

# 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, FEBRUARY 16, 1917

VOLUME XII, NO 18

## FULLER IN SPEECH

### Congressman Shows Democratic Member Error of Ways

## OPPOSED TO PROPOSED TAX LAW

### Which will Discourage Development of Industries Which are Now Unprotected by Tariff

The Democratic congress has been up against it in providing ways and means of procuring revenue sufficient to run the government, since the adoption of the Underwood tariff law. Profits have been taxed, profits scaled down by a tax and other means planned and executed in raising the needed funds. The last straw is bill (H. R. 2057) in which provision is made for the taxation of partnerships, and it is this bill that has caused the Republican side of the house to jump to its feet in vigorous protest.

Congressman Charles E. Fuller of this (12th) district addressed the house as follows on the 31st of January:

Mr. Chairman, I have been much interested in listening to the gentleman who has just addressed the committee (MR. CALLAWAY) in his reading of extracts from Democratic platforms of former years, wherein the Republican Party was charged with extravagance in appropriations and the Democratic Party promised retrenchment and reform by reducing appropriations and administering the Government on an economical basis. I observe that the gentleman's colleagues on the other side of the House did not relish reference to those platform promises, in view of the fact that since they came into power appropriations have increased by hundreds of millions of dollars over any former years when the Republican Party was in control.

However, it is well to remember that Democratic platforms are always like the platforms of railway cars—made to get in on and not to stand on.

For instance, here is an extract from the latest national Democratic platform, the one adopted at St. Louis last year. It is as follows:

"We reaffirm our belief in the doctrine of a tariff for the purpose of providing sufficient revenue for the operation of the Government, economically administered."

If that platform declaration meant anything, then in view of the fact that their tariff act of 1913, the Underwood Act, does not produce sufficient revenue for the operation of the Government; in view of the fact that customs revenues have decreased under that act more than a hundred million dollars a year, although imports have greatly increased; and in view of the fact that there is a constantly growing deficit in revenues of something like a million dollars a day, I want to ask our Democratic friends why they do not carry out their platform declaration and provide a tariff "sufficient for the operation of the Government" in stead of still further burdening the people by new systems of direct taxation, as provided in this bill? Can it be possible that they are afraid if the tariff question is opened up at all there might be in the outcome some protection given to American industries, American labor, and American interests? Are they still of the opinion that American interests are entitled to no consideration, no protection, against competition from foreign interests that invade our markets and pay nothing for the support of this Government?

In my judgment it is high time that we should all agree that American interests should have adequate protection against foreign competition in stead of being constantly penalized more and more, while foreign competitors go scot-free, so far as contributing anything to the support of this Government or for the privilege of entering our markets in direct competition with American industries.

I am for America—America first and America efficient.

Now, I am in favor of preparedness—preparedness for possible future wars, which I hope will never come. But I am much more in favor of immediate preparedness for peace, which certainly will come, and for the conditions, whatever they may be, which will certainly follow when the terrible war across the sea comes to an end, whether by peace with victory or peace without victory. The worst possible way to prepare for peace and commercial war that is sure to follow is to further penalize American industries, as is proposed by this bill. These industries are already highly taxed; many of them are taxed almost to death in the localities where they exist. They are taxed for State pur-

## A WEEK OF SONGS

### Governor Lowden Makes A Patriotic Proclamation Saturday

## SCHOOLS TO SHOW THEIR LOYALTY

### "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Illinois" and Others We Love

Gov. Frank O. Lowden Saturday set the week of Feb. 19-23 as a week for the singing of national songs in the public and private schools of Illinois. The governor issued the following proclamation:

"One of the great unifying, nationalizing influences is the singing of our

national songs. Nothing so arouses and fixes a sound and patriotic sentiment as the teaching of these songs to our children and the singing of these songs by our children. "Upon the recommendation of the superintendent of public instruction, and because I deem it especially appropriate at this time, I suggest that the week of Feb. 19-23 be set aside as a week for the singing of national songs in the public and private schools of Illinois. It is desired that a special time be set aside on each day for the singing of the following songs and hymns:

"America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Battle Cry of Peace," "Illinois."

### Our Country, Right or Wrong

Editorially, the Express and West-hote, a German paper of Columbus, Ohio, lines up with the president as follows:

"Naturally our sympathies have been with Germany and her allies, as against Great Britain and her allies, in the world war. Germany was our fatherland.

"Today it is different. Our adopted country should have our first love and has it.

"Even as a man leaves his father and mother and bestows his affections upon his wife, so have we done—in the matter of country.

"Our whole allegiance is to the United States, be she right or wrong.

"To the challenge sent, Woodrow Wilson could make but one answer; he has made it.

"If the worst comes to the worst, and war, with all its curse, falls upon this land—which we hope and pray will not be the case—the Americans of German birth or with German inclinations will be found standing shoulder to shoulder with those of other nationalities, who have made Americans in this, the great melting pot of the nations.

"Our country, may she ever be right—but our country above all, right or wrong."

## INDUSTRIAL NOTES

### Facts and Figures Clipped from Columns of "Manufacturers News"

## BRYAN AND YATES

### Circumstances Make Strange Bed Fellows Politically

## BOTH ADVOCATE PROHIBITION

### Appear before Ten Thousand People at Springfield in Interest of "Dry" Element

William Jennings Bryan, the great Democratic leader, and former Governor Yates of Illinois were the prominent figures at a mass meeting attended by 10,000 people at Springfield, held in the interest of the movement to make the Illinois capital city dry.

"Springfield is going dry," was the sentiment expressed on every side by those who heard Col. Bryan's wonderful appeal. The meeting was held at the state arsenal and over 10,000 people packed every available inch of space and fairly raised the roof with cheers of approval.

Col. Bryan had come fresh from a banquet given in his honor in the St. Nicholas hotel by the Democratic members of the legislature, and was never in better humor. His address was a withering condemnation of the saloon. His arguments were unanswerable.

### "Let-Us-Go-At-It-Together"

Col. Bryan's slogan, "Let-us-go-at-it-together," brought a cordial response from Democrats and Republicans and from men and women of the most varying conditions in life and political and religious opinion. The response was a challenge from ex-Governor Yates, who presided. He asked the voters who would vote to banish the saloons from Springfield to say, "Aye." The answer came in a mighty shout which fairly rent the vast building.

### Liquor Always a Poison

Every law ever passed in any country in the world at any time and any speech against alcohol," said Mr. Bryan, "has rested on one fundamental principle, that liquor is a poison. It weakens the human body, menaces morals. If this is false and if liquor is not a poison, there should be no prohibition, no restriction of the liquor traffic. There is no justification for preventing the sale of the stuff, save that it is harmful.

"I'm going a step farther. Here are three fundamental principles that can not be disputed. First, God never made a normal human brain, from the dawn of creation until now, that needed alcohol to stimulate it to action. Second, God never made a human being, who can commence the use of liquor with a certainty that he can give it up at will. Third, there isn't a day from the cradle to the grave when it is safe to start the use of alcohol.

### Drinker a Business Liability

"Is there a business man who thinks it is good to drink? Let him get ever so strong a recommendation, and let the words be added at the bottom 'and he drinks,' and he who brings the recommendation will wait for a job until someone else gets it. The man who drinks is the first to be let off and the last to be taken on.

"There is no excuse for drink. Let me give you arguments. Are saloons good for a town? I challenge you to find any bill board advertising in a town with the number of banks and churches and colleges enumerated which also contains the number of saloons. Second argument: If saloons are a good thing, they ought to receive a bounty for coming to a city instead of being taxed.

"If a man wants to start a saloon you meet him at the city limits and tell him, 'You can't sell that stuff to anybody unless he is over age or under drunk.' It is strange, isn't it? License a saloon to make a man drunk. It's like licensing a man for spreading the itch and then lining also the people who scratch.

### Urges Dry State Bill

Preceding his plea for a dry city, Bryan discussed the attitude of the great political parties toward prohibition.

"Which party will get to Prohibition first," he asked.

"We will," sang out ex-Governor Yates, the Republican behind.

"Not if I can help it," came back Mr. Bryan's retort. "I want my party first. Then the Republicans will get all the bad men and heaven knows the Republican party has enough bad men already. But if, as my friend insists, the Republicans are first, we will get all the bad men and confidently, we haven't room for any more."

### Tax Books Open

The tax books for the town of Genoa are now open at the office of The Republican-Journal. Personal taxes are now due and must be paid on demand. The collector desires to give everyone plenty of time to pay personal taxes, but will expect you to have the money ready when he finds it necessary to make a personal visit.

The law states that the collector need make no more than one visit and at that time must get the money or property sufficient to cover the tax. It will be much more agreeable for tax payers to be prompt and call at the office. I will be at the depot in New Lebanon on Saturday morning, Feb. 24, for the convenience of people living in the east part of the township. C. D. Schoonmaker, Collector.

## ASKS FOR WIDER SLEIGHS

### Dr. C. C. Peck Would Have All Vehicles of Uniform Width

## A LESSON IN ENGLISH

### Story Written by Miss Meredith Taylor in High School

## OTHER STORIES WILL FOLLOW

### "Found" is Well Written and the Plot Worthy Effort of Seasoned Writer

The following story, entitled "Found," was written by Miss Meredith Taylor of the English class in Genoa High School. Not only is the story well written, but the copy submitted to the editor was a source of unexpected pleasure. In preparing the copy for the linotype operator, the blue pencil was not used once. The punctuation and paragraphing being absolutely correct, from the newspaperman's standpoint at least. This statement should be of some satisfaction to the English instructor and the student, when they consider that not one article in one thousand entering the editor's office escapes the blue pencil.

### "Found"

The Reynolds were of an aristocratic family residing in one of the most him undreamed wealth. Mrs. Reynolds was one of the city's most popular in mining stocks which had brought him undreamed wealth. Mrs. Reynolds was one of the city's most popular society "belles" and spent money lavishly on her entertainments. Helen, their only daughter, a girl of eighteen, was sent to a select school of the East.

Mr. Reynolds recently, however, had been under extreme financial strain. His investments were becoming doubtful. One evening, when money matters were unusually threatening, he pleaded with his wife to stop her extravagant habits. Mrs. Reynolds, preparing for one of her numerous balls, paid indifferent attention to what he said and in despair he left her.

That evening after dinner, Mr. Reynolds sat a long time in his den thinking deeply. At length with a mad desire to flee from the crash that he felt was coming and with a reckless disregard for the wife who had failed to be a wife, he ordered John, his attendant, to pack his clothing. He carefully wrote a note to his daughter explaining his leaving, but giving no address and urging her not to search for him.

Upon Mrs. Reynolds' return home, John met her exclaiming, "O Mrs. he has gone two hours ago! I had orders to pack his clothes and ma'am, he's gone!"

Mrs. Reynolds, still intoxicated with excitement, gave a slight laugh and muttered, "A jealous fit which serves him right for neglecting me. He has been so cross and mopy lately. I shall continue my good times and he will repent."

Helen, when she received her father's letter, was mad with fury upon hearing the cause of his leaving and prepared to go home and deal vengeance upon her mother. Society had ruined her mother and had lost for her, her father. She would find him, or her mother would pay for it.

Upon Helen's arrival at her home, her old negro mammy, Aunt Chloe, told her that her mother had left the day before. Helen stammered and sick at heart entered the mansion which had ceased to be a home.

The days passed and Helen found to her horror and grief that her mother did not return. She waited for her father's financial smash, but it never came. Instead the lawyers told her that her father's investments were all safe and sound. For weeks she made a silent but futile search for her parents and, then, orphaned and sick from worry, she persuaded her mammy to close up their home and go with her to their little mountain cottage. Soon the life of the mountains and her new rustic acquaintances grew dear to her. She tried to forget her thoughts by long ambles in the woods or hunting after game.

Winter came and Helen and Mammy Chloe were still in their mountain home. One cold frosty morning, bright and early, Helen came downstairs dressed in her hunting suit and announced her intention of going hunting in the mountains. She told Auntie Chloe that she probably would spend the night at the home of a guide and his wife, new friends. She hurried down the mountain path.

After wandering a few miles she spied a rabbit and chased it over logs and brush until it finally disappeared into a hole. As she stopped breathless, she felt tired and hungry so determined to go to the guide's home for dinner. She looked about her but all was strange. She had followed the

Continued on page four

## WHITE PINES DYING

### American Forestry Association Gives Out Warning

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A disease known as the White Pine Blister Rust threatens the destruction of all the white pine and other leaved pine trees in the United States.

It has already appeared in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota and in Quebec and Ontario.

There is no known cure for it. It kills the white pines infected and it spreads steadily. The spores or seeds are blown from diseased pines to current and gooseberry bushes. They germinate on the leaves of these bushes. The leaves then produce millions of spores or seeds of the disease which are blown by the wind from the bushes to the pines, and these, even those several miles distant from the nearest bushes, are infected, become diseased and die.

The white pines in New England are worth \$75,000,000; in the Lake States \$96,000,000; in western States \$60,000,000; and in the National Forests \$30,000,000 or a total of \$261,000,000.

Unless the ravages of the White Pine Blister Rust are stopped these pines will be destroyed.

The American Forestry Association urges people in all the regions where the disease has been discovered to destroy at once all current and gooseberry bushes, diseased pines, and others exposed to infection.

This will help to stop the spread of the disease.

### Son Sues Father for \$15,000

Shelby H. Parks, 21 years old, of Leland, is suing his father, Arthur L. Parks, a retired farmer, for \$15,000 because of alleged injuries received while working for his father on his farm. Shelby Parks was employed by his father two years ago to work the latter's farm. While at work with a corn husking machine his left hand became caught in the mechanism and was cut off at the wrist. The son asked his father to pay him damages. The father refused. For some time the son has not been living at his father's house. The plaintiff alleges that there were no proper safeguards on the corn husking machine at the time of the accident.

### Oliver Factory Offered to U. S.

The Oliver Typewriter factory at Woodstock, a large part of which is equipped for the manufacture of war munitions, has been offered to the government as a munitions plant in case of a declaration of war such as may be the outcome of the present international crisis. In a statement made Tuesday, E. H. Smith, secretary and treasurer of the Oliver company, said: "We made the promise on the information blank filed some months ago that the factory would be at the disposal of the government, and we have not gone back on it."

### Mrs. Alonzo Ellwood

Mrs. Mary Baker-Ellwood, a well known resident of Sycamore for many years, died at the Sycamore Hospital on Saturday morning. She was taken to the hospital only the night before, in an effort to save her life by an operation, but the trouble proved to be too far advanced.





# Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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## DE SPAIN PERSISTS IN HIS EFFORTS TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH NAN MORGAN—HE FALLS INTO A TRAP LAID BY THE GANG AND FACES IMMEDIATE DEATH

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky Mountain mining country, is infested with stage robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hang-out is in Morgan gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat, and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Thief River mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the Mountain division, decides to break up the depredations of the bad men and appoints Henry De Spain general manager of the stage line, with John LeFevre and Bob Scott, an Indian, as his assistants. They make Calabasas their headquarters. Trouble starts at once. The principal bad men are Sassoon, Logan, Deaf Sandusky and Gale Morgan. De Spain foolishly becomes smitten with pretty Nan Morgan, Gale's cousin, but she ignores his overtures. When this installment opens De Spain and his aids are trying to pick a fight with Logan and Sandusky in a gambling house.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Logan pushed back his chair. As he turned his legs from under the table to rise, a hand rested on his shoulder. He looked up and saw the brown face and feeble smile of Scott. Logan with his nearest foot kicked Sandusky. The big fellow looked up and around. Either by chance or in following the sound of the last voice, his glance fell on De Spain. He scrutinized for a suspicious instant the burning eyes and the red mark low on the cheek. While he did so—comprehension dawning on him—his enormous hands, forsaking the pile of chips with which both had been for a moment busy, flattened out, palms down, on the faro table. Logan tried to rise. Scott's hand rested heavily on him. "What's the row?" demanded Sandusky in the queer tone of a deaf man. Logan pointed at De Spain. "That Medicine Bend duck wants a fight."

"With a man, Logan; not with a cub," retorted De Spain, matching insult with insult. "Maybe I can do something for you," interrupted Sandusky. His eyes ran like a flash around the table. He saw how LeFevre had pre-empted the best place in the room. He looked up and back at the man standing now at his shoulder, and almost between Logan and himself. It was the Indian, Scott. Sandusky felt, as his faculties cleared and arranged themselves every instant, that there was no hurry whatever about lifting his hand; but he could not be faced down without a show of resistance, and he concluded that for this occasion his tongue was the best weapon. "If I can," he added stiffly, "I'm at your service."

De Spain made no answer beyond keeping his eyes on Sandusky's eyes. Tenison, overhearing the last words, awoke to the situation and rose from his case. He made his way through the crowd around the disputants and brusquely directed the dealer to close the game. While Sandusky was cashing in, Tenison took Logan aside. What Tenison said was not audible, but it sufficed to quiet the little fellow. The only thing further to be settled was as to who should leave the room last, since neither party was willing to go first. Tenison, after a formal conference with LeFevre and Logan, offered to take Sandusky and Logan by a private stairway to the billiard room, while LeFevre took De Spain and Scott out by way of the main entrance. This was arranged, and when the railroad men reached the street rain had ceased falling.

Scott warned De Spain to keep within doors, and De Spain promised to do so. But when they left him he started out at once to see whether he could not, by some happy chance, encounter Nan.

### CHAPTER VIII. A Cup of Coffee.

He was willing, after a long and bootless search, to confess to himself that he would rather see Nan Morgan for one minute than all women else in the world for a lifetime. The other incidents of the evening would have given any ordinary man enough food for reflection—indeed they did force De Spain to realize that his life would hang by a slender thread while he remained at Sleepy Cat and continued to brave the rulers of the sinks.

But this danger, which after all was a portion of his responsibility in freeing his stages from the depredations of the Calabasas gang, failed to make on him the moving impression of one moment of Nan Morgan's eyes. There was in the whole world nothing he wanted to do so much as in some way to please her—yet it seemed his ill luck to get continually deeper into her bad graces. Every day that he rode across the open country, his eyes turned to the far range and to Music Mountain. The rounded, distant, immutable peak—majestic as the sun, cold as the stars, shrouding in its unknown fastnesses the mysteries of the ages and the secrets of time—meant to him now this mountain girl whom its solitude sheltered and to whom his thoughts continually came back.

Within two weeks he became desperate. He rode the gap trail from Sleepy Cat again and again for miles and miles in the effort to encounter her. He came to know every ridge and hollow on it, every patch and stone between the lava beds and the Rat river. And in spite of the counsels of his associates, who warned him to beware of traps, he spent, under one pretext or another, much of the time either on the stages to and from Calabasas or in the saddle toward Morgan's gap, looking for Nan.

Killing time in this way, after a fruitless ride, his persistence was one day most unexpectedly rewarded. He had ridden through a hot sun from Sleepy Cat to Calabasas, where he had an appointment to meet Scott and LeFevre at five o'clock. When De Spain reached the Calabasas barn, McAlpin, the barn boss, was standing in the doorway. "You'd never be comin' from Sleepy Cat in the saddle!" exclaimed McAlpin incredulously. De Spain nodded affirmatively as he dismounted. "Hot ride, sir; a hot day," commented McAlpin as he called a man to take the horse, unstrapped De Spain's coat from the saddle, and followed the manager into the office.

The heat was oppressive, and De Spain unbuckled his cartridge belt, slipped his revolver from the holster, mechanically stuck it inside his trousers waistband, hung the heavy belt up under his coat, and, sitting down, called for the stage report and asked whether the new blacksmith had sobered up. When McAlpin had given him all minor information called for, De Spain walked with him out into the barn to inspect the horses. Passing the very last of the box-stalls, the manager saw in it a pony. He stopped. This wily, sleek-looking roan, contentedly munching at the moment some company hay, was Nan Morgan's.

"What's that horse doing here?" demanded De Spain coldly. Before answering, the barn boss eyed De Spain very carefully to see how the wind was setting, for the pony's presence confessed an infraction of a very particular rule. "You see," he began, cocking at his strict boss from below his visorless cap a questioning Scotch eye, "I like to keep on good terms with that Morgan gang. Some of them can be very ugly. That little pony is Nan Morgan's."

"What's her horse doing here?" asked De Spain.

McAlpin made even the most inconsequential approaches to a statement



"Hot Day, Sir; Hot Ride."

with a keen and questioning glance. "The girl went up to the Cat on the early stage, sir. She's coming back this afternoon."

"What is she riding away over here to Calabasas for to take the stage, instead of riding straight into Sleepy Cat?"

Once more McAlpin eyed him carefully. "The girl's been sick."

"She ain't really fit to ride a step," confided the Scotch boss with growing confidence. "But she's been going up two or three times now to get some medicine from Doc Torpy—that's the way of it. There's a nice girl, sir—in a bunch o' ruffians, I know—though old Duke, she lives with, he ain't a half-bad man except for too many cards. I used to work for him—but I call her a nice girl. Do you happen to know her?"

De Spain had long been on guard. "I've spoken with her in a business way once or twice. I can't really say I know her. Anything sick, Jim?" asked De Spain, walking on down the barn and looking at the horses. It was only the second time since he had given him the job that De Spain had called the barn boss "Jim," and McAlpin answered with the rising assurance of one who realizes he is "in" right. "Not so much as a sore hoof in either alley, Mr. De Spain. I try to take care of them, sir."

"What are we paying you, Jim?" "Twenty-seven a week, sir; pretty heavy work at that."

"We'll try to make it thirty-two after this week."

McAlpin touched his cap. "Thank you kindly, sir. I'm sure. It comes light to live out here, Mr. De Spain."

"What did you say," asked De Spain indifferently, "had been the matter with Nan Morgan?" Her name seemed a whole mouthful to speak, so fearful was he of betraying interest.

"Why, I really didn't say, sir. And I don't know. But from what she says, and the way she coughs, I'm thinking it's a touch of this new-monia that's going around so much lately, sir."

His listener had already made all arrangements to meet the occasion now presenting itself. Circumstances seemed at last to favor him, and he looked at his watch. The down stage bringing Nan back would be due in less than an hour.

"Jim," he said thoughtfully, "you are doing the right thing in showing some good-will toward the Morgans." "Now, I'm glad you think that, sir."

"You know I unintentionally rubbed their backs the wrong way in dragging Sassoon out."

"They're jealous of their power, I know—very jealous."

"This seems the chance to show that I have no real animosity myself toward the outfit."

Since De Spain was not looking at him, McAlpin cocked two keen and curious eyes on the sphinxlike birthmark of the very amiable speaker's face. However, the astute boss, if he wondered, made no comment. "When the stage comes in," continued De Spain quietly, "have the two grays—Lady and Ben—hitched to my own light wagon. I'll drive her over to the gap myself."

"The very thing," exclaimed McAlpin, staring and struggling with his breath.

"In some way I've happened, both times I talked with her, to get in wrong—understand?" McAlpin, with clearing wits, nodded more than once. "No fault of mine; it just happened so. And she may not at first take kindly to the idea of going with me."

"I see."

"But she ought to do it. She will be tired—it's a long, dusty ride for a well woman, let alone one that has been ill."

"So it is, so it is!"

De Spain looked now shamelessly at his ready-witted aid. "See that her pony is lame when she gets here—can't be ridden. But you'll take good care of him and send him home in a few days—get it?"

McAlpin half-closed his eyes. "He'll be so lame it would stagger a cowboy to back him ten feet—and never be hurt a mite, neither. Trust me!"

"If she insists on riding something, or even walking home," continued De Spain dubiously, for he felt instinctively that he should have the task of his life to induce Nan to accept any kind of a peace-offering. "I'll ride or walk with her anyway. Can you sleep here tonight, on the hay?"

"Sleep you on a hair mattress, sir. You've got a room right here upstairs; didn't you know that?"

With arrangements so begun, De Spain walked out of doors and looked reflectively up the Sleepy Cat road. One further refinement in his appeal for Nan's favor suggested itself. She would be hungry, possibly faint in the heat and dust, when she arrived. He returned to McAlpin: "Where can I get a good cup of coffee when the stage comes in?"

"Go right down to the inn, sir. It's a new chape running it—a half-witted man from Texas. My wife is cooking there off and on. She'll fix you up a sandwich and a cup of good coffee."

It was four o'clock, and the sun beat fiercely on the desert. De Spain walked down to the inn unmindful of the heat. In summer rig, with his soft-shirt collar turned under, his forearms bare, and his thoughts engaged, he made his way rapidly on, looking neither to the right nor the left.

As he approached the weather-beaten

outlet it looked no more inviting in shrill



He Called Out—There Was No Response.

and a large man, stepping quickly into the room, confronted De Spain. One of the man's hands rested lightly on his right side. De Spain recognized him instantly; the small, drooping head, carried well forward, the keen eyes, the loud-patterned, shabby waistcoat proclaimed beyond doubt—Deaf Sandusky.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The Glass Button.

Even as the big fellow stepped lightly just inside and to the left—as De Spain stood—of the door and faced him, the encounter seemed to De Spain accidental. But before he could speak, a second man appeared in the doorway, and this man appeared to be joking with a third, behind him. As the second man crossed the threshold, De Spain saw Sandusky's high-voiced little fighting crows, Logan, who now made way, as he stepped within to the right of the open door, for the swinging shoulders and rolling stride of Gale Morgan.

Morgan, eyeing De Spain with insolence, as was his wont, closed the door behind him with a bang. Then he backed his powerful frame significantly against it.

A blind man could have seen the completeness of the snare. An unpleasant feeling flashed across De Spain's perception. It was only for the immeasurable part of a second—while uncertainty was resolving itself into a rapid certainty. When Gale Morgan stepped into the room on the heels of his two Calabasas friends, De Spain would have sold for less than a cup of coffee all his chances for life. Nevertheless, before Morgan had set his back fairly against the door and the trap was sprung, De Spain had unspooled his fist.

He did not retreat from where he halted at the instant Sandusky entered. His one slender chance was to tug to the men that meant to kill him. Morgan, the nearest, he esteemed the least dangerous of the three; but to think to escape both Sandusky and Logan at close quarters was, he knew, more than ought to be hoped for.

White Morgan was closing the door, De Spain smiled at his visitors: "That isn't necessary, Morgan—I'm not ready to run." Morgan only continued to stare at him. "I need hardly ask," added De Spain, "whether you fellows have business with me?"

He looked to Sandusky for a reply; it was Logan who answered in shrill

falsetto: "No. We don't happen to have business that I know of. A friend of ours may have a little, maybe!" Logan, lifting his shoulders with his laugh, looked toward his companions for an answer to his joke.

De Spain's smile appeared unruined; "You'll help him transact it, I suppose?"

Logan, looking again toward Sandusky, grinned: "He won't need any help."

"Who is your friend?" demanded De Spain good-naturedly. Logan's glance mistled him; it did not refer to Sandusky. And even as he asked the question De Spain heard through the half-open window at the end of the bar the sound of hoofs. Hoping against hope for LeFevre, the interruption cheered him. It certainly did not seem that his situation could be made worse.

"Well," answered Logan, talking again to his gallery of cronies, "we've got two or three friends that want to see you. They're waiting outside to see what you'll look like in about five minutes—ain't they, Gale?"

Someone was moving within the rear room. De Spain felt hope in every footfall he heard, and the mention of Morgan's name cleared his plan of battle. Before Gale, with an oath, could blurt out his answer, De Spain had resolved to fight where he stood, taking Logan first and Morgan as he should jump in between the two. It was at the best a hopeless venture against Sandusky's first shot, which De Spain knew was almost sure to reach a vital spot. But desperate men cannot be choosers.

"There's no time for seeing me like the present," declared De Spain, ignoring Morgan and addressing his words to Logan. "Bring your friends in. What are you complaining about, Morgan?" he asked, resenting the stream of abuse that Gale hurled at him whenever he could get a word in. "I had my turn at you with a rifle the other day. You've got your turn now. And I call it a pretty soft one, too—don't you, Sandusky?" he demanded suddenly of the big fellow.

Sandusky alone through the talk had kept an unbroken silence. He was eating up De Spain with his eyes, and De Spain not only ached to hear him speak, but was resolved to make him. Sandusky had stood motionless from the instant he entered the room. His eyes rested intently on De Spain, and at his side the long fingers of his right hand beat a soft tattoo against his pistol holster. De Spain's question seemed to arouse him. "What's your name?" he demanded bluntly. His voice was heavy and his deafness was reflected in the strained tone.

"It's on the butt of my gun, Sandusky."

"What's that he says?" demanded the man known as the butcher, asking the question of Logan, but without taking his eyes off his shifty prey.

Logan raised his voice to repeat the words and to add a ribald comment. "You make a good deal of noise," muttered Sandusky, speaking again to De Spain.

"That ought not to bother you much, Sandusky," shouted De Spain, trying to win a smile from his taciturn antagonist.

"His noise won't bother anybody much longer," put in Logan, whose retorts overflowed at every interval. But there was no smile even hinted at in the uncompromising vigilance of Sandusky's expressionless face. De Spain discounted the next few minutes far enough to feel that Sandusky's first shot would mean death to him, even if he could return it.

"I'll tell you, De Spain," continued Logan, "we're going to have a drink with you. Then we're going to prepare you for going back where you come from—with nice flowers."

"I guess you thought you could come out here and run over everybody in the Spanish sinks," interposed Morgan, with every oath he could summon to load his words.

"Keep out, Morgan," exclaimed Logan testily. "I'll do this talking."

De Spain continued to banter. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing the three together and realizing that every moment wasted before the shooting added a grain of hope, "I am ready to drink when you are."

"He's ready to drink, Tom," roared Morgan in the deaf man's ear.

"I'm ready," announced Sandusky in hollow voice.

Do you believe that De Spain could save his life by surrendering to the gangsters and offering to get out of the neighborhood if they spared him? Would you do it in these circumstances?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Influential Citizen. Mrs. Youngwife—"My husband is a very influential man in politics." Friend—"You don't say!" Mrs. Youngwife—"Yes, George has voted in two presidential elections, and both times it has gone the way George voted." Puck.

## MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Prescience. "Don't call my baby a squalling brat. That child is going to be an artist."

"I'd like to know how you can tell that?" "Because he takes to yelling whenever you begin to sing."

### CARE FOR YOUR SKIN

And Keep It Clear by Daily Use of Cuticura—Trial Free.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment clears the skin or scalp in most cases of eczemas, rashes and itching of children and adults. Make Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations and prevent such troubles.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Hypocrite Is Defined. Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face.

### GLAD TO RECOMMEND THIS KIDNEY MEDICINE

Some time ago I was bothered terribly with my kidneys; they were inflamed and swollen and I suffered with a severe pain in my back. I heard of your remedy, Swamp-Root and decided to give it a trial. I found great relief from the first few doses and after taking the second bottle of your large, \$3.00 size, I was entirely cured of kidney trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a medicine with merit and I will recommend it to all who suffer from kidney, liver and bladder trouble.

Yours very truly, MRS. LIDA RIGGLE, Corning, Iowa. Personally appeared before me this 16th day of October, 1915, Mrs. Lida Riggle, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

WALTER W. LAVELLY, Notary Public.

### 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. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

### HIS STANDING ON THE SHIP

Cook Strenuously Objects to Any Wrong Idea as to His Position Aboard the Vessel.

U. G. Hermann, manager of the Cort theater, is a yachtsman with more than a rocking-chair reputation in the nautical game.

Last summer he took a cruise with other lakeside navigators, and at the last minute they were forced to press into service a cook who had never stepped onto anything more unstable than the deck of a launchroom kitchen. Once aboard, Pat began to give orders under his own domain and insisted on bossing the crew and even giving hints on conduct to the yacht's guests.

"Look here, are you the mate?" demanded a peeved sailor man one day. "Do I look like the mate? I was hired to cook the mate," roared the chef.—Chicago Herald.

No Hope. "What's that thing, doc?" "That's the medicine ball I bought you."

"Then I'm afraid there's no hope for me." "Why not?" "I can never swallow that."

Aviation. "Have you ever taken a flyer in the market?" "Yes," replied the useful citizen. "That's where I learned that riches have wings."

Possible. "You haven't seen my engagement ring, have you?" "I don't know. Who is the man?"

Not Slow. "Owens is a slow pay, isn't he?" "No; he doesn't pay at all."—Boston Evening Transcript.

## THOSE AWFUL CRAMPS

Suggestions that may save Much Suffering

Marysville, Pa.—"For twelve years I suffered with terrible cramps. I would have to stay in bed several days every month. I tried all kinds of remedies and was treated by doctors, but my trouble continued until one day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others. I tried it and now I am never



troubled with cramps and feel like a different woman. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly and I am recommending it to my friends who suffer as I did."

—Mrs. GEORGE R. NAYLOR, Box 72, Marysville, Pa.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

Write for free and helpful advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Only women open and read such letters.

## CANCER

and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free Sanatorium book. Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM, 302 University Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

When You Say Your Prayers In the Temple Church (near the Law-courts) in London, on the Sunday after our election, the minister of the Temple, when he has finished his sermon, paused and said to his astonished congregation that since it appeared to be quite certain that Doctor Wilson had been elected president of the United States, and so seemed certain to be called to take part in the peace negotiations which would befall during the next four years, "I would ask you to pray for him for a few moments, that he may have the divine guidance in all that he may do."

Surely that showed a wise spirit in the master of the Temple. Here, now, is Lord-George, chosen to cure the shortcomings of England, to strengthen her thesis and extend her reach, and help her to win a great peace that will bring new hope to a battered world. It is a load of Atlas that rests on the little Welshman's shoulders. Are any of the brethren hereabouts prayerfully inclined? There is their man—Life.

Its Nature. "The sugar industry is a sort of disorderly occupation, isn't it?" "Of course not. What makes you think that?" "Because the people engaged in it are always raising cane."

A mounting of recent invention permits a single lens camera to take a stereoscopic picture.

To the family exchequer the wife's output is of more importance than the husband's income.

A Pleasant Healthful Habit

A daily ration of Grape-Nuts and cream is a splendid food for those who want vigor and energy.

## Grape-Nuts

is a concentrated health-food made from choice whole wheat and malted barley. It retains the vital mineral elements of the grain so essential to thorough nourishment of body and brain, but lacking in many other cereal foods.

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

No change in price, quality or size of package.



**PURELY PERSONAL**

Carl Johnson spent Friday in Sycamore.  
W. H. Dyer was in Chicago on business Tuesday.  
Clarence Tischler of Elgin spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tischler, Sr.  
Miss Anna Preston was a Sycamore visitor Friday.  
Mrs. John Wahl was a Rockford visitor Tuesday.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Harvey entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Patch of Austin over the week end.

Mrs. E. G. Harvey visited friends in Chicago Wednesday.  
Fred M. Worcester was a Chicago passenger last Thursday.  
Howard King was in Chicago on business last Wednesday.  
Miss Gladys Greeley spent Saturday with her mother in DeKalb.  
Harold Wilson was home from Rockford Saturday and Sunday.  
H. A. Cheney spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Chicago.  
John Frazier and Jesse Kimball of Rockford were here over Sunday.  
Miss Dorothy Aldrich visited friends in Sycamore Saturday and Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fenton attended the Sycamore Mid-Winter Fair Friday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nulle visited relatives in Union the first of the week.  
Fred Marquart of Valparaiso, Ind., is here this week visiting old Genoa friends.  
D. S. Brown and C. J. Bevan attended the Bankers' meeting at Springfield Tuesday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown and daughter, Florence, were in Sycamore Wednesday.  
Misses Marlon Brown and Rose Wilson saw "Intolerance" at Rockford last Saturday.  
E. C. Awe went to Chicago with a carload of sheep which he sold on the market Monday.  
Mrs. E. J. Tischler is in Shabbona visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Jas. M. Kirby.  
Miss Marlon Bagley of Fairdale spent Saturday and Sunday with her father, Thos. Bagley.  
Miss Nina Patterson is in Indianapolis, Ind., visiting at the home of her uncle, L. E. Patterson.  
Jas. Prutzman returned from Milwaukee Friday where he attended the Lumbermen's convention.  
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Brown were among the Genoa folks who attended the Sycamore Fair Friday.  
Miss June Hammond of DeKalb spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hammond.  
Miss Della Olmstead of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Emma Olmstead.  
Mrs. Edwin S. Clifford of Elgin played at the Grand Theatre Saturday evening in place of her sister, Mrs. C. A. Patterson.

Miss Winifred Adams of Sycamore is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams.  
Mrs. R. B. Field, Mrs. J. L. Patterson and Miss Margaret Hutchison were in Rockford Saturday.  
Mrs. S. T. Zeller, Jr. spent the last of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knapp, in Ashton.  
Geo. J. Patterson was called to Chicago Monday by the serious illness of his brother-in-law, Eugene Griggs.  
Miss Irma Perkins of Franklin Grove was home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Perkins, over Sunday.  
Miss Marjorie Patterson returned Saturday after a two weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Vern Bennett, in Rockford.  
Mrs. Edna Eells, Miss Osla Downing and Henry Downing spent the week end with the latter's daughters in Chicago.  
Misses Marlon Bagley, Gertrude and Elma Hemenway and Mrs. Harry Whipple saw "Intolerance" in Rockford Saturday.  
Mrs. John Reinken returned to her home in Hampshire Saturday after a visit of a few days with Mrs. Lawrence J. Kiernan.  
C. W. Parker returned from Beresford, S. D., last Saturday. His sister whom he was called to see is still in a serious condition.  
Mrs. C. A. Patterson, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Edwin S. Clifford, of Elgin saw "Hip Hip Hooray" in Chicago last Friday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank McQuarrie entertained Mr. and Mrs. E. Tibbits of Imperial, Neb., and Mrs. Libbie Chamberlain last Thursday.  
Mrs. Emma Duval has left the employment of her father, John Lemcke, and has accepted a position with Ackeman Bros. in Elgin.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bennett and son, Donald, of Rockford were over Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Bennett's mother, Mrs. Chas. Rebeck.  
Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Beardsley saw "Hip Hip Hooray" at the Auditorium in Chicago Saturday. They spent Sunday with the latter's mother in Elgin.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Brungart returned to their home in Rockford on Sunday after spending a few days with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schmidt, Sr.

Mrs. W. A. Geithman was in Rockford Saturday.  
Mrs. J. J. Hammond was in Elgin last Saturday.  
Thos. Abraham was a Chicago visitor over Sunday.  
Miss Grace Vandresser was in Sycamore Friday.  
Bryce Smith of Earlville was a Genoa visitor Tuesday.  
W. A. Geithman was in Gilberts on business Tuesday of this week.  
C. F. Bright of Chicago was a guest at the W. A. Geithman home Monday.  
Mrs. Golda Underwood and Edward Beardsley attended the fair in Sycamore Friday.  
Mrs. L. J. Kiernan saw "A Daughter of the Gods" at the Grand in Elgin Monday.  
R. B. Patterson hauled a load of wheat to Union Tuesday where he had it made into flour.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Duval were guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. Chambers in Oak Park last week.  
Mrs. S. T. Zeller, Sr. of Ashton spent the latter part of the week at the home of her son, S. T. Jr.  
Olin Olmstead of Minneapolis, Minn., is here for a few weeks' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Olmstead.  
John Olmstead of Allegan, Mich., was here the first of the week visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Olmstead.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lewis left Wednesday for West Columbia, W. Va., where they will visit the former's parents for several weeks.  
Mrs. Eva Stark of Kingston, Mrs. Maggie Drake and Orrilla Parker attended the Eastern Star school of instruction at Rockford Monday.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Kiernan entertained the latter's sisters, Mrs. John Barry, of Chicago and Mrs. Worden Y. Wells, of Elgin over the week end.  
Mrs. John DeWane and Miss Marie DeWane of Belvidere were guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Holker, this week.  
Mrs. Anna Pierce of Quasqueton, Iowa, and Miss Etha Pierce of Elgin were over Sunday guests at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Della Pierce.  
Wm. Lankton, who has been employed in the sales department of the Leich Electric Co., will leave this week for Kansas City, Mo. From the branch office of the company in that city he will work out thru Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska as a traveling salesman. "Abe," as he is familiarly known to his Genoa friends, is a bright, energetic young man and should make a "go" of the game he is about to enter. Mr. Parker of Chicago will enter the sales department at the main office in Genoa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fischbach and daughters attended the wedding of Mrs. Fischbach's brother, Wm. Dumolin, Jr., and Miss Lorena Schiesher at Hampshire Wednesday.  
Mrs. M. L. Geithman and Mrs. L. C. Brown saw "Fair and Warmer" in Rockford Monday. The former with her daughter, Cecile, are spending the week in the Forest City.  
Geo. Loptien, M. L. Geithman, Ernest Corson, Lloyd Hoover, Wm. Schnur and Howard King went to Flint, Mich., the first of the week and will drive back six new Buicks for the local agency.  
Charles C. Schoonmaker, who has been attending the Illinois University, left for Warsaw, Ind. Sunday where he has found employment. He will return to college work next fall, probably in the Washington state university at Seattle.  
Among the Sycamore Mid-Winter Fair visitors last Friday were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fry, Miss Alma Johnson, Mr. Rosene, Carl Nelson, Charles and Martin Pearson.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Field were in Aurora over the week end, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cooper. The latter was formerly Miss Nell Scott. Willie in Aurora the Fields also visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Miller.  
Mrs. Margaret Rowe and Miss Flora Buck left this (Thursday) for New Orleans where they will attend the Mardi Gras. While there they will be the guests of the former's brother, Owen McCormick, and other friends, returning to Genoa about the first of March.  
New shipment of Worthmore \$1 waists at Olmsted's.

Miss Winifred Adams of Sycamore is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams.  
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**ARE THE TROUSERS  
OF  
Your Last Year's Suit  
WORN OUT?**

**Make Your Suit  
Look Like New  
With a  
Pair of Extra  
Trousers  
Rosenwald & Weil Make  
ALL  
PRICES**

**F. O. HOLTGREN**

**MONEY-RAISING  
SALE**

to raise money to discount my bills for my spring stock (so I can still maintain the low price of goods) I will for the next

**10 DAYS 10  
BEGINNING**

**February 16, Ending  
February 28**

**Give a 10 Per Ct. Reduction**  
on all Furniture, Rugs, Pictures, Mirrors etc. Lots of these articles will be less than manufacturing prices are now. If you are to be married or need furniture in the next year you should buy it at this sale and save money.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE

**W. W. COOPER**  
House of Good Furniture and Rugs

**February Clearance Sale**

OF HIGH-GRADE  
**PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS**

Owing to the large stock on hand, and lack of room, we will make unusual price concessions, during this month. We can save you money on an Instrument of QUALITY. Pay us a visit, and prove this to yourself. This Stock consists of some of the best known makes.

Over Forty Pianos to Select From

Unusual bargains in slightly used Pianos, of Standard Makes, which have been taken in exchange of Player Pianos. Pianos at our Sycamore Store, are included in this Sale. Easy Terms, arranged. Sale began Wednesday, Feb. 14th. Car Fare refunded to purchasers, from a distance.

**LEWIS & PALMER PIANO CO**  
136 North Third Street  
**DEKALB, ILLINOIS**  
Opposite Haish Auditorium. C. H. Palmer, Mgr.

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

**A better receipt  
than a Check  
cannot be found**

**It is also the most safe and convenient method of paying your bills and handling money.**

**Pay your bills and handle your funds through the medium of a checking account at the**

**EXCHANGE BANK**

Deposits guaranteed with over \$300,000.00

New shipment of Worthmore \$1 waists at Olmsted's.

**Hired Man Wants Instructions**  
Members of the milk producers, having been elected director and member of the milk board, I want you all to realize that I am your hired man. Unless you instruct me, how am I to know what you want me to do? If you expect me to do your work, I want you all to attend the meeting Saturday, Feb. 17, and instruct me. C. J. Cooper.

Linen finished Pillow Tubing at Olmsted's.

**Butter Up Three Cents**  
Elgin, Feb. 10.—Butter Saturday showed a three cent advance over last week, selling on the Elgin board at 42 cents.

**More Advanced.**  
Helter — Have you a book called "How to Acquire a Good Carriage?" Clerk — No, sir, but here is "Seven Ways to Obtain an Automobile."—Toledo Blade.

**The Plain People.**  
"I put my faith in the wisdom of the plain people," said the statesman. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "The wisdom of the plain people is all right. The only thing I fear is that some of them are getting so that they know too much."—Washington Star.

**Kind Mother.**  
Mrs. O'Brien—An' I see yez takin' in washin' ag'in, Mrs. O'Flannigan? Mrs. O'Flannigan—Sure 'tis only to amuse the childer I'm doin' it. They loike the windies covered w' steam so that they can make pictures on thim!—Pearson's Weekly.

**Quite a Difference.**  
"Pa, what's the difference between a patriot and a jingo?"  
"A patriot, my son, is one whose bosom swells with pride of his country, while in a jingo the swelling appears in his head."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**The Reason.**  
"You never laugh at my jokes."  
"I wouldn't dare to."  
"Why not?"  
"I have always been taught to respect old age."—Baltimore American.

**Vulgarity.**  
"Why do you say he is vulgar?"  
"Because he has at least ten times as much money as I have."—Chicago Herald.

Be pitiful, for every man is fighting a hard battle.—Ian MacLaren.

**Dead Animals**

Pay \$2.00 for Horses, \$3.00 for Cows

Other Animals at Value

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

Plant Phone 90914

Office Phone 24



**Curtain rods in colors!**

You can now select your curtain rods to harmonize with your curtains and draperies. Before purchasing rods for any purpose, come in and let us show you the many advantages of the

**Kirsch Flat Rods**

—for curtains and draperies—in colors to match your woodwork or draperies

The new Kirsch Flat Rods are coated with "Bon Ebur" covering (good as ivory) which is guaranteed not to crack, peel or chip, and you have your choice of many striking colors. With your curtains and draperies hung on Kirsch Flat Rods you are positive that they will never become soiled. The Kirsch Flat Rod is guaranteed not to sag or tarnish.

We have the single, double and triple rods. You will find a Kirsch Flat Rod to meet your requirements, at a price often lower than inferior rods. We also have the Kirsch Stair Rod.

Let us help you plan the decorations of your home



THE HOUSE OF QUALITY AND SERVICE



**The Republican-Journal**  
Genoa, Ill.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 THE YEAR

By C. D. Schoonmaker

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



YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

By Wilbur Nesbit

Your flag and my flag,  
And how it flies today,  
In your land and my land  
And half a world away!  
Rose-red and blood-red  
The stripes forever gleam;  
Snow-white and soul-white—  
The good forefather's dream.  
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—  
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.  
Your flag and my flag!  
And O! how much it holds—  
Your land and my land,  
Secure within its folds!  
Your heart and my heart  
Beat quicker at the sight;  
Sun-kissed and win-tossed—  
Red and blue and white.  
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you,  
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue.

In attempting to get a bill through congress which provides for the taxation of partnership profits, the Democratic congress is overstepping all bounds of consistency. If the firm of Smith & Jones makes a profit of over \$5,000, that firm must pay a certain

per cent of the profits over that amount into the United States treasury. If the competitor of Smith & Jones makes a profit of over \$5,000 he keeps it all. Can you beat it?

Incidents and developments of the past few years show plainly that the farmer of America is at last coming into his own, not only financially but in recognition as a vital force in the betterment of conditions in the country. The Farmer's Institutes were the first great incentive to advanced ideas in agriculture and farm life in the home and in the field. The next important step was the county organizations. But the nearest local institution which shows what a handful of farmers can do is the Sycamore mid-winter fair. For a week the farmers of the county seat territory owned the city and they were entitled to all the good things that the people of Sycamore could hand them in either praise or substantial assistance. You people of the towns and cities would do well to look about you and note carefully the fact that socially and financially the farmer and his family are in the ascendant as factors in social life, and this in the concrete; not in the abstract as of former years.

During the past few weeks the editor has heard several people take exception to the words of Stephen Decatur which appear at the head of this column. In the meaning which Decatur intended to convey, no good citizen can take exceptions. It is a motto that should be the slogan of every citizen in any country, if that citizen is truly loyal to the nation. Stephen Decatur assumed that his country should always be right, looking at the facts as an American. During the dark days of the Rebellion, there was no doubt in the minds of the northerner regarding the attitude of Lincoln on the slave question, while on the other hand, there was no doubt in the minds of the followers of Jefferson Davis regarding the rights of the southerners on the slave question. In the controversy now on between Germany and the United States, the Germans are without doubt right, looking at the question from Berlin, while we as true and loyal Americans know that the submarine policy is all wrong. Unless the citizens of any country live up to the idea in Decatur's utterance, that country is bound to sooner or later disintegrate. Mexico has no such motto.

When you hear a fellow talk about the "good old days," just gently tap him on the head with a brick and wake him up, especially if that man happens to be one who has depended upon the product of the soil for his living during the past fifty years. Here is a sample of the good old days of thirty years ago. The prices here quoted were in effect in this part of the country at that time, according to the files of a LaSalle paper, kindly submitted by Geo. Faber of this city; Wheat was selling for 65 cents, corn 27 cents, oats 25, rye 50, timothy seed 65, clover seed \$6.50, flour per sack \$1.30, hogs \$4.00, bacon 8 cents, butter 16, eggs 15, chickens 5, turkeys 7, potatoes 40 and coal \$3.00. These prices sound good to the consumer, but they should also remember that the day wages at that time were \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day.

**LESSON IN ENGLISH**

Concluded from page one

rabbit forgetting that it was leading her off her trail. She soon found a small path and followed it a long distance until she came to an intersection of two well beaten tracks. Which way to go she did not know. She was unable to judge by the sun where she was. In the strange woods she knew no directions. Sinking down on a big stone at the edge of the road she tried to decide which road to take. Chances of danger might be waiting on both ways for her. Finally, half-heartedly and indifferently trusting to luck, she took the left road. She had not gone far, however, when with some sudden thought she turned and retraced her way only to take the road to the right.

By this time it was almost four o'clock and it was fast becoming dark. Sharp wind began to blow carrying occasional snow flakes with it. She must go on in hopes of finding a hut. With difficulty following the path through the drifting snow, Helen abruptly halted at the edge of a steep gully. A shudder of horror came over her as she recalled the stories about people frozen to death in the mountain snowstorms. The storm increased and she grew almost hopeless. Suddenly she saw a light flicker in the distance. With strenuous efforts she plunged toward it, half blinded by the stinging snow. She made a final desperate effort, and within a few steps of a small cabin, fell forward against the door in a heap of exhaustion.

The cabin door opened, and a man stepping forward, almost stumbled over the form of a girl. He bent over the body and lifted the youthful form in his arms and carried her to his bed. When he had brushed the snow from her, he brought a lamp. "My own little daughter!" The words brought Helen back to consciousness and she saw her father bending over her. She gave a weak cry of joy and then was silent.

The next morning Helen led her father to Aunt Chloe and their mountain home. Their happiness at having found each other was darkened by but one shadow—where was the wife and mother? Mr. Reynolds had lived as a hermit in his mountain home, out of touch with the world, and he was not surprised to hear that his investments were safe and sound. Realizing now the folly of his acts, he determined to go back to this city from which he had so cowardly fled. A week later the Portland mansion was again opened.

Thus time passed. Father and daughter avoided the mentioning of the wife and mother, although both knew that the other was thinking of her. Each was silently putting forth every effort in a search for her, but thus far not a trace of her had been found.

One evening while Helen and her father were alone in the library with one thought in the mind of both, a pale faced woman softly opened the door at the threshold.

"Mother!" "My wife!" came the glad cries.

Later seated around the hearth fire the story was told. Unable to face the accusations which she felt would come from her daughter she had fled to a little mountain cabin where she remembered her brother had once passed his summer. The mountains soon brought peace to her troubled conscience and a realization of how idle and selfish her life had been. She had only intended to make the mountain cabin a momentary refuge and exile, but as the days passed, the spirit of the mountains seemed to tell she must not go back—yet. Thus she stayed until the overmastering desire for home, a real home, had brought her back.

Father and daughter told their stories and it seemed strange that fate should have led them all into the same mountains. And stranger yet it seemed when Helen heard that the mother's mountain refuge had been on the left road of the cross-roads where Helen had hesitated. Providence meant Helen to find her father that night. Providence had meant the mother to find herself.

**WHAT ILLINOIS EDITORS SAY**

Kendall Co. News: Mayor Bennett of Rockford, who went over the state making grand stand plays about dry Rockford, is now being dared by the Rockford papers to run for mayor again. We believe they claim he is too friendly to the blind pig business and the people of that city won't stand for blind pigs against an open saloon any longer. This same kind of business is being practiced in other cities in Illinois and some not far away. Something may suddenly drop.

Kendall Co. News: Where does your money go good citizen? Have you contributed to Sears-Robuck Company sales for the year ending December 31, 1916, approximated \$146,835,507, an increase of \$34,172,782 over the previous year, and the largest on record.

Elgin News: In Chicago there has been a wild rush of foreign born citizens to become naturalized. Those seeking to be American citizens are of both Teutonic and Austrian extraction. If they must fight, they prefer to do so for the country of their adoption and do not wish to be drafted into the military service of the land of their nativity. They are flocking to the protection of the stars and stripes.

Elgin News: Sam Gompers declares that he is opposed to war with Germany and that the great Federation of Labor of which he is the head, is of like mind. But if war has to be, then both he and the federation stand ready to serve their country in every way possible. That's good talk, the kind that makes all look to the future with confidence.

Hinckley Review: The fifteenth general assembly of Illinois has ready smashed all previous records for getting down to business early. Every day brings fresh evidence that Governor Lowden and his well selected corps of legislative leaders are going to give the state the greatest efficiency and economy administration it has ever had. As a result of such a meritorious four years as now seems assured, it is not predicting anything so far from probable as the candidacy of Governor Lowden for the presidency in 1920, and the candidacy of Senator Cliffe for the governorship.

Kendall Co. News: Senator Kessinger of this district has drawn up a bill to assist ex-convicts to get work. The measure requires the state free employment bureau to keep tabs on all state prisoners about to obtain freedom and have places of employment ready for them upon their release. The bill has gone to its second reading and is sure to become a law.

St. Charles Chronicle: At this critical stage in the affairs of the nation, it is extremely unfortunate that President Wilson is not surrounded by a cabinet of big, brainy experienced statesmen.

St. Charles Chronicle: The passing of the immigration bill over the president's veto was a mistake. The literacy test is not a fair test of citizenship. Education is desirable, but many who seek to take up their home in the United States have never had educational advantages in their native countries. Even in this country, where free schools are the rule, the penitentiaries contain many highly educated men, while good citizens, honest and patriotic, could not qualify under the literacy test. Congress made a mistake.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE**

By virtue of an order and decree of the County Court of DeKalb County, Illinois, made on the petition of the undersigned, Asahel A. Stiles, Administrator of the Estate of Charles H. Mordoff, deceased, for leave to sell the real estate of said deceased, at the February term, A. D. 1917, of said Court, to-wit: On the 5th day of February 1917, shall on the 10th day of March next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell at public sale, at the premises in the City of Genoa, in said county, the real estate described as follows, to-wit:

Lots Three (3), Four (4) and Five (5) in Block One (1), in 'Traves' Addition to Genoa, in DeKalb County, Illinois on the following terms, to-wit: Cash, one-tenth of the purchase price to be paid on date of sale, and the balance upon confirmation of sale by the Court and the delivery of deed. The said premises to be sold free and clear of widow's dower and homestead interests.

ASAHEL A. STILES,  
Administrator of the Estate of Charles H. Mordoff, deceased.  
Dated this 5th day of February, A. D. 1917.  
E. W. Brown, Attorney. 17 4t

Beneath the city of Sydney, New South Wales, is a vast coal seam which extends 100 miles north and the same distance in a westerly and southerly direction. The seam varies from four to thirty feet, and the depth runs from the surface outcrop to 2,000 feet deep.

**Wants, For Sale, Etc.**

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

LOST—on road between Genoa and Kingston a black leather hand bag. Finder please leave at The Republican-Journal office or with Mrs. H. A. Lanan in Kingston.

LOST—Between the school house and post office, fountain pen. Finder please leave same at Republican-Journal office or with Miss Peltel.

**Lands and City Property**

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light house-keeping. Apply at Hotel May. 16-tf-4\*

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. 16-tf

**For Sale**

FOR SALE—Thompson piano, original cost \$350.00. Will sell cheap. Best of reasons for selling. An excellent instrument. Golden oak case. Inquire Republican-Journal. 16-tf

**Live Stock**

PLYMOUTH ROCKS—I have for sale several cockerels and will have eggs for hatching in season. From the celebrated Parks strain that won first honors at last Missouri laying contest. Parks bred-to-day Barred Plymouth Rocks lead the world. Mr. Parks has been developing this strain for 25 years. Let me have your orders early J. W. Sowers, Genoa, Ill. 16-tf

**Miscellaneous**

WE HAVE MONEY to loan on first mortgages on farm lands at five per cent, optional pre-payment privileges. All loans closed promptly. Dutton-Becker Loan & Inv't Co., Sycamore, Ill. Phone 91. 14-6t

INSURANCE—Call on C. A. Brown, Genoa, Ill., for insurance. Surety and indemnity bonds. City lots for sale, large and small. 14-tf

**Wanted**

WANTED to buy metals, iron, hides, rags and paper. M. Gordon, junk dealer. Telephone No. 68. 8-25t\*

Practice in throwing hand grenades might be good exercise for the beefy.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway is proud of the fact that for the last four years it has not killed a passenger in a passenger train accident of any kind. During this period of time 132,238,957 passengers were carried.

**Familiar, but Unseen.**

Things we see but don't notice were under discussion at the club luncheon table. This was the opportunity of the member who took pride in his superlative powers of observation. Taking from his note case a crisp one pound note, he laid it on a plate and offered its equivalent to every member at the table who could answer correctly the following simple everyday questions: (1) On looking at the face of a penny with the dated side toward you and the date at the bottom, does the head of the image on the coin face toward your left hand or toward your right? (2) How many ribs are there in the cover of an umbrella? (3) In a pack of cards one of the kings has only one eye visible—that is, his profile only is portrayed— which of the kings is it? (4) Which way do the seeds in the core of an apple point, toward the stem or opposite to it? The one pound note did not change hands.—London Standard.

**A Once Legal Fiction.**

In the legal calendar the 24th of October is worthy of notice, as on that day, in 1852, two individuals, though personally known to no one and enjoying an extensive reputation among lawyers, ceased to exist in England. These persons were John Doe and Richard Roe, and no two persons were more frequently referred to in legal documents. In every process of ejectment, instead of the real parties to the suit being named, John Doe, plaintiff, sued Richard Roe defendant. Their names were also inserted in criminal proceedings. This fiction was introduced into English legal practice in the time of Edward III. In consequence, it was said, of a provision in Magna Charta which required the production of witnesses before every criminal trial, and henceforth John Doe and Richard Roe were inserted as the names of the alleged witness, a custom which was carried across the Atlantic to this country.—Indianapolis News.

**A Well Hated Landlord.**

The most hated landlord in Ireland for the last 100 years, a miser known as "the parsimonious peer," was Hubert George de Burgh Canning, marquis of Clanricarde. He was unmarried, and with his death the marquisate became extinct. His Irish estate extended from Athenry, in Galway, to Woodford, twenty miles southeast, and it was said that anywhere along this route could be obtained a story of tragedy in the land war. Time and again the aid of the forces of the crown in evicting tenants had been refused. He was never seen in a vehicle. He took gaily walls to Regent's park. There, on a public seat, not one of the chairs, for which he would have been charged a small fee, would sit this owner of 80,000 acres watching the squirrels. He was a noted collector of china and pictures, of which he was a wise buyer.—Chicago Journal.

**Why not Build now and SAVE MONEY?**

Prices are sure to be higher when building activity commences.

We are glad to assist you at any time.

**Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co.**

JAS. PRUTZMAN, Manager

**DEPENDABLE DRUG SERVICE**

That's the kind you want

ISN'T IT?

**I. W. Douglass**



If you are shy on your late winter and spring supply of coal, now is your chance to get the best there is and save money.

Our coal is of a uniformly high standard, well screened and selected and free from dirt and rubbish that adds to the weight while impairing the burning qualities of coal.

GET YOUR COAL OF US AND MAKE YOUR HOME FROST-PROOF

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

**EGG NOODLES**  
The Finest thing of the kind produced

10c a package  
Try a package

**Special**

3-pound can of peaches  
put up in syrup --- 15c  
TRY A CAN

REDUCE THE  
HIGH COST OF LIVING

**Genoa Cash Grocery**

**Trunks  
Suit Cases  
Bags**

I positively have the largest and best line of these goods in this part of the county --- and at prices which defy competition.

If you will call and see the goods you will instantly agree with this statement.

ALL LEATHER GOODS AT THE OLD PRICES

**M. F. O'Brien**



The Republican-Journal Trade at Home Department

Fooling the Enemy. Long Ben, a stage driver in the southwest with a soft voice and a gentle disposition...

disputatious people isolated from the world, and there is no help for it—Life.

Japanese Homes.

"One last thing I should like to mention," said the Japanese editor, "and that is our so-called pride. I can receive you here at this club as man to man, and we can talk freely. But the ordinary Japanese home is not fitted for intercourse with foreigners. Our kitchens cannot prepare foreign food. Our matting is marred by the use of tables and chairs. Our wives are not accustomed to meeting strangers and do not speak foreign languages. Visitors are compelled to take off their shoes, and if they have holes in their socks, that is embarrassing for them. Under such conditions intercourse has been in the past rather difficult. We do not like to accept hospitality without being able to reciprocate. Reciprocity is a national trait of the Japanese. We respond very quickly to friendship or suspicion."—Maynard Owen Williams in Christian Herald.

Pride of a Musician.

Vioti, the famous French musician of the eighteenth century, had an equal contempt for royalty and an exaggerated opinion of himself, as the following story shows. One day he was summoned to Versailles to play before Marie Antoinette and the court. The performance had begun, the opening bars of his favorite solo commanded breathless attention, when a cry was heard—"Place for Mgr. the Comte d'Artois!" At the sound Vioti immediately ceased playing, cast an indignant glance at his audience, placed his violin under his arm and walked out of the place.

Harmless Humbugs.

"Do you really think the public likes to be humbugged?" asked the man of many wiles. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "when the humbug is pretty and harmless. But they resent the kind that buzzes around waiting for a chance to sting 'em."—Washington Star.

Futility of Arguments.

As no men are created equal, all arguments, if indulged in, must be carried on either with superior persons or inferior persons. Viewed in this way, the utter futility of all arguments becomes apparent at once. First, it is futile, of course, to carry on an argument with a superior person, because, being superior, he will have such complete contempt for your opinions that he either will not listen to you at all or else he will listen with a patronizing smile and immediately dismiss from his mind what you have to say as not worth consideration. It is easily futile to argue with an inferior person, for if you have anything to argue about worth the time of a man of your standing and mental capacity, then it is absurd to waste talk upon an inferior being who will not be able to appreciate it. Thus are

If you deal exclusively with the local merchant and give him a check on this bank, it gives him confidence in you that may be to your advantage in time of distress. Farmers State Bank.

If you intend to have that furnace repaired or a new one installed, better get your order in now. We'll begin the work as soon as the weather cools a little. Let's talk it over. Perkins & Rosenfeld.

We can beat the mail order house every time on the same class of goods. Don't believe it? Bring in a sample of M. O. goods and let us prove it. We'll be fair, will you? I. W. Douglass.

Does the mail order house guarantee its stock food? Not much. We do, and know that we can make good the guarantee. The Crescent Stock Food gives results. Crescent Remedy Co.

We do not guarantee to sell clothing cheaper than the mail order fellows, but we do guarantee that we could not under any circumstances sell the mail order class of goods. Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co.

DEAD ANIMALS

I am paying good prices for horses and cows dead or alive with hides on, and promptly remove same. Calls answered day or night. I pay all telephone charges. No cholera hoses handled. William Leonard, dealer in hides and dead animals. Phone 467, Marengo, Ill.

C. A. PATTERSON

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

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.

Dr. H. O. McPheeters

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m. Mordoff Building, Genoa, Ill. Phone No. 38.

Dr. D. Orval Thompson

OSTEOPATH. SYCAMORE - ILL. Member Faculty Chicago College of Osteopathy.

GENOA CAMP NO. 163

M. W. A. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting neighbors welcome. B. C. Aving, V. C. R. H. Browne, Clerk.

Genoa Lodge No. 288

A. F. & A. M. Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays of Each Month. C. Holmes, W. M. T. M. Praeger, Sec. MASTER MASONS WELCOME.

Genoa Lodge No. 768

I. O. O. F. Meets Every Monday Evening in Odd Fellow Hall. R. Cruckshank N. G. J. W. Sowers, Sec.

GENOA NEST NO. 1017

ORDER OF OWLS. Meets First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month. W. E. James, Pres. J. J. Ryan, Sec.

Della Rebeckah Lodge

NO. 330. Meets 1st and 3rd Friday of Each Month. Adeline Leonard N. G. Epine Marchant Secy.

Evaline Lodge

No. 344. 2nd & 4th Tuesday of each month in L. O. O. F. Hall. A. R. Slater, Perfect. Bonnie M. Head, Secy.

Pianos and Victrolas

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

SWANSON BROS.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE

I am prepared to handle all kinds of dead animals, will pay the following prices: \$4.00 for horses, \$5.00 for cattle also the highest cash market price for hides. Not interested in the Gormley rendering plant what ever. Call 54 day or night. I pay all telephone charges. R. W. Bates, Genoa, Ill. 9-11

SMITH'S BITTER LESSON

(Copyrighted, 1914, by Thomas J. Sullivan.) Experience is the name men give their follies and their sorrows. It is the successive disenchantment of the things of life.

It is reason enriched by the spoils of the heart. At least that is Smith's interpretation of experience.

Disagreeable Brand of Wetness

One December it happened that the weather man seemed to conspire with the mail order man. He turned out a disagreeable brand of wetness that filled the people with a distaste for the "open road" that David Grayson so optimistically praises in all seasons.

But all people are not optimistic, like David.

Mr. Smith liked the comfort of his sheltered home. So he naturally was attracted by an invitation from the mail order house to sit down in an easy chair before the fire and select his Christmas supplies from the pages of a wonder book left at his front gate by the R. E. D. man.

Wonder Book Solves Problem

The idea seemed mighty attractive and comfortable. He thought he might as well experiment once anyway.

So he and his wife had a nice time filling out the yellow order slip according to their needs and revenue.

Then they sent it on its way to the firm which promised them thrilling bargains in all lines of merchandise from pins to palaces.

The Smiths had made one trip to town. The day had been characterized by haste, hunger and worry. They hadn't had time to buy what they wanted.

So the catalog seemed to solve the problem for them. It seemed as if it were going to save them lots of time, energy, money and brain fat.

Shipment Arrives

It was a beautiful pre-Christmas dream made up in four measures of comfort, confidence, curiosity and hope. The awakening came afterward, likewise the disillusionment.

Their shipment arrived two days before Christmas. This was very reassuring. But it necessitated a special drive of nine miles to the nearest express office.

The C. O. D. express charges were unexpectedly high. The first intimation of a mistake came with the realization that the express charges exceeded the difference in price between home store and catalog house articles.

Traffic had been congested and the passage rough. Damage was visible. Smith hoped it wasn't serious, but he took his snuff home with unpleasant forebodings, and that night when the family was asleep he and his wife opened the package in the kitchen.

Caused Smith to Swear

There was a lot of excelsior to unpack, but when the work was done and the contents stood revealed there was a verbal fireworks display on the part of Smith, who forgot for the moment that he was a deacon in the church, and Mrs. Smith's tears were bitter.

The parlor lamp was a scream. Its embellishments were livid enough to light a colored Baptist church without the aid of acetylene.

The handkerchief, Balfenberg, looked as if it had been made on a lathe-shop machine intended for overalls. The guaranteed pure wool overcoat assured them at a glance how truly they had been fleeced.

Passing up the balance of the "alleged bargains," the lady's stocking was the piece de resistance of their Christmas feast. It was a tawdry affair, decorated with green and red yarn tassels and filled with junk that represented the discard of a one-cent novelty stock and exuded suggestions of bacteria from top to toe.

Do Shopping at Home

The stocking was the final straw. Next morning Smith hitched up old Bess, and he and his wife plodded to town again through the slush to get a bona fide supply of Christmas gifts.

What they bought then had the guarantee of the manufacturer, the dealer and their own eyes, for by this time the Smiths were strictly from Missouri. They had had their lesson.

Writing Made Easy.

Steadily the roads that lead to success in literature are being made easier. A good many people who would like to write fiction, but have shrunk from the labor of finding equivalents for "said," will welcome a list of substitutes for the necessary little word published in the Boston Writer. There are no less than 386 fairly satisfactory variations, from "necolled" to "jeweled." The prisoner at the bar no longer need say that he is innocent. He can bubble it or bawle it or blurt it or breathe it, to use but one letter of the alphabet. The vindictive district attorney can bark his questions, the lawyer for the defense can boom his objections, the spectators may either bristle their indignant breast or blubber their sympathy. But the merit of such a list is not simply that it facilitates the management of dialogue. A thorough

RED CLOVER COMPOUND Is an Alterative & Tonic

to the organs of digestion, assimilation and excretion. It may be used for the treatment of pimples, boils, eruptions or ulcerations due to impure blood. It is also good for colds, fatigue or sluggish circulation.

Price \$1.00 a Bottle

L. E. CARMICHAEL, R. P. Phone Eighty-three



For Portly People

The shoe problem is one of the hardest for stout people to solve. Heavy weight on sensitive feet means a pulse of pain at every step unless the shoes have been fitted with care and skill.

Comfortable Shoes for All

We carry an unusually large stock of high grade shoes in a wide range of styles and sizes. We not only know how to fit the many various shapes of feet, but we have the stock with which to do it.

Our prices are low—the quality high.

JOHN LEMBKE

THE HARDWARE QUESTION SOLVED Do You Need a New Cook Stove

It's a waste of time and energy to try to cook and bake with the old-fashioned cook stove—and, worse still, an actual waste of fuel. The modern kitchen stoves and ranges are marvels of efficiency, economy and convenience in comparison. They make cooking and baking easier, cheaper and more uniform.

We have them in the best makes—for small families and for large—with coal or wood grates—malleable, rust-proof and with the latest inventions and attachments.

We are always glad to show our stock and to point out the features that make ours the best.

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

NOT FOR SALE



This home is not for sale, but if it appeals to you and you wish to build we'd be glad to advise with you as to details, cost, etc., of a home of your own.

You'll never appreciate the complete joys and comforts of a HOME until you have one of your OWN.

Let us co-operate with you; our service extends beyond your mere mechanical requirements.

GENOA LUMBER CO.

Court House News

Probate Court Notes. Notice from Peoria hospital that Bernhard Swenson has escaped and that notice of his whereabouts be sent them in case he makes his appearance in this county. Notice received from The Christian Woman's National Benevolent Association that they have good homes awaiting children up to 12 years, who are mentally and physically right, and asking if any such are in the county home, desiring a home. In Matter of Estates of— Charles H. Mordoff. Decree for sale of real estate to pay debts entered; additional bond sum of \$7,000 approved. Harvey A. Jones. Order giving executors leave to sell real estate under authority given in will. Additional bond sum of \$500 approved. W. J. Coley, late of Pierce township. Estate of about \$50,000. Will and petition filed and set for hearing March 5. Ferdinand Knopp, late of Kingston. Estate of about \$5,000. Real Estate Transfers. South Grove— Harvey Mowers articles of agreement to Wm. H. Ashford, pt 1 1/2 sqs sec 17, \$12,614.50. Genoa Henry Wahl wd to Frank J. Drake, lot 12 blk 8 Citizen's, \$1,400. Loris M. Olmstead by master's deed to Libbie Olmstead, lot 10 blk 1 Patterson's 2nd. Henry Wilke wd to Thomas Holmes, lot 5 and 6 blk 9 Citizen's, \$1. Went Too Far. An insurance suit lover was asked by what means he had lost the object of his affections. "Alas," he said, "I flattered her till she got too proud to speak to me!"



WEEK'S SOCIAL EVENTS

MRS. HELEN SEYMOUR, Editor

Observe Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Naker celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary last Saturday by having a company of friends in for the evening. There were seven tables of progressive euchre. A guessing contest, in which tiny candy hearts were used, created a great deal of amusement, with Mrs. Frank Hasler and Chas. Lane winning favors. Mrs. Florence Elklor sang two very appropriate selections, "O Promise Me" and "When Scag is Sweet." After cards Wm. Elklor presented the bride and groom (of twenty-five years) a beautiful silver toilet set and half a dozen silver tea spoons. Decorations used thru-out the house were cupid and hearts. An excellent luncheon was served.

Entertain at Cards

Miss Blanche R. Patterson and Mrs. W. J. Seymour entertained a large company of friends at the former's home last Friday evening at cards. Progressive euchre and five hundred were the games enjoyed by the guests and all took full advantage of the hospitable Patterson home. After the last game had been recorded on the score cards and the prizes awarded, a dainty luncheon was served. Those of mature years (that is, most of them) departed shortly after midnight, but others remained until the early hours of the morning demonstrating the new dancing steps.

Surprise Party

Mrs. E. H. Browne entertained a party of young folks at her home Saturday evening in honor of her nephew, Floyd Mansfield. It was indeed a surprise to the latter when he walked in and found this merry company there to greet him. A most delightful evening was spent in dancing and singing. Later there was delicious refreshments. The guests presented Floyd with a beautiful traveling set, it being his eighteenth birthday. He also received a pretty scarf pin. Guests numbered about thirty.

Miscellaneous Shower

A party of fifty of Miss Clara Krueger's friends gave her a miscellaneous shower at her home last Friday evening. Many gifts, both useful and ornamental, were presented the bride to be. After a social hour a bountiful dinner was served and the smiling faces of the prospective bride and groom showed their appreciation of the affair. Miss Krueger will be married to John Stoffregen next Wednesday, February 21.

Farewell Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Corson entertained a number of relatives at a farewell dinner last Sunday in honor of the latter's sister, Mrs. Wm. Stephens, and husband, who have been visiting here from the West for the past few weeks. They leave for their home on Saturday of this week. Guests were Messrs. and Mesdames J. L. Patterson, J. A. Patterson and families, Geo. J. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Helsdon and daughter, Mildred, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stephens.

Jolly Dinners

Mrs. George Leptien entertained the Jolly Dinners and Mrs. John Gethman at a twelve o'clock breakfast on Tuesday of this week. Place cards were cupid and hearts on which was written the maiden name of the ladies and it took some time for them to find their places, as that part of the program was a complete surprise. The ladies remained for the afternoon and devoted the time to needlework.

Birthday Party

Little Edna Pearson celebrated her third birthday by having a number of little friends at her home Saturday. Games, such as only little folks would enjoy, were played. A birthday luncheon was served.

Mrs. J. A. Patterson Entertains Five hundred furnished amusement for a number of ladies at the home of

Mrs. J. A. Patterson last Thursday evening. After several games had been played a delicious luncheon was served on the card tables. The guests were Mesdames Elizabeth Clifford, J. R. Kiernan, James Watson, F. O. Swan, R. B. Fiehl, J. H. Danforth, C. A. Stewart, Chas. Saul, W. H. Jackson, W. J. Seymour and Miss Harriet Field, the latter of Rockford.

Farewell Surprise

Mr. and Mrs. John Gray were surprised by a number of their neighbors on Friday evening. The hospitable and beautiful home of the Grays was turned over to the self-invited guests and the company made merry for several hours. It is said that Victor Stott had more fun than anyone and is almost a believer in ghosts.

H. A. G. T. Club

Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Jr. entertained the H. A. G. T. Club at five hundred last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. J. A. Patterson acted as substitute. Luncheon was served.

Large assortment of muslin. Olmsted's.

At the mid-winter fair in Sycamore last week, Frank Stanley pulled down several prizes with his fine strain of Barred Rocks, landing 1st and 2nd hon, 3rd pullet and 2nd pen.

The newly elected board of directors of the Milk Producers' Association met in Chicago on Tuesday of this week and elected their various working committees. George Brown is chairman of finance and C. J. Cooper has a place on the milk board. These are the two most important committees of the association. Each local will now elect a delegate who will be instructed as to price for milk during the summer months. These delegates will meet in Chicago on the 22nd of February at which time the price will be fixed. It is believed that a price will be named that is fair to both producer and dealer.

Just a handful of people heard the lecture at the M. E. church Monday evening, by Dr. Driver of Chicago, and for nearly three hours that handful sat quietly and took in every word uttered by the speaker. There are few men in America who know the "inside" of the European situation as well as Dr. Driver. He has traveled in Europe since a boy, speaks eleven languages and has met personally practically all the crowned heads of Europe. He told things about royalty and conditions leading up to the present war that were a revelation to his audience, facts that everyone should know. No doubt the church would have been filled to capacity had the people known the nature of the talk.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

\$25.00 week straight salary, to man with rig to introduce Poultry Remedies. Pay every week. Experience unnecessary. Eureka Mfg. Co. East St. Louis, Ill. 18-2t

FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels at \$1.50 to \$2.00 each. Eggs for hatching from five choice matings. At the Mid-Winter Fair in Sycamore the Farmers' Friend Strain won 2nd cock; 1st and 2nd hen; 3rd pullet; 2nd pen with but five birds entered. Frank Stanley, Genoa, Illinois. Phone 914-04 18-4t

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Large assortment of muslin. Olmsted's.

Come in and have a look at our large assortment of muslins. Prices right, Olmsted's.

James, the little two year old son of Mrs. Myrtle Stiles, is ill of pneumonia at the Ovlitz Hospital.

Miss Meredith Taylor will lead the Epworth League next Sunday evening. There will be a vocal duet by the Misses Myrtle Pratt and Pearl Russell. Services at 6:30 o'clock.

In the death of Charles P. Fillmore of Marengo, that city loses one of its most esteemed citizens. For years Mr. Fillmore was editor of the Marengo Republican-News, retiring about a year ago on account of failing health.

There are eight cases of small pox in the city of Belvidere and as many as thirty have been reported in Rockford. The authorities have the epidemic well in hand in both cities, however, with little danger of further spread of the disease.

Linen finished Pillow Tubing at Olmsted's.

The highest priced exhibit at the Mid-Winter Fair in Sycamore last week was that of J. R. Kiernan & Son of this city, valued at \$6,200. One of the twenty "Waterloo Boy" tractors sold at the fair the local dealer sold four.

The masquerade roller skating party at the Genoa opera house last Friday evening was well attended. Prizes were awarded as follows: Best dressed lady and gentleman, Miss Lettie Lord and Fred Scherf, most comical, Jerry Bender and Axel Overlee.

S. W. Furr, father of J. R. Wm. and Frank Furr of Genoa, passed away at his home in Seneca on Wednesday of this week at the age of 80 years. J. R. Furr had been with his father and other relatives for two weeks, returning to Genoa Tuesday leaving his father in fairly good health. Death came very suddenly on the following day.

President D. S. Brown of the DeKalb County Soil Improvement Association and County Agriculturist W. G. Eckhardt, went to Springfield Monday to use their influence in securing the passage of a bill which will benefit the soil improvement business of the several counties of the state. On Thursday Mr. Brown spoke before the association of Livingston county at Pontiac.

The Genoa high school basket ball boys will play the St. Charles team here Friday evening, Feb. 16. This will be one of the big games of the season. The boys won from Peca-tonia last week and we look for a victory against St. Charles. The high school girls' team will try their strength against the grammar school boys' team. Come and see two good games.

Something new in foot wear, black and tan high tops. Olmsted's.

H. N. Grinstead & Sons of Genoa had a display of black registered Percheron stallions at the Sycamore mid-winter fair that were greatly admired, yearlings and one two year old. One yearling won first in his class and second, as the best Percheron of any age at the show. All colts shown by them will mature in better than ton horses.

The regular meeting of the Ney Club will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 21. It will be an all day meeting, dinner being served at twelve o'clock. Officers of the club are to be elected. "How can We be Benefited by Co-operation?" is the subject that will come up for discussion and speakers well qualified to handle the several phases of the subject will be present. All members should be present.

Shear Tissue Nainsook for underwear, Olmsted's.

Dispatching Business. Counsel For the Defense—Your honor, you neglected to ask the prisoner if she had anything to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced. Judge—Inasmuch as the prisoner is a woman, we will quit that formality in order to dispose of the case in some reasonable time.—Pittsburgh Press.

Stage Name. "Yes, I am going on the stage." "Well, I hope you succeed in making a name for yourself." "That has already been attended to, my dear. I picked a really beautiful one out of a romantic novel."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Real Defender. "Big" brother is reasonably good about defending little sister, but the real serious trouble comes when "big" sister sees some one imposing on little brother.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Stingy! Omar—Miss Almee certainly has a lovely complexion, hasn't she? Hazel—Yes, and the stingy thing won't tell me what brand she uses.—Exchange.

The man who pays an ounce of principle for a pound of popularity gets badly cheated.

Liquid Fire in War. Liquid fire as a war weapon is thus described in an English journal.

In the earliest models the combustible liquid was propelled by a gas condenser out of a portable or fixed reservoir and was ignited by some automatic device as it escaped from the nozzle of the projecting instrument.

Later a double barreled liquid gun was devised, having the upper barrel much smaller than the lower and pivoted so as to turn independently. The fluid is shot from the two barrels simultaneously, but only that from the upper one ignites automatically.

This small, burning stream is so directed that it unites with the larger, nonburning one at any desired point and then, of course, ignites the larger jet. The small stream is then shut off, the large one continuing to flow.

The flames do not spread backward along the jet toward the nozzle, but are carried forward to the target and, striking the ground, form a veritable sheet of fire, which continues to ignite the fluid as fast and as long as it falls.

The Making of Chipped Glass.

Sheets of glass that are covered with a shell-like raised pattern are in use for screens, partitions, electric light fixtures and other purposes. This chipped glass, for the pattern is often really chipped out of the surface. It involves a process that is interesting. The sheet of glass to be treated is placed under a sand blast in order to give it a grain. This ground surface is next treated with a solution of good glue, and the glass is placed in a drying room on a rack, where it remains for some hours. Next the sheets of glass are removed to the chipping room, where they are placed on edge back to back, with the coated surfaces outward. This room is heated by steam coils, and when the heat is turned on the glue reaches its utmost degree of desiccation and curls off the glass in pieces from the size of a dime to that of a silver dollar, but it adheres so closely to the glass that in its effort to get free it tears a piece off the surface, the result being a beautiful pattern.

Why the Baby Cries.

Now we know why the baby cries. For a long time the cause was veiled in obscurity. It might be an inaccessible pin, or it might be the helpless discrepancy betwixt the heavenly kingdom and this world, or it might be a plain case of colic, called by wiser, wangled term you please. It has remained for an advertising expert to discover that the baby cries in order to advertise. It is the baby's effective announcement in the imperative mood that he wants to be up and petted or be wants the moon or he wants something else, and "he won't be happy till he gets it." There is no denying that for an infant industry the baby's advertising is a great success. Nearly every time he gets results, and the most astute and alert professional solicitor cannot show a higher percentage of success.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Only a "Slip of a Boy."

One night while Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her company were playing "L'Aiglon" in Montreal a very angry man left the auditorium and clamored at the box office for the return of his money. The manager naturally wanted to know why.

"I paid to see Mme. Bernhardt act," the man stormed, "and she's not acting."

"Mme. Bernhardt is acting," replied the astonished manager.

"No, she is not," retorted the man. "She does not take the part of the empress, and the only other characters are a man and the slip of a boy who plays the young duke."

It took ever so long to convince him that the "slip of a boy" was Bernhardt herself.—All Around Magazine.

His Magnificent Memory.

"Children," squeaked the ancient man, "I can remember just as well as if it was yesterday when I was a boy and beefsteak and potatoes were so cheap that we had 'em at our house most every day and were always permitted to eat all we wanted of 'em. Oh, I tell ye I've got a wonderful—hee, hee—memory!"

Later the children said among themselves: "Truly, Uncle Gulliver has an amazing memory. He can recollect things that could not possibly have happened."—Kansas City Star.

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Counsel For the Defense—Your honor, you neglected to ask the prisoner if she had anything to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced. Judge—Inasmuch as the prisoner is a woman, we will quit that formality in order to dispose of the case in some reasonable time.—Pittsburgh Press.

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Old Ironsides.

Old Ironsides is such a cherished national treasure now that it seems incredible that it was once proposed in all seriousness to tear it to pieces for what little value could be got out of the material, remarks the Boston Post. Holmes was a law student at Harvard at the time. He was only a month more than twenty-one years old. He wrote his immortal poem with a lead pencil on a stray scrap of paper, yet it has been said:

"This probably is the only case in which a government policy was changed by the verses of a college student."

Originally Old Ironsides was one of four sister frigates, the Constitution, the Constellation, the United States and the President. Of the other three, alas, only memories remain. The Constellation was broken up, as they intended to break up Old Ironsides. One of the others rotted away at a British dock, and the fourth was lost at sea.

Curiously enough, the story of these four sister frigates is one of the least known chapters in American history. Yet it is well worth reading up. Chicago News.

She Became a Bore.

Most persons who talk about them selves are bores. A writer in the American Magazine says: "One of the most companionable women I ever knew was so completely transformed by an operation that she unconsciously became a bore to her friends and to her family by tedious repetitions of her hospital experience. Her idea of its importance was so exaggerated that she lost all sense of proportion. Truly her 'operation' became the alpha and omega of her existence. From that time on her life history dated. It was her sole topic of conversation. No matter how skillfully one might steer the conversation back away from the dreaded topic, she adroitly brought it back. As a result she became self centered, introspective and a bore to her friends. Her efforts to entertain merely annoyed. Where she hoped to arouse admiration she created disgust, and where she sought sympathy she received only indifference."

The Hope of the Poles.

There are more Poles today in the world than ever before, and their fecundity is unrivaled. Their national feeling was never deeper rooted or more intelligent. If a Pole tells you he is in favor of autonomy under Germany or Russia or Austria he is lying for expediency's sake. The Pole wants only one thing, and that is independence. In this are they not like every other nation worth its salt? "Are you a patriot?" said Napoleon in 1810 to John Sniadecki, rector of the University of Vilna. "Sire," answered the rector, "from my birth I have learned to love my country, and her misfortunes have only strengthened the love I bear for her." After an additional century of Poland's misfortunes her children scattered over the whole world, would give the same answer. And there are seven times as many of them now as there were then.—Century.

Very Ancient Warfare.

At the beginning of the Chino-Japanese war one of our military attaches attended a Chinese review. A Chinese regiment took the field and went through a curious performance. They carried long bamboo fishing rods (things and with these they rushed at one another, yelling wildly and making very queer gestures and grimaces.

"What's the game?" asked our attaché.

"This regiment," a Chinese general answered, "is one of our oldest. It is now practicing a form of assault which dates from prehistoric times. The idea is to trip the enemy with the long wand, throw water in his face and in his bewilderment at this extraordinary treatment to cut off his head."

First in Something.

According to their own account, the children were first in something at school. One was first in reading, another in arithmetic, another in sports. Bertie alone remained silent.

"Well, Bertie, how about you?" his uncle asked. "Aren't you first in anything?"

"Yes," said honest Bertie; "I am first out of the building when the bells ring."—New York Times.

History Repeats.

Two men were once talking over their respective sons' careers at college, and one remarked:

"Well, I sometimes feel like saying as did Aaron in the wilderness, 'Behold, I poured in the gold and there came out this calf.'"—New York American.

Prudent Man.

"Had any luck in the stock market lately?"

"The best ever."

"How much did you clean up?"

"Not a cent. I listened to a still small voice and stayed out."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Distance Lends Enchantment.

She—Do you think it will be all right for us after we are married to settle a couple of squares away from my family? He—I was going to say a couple of states.—New York Times.

Optimism.

Wife—John, you'll have to take that ball away from baby. He hit sister on the head with it. John—Yes, dear, but you should have seen the curve the little cuss had on it.—Pack.

True glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living.—Pliny.

Historic Roumanian City.

Craiova, in Roumania, was the *Cetra Nova* of the Romans during their occupation of Dacia, and in the middle ages the place played an important role. It was here that the Wallachian prince Mircea the Old defeated the Turkish sultan Bayezid I. in 1397. Two hundred years later the most famous of Wallachia's chieftains, Michael the Brave, held sway here as "ban," or governor, afterward becoming prince not only of Wallachia, but of Moldavia and Transylvania as well, thus for a brief period uniting under one ruler the whole Roumanian people.

The lion, which is the standard of value in Roumania, was first coined in Craiova. It derives its name from the figure of a lion stamped on the early coins. Its value is equal to that of the French franc (19 cents and a fraction).

Craiova was for centuries the capital of Little Wallachia, that division of the country lying between the Alt (Aluta) river and the Hungarian and Serbian boundaries to the west.—Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

Soap an Antiseptic.

Some medical authorities, explaining the abatement of epidemic diseases in modern years, are sufficiently free from professional ties to attribute this betterment of conditions not to medical science, but to the increased use of soap and water. The Homeopathic Envoy is of the opinion that with a clean house and a clean person no one need have much fear of infection. A writer in the New York Medical Record says: "Soap is now recognized to be antiseptic and to be efficacious must produce a lather. Bacteria rubbed into soap or dropped on its surface are incapable of multiplication. The typhoid bacillus is very sensitive to soap, being killed by a .5 per cent solution in a short time. More than half the total number will die in one minute. The thorough use of a pure potash soap is not only a mechanical method of cleansing, but is an active factor in cutting down germ life."

The Arabic Language.

Though the Arabs number less than the population of London, their language is one of the most widely spoken and influential in the world, for it is the language of the Koran. Seventy millions of people in Asia and north Africa speak some form of Arabic as their vernacular, and quite as many more know something of the language from the Koran, which, in the original, is a textbook in the day schools of the Mohammedans from Turkey to Afghanistan and New Guinea. Nor is Arabic unworthy of this extensive use. Renan, after expressing his surprise that such a language should spring from the desert regions of Arabia and reach perfection in nomadic camps, declares that it surpasses all its sister Semitic languages in richness of vocabulary, delicacy of expression and the logic of its grammatical construction.—London Chronicle.

Sacred Scarabs.

The sacred scarab, or beetle, of Egypt was the "tumble insect," which for its bits of manure into a ball for laying its eggs in. Two individuals, male or female, always roll the ball together, and they do this merely for the purpose of conveying it to a safe place and hiding it. This insect was regarded as a symbol of the Creator among the Hindus, from whom the idea passed into Egypt. The ball was imagined to represent the world because it was round and was supposed to be rolled all day from sunrise to sunset.

The Other Fellow.

"Mother doesn't think she'll go to the theater with us tonight, Albert." "Is that so? I have three tickets. What shall I do with the third one?" "Give it to the man you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us, and you won't have to go out to see him."—Exchange.

He Told Her.

"Why did I ever leave home and mother?" sobbed his wife. "Chiefly because your family was too stingy to take us in," he answered bitterly.—Life.

An Old Master, Anyway.

Miss Mather—Yes, that was painted of me when I was a little girl. Colonel Hunt—is it a Rubens or a Rembrandt?—London Opinion.

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PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

For Painful Feet.

Those who stand all day while at work or those whose work obliges them to walk a great deal are very often sufferers from painful affections of the feet. Their feet may be chafed and sore from walking over long distances.

For the abrasions, wrapping a small piece of absorbent cotton or clean linen soaked in castor oil about the toe or heel or other abraded part entirely removes the pain and enables the sufferer to resume his walk with comfort.

For the prevention of sore feet soak the uppers of shoes or boots with castor oil and pour a little of this oil upon the feet, especially between the toes, and then put on the socks and soaked boots. This treatment is simple and inexpensive and proves beneficial in every instance.

The aching in the feet will be relieved by rubbing them thoroughly with castor oil.



PETEY WALES Marvelous Motion Pictures Genoa Opera House FEB. 21st

Second installment of the authentic motion pictures of

"The United States Army"

2 Reels The farther they go--the better they get

These pictures are accompanied by Sargeant Edward Alstead and Musician Harry A. Kahn of the UNITED STATES ARMY. Meet these soldier boys.

5 REEL Griffith-Ince



TRIANGLE feature

featuring Wm. Thompson and Anna Lehr

CIVILIZATION'S CHILD

A play that is bound to penetrate right to the hearts of the most disinterested theatregoer. It's a picture that vividly portrays conditions as they are in New York today, and is sure to awaken more than a spark of sympathy for the difficulties that beset the paths of the innocent and unwary in a great city like New York.

Here's one of those TWO REEL Keystone Comedies.

A laugh maker from start to finish featuring

FRANK HAYES and BILLY MORGAN

"A Bathhouse Blunder"

Program at 8 o'clock

ADMISSION---10 cents



Oh, So Good!

The Ward Cakes Fancy Cookies National Biscuits Package Goods These goods are all of a superior quality, the Ward cakes especially being as near home made as any on the market

E. J. TISCHLER, Genoa







KINGSTON NEWS

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

Mrs. Walter Haller was a Chicago passenger last Thursday. Glenn Burchfield of Beloit, Wis. spent Sunday with Kingston friends.

Mrs. Edith Bell is visiting relatives in Chicago. Miss Mary Aurner was home from Ladd Saturday. Mrs. Earl Cook of Hampshire was the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. L. Bickler, last Thursday. Miss Mayla Johnson of Elgin was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson, Sunday. Mrs. A. E. Hix returned home Sunday after a few weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Laura Ackley, in Chicago.

Joe Maltby of Iowa is visiting relatives here this week. Ivan Hinckley of Belvidere was the guest of his mother, Mrs. M. J. Fel-lows, last week. Fred and Robert Helsdon of Chicago visited relatives and friends a few days last week. The funeral services of Mrs. Charlotte Dent Foster, who passed away last Friday afternoon, were held at the home southwest of Kingston Sunday afternoon. Interment in Vandeburg cemetery.

Mrs. E. E. Bradford was a DeKalb visitor Friday. Miss Gladys Burgess spent a few days last week with friends in Aurora. Mrs. Earl Cook of Hampshire was the guest of Miss Gladys Burgess Monday. Don't forget about the dance in H. A. Lanan's Hall Saturday evening. Patterson's orchestra. Misses Margaret and Anna Brueckner of Chicago visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Weber over Sunday. There will be a dance in H. A. Lanan's Hall Saturday evening, Feb. 17. Patterson's orchestra. Mrs. Edith Bell and son, Barnell, were guests of relatives in Belvidere last Saturday and Sunday. Eddie and Walter Phelps were the guests of their sister, Mrs. Carl Gustafson, in Rockford Sunday. Mrs. George Helsdon and sons of Belvidere are the guests of relatives and friends here this week. Mrs. Floyd Hubler and son, John, of Rockford were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ort one day last week. Miss Doris Sherman came home from Belvidere last Friday night to spend a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Sherman. She was accompanied by Miss Edith Bishop, who is the guest of relatives and friends. A farewell party was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Gray and children at their home east of town last Friday evening by forty of their friends and neighbors. If you don't believe there was a ghost there, ask Victor Stott. Mr. Gray and family will move south of Genoa the first of March.



Factory of Genoa Rubber Manufacturing Corporation GENOA, ILLINOIS

INVEST YOUR MONEY WITH US

AND SHARE IN OUR FUTURE PROFITS

AS SURE AS DEATH he who rides in an AUTO must buy tires. More than a million of our citizens are being added to the list of automobile owners each year.

The present tire factories are adding building after building to their present enormous plants in an effort to keep pace with the demand for tires.

When a new car leaves the shops it immediately starts to wear out tires and pile up profits for the manufacturers. This explains why some factories are turning out more than 15,000 tires daily.

\$100.00 originally invested in Goodyear Rubber stock

is worth today \$12,900. The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company manufactures more than 15,000 tires daily and yet there was a time when the president boasted that some day they would make at least 500 tires per day. The Goodyear plant covers 46 acres and employes 7500 hands, exclusive of their sales force. Goodyear pays regular dividends of 12% on common stock and 7% on preferred. Extra dividends on common stock have been paid as follows: 100% in March 1910, 100% in March 1912, 20% in April 1914. Common stock now costs about \$350.00 per share.

THE PROSPERITY PROFITS

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, capital stock until recently \$4,000,000. Its business grew from Five Million Dollars in 1910 to over Twenty-five Million Dollars in 1915—an increase of 500 per cent in five years, with earnings of Three Million Three Hundred Thousand Dollars in

1915. This year, when capitalization was planned, the Common Stock advanced rapidly, selling recently as high as \$1,375.00 a share, par value \$100.00 per share. An original investment of \$500.00 in the stock of this Company grows to the tremendous sum of \$245,000.00.

THERE IS NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD NOT SURPASS THIS SHOWING

Genoa Rubber Manufacturing Corporation OFFICERS

JOSEPH A. BERGER President and General Manager

E. EDWARD DEAN Secretary and Treasurer

CARL SCHNEIDER Vice President

DIRECTORS

H. B. AHRENSFELD National Produce Bank of Chicago

JOSEPH A. BERGER General Representative of L. & M. Rubber Company Formerly with the U. S. Rubber Co.

CARL SCHNEIDER Banker of years; also President Kenilworth Nursery Co.

ROBERT B. HUESTIS Rubber Business for Years

WILLIAM F. SCHAARE, M. D. Staff of Post Graduate Hospital Past Dept. Surgeon United States Spanish War Veterans

S. L. JACOBSON With Peck & Hill Furniture Co.

N. LA DOIT JOHNSON, M. D. Chief of Staff the Memorial Hospital, Chicago.

WILLIAM MacDONALD General Contractor and Builder

OTTO W. ZIEBARTH Contractor and Builder. Director Koerner's Building Association

GUSTAV LINDAHL Real Estate and General Contractor

GILBERT E. STOTT General Counsel Exchange Bank, Genoa, Ill.

E. EDWARD DEAN E. Edward Dean & Co., Investments, Chicago.

J. AMBROSE GEARON General Counsel

C. H. McCLEURE Chemist

If you want to share in the profits of this wonderful industry write us for our offer and subscription plan.

Genoa Rubber Mfg. Corporation

Executive office 8 South Dearborn St. CHICAGO Telephone, Central 7135, Randolph 2396

Factory, Genoa, Ill.

Form for Genoa Rubber Mfg. Corporation with fields for Name, Address, and City.

Look what we have to offer in SHOES After taking inventory

We find we have some good shoes in Tan and Black that we are going to sell cheap. You are all familiar as to how shoes are advancing, this is your golden opportunity. We have some good ones at \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3.00 the pair.

A few words regarding our spring goods. In Men's and Boy's suits the patterns are beautiful. They were bought last October for spring delivery, they are arriving daily and at prices so cheap that they are amazing. Our facilities for buying has enabled us to give them to you at the old prices and they are genuine dyes. We will be glad to show you the celebrated Michael Stern Clothing, they are here now. Remember the Tailor Made Lines, none better. The Royal Tailors and The International Tailoring Co. Their lines for spring are now on display at our store. We are stronger than ever on Work Clothing and Work Shoes. No trouble to show goods.

Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co

SOUTH RILEY

Burnice Mackey spent last week in Rockford.

Quite a number from here attended the fair at Sycamore last week.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Ney met with Mrs. George Dalby last Thursday for lunch.

Mrs. W. Echternach will entertain the Ladies' Aid of Ney on Thursday, Feb. 22, for one o'clock dinner.

NEY

The Ladies' Aid of Ney will meet with Mrs. W. Echternach February 22. Harold Patterson and Frank Stanley attended a sale near Marengo Monday.

Misses Lila Kitchen and Gladys Kellogg spent the week end with home folks.

Ralph Stanley is slowly improving from a recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Kitchen and daughter, Lila, spent Sunday with Mrs. Chamberlain.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Colton visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gray, in New Lebanon Sunday.

Misses Mildred Bumpus and Sarah Lester of Rockford spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Elchler.

The following Ney people attended the Mid-Winter Fair in Sycamore last week: Mr. and Mrs. Cole Kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Corson, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Corson, Maynard Corson, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Colton, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Anderson and son, Earle, Mr. and Mrs. Will Furr, Mrs. J. R. Furr, Miss Minnie Johnson, Fred Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Colton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Echternach, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Little.

NEW LEBANON

Mrs. Chas. Coon was an Elgin shopper Wednesday.

Henry Krueger and family called at Arthur Hartman's Sunday evening.

There are several cases of gripe among the children in this vicinity.

Miss Lola Wicker of Fairdale spent the week end with Miss Ruth Gelanor.

The farmers around here attended the sale at the D. Roelsin farm Tuesday.

Quite a number from here attended the Mid-Winter Fair in Sycamore last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dumolin entertained friends from Hampshire Sunday.

Henry Krueger and family were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keoner.

Arthur Hartman and family spent the week end at the home of Herman Hartman in Sycamore.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hartman and son, Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Gray and daughter, Ethel, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Botcher. Mr. and Mrs. Rao Crawford entertained Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crawford and children, Alex. Crawford and family, Mrs. Arthur Botcher and Velma Botcher last Sunday.

Mrs. Lem Gray, Mrs. Arthur Hartman, Mrs. William Japp, Mrs. Henry Krueger and daughter, Martha, Mrs. Henry Keoner and daughter, Lillie, Mrs. John Botcher and daughters, Mrs. John Japp attended the miscellaneous shower given Miss Clara Krueger Friday.

FOR SALE—Full blooded White Wyandotts. R. S. Tazewell, Kingston, Illinois. 18-3t

No Black on Nature's Palette.

Nature uses no black in any part of her work. I will not except the black-berry and the so called black pansy. On a bright, clear day shadows on the snow are pale ultramarine blue, under a blue sky in midsummer the color of the placid lake is cobalt blue and the shadows on the grass are lime; on a weathered gray board walk they are nearly as blue as the sky itself. The palpating atmosphere of a warm July day lifts the coloring of the landscape to a higher but softer key instead of reducing it with gray, and in the autumn, when the sugar maple's leaves are turned to gold, the shadows on the trunk and every gray rock in the vicinity are tinged with strong blue. In fine, when the sun shines everything, even the shadow, which we are prone to believe is gray, is replete with color. F. Schuyler Matthews.

Hitting at the Ball.

Jim used to play in 85. His game was fairly good—could putt, approach and cut the ball, was steady with his wood. Then Jim read all the golfer's books, absorbed each written line and found his game was going bad. He played in 80. Kind friends essayed to help Jim out— instructed what to do. He followed all their kindly tips and played in 92. And then he cut out theories—just practiced day by day with different clubs—hitting at the ball wherever it lay. So Jim now finds an 80 is no trick to play at all if he practices plain hitting—just plain "hitting at the ball." Golfers' Magazine.

The Retort Courteous.

James Russell Lowell was once a guest at a banquet in London where he was expected to reply to a toast. The speaker who preceded Mr. Lowell said many contemptuous things about the people of the United States, avowing and repeating again and again that they were all braggarts. As American minister at the court of St. James Lowell could hardly overlook this speech, so as he arose he said smilingly: "I heartily agree with the gentleman who has just spoken. Americans do brag a great deal, and I don't know where they got the habit. Do you?"

Above the Vulgar Gaze.

Until 1870 it was against the law and sacred custom for any subject to look at the emperor of Japan. His political advisers and attendants saw only his back. When he first left the palace the shutters of all the houses had to be drawn, and no one was permitted in the streets. Even today, when the emperor has the privilege of driving through the streets like one of his subjects, it is not considered quite proper to cast a glance at him.

Sacrificed Their Hats.

Many years ago the master butchers of Washington market, in New York city, used to kick their hats about the market at the close of business on Saturday night. Under the custom of the market it was considered a slighting of the profession for any butcher not to appear behind his counter with a high hat, and it was thought bad taste if the meat seller at the end of a prosperous week failed to destroy the hat. The apprentice butchers couldn't afford silk headgear and so used to gather up the broken hats and repair them for their own use.

All Pervasive.

The teacher's last question was meant to be a scientific poser. "What is that which pervades all space," she said, "which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?" No one had an answer ready but Freddy Sharpe. "The smell of onions, miss," he said promptly.—New York Times.

MASTER IN CHANCERY'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

State of Illinois, County of DeKalb, In the Circuit Court of said County, In Chancery. Earle W. Brown, Trustee, et al vs Louis Fehrman, et al.

Forclosures. Gen. No. 19,379. In pursuance of an order and decree of said court entered in said cause at the October Term, A. D. 1916, to-wit: on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1916, I shall on Saturday, the 10th day of March, A. D. 1917, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., at the front gate of the premises hereinafter described in the City of Genoa, County of DeKalb and State of Illinois, sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash the following described real estate to-wit:

All that part of Lot Two (2) of Block Five (5) in S. Stephen's Addition to Genoa, lying sixty (60) feet south of the south line of Lot (1) of Block Five (5) and sixty feet south of the prolongation east to the west line of State Street and west to the east line of Adams Street in said City of Genoa, situated in the City of Genoa, County of DeKalb and State of Illinois, together with all the buildings, and improvements thereon, and appurtenances thereto belonging, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to realize the amount required by said decree.

Dated this 7th day of February, A. D. 1917.

W. J. FULTON, Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court of DeKalb County, Illinois.

Frank W. Joslyn, Complainant's solicitor. 17-4t

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Pimples.

The story of pimples and how not to have them is a short one to relate, but to put into practice and accomplish results is quite another story. It is difficult, first, because people who have pimples want to get rid of them without paying the price of removing the cause. They want to get something for nothing and would rather spend sums of money to have them removed with nasty medicine, if it were possible, than go about it in the only natural and possible way. Another reason why it is difficult for most people to remove pimples is that it demands a change of not a few of their living habits—the eating of candies, meats and heavy foods without drinking sufficient water and taking plenty of exercise. In other words, they would rather eat candy and loiter around with pimples than work hard, get sweaty perhaps and keep the skin rubbed clean. Pimples have rightly been called hidradenitis. They follow the eating of rich, heavy foods and sweets and are an indication of an inactive life plus an indulgent appetite.

Cowardly.

Boulder—I took you home the other night. Boulder—Yes, and then you coward, you left me to face my wife alone.

Price and Quality.

"It is a mistake to eat cheap, inferior food." "It may be inferior my friend, but it's never cheap."—Washington Star.

Every man bath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular all his life long.—Robert Burton.