

# The Genoa Republican-Journal

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

GENOA, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 19, 1917

VOLUME XIII, NO. 1

## GENOA SAMMIE HEARD FROM

Robert Westover Writes Interesting Letter of Camp Life at Houston

### IS NOT TIRED OF SOLDIER'S LIFE

Says Work is Interesting—Receives New Outfit of Clothing—Texas Dust a Menace

Robert Westover, who enlisted in Co. A, of the 1st Illinois Infantry early this summer and who is now stationed at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, writes the following letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Westover, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, Oct. 11, 1917.

Dear Mother:  
As tonight is Saturday and haven't been drilling today, I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and well. We got another slot in the army yesterday so we didn't drill any today, but we are up to the Y. M. C. A. and heard a fellow talk on Liberty Bonds, and will say he sure was good. Well I got the box such as it was, there wasn't much left of it but crumbs, as the train that it came on was wrecked and the stuff was all badly crushed, but hope the next one arrives in better shape. This one had a red tag on it marked "wrecked" but was glad to get it anyway. One of the fellows in my squad got two packages tonight. One contained a pillow and the other cake and fruit, but whatever you do don't send any fruit, as there is a lot coming in to the boys that is badly spoiled.

Well at last we got a few new clothes, breeches 2 pair, sweater, 4 pairs socks, another shirt and now have 3 suits of underwear. Was on guard Wednesday night and some of the fellows got chilly and all got peevish and began to kick so they came across with some clothes. We have had nearly everything in the line of drill, trench work, bayonet drill, stump digging, wood cutting and everything you can think of. We have changed tents three times and dug a trench around all of them, grubbed out trees in the street and now our camp ground will be changed to some other part of the camp. Now mother don't think I am tired of the camp life. I am giving you a description of our work. I heard that we are going to be transferred to the 129th Inf. but wouldn't say yet, so address my letters as you did before.

Well we take our first hike tomorrow. We hike from 7:30 until 11:30 a. m. but don't think it will bother me any as I am used to hiking. I will get out Sunday and try and get some cotton and peanuts to send home. The land down here is about like it is in Minnesota. I mean for dust, as the road here is about 6 inches of loose dust on top of the hard. Some of the companies sprinkle the road in front of the company street and keep them muddy, but even that is better than dust as it is hard to breathe, and it is almost impossible to take the clothes off the line clean.

Well mother it is almost 11 o'clock and then taps will soon blow and the lights will have to be turned out. We now have ticks with straw in them we have shelter halves or tent halves to lay on the tick then we have two blankets and a poncho or sort of a rain coat which we make into a sleeping bag and use. Now I will close and roll in with happy thoughts and love and love to dear ones at home. Bob.

### Yammering For Tobacco

It will not have gone unnoticed that the American soldiers at the front and in the training camps seem to have an almost unceasing craving for tobacco.

When the DeKalb county boys left for camp there were mighty few among them who didn't puff the weed—and some of them learned how just a short time previously.

It so happens that the Y. M. C. A. which is looking after the amusement welfare of the soldiers, isn't keen about the tobacco proposition. It is furnishing the tobacco, but reluctantly. The Y. M. C. A. believes a man is better off without the tobacco habit and its workers do not smoke.

Statistics are being compiled showing that the aim of smokers is worse than that of non-smokers; yet even the spur of efficiency, to think, will not eradicate the yammering for tobacco by the troops. It has its psychological aspects. The men are away from home and, rightly or wrongly, believes they derive comfort and solace from the weed.

It's really a kind of faith. The military glory of Illinois will not be overlooked in the centennial celebration, next year. The Illinois Department of the Grand Army of the Republic will endeavor to arouse interest in the presentation of the military part of state history in every centennial celebration given in

After composed of James H. Mahoney, E. J. Ingersoll, Decatur and Springfield, is in the committee to the state to aid in the military part of the organization.

## DON'T GRUMBLE; HARVEST CORN

The World Needs Every Ear of the Bumper Crop of Illinois

By Glenn Hayes, Editor Better Farming

Harking to the appeal of the present and the needs of the whole world, the American farmer put his shoulder to the wheel and turned out a bumper crop. Some of the crop will be soft, but even so, probably more sound ears are ready for the husker than ever before. The big problem now is to get the huskers.

Hardly a farm home in the country but what is undermined. The draft has taken many thousands of young farm men—the sons—the managers. Thousands of hands had already enlisted. To complete the drain, the war-time wages of the shop and factory have taken the better men among the hired help. Everywhere farms are sorely in need of hands to husk the corn crop.

But the way to get the corn in the crib is not to sit down and bewail fate. Agriculture faces well on the whole. And the corn must be cribbed. The farmer should be doubly alert to every possible aid in solving his labor problem. Let him consult his county agent and state his needs. Let him write to the newly organized Government Labor Agency, 845 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Address the letter to Dr. P. L. Prentiss and state exactly what is needed.

Let him consider hogging-down the crop and selling the corn as pork on the hoof.

Let him know that pulling corn is better than shucking it for certain purposes—for feeding cattle, as an example. The corn is better relished when the animals can take it out of the husk. That saves time and the work of requiring a human hand to take off the husk.

It is not too late to silo corn. Even the dried stalk may be cut and put into the silo by introducing a stream of water into the cutter box and thoroughly wetting down the ear corn.

The use of the latest improved corn-cutting machinery comes as the most important way of all for saving labor. The shocked corn may be husked out thru the long winter months or run through the shredder.

Where there's a will, there's a way, they say. And the present prices of corn make it imperative to have a strong will to save it.

## D. A. R. TO ERECT MARKERS

Daughters of American Revolution and Centennial Commission Co-operate

### TO ASSIST CAUSE OF HISTORY

Tablets to Be Erected Next Year at Centennial Celebration of the Admission of Illinois into Union

Co-operation of the local chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution in erecting historical tablets or markers in every community in the state is sought in a letter recently addressed to Mrs. Frank W. Babson of Rock Island, state regent, by Mrs. Jessie Weber, secretary of the Illinois Centennial Commission.

The tablets are to be erected next year during the centennial celebration of the admission of Illinois into the Union. On them will be described the name of the first settlers of the county or other historical data. Mrs. Weber asks the D. A. R. to take the initiative in this campaign.

The purpose is to establish some suitable memorial for every community as a means of preserving local history.

The D. A. R. already is engaged in similar effort in connection with the Illinois Circuit Marking Association, placing markers at every cross roads in the old Eighth Judicial circuit, traveled by Abraham Lincoln while he was practicing law. The work of determining the roads has progressed rapidly under the co-operation of the D. A. R. and the Association, and a meeting will be held by the Association in Danville on November 13 to decide upon the nature of the markers to be used and the method of setting them up.

Lawrence B. Stringer of Lincoln is president of the Lincoln Circuit Marking Association, and Mrs. Weber is secretary.

The old Eighth Judicial Circuit was first apportioned by law in 1839 and was successively reapportioned in 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849 and 1853. There have been seventeen counties in the district at one time or another: Sangamon, Tazewell, Woodford, McLean, Logan, DeWitt, Platt, Champaign, Vermillion, Edgar, Moultrie, Shelby, Macou, Christian, Livingston, Menard and Mason.

Besides the Daughters of the American Revolution the State Historical Commission, and other organizations are co-operating with the Lincoln Circuit Marking Association and the setting up of the markers will be one of the features of the centennial year.

Mrs. Weber believes that by undertaking the erection of historical tablets in the various counties the D. A. R. can be of further assistance in the cause of history.

Liberty is worth one or two Liberty Bonds to all of us.

## LIBERTY LOAN AND THE FARMER

Farmers as Well as City People Should Purchase Liberty Loan Bonds

### MUST HAVE MONEY TO WIN WAR

D. F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture Says Farmers Should Lead in Supporting Government

It is every citizen's duty to purchase a Liberty Bond if he is in a position to do so. Every patriot will regard it as a privilege to participate in the Liberty Loan. He will thereby contribute directly and effectively to the successful prosecution of the war which Germany has forced upon us. It faces you and me. If we do not win this war we must prepare ourselves for grave changes in our institutions and to lead a different sort of life from that which we had planned to live—from that which our forefathers died to give us the right to live. We shall indefinitely face the interference of the Prussian autocracy or bear permanently the intolerable burdens of militarism. To win this war we must have both men and money. I know that every farmer wants to do all in his power for the Nation in this day of trial. He will not only labor to produce the necessary foodstuffs but will also generously contribute of his means to make it possible for the men at the front to achieve victory. I am confident that the farmers of the land will not permit any other class to take leadership in supporting the government in this crisis, financially or otherwise.

We are at war with Germany because Germany made war upon us, sank our ships, killed our citizens, and plotted against us while professing friendship. We were patient till offenses became so flagrant and insults so intolerable that it was merely a question whether we would admit we were no longer a free nation or accept the challenge of the war-mad, hypocritical, and mediæval Prussian militarists. There was no choice we could not make—we were incapable of making. We could not "choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our Nation and our people to be ignored and violated." We are defending our rights as a free nation. We are resolved that there shall be an end of brute force in international affairs. What Germany's victory would mean to the world is plain. There would be no right except might, no peace save at the price of humiliations too bitter to be borne. Small nations could not exist. There would be no sanctity to a pledge, no solemnity to a covenant. With the dominance of Prussian militarism, the Anglo-Saxon struggle for free institutions and liberty, persisting from Romyne to Yorktown, with its Magna Carta, its Bill of Rights and its Declaration of Independence, will have been in vain. It is to prevent this, to defend our rights, and to make possible an orderly and just peace in the world that we are at war. The Nation calls on its citizens for high and noble service. On some it calls for service in the field; on others for service at home; on all, it calls for financial support. I am confident that the farmers of the Nation will eagerly respond to the call for subscriptions to the Liberty Loan.

### HOW CHILDREN CAN HELP

France Appeals to America for a Little of the Sugar that Goes into Candy

This is an appeal from the children of France to the children of America; from the women of France to the women of America. It is made thru Food Administrator Hoover.

It is that America cut down its lavish use of sugar one-third in order that the people of France may have just a little in their necessity. The French people are not asking us to give them as much sugar as we have for ourselves. They are not asking for even half as much. Our sugar consumption is ninety pounds per person per year—about four ounces per day—now.

They simply ask us to give them that much for they will not have any spare them a part of our stock, unless the children and women get along with two pieces of candy instead of three; unless the syrup on the morning cakes is spread a little thinner than is the American custom.

Mr. Hoover wishes to send to France the 100,000 tons of sugar asked for. So in his first personal appeal to the people he says:

"Sugar even to a greater amount than the French ration is a human necessity. If our people will reduce by one-third their purchases and consumption of candy and of sugar for other uses than preserving fruit, we can save the French situation.

"In the interest of the French people, and of the loyalty we owe them to divide our food in the maintenance of our common cause, I ask the American people to do this. It is unthinkable that we refuse their request."

Official Totals at Camp Grant 26,934 Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., Oct. 8.—The eighty-sixth division of the national army, in training here, contains 975 officers and 26,934 men, it was officially announced today.

The entire camp has 1,385 officers and 26,934 men.

## SMOKING OUT PUSSYFOOTERS

State Council of Defense Gets Information of Disloyalists

Chicago, October 17.—Two good results have already come from the organization of the Neighborhood Committee and the Counties Auxiliary of the State Council of Defense.

The first is that the organization work has served to demonstrate beyond question the loyalty and patriotism of an overwhelming majority of the people of the state.

The second, that such organization work has located the few bad spots in Illinois' patriotism and has smoked out some of the pussyfoot politicians and local office holders who, with an election a year off, are seeking to "remain neutral" while their country is at war.

Working with the Liberty Loan organization, the State Council is giving attention to the bad spots. Investigators are abroad in such communities to get information as to how far the disloyalty extends, to learn who are the leaders and whether they are passive, or are active in their anti-Americanism. Reports are to be made to the Council and to the United States authorities.

The canvass of the state for Liberty Bond sales was chiefly instrumental in defining the boundaries of the little territories where there is a community love of an European fatherland greater than devotion to America. Solicitors have fallen upon half a dozen places where there are large protestations of loyalty, but where known wealth takes to the cyclone cellar when Liberty Bonds are mentioned.

A letter from a banker in a northern county is typical of the attitude of those communities. The letterhead of the bank carries a list of names which indicate German origin. The letter is signed by a German name. The writer was asked to organize a meeting for promoting bond sales. In declining he said:

"Ninety-nine per cent of our people are not in favor of the Liberty Bond, or anyone agitating same. For business reasons I am compelled to decline this favor."

Another report from a county further south concerns a township where the people are almost entirely of a German set. They are mostly rich and prosperous. For the first Liberty Loan an enthusiastic young patriot bought a single \$50 bond. It was the only sale in the township, and the purchaser was hooted and jeered. For the second sale no solicitor has dared go into the community.

These two reports are the extremes; northwest county, one from a mid-Egypt district, one from the middle of the corn belt, and others from the vicinity of St. Louis—which show community reluctance to support the government.

The pussyfootedness of office holders and politicians came out in invitations to men of all the counties to join either the general Neighborhood Committee of local County Auxiliary Committees. And, strangely enough, at least half of all declinations to serve came from county officials. Officials who declined were chiefly county judges, county clerks, sheriffs, and, still, more strangely, county superintendents of schools. Some officials have German names, and their refusals have usually been curt. Others, and especially those of small counties regarded as a joke, disingenuously plead they are "heart and soul with the cause, but my labors are so heavy I would not be a good man for the honor."

One county superintendent of schools with a foreign name wrote just this at the bottom of a letter of invitation: "I do not wish to serve." He got a letter from Chairman Ickes, and is being looked after.

Another declined because of "the time required of me in my private business." A military tract official said: "I am very busy. I have a position in a store here, besides some other side work. From Egypt came this: 'My work here in this County has my office is such at this time that I cannot spare the time.' In one mid-western county which has a heavy German vote, two officers declined, both on "account of the immense amount of work in my office," although the county is one of the smallest of the state. An official in a more or less German community said he couldn't do patriotic work, "owing to a considerable rush in my own private affairs."

In a northwestern county an official with a German name and ancestry puts the matter another way. He says: "I am not in a position to serve."

The above are fair samples of excuses made by slackers. In general, the work it implies, have been almost unanimous, hearty and whole-souled. Most of the excuses made were legitimate; the pussyfooters were nearly all politicians, and the pro-Germans scarce.

"Sugar even to a greater amount than the French ration is a human necessity. If our people will reduce by one-third their purchases and consumption of candy and of sugar for other uses than preserving fruit, we can save the French situation."

### Joy Riding Dangerous

The dangers of joy riding are almost equal to those of the trenches Sunday. The Niss had a narrow escape from serious injury and possible death when the car he was driving collided with that of E. Harshman on the corner near the May Hotel. Mr. Harshman was rounding the corner from the south and collided with the Niss coming from the west causing the latter gentleman's car to turn turtle. Fortunately no one was hurt and very little damage was caused to either car.

## SMASH INTO FAST TRAIN

Four Men in Ford Attempt to Beat Passenger Train to Crossing

### ESCAPE WITH MINOR INJURIES

Warning Cries of Bystanders Unheeded—Ford Car Smashes Into Coach and Is Total Wreck

What might have resulted in a serious accident occurred at the Illinois Central depot here Sunday morning when a Ford car containing four men crashed into the fast passenger train which "high-balls" through Genoa at about 11 o'clock.

The men, three from Milwaukee, Wis., whose names were unable to learn, and Emil Wate of Sycamore, were on their way to Genoa from Sycamore and were coming at a good rate of speed. The passenger train coming from the east was only a short distance from the crossing and several cars had stopped near the crossing waiting for the train to pass. The Ford containing the four men dashed past the waiting cars despite the occupants warning cries that a train was coming, and smashed head on into the train, which had gained the crossing.

The car hit one of the coaches and turned sideways and bumped along side of the train for a distance of about 80 rods when the engineer succeeded in bringing the train to a standstill. Through some miracle of good fortune the men were thrown clear of the car and train and excepting a few bruises and a sprained wrist sustained by the Sycamore man, they escaped uninjured. The Ford was completely demolished.

Dr. A. M. Hill, the company surgeon, was called and after dressing the slight wounds of the men, they were taken back to Sycamore by T. J. Hoover.

It's the same old story of trying to beat a train to the crossing, but how the men escaped being killed will always be a mystery.

### STATE TEACHERS' MEETING

Will Be Held at Rockford November First and Second

Below is a brief sketch of the program of the meeting of the Northwestern Section of the State Teachers' Association at Rockford Thursday evening and Friday, November first and second.

Thursday night Arthur Frederick Sheldon of the Sheldon school will speak on "The Philosophy of Salesmanship." Mr. Sheldon is a leader in thought in business efficiency. He is the author of a series of books on business building which are studied in all English speaking countries.

Friday night, Hugh S. Magill, Jr. will speak on the Centennial Anniversary of Illinois and then Congressman S. D. Pass of Ohio will talk upon "The International Situation" and the "Part U. S. Must Play."

The Boys' Glee Club and the Girls' Glee Club, of Rockford High School will furnish music Thursday night. Friday morning the supervisor of music, Mrs. Pierce, will have different groups of pupils representing the grade school work in music singing at different times. Friday night the Rockford High School Band will give a concert.

Miss Myrtle M. Irons is chairman of a committee to procure entertainment and places for teachers to stay in Rockford. The homes of Rockford will be open to the visiting teachers and there is no doubt that places of entertainment will be found for all.

There will be provided an opportunity for the teachers to visit Camp Grant.

Dr. C. P. Briggs, of the Rockford High School, who is chairman of the executive committee has arranged to have the lunch rooms in the high school building open and ready to serve the visitors. It is thought that this service and the down town restaurants will be able to accommodate the teachers without tiresome waits.

The program this year will be the best in the history of the association and every teacher should arrange to attend. The territory covered by this section is the counties of Jo Daviess, Stephenson, Winnebago, Boone, Carroll and Ogle and the northern portions of Whiteside, Lee and DeKalb.

### WRECK ON NORTHWESTERN

Twenty-three Cars Piled up When Fast Train Hits Switch

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad had a big smashup Tuesday morning at about 5 o'clock when one of their fast freight trains was wrecked about one mile east of LaFox where there is a switch that takes a track to the Boys' Home at the St. Charles School.

Twenty-three cars were piled up on top of one another and the track was torn up for quite a distance. Traffic on both the east and west bound tracks was tied up for many hours. The tracks were relaid around the wreck and trains were passing late that afternoon.

## ILLINOIS—AMERICA DAY

Every County to Have part in Patriotic Demonstration at Chicago

Every county in the state is expected to be represented in the Illinois-America Day patriotic demonstration October 21, under the direction of the State Council of Defense and its Neighborhood Committees.

Governor Lowden and Congressman Rainey will be the orators of the day at the main mass meeting in the Auditorium. To accommodate down-state representatives at the meeting stage seats and boxes will be reserved for out of town guests; all other seats in the great theatre will be open to "first come, first served."

But the Auditorium mass meeting will be only one feature of the day. With good weather, the promoters of Illinois-America Day expect to fill Chicago's lake front to overflowing. There will be a parade of soldiers and sailors, an exhibition drill by the National Naval Volunteers, six hundred strong, and an open air mass meeting addressed by distinguished speakers.

Two great naval bands, as well as other bands, will be out in full force; the Camp Grant Naval Band of sixty pieces and the Great Lakes Naval Band of two hundred pieces. John Philip Sousa, "the March King," America's foremost bandmaster, will personally conduct the Great Lakes band.

Down-state people who go to Chicago for Illinois-America Day will see a demonstration that will open their eyes to the enthusiastic patriotism of the people in the present national situation.

### New Cement Road Nearly Completed

The cement road out of Waterman is just about completed. That and the new cement road near Electric Park will be open for the public travel about November 1. This will give a cement road from Waterman to the James Carter farm.

From there to DeKalb there is a macadam, through DeKalb a mile of brick, and macadam to the Gary crossing by the National Club, and from there to Sycamore it will be cement. There is a hard road most of the way to Genoa. This will make a very good road on the Burlington Way thru DeKalb county.

## MAY DRAFT MEN BETWEEN 18 & 40

Amendment to Draft Law Will Take In Men From Eighteen to Forty

### 12,000,000 MORE WILL BE CALLED

President and War Department Said to Favor New Bill to be Introduced at Next Session

Men from eighteen to forty are to be taken in the draft under amendment to the present law which will be urged with all the power of the administration upon congress immediately upon the convening of the next session.

The amendments will be introduced by Representative Julius Kahn, Republican of California, ranking member of the house military committee.

Representative Kahn is the father of the present draft act. It is said that the war department as well as the president is in favor of the Kahn amendment.

After conferences with Secretary of War Baken and Provost Marshal General Crowder, Representative Kahn will draft legislation to provide the men needed. The amendment will provide that every man between the ages of eighteen and forty shall be registered for military service. This, it is estimated, will give the government an additional 12,000,000 men to draw from. This act will provide that youths will be obliged to register when they reach the age of eighteen, but shall not be called to the colors until they reach the age of twenty-one. The regulations provide that no man over thirty-one years of age, nor those that have attained the age of twenty-one since the June draft, shall be called to the colors until the present draft is exhausted.

### Bad Fire at DeKalb

Fire Tuesday morning destroyed the stock of millinery goods of Mrs. M. L. Bowman, which is located upstairs in the J. W. Corkings building. The lower part was formerly occupied by Secor's drug store.

Mr. Bowman was packing some goods, had a match lighted and was looking in a box when all of a sudden the blaze shot up into his face, causing the fire.

The entire stock of millinery is a total loss, which was estimated to be about \$650 and was partially insured.

The loss on the building will go in to the hundreds. It is hard to estimate at this time. The firemen had to cut a number of holes in order to get at the fire.

The building is owned by J. W. Corkings and it will be remodeled as soon as the adjustment is made with the insurance company.—DeKalb independent.

## NEWS FROM CAMP GRANT

Happenings of Interest Among the Boys in Khaki at Rockford

### LIBERTY BOND 'CAMPAIGN CLOCK'

Expect French and British Officers to Assist in Instruction of Selected Men of National Army

Camp Grant, Ill., Oct. 17.—The commanding dial of a "campaign clock" will be the daily record of subscriptions in the great Liberty Loan drive launched among the officers and enlisted personnel of the 86th Division at Camp Grant. This "campaign clock" according to war department plans, will be displayed outside division headquarters, showing the total amount invested by the division each day. The "subscription day" will end at midnight, when the clock hands will be advanced to the new high figure of subscriptions scored during the preceding twenty-four hours.

Committees of enlisted men are being appointed in each company and battery to promote the Liberty Loan contest and inside of a few days there will be a friendly war of competition being waged thruout the camp. "Liberty Loaning" will be a duty, like reporting in line for reveille. At the ceremony of retreat each evening the standing of the various companies in each regiment will be read in every company.

The accumulated records will be compiled at headquarters under the supervision of Major Gen. Thomas H. Barry, and the total figures made public by means of the Liberty Loan campaign clock. The big dial will be illuminated at night. Major C. C. Burt, division quartermaster, has devised a combination clock and scoreboard. The names of the units are on the left hand side of the score board and on the right side are squares where daily records will be posted. Then there are spaces where the total subscriptions will be recorded.

"It will not be fair to place the name of the unit having the highest subscription on the top of the list," said Major Burt. Units of comparative sizes will be entered in separate contests. We must consider the fact that machine gun battalions and even artillery regiments are small in comparison with infantry regiments."

Col. C. C. Smith of the 341st Infantry on Monday gave his entire regiment a Liberty Loan talk through a megaphone.

The new "bungalow quarters" being built just off to one side from Division Headquarters are being sped to completion in preparation for the reception of the French and British officers who are expected to arrive at Camp Grant "sometime this month" to assist in the instruction of the selected men of the new National Army in the methods of modern warfare.

It is expected that the following will arrive:

Five French officers who are specialists in artillery, automatic rifle, bombing and hand grenades, liaison, and pioneer work.

Five French non-commissioned officers, one to assist each of the French officers.

Five British officers who are experts in machine guns, light trench mortars, bayonet fencing, anti-gas and flame, and sniping.

Five non-coms, one to assist each British officer.

At his own request, Private Robert R. Penn has been transferred from the 311th Sanitary Train to the 342nd Infantry.

Company D, 341st Infantry, N. A., has a mascot. It's an aristoeretic Alrdale, "Havenstone Powder Boy" and he was donated by W. C. Powell, advertising manager of Mundel Bros. Chicago.

### MALTA FARMER KILLED

Fred Willrett Caught in Belt of Engine While Filling Silo

Fred Willrett, a large and extensive farmer of Malta, was killed Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

As we are informed he got caught in a belt of the engine while filling a silo and his body was badly mangled. He was taken to the house and lived about half an hour after the accident.

They were filling a silo on the Moorehead farm, which is occupied by George Hemmifer, a tenant. Mr. Willrett was assisting in help to fill the silo.

He was a large land owner of Malta and leaves a wife and children to mourn his death.

### Don't Question the Law

Officer Crawford demonstrated Monday evening that Ordinance 195 relative to parking cars should be strictly enforced by arresting two of Genoa's popular young men who ignored rulings of the above mentioned ordinance. They were both fined and left the Justice office with a higher opinion of ordinances and their enforce.

It is expensive pastime with an officer of the law.

# King of the Khyber Rifles

By  
**Talbot Mundy**  
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A Story That Combines the Thrill of Modern Detective Fiction With the Romance of Arabian Nights Tales

## ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE EXTRAORDINARY

In this remarkable tale Mr. Mundy introduces us to the mysteries and charm of India, and to an interesting people of the Orient about whom the western world knows little or nothing. In the company of Captain Athelstan King, his hero, we go on a wonderful journey in Khyber caves; and with him we meet Yasmini, an exotic beauty of marvelous fascination. It gives us great pleasure to publish "King of the Khyber Rifles" because we believe our readers will enjoy the serial more than any we have printed in a long time.

THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER I.

The men who govern India—more power to them and her!—are few. Those who stand in their way and pretend to help them with a flood of words are a host. The charge has seen the light in print that India—well-spring of plague and sudden death and money lenders—has sold her soul to twenty succeeding conquerors in turn.

So when the world war broke the world was destined to be surprised on India's account. The Red sea, full of racing transports crowded with dark-skinned gentlemen, whose one prayer was that the war might not be over before they should have struck a blow for Britain, was the Indian army's answer to the press.

More than one nation was deeply shocked by India's answer to "practices" that had extended over years. But there were men in India who learned to love India long ago with that love that casts out fear, who knew exactly what was going to happen and could therefore afford to wait for orders instead of running round in rings. Athelstan King, for instance, nothing yet but a captain unattached, sat in meagerly furnished quarters with his heels on a table. He is not a doctor, yet he read a book on surgery, and when he went over to the club he carried the book under his arm and continued to read it there. In the other room where the telegraph blanks were littered in confusion all about the floor, the other officers sent telegrams and forgot King, who sat and smoked and read about surgery; and before he had nearly finished one box of cheroots a general at Peshawur wiped a bald red skull and sent him an urgent telegram.

"Come at once!" It said simply. King was at Lahore, but miles don't matter when the dogs of war are loosed. The right man goes to the right place at the exact right time then, and the fool goes to the wall. In that one respect war is better than some kind's of peace.

In the train on the way to Peshawur he was not troubled by forced conversation. Consequently he reached Peshawur comfortable, in spite of the heat. And his genial manner of saluting the full-general who met him with a dogcart at Peshawur station was something scandalous. Full-generals, particularly in the early days of war,

do not drive to the station to meet captains very often; yet King climbed into the dogcart unexcitedly, after keeping the general waiting while he checked a trunk.

The general cracked his whip without any other comment than a smile. A blood mare tore sparks out of the macadam, and a dusty military road began to ribbon out between the wheels. Sentries in unexpected places announced themselves with a ring of shaken steels as their rifles came to the "present," which courtesses the general noticed with a raised whip. On the dogcart's high front seat, staring straight ahead of him between the horse's ears, King listened. The general did nearly all the talking.

"The North's the danger."

King grunted with the lids half-lowered over full, dark eyes. He did not look especially handsome in that attitude. Some men swear he looks like a Roman, and others liken him to a simple, all of them choosing to ignore the smile that can transform his face into that of a young man.

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not keeping back more than a mere handful to hold the tribes in check." King nodded. There has never been peace along the northwest border. It did not need vision to foresee trouble from that quarter. In fact it must have been partly on the strength of some of King's reports that the general was planning now.

"Well, the tribes'll know presently how many men we're sending overseas. There've been rumors about Khyber by the hundred lately. They're cooking something. Can you imagine 'em keeping quiet now?"

"That depends, sir. Yes, I can imagine it."

The general laughed. "That's why I sent for you. I need a man with imagination! There's a woman you've got to work with on this occasion who can imagine a shade or two too much. What's worse, she's ambitious. So I chose you to work with her."

King's lips stiffened under his mustache, and the corners of his eyes wrinkled into crow's feet to correspond. Eyes are never coal-black, of course, but his looked it at that minute.

"You know we've sent men to Khyber who are said to have entered the caves. Not one of 'em has ever returned."

King frowned.

"She claims she can enter the caves and come out again at pleasure. She has offered to do it, and I have accepted. Can you guess who she is?"

"Not Yasmini?" King hazarded, and the general nodded. The helmet-strap mark, printed indelibly on King's jaw and cheek by the Indian sun, tightened and grew whiter—as the general noted out of the corner of his eye.

"Know her?"

"Know of her, of course, sir. Everybody does. Never met her to my knowledge."

"Um-m-m! Whose fault was that? Somebody ought to have seen to that. Go to Delhi now and meet her. I'll send her a wire to say you're coming. She knows I've chosen you. She tried to insist on full discretion, but I overruled her."

King's tongue licked his lips, and his eyes wrinkled. The general's voice became the least shade more authoritative.

"When you see her, get a pass from her that'll take you into Khyber caves! Ask her for it! For the sake of appearances I'll gazette you seconded to the Khyber rifles. For the sake of success, get a pass from her!"

"Very well, sir."

"You've a brother in the Khyber rifles, haven't you? Was it you or your brother who visited Khyber once and sent in a report?"

"I did, sir."

He spoke without pride. Even the brigade of British-Indian cavalry that went to Khyber on the strength of his report and leveled its defenses with the ground, had not been able to find the famous caves. Yet the caves themselves are a byword.

"There's talk of a jihad (holy war). There's worse than that! When you went to Khyber, what was your chief object?"

"To find the source of the everlasting rumors about the so-called 'Heart of the Hills,' sir."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I read your report. You didn't find anything, did you? Well, the story is now that the 'Heart of the Hills' has come to life. So the spies say."

King whistled softly.

"There's no guessing what it means," said the general. "Go and work with Yasmini. The spies keep bringing in rumors of ten thousand men in Khyber caves, and of another large lashkar not far away from Khyber. There must be no jihad, King! India is all but defenseless! This story about a 'Heart of the Hills' coming to life may presage unity of action and a holy war such as the world has not seen. Go up there and stop it if you can. At least, let me know the facts."

King granted. To stop a holy war single handed would be rather like stopping the wind—possibly easy enough, if one knew the way. Yet he knew no general would throw away a man like himself on a useless venture. He began to look happy.

The general clucked to the mare and one wheel ceased to touch the gravel as they whirled along a semi-circular drive. Under the porch of a pretentious residence, sentries saluted, the sails swung down and in less than sixty seconds King was following the general through a wide entrance into a crowded hall. The in-

stant the general's fat figure darkened the doorway twenty men of higher rank than King, native and English, rose from lined-up chairs and pressed forward.

"Sorry—have to keep you all waiting—busy!" He waved them aside with a little apologetic gesture. "Come in here, King."

King followed him through a door that slammed tight behind him on rubber jambs.

"Sit down!"

The general unlocked a steel drawer and began to rummage among the papers in it. In a minute he produced a package, bound in rubber bands, with a faded photograph face upward on the top.

"That's the woman! How d'you like the look of her?"

King took the package and for a minute stared hard at the likeness of a woman whose fame has traveled up and down India, until her witchery has become a proverb. She was



"That's the Woman! How Do You Like the Look of Her?"

dressed as a dancing woman, yet very few dancing women could afford to be dressed as she was.

The general watched his face with eyes that missed nothing.

"Remember—I said work with her!" King looked up and nodded.

"They say she's three parts Russian," said the general. "To my knowledge she speaks Russian like a native, and about twenty other tongues as well, including English. She was the girl widow of a rascally hill rajah. I've heard she loved her rajah. And I've heard she didn't! There's another story that she poisoned him. I know she got away with his money—and that's proof enough of brains! Some say she's a she-devil. I think that's an exaggeration, but bear in mind she's dangerous!"

King grinned. A man who trusts Eastern women over readily does not rise far in the secret service.

"If you've got nous enough to keep on her soft side and use her—not let her use you—you can keep the 'Hills' quiet and the Khyber safe! If you can contrive that—now—in this pinch—there's no limit for you! Commander in chief shall be your job before you're sixty!"

King pocketed the photograph and papers. "I'm well enough content, sir, as things are," he said quietly.

The general paced once across the room and once back again, with hands behind him. Then he stopped in front of King.

"No man in India has a stiffer task than you have now! A jihad launched from the 'Hills' would mean anarchy in the plains. That would entail sending back from France an army that can't be spared. There must—no—be—no—jihad, King! There must—no—be—no—jihad! Keep that in your head!"

"What arrangements have been made with her, sir?"

"Practically none! She's watching the spies in Delhi, but they're likely to break for the 'Hills' any minute. Then they'll be arrested. When that happens the fate of India may be in your hands and hers! Get out of my way now, until tiffin-time!"

In a way that some men never learn, King proceeded to efface himself entirely among the crowd in the hall, contriving to say nothing of any account to anybody until the great gong boomed and the general led them all in to his long dining table. Yet he did not look furtive or secretive. Nobody noticed him, and he noticed everybody. There is nothing whatever secretive about that.

The fare was plain, and the meal a perfunctory affair. The general and his guests were there for no other reason than to eat food, and only the man who happened to seat himself next to King—a major by the name of Hyde—spoke to him at all.

"Why aren't you with your regiment?" he asked.

"Because the general asked me to lunch, sir!"

"I suppose you've been pestering him for an appointment!"

King, with his mouth full of curry, did not answer, but his eyes smiled.

After lunch he was closeted with the general again for twenty minutes. Then one of the general's carriages took him to the station; and it did not appear to trouble him at all that the other occupant of the carriage was the self-same Major Hyde who had sat next him at lunch. In fact, he smiled so pleasantly that Hyde grew exasperated. Neither of them spoke. At the station Hyde lost his temper openly, and King left him abusing an unhappy native servant.

The station was crammed to suffocation by a crowd that roared and writhed and smelt to high heaven. But the general himself had telephoned for King's reservation, so he took his time. There were din and stink and dust beneath a savage sun, shaken into reverberations by the scream of an engine's safety valve. It was India in essence and awake—India arising out of lethargy—India as she's more often nowadays—and it made King, for the time being of the Khyber rifles, happier than some other men can be in ballrooms.

Any one who watched him—and there was at least one man who did—must have noticed his strange ability, almost like that of water, to reach the point he aimed for, through, and not around, the crowd.

He neither shoved nor argued. Orders and blows would have been equally useless, for had he tried the crowd could not have obeyed, and it was in no mind to try. Without the least apparent effort he arrived—and there is no other word that quite describes it—he arrived. He climbed into his carriage and leaned from the window.

"Why are you here?" asked an acid voice behind him; and without troubling to turn his head, he knew that Major Hyde was to be his carriage mate again.

"Orders," said King.

"Is that your answer?" asked the major. Balked ambition is an ugly horse to ride. He had tried for a command but had been shelved.

"I have sufficient authority," said King, untroubled. He spoke as if he were thinking of something entirely different. His eyes were as if they saw the major from a very long way off and rather approved of him on the whole.

"Show me your authority, please!"

King dived into an inner pocket and produced a card that had about ten words written on its face, above a general's signature. Hyde read it and passed it back.

"So you're one of those, are you?" he said in a tone of voice that would start a fight in some parts of the world and in some services. But King nodded cheerfully, and that annoyed the major more than ever; he snorted, closed his mouth with a snap and turned to rearrange the sheet and pillow on his berth.

### CHAPTER II.

The train pulled out, amid a din of voices from the left-behind that nearly drowned the panting of the overloaded engine. Hyde all but stripped himself and drew on striped pajamas. King was content to lie in shirt sleeves on the other berth, with knees raised, so that Hyde could not overlook the general's papers. At his ease he studied them one by one, memorizing a string of names, with details as to their owners' antecedents and probable present whereabouts. There were several photographs in the packet, and he studied them very carefully indeed.

But much more carefully of all he examined Yasmini's portrait, returning to it again and again. He reached the conclusion in the end that when it was taken she had been cunningly disguised.

"This was intended for purpose of identification at a given time and place," he told himself.

"Were you muttering at me?" asked Hyde.

"No sir. Nothing of the sort intended."

Hyde turned an indignant back on him, and King studied the back as if he found it interesting. On the whole he looked sympathetic, so it was as well that Hyde did not look around. Balked ambition as a rule loathes sympathy.

After many prickly-hot, interminable, jolting hours the train drew up at Rawal-Pindi station. Instantly King was on his feet with his tunic on, and he was out on the blazing hot platform before the train's motion had quite ceased.

He began to walk up and down, not elbowing but percolating through the crowd, missing nothing worth noticing in all the hot kaleidoscope and seeming to find new amusement at every turn. It was not in the least astonishing that a well-dressed native should address him presently, for he looked genial enough to be asked to hold a baby.

King himself did not seem surprised at all. Far from it; he looked pleased.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in glib babu English. "I am seeking Captain King sahib, for whom my brother is veree anxious to be servant. Can

you kindlee tell me, sir, where I could find Captain King sahib?"

"Certainly," King answered him. He looked glad to be of help. "Are you traveling on this train?"

The question sounded like politeness welling from the lips of unsuspection.

"Yes, sir. I am traveling from this place where I have spent a few days, to Bombay, where my business is."

"How did you know King sahib is on the train?" King asked him, smiling so genially that even the police could not have charged him with more than curiosity.

"By telegram, sir. My brother had the misfortune to miss Captain King sahib at Peshawur and therefore sent a telegram to me asking me to do what I can at an interview."

"I see," said King. "I see." And judging by the sparkle in his eyes as he looked away, he could see a lot. But the native could not see his eyes at that instant, although he tried to.

He looked back at the train, giving the man a good chance to study his face in profile.

"See that carriage?" he asked, pointing. "The fourth first-class carriage from the end? Well—there are only two of us in there; I'm Major Hyde, and the other is Captain King. I'll tell Captain King to look out for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the native humbly. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

King nodded good-by to him, his dark eyes in the shadow of the khaki helmet seeing scarcely interested any longer.

"Couldn't you find another berth?" Hyde asked him angrily when he stepped back into the compartment. "What were you out there looking for?"

King smiled back at him blandly.

"I think there are railway thieves on the train," he announced without any effort at relevance. He might not have heard the question.

Hyde snorted and returned to his seat in the silence of unspeakable scorn. But presently he opened a suitcase and drew out a repeating pistol which he cocked carefully and stowed beneath his pillow; not at all a contemptible move, because the Indian railway thief is the most resourceful specialist in the world. But King took no overt precautions of any kind.

After more interminable hours night shut down on them, red-hot, black-dark, mesmerically subdivided into seconds by the thump of carriage wheels and lit at intervals by showers of sparks from the gasping engine. Then King, strangely without kicking off his shoes, drew a sheet up over his shoulders. On the opposite berth Hyde covered his head, to keep dust out of his hair, and presently King heard him begin to snore gently. Then, very carefully he adjusted his own position so that his profile lay outlined in the dim light from the gas lamp in the roof. He might almost have been waiting to be snatched. Long after midnight his vigil was rewarded by a slight sound at the door. From that instant his eyes were on the watch, under dark closed lashes; but his even breathing was that of the seventh stage of sleep that knows no dreams.

A click of the door-latch heralded the appearance of a hand. With skill, of the sort that only special training can develop, a man in native dress insinuated himself into the carriage.



He Feigned Sleep So Successfully That the Native Turned Away at Last.

Without making another sound of any kind, King's ears are part of the equipment for his exacting business, but he could not hear the door click shut again.

For about five minutes, while the train swayed headlong into Indian darkness, the man stood listening and watching King's face. He stood so near that King recognized him for the one who had accosted him on Rawal-Pindi platform. And he could see the outline of the knife-hilt that the man's fingers clutched underneath his shirt. He feigned sleep so successfully that the native turned away at last.

"Thought so!" He dared open his eyes a mite wider. "He's pukka—true to type! Rob first and then kill!"

As he watched, the thief drew the sheet back from Hyde's face, with trained fingers that could have taken spectacles from the victim's nose without his knowledge. Then as fish glide in and out among the reeds without touching them, swift and soft and unseen, his fingers searched Hyde's body. They found nothing.

King moved in his sleep, rather noisily, and the movement knocked a book to the floor from the foot of his berth. The noise of that awake Hyde, and King pretended to begin to wake, yawning and rolling on his back (that being much the safest position an unarmed man can take and much the most awkward for his enemy).

"Thieves!" Hyde yelled at the top of his lungs, groping wildly for his pistol and not finding it.

King sat up and rubbed his eyes. The native drew the knife, and—believing himself in command of the situation—hesitated for one priceless second. He saw his error and darted for the door too late. With a movement unbelievably swift King was there ahead of him; and with another movement not so swift, but much more disconcerting, he threw his sheet as the reticent used to throw a net in ancient Rome. It wrapped round the native's head and arms, and the two went together to the floor in a twisted stranglehold.

In another half-minute the native was groaning, for King had his knife-wrist in two hands and was bending it backward while he pressed the man's stomach with his knees.

The knife fell to the floor, and the thief made a gallant effort to recover it, but King was too strong for him. He seized the knife himself, slipped it in his own bosom and resumed his hold before the native guessed what he was after. The train screamed itself to a standstill at a wayside station, and a man with a lantern began to chant the station's name. The instant the train's motion altogether ceased the heat shut in on them as if the lid of Tophet had been slammed. The prickly heat burst out all over Hyde's skin and King's too.

There was plenty of excuse for relaxing hold, and King made full use of it. A second later he gave a very good pretense of pain in his finger ends as the thief burst free. The native made a dive at his bosom for the knife, but he frustrated that. Then he made a prodigious effort, just too late, to clutch the man again, and he did succeed in tearing loose a piece of shirt; but the feeling robber must have wondered, as he bolted into the bucker shadows of the station building, why such an iron-fingered, wide-awake sahib should have made such a truly feeble showing at the end.

"Hang it!—couldn't you hold him? Were you afraid of him, or what?" demanded Hyde, beginning to dress himself. Instead of answering, King leaned out into the lamp-lit gloom, and in a minute he caught sight of a sergeant of native infantry passing down the train. He made a sign that brought the man to him on the run.

"Did you see that runaway?" he asked.

"Ya, sahib. I saw one running. Shall I follow?"

"No. This piece of his shirt will identify him. Take it. Hide it! When a man with a torn shirt, into which that piece fits, makes for the telegraph office after this train has gone on, see that he is allowed to send any telegrams he wants to! Only, have copies of every one of them wired to Captain King, care of the stationmaster, Delhi. Have you understood?"

"Ha, sahib."

"Grab him, and lock him up tight afterward—but not until he has sent his telegrams!"

"Atcha, sahib."

"Make yourself scarce, then!"

Major Hyde was dressed, having performed that military evolution in something less than record time.

"Who was that you were talking to?" he demanded. But King did not seem to understand until the native sergeant had quite vanished into the shadows.

The engine shrieked of death and torment; the heat relaxed as the engine moved—loosened—let go—lifted at last, and a trainload of hot passengers sighed thanks.

"What are you looking at?" Hyde demanded at last, sitting on King's berth.

"Only a knife," said King. He was standing under the dim gas lamp that helped make the darkness more unbearable. He stowed the knife away in his bosom, and the major crossed to his own side.

In Delhi, King meets Rewa Gunga, Yasmini's man, who tells him she has already gone north. In Yasmini's house the captain is given his first test of character.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## RODE HORSE, PAID FOR IT WITH LIFE

Champion Woman Rough Rider of World Dies as Result of Daring Feat.

Denver, Colo.—"Well, I rode her!" were the dying words of Mrs. Ed. Wright, champion woman rough rider of the world, when she was picked up at Union park here, after being thrown by a wild horse during a field day celebration for the benefit of Colorado National Guardsmen, encamped here.

Mrs. Wright died before she reached a hospital.

Too proud to admit before a crowded grandstand that she dared not ride the bucking broncho, the woman mounted Gentle Annie amid great cheering by the cowboys who had taunted her



Succeeded in Subduing Her Mount.

when she first declined to ride the animal. Mrs. Wright succeeded in subduing her mount from his furious bucking, but Gentle Annie started on a wild gallop toward a corral. Before the cowboys, who immediately started in pursuit, could catch the fleeing horse, the animal plunged through a wire fence, stumbled and slid along the ground with Mrs. Wright still in the saddle. A part of the saddle caught in the fence and the broncho raised its heels in the air, and they fell to the ground again. As it rose it stepped on the woman's face, crushing her skull.

## FAT MAN—BAD; FAT CONDUCTOR—WORSE

Atlanta, Ga.—Fat conductors are taboo with the local street car company as the result of suits filed by Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shields against the company because a conductor was too fat. The suits allege that the conductor on a car on which Mrs. Shields rode home was so big that she could not get by him, and in trying to squeeze through she fell to the street and was seriously injured.

## HAD UNIQUE LOVE SYSTEM

Poet, Author and Soldier of Cleveland Won Many Women by Correspondence.

Cleveland.—John Francis Beckwith, poet, author and soldier, was arrested recently because of his successful method of making love by mail. He was accused of winning the hearts of women and then procuring money from them.

Beckwith had a complete system of love correspondence, beginning with a friendly letter referring lightly to love. One by one the letters increased in the intensity of their love expressions. A masterful English Beckwith finished up the mail campaign with such fervor that "they all fell for it."

When arrested, Beckwith had five names of 75 women in towns and cities throughout the country. He kept a ledger telling how far the correspondence had advanced in each case. The replies from some women made it evident that the time was ripe for procuring the "loan."

Beckwith served as an English officer through the Boer war. He is a college graduate, holding two degrees. He was born in Norway, his father having been a former chief justice of the Norwegian Supreme court.

"I hate women," said Beckwith, when arrested.

## Fingers Betray Him

Eldora, Ia.—Jeff Freed, who worked on a forger's charge, who worked at the Excelsior restaurant here, was caught by a private investigator and identified through fingerprints and a soap plate in the finger prints of the proprietor explaining that the finger prints were in the soap.

Snail Phil has been agitated green while Mrs. openers crawl

The Republican-Journal GENOA, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 THE YEAR

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



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

REDUCING DISTRIBUTION COSTS

The New York Food Commission makes the statement that the wholesaler takes but 10% of the cost of food for his expenses and profits. The middleman has long been a favorite object of execration. It will surprise many people to learn that his costs are not more than 10%.

Much waste motion should be eliminated. It seems to work about in this way. Years ago a firm starting as wholesalers would erect their warehouse on a city street, without much reference to economy in receiving and shipping goods.

Trucking facilities in many cities are said to be so inadequate that truckmen have to line up at 11 o'clock the night before to get loads to start out with at 5 o'clock the next morning.

According to Gen. Pershing, our soldiers in France ought not to have more than \$10 a month spending money apiece. His theory is that if the married men are sending all their money home, while unmarried men are spending it freely on small comforts and enjoyments, an undemocratic difference is created.

THE SOLDIER'S MONEY

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Our boys are in training and some are at the front. They must have the very best of clothing, eatables, medical care and comfort. It is more than due them. You can't go and fight with a sacred duty to see that they positively do not want for anything.

Recently Vincent Astor offered his palatial home on the banks of the Hudson river to the government for war purposes. It cost something like eight million dollars.

Court House News

Real Estate Transfers Sycamore—Mary Sorenson by administrator's deed to Hans Jensen, ex ry Waterman & Ellwood's Addn., \$650.

Genoa is not afraid of that second Liberty Loan, now having the center of the stage. We believe the community will subscribe the amount expected of it.

Uncle Sam needs the money. The war is making big demands upon his purse. By rights if the Government can legally impress man into the service of the army it can also impress a man's dollar into the service of the country.

When you have the backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladder.

in taxes You Don't Get The Interest and Don't Get Back The Money. We are confident that Genoa will see the difference and act accordingly.

In going over preliminary farm labor reports from the various districts in Illinois, State Food Administrator Harry A. Wheeler cautions farmers and farm administrators not to lay too much stress on some of the reports getting into the daily press.

Mr. Wheeler assures local food administrators in all parts of the state that every effort will be made to spread the farm labor supply over the state so as to meet the demand for a record farm crop for 1918.

Today Germany is an outlaw among the nations, and is being hunted as civilized men hunt a man-eating tiger. The sole and nearly important business of the world at this moment is to subdue Germany, and either cause her to see and realize the enormity of her offenses, or beat her to the ground.

WHAT ILLINOIS EDITORS SAY

Government price fixing is beginning to bear fruit. On the assurance that the price of flour will be reduced by official order to \$11 a barrel, New York bakers have agreed to sell a first-quality loaf of fourteen ounces for eight cents.—DeKalb Independent.

Nine sons of Cabinet officers are to fight and it is not arranged for them to remain skin-whole either, as in the case of the Kaiser's sons. Secretary Daniel's son, for instance, is a private in the marine corps and all the others are listed to see danger in either the navy, the artillery or the aviation corps.—DeKalb Independent.

Memories of the horrors surrounding the sinking of the Lusitania have remained undimmed since the attack. But relations at the present time of German plotters' plans against the boat intensify any latent feeling and should be enough to stir the fighting blood of the most enthusiastic pacifist.—Elgin News.

The contest is on in full blast, get your votes with every purchase, Olmsted's.

All the newest styles in furs for women and children at manufacturers' prices on Saturday, Oct. 20, at Chandler's, DeKalb, Ill.

Mrs. Herman Hoppe, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Ovitiz Hospital, was removed to her home in Kingston Wednesday.

The George Dolby farm of 160 acres, located 7 miles northwest of this city was recently purchased by Victor Meyers of Union.

A good time is assured at the Suffragette Benefit Dance at the Auditorium Friday evening, Oct. 19. Be sure and go.

Save money and buy your furs direct from the makers at Chandler's fur sale on Saturday, Oct. 20.

Rev. R. E. Pierce, who leaves Genoa this week, was presented with a fountain pen by the local lodge of Odd Fellows of which he is a member.

The Dress Skirts at Olmsted's are a pleasant surprise to any buyer.

Eldridge sewing machine at Cooper's. Be sure and go, where the crowd goes Friday night. Suffragette Benefit dance at the Auditorium. Dance tickets, \$1.00.

Silk and Satine undershirts 98c up, Olmsted's.

Before buying a lighting system for your farm see H. J. Glass, who has recently been appointed agent in this section for the Jupiter Plant, one of the best on the market.

When looking for a suitable wedding or birthday gift, step into Martin's. He can show you splendid values in silverware and other articles in the jewelry line.

WEEK'S SOCIAL EVENTS

MRS. HELEN SEYMOUR, Editor

Entertains at Cards Mrs. Chas. Maderer entertained a number of friends at military five hundred Friday evening in honor of Mr. Maderer, who on that day celebrated his birthday.

Party for Mrs. Pierce Mrs. R. E. Pierce was the guest of honor at a farewell party given at the home of Miss Gladys Brown Monday evening. Guests numbered about thirty and were Mrs. E. M. Crawford, assistant S. S. teacher and the young ladies of Mrs. Pierce's S. S. class.

Knitting Bee The ladies of the east end had their knitting bee at the home of Mrs. Fannie King on Monday afternoon. There were several ladies present who have just learned the art of handling the knitting needles.

Eastern Star Initiates Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Harlow and Miss Edith Smith became affiliates with the Eastern Star at Genoa at the Masonic hall Tuesday evening. After the initiatory work Mrs. Florence Elklor favored with a vocal selection which delighted her audience.

Linoleum at Cooper's. Diamonds at Martin's. Sure we sell hats, Olmsted's. Bring in those windows for new glass. W. W. Cooper.

Fireproof casseroles, special price, \$1.48, Olmsted's. Manufacturers sale of furs Saturday, Oct. 20, at Chandler's, DeKalb, Ill.

Those new coats are well worth the money, Olmsted's. Dishes at Cooper's.

Martin has a fine assortment of stick pins and brooches. All the newest designs. H. E. Vandresser, who has been ill for some time, is again able to be out about the house.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brown announce the birth of a daughter at the Ovitiz Hospital, Friday, Oct. 12.

Special, Ladies black hose at 20c per pair, Olmsted's.

Lewis Rex of Earlville has purchased the 240 acre farm 7 miles north of Genoa from J. A. Frank.

When thinking of underwear, think Munsing, the best, Olmsted's.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Alfred Buck on Thursday afternoon of next week.

Jas. R. Kierman will have a car load of those fancy Idaho potatoes in a few days. Leave your order now.

All the newest styles in furs for women and children at manufacturers' prices on Saturday, Oct. 20, at Chandler's, DeKalb, Ill.

Olmsted's are showing some dandy Georgette Crepe waists, see them.

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Rev. R. E. Pierce, who leaves Genoa this week, was presented with a fountain pen by the local lodge of Odd Fellows of which he is a member.

The Dress Skirts at Olmsted's are a pleasant surprise to any buyer.

Eldridge sewing machine at Cooper's. Be sure and go, where the crowd goes Friday night. Suffragette Benefit dance at the Auditorium. Dance tickets, \$1.00.

Silk and Satine undershirts 98c up, Olmsted's.

Before buying a lighting system for your farm see H. J. Glass, who has recently been appointed agent in this section for the Jupiter Plant, one of the best on the market.

When looking for a suitable wedding or birthday gift, step into Martin's. He can show you splendid values in silverware and other articles in the jewelry line.

This was followed by a spread such as only the Easter Star Chapter can arrange. The evening was one of much pleasure and a goodly number were present.

Party for Mrs. Pierce Mrs. R. E. Pierce was the guest of honor at a farewell party given at the home of Miss Gladys Brown Monday evening. Guests numbered about thirty and were Mrs. E. M. Crawford, assistant S. S. teacher and the young ladies of Mrs. Pierce's S. S. class.

Knitting Bee The ladies of the east end had their knitting bee at the home of Mrs. Fannie King on Monday afternoon. There were several ladies present who have just learned the art of handling the knitting needles.

Special Fur Sale On Saturday, Oct. 20th our manufacturers entire line of fur coats, mufflers and scarfs will be here for a special one day's sale.

Mass will be celebrated at St. Catherine's church next Sunday morning at 10:00 o'clock. The Mission, which is being held this week closes at 2:00 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The body of Mrs. Hines, who died the first of the week at the home of her son, Ben Rendell, in Chicago, was brought to this city for burial Wednesday. Services were held at the M. E. church, Rev. R. E. Pierce officiating. Joe Rendell of DeKalb is also a son of the deceased.

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

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

Military department always at your service, Olmsted's. Good, warm coats, last year's style, at \$5 and \$9.48, Olmsted's.

In the display window of the Exchange Bank is an interesting collection of photographs and group pictures of the men who have gone to war from this community especially.

This collection is a concrete argument for those who stay at home to buy Liberty Bonds liberally to back up the boys who gave themselves for the trenches.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Maderer and daughter, Emma; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Glass and daughters, Dorothy, Lorene and Lucille; Misses Frances Dunn, Myrtle Larson, Messers, F. W. Olmsted, Maynard Olmsted and Lefty Pratt motored to DeKalb Sunday and where guests of Miss Larson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Larson.

Miss Leta Place of Rockford was a guest at the Wm. Watson home on Friday. Miss Place and Miss Cora Watson formerly taught in the same school at Lombard.

SCHOOL NOTES

The program the Literary Society had planned for Friday afternoon of this week has been postponed. The date will be announced later. There will, however, be a short business meeting.

Many of the high school students and several from the grammar school attended the Rural Fair at Ney Wednesday. The fair was especially beneficial and of unusual interest to the agricultural class. Mr. Mitchell was one of the judges of live stock.

Leander Fischbach was absent last week, owing to the death of his mother. He has the sympathy of the entire school.

The last period in the afternoon from 3:20 to 4:00 on Monday of each week, is to be set aside for military training. Last Monday the boys met and nineteen signed up for the course, which is to be given under the supervision of Mr. Mitchell, who is very capable of handling this part of the day's work as he had a course in military duties at DePau University.

IN ILLINOIS 100 YEARS AGO

Illinois narrowly escaped slavery on two or three noted occasions, but few people realize how nearly it came to starting out as a slave state, thru the general ownership of slaves by its inhabitants.

The scarcity of labor to work the broad prairie lands invited slave owning. A conscientious Englishman who had taken up land in Illinois wrote to Morris Birkbeck, first secretary of state of Illinois: "I would not have upon my conscience the moral guilt of extending slavery over countries now free from it, but if it should take place, I do not see why I should not make use of it. If I do not have servants I cannot farm; and there are no free laborers here, except a few so worthless, and yet so haughty, that an English gentleman can do nothing with them."

The indenture law made it possible for slave owners to settle in Illinois. Some did, but many hesitated to do so far fear conditions would be changed when Illinois became a state. For that reason they crossed Illinois and located in Missouri which was free from the restrictions contained in the ordinance of 1787.

Mrs. Kline Shipman, who has been taking treatments for the past six weeks of Dr. Clifford Smith in DeKalb, for a diseased cheek bone, had part of the bone removed on Tuesday of this week at the DeKalb Hospital.

AUCTIONEER

Having decided to enter the field as an auctioneer, I hereby announce that I am prepared to cry farm sales and solicit the handling of such work. I will stand half the bill for printing expense for all my sales. For terms and dates, call phone 351, Genoa, Ill. 49-41.\* BEN MOWERS.

Wear-U-Well Shoe Co.

WHY pay enormous prices when you can get shoes at factory price. SHOES-OVERSHOES RUBBERS-BOOTS

Cornwell Shoe Repair Shop

HAVE YOUR PIANO TUNED BY AN EXPERT

ROY E. CHENEY PIANO TUNING AND PLAYER-PIANO REPAIRING

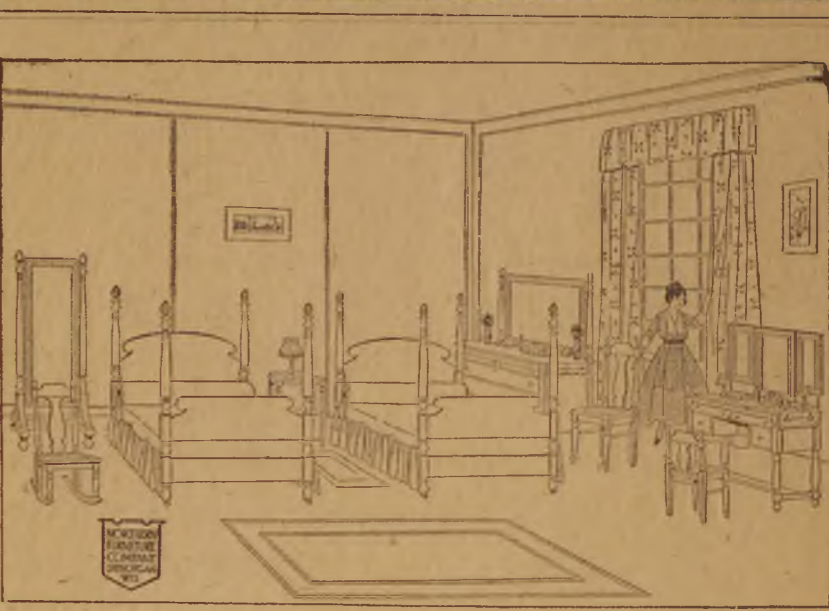
ALL WORK GUARANTEED PHONES: Sycamore 234 DeKalb 338

The Ellis Business College Graduates Get The Best Positions



One young man is employed in Elgin by "Uncle Sam" at \$1200.00 a year. Another begins today in the office of "Uncle Sam" at Washington, D. C., at \$1200.00 a year.

The ELLIS BUSINESS COLLEGE



Furniture Linoleum, and Rugs

You'll find here a large stock to select from.

BEDROOM FURNITURE

you will be suprised to see what a pretty suite you can have for so little money.

W. W. COOPER

Twice the Heat At One-third Less Cost

THERE IS A REASON

SOUNDS impossible, doesn't it? Yet you can have twice as much heat in your home this winter at one-third of last year's coal cost.

Storm Doors and Storm Sash

are added to your home. With these, the whole home is warmer and needs less coal because the outside cold air cannot enter thru the doors and windows—the usual unguarded parts of the house.

GENOA LUMBER CO.

GOOD GROCERIES

That is the only kind we handle. Our stock is turned often thereby enabling us to keep it fresh at all times.

When you buy groceries from us you are sure of getting the best and at prices that will bring a smile of satisfaction to your face.

E. J. Tischler, Gro

## This World Cannot Exist Half Despotism and Half Democracy

By Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University



One of the oldest and subtlest philosophies in the world teaches that the whole of history consists in the struggle between the principle of good and the principle of evil. It teaches that now one, now the other, is uppermost, but that as the good principle overcomes the evil, or as the evil principle overcomes the good, so mankind marches forward to freedom or it falls back into serfdom and slavery.

The great struggle between the good and the evil principle has taken, in this twentieth century, the form of a contest between two political and social principles which cannot live together in this world. And that is why this contest must be settled by force of arms.

If those two principles had anything in common, an adjustment between them might possibly be reached; but each principle absolutely excludes the other. As Abraham Lincoln said a generation ago, "This nation cannot exist half slave and half free," so it may be said today, "This world cannot exist half despotism and half democracy."

Democracy must in its way dispose of despotism or despotism will in its way overcome democracy. Therefore it is to no ordinary task that this nation goes forward. It is not a struggle to which one may be for a moment indifferent. It is the deepest and most tremendous conflict that all history records.

## Would Life Be Tolerable if the Power of Prussianism Held World by Throat?

By Otto H. Kahn, Banker and Philanthropist

It is the purpose of a common determination to fight and to bear and to dare everything and never to cease nor rest until the accursed thing which has brought upon the world the unutterable calamity, the devil's visitation of this appalling war, is destroyed beyond all possibility of resurrection.

That accursed thing is not a nation, but an evil spirit, a spirit which has made the government possessed by it and executing its abhorrent and bloody bidding, an abomination in the sight of God and men.

Speaking as one born of German parents, I do not hesitate to state it as my deep conviction that the greatest service which men of German birth or antecedents can render to the country of their origin is to proclaim and to stand up for the great and fine ideals and national qualities and traditions which they inherited from their ancestors, and to set their faces like flint against the monstrous doctrines and acts of a rulership which have robbed them of the Germany which they loved and in which they took just pride, the Germany which had the good will, respect and admiration of the entire world.

I measure my words. They are borne out all too emphatically by the hideous eloquence of deeds which have appalled the conscience of the civilized world. They are borne out by numberless expressions, written and spoken, of German professors employed by the state to teach its youth.

The burden of that teaching is that might makes right, and that the German nation has been chosen to exercise morally, mentally and actually, the overlordship of the world and must and will accomplish that task and that destiny whatever the cost in bloodshed, misery and ruin.

Would life be tolerable if the power of Prussianism, run mad and murderous, held the world by the throat, if the primacy of the earth belonged to a government steeped in the doctrines of a barbarous past and supported by a ruling caste which preaches the deification of sheer might, which despises liberty, hates democracy and would destroy both if it could?

It is not for glory or for riches or for honor that we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man loses but with his life.

## Railroads' Handling of War Work Shows What Can Be Done by "Team Work"

By R. H. Ashton, President of Chicago & North Western Railroad

Every railroad man in the United States, from section man up to president, owes it to himself and his country to do everything in his power to help win the war.

At a meeting in Washington immediately after the declaration of war with Germany, the heads of the railways agreed voluntarily and unanimously to subordinate every other interest to helping to win the war. The railroads made this pledge to the government and the public and they have kept it, regardless of the individual interest of any road.

The English railroads are being operated on a similar plan, but under a guaranty by the government of the same net earnings that they made before the war. Our government was not asked for and has not given to the railways any guaranty of net earnings. The railroads did not get the advance in rates which they felt was absolutely necessary in order to render the service required by the government and the public.

Did the railroads sulk and grumble as a consequence? On the contrary, they redoubled their efforts to discharge the enormous responsibilities forced upon them by war conditions. Sacrificing individual interests, I believe the railroads have given the greatest exhibition of "team work" the world ever saw.

It is almost impossible to realize what an enormous task the railroads are wrestling with. The combined freight traffic of fourteen of the largest countries in the world in the year 1915 is just about equal to the increase alone in the freight traffic of our railroads in this calendar year if the present rate is maintained—over that of the year 1915.

More remarkable is the fact that this gigantic volume of traffic is transported with practically no more equipment than our railroads had at the beginning of the war, because the builders cannot furnish the materials which would go into cars and locomotives. The great majority of shippers and receivers of freight have received hearty co-operation, in the more prompt loading of cars, and more intensive loading, and I believe that the railroads and their officers and employees will do all they deserve by the nation.

## Little Problems of Married Life

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

(Copyright)

TALKING HOME MATTERS OUTSIDE.

Have you ever met women who seem continually flying a flag of distress from the ship of matrimony? They give monologues on the slightest provocation, and often on the very slightest acquaintance, on the ever-nervous subject of their home troubles. They seem to be a private press association for syndicating news of domestic cares, worries and miseries. They keep their memories of home discord all labeled, classified and dated, and seem to take a collector's delight in parading them. It is a false advertising instinct that publishes the weakness of the matrimonial firm.

If the sky of the home is overcast and the sun of love is temporarily darkened by doubt or misunderstanding, it is not wise to bring in the neighbors to witness the eclipse. If there is a little sand in the sugar of home happiness, it really seems better to concentrate on the sweetness that remains than to carry around samples of the grit in envelopes of conversational confidence.

In the business world, when a firm has to pass through a period of sunless days and stress and storm; when they are long on hope and short on prosperity; when the partners enthusiastically agree with each other's policy; when the present looks grim and the future grimmer, they guard their confidences carefully; they fear their troubles may be known outside; they realize that they are facing a problem that must be solved from within, not exploited from without. They feel an esprit de corps that makes it seem disloyalty to talk matters over outside the breastworks. And in married life, love, loyalty, dignity, a basic mutual respect should make this guarding of the sanctity of the home even greater. Talking home matters outside is advertising the insolvency of harmony. It weakens the credit and reputation of the home firm, and often causes unjust ratings in the Bradstreet of society.

A temporary trouble, that may be merely a week's cloud in the home itself, may be recorded as a "Damaging tornado," if given intensity of life by being idly talked of outside the family walls. Gossip is a natural weed in the garden of conversation; it grows so freely and spontaneously that we need never plant with our own hands the seed of needless criticism, comment and condemnation of ourselves and of those who should be nearest and dearest to us.

There are times in the home when some grievance, real or fancied, swells our feeling to a dangerous high-tide of emotion; pique or pride may add a new pang to suffering, and, carried along by the torrent, we feel we must tell it to some one. It hardly matters what ears hear the story, so that we may have our hearts filled with the consoling music of sweet sympathy. It may be a natural hunger, but it is none the less dangerous. Its very nature may make it unjust.

In the intensity of feeling we concentrate in our complaint on the climax, the word, phrase or act that seems the essence of our hurt. But we rarely tell the true story truly; we unknowingly suppress part, slur over in innocent lightness our part of it—an incendiary word that added new fire, an unkind silence, perhaps, that made us equally guilty. This is the element that makes the telling unjust and intensifies its disloyalty; we eagerly drink in the sympathy, feel a moment's balm of righteousness in hearing the other condemned; and it usually intensifies and exaggerates our sense of hurt.

But when our wiser judgment returns and night dawns into day, and the bright sunlight pours in through the windows, we see things in a more normal perspective. Our high-strung emotions of the night before seem unjustified, foolish, with the garish disorder and confusion of a banquet table still standing the morning after. We would give so much to buy back our confidence of the night before, and would pay a good premium just to be able to lock our secret again in the silence of the unspoken. But that is one thing that all our most earnest prayers and sincere repentance cannot bring to pass. What we have told, we have told, and it has gone from our keeping.

This is the cyclical confession, understandable, and even forgivable, perhaps as a cloudburst; but there is a mean drizzle of complaint, a constant fog of petty charges, that is one of the worst phases of talking home matters outside. When a husband adopts the martyr pose and talks freely of all the things he has to put up with at home, interposing sample home conversations and incidents, one longs to take him into a corner, remove this "Dead March in Saul" cylinder from the photograph of his conversation and put in a "Home Sweet Home" one. When a wife feels that every one must be interested in her story of her difficulties in divorcing her husband from a little money for household expenses, and continuously endures herself with similar narratives in her repertoire, one cannot but feel, somehow, a good deal of sympathy—with the husband.

If the horse-power energy that married people thus put into syndicating

their trials, sorrows and troubles were concentrated on trying to lessen the cause; on seeking, through love, to discover a way out; through mutual esteem to reach a truer basis of understanding and harmony, they would accomplish wonders and would realize that the larger part of their suffering is cruelly wrong because—preventable. Advertising it to the world publishes, of course, the competition, but does not bring a solution. They should some time stand reverently for a while before one of those modern engines that consume their own smoke, and then heed the moral of this sermon in mechanism.

Confidences on vital home matters are dangerous in proportion to their importance; they imply so much that they should be entrusted, if at all, only perhaps to one or two, whose tested love, honor and loyalty make doubt seem sacrilege. There are friends of the mind, friends of the heart and friends of the soul. It is with the last only that we have assurance and certainty that open ears will ever be associated with closed lips, that any message committed to them is stored in the holy of holies of memory, where speech can never reach it to reveal it.

In life, usually, the only absolute, incontestable insurance of a secret is to tell it to no one. If one does not want a fact known it is wise not to tell any part of it. Partial confidences are dangerous, because in time the separate pieces retained in the memory of the listener may be carefully put together, like the irregular sections of a dissected map. Sometimes a word, a suggestion, an inadvertent phrase, meaningless in itself, vitalizes unnoted trifles of old memories, which suddenly combine and stand out, vivid and luminous in a moment as a complete revelation, such as the speaker never intended to give. There are sometimes exclamations that are life-revelations in a word, autobiographical confessions in an unguarded phrase.

Sometimes in the desire for sympathy or advice, one is tempted to tell a home problem impersonally, or rather in the third person, as the life-experience of some dear friend, with a hazardous confidence in the safety of the alibi; but the turning of a phrase, a sudden tension of emotion, a feverish note of protest or plea may tend to puncture the frail bubble of deception. The vicarious sympathy may be forthcoming, but it hardly pays for the risk. The advice under such circumstances is valueless, because it is not based on the absolute knowledge of every detail requisite for true judgment and counsel really beneficial to the one asking advice and help in some individual crisis.

Circumstances, personality and character are so interrelated that it is difficult, impossible, indeed, for one human being to give an opinion on the merits of a question affecting two others when he knows really little about them. Such advice might well be not only worthless, but harmful. Far better is it to deny even this indulgence to oneself—for, after all, it is only an indulgence.

There is unwisdom in talking too freely even of happiness in married life outside the home walls. It may give a new touch of pain to one struggling with a serious heart problem and unable to see a way out. It may be a tax on the courtesy and patience of those who cannot be expected to feel a deep personal interest in the vaunted joys of another. Often in the swift current of speech one may speak of some little domestic episode that should be held too sacred for the ears of others. What may be sweet and dear, in the words and acts of either, may seem but silly sentimentality translated by unsympathetic minds and repeated with variations by wantonly wagging tongues.

Should there be any drop in the value of the home stock and one no longer tells of the pearls of happiness, the very silence will be construed as a confession and may bring a trail of humiliation or criticism and gossip. It may entail lying and hypocrisy to sustain the old record.

True happiness rarely boasts; it radiates. If it really exists the little world that cares at all, the few who have real heart interest in the two, will reach it in the eyes more truly than from the lips, more in the voice than in the words. It will glow and pervade an atmosphere of sweetness, trust, peace and comradeship, manifesting itself in a hundred little ways that tell the story without words as a rose reveals its presence through its perfume, the sun the light and warmth it radiates. True happiness need not advertise; it has merely to exist to make itself felt.

When the home problems assume the acute phase when confidence somewhere seems compelling, then let husband and wife confide more closely in each other, realizing that their problem must first be tried by this council of two, if it is really to be solved at all. In the sweet, honest, frank interchange of views, seeking, not the blame of either, but the happiness of both; letting no personal pettiness or false sense of momentary triumph eclipse the looked-for justice, and feeling that, for the time, the great struggling, busy world outside is too microscopically small to be worthy of a thought, when weighed in the balance of their united happiness—their happiness in union and unity—then, in such a spirit, and only in such a one, great things become possible.

It is this spirit of the finality of the two, love recognizing no higher court of appeal in the world around them, that holds the ideal of married life so high that it would seem the desecrating hand of an outsider touching the ark of the covenant of their love even to think of talking these matters over outside the sacred walls of home.

## The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

A DELAYED BREAKFAST GIVES WARREN A CHANCE TO RAIL AT HELEN'S INCOMPETENCY

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel Herbert Urner

"Dora," rapping on the door of the maid's room, "Mr. Curtis wants breakfast in the morning at seven."

A faint sizzling of the radiator was the only answer. Helen rapped again, then turned the knob and glanced in. Through the darkness gleamed the smooth whiteness of the empty bed.

"Dear, she's not in yet," hurrying back to the bedroom. "It's after eleven."

"Here's a button to sew on." Warren flung her the vest he had just taken off.

"Must I do it now? Will you wear this suit tomorrow?"

"Yes, and fix this while you're at it," taking off his suspenders, one leather loop of which was torn.

Drawing a chair to her sewing table, Helen searched for a gray vest button and listened expectantly for Dora. To stay out after eleven the maid was supposed to ask permission, but of late Dora had seemed inclined to ignore this rule.

"She hasn't come yet," worriedly, when she laid the vest and suspenders on the chair with Warren's clothes.

"What of it?" He came out of the bathroom rubbing his wet hair with a towel. "You can't make 'em toe the mark all the time."

"But how'll I tell her about breakfast?"

"Leave a note on her door. Hustle now—it'll take you an hour to get to bed."

Pinning a hastily scrawled note on Dora's door, Helen hurried through her bath. By the time she was ready for bed, Warren was asleep and she crept in without arousing him.

The library clock struck twelve, but still there was no sound of Dora coming in. So the girl was deliberately ignoring her orders! She would speak to her very plainly tomorrow.

Dozing off, Helen was awakened by a sound from the kitchen. Sitting up in bed, she listened tensely.

Then, feeling for her slippers, she groped her way out through the dining room. But Dora's room was still dark and empty. Pussy Purr-Mew must have been the intruder, for now she was rubbing against Helen's nightgown, her soft fur tickling her bare ankles.

"What the devil are you prowling about for?" growled Warren, when she came back to bed.

"I thought I heard Dora."

"Jumping up every ten minutes to see if she's in, eh? Well, you cut that—and go to sleep."

Turning over, with enforced quiet, Helen tried to induce drowsiness. But the clock struck one before her brooding indignation merged into a dream-worried stupor.

"H? What time is that?" Warren was on his elbow peering blindly at the bedside clock.

Instantly awake, Helen sprang up with a dismayed:

"Oh—oh, it's after seven! And you wanted an early breakfast!"

"Never get anything you want in this house," as he lurched out of bed.

"I'll hurry her up! Breakfast'll be ready by the time you are."

It was not until Helen ran out to the dining room and was confronted by the drawn shades and unset table that the memory of Dora's late hours came with a rush.

So she had overslept! This was the result of her staying out until after midnight. But at the sight of the note still pinned to her door, Helen's flaming indignation changed to anxiety.

Bursting into the room, the empty bed and Dora's idle apron held an alarming note. Something must have happened.

with your pottering 'round—than to go out and get a real meal."

But Helen had already darted into her room to dress. Not waiting to brush her hair, she covered it with a bouffant cap, threw on a loose negligee and flustered out to the kitchen.

Warren's slighting comments on her culinary inefficiency were not wholly undeserved, for about cooking Helen was painfully slow.

This lack of speed was due partly to inexperience and partly to her fastidious overcleanliness. Every pot or pan that she took from the shelves had to be thoroughly rinsed before it was used and every fork and spoon held under the running water.

When she finally got the coffee started, she rushed in to set the table. Freshly groomed and with a brisk alertness that made Helen conscious of her own dishevelment, Warren now strode out.

"Where's the paper?"

"It hasn't been brought in. Wait, I'll get it."

Outside the kitchen door were the paper, bread and a bottle of milk.

"Dear, it'll be quicker if I don't make toast. Do you mind?"

"Hand out anything you've got—only hurry. Quarter of eight now."

Helen flew back to the kitchen to the distasteful task of cutting the bacon. With a childish, squeamish dread of touching anything greasy, gingerly she unwrapped the fat, oily strip.

Warren always wanted his bacon thin and crisp, but in her hurry, and with a not oversharpest knife, she cut it in thick uneven slices.

"Get a move on out there," impatiently from the dining room.

"Here, dear, start on this," running in with a hastily cut, seed-bristling grapefruit.

"Where the deuce do you keep the napkins?" Warren was rummaging in the sideboard drawer.

"Oh, wait, that's not a napkin!" resenting one of her best dollies from his crumpling grasp. "They're down here."

"Powdered sugar—and another spoon! Did you think you'd set this table?"

The dumb waiter buzzer was clamoring for the garbage. Helen scurried back to lift on the heavy, unsavory can and a bulging bundle of papers. Her flowing negligee, impractical in the kitchen, caught on everything, until, distracted, she stopped to pin it up.

In maddening succession came the ice, the mail, the returned garbage can and a man to look at the gas meter.

Helen was always at a disadvantage when she was hurried. If she had known she was to get breakfast she would have got up in time. But now her haste left her nervously flustered. She was doing everything with the most cumbersome and time-consuming indirectness.

Awkwardly she scraped from the skillet the egg she had just dropped in. Warren would not eat a broken yolk. She broke two more, but in both a thin run of yellow streaked the white.

"Get down!" crossly, elbowing the importuning Pussy Purr-Mew off the kitchen table.

"See here, I've got to get to the office sometime today." Warren was glowering from the doorway.

"Just a moment, dear. Here, you can take in the coffee. Don't set it on the cloth. Wait, take this mat."

When she finally brought in the bacon and eggs, he was stirring a muddy cup of coffee with unfeigned disgust.

"Oh, I'm afraid I forgot to settle it!"

"Talk about incompetent maids," with a snort. "If you're so blamed incompetent yourself—no wonder they put it all over you."

"But, dear, I so rarely have a chance in the kitchen. Dora resents it—they all do."

"Well, if you'd spend half the time on straight, plain cooking that you do on mayonnaise, fancy salads and all the other fool kinks, you'd know how to fry bacon and eggs. Huh, this layout's a fine looking mess," scowling at the broken eggs and thick, greasy bacon.

"Those yolks are so thin-skinned," apologetically, "you can't help breaking them. Oh, wait, I forgot the butter."

Returning with a freshly cut square of butter, Helen was confronted by Warren's pushed-back, empty chair.

## BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."



—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pleasant Thought.  
"I love to hold the ten of diamonds."  
"The ace is a much better card."  
"I like the ten. Think of a cluster of diamonds that size!"

## GREAT PRAISE FOR GOOD MEDICINE

Eight years ago we commenced selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and during this time it has found many friends among our customers who speak in the highest terms regarding the benefits obtained from the use of Swamp-Root. We have never heard a single criticism.

Very truly yours,  
MEIGS DRUG STORE,  
June 15, 1916. Centerville, Ala.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You  
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Another Case of Exemption.  
One of the registrars in a Virginia country district tells a story of a negro man, obviously within the prescribed ages and of powerful physique, who turned up on a registration day. The registrar had a good deal of difficulty in making the applicant understand the questions.

"Do you claim exemption?" he asked.

"What's dat, sub?"

"Is there any reason why you should not render military service—why you should not fight your country's battles?"

"Oh, yes, sub," replied the applicant, much enlightened. "Ise gunshy."

Her Skill.  
"So Mrs. Tart has that percer-tempered husband of hers tamed, has she?"

"I should say she had. She's got him that tame that she takes money out of his hand without him snapping at her."

Gives Library as Memorial.  
Medfield, Mass., has dedicated a new library, gift of a private citizen, as a memorial to his wife.

Connect Georgia Cities.  
Atlanta and Anderson, Ga., are to be connected by a new interurban electric railway.

If common sense will not teach a young man etiquette, a book on the subject is of little use.

Once in a while there is a man so good natured that he is nice to his wife's relatives.

## People eat Grape-Nuts because they like it and they know it's good for them



Blackbirds or grackles are smaller than a pigeon. Redwinged blackbirds fit their names, and the females are marked like a sparrow, but darker.

# Mayer-Made Mackinaws

A Mackinaw is a garment of three-fold purpose, warmth, durability, and style.



There is no reason why it should not fill all of those functions.

In Mayer-made Mackinaws you'll find these factors beautifully associated. Made of good warm, serviceable material, tailored for the utmost durability, correct fit and shape permanency. Styled in most beautiful patterns and color combinations in all the newest models.

And they're priced where economy is assured.

AGES FROM 3 to 17

\$4.50 to \$11.00

F. O. HOLTGREN CLOTHING FURNISHINGS

# Dead Animals

Highest Prices Paid for Horses and Cows

We Pay Phone Charges Automobile Service Gormley's Rendering Works GENOA, ILL.

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TRY REPUBLICAN - JOURNAL WANT ADS



## Any Room is a Bedroom

When an additional bed is needed for guests or when there is sickness in the family—any room is a bedroom with a

## She Boy Gan Bed-Davenport

in the house. It's a comfortable bed and a soft seat davenport. And the change from davenport to a full size bed is made simply and quickly by any one.

Skilled upholsterers build lasting comfort into every She Boy Gan bed-davenport and good materials plus up-to-date methods insure long life under constant use. There is real comfort, good style and double service in any She Boy Gan Bed-Davenport.

We'll gladly show you our different styles with finishes to match your furniture. Will you call to-morrow?



S. S. SLATER & SON

# PURELY PERSONAL

ter, Helen visited relatives in Elgin Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reid were Sycamore visitors Tuesday.

Clarence Tischer was in the windy city on business Monday. Edgar Gray of New Lebanon was in Genoa caller Wednesday.

Miss Marjorie Patterson visited relatives in Rockford Saturday. Miss Myrtle Larson was in DeKalb Wednesday visiting relatives.

Clarence Altenberg was home from Rockford Saturday and Sunday. Misses Helen Wahl and Lettie Lord were Rockford visitors Sunday.

Fred Miss visited his brother, August, at Camp Grant Monday. Glenn Adams of Cicero is visitor at the home of Mrs. Emma Lord.

George Johnson of Hayward, Wis., is calling on old friends in this city. A. A. Stiles returned Saturday from a trip to his farm in Rose Creek, Minn.

Mrs. L. Carlson of Chicago is spending the week with Mrs. Mary Christensen, Chester Pence spent Saturday and Sunday with Wesley Young in Chicago.

Mrs. Lew Doty and Mrs. Wm. Abraham were Elgin passengers Friday. Esther Teyler and Margery Holroyd were Elgin passengers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Eklor and two children motored to Camp Grant Sunday. J. A. Patterson leaves this (Thursday) evening for Minnesota on business.

Miss May Kellogg of Chicago was a week end guest at the John Geithman home. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson were Rockford visitors on Thursday of last week.

Vern Geithman is enjoying a few weeks' hunting near Parker's Prairie, Minn. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Rudolph and Miss Emma Bender motored to Camp Grant Sunday.

Mrs. Robert Geithman and Miss Lenora Reinken spent last Thursday in Rockford. Miss Blanche Patterson of Chicago is here visiting relatives and friends this week.

Mrs. George Brungart of Rockford is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Wm. Schmidt, Sr. Mrs. Lina Adams of Cicero is a guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. Emma Lord.

Mrs. Jas. Hutchison is in Ottawa visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Briggs. Mr. and Mrs. N. Leonard returned home Monday from a few days' visit in St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Mildred Duval spent the week end with her grandmother, Mrs. Ingrid Oberg, in Sycamore. Mr. Chas. Krabisch of Elgin visited at the home of her niece, Miss Mary Prain, over Sunday.

A. L. Holroyd left Tuesday for Monticello, Minn., for a two weeks' visit with old friends. Mrs. Amanda Moyers and son, Ross, of Sycamore, were guests at the C. W. Parker home Sunday.

Miss Belle Holroyd of Milwaukee, Wis., is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holroyd. George Cook of Council Bluffs, Iowa, spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Ed. Shipman of Shell Rock, Iowa, is here visiting at the homes of Kline Shipman and Harry Smith. Jas. R. Kiernan left Tuesday night for Kansas City, where he expects to purchase hogs and cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bates of Elgin visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bates, Sunday. Harry Holroyd of Belvidere is here for a few days' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holroyd.

Mrs. L. W. Miller and daughter, Ruth, of Aurora, were callers at the T. J. Hoover home Friday. Miss Cora B. Watson was cut from Oak Park over the week end visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watson.

C. M. Corson returned from Williamsport, Pa., Saturday where he has been for the past few weeks buying cattle. Miss Clarabel Shanahan of Hampshire spent the first of the week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Sowers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Swan and daughter, Helen, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Prain, motored to Rockford Sunday. Mrs. C. A. Patterson and Mrs. LeRoy Beardsley visited their mother, Mrs. Evelyn Bidwell, in Elgin last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Kirby and daughter, Marjorie, of Shabbona, spent Saturday and Sunday at the E. H. Browne home. Mrs. Chas. Swanson and Mrs. Ingrid Oberg of Sycamore spent last Thursday with the latter's daughter, Mrs. L. W. Duval.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lang and Mrs. Horhorn Abbott visited Mrs. Kline Shipman in the DeKalb Hospital last Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams and son, Jay, of Sycamore were guests of Mrs. Williams' sister, Mrs. John Swanson, Monday.

Misses Alice Jamison, Dess McNeil, Grace Miller and Barbara Harvey of Oak Park were recent guests of Mrs. Harvey King. Messmates Wm. Jeffery, Andy Johnson, Harry Whipple and Geo. Brungart motored to Sycamore Tuesday in the former's car.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Jackson left this city Sunday morning for Alligan, Mich., where they expect to make their home for the present. Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Foster returned to their home in Rockford last Thursday after a visit of several days with the former's brother, Ray.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Merritt and daughter, Evelyn, of Hampshire, were week end guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Merritt. Misses Helen Ibbotson, Dorothy Glass, Hazel Rylander and Dorothy Aldrich, with Maynard Olmstead, Walter and Elmer Albertson, motored to Elgin Saturday evening. Miss Aldrich visited her parents who had just returned from their summer home in Bellair, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Kline Shipman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lang and John Haster motored to Chicago last Sunday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Draifkorn.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Johnson motored to Belvidere Sunday. Mrs. Lina Adams and twin daughters, Ruth and Ruby, who had been visiting there for a few days, returned with them.

Mrs. T. E. Juergens, wife of Professor Juergens, principal of The Ellis Business College of Elgin, was in Genoa Tuesday of last week looking after the interests of the Ellis school.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Parker of this city and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker and Mrs. E. J. Parker of Kingston were in Rockford several days last week guests at the R. P. Dean home.

Joseph Patterson left this city Sunday enroute to Stratton, Nebr., where he will transact business. He will visit relatives in Columbus and other points in that state before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey King entertained Mrs. Mary Kerber, Mrs. Elliott Adams, Emma Kerber, Agnes Kassor and Leah Calame of Elgin at their farm home in Charter Grove, last Sunday.

Mrs. Emma Duval, who has been ill in Elgin for the past eight weeks, came home Saturday and will remain with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lemke, until she has fully regained her strength.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jeffery and daughter, Jeanette, motored to Rockford Sunday. Mrs. Roe Bennett and two children, who have been visiting there for some time, returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Patterson and son, Charles, accompanied by Mrs. C. M. Corson and Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Merritt, motored to Chicago Sunday where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Otto Holtgren and Mrs. Jennie Merritt.

Fred Ream returned last Saturday evening from a trip through North Dakota and Montana. Mr. Ream left here about two weeks ago and made an extensive trip through Montana visiting several different points in the famous Judith Basin, of that state also visiting at Great Falls, Lewistown, Harlowtown and other points. On his return trip he stopped at Marmouth, N. D., near which place he has several hundred acres of land. Mr. Ream reports that the crops in the country were not very good this fall due to the late spring and the exceedingly dry weather the past summer.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES

Facts and Figures Clipped from Manufacturers' News

In the war expenditures are included \$176,000,000 for the new insurance bill and \$1,000,000,000 for the Shipping Board. The plan for the war savings certificates is that they be placed on sale at all post offices and be issued in denominations as low as \$5 or even \$1, that sales to one person be limited, probably, to one thousand dollars. It is likely that the actual disbursement of these sums will extend beyond the present fiscal year, but the appropriations must be made in order that contracts may be authorized. The recent additions are largely for merchant shipping, which will be of permanent capital value.

Many bicycle accessories are now imported by Australia from the United States, as well as from the United Kingdom. The statistics of the various articles are not kept separately, but are grouped under the heading "Cycle parts" and include bells, saddle, steel trouser clips, toe clips, band, parcel carriers, repair outfits, etc. Bicycle sundries are sold here by dealers in motor accessories and hardware.

A representative of a New York bank is now in Caracas making arrangements for the opening of a branch of that institution. This will undoubtedly be followed by an extension throughout the country. There is a possibility that the bank will erect large warehouses in La Guaira to be operated somewhat in the manner of bonded warehouses in the United States.

Cylinders, pistons, and every other part of the motor have been standardized. They may be produced rapidly and economically by a great many factories operating under government contract. They may be rapidly assembled, either by these plants, or at a central assembly plant. In that one idea, standardization, is contained the valuable feature of the Liberty Motor. For standardization means quantity production at top speed. And that will leave to Great Britain and France the task, for which they have shown especial adaptability, of developing the high speed scouting war-planes while we throw out thousands upon thousands of bomb dropers.

The Italian War Department employs 72,324 women, many of whom are used in digging trenches.

Carl Holstein, Sr., for many years an active manufacturer, connected with the Continental Manufacturing Company, died September, 29.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

# ROLL OF HONOR

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

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

C. Vernon Crawford is with the Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Dr. C. A. Patterson, Officers Reserve Corps at Camp Grant, Rockford, with rank of Lieutenant.

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

Charles C. Schoonmaker is with the 149th Artillery now stationed at Long Island, N. Y.

Clarence Eicklor is in Douglas Arizona with the 17th Cavalry. Carl Bauman is at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, with the supply troop of the 19th Cavalry.

Harry Carb is with Co. D 3rd regiment, I. N. G. in Houston, Texas. Charles Adams is with the navy and is at present "somewhere in France."

Sergeant Paul Miller is with Company M 3rd regiment I. N. G. at Houston, Texas. Ernest A. Fulcher is located at Charleston, South Carolina and is now learning seamanship at the Charleston Naval Training Station.

Thos. Nicholson is with the regular army, now stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kas. Richard Gormley has enlisted in the Aviation Corps and is awaiting the call to colors.

Ransom Davis is at Fort Sheridan with the 16th Battery E, Field Artillery. Lawrence Duval is with Co. B, 340th Machine Gun Battalion, stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas.

Karl K. Holtgren, Carl Bender, Sidney Davis, August Wiss, Glenn Montgomery, Lloyd Shafer, William Schurr, William Walters, John Meekler and Everett Naker are in training with the National Army at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

ALINE O TYPE OR TWO

The bill to make all knock-kneed men marry bow-legged girls to straighten things out is coming before several legislatures this winter and running a close second to the suffrage legislation.

About all a man needs now to get into public life is a fog-horn voice and a manure spreader.

Statistics show that the average American family consists of four and one-third persons. The fraction represents Father.

If you don't feel like an American, this is a good time to carry your mouth in a sling.

There are too many sharps living in flats to make this an ideal world.

Lots of people are like lobsters—they think any movement is progress.

Most folks spend more for gasoline now than their grandparents spent for groceries. And still they wonder at the high cost of living.

Things are getting so mixed up in Europe that the private soldier can't tell whether the band is playing "God Save the Weasel" or "Pop Goes the King."

A generation ago some old men were sitting around a whale-oil lamp in a cross roads grocery store wondering what we would do for light when the whales were all gone. Then God tickled the earth and the wires turned into glow-worms.

The man who believes all he says doesn't always say all he believes.

Turn battery wrong side out and you have slander.

At the age of 49 a man gets busy, and looks for some of the money he threw away at the age of 21.

Seeking Permission.

Old John Gargoyles lived only for his garden. It was to him what a growing son is to other men.

At the end of it stood a telephone post, and the other morning Gargoyles watched with feelings of horror a telephone mechanic climb his back wall.

He descended into the garden, bringing with him about a dozen loose bricks, and fell full length into a bed of sweet peas.

He picked himself up, dragged a heavy ladder across a patch of lettuce and dropped it into a cucumber frame. Then he took a short cut, in his hobnailed boots, across some vacant beds where many precious bulbs were interned.

Finally, after slipping over a clump of priceless roses, he appeared under the dining-room window, where Gargoyles stood in speechless fury.

"Scuse me, sir," he remarked, "but the telephone people are very particular about us trespassing on private ground where we have fixtures. Can I have permission to enter your garden, sir?"

As Bad as Football. A Harvard man tells this one: "The train had just run off the track and plunged down a deep embankment. Engine, baggage-car, coaches and sleepers were piled in terrible confusion. Smith, the famous halfback, lying at the bottom of the wreck, came partly to his senses. Three passenger coaches were piled on top of him. A piece of pipe was coiled about his neck. The rim of one of the great driving wheels of the engine rested on his face. His legs were pinned down by a heavy beam. A pillow had been forced against his mouth and nose. His arms were pressed against his sides, and he tried in vain to move. But willing hands were at work upon the wreck, and at last Smith was dragged out. Looking around in a dazed sort of way at his rescuers, he asked: "How many yards did we gain on that "down," boys?"—Everybody's Magazine.

KNOWN TO ALL THE WORLD Port of Elsinore, in Denmark, Made Famous Through the Genius of Immortal English Poet. Elsinore is a little port city of Denmark, on an island which juts northward to reach within three miles of the coast of Sweden. Elsinore is the home of busy shipyards, of a thriving summer colony; it has been immortalized in the songs of Kipling as a port hospitable to the errant sailor; finally and especially it is the scene where Shakespeare laid the tragedy of "Hamlet." The overthoughtful and melancholy figure of Hamlet rather overshadows the rest of Elsinore, to the casual visitor at least. The summer colony seems to succeed in forgetting his pessimistic point of view, but the tourist is led to the grave of Hamlet, he is shown the brook where Ophelia flung herself to drown her sorrow, and bidden to contemplate the platform where the ghost of the murdered king took its after-dinner promenade. Needless to say, all such associations are pure fakes. They seem to arise wherever some great human drama, real or fictitious, has been enacted, responding to a need of humanity for some concrete object to serve as a center for its sentiments. The grave of Hamlet has long been an asset to Elsinore, but if rumor can be credited it has not always occupied the same site. According to this tale the original "grave" was inconveniently located for display purposes, so the people of Elsinore finally raised the money to erect a fitting monument to Shakespeare's prince in a more accessible place. As for the ghost's platform, the castle of which it forms a part was not built until long after the time when the tragedy was supposed to have been enacted.

Yasmini—wonderful, beautiful, enchanting queen of the India hillmen rules supreme in the mysterious Kbinjan caves. Into her stronghold where many Englishmen have gone, but none before ever returned, goes Athelstan King, British officer and member of the Secret Service, to learn the secret of the Hills and keep the savage tribes from revolt. King not only enters the Caves but saves India for England and undergoes weird experiences such as seldom fall to the lot of a white man. If you would enjoy a thrilling tale of heroism—thrilling to the very last word—

GOT RID OF ACHING TOOTH Frenchman Driven to Heroic Act, When There Seemed to Be No Other Method of Relief. Here is a yarn told to the unsuspecting people of Bath by one of Lon Wellman's building moving crew of Augusta. One of the Wellman crew of house-movers was formerly a street car conductor. Last evening he had a Frenchman friend who on one occasion had a terrible toothache. He saw the hole in the Frenchman's tooth and advised the man to have it out. His friend went out to do so, but found all the dentists' shops closed, owing to the lateness of the hour. The Frenchman bore the pain as long as he could and then resolved on heroic remedies. He went to his room, took out a powder flask and poured out some gunpowder, which he jammed into the big hole in his tooth; then he put in for a fuse a piece of silk thread and plugging up the hole over the powder, started the fuse and blew that tooth across the room out of his jaw! Joe says that he can vouch for the truth of the statement, for next morning the Frenchman came downstairs with a smile on his face, all pain gone and showed him the hole in his jaw made by the blasting of his tooth.—Kennebec Journal.

King of the Khyber Rifles BEGINS THIS WEEK on PAGE TWO

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

TRY REPUBLICAN - JOURNAL WANT ADS

# THE HARDWARE QUESTION SOLVED Are You Short of Kitchen Utensils

Do you have to keep the folks waiting for their meals because you are shy on cooking utensils? You can't make few pans answer many purposes and at the same time get up a quick meal. You are foolish even to try it, considering how little it would cost to get everything you lack.

Our Kitchen utensil stock is very complete. We have many little time and money saving devices which housewives can appreciate, besides all the usual necessities.

Come in and see us the first opportunity you can find, if it's merely to look around. Make a list of what you need—then get our prices.

HARDWARE THAT STANDS HARD AT PRICES THAT STAND COMP. PERKINS & ROSE



## AN ARIZONA POILU

Frenchman Makes Interesting Discovery in Redskin's Cabin.

Learns Story of How Son of Hopi Indian Squaw Crossed Great Water to Fight for His Father's People.

It is in order to sell their products to a passing public that the Hopi Indians, one of the tribes of Arizona, the most marked for its nobleness and dignity of type, have established at the station of the Grand canyon a sort of shop, furnished within, as it is modeled without, after the manner of their dwellings of the desert. Anatole Braz writes in The Outlook. Cubes of rough adobe, placed side by side or superimposed one on the other, constitute the abode, and serve as home for several families, who wait here, in the habitual attitude of taciturn and melancholy disdain, the line of white visitors.

When I had penetrated into the first room, dimly lighted by a small opening high up in the wall, it was some time before I was able to discern in the half-catacomb light the indistinct figure of a woman seated on the bare earth, before a screen of vertical threads, among which her fingers, moving in and out, were weaving the pattern of a mysterious design.

My entrance did not cause her to raise her head. But I disturbed in his musing an old bronze sash, who indicated by a gesture a collection of objects, more or less rude, ranged on shelves the length of one of the walls or partitions, while from half open lips he muttered in English the customary salutation:

"You're welcome, sir," which manifested by his mind, being interpreted, meant:

"You are not worthy, O paleface, to appreciate the work of our hands, but because times are hard for the deposed rulers of the prairie we accord you nevertheless the privilege to buy."

In response to his greeting I had begun to examine the display of articles, when my eye fell on a frame of colored straw in which I perceived the photograph of a soldier. Approaching nearer, I exclaimed, in spite of myself:

"God bless me, he is French!"

It was quite true. There before my eyes, in the cabin of a redskin, thousands of miles from the battlefield, where at that very moment, no doubt, he was fighting for his country, was the picture of one of our soldiers, in the uniform of the daring impetuous Chasseurs Alpins, or it may be of the foreign legion. To examine it better, I had taken it in my hands.

"The frame alone is for sale," interposed the old Indian, abruptly.

"All right," I said, "I will take it. But I should like to know how the picture found its way here."

He motioned toward the woman weeping.

"It is that of my daughter's son. He has sent it to us from the other side of the world."

"He is, then, in France?"

"Yes."

"How is that?"

"His father, a good miner, was born in the land of the French. When he came among us he married that squaw. He died in the desert. But his spirit having spoken in the blood of his child, the boy has crossed the great water to fight the enemies of his father's people."

I could not resist the temptation to take his hand.

"Bravo!" I cried. And that he might not be astonished at this somewhat brusque demonstration, if one could suppose that an Indian worthy the name ever could be astonished at anything, I hastened to add: "For I, too, am French."

### The Busy Birds.

One form of national waste which is far more serious than the American people realize is a result of the deplorable neglect to conserve bird life in this heedless and ungrateful country. Ornithologists and other intelligent observers of nature who have made a study of the subject say with the sanction of crop experts that insects destroy one-tenth of the products of agriculture in the United States. Nearly all birds destroy insect life. The federal department of agriculture has found that among the birds which most effectively aid the farmers are phoebes, kingbirds, catbirds, swallows, brown thrushes, rosebreasted grosbeaks, house wrens, vireos, native sparrows, cuckoos, orioles, warblers, shore larks, loggerhead shrikes and meadow larks. Even the crow and the crow blackbird, which have rested under suspicion so long, do more good than harm to the farmers.—Chicago News.

### The People of India.

The population of India is far more diverse than is generally thought. They talk about 150 different languages, and are divided up into 43 distinct nationalities. There are 2,387 main castes, besides a large number of subcastes. There are 200,000,000 Hindus, from Great Britain can draw fighting 10,000,000 Mohammedans, while the Hindus there are 50,000,000. The Hindu people of no caste, whose even shadow is supposed to be a curse.

### Thrift.

Is your wife believe in doing anything?

She saves all the "scraps" for breakfast.

## LONG'S RIVAL

By JOHN ELKINS.

Alden Long, working steadily day in and day out in the Aldine Insurance company's office, and laying by a little each week, had always been thinking of the time when he could have his own business. But the little pile grew very slowly, and one day when he found himself in love with his cousin's chum, Anne Waters, the pile seemed of such very puny proportions that a sort of desperation seized upon him at his powerlessness to at once strike out into larger fields. He couldn't ask a girl like Anne to share his small salary, and even if she would, that meant an end to the laying by of anything to start for himself.

As for Anne, she drifted along in the enjoyment of Alden Long's society, taking pleasure in the modest little treats he gave her, and not making it at all certain to him whether she would say yes or no to the momentous question if he should ask it.

One evening Long met at Anne's home an elderly gentleman, Amos Mead by name. Concluding he was a friend of the aunt's he paid not much attention to the caller. But when he found Mr. Amos Mead there on several other occasions, and noticed the way in which the gentleman looked at Anne, and his almost loverlike attentions, his suspicions aroused and jealousy gripped him. The crowning blow came one day when he beheld Anne being whirled along in a very handsome car, with Mr. Amos Mead. It was then he found out from the man with him that Mead was a very rich man, in fact a millionaire. His heart went down in his boots. So he called up Anne and arranged to see her. He did not notice any change in her manner. He even thought she was kinder than usual, and he was on the point of bringing matters to a crisis and asking her to choose between him and Amos Mead when Marlon Black came in, and the opportunity was gone.

The next day Anne bowed to him smilingly from an automobile where she sat beside Amos Mead speeding past him on the avenue. He seemed to have received his answer then and there. But he meant to have it from her own lips. As fate would have it, he ran upon the pair later in the day. Their car stopped before a furnishing and decorating establishment, one of the finest and most expensive in the city, and the two went in together.

"So it has got that far!" thought Long. "They are even selecting the wall paper and furniture for the house." And his usefulness to his firm was as nothing for the rest of the day.

In desperation, he sought Anne that evening, without any preliminary telephoning. As he rushed into the room he overheard Mead saying:

"Why, yes, little girl; have the cream wall instead of the gray, if you'd rather."

Long confronted the two with a rather futile attempt at being calm. "Pardon me," he said, "but, Miss Waters, may I see you alone for a few minutes?"

"Certainly," she answered. And with a smile at the other man which seemed to indicate a very good understanding between them, Mr. Mead discreetly withdrew.

"I suppose," he said, "it's idiotic madness for me to speak. You must have known all the time I was just crazy about you—and—"

He paused, his voice choking. Anne's face was inscrutable.

"I thought," she said, "you just meant to be a good friend. These days a girl meets so many men who only want to flirt, or be friends; it doesn't do to wear your heart on your sleeve. I have too much pride for that."

"Oh, but you must have seen—"

"No," she said, "I did not see. You were always speaking about your small salary, and being too poor to marry. I thought you meant it as a solemn warning to me not to think you meant anything by your attentions further than friendship."

"That's a very nice, tactful way of letting me down easily. I appreciate your consideration. I ought to have known better than to have even spoken when millions were in the balance against me. I suppose you will soon be opening up the big house on the avenue. I see the windows have been boarded up for some time."

"Yes, and it's going to be beautiful!" exclaimed Anne. "I've had my own way about it all. You know I studied interior decorating. Aunt Jennie's room is just a dream!"

Alden Long stood up, white and determined.

"You're not married to him yet?" he said. "It isn't too late. You must choose between us."

For answer she went to the door and beckoned. Amos Mead entered.

"Here's Alden," she smiled, "asking me to choose between you and him. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish? Just as though I would ever give you up!" And she slid her hand affectionately through the elderly man's arm.

Long, with a murmured good-by, turned to go, but Mead stopped him.

"Wait!" he said. "I only want to make Anne happy. I want to give her everything she wants. If she wants you, she has only to speak. I am adopting her as my daughter, and there's lots of room in that big house for one more. Let Anne decide."

"I decided some time ago," said Anne. Then she held out both hands to Alden Long.

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## SAMPLE OF EASTERN WISDOM

Parable That Has Come Down Through the Ages Is Worthy a Place in Memory.

"Now, as all men know, the Brahmins burn, whereas the Muslims bury, their dead; wherefore the Rajah Birbal, holding all men to be brethren, made the proverb which declares, 'Father Adam had two sons; one was burned, one was buried.'"

"Then those who pondered mischief against him carried this word to the king with much scorn; and Akbar, seeming, as was his wont, to mock at Birbal, said to him:

"'Thou wouldst have it that there is so small difference betwixt Muslim and Brahman. Then make me a Brahman.'"

"'Even so, my lord,' replied Birbal; 'I shall make a Brahman of thee as soon as I shall have finished a like task that I have begun.'"

"'And what is this task of thine, rajah?' asked the king.

"'I pray that my lord and his nobles do but come into the court of my poor house at eventide, and they shall see,' answered Birbal.

"So at set of sun they came to Birbal's house, and there they beheld him currying a shaggy-coated ass.

"'Oh Birbal!' cried the king; 'is this thy so great work? Truly, a task worthy of a rajah of Akbar! What art thou doing with that poor beast?'

"'Mock not, my lord,' answered Birbal; 'I am making a horse of him; and when I have accomplished that feat, I shall make a Brahman of thee.'"

"Thus it is said in the bazaar, 'Trimming a donkey's ears will not make him a horse.'—Arthur Gulterman in St. Nicholas.

## BAD HABITS TO BE AVOIDED

Incorrect Postures, Sitting or Standing, Lead to Ills Which Creep Upon the Individual.

The significance of the postures habitually assumed by individuals is the subject of serious consideration by physicians at present. Exhaustive investigations seem to indicate pretty conclusively that bad postures, such as stooping shoulders, contracted chests or protruding abdomens, are not merely the result of careless habits in the individual, but are due to some slight physical deformity which should be corrected. Generally speaking, persons who have bad posture habits are not very robust.

Everyone has observed that persons who are fatigued drop into bad postures temporarily; and there are many examples of unusually robust persons with whom bad posture was chronic. Abraham Lincoln, for example, stooped badly; but he was very powerful and never sick. Nevertheless, a tendency to bad posture undoubtedly "adds to the trend toward weakness and chronic disease," particularly in individuals who are not naturally rugged.

### Treatment of Wounds.

If the wound is touched by the hand billions of pus germs will be carried into it. If washed with water even more germs will be carried into the wound and not only that, but the deep parts of the wound which previously no germs had reached will have billions of germs carried to them. Therefore do not handle or wash a wound. Even if an antiseptic solution is used, it will carry pus germs from the skin and deeper than they have been before and no antiseptic such as bichloride of mercury can be used strong enough to kill these germs, as it will also destroy the cells of the body and so make them less able to fight the germs. Peroxide is specially dangerous in deep wounds as it carries pus germs everywhere and is not strong enough to destroy them. Placing a clean dressing, which means a dressing that has been sterilized surgically (such as the Red Cross dressing) on the wound will introduce no more germs and will not injure the delicate tissues of the body exposed in the wound. Moreover, the flow of blood and blood serum (the liquid part of the blood) will be in the direction of the dressing, so the germs will be constantly going out. This, therefore, is the way to take care of a wound.—Red Cross Magazine.

### Start a Snail Farm.

All snails are edible and nutritious. Even the common garden snail, though insipid, is as nourishing as calf's foot jelly. There is a large white-shelled snail called Helix pomatia that is commonly eaten by connoisseurs in the South of England, while all over France, Italy and Spain several species are used for food. In France there are many small snail farms which yield a good profit to their owners. In the French and Italian quarters of New York snails may be bought, either alive or cooked, and at most of the French restaurants they are served "escargots farcis" being the most usual form of the dish. Snails are easy to raise in large quantities. They need lime for making their shells, but they do not have to be fed, as they can find their own food, which is the leaves of many plants. They eat nothing else.

### Elk Becoming a Nuisance.

Elk from the Yellowstone park were shipped to Washington, largely for their sentimental value, but it has been found that these animals can make themselves considerable of a nuisance. It is said that in a short time damage to the extent of \$20,000 has been done to the apple orchards of that state by these animals.

## BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

### SCOUT PRINCIPLES

First of all, a boy who becomes a member of the Boy Scouts of America must take an oath. That's a perfectly natural thing. The Knights of the Round Table swore an oath and so did the pirates that sailed the Spanish Main! So the Boy Scout pledges himself:

1. To do my duty to God and my country and obey the Scout Law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

The Scout Law referred to in the oath covers twelve points: A Scout is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean and Reverent.

There are virtues that appeal to the spirit of chivalry that lives in the heart of every boy, and when enhanced by the sacredness of a solemn boyish oath they have a gripping appeal that works wonders in the growing character. With these virtues firmly planted in a boy's mind and a habit of his daily life during his formative years, there is little danger of his forsaking them entirely in a later life.

These virtues are made vital by a program of activities which gives a boy an opportunity to put them into actual practice. He is given commissions to perform and is trusted "on his honor as a scout" to carry them into effect. The feature of service to others is emphasized by encouraging scouts to do "a good turn" to somebody every day. This "good turn" idea is taken very seriously. It has inspired thousands of boys to the point where they volunteer to wash dishes and tend babies. And there can be no severer test than that! The idea of thrift is driven home by requiring a scout to earn and deposit money in a bank before he can advance from the rank of Tenderfoot to that of Second Class Scout and from the latter to the coveted position of First Class Scout. Bravery is expected of scouts as a matter of course—moral bravery as well as bravery of spirit.

The scout principles are made interesting by hiking, camping, first aid, knot tying, woodcraft, handicraft, pioneering, and all the other things of the same character that boys like to do. But no activity is included in the Boy Scout program without a good reason; each must serve its purpose in contributing something to the character development of the boy. Scout activities and the scout oath and law are so closely interwoven that it is impossible to separate them.

### FILLING A REAL NEED.

Whenever a real need exists, sooner or later something is found to meet it. A real need existed for something to fill with wholesome activity the spare time of boys—and the Boy Scout movement developed to meet it. This organization which has spread so amazingly during the last few years, has many claims to consider, but none are so fundamental as this basic principle of keeping the boys so busy doing useful things that there will be no time for them to engage in harmful activities.

The thing about the Boy Scout movement that has surprised many people is the fact that it works. People had become accustomed to consider boys as being naturally mischievous and destructively, to look upon the period of adolescence as a time of tribulation, like the teething age of babies, which must be borne with patience and resignation. "What!" they exclaimed, "Make boys want to do useful things? It just can't be done!" Then the Boy Scout movement came along and did it.

### SCOUT SERVICE SAVES \$6,500.

Cabot Ward, New York park commissioner, states that boys, members of the Boy Scouts of America, who have assisted in taking care of Central park saved the park commission at least \$6,500 during the year 1916. In one day, when both Scouts and police were removed because of the press of other duties, nearly \$2,000 worth of damage was done by trespassers.

### TIPS FOR SCOUTS.

Who will be the first to carry the hoe into battle for supremacy over starvation?

Arrange for a Scout hoe parade. Arouse the patriotism of others and dignify the business of farming.

Plant a patrol garden. Get a vacant lot or acre of idle farm land at once. All of the suggestions to the individual scout are applicable to the patrol. Do it now. Show your leadership by example.

Organize for lectures to parents on the preservation of by-products, canning, etc. This can be accomplished later. Another S. O. S. call from this office will warn you. Plant a garden today.

Don't let the cats kill the birds. Put bells on them. The birds protect your garden by eating insects. Protect them.

## IN THE HOT BATHS OF JAPAN

Immersion at Temperature That Would Scald the Occidental, Excites Wonder of Visitors.

The number of baths taken by the Japanese at the hot springs, says the Herald of Asia, and the length of time they remain in the water run counter to all western medical opinion regarding the utility of hot baths for invalids. Five or six times a day for an hour or longer at a time would not be considered an uncommon regime. A smile of incredulity was raised some years ago when Professor Chamberlain told us of a tiny spa where the bathers stayed in the water for a month or more, with stones on their laps to prevent them from floating in their sleep. Yet I could name another remote little spot where a very old man, well advanced in his nineties, in fact, has literally lived in the shallow warm water of the spring for years, his knees and neck supported by a beam, from early morn till midnight.

The high temperature at which the baths are taken has excited the wonder of many travelers. At Kusatsu, for instance, that of the chief bath is 128 degrees Fahrenheit; but such a temperature necessarily involves special precautions before entering the bath, with a limit of from three and one-half to four minutes' immersion. When we remember that water at 115 degrees Fahrenheit can just be borne by the hand but not by the whole body, it is possible to realize the agony of afflicted humanity in the Kusatsu baths.

At the same time the Japanese skin cannot be so sensitive as that of the European, for the dally tub is enjoyed by the native at a temperature that makes the boldest of us wince.

## WAS MODEL FOR "PEER GYNT"

Ibsen Inspired in Creating Masterpiece Partly by an Eccentric Young Dane.

There are many models back of "Peer Gynt," and among them a young Dane. Ibsen met the young man frequently in Italy. He was a peculiarly conceited and affected young bluffer, Georg Brandes writes in the Century Magazine. He used to tell the Italian girls at Ischia and Capri that his father, a schoolteacher in reality, was the best friend of the king of Denmark, and that he himself was one of the greatest men in Denmark. To prove this, he often appeared in entire suits of white satin. He called himself a poet, but could find poetical inspiration only in the wilderness or in desolate, dreary spots. He once went to Crete to write, he said, a great drama of tragedy. He returned, however, without having accomplished his purpose. He averred that he could feel tragic emotion only in the mountains, and lived in self-delusion and illusion.

Some of his characteristics have passed in "Peer Gynt." Otherwise "Peer Gynt" is supposed to be an incarnation of Norwegian follies. Peer's lies are not really falsehoods, for they imply the intention to deceive others. They are rather self-deceptions. "Peer Gynt" has something in common with Cervantes' "Don Quixote," and is more closely related to Daudet's "Tartarin."

### Height of a Camera.

A safe rule in most cases, is to have the camera at such a height that the lens is about level with the eyes of a person of average height, standing. This implies that most tripod stands, all ultra portable ones, are too short in the leg, as even those which allow the camera to be at this height only do so when the feet are so near together that the stand is unstable. With lenses of short focus it is usually advantageous, especially in interior work, to have the camera lower, while with very long focus lenses it may be higher to avoid a foreshortening of the ground. In the case of domestic interiors, it is important to have the lens well above the level of a table top, as the effect of the furniture seen from a lower viewpoint will be unsatisfactory.

### Unrelated Potatoes.

Sweet potatoes have not much in common botanically with their more familiar namesakes. They have long been cultivated as food in tropical and subtropical countries, and were actually introduced into England at an earlier date than the common potato. The two tubers were often confounded by writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but the sweet potato won more popularity than its rival. Steeped in wine or made into a sweetmeat, it was regarded as an excellent invigorator. Sweetish and agreeable to the taste, its flesh-forming qualities are considered equal at least to those of the common potato.

### Blind Children Learn.

Here is an original method used to teach a little blind child her alphabet, that I hope may help other mothers who have little ones afflicted with the same handicap. Use the raised letters from old felt pennants and paste on four pieces of cardboard. Dividing the alphabet into four parts prevent the child from trying to learn too many letters at once. When the alphabet is mastered, the letters can then be made into words and put on small cardboards. The little one's touch soon learns to distinguish between letters and it is interesting to note how soon it grasps both letters and words.

### Safe to Be Around.

"How is your husband getting on with his golf?"

"Very well, indeed. The children are allowed to watch him now."

## BY DOCTOR'S ORDERS

By GEORGE BREWSTER.

"In fact, become a tramp for at least a month," concluded the doctor. Young Wayne Gilbert had carried out an enterprise in real estate that had taken nerve and hard work, and at its conclusion he found himself shaky. His appetite was gone, he had a touch of insomnia, and every acquaintance he met gave him the same advice:

"Go to a doctor and then follow his advice."

The doctor advised a tramp over country highways.

"Take little or no money," he continued. "In fact, look like a tramp, feel like a tramp and be a tramp for the time being."

Mr. Gilbert left the office sneering at the advice given him, but after a day or two he came to look at it in a different light.

Oh, yes, there is romance in tramping, and when it is recommended by a doctor, his advice should be followed. Young Gilbert came to take this view of it after a couple of days, and set forth.

One summer's afternoon a girl of twenty and her mother and aunt sat on the veranda of a farmhouse fronting on a prominent highway. The girl was reading—the others were sewing. Of a sudden the reader laid aside her book, rose, and shaded her eyes to look down the road.

"Looking for anybody, Dora?" queried the mother.

"It's a tramp coming, I guess."

"But don't you encourage him to come in here," protested the aunt. "I dreamed the other night that a tramp to whom I was kind rewarded me by cutting my throat, and I don't want it to prove a true dream."

"Dora always pities every tramp that comes along," apologized the mother.

"But she shouldn't. Every tramp is ready to rob and murder. Is he going to stop here, Dora?"

"He is sitting down to rest. I believe he is ill."

That tramp was Wayne Gilbert. He had given the doctor's prescription a fair trial, and he was more than ready to abandon it. While limping along he had been overcome with dizziness and realized that he was going to be ill. He sat on the grass with his back to the fence when a girl suddenly appeared before him.

"Are you ill?" she asked.

"I fear I am going to be," he answered.

"You—you don't look like most of the tramps that come along here."

"Because I am not a tramp. I have been walking the highways by a doctor's advice. I have money and papers that will identify me. I am going to try to reach the railroad. If I can't do it—"

And the world whirled around him and he fainted away.

The mother and aunt came running down in response to Miss Dora's cries, and a farmer who had been to town stopped his team.

"We must get him to the house," said the girl.

"If you do, I'll leave it!" exclaimed the aunt, who was a visitor there.

"We had better get this farmer to take him to town, where he can be cared for," whispered the mother.

"We shall do no such thing! He shall be cared for in our own house. He is not a tramp. He told me that he had money and papers."

The patient was put to bed, and it was the opinion of the doctor that he would have to stay there a couple of weeks. In reply to the query as to whether he thought the young man a tramp, he laughingly replied:

"Not any more than I am. The chances are that he lives in a city, and was recommended by a doctor to try tramping to build himself up."

Miss Dora searched the clothing and found money and papers. She and her father and mother were satisfied.

As was to have been expected, the fever was much higher the next morning, but the doctor was not worried.

"We'll break it up in three or four days," he said to Miss Dora, "and then you will come in with your chicken soup and kind words and help him to get well. Last night I telegraphed to some of the addresses given in his papers, and the replies say that he is a fine young man, and charge me to give him every attention. He will be my patient and your hero."

"But heroes come with steed and sword and lance, don't they?" she laughed.

"Not always. I have known them to be stumbled over in the blackberry bushes. The lad doesn't look much like a hero now, but give him a chance."

It was two weeks before Wayne could sit on the veranda, and a careful nurse sat with him. It was only when he was able to walk in the orchard that the aunt said to her sister:

"Josephine, I believe those two are in love."

"So do I," was replied.

"You do!"

"Yes, and so does John."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I am."

And she walked out and gave Mr. Gilbert her hand and said:

"My brother-in-law, Jake Sharp, says I've made a fool of myself, and if you'll forgive me, I'll be your aunt by marriage any time you and Dora say the word."

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## ARE STILL NOMADS

Apaches Demand and Are Given Plenty of Room.

Tribe Which Was Once

# The KITCHEN CABINET

I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it, at last.—Florence Nightingale.

## PICKLING TIME.

For those who like a few dill pickles the following recipe will be useful: Put the pickles cut for the table, or not, into a two-quart jar; more will be packed if cut for the table. Add a tablespoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and a quarter of a cupful of vinegar, fill the jar with cold water, with a small bunch of dill; seal and put away for the winter use.

**Sweet Red Pepper Pickle.**—Grind together five dozen sweet red peppers, one dozen sweet onions; put on to cook in a quart of vinegar for 15 minutes, then add two cupfuls of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of salt and a little celery seed. Boil slowly one hour. This is especially good for a sandwich filling.

**Tomato Marmalade.**—Peel and slice four quarts of ripe tomatoes, add four pounds of granulated sugar, six large lemons and a cupful of raisins. Put in a kettle in layers and cook one hour, or until quite thick. Cover jars or glasses with paraffin.

**Apple Chutney.**—Cook two cupfuls of mild vinegar with one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of mixed spices in a bag, a teaspoonful of salt, a small piece of ginger root and the same amount of sweet red pepper. Boil this five minutes, then strain it over six large apples cut in silvers and one cupful of raisins. Onion and coriander seed are often added. Cook until the apples are soft, then pack in jars and keep well covered.

**Pepper Hash.**—Chop fine one large head of cabbage and eight sweet red peppers, having removed the seeds from four of the peppers. Mix with a cupful of salt and let stand overnight. Next morning drain well, add a quarter of a cupful of white mustard seed, two cupfuls of sugar and a tablespoonful of celery seed. Cover with vinegar and add one extra quart. Put in jars and seal.

**Dill Pickles.**—Wash and place in a two-quart jar whole or quartered cucumbers, add a tablespoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar a half cupful of vinegar, a bunch of dill, and fill the jar with cold water. Seal and put away for use later.

Go boldly forth, and feast on, beings, banquet; Thou art the called,—the rest admitted with thee.

Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little but they are priceless in their value.—F. W. Robertson.

## MORE GOOD THINGS FOR WINTER.

With plenty of cucumbers still growing, we may enjoy the following for the winter's store:

**Oil Pickles.**—Slice unpeeled one hundred tender cucumbers; cover with one and one-thirds cupfuls of salt and let them stand three hours. Slice three pints of small onions and cover them with cold water; let them stand three hours, then drain the cucumbers and onions and mix well with three ounces of white mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, one ounce of white pepper and two cupfuls of olive oil. When well blended, can and fill jars with good vinegar, seal and keep in a cool place. Good to eat in ten days.

**Sweet Cucumber Pickles.**—Take green cucumbers too old to eat sliced, peel and cut into quarters lengthwise, then each piece into quarters. Let stand in a weak brine overnight. In the morning cook in a mixture of two and one-half cupfuls of vinegar to the same amount of sugar until clear, then skim out the pickles, place in a two-quart jar and cook the sirup with a few cloves, a piece of stick cinnamon and a tablespoonful each of celery seed and mustard seed; pour over the pickles and put away for winter use.

**Mustard Pickles.**—Mix a quarter of a cupful of mustard with the same amount of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar, add a quart of vinegar and drop in the fresh cucumbers as they are picked each day. A few peppercorns or mixed spices may be added if liked, varying the flavor with mace, bayleaf, cloves or any spice desired.

Young carrots make a very nice pickle for a variety. Cook the carrots until tender, then put them into a jar and pour over vinegar, using sugar and spices to taste. Young beets are also most appetizing canned this way.

**Peach Chips.**—Slice firm, ripe peaches quite thin, boil in a clear sirup made of half their weight of sugar, remove from the sirup with a skimmer, lay on a platter and set in the sun until perfectly dry. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and pack in jars. This makes a dainty confection to serve as a garnish for ices or molded desserts.

**Grape Jelly.**—Take a basket of ripe concord grapes, add five apples, which

cook soft quickly, and put them on to cook with enough water to start the grapes to cooking. When all the juice is extracted, drain in a jelly bag. To one cupful of the juice add two cupfuls of sugar; stir until the sugar is all dissolved, then pour the juice into glasses and set away for a few hours, when it will be formed into delicious jelly of fine flavor. The jelly made in this way has the taste of fresh grape juice.

## DIFFERENT KINDS OF BREAD.

Many housewives are using half patent flour and half straight grade flour in making bread. This lessens the cost considerably and gives a dark bread which is very moist and altogether palatable.

**Barley Bread.**—Take two cupfuls of whole wheat flour, four cupfuls of barley meal, one cupful of water, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half cake of compressed yeast and one teaspoonful of salt. Boil the milk and water and cool. Add molasses, salt and yeast mixed with a little cold water. Stir in the flour and barley meal, which have been sifted together. Knead to a soft dough adding more flour if necessary. Cover and let rise until the mixture is double its bulk. Knead a second time, form into loaves, place in well-greased pans and let rise a second time until its bulk is doubled. Bake from a half hour to an hour, the time depending upon the size of the loaves.

**Rice Bread.**—Take a cupful of water, one compressed yeast cake, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of shortening and the fourth of a cupful of flour and one and one-half cupfuls of cooked rice. Add flour as needed to make a soft dough, form into loaves and let rise until double its bulk, then bake.

**Rolls Oats Bread.**—Scald one cupful of rolled oats in one cupful of boiling water. Make a sponge of one cupful of water, one cake of compressed yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses and one of shortening with a cupful of flour. Add the rolled oats, knead into a loaf and when well risen bake.

Cornmeal may be used in place of the rolled oats to make cornmeal bread. Rolls or biscuits may be made of any of these recipes. When the dough has risen the first time the rolls may then be shaped and allowed to rise until very light.

A myriad homes of earth,  
Awake and stir to greet the morning sun,  
Night falls, the candles blossom one by one,  
Fires leap in the chimney's girth  
The happiest home of all you see  
Leaps daily into light and warmth  
For mine and me.

## FOR CORNMEAL MEALS.

The Southern cook thinks the yellow cornmeal very much inferior to the white but with all the experiments to discover its per cent of fats and other nutrients there has as yet been found no marked difference as to food value.

**Johnny Cake.**—Take a cupful of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, salt and a teaspoonful of soda, one egg and a cupful of cornmeal sifted with a half cupful of flour. Bake in a well-greased dripping pan a half hour in a good hot oven. A spider cake baked in an iron frying pan well-greased, is prepared in the same way, but as it goes into the oven pour over it enough sweet milk to just cover the top. Bake in a hot oven.

**Aristocratic Johnny Cake.**—Take two tablespoonfuls of softened shortening, add the beaten yolks of four eggs, a pint of milk, a cupful each of cornmeal and flour, sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake forty minutes in a hot oven. This recipe may be halved for a small family.

**Coconut and Meal Pudding.**—Take two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, a tablespoonful of tapioca, a tablespoonful of coconut and a pint of milk, add a fourth of a cupful of molasses, mix and put into a baking dish, bake slowly two hours. Serve warm with cream or hard sauce.

**Date Cornmeal Pudding.**—Soak a pint of milk and pour it over a half cupful of cornmeal, add a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of sugar a half teaspoonful of cinnamon, three-fourths of a cupful of dates cut in pieces, and lastly two well-beaten eggs. Turn into a baking dish and bake until of the consistency of ordinary custard. Serve with hard sauce.

There is a wide range of color combinations to choose from in the striped and plaid silks and satins shown in the shops and they promise an increased vogue for handsome separate skirts. Blouses to be worn with these skirts, are most effective when made of the same shade as one of the colors in the material. For informal dress such a costume merits consideration

## Summer Boarders.

"Do those city boarders of yours make themselves at home?"  
"Nope. Some of them would never think of actin' the way they do if they was in their own homes."

# What Can We Do?



When the men of the National Army are located in the training camps they begin to look for letters from relatives and friends. There is a friendly rivalry among them in the matter of numbers of letters and cards received. About the easiest and most agreeable thing we can do for those we know is to drop an occasional line or so.

The men are kept busy and do not find it always easy to get mail off; also they are sometimes dilatory. It is a good idea to address envelopes and cards, enclose writing paper in the envelopes and stamp them. Mail a package of this ready-addressed stationery to the boy in camp and all he has to do is to write and seal the envelope ready for mailing, or merely write his message on a ready addressed post card.

Another convenience for the men in cantonments is an inexpensive, small portfolio, made of linen or khaki. It is about nine inches wide and fifteen inches long, with pockets on one end for stationery stamps, cards, and for three blotters, one above the other, fastened at the corners, on the other end. At the center there are two loops, made of narrow straps of linen, to hold the pen and pencil. The blotters make a writing surface, thus serving a double purpose. Even ink can be carried now in small sticks to be dissolved in water when needed. This portfolio is a simple affair, easy to make and very convenient. A leather portfolio may be taken as a model. Made of denim or khaki the soldier's portfolio weighs next to nothing and will stand wear.

# Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



DISTINCTIVE SEPARATE SKIRTS.

Two things, above all others, are required for the success of the separate skirt. When it is made in plain, familiar materials it must be rescued from the commonplace by faultless fit and workmanship. When made of novelty weaves the selection of unusual and appropriate patterns reflects the best talent or modistes. It takes an instinct for dress or an educated taste to make the most of the separate skirt.

Beautiful color combinations, in broad and narrow stripes, and original methods in making are found in the new separate skirts for afternoon wear. Some very handsome plaids are among them but stripes afford better opportunities for the designer. A fine example of what may be done with them appears in the picture above. Taffeta, in black, old blue and white stripes, laid in wide plaits makes a skirt that can afford to dispense with any cost of trimming. It hangs from a high waistline where three overlapping bias folds make a wide grille extending to the hip. The same fold is laid in the semblance of a pocket at each side finished with a row of small black, silk-covered buttons.

There is a wide range of color combinations to choose from in the striped and plaid silks and satins shown in the shops and they promise an increased vogue for handsome separate skirts. Blouses to be worn with these skirts, are most effective when made of the same shade as one of the colors in the material. For informal dress such a costume merits consideration

with its opportunity for variation with different blouses and its all-around usefulness for afternoon and evening wear.

Julia Botwin

## Unusual Cape Coat.

New materials and models in extra coats are coming in for their share of attention and one must be hard to please who cannot find a coat or cape to her fancy. An unusual cape coat is of prim Quaker gray wool jersey cloth, the garment falling to the bottom of the dress. The sleeves are in gathered bishop shape, the collar convertible above a flat pointed hood. Flat, pointed pockets adorn the pocket front, which is belted in closely. A navy blue novelty cloth with a large over-lap plaid of yellow is made in the same model and has a high military turban made of the same material.

## Renew Old Silk Dress.

Cut a piece of cardboard the width of the hem and about five or six inches long. Lay the cardboard on the hem, lengthwise, and trim it off half an inch narrower than the hem. Open a seam on the under side and slip to the cardboard, running it back close to the stitching, then turn the broken edge over the cardboard and overcast. The cardboard prevents any stretch from showing or going through and makes a more even edge.

## Help to Save Nation's Food Supply

In this time of high cost of living, everybody should use all possible means to prevent waste and to help save food. No one means can be more effective than a vigorous campaign to exterminate rats which destroy over two hundred million dollars worth of foodstuffs annually. Keep garbage in rat-proof cans, stop up their holes, and above all exterminate them with Stearns' Paste, which can be bought for a few cents at any store. A two ounce box will usually rid a house or barn of every rat. It destroys mice, cockroaches and waterbugs as well. Adv.

### His Own.

"The crown prince does not seem to have accomplished anything."  
"Oh, yes he has. The crown prince has kept it from being cracked."

### Might Work.

"We are extending too many speeches in the Congressional Record."  
"What's the remedy, Senator?"  
"When a member gets tired let him continue his speech by means of a graphophone."

### A Feat In Itself.

"Edith, I love you."  
"Is—that all you have to say, Reggie?"  
"Great Scott, Edith, it has taken me eighteen months to say that."

### How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

Bold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

### Dull Times on 'Change.

The Junior partner of the State street firm was indisposed and the senior partner was calling him up every two or three minutes.

"Why do you telephone Bob so often inquired a friend. "Is he seriously ill?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "but his temperature fluctuates considerably and some of our customers are speculating on the fluctuations."—Boston Transcript.

### Not a Lame One.

"They've got all sorts of modern improvements down to the place where Jim works. One's an excavator that people stand on and don't have to walk upstairs."  
"Why, down at our Tom's place they've got a rheumatic tube."

### Just His Way.

"Puts on airs about everything, doesn't he?"  
"Yes, if he got the upper compartment in a sleeping car he'd make that an occasion for bragging about his high berth."

### Teachers Want More Pay.

New Orleans and Louisiana school teachers demand 50 per cent boost in pay.

Many a man who claims to be truthful spends a lot of time echoing the lies of other men.

Women trust men, but there's no reason why they should.

## As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation.

### CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

correct  
**CONSTIPATION**

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by **Carter's Iron Pills**

**St. Paul's Playgrounds.**  
St. Paul maintains 14 public playgrounds and recreation centers.

**Essex, Conn., yards are building warships for the first time in 100 years.**

A man who has something to say always knows when he has said it—then he shuts up.

There are times when it is advisable to listen to a fool's advice.

**Cause of His Activity.**  
"That fellow Rastus Hambone seems to hunt for work with great pertinacity."  
"It was surprised myself at his perseverance until I found he wanted it for his wife."

A wise woman always lets herself get the worst of an argument with an egotist.

How is it that it is easier to get a wife than it is to get a cook?

# A Letter From Washington

The Food Administrator Writes Us:

"The use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours instead of patent wheat flour is recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration. The wheat needed for export is thus conserved, and at the same time healthful food for our own people is provided. The circulation of recipes providing for these uses would be of assistance in carrying out our plans."

The following recipes for Corn Bread and Rye Rolls save wheat flour and make attractive and wholesome food for every day when made with

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

## CORN BREAD

1 1/2 cups corn meal  
1 cup flour  
1 level teaspoon Royal Baking Powder  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 cups milk  
2 tablespoons shortening

Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well; pour into well greased pan and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

Our red, white and blue booklet "Best War Time Recipes" containing additional similar recipes sent free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Company, Dept. W, 135 William Street, New York.

## RYE ROLLS

2 cups rye flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
3 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
3/4 cup milk  
1/2 tablespoon shortening

Mix dry ingredients together, add milk and melted shortening. Knead on floured board; shape into rolls. Put into greased pans and allow to stand in warm place 20 to 25 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

**What He Learned.**  
Gerald was much depressed on bringing his monthly report card home from school at being scolded severely by his parents because it showed his department had only been 80 per cent out of a possible 100, and thinking she had punished him enough the mother, to cheer him, asked:  
"Well, what did you learn this month in school, Gerald? Something nice, I'm sure."  
"Didn't learn nothin'," he pouted.  
"Oh, you surely must have learned something," the mother insisted.  
"Well, nothin', only just how to be rood," he conceded.—Indianapolis News.

A woman isn't necessarily homely because she is unspeakably beautiful.

**Alter the Movies**  
Murine Is for Tired Eyes.  
Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Itchy Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. CARE FOR THEM—YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!  
Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

**Classic Poses.**  
"About our tableaux."  
"Yes?"  
"Mrs. De Style has consented to pose as Minerva."  
"There's one bit of news we'll have to break to her gently."  
"What is that?"  
"Minerva didn't use a lozenge."  
**Limited Credence.**  
"Don't believe any news you hear except when given out officially."  
"Yes. And if it's given out by Germany you can't even believe that."

**After the Scalpers.**  
The Mexico City town council has ordered the arrest of any person caught speculating in theater tickets.

**Perfume From Garbage.**  
Minneapolis may start a factory to make perfume as a by-product of garbage.

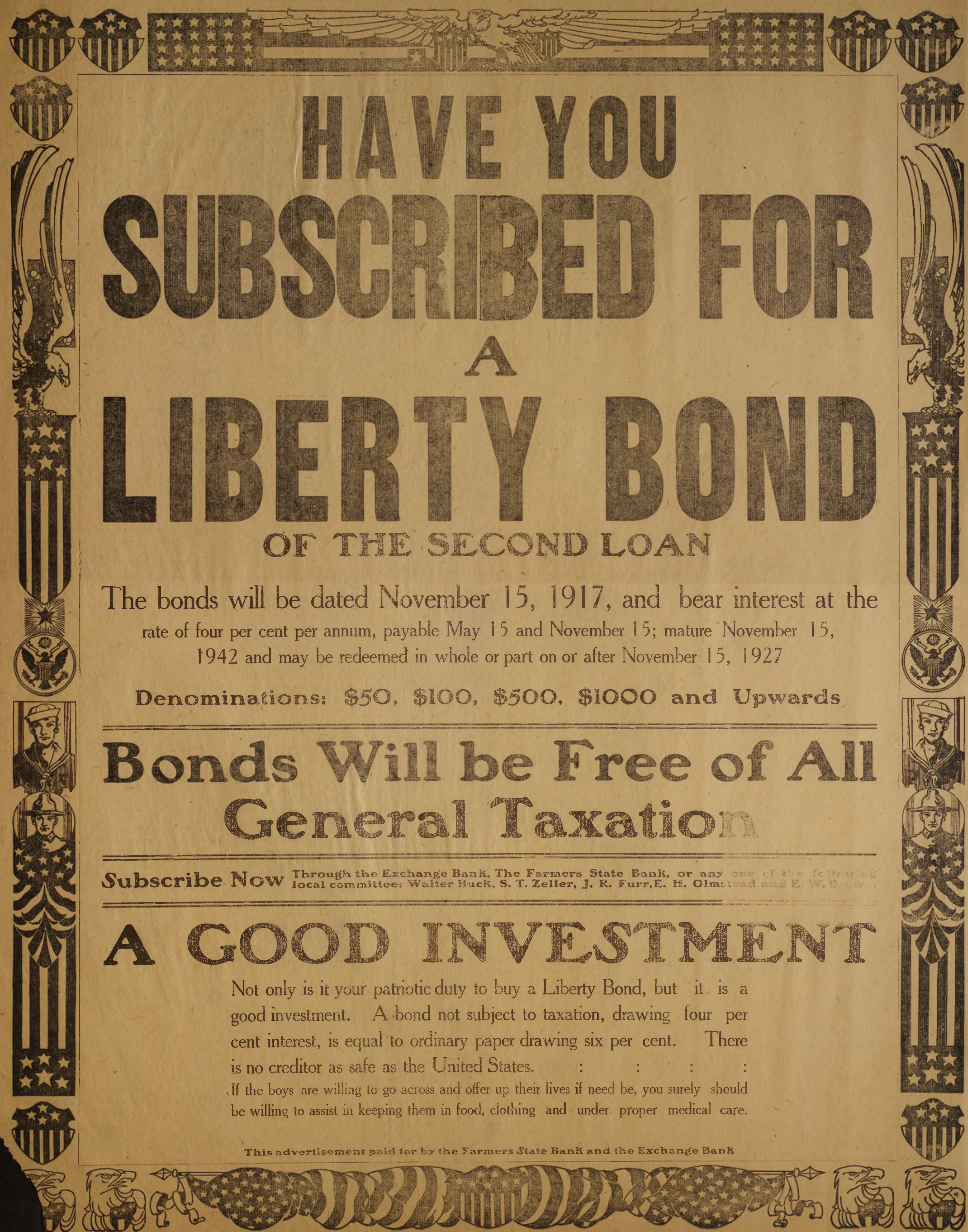
**Art of Pocket Picking.**  
"Isn't pocket picking a difficult and dangerous art?"  
"Yes, till you get your hand in."

**The Golden Lion Quits.**  
St. Louis English alehouse, known as "The Golden Lion," has been closed after 38 years of existence.

Many more men would buy heavenly shares if they could be had on the installment plan.

Good habits of some men are as expensive as the bad habits of others.

**Every Woman Wants Partine**  
ANTISEPTIC POWDER  
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE  
Dissolved in water for douche, pelvic catarrh, ulceration and irritation. Recommended by Pinkham Med. Co. for  
A healing wonder for nose, sore throat and sore eyes. Has extraordinary cleaning and disinfecting power. Sample Free, 50c. all drug stores. The Partine Toilet Company  
W. N. U., CHICAGO.



# HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR A LIBERTY BOND OF THE SECOND LOAN

The bonds will be dated November 15, 1917, and bear interest at the rate of four per cent per annum, payable May 15 and November 15; mature November 15, 1942 and may be redeemed in whole or part on or after November 15, 1927

Denominations: \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000 and Upwards

## Bonds Will be Free of All General Taxation

**Subscribe Now** Through the Exchange Bank, The Farmers State Bank, or any one of the following local committee: Walter Buck, S. T. Zeller, J. R. Furr, E. H. Olmstead and E. W. Bay...

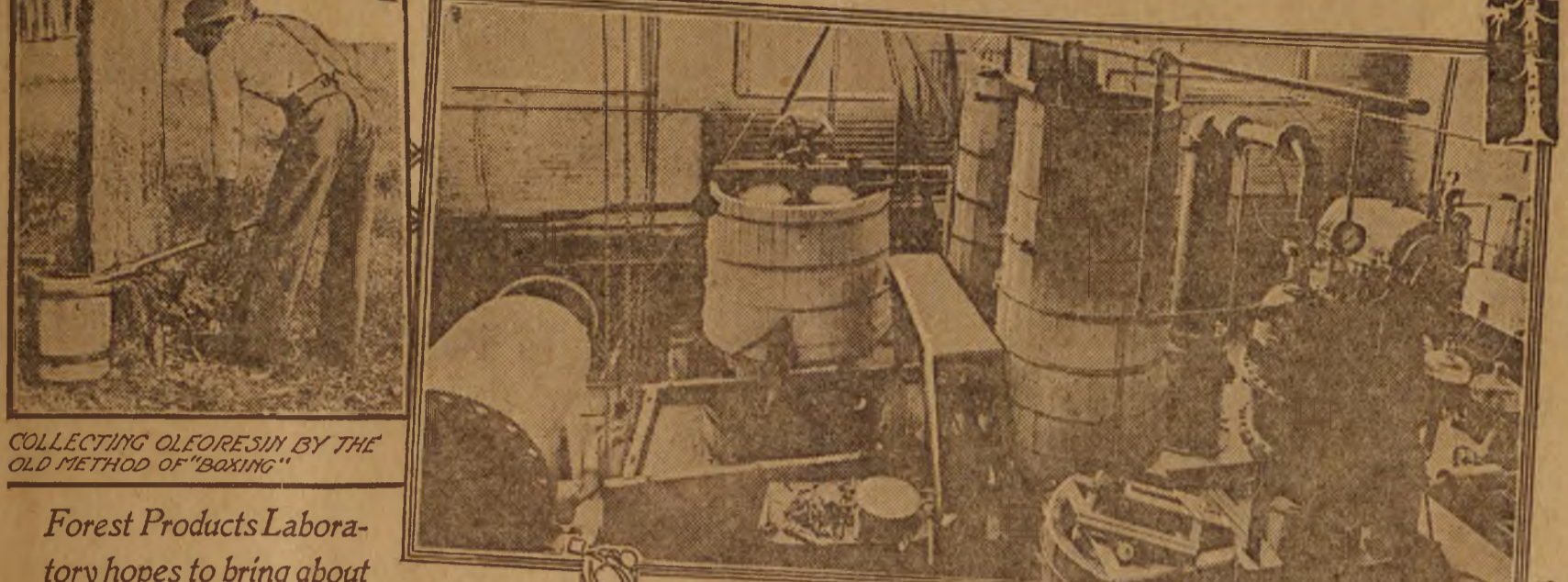
## A GOOD INVESTMENT

Not only is it your patriotic duty to buy a Liberty Bond, but it is a good investment. A bond not subject to taxation, drawing four per cent interest, is equal to ordinary paper drawing six per cent. There is no creditor as safe as the United States. : : : :  
If the boys are willing to go across and offer up their lives if need be, you surely should be willing to assist in keeping them in food, clothing and under proper medical care.

This advertisement paid for by the Farmers State Bank and the Exchange Bank



# Utilizing Forests to Double Their Value by Robert H. Moulton



COLLECTING OLEORESIN BY THE OLD METHOD OF "BOXING"

Forest Products Laboratory hopes to bring about a saving of two billion dollars a year—it's a rather neat saving!

AID the Chicago pork packer: "We make our money by saving everything but the squeal!"

Says Frank J. Hallauer: "The wood industries are going to go the pork packers one better; they are going to save everything, including the bark."

And it is to teach the wood industry how to do this that Mr. Hallauer has been working for six years. Engineer of a little-known branch of government, the forest products laboratory, situated at Madison, Wis., Mr. Hallauer and his associates hope to teach this country how to save two billions of dollars annually.

He is confident that it can be done; that is, that the annual cut of wood, now valued at two billions, can be made into articles of use which at present prices would bring double that amount.

It is a man-size job, but the confident engineer points proudly to unbelievably vast economies already effected in the wood trades through the work of the forest products laboratory's chemists. They are in such terms that it would be hard to tabulate the exact savings, but there is little doubt that they run over \$100,000,000 a year.

Few persons outside the wood trades know of the laboratory, the first of its kind ever to be established, but which has been initiated in a number of countries since it began operation. Its annual appropriation is small for the work it does; something less than \$200,000.

The laboratory is now looked upon to save the paper situation of the country, and it cheerfully tackles the job. Only recently announcement was made in Washington that the laboratory had discovered that good grades of paper can be made from a number of far Western woods and that Wisconsin paper mills were already ordering trainloads of wood chips from the West for paper pulp. The cost of freight to Wisconsin is more than offset by the cheapness of the chips, and the paper thus made is expected to prove a considerable factor in relieving the paper famine.

A visitor who leaves Mr. Hallauer can scarcely believe that there is anything which cannot be made from wood.

"How about the cabled story that the Germans have discovered a food they can make from wood which they are feeding to Russian prisoners?" was the first question asked.

"Almost surely not true," he said. "The human stomach cannot stand it. It is possible to convert sawdust into cattle food, and that was probably the foundation for the story."

But Germany from her forests is obtaining such great results that if, as an English writer recently suggested impractically, England were to destroy Germany's forests, the war would surely end very soon. Artificial cotton is one of the things which are being supplied from wood. Paper shirts are also being used, but then Japan is supplying these to the Russian soldiers.

Germany has been driven to extreme use of her forests by necessity, but no country with the exception of Germany has made such a systematic effort at developing forest products as the United States.

Charcoal for the manufacture of black gunpowders is being obtained from dogwood, willow and alder. Great quantities of alcohol and ether are made from imported molasses, but if we were cut off from this raw material we could depend upon the forests. Alcohol could also be made from grain, but in war times grain would be required for food. It is estimated that during the present year 40,000,000 gallons of denatured alcohol will be used at home, while huge quantities are being exported.

The use of wood for gunstocks is generally familiar. Our supply of seasoned black walnut, the most suitable wood for the purpose, has been entirely exhausted by the heavy demands of Europe. Heretofore the practice has been to let gunstock material air season for months before it would be worked up. This became so important that artificial seasoning was resorted to, but improper methods destroyed too much of the material.

The forest products laboratory has now perfected dry kilns which overcome the trouble, and as a further aid is perfecting methods of using other woods, notably birch, for gun stock. Then there is the near relative of the gun stock, the wooden leg, making heavy demands for willow. Millions of feet of lumber and heavy timbers are required in war times for structural purposes, such as the erection of docks, bridges, trenches and temporary shelters.

Disinfectants are now a necessity. They can be made from wood. Pure wood alcohol is the only substance that can be converted into formaldehyde, universally used for disinfection against such contagious diseases as smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria and tuberculosis. It is also used to prevent crop diseases by disinfecting the seeds.

But the importance of forest products for war supplies in no way compares with their importance for industries. The largest of these are the lumber, pulp, and paper, naval stores and distillation industries. They employ more than



IMPROVED METHOD OF COLLECTING OLEORESIN

Lowering the cost of production and raising the yield to such a point that the introduction of this alcohol as a motor fuel seems likely, particularly with gasoline going up as it has been.

Western larch has an unusually high percentage of galactan, which it is believed can be converted into a fermentable sugar for use in making grain alcohol. This same galactan in oxidation yields large quantities of nitric acid, and nitric acid can take the place of tartaric acid in the manufacture of baking powder. A number of lumbermen recently visited the laboratory and one of the chemists made baking powder from wood, and his wife made biscuits with it. Another advance is the preparation of a fine, sweet sirup from galactose, a sugar derived from galactan. So if the people of Montana, the home of the Western larch, get lard pressed they can make their flapjacks with larch baking powder, bake them over a stove heated with larch alcohol and sweeten them with larch sirup.

Converting cellulose obtained from wood into a gelatinous material known as a viscose opens up another field for research and adds a new line of products running all the way from sausage casings to tapestry. Five million dollars worth of silk socks sold last year got their silk from wood, as did many silk neckties and fancy braids. Probably it won't be long before the whims of the silk-worm will have little control over silk market conditions.

Kraft paper is made from sulphate pulp, and the method of making it came to this country from Sweden ten years ago. Kraft is much stronger than other papers. It is brown, like what we usually think of as wrapping paper. Large quantities of it are used for that purpose and it is particularly suitable for large envelopes. Kraft is used for book covers, for imitation leather and for cardboard suitcases. An attempt is being made to produce a paper twine that will replace the binder twines now made from imported fibers. This question has become more active because of the recent shortage of these other fibers on account of the conditions south of us. A successful paper substitute would provide for the utilization of a large amount of wood waste and at the same time build up a home industry independent of foreign raw materials.

The problems put up to the laboratory to solve are many and complex. One man in the frog business was suffering heavy losses from the death of his tadpoles. He asked the laboratory to find out if there was anything in the wood which when washed out poisoned the tadpoles.

The government chemists undertook to study the matter. They could not locate the trouble, so it was put up to the section of timber tests. After a few experiments it was found that the resonant croaking of the large frogs produced vibrations in the boards of the tanks. The vibrations were transmitted through the water to the ganglia of the tadpoles (they have no brains), causing a disease somewhat akin to infantile paralysis.

The remedy was simple. The man was advised to separate his tadpoles from his large frogs, thus confining the vibrations to the older generations. This was done and the mortality among the tadpoles decreased wonderfully.

### SPY ON FRENCH CHILDREN.

One of the most interesting examples of how specialized spy work is shown by the way Germany has her secret service organized in the conquered portions of Belgium and northern France. German officers have found by experience that the men and women who are left do little talking outside of selected groups where they know everyone can be trusted. But, often, the invaders learned, these citizens forget themselves when they are talking before their children. So Germany sent experienced schoolteachers, men and women who understood child psychology and who could speak French, to the occupied cities and towns to open French schools. When it is possible the teachers with the good will of the children, and through the innocent boys and girls learn what the parents are thinking and talking about. —Carl W. Ackerman in the Saturday Evening Post.

### Summer Discussion.

"What's dem summer clothes you all is wearin'?" inquired Mr. Erastus Pinkley.  
"Dat's Palum Beach suit."  
"Palum beach! Mebbe 'tis. But it looks mo' like Coney Island to me."

### Making the Useless Useful.

Cholly—Er, I say, Miss Ethel, I—er—hem—  
Ethel—Oh, do you. Then I'll set you to work hemming sheets for the soldiers.—Boston Evening Transcript.

### Sarcastic.

"George knows human nature all right."  
"Why?"  
"Yesterday he said to me: Has your wife planned your vacation yet?"

### New Reading.

"The old proverb says uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."  
"Yes, because it can't find a good way to cover the lies up."

### WOOD DISTILLATION LABORATORY

lowering the cost of production and raising the yield to such a point that the introduction of this alcohol as a motor fuel seems likely, particularly with gasoline going up as it has been.

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### AIRPLANE COMPASSES.

Of the thousands of inventions relating to the war which have been filed in the patent offices of the United States and the countries of the entire allies in the last three years many have been for compasses for airplanes. The points aimed at particularly have been the elimination of errors that result from tilting and banking. The problems are complex and have been studied for years, as the troubles worried users of compasses long before airplanes came into the world.

The military value of a perfect compass for an airplane would be great. With such an invention flights on cloudy night would be comparatively safe and aviators could reach predetermined objectives without much regard to land bearings. At present, when he cannot see land or anything else, the aviator practically has to feel his way to a large extent.

### His Wife's Little Shot.

"I'm glad you're over the draft age."  
"Why."  
"Think how humiliated I should be to have to admit that I was dependent on your stinky salary every week for my living."—Detroit Free Press.

### Sure Way.

"What is a good way to get rid of angle worms in a garden?"  
"The best way I know is to plan a fishing trip. There won't be a worm there when you go to look for them."

### New Reading.

"The old proverb says uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."  
"Yes, because it can't find a good way to cover the lies up."

## WAS IN HUNDRED SERIOUS MISHAPS

New York Daredevil Is Now Retired Member of the Police Force.

## RECORD DEATH DODGER

During Last Sixteen Months of Service He Was in Five Hospitals—Won Fame as Bicycle Rider.

New York.—Charles M. Murphy, retired member of the New York Police force, figured in five accidents during the last 16 months he was on duty. Any one of which would have been sufficient to kill an ordinary man. He rounded out his active career as a patrolman while on his way to the office to turn in his badge by falling and fracturing his knee cap. Now he is a bit curious to know just why all these misfortunes befall him and why he is alive to recount his experiences.

Murphy is little known as a policeman. In the days of his youth, 20 or more years ago, he was the speediest bicycle rider in the world.

### First Mishap at Three Years.

When Murphy was three years of age a fire broke out in the Murphy home in Brooklyn. In a panicky rush to call for assistance, his mother dropped Charles in the flames. He was scorched, no more. At ten he was rendered unconscious while coasting. When Murphy was eleven the family horse was killed in a runaway and the family scattered about the street. Charles suffered only scratches. At fourteen he crashed into an iron post while running from the "coops" and was rendered unconscious. When he was eighteen Murphy was driving a spirited horse that ran away at the sound of a fire alarm. He was dragged 50 yards and was shaken up.

During that same year an engineer was stunned by a stone thrown by a boy. Murphy raced the engine, mounted the cabin and shut off the throttle. When twenty he came near drowning while leaving his ship in the Brazilian harbor of Bahia. His twenty-



The Family Horse Ran Away.

fifth year opened with a mishap on January 1 when he and a notoriety were picked from a street car wreck and Murphy was believed crippled for life.

### Racer and New York Policeman.

When twenty-seven, Murphy was rendered unconscious while racing at Manhattan Beach. Next morning the doctor found him working out on the track. In 1890, when he was twenty-nine years of age, he won the cognomen "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy. In 1901 he was appointed a member of the New York police force. The next year Murphy and his brother built a tandem bicycle driven by a steam engine and hoped to speed three miles a minute. The engine broke loose, fell on Charles, and came near killing him. In 1903 he started a fight with 19 gangsters and would have been killed but for the arrival of reserves. In 1905, while chasing a thief, he jumped down a 20-foot embankment, suffering a sprained ankle.

In 1906 he formed the bottom link in a 20-foot human chain which rescued a man who had fallen in a well and was neck deep in quicksand. In 1913 he arrested 12 foreigners at a clip and stopped a runaway by choking a bridleless horse into submission. Things were dull for Murphy until September 19, 1915, when he was appointed motorcycle policeman. He was run over by an automobile that year. Later a towing line became entangled with his wheel and he was dragged 50 feet. The following spring a fork on his wheel broke and he suffered internal injuries. In September, 1916, he was thrown 30 feet on Manhattan bridge, and finally on January 27, 1917, when he was slated for retirement, he fell and fractured his knee cap. Murphy, however, still retains the characteristics of his youth, and avers he is glad for many more stunts.

### A Puzzler.

The preacher was visiting in Tommy's home. Tommy was just three years old and loved above all things to sit on the preacher's lap. This day when they were enjoying a romp the preacher shook Tommy's head and chuckled much as one would to a horse. Jumping down from his lap Tommy ran across the room and shook his head vigorously, then looked disappointed. He ran back to the preacher for another shake and chuck, then away again. He repeated this several times, each time looking puzzled. Finally he ventured:  
"Say, are you loose or am I?"—Indianapolis News.

Many School Children Are Sickly Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the bowels, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by mothers for 30 years. All Druggists 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address Mutter Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

### An Old-Timer.

"Here's Uncle Jed. He can reminisce with Uncle Peleg."  
"How far back can Uncle Jed reminisce?"  
"To the Civil war, of course."  
"That won't suit Uncle Peleg. He reminisces back to the Black Hawk and Mexican wars."

### Very Likely.

"I had an experience yesterday which made me lose my nerve."  
"Dear me! What was it?"  
"A seizure with my dentist."

## Back Lame and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

### An Illinois Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"  
Cavender, 621 Fifth St., Waukegan, Ill., says: "I had some pretty bad spells of backache and was almost doubled up at times. The kidney secretions were so tartaric and painful in passage and were filled with sediment. My feet and ankles swelled and I was suffering intensely when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me, although other medicines had failed."

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

## "HEAVEN and HELL"

The most startling of the profound writings of SWEDENBORG, the renowned theologian, philosopher and scientist. Big 62 page book treating of the Life after Death, sent without further cost or obligation on receipt of 10c. Write for complete list of publications. THE AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING & PUBLISHING SOCIETY, Room 80, 3 West 23rd Street, New York

## Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

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

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

The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets, convenient climate, excellent. There is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to C. J. Broughton, P.O. 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.; M. V. MacInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.; Canadian Government Agents

## WOMEN WIN IN WASHINGTON

Supreme Court Curtails Hubby's Power to Dispose of Goods Without Wife's Consent.

No more is the married man of Washington absolute head of the family. He shares that post with the wife of his heart so far as the disposal of community personal property is concerned. Man was denoted from his high estate and his authority curtailed by a recent decision of the state supreme court, which held that the "Mrs." of the household has an equal share in the personal property and must be consulted before it can be transferred.

The decision was rendered, says the Spokane Chronicle, in the case of a man named Steel, who was found guilty of alienating the affections of another man's wife. Judgment was rendered against him and the question of using community property to satisfy the debt was brought before the tribunal. Chief Justice Ellis, with the concurrence of six associate judges, reversed former decisions which have been the basis of law on this point for 20 years or more in the state, and held that the community personal property is liable only for those debts contracted for the community and in the community interests.

Under former decisions the power of the husband over community property was absolute, except that he could not will away more than half, the other half going to the wife at his death. He could mortgage, sell or dissipate the family property without the consent of his wife. His furniture could be sold over his head to pay the debts of a third party's husband. A judgment for a husband's wrong conduct could be collected from her half of the personal property as well as his. Now the husband is no more than an agent. The court has held.

### Surf Coasting.

The sport of surf coasting reached this country from Hawaii and promises in a few years to become a popular sport. In California it was much practiced this past summer, while a few surf boards might be seen on the New York beaches. American manufacturers have put on the market a special surf board which is a considerable improvement over the plank used by the Hawaiians, having an air chamber at one end. All we lack now is the Hawaiian skill in riding the big breakers standing up.—Exchange.

### The Alibi.

A college president known for his drollery was describing the Home Guard of Connecticut—an admirable force whose service will be confined to the state except in case of invasion.—Christian Register.

To the ordinary man his club is both meat and drink.

Many a convincing political speaker can't get a hearing at home.

## Give the Wheat to the soldiers, but give me POST-TOASTIE'S

(MADE OF CORN)





When a fellow has "something" the other fellow ought to know about—it's up to the first fellow to speak out.

**WE HAVE**

**MICHAELS - STERN** Clothes

You ought to know about 'em. Let us help you suit yourself. Let us show you some "winners"

**Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co.**

Walk-over shoes—Winter underwear

**KINGSTON NEWS**

—MISS EDITH MOORE, CORRESPONDENT—  
—F. P. SMITH, BUSINESS REPRESENTATIVE—

Miss Maggie Miller is enjoying this week with friends in Malta.

M. L. Gross of Sycamore was a business caller one day last week.

Miss Victoria Gnakow spent a few days last week in Rockford.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bastian were Elgin visitors Wednesday.

C. A. Anderson was a Chicago passenger Monday.

Miss Gladys Burgess was a Rockford shopper Tuesday.

Mrs. H. Cole spent last week Thursday with her sister, Mrs. Clara Spencer, in Sycamore.

Isiah Vandeburg and daughter, Mrs. Alfred Sexauer, were Chicago passengers Tuesday.

Mrs. E. L. Bradford is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Philip Hildebrandt, in Gray's Lake.

Miss Mary Turner was home from her school duties at Ladd Friday and Saturday.

Miss Beatrice Ort returned home Sunday after a few days' visit with her sister, Mrs. George Helsdon, in Belvidere.

A farewell reception was held in the M. E. church basement last Thursday evening in honor of Rev. W. H. Locke and family, who have been transferred from here to charges in Hebron and Alden.

Rev. Frank James of Maywood, Ill., is the new pastor sent to fill the M. E. pulpit. He gave his first sermon Sunday evening. The morning train being an hour and a half late the M. E. congregation worshipped with the Baptist brethren, where Rev. James joined them when he arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Knappenberger visited Mr. and Mrs. Merle Worden in DeKalb over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. White accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Rodocker of DeKalb to Camp Grant Sunday.

Nellie and Burnell Bell spent a few days last week with relatives in Belvidere.

Mrs. Ida More returned home Sunday after a week's visit with Mrs. Minnie Wilson near Fairdale.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Tower and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taylor motored to Gray's Lake Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Smith and Mrs. Sina Frantz and daughter of Sycamore, were guests of the former's brother, F. P. Smith, Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Okerstrom, Mr. and Mrs. Gust Nelson and Miss Thurston of Sycamore were guests of C. G. Chelgren and family Sunday.

Mr. Wilson has sold his farm of 200 acres to John McQueen of Kirkland and has brought the Allen Mowers farm of 120 acres.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lettow entertained Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Locke and daughter at a six o'clock dinner last week Thursday.

A patriotic entertainment will be given by the Kingston Concert Band in the M. E. church Friday evening, Oct. 19, for the benefit of our boys at Camp Grant and elsewhere. There will be patriotic musical selections, both vocal and instrumental and an address by Frank E. Stevens. Come and help a good cause. Doors will be open at 7:30. Program at 8:00 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Coon are the proud parents of a little son, Charles Jr., born Tuesday, October 15.

Professor W. J. Fraser of Champaign visited at the Eldon Kiner home several days this week.

Misses Daisy and Ruth Gallarno visited Mrs. Will Gray Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. August Becker and family and Henry Becker spent Sunday with Will Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Drenel, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hartman attended the funeral of Mrs. Fischbach in Genoa Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Hartman and Mrs. E. P. Cook were Elgin passengers Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Grimes and children spent Sunday evening at Eldon Kiner's.

**NEW LEBANON**

Dick Gallarno and daughter, Ruth, were in Rockford Sunday.

Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. L. R. Grimes shopped in Elgin Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rae Crawford motored to Wisconsin Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gray entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Gray Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Coon are the proud parents of a little son, Charles Jr., born Tuesday, October 15.

Professor W. J. Fraser of Champaign visited at the Eldon Kiner home several days this week.

Misses Daisy and Ruth Gallarno visited Mrs. Will Gray Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. August Becker and family and Henry Becker spent Sunday with Will Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Drenel, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hartman attended the funeral of Mrs. Fischbach in Genoa Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Hartman and Mrs. E. P. Cook were Elgin passengers Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Grimes and children spent Sunday evening at Eldon Kiner's.

**DR. GABLE**

The Noted Chicago Specialist Will Give Consultation Free at the May Hotel from 9 a. m. Until 3 p. m. Tuesday, October 23.



Dr. Gable is making these visits here to explain to people suffering with chronic diseases, his Neuraphatic system of treatment, which was discovered and originated by him several years ago. This new system of treatment removes diseases from the body, by eliminating the poison, by treating the nerves and the blood, and restoring vitality to the weak parts. He has spent 14 years of his life working out this system of treatment and he is having the most remarkable success in many very severe cases. He invites every person suffering with chronic diseases or weakness of any kind especially those suffering with high blood pressure, or any weakness of the heart and those afflicted with kidney or bladder troubles—especially where they have disturbances of the stomach causing indigestion or fermentation that is throwing extra work on the kidneys and bladder, and call and consult him. This new treatment gives quick relief in these cases. He believes that he can cure any case of acute or chronic rheumatism. It removes the poison from the blood, gets it out of the system. He wants all people afflicted with nervous trouble of any kind, even where there is partial paralysis of any part of the body to come to him for examination. This treatment is especially directed to the nerves. He treats dyspepsia, constipation and liver troubles, skin diseases and all kinds of weakness of the bladder—he wants all sufferers of CATARRH to come to him and let him explain his new system of treating catarrh to them. He believes he can cure every case with this treatment. Dr. Gable is a graduate physician of one of the leading medical colleges in the United States, has spent five years in foreign study and practice, and is a regularly licensed physician under the State Board of Health of Illinois. He is reliable. He does not claim to cure all cases of chronic disease; that is why he must make a personal examination of your case. He invites you to come and let him make a thorough examination and tell you exactly what your trouble is, how far it has gone, and whether or not it is curable. He will make no charge for this. He is making regular monthly visits to Genoa and has had the most remarkable success in many of the worst chronic cases. It costs nothing to get his professional opinion.

Dr. Gable  
5402 Ingleside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A letter was received by the exemption board in Maine from a man who had been notified to appear for physical examination. He wrote: "Thanking you for your favor asking me to report for examination, I wish to say that after careful consideration I have decided not to enter the national army at this time.—New Idea.

Fireproof casseroles, special price, \$1.48, Olmsted's.

**Wants, For Sale, Etc.**

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

**Lands and City Property**

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

**For Sale**

**FOR SALE**—A large quantity of good cabbage suitable for winter use at P. G. White's, 3 miles northwest of Genoa on Belvidere road. 51-2t

**FOR SALE**—Good farm of seventy acres, about 1 1/2 miles west of Belvidere. Eight-room house, heating plant, lighting plant to light house and barn. Two barns, hog house, silo and other necessary buildings nearly new. For particulars enquire at Republican Journal office. 50-6t

**FOR SALE**—Handsome Fox Terrier Puppies at Mrs. C. C. Ellis' Millinery Store.

**Lost and Found**

**STRAYED**—To my farm north of Genoa, three sheep. Owner can have same by paying for this ad and cost of keeping said sheep. Fred Plott.

**LOST**—Tuesday night between Wm. Lang's home in Genoa and Sycamore, a black steel enameled automobile tool box. Finder please return to the T. J. Hoover Garage in Genoa, Ill.

**Miscellaneous**

**CIDER**—Will make cider on Fridays only, at the well known place near the C. M. & St. Paul depot, M. L. Geithman, Phone No. 71, Genoa, Ill. 48-tf

**JUST RECEIVED**—Car load new milkers and springers. Will be on sale at my farm east of Genoa. L. A. Wylie

**INSURANCE**—Call on C. A. Brown, Genoa, Ill., for insurance. Surety and indemnity bonds. City lots for sale, large and small. tl

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

**C. A. PATTERSON**  
DENTIST  
Hours: 8:30 to 12:00 a. m.  
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
Office in Exchange Bank Building

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

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

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

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

**Evaline Lodge**  
No. 344  
4th Tuesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall  
A. R. Slater, Perfect  
Fannie M. Heed, Master

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

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

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

**Repair Your Roof**

When you repair that Roof, call on us and see our line of roofing material.

**TIBBITS, CAMERON LUMBER CO.**  
JAS. PRUTZMAN, Manager

**WOMEN'S NEEDS**

A women's needs are many and we or no other one store keeper can supply all of them, but we CAN supply her every need in

**Dress Goods, Gloves Hair Nets**

**Underwear Hosiery**

and in fact everything in the line of Dry Goods. Our stock is full and complete and comprise the very latest in fabrics and colors. We invite you to come in and give our stock a thorough inspection.

We Carry a Full Line of Groceries & Drugs

**I. W. DOUGLASS**

**YOUR COAL SUPPLY**

**THE SUPREME QUESTION OF THE HOUR**

WITH the advent of cold weather it is a question which it is unwise to ignore.

**Good Coal of First Quality** is a mighty good thing to have around the house when the wind blows and the frost is on the window pane.

The best coal on the local market is handled by this yard.

QUALITY COAL AT ALL TIMES

**ZELLER & SON**

GRAIN COAL & MILL FEED

PHONE 37 GENOA, ILL.

**Big Poland China Sale**

to be held on

**CAHOON STOCK FARM**

3 miles south of Belvidere on north end of Kirkland road

**Tuesday, Oct. 23, '17**

sale consists of 40 head

**29 Spring Boars 29**

**11 Gilts 11**

Sired by Big Gen. Hadley, Biggest Yet, Orange Model and Black Ben

Sale Will Start at one o'clock

**G. F. Sager & Son**

Phone 4 on 5A R. F. D. No. 2 Belvidere, Ill.