls, wallboard, or painted walls that have become soiled, or even over soiled wallpaper solid on the wall and not printed in aniline colors.

Alabastine is a dry powder, ready to mix with pure, cold water, full directions on each package. Alabastine is packed in white and beautiful tints. These, by combining and intermixing, enable you to carry out individual color plans in matching rugs and draperies. Alabastine is used in the finest residences and public buildings, but priced within the reach of all.

You will readily appreciate the economy of Alabastine over paint or wallpaper, and its results will be most gratifying.

New walls demand Alabastine, old walls appreciate Alabastine.

If your local dealer cannot or will not supply you, take no substitute but write for Alabastine designs and we will give you name of nearby dealer.

Alabastine Company
1645 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The man who thinks doesn't talk much; the man who talks much, seldom thinks.

HEALS RUNNING SORES

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Peterson's Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed."—A. C. Gibrath, 703 Reed St., Erie, Pa.

For years I have been selling through druggists a large box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 25 cents. The healing power in this ointment is marvelous. Eczema goes in a few days. Old sores heal up like magic; piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily conquered. Pimples and nasty blackheads disappear in a week and the distress of chafing goods in a few minutes. Mail orders filled. Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED Free Proof To You

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you to try this treatment—that's all—just try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 29 years. I am President of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over twelve thousand five hundred Men, Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter—never mind how bad—my treatment has cured the worst cases Ever—give me a chance to prove my claim.

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proved.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, No. 3588 West Main St., Fort Wayne Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name _____ Age _____

Post Office _____ State _____

Street and No. _____

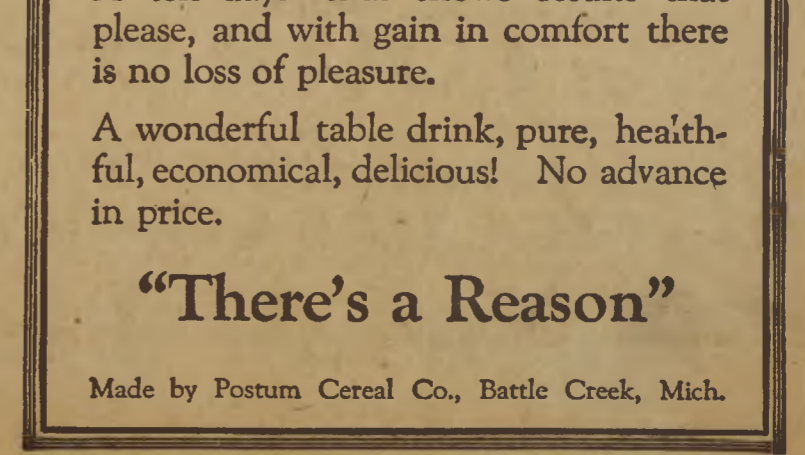
The Right Way

in all cases of DISTEMPER, PINKEYE INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC. of all horses, brood mares, colts and stallions is to

"SPOHN THEM"

on the tongue or in the feed with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the germs. It wards off the trouble, no matter how they are "exposed." A few drops a day prevent those exposed from contracting disease. Contains nothing injurious. Sold by druggists, harness dealers or by the manufacturers. 60 cents and \$1.15 per bottle. AGENTS WANTED.



SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, GOSHEN, IND.

MESSAGE TO THE IRISH

DeValera issues Masterpiece On St. Patrick's Day

The following St. Patrick's Day message was sent by President DeValera of the Republic of Ireland to

men and women of Irish blood throughout the world. Sons and Daughters of the Gael, wherever you be today, in the name of the Motherland, greeting! Whatever flag be the flag you guard and cherish, it is consistent with your highest duty to band your-

selves together, to use your united strength to help break the chains that bind our sweet, sad Mother. And never before have the scattered children of Erin had such an opportunity for noble service. Today you can serve not only Ireland but the world.

A cruel war and a more cruel peace have shattered the generous soul. Apathy mocks the high minded, and heartless cynicism points the way of selfishness. We, the children of a race that has never ceased to strive—that has endured for ages the blights of war and the disappointments of peace—who have had the cup of the fruition of hope dashed from our lips in every decade, and have always looked forward for the good in tomorrow—the world needs what we can give it today.

Once before our people gave their soul to a barbarian continent, and led brute materialism to an understanding of higher things. It is still our mission "to show the world the might of moral beauty"—to teach mankind peace and happiness in keeping the law of love, doing to our neighbor what we would have our neighbor do to us.

We are the spearpoints of the hosts in political slavery—we can be the shafts of dawn for the despairing and the wretched everywhere.

And those of our race who are citizens of this mighty land of America whose thought will help to mould the policy of the leader among the nations—how much the world looks to you, this St. Patrick's Day—hopes in you—trusts in you.

You can easily accomplish that which is needed. You have only to have the will—the way is so clear. What would not the people in the old land give for the power which is yours?

May God and St. Patrick inspire you to use it, and to use it well.

BOARD NAMES SALARY

Sandwich Board of Education Advertisers for Teachers

The Sandwich board of education is establishing a precedent by advertising for school teachers, using the following "specifications:—"

- Primary, two grades \$115.00 per month.
 - Primary, one grade, \$110.00 per month.
 - Intermediate, two grade, \$105.00 per month.
 - Intermediate, one grade \$100.00 per month.
 - Seventh grade \$110.00 per month.
 - Eighth grade \$130.00 per month.
- The school year is nine and one-half months of twenty days each. Above salaries are conditioned upon adequate preparation and successful teaching experience of the candidates.

FAMILIAR WITH ILL FORTUNE

Men Whose Names Stand High on Roll of Genius Had to Fight for Recognition.

No one need be ashamed of the fact that they may have been, at some time or other, hard up for a meal. Many celebrities have been situated in similar circumstances.

For instance, there was the late Sir Henry Irving, the great genius of the stage. Few people know of the trials this eminent actor went through before he attained even a small modicum of success. He was actually starving on the streets at one time, without a penny to buy a bun.

Then there was Oliver Goldsmith, the author of some of our greatest English classics. Once he lived in a garret and was bothered by a shrewish landlady who demanded "rent down." Oliver Goldsmith had also numerous other debts, which surely ought to have turned him away from literature in disgust as a means of livelihood.

But this Oliver Goldsmith would not allow them to do, and consequently he reaped his reward. And Zola, the affection of all people who combine culture with dash, poor Zola also had a bad time of it going through the literary mill. There was a time when editors and publishers used to read his name on a manuscript and promptly send it back.

LITTLE MAID IN THE "MOON DOOR" SYMBOL OF THE HOPE OF NEW CHINA



Ginling College, at Nanking, Only Girls' School in Five Provinces With Population of 110,000,000—Interchurch World Movement to Aid Institution.

The way to all things at Ginling lies through the moon door. And through the moon door on the way to wisdom pass and repass every day the 70 Chinese maidens of the "gung-gwan."

The moon door at Ginling is round as the full moon whence it has its name. And the Chinese maiden, as she steps over its high sill, may spread wide her arms and still not touch its rim with the tips of her fingers.

Sometimes across the courtyard is another moon door, and beyond it, like a smaller concentric circle, still another, leading on through that Chinese puzzle of a house, the "gung-gwan," or official residence at Nanking, China, which is now the home of Ginling College for Chinese girls—one of the three women's colleges in all China.

The moon door is but a single feature of the old place. Once inside the high stone walls that inclose it, one is lost in a maze of courts and galleries and covered passages and isolated rooms.

The whole is China, old China and new. The moon doors and the architecture as a whole lend the dignity and the greatness of old China. But the laboratories and dormitories, libraries and studies made from the old rooms of state and ceremony are modern. Just as the spirit of the Chinese girls who use them is modern; just as the force of America is behind it all, represented by the five American missionary organizations and the American Smith College which maintain Ginling, is modern.

One pushes ajar the halves of a

moon door, latticed over paper in plum blossom and honeycomb design, and enters a chemical laboratory set up in a room with 20 windows, each framed in dragon tracery. And from the flagstones of the laboratory floor, often is scraped fungi and mold for use under the microscope.

These are typical contrasts of Ginling College, revealed through the survey of the Chinese field now being made by the Interchurch World movement, which seeks to promote the closer co-operation of Protestant Churches of America in attaining their world aims.

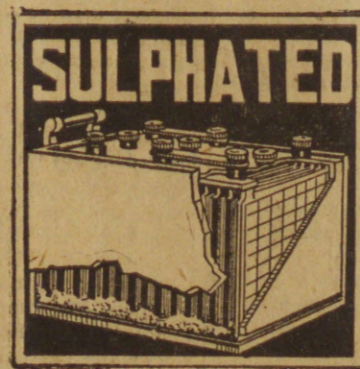
Ginling College, the survey shows, is at the heart of five Chinese provinces with a total population of 110,000,000—and is the only woman's college in that great area. Yet its capacity to receive young Chinese girls is limited by the capacity of the old "gung-gwan," rented since the beginning of the institution, four years ago.

Fund of \$500,000. Ginling owns 37 acres of land on the hills beside the Yangtze river. In the Interchurch World Movement survey of China, there is a budget item of \$500,000. It is there to show the Churches of America how they can place upon that land on the hill the library, administration building, recitation buildings, chapel—all that are needed for a modern college. Unless the fund is available by 1921, many young women of China seeking college educations must be denied admission to Ginling, because the old "gung-gwan" is too small.

The official world guffawed when he appeared before a commission of post office inquiry to describe his invention—the penny stamp—"an adhesive postage stamp, a bit of paper, just large enough to bear the imprint of her Majesty's bust, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash."

But the diplomatic ability, and the dare and push of his old ancestor in his veins, carried him through to triumph for the people. On January 10, 1840, penny postage was established. The gross revenue rose from 1,000,000 pounds to 4,000,000 pounds. The business of the money order office multiplied fifty-two fold. He was buried in Westminster abbey, London—the highest honor a grateful nation could accord him.—Kansas City Journal.

The power of a postage stamp, in unjust taxation, in 1776, rent her American colonies from Great Britain. Viscount Hill, a tough old British soldier, ancestor of Sir Rowland Hill, the great philanthropist, and inventor of penny postage, was born on August 11, 1772. His fighting qualities blustered again in his descendant, Sir Rowland. In 1835 his fearless originality and largeness of view flung itself into the question, "How shall the poor send letters at 1 shilling and 4 pence (33 cents) each?" The government hostile to him, he suffered insults, yet he steadily pressed his scheme—the penny stamp. Every obstacle was thrown in his path. Parliament foamed at the mouth, and declared he would ruin the country, and upset the throne.



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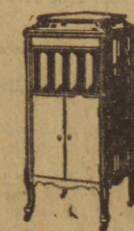
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