

The Genoa Republican-Journal

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GENOA, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 23, 1918

VOLUME XIII, NO. 44

MUST REDUCE CIRCULATION

Proposition Squarely up to Publishers of the United States

ONLY ONE WAY OUT FOR THEM

Every Dead Head and "Long Distance" Delinquents to Be Cut from List

The order reducing the amount of print paper that may be used by weekly newspapers by 15 per cent has been prepared by the pulp and paper section of the war industries board, and will be effective September 15.

The regulations providing for a reduction of 15 per cent for daily papers became effective on August 12, and those providing for a reduction of 20 per cent on the part of Sunday papers will become effective on September 1.

Publishers of weekly newspapers must arrange for a reduction of 15 per cent in their circulation beginning with September 15, in order to meet the requirements of the war industries board. The method of making such reductions will be largely left to each publisher, who will work out the details of the problem for his own paper. At the meeting of the country weekly publishers held in Chicago and called by Guy U. Hardy, president of the National Editorial association, at the request of T. E. Donnelly, chairman of the pulp and paper section, it was generally felt that the following method would be effective for most cases:

An increase in the subscription price of the paper, especially where the price is less than \$2 a year. The discontinuance of all subscriptions that are not renewed and paid in advance at the time the subscriptions expire.

The elimination of all exchanges except where the papers received in exchange are absolutely necessary to the conduct of the paper.

The discontinuance of the practice of clubbing arrangements when the conducting subscription contests or weekly paper does not receive approximately full subscription price.

The Republican-Journal has already announced its plan of reducing the amount of paper used. Judging from the replies to our appeal to subscribers outside the fifty-mile limit, there will be a large number of names to come from the mailing list on the first of September. The order regarding "dead heads" and exchanges is exacting and every publisher must comply with regulations. Much as we desire to send the Republican-Journal to relatives and as a personal compliment to intimate friends, it can not be done hereafter. After the first of September we will exchange only with those papers which are considered necessary in the conduct of the editorial department.

Must Report Amount Used

Publishers of weekly newspapers will be supplied by the war industries board with blanks for the purpose of reporting the amount of paper used by them each month from September 1, 1917, to September 1, 1918.

The statement made by the publishers will be in the form of sworn affidavits and each month for the next 12 they will be required to make a sworn statement showing the amount of paper consumed during that month, and it is expected that this amount will be 15 per cent less than during the corresponding month of the previous year.

Publishers who have stock on hand will not be allowed to use it in larger ratio than those who must buy it from month to month.

Failure to make accurate reports, or failure to make reductions will result in either mills or jobbers being required to shut off the supply of paper to the offending publisher.

It is not the desire of the war industries board to seriously injure the business of any weekly newspaper, and there will be general exceptions made to the general rules in order to avoid such injury. But these exceptions will be announced generally, and will govern cases to which they apply. The board cannot undertake to consider each individual case.

RED CROSS WORKERS ATTENTION

All those who have Red Cross sewing please finish and hand in at the room by the twenty eighth of August, so that the goods can be packed and shipped.

Mrs. Belle Carlson and son, Geo. Leonard, are visiting at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. May.

McADOO EXPLAINS Reasons for Overcrowding and Unsatisfactory Rail Service

Complaints have reached me from time to time of overcrowded trains and unsatisfactory conditions prevailing in some sections of the country in passenger train service. I feel certain that there are grounds for some of these complaints, but I am sure the public will be interested to know that the reasons are two-fold:

First, the great number of troops now being handled over the various railroads between the homes and the cantonments, between the various cantonments and then to the seaboard, is making extraordinary demands upon the passenger car and sleeping car equipment of the country. This has caused a scarcity of day coaches and sleeping cars which it is impossible to remedy immediately.

Secondly, the increased demands upon track and terminal facilities for the transportation of the tremendous amounts of coal, food supplies, raw materials, and other things required for military and naval operations as well as for the support of the civil population of the country, force the largest possible curtailment of passenger train service. The movements of troops and war materials are, of course, of paramount importance and must be given at all times the right of way.

It was hoped that the increase in passenger rates recently made would have the wholesome effect of reducing unnecessary passenger traffic thru out the country. The smaller number of passengers who travel, the greater the number of locomotives and cars and the larger the amount of track and terminal facilities that will be freed for essential troop and war material movement. Engineers, firemen and other skilled laborers will also be released for service on troop and necessary freight trains.

Among the many patriotic duties of the American public at this time is the duty to refrain from traveling unnecessarily. Every man, woman and child who can avoid using passenger trains at this time should do so. I earnestly hope that they will do so. Not only will they liberate essential transportation facilities which are necessary for war purposes, but they will save money which they can invest in Liberty Bonds and thereby help themselves as well as their country; and the fewer who travel, the more ample the train service will be.

I may add that consistently with the paramount demands of the war, every possible effort is being made by the Railroad Administration to supply the largest possible amount of comfortable and prompt train service.

W. G. McADOO
Director General of Railroads

Washington, D. C., Aug. 13, 1918.
Circular No. 46.

All persons who have, since the 5th day of June, 1918, and on or before the 24th day of August, 1918, attained their twenty-first birthday, are required to register on Saturday, Aug. 24th, between 7 a. m. and 9 p. m.

This registration must not be confused with the larger registration to be made in September, in pursuance of the legislation now pending before Congress. This registration concerns only those who have since June 5th, 1918, and on or before August 24th, 1918, attained their twenty-first birthday.

There will be a registration board at the Local Board rooms at Sycamore, and one at the City Hall at Sandwich, Illinois, each open from 7 A. M. until 9 P. M. under the control of a member of the Local Board. The Local Board for the County of DeKalb, Illinois.

William F. Murphy
Secretary

SYCAMORE THIEVES

True Republican: Chicken thieves have started their depredations now that spring chickens have reached good marketable size. Alfred Johnson, about five miles north of Sycamore, lost about 50 chickens on Friday night, some 40 of which were spring chickens and the remainder hens. It will be well for the farmers to keep their guns loaded and near at hand at night. Big doses of shot thoroughly applied by injection are the best remedy for this trouble.

Miss Pearl Russell and brother, Earle, are visiting relatives at Williams Bay, Wis.

SIX GENOA BOYS ON THE WAY

Leave with 86th Division for Eastern Port this Week

TWO GENOA BOYS ARE OVER

Miss Ruth Crawford Lands Safely in France—Lieutenant Gormley to San Diego

The 86th division is leaving this week for the East. The following Genoa boys are in this division:

Private Frank (Turk) Brennan—Signal Battalion, 331st Inf.
Private Otto Dander—Co. H., 342nd Infantry.

Private Karl K. Holtgren—Hdg. Co., 342nd Inf. Band.
Private Ben Westover—Co. D, 341st Infantry.

Private Elmer Prain—Hdg. Co., Heavy Field Artillery.
Private Ed. Albertson—Bat. E, 33rd Field Artillery.

Prain and Albertson leave from Camp Robinson, Sparta, Wis., and the others from Camp Grant. Private Holtgren, who has been at Camp Grant for about a year, is in line for promotion. The other boys have been in Camp only a few weeks when the order came to move.

Miss Ruth Crawford has arrived safely in France, her parents having received a message to that effect last week.

Private August Niss, who has been stationed at Leon Springs, Texas, has been transferred to Lowell, Ariz. He is assigned to the U. S. Guards.

Private John Duval came out from Chicago Saturday. He is now "billeted" at 5743 Dorchester Ave. About 150 khaki clad lads are now enrolled at the Chicago University where they will study the mechanical end of the flying game.

Carl Bauman of the 77th Field Artillery Supply Troop, now in France, has recently been promoted to the rank of Corporal.

Private Fred Kohlburner of Camp Grant called on Genoa friends Saturday. Private Kohlburner formerly resided in Genoa but was called into service while a resident of Rockford. Lieutenant Richard Gormley, one of Genoa's contributions to the flying squadron, is now stationed at Rockwell Field, San Diego, Calif. He expects to remain there about four months.

Private Albert Awe, who is stationed at Camp Fremont, Calif., writes that he expects to be sent with a contingent of American troops to Siberia. The 149th Artillery, which has been in the big drive in the Reims-Soissons district, is now back of the lines resting, a cablegram having been received from Roy Tuttle of Oak Park to that effect. Charles Schoonmaker is in this regiment.

A card received by Mrs. Buckle Tuesday announces that her son, Corporal Floyd Buckle, has arrived on the other side.

Private Walter Brendemuhl has arrived safely in France, the official notice having been received this week.

In the casualty list the name, John H. Moulton appears and it is thought this may be the son of Rev. John Moulton of this city. The boy left home some years ago and the last parents heard of him he was in Philadelphia. The casualty list gives his address, Water Village, N. H. Rev. Moulton has written the authorities at Water Village to ascertain if the lad named is his son.

Happy at the Front

Private Tom Abraham, of the 129th Infantry, writes some interesting and humorous letters to his parents. In reading them one would think that the boys were enjoying a picnic instead of being engaged in the serious business of war. Here are a few extracts from his recent letters:

"Everything is fine near me today but it is hard telling when old Bill (Jerry, as they call him here) will get our address and send over a couple of packages. The other day a Jerry plane got sight of us and went back home. In about an hour he sent over five shells, but nothing resulted to harm us. They soon cooked his goose as we have heard nothing from him since. If you could come over here and sit in front my pup tent, I could show you a line of fireworks that's got anything you ever saw backed off the map. I saw Glenn Montgomery for the first time since he hit France. Just had time to talk to him a minute. I met an Australian lad the other day and found out he used to run a McKeen motor car out of Sidney, Australia. Maybe you

WHEN AMERICANS WIN, CHEER

But Cheer Without Thinking War is Over—Until It is Over

Whenever you read in the papers that the Americans in France have advanced another mile, taken another town or captured another thousand "Heines," cheer for them. Cheer to beat the band. Tell every one you meet what fine soldiers they are. If you know any of them in the achievement, write letters to them and repeat that they are fine soldiers—the finest ever. Do all that upon every occasion which offers, but—

Don't fall into the habit of thinking the war is over.

Don't let your wife or your brother or your sister or your neighbor fall into the habit, either.

Even to speculate upon when the war is going to be over is a footless, useless thing. It will be over when all the Germans are licked and know they are licked. When that day comes all will know it. To stop now to think about the end will slow you up on the job you ought to be doing today; to argue about it with your neighbor will slow him up.

To argue or tell ourselves that the Germans are whipped doesn't weaken their defensive, but it strengthens their peace offensive. What Germany has coming to it is a whipping—a whipping that it will know is a whipping. It is America's job—all of America's job—to keep on helping to give that to Germany until it yells "Enough."

THE COAL QUESTION

Do not Worry About the National Reserve Supply

During the past several months, when the people of the world have been suffering, owing to the shortage of fuel, due to the lack of transportation, one has often heard the question: "What will we do when the coal is all gone?"

There is no use borrowing trouble on this score, for there will be coal enough to last a few years, if we all carefully economize.

The United States Fuel Administration has just issued a pamphlet in which the coal situation is well covered. The United States (including Alaska) has a coal reserve of 4,231,000,000 tons and this is 52% of the world's reserve. During the year 1917, a total of 654,728,999 tons was mined in the United States, the greatest output in the history of the nation. At this rate the reserve supply will hang on for a matter of 6,462 years. This will give Edison an some of the other wizards plenty of time in which to discover a new fuel.

Frank Schultz of Bensonville was a Genoa caller last week.

Thomas Hutchison and son, James, of Maywood were week end visitors at the R. B. Field home.

think we didn't tear one of those cars to pieces. When I told him I had been in their shop, he hit me on the back and says, "Yank, it's like being home again." All the Genoa gang is still on deck and well. They all seem to think as much of France as I do. It's not a bad place, but I'll take the U. S. anytime. The word Australia has a meaning that would apply very well to a few I could name back there—each letter a word. Here it is: A-re U Satisfied To Remain A L-oafer In A-u-stralia? Say what in thunder do I care about new potatoes and green peas? Glad you have plenty of garden stuff and fruit. You want to put up a lot of stuff for winter for we may need them. If they keep Bill on the go the way he is going now, he won't last more than a year. I would like to be there and help eat those potatoes and peas, but will have to wait a while yet. I have a big job to do here first.

"When one of Jerry's heavies shoots a couple of big ones over and they light some ten miles behind the lines, and burst, you wonder what in H—— is coming next. Also when Jerry flies about 12 to 1:30 a. m. and drops a bomb here and there, you'll swear he's after you. About the time the windows in an old barn you may be in start to rattle, you can see the old folks at home. Ha Ha! It's not quite that bad, but it does make you madder than H—— to think you can't fight back, but the same thing happens to the Hun behind the line as to us. He gets more than we do.

"I have seen quite a few nurses over here from Chicago and one girl from Decatur whom I met in the States."

THE GERMAN AMBITION



TO VOTERS OF DEKALB COUNTY

Elsewhere in this paper you will find the announcement card of Henry Decker, who is in the race for sheriff of DeKalb county for the next term. He belongs to the pioneer Decker family of South Grove. Wm. Decker, his father, settled in South Grove in the year 1840, enlisted as a volunteer in the civil war in the 105th, Co. C, receiving an honorable discharge at the end of the war, when he returned to farming on the farm now owned by Henry Decker.

Henry Decker was born in DeKalb county and has lived in DeKalb county all his life. He has always been considered honest and industrious in his dealings with his fellow men. He has been honored with several town-ship offices, which he satisfactorily filled. It will be remembered he was in the race for sheriff four years ago and in traveling over the country he formed many acquaintances that will be a valuable asset in the present campaign. Mr. Decker states it will be impossible for him to get over the county very extensively, as he feels it is every man's duty to lend a helping hand at this time when the country is in the greatest war the world has ever known. Our boys are fighting 3,000 miles from home that we may live in a free country. It is up to every one of us to put our shoulder to the wheel. A man of Mr. Decker's type would think he was disloyal to his country if he should run the roads of the county begging for votes when his country is asking for help in all industries. We feel it is up to us to support the man who is not afraid to roll up his sleeves and tackle any work as long as it will be a help to feed and make our boys comfortable who are fighting over there.

We have known Mr. Decker nearly all his life and can heartily recommend him to the voters of DeKalb county and can conscientiously say that if he is elected to the office he will conduct its affairs satisfactorily to all.

Give him a vote. A VOTER

The above letter appeared in a recent issue of the Kirkland Enterprise and is published by request and paid for.

DOES IT PAY?

Genoa Lumber Co. Has Evidence of Value of Advertising

The Genoa Lumber Co., one of our consistent and persistent advertisers has material evidence that it does pay to advertise in the columns of the Republican-Journal. They are now running an ad for storm sash, the first appearing last week. Unsolicited, the junior member of the firm informs that eight sales were made after this one ad appeared last week, one of these sales alone bringing in enough money to pay for their regular advertising space for eight months.

Does it pay?

C. E. Saul transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

MEETS DEATH AT GRADE CROSSING

Mrs. J. C. Joslyn of Sycamore Killed Near Kirkland Tuesday

Cadillac Touring Car Struck by Troop Train and Reduced to Scrap Iron

A large Cadillac touring car, driven by J. C. Joslyn, manager of the DeKalb County Telephone Co., was struck by a troop train on the C. M. & St. P. tracks west of Kirkland Tuesday forenoon and reduced to scrap iron. Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn were the only occupants of the car. The latter received injuries which caused her death while Mr. Joslyn suffered a compound fracture of an arm and broken ribs. He also sustained minor bruises. How he escaped death is a mystery, but it is quite evident that he was thrown clear of the wreckage with the first impact. The car was a right hand drive and this placed Mrs. Joslyn on the west side, the train coming from that direction. The only witness to the tragedy was Roy Waterman, also of Sycamore, who was driving a short distance behind the Joslyn car. All were on their way to a Boy Scout camp near Byron. The camp was breaking up that day and the Joslyns intended to bring their son home with them. They also have two sons, Harry and William, in France.

Immediately after the accident a west bound train was flagged and the injured taken to a Rockford hospital. Mrs. Joslyn, who never regained consciousness, died on the train. When found after the accident, she was underneath the wreckage and Mr. Waterman was compelled to call a threshing gang near by to assist him in raising the car from the victim's body.

The crossing (known as Newton's) is one of the most treacherous on the Milwaukee road. The road bed is in a deep cut and a person driving along the highway can not see up the tracks in either direction until almost onto the rails. The growing corn makes the place far more dangerous than at other times. Mr. Waterman states that there was no blast of the locomotive whistle as a warning to them.

SOLDIERS' SISTERS MAY SERVE

The General Staff Lifts Ban Against Their Going Abroad

Here's your chance, sisters of soldiers to get a free ride to France, a husband, and a free ride back again. Or at least if you do go to France and marry an American, you will have to take a free ride home and stay there. So says Authority. Which means the ban against sisters of men in overseas service going to France for work with the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., or bodies doing war work, has been lifted by Chief of Staff General March. These relief associations have been unable to get the number of woman they need on account of the ruling of the War Department that near relatives of men in the army would not be given passports. So the ruling has been modified and sisters are now to be permitted to go.

But the government has placed six conditions upon the young women who go overseas under this special dispensation. Their prompt and automatic return home by the organization which sent them if they get married is the sixth. They must be duly accredited members of the organization which sends them; they must be sent to France as workers, not as relatives; they must make no effort to visit relatives in France whether sick or well; they must be particularly qualified for the positions they are to fill.

MILK 17 CENTS HIGHER

Milk producers are to receive \$2.92 per 100 pounds for their September milk, as a result of an agreement between the food administration, producers, distributors and condensers in Chicago Saturday. It is an increase of 17 cents over the price paid in August.

Chicago's retail price will advance one-half cent a quart Sept. 1, as a result. The delivered product will be 13 cents a quart and the cash and carry milk, 11 cents a quart.

John Duval was home from Chicago over Sunday.

LOWMAN IN EAST

Earl Lowman, Genoa's civil engineer at the time of installing the sewer system, left Sycamore last week for New York City to join Camp I of the Inter State Commerce Commission as a surveyor in the valuation of railroads. He will be in the same camp as his nephew, Morris Hay, who has been in the East since early in June.

The Yukon Trail

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

An Alaskan Love Story

Copyright, William Macleod Raine.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

While they ate, the party went into committee of the whole to decide what was best to be done. Gordon noticed that in all the tentative suggestions made by Holt and Swiftwater the comfort of Sheba was the first thing in mind.

The girl, too, noticed it and smilingly protested, her soft hand lying for the moment on the gnarled one of the old miner.

"It doesn't matter about me. We have to think of what will be best for Mr. Holt, of how to get him to the proper care. My comfort can wait."

The plan at last decided upon was that Gordon should make a dash for Smith's Crossing on snowshoes, where he was to arrange for a relief party to come out for the injured man and Mrs. Olson. He was to return at once without waiting for the rescuers. Next morning he and Sheba would start with Holt's dog team for Kuslak.

Macdonald had taught Sheba how to use snowshoes and she had been an apt pupil. From her suitcase she got out her moccasins and put them on. She borrowed the snowshoes of Holt, wrapped herself in her parka, and announced that she was going with Elliott part of the way.

Gordon thought her movements a miracle of suppleness. Her lines had the swelling roundness of vital youth, her eyes were alive with the eagerness that little dolls in most faces. They spoke little as they swept forward over the white snow wastes. The spell of the great North was over her. Its mystery was stirring in her heart, just as it had been when her lips had turned to his at the sunrise. As for him, love ran through his veins like old wine. But he allowed his feelings no expression. For though she had come to him of her own accord for that one blessed minute at dawn, he could not be sure what had moved her so deeply. She was treading a world primeval, the wonder of it still in her soft eyes. Would she waken to love or to disillusion?

He took care to see that she did not tire. Presently he stopped and held out his hand to say good-by.

"Will you come back this way?" she asked.

"Yes, I ought to get here soon after dark. Will you quick me?"

She gave him a quick, shy little nod, turned without shaking hands, and struck out for the cabin. All through the day happiness flooded her heart. While she waited on Holt or helped Mrs. Olson cook or watched Swiftwater while he put up the tent in the lee of the cabin, little snatches of song bubbled from her lips. Sometimes they were bits of old Irish ballads that popped into her mind. Once, while she was preparing some coffee for her patient, it was a stanza from Burns:

*Thill a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.*

She caught old Gideon looking at her with a queer little smile on his weather-tanned face and she felt the color beat into her cheeks.

"I haven't bought a wedding present for twenty years," he told her presently, apropos of nothing that had been said. "I won't know what's the proper thing to get, Miss Sheba."

"If you talk nonsense like that I'll go out and talk to Mr. Swiftwater Pete," she threatened, blushing.

Old Gid folded his hands meekly. "It'll be good-honest I will. Let's see. I got to make safe and sane conversation, have I? Hm! Wonder when that lazy, long-legged, good-for-nothing horseshief and holdup that calls himself Gordon Elliott will get back to camp."

Sheba looked into his twinkling eyes suspiciously as she handed him his coffee. For a moment she bit her lip to keep back a smile, then said with mock severity:

"Now, I am going to leave you to Mrs. Olson."

When sunset came it found Sheba on the trail. Swiftwater Pete had offered to go with her, but she had been relieved of his well-meant kindness by the demand of Holt.

"No, you don't, Pete. You ain't a-goin' off gallivantin' with no young lady. You're a-goin' to stay here and fix my game leg for me. What do you reckon Miss Sheba wants with a fat, lopsided lumux like you along with her?"

Pete grew purple with embarrassment. He had not intended anything more than civility and he wanted this understood.

"Eimp! Ain't you got no sense a-tall, Gid? If Miss Sheba's bent on goin' to meet Elliott, I allowed some one ought to go along and keep the dark off her. 'Course there ain't nothin' going to harm her, unless she goes and gets lost—"

Sheba's smile cooled the heat of the stage driver. "Which she isn't going to do. Good of you to offer to go with me. Don't mind Mr. Holt. Everybody knows he doesn't mean half of what he says. I'd be glad to have you come with me, but it isn't necessary at all. So I'll not trouble you."

Darkness fell quickly, but Sheba still held to the trail. There was no sign

of Elliot, but she felt sure he would come soon. Meanwhile she followed steadily the tracks he had made earlier in the day.

She stopped at last. It was getting much colder. She was miles from the camp. Reluctantly she decided to return. Then, out of the darkness, he came abruptly upon her, the man whom she had come out to meet.

Under the magic of the Northern stars they found themselves again in each other's arms for that brief moment of joyful surprise. Then, as it had been in the morning, Sheba drew herself shyly away.

"They are waiting supper for us," she told him irreverently.

He did not shout out his happiness and tell her to let them wait. For Gordon, too, felt awed at this wonderful adventure of love that had befallen them. It was enough for him that they were moving side by side, alone in the deep snows and the biting cold, that waves of emotion crashed through his pulses when his swinging hand touched hers.

They were acutely conscious of each other. Excitement burned in the eyes that turned to swift, reluctant meetings. She was a woman, and he was her lover. Neither of them dared quite accept the fact yet, but it filled the background of all their thoughts with delight.

Sheba did not want to talk of this new, amazing thing that had come into her life. It was too sacred a subject to discuss just yet even with him. So she began to tell him odd fancies from childhood that lingered in her Celtic heart, tales of the "little folk" that were half memories and half imaginings, stirred to life by some old association of sky and stars. She laughed softly at herself as she told them, but Gordon did not laugh at her.

Everything she did was for him divinely done. Even when his eyes were on the dark trail ahead he saw only the dusky loveliness of curved cheek, the face luminous with a radiance some women are never privileged to know, the rhythm of head and body and slender legs that was part of her individual heaven-sent charm.

The rest finished supper before Gordon and Sheba reached camp, but Mrs. Olson had a hot meal waiting for them. "I fixed up the tent for the women folks—stove, sleeping bags, plenty of wood. Touch a match to the fire and it'll be snug as a bug in a rug," explained Swiftwater to Gordon.

Elliott and Sheba were to start early for Kuslak and later the rescue party would arrive to take care of Holt and Mrs. Olson.

"Time to turn in," Holt advised. "You better light that stove, Elliott." The young man was still in the tent arranging the sleeping bags when Sheba entered. He tried to walk out without touching her, intending to call back his good-night. But he could not do it. There was something flame about her tonight that went to his head. Her tender, tremulous little smile and the turn of her buoyant little head stirred in him a lover's rhapsody.

"It's to be a long trail we cover to-morrow, Sheba. You must sleep. Good night."

"Good night—Gordon." There was a little flash of audacity in the whimsical twist of her mouth. It was the first time she had ever called him by his given name.

Elliott threw away prudence and caught her by the hands. "My dear—my dear!" he cried. She trembled to his kiss, gave herself to his embrace with innocent passion. Tendrils of hair, fine as silk, brushed his cheeks and sent strange thrills through him.

They talked the incoherent language of lovers that is compounded of murmurs and silences and the touch of lips and the meetings of eyes. There were to be other nights in their lives as rich in memories as this, but never another with quite the same delight.

Presently Sheba reminded him with a smile of the long trail he had mentioned. Mrs. Olson bustled into the tent, and her presence stressed the point.

"Good night, neighbors," Gordon called back from outside the tent. Sheba's "Good night" echoed softly back to him.

The girl fell asleep to the sound of the light breeze slapping the tent and to the doleful howling of the huskies.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Message From the Dead.

Macdonald drove his team into the teeth of the storm. The wind came in gusts. Sometimes the gale was so stiff that the dogs could scarcely crawl forward against it; again there were moments of comparative stillness, followed by squalls that slapped the driver in the face like the whipping of a loose sail on a catboat.

High drifts made the trail difficult. Not once but fifty times Macdonald left the gee-pole to break a way through snow-waves for the sled. The best he could get out of his dogs was three miles an hour, and he knew that there was not another team or driver in the North could have done so well.

It was close to noon when he reached a division of the road known as the Fork. One trail ran down to the river

and up it to the distant creeks. The other led across the divide, struck the Yukon, and pointed a way to the coast. White drifts had long since blotted out the track of the sled that had preceded him. Had the fugitives gone up the river to the creeks with intent to hole themselves up for the winter? Or was it their purpose to cross the divide and go out over the ice to the coast?

The pursuer knew that Gid Holt was wise as a weasel. He could follow blindfolded the paths that led to every creek in the gold-fields. It might be taken as a certainty that he had not plunged into such a desperate venture without having a plan well worked out beforehand. Elliott had a high grade of intelligence. Would they try to reach the coast and make their getaway to Seattle? Or would they dig themselves in till the heavy snows were past and come back to civilization with the story of a lucky strike to account for the gold they brought with them? Neither gold dust nor nuggets could be identified. There would be no way of proving the story false. The only evidence against them was that they had left at Kuslak and this was merely of a corroborative kind. There would be no chance of convicting them upon it.

To strike for Seattle was to throw away all pretense of innocence. Fugitives from justice, they would have to disappear from sight in order to escape. The hunt for them would continue until at last they were unearthed.

One fork of the road led to comparative safety; the pententary and perhaps the gallows. The Scotsman put himself in the place of the men he was trailing. Given the same conditions, he knew which path he would follow.

Macdonald took the trail that led down to the river, to the distant gold creeks which offered a refuge from man-hunters in many a deserted cabin marooned by the deep snows.

Even the iron frame and steel muscles of the Scotch-Canadian protested against the task he had set them that day. It was a time to sit snugly inside by a stove and listen to the howling of the wind as it hurled itself down from the divide. But from daylight till dark Colby Macdonald fought with drifts and breathed the storm. He got into the harness with the dogs. He broke trail for them, cheered them, soothed, comforted, punished. Long after night had fallen he staggered into the hut of two prospectors, his parka so stiff with frozen snow that it had to be beaten with a hammer before the coat could be removed.

"How long since a dog team passed—seven huskies and two men?" was his first question.

"No dog team has passed for four days," one of the men answered.

"You mean you haven't seen one," Macdonald corrected.

"I mean none has passed—unless it went by in the night while we slept. And even then our dogs would have warned us."

Macdonald flung his ice-coated gloves to a table and stooped to take off his mukluks. His face was blue with the cold, but the bleak look in the eyes

"Six o'clock, Mr. Macdonald. Your breakfast is ready. Jim is looking out for the huskies."

Half an hour later the Scotsman gave the order, "Mush!" He was off again, this time on the back trail as far as the Narrows, from which point he meant to strike across to intersect the fork of the road leading to the divide.

The storm had passed and when the late sun rose it was in a blue sky. Fine enough the day was overhead, but the slushy snow, where it was worn thin on the river by the sweep of the wind, made heavy travel for the dogs. Macdonald was glad enough to reach the Narrows, where he could turn from the river and cut across to hit the trail of the men he was following. He had about five miles to go before he would reach the Smith Crossing road and every foot of it he would have to break trail for the dogs. This was slow business, since he had no partner at the gee-pole. Back and forth, back and forth he trudged, beating down the loose snow for the runners. It was a hill trail, and the drifts were in most places not very deep. But the Scotsman was doing the work of two, and at a killing pace.

Over a ridge the team plunged down into a little park where the snow was deeper. Macdonald, breaking trail across the mountain valley, found his feet weighted with packed ice slush so that he could hardly move them. When at last he had beaten down a path for his dogs he stood breathing deep at the summit of the slope. Before them lay the main road to Smith's Crossing, scarce fifty yards away. He gave a deep whoop of triumph, for along it ran the wavering tracks left by a sled. He was on the heels of his enemy at last.

As he turned back to his Siberian hounds, the eyes of Macdonald came to abrupt attention. On the hillside, not ten yards from him, something stuck out of the snow like a sapling. It was the foot of a man.

Slowly Macdonald moved toward it. He knew well enough what he had stumbled across—one of the tragedies that in the North are likely to be found in the wake of every widespread blizzard. Some unfortunate traveler, blinded by the white swirl, had wandered from the trail and had staggered up a draw to his death.

With a little digging the Alaskan uncovered a leg. The man had died where he had fallen, face down. Macdonald scooped away the snow and found a pack strapped to the back of the buried man. He cut the thongs and tried to ease it away. But the gunnysack had frozen to the parka. When he pulled, the rotten sacking gave way under the strain. The contents of the pack spilled out.

The eyes in the grim face of Macdonald grew hard and steely. He had found, by some strange freak of chance, much more than he had expected to find. Using his snowshoe as a shovel, he dug the body free and turned it over. At sight of the face he gave a cry of astonishment.

Gordon overslept. His plan had been to reach Kuslak at the end of a long day's travel, but that had meant getting on the trail with the first gleam of light. When he opened his eyes Mrs. Olson was calling him to rise.

He dressed and stepped out into the cold, crisp morning. From the hill crotch the sun was already pouring down a great, fanlike shaft of light across the snow vista. Swiftwater Pete passed behind him on his way to the stable and called a cheerful good morning in his direction.

Mrs. Olson had put the stove outside the tent and Gordon lifted it to the spot where they did the cooking.

"Good morning, neighbor," he called to Sheba. "Sleep well?"

The little rustling sounds within the tent ceased. A face appeared in the doorway, the flaps drawn discreetly close beneath the chin.

"Never better. Is my breakfast ready yet?"

"Come and help me make it, Mrs. Olson is waiting on Holt."

"When I'm dressed." The smiling face disappeared. "Dublin Bay" sounded in her fresh young voice from the tent. Gordon joined in the song as he lit the fire and sliced bacon from a frozen slab of it.

The howling of the huskies interrupted the song. They had evidently heard something that excited them. Gordon listened. Was it in his fancy only that the breeze carried to him the faint jingle of sleigh-bells? The sound, if it was one, died away. The cook turned to his job.

He stopped saving at the meat, knife and bacon suspended in the air. On the hard snow there had come to him the crunch of a foot behind him. Whose? Sheba was in the tent, Swiftwater at the stable, Mrs. Olson in the house. Slowly he turned his head.

What Elliott saw sent the starch through his body. He did not move an inch, still sat crouched by the fire, but every nerve was at tension, every muscle taut. For he was looking at a rifle lying negligently in brown, steady hands. They were very sure hands, very competent ones. He knew that because he had seen them in action.

The owner of the hands was Colby Macdonald.

The Scotch-Canadian stood at the edge of a willow grove. His face was grim as the day of judgement.

"Don't move," he ordered.

Elliott laughed irritably. He was both annoyed and disgusted.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"You."

"What's worrying you now? Do you think I'm jumping my bond?"

"You're going back to Kuslak with me—to give a life for the one you took."

"What's that?" cried Gordon, surprised.

"Just as I'm telling you. I've been on your heels ever since you left town. You and Holt are going back with me as my prisoners."

"But what for?"

"For robbing the bank and killing Robert Milton, as you know well enough."

"Is this another plan arranged for me by you and Selridge?" demanded Elliott.

Macdonald ignored the question and lifted his voice. "Come out of that tent, Holt—and come with your hands up unless you want your head blown off."

"Holt isn't in that tent, you idiot. If you want to know—"

"Come now, if you expect to come alive," cut in the Scotsman ominously. He raised the rifle to his shoulder and covered the shadow thrown by the sun on the figure within.

Gordon flung out a wild protest and threw the frozen slab of bacon at the head of Macdonald. With the same motion he launched his own body across the stove. A fifth of a second earlier the tent flap had opened and Sheba had come out.

The sight of her paralyzed Macdonald and saved her lover's life. It distracted the mine-owner long enough for him to miss his chance. A bullet struck the stove and went off at a tangent through the tent canvas not two feet from where Sheba stood. A second went speeding toward the sun. For Gordon had followed the football player's instinct and dived for the knees of his enemy.

They went down together. Each squirming for the upper place, they rolled over and over. The rifle was forgotten. Like cave men they fought, crushing and twisting each other's muscles with the blind lust of primordial to kill. As they clinched with one arm, they struck savagely with the other. The impact of smashing blows on naked flesh sounded horribly cruel to Sheba.

She ran forward, calling on each by name to stop. Probably neither knew she was there. Their whole attention was focused on each other. Not for an instant did their eyes wander, for life and death hung on the issue. Chance had lit the spark of their resentment, but long-banked passions were blazing fiercely now.

They got to their feet and fought toe to toe. Sledge-hammer blows beat upon bleeding and disfigured faces. No thought of defense as yet was in the mind of either. The purpose of each was to bruise, maim, make helpless the other. But for the impatient little cries of Sheba no sound broke the stillness save the crunch of their feet on the hard snow, the thud of heavy fists on flesh, and the throaty snarl of their deep, irregular breathing.

Gid Holt, from the window of the cabin, watched the battle with shining eyes. He exulted in every blow of Gordon; he suffered with him when the smashing rights and lefts of Macdonald got home. He shouted jeers, advice, threats, encouragement. If he had had ten thousand dollars wagered on the outcome he could not have been more excited.

Swiftwater Peter, drawn by the cries of Sheba, came running from the stable. As he passed the window, Holt caught him by the arm.

"What are you aimin' to do, Pete? Let 'em alone. Let 'em go to it. They got to have it out. Stop 'em now and they'll get at it with guns."

Sheba ran up, wringing her hands.

"Stop them, please. They're killing each other."

"Nothing of the kind, girl. You let 'em alone, Pete. The kids there every minute, ain't he? Gee, that's a good one, boy. Seven—eleven—ninety-two. 'Attaboy!'"

Macdonald had slipped on the snow and gone down to his hands and knees. Swift as a wildcat the younger man was on top of him. Hampered though he was by his parka, the Scotsman struggled slowly to his feet again. He was much the heavier man, and in spite of his years the stronger. The muscles stood out in knots on his shoulders and across his back, whereas on the body of his more slender opponent they flowed and rippled in rounded symmetry. Active as a heather cat, Elliott was far the quicker of the two.

Half-blinded by the hammering he had received, Gordon changed his method of fighting. He broke away from the clutch and sidestepped to the bull-like rush of his foe, covering up as well as he could from the onset. Macdonald pressed the attack and was benten back by hard, straight lefts and rights to the unprotected face.

The mine-owner shook the matted hair from his swollen eyes and rushed again. He caught an uppercut flush on the end of the chin. It did not even stop him. The weight of his body was in the blow he lashed up from his side.

The knees of Elliott doubled up under him like the blade of a jack-knife. He sank down slowly, turned, got to his hands and knees, and tried to shake off the tons of weight that seemed to be holding him down.

Macdonald seized him about the waist and fung him to the ground. Upon the inert body the victor dropped, his knees clinching the torso of the unconscious man.

"Now, Pete. Go to him!" urged Holt wildly.

But before Swiftwater could move, before the great fist of Macdonald could smash down upon the bleeding face upturned to his, a sharp blow struck the flesh of the raised forearm and for the moment stunned the muscles. The Scotch-Canadian lifted a countenance drunk with rage, passion-tossed.

Slowly the light of reason came back into his eyes. Sheba was standing before him, his rifle in her hand. She had struck him with the butt of it.

"Don't touch him! Don't you dare touch him!" she challenged.

He looked at her long, then let his eyes fall to the battered face of his enemy. Drunkenly he got to his feet and leaned against a willow. His



Like Cave Men They Fought.

forces were spent, his muscles weighted as with lead. But it was not this alone that made his breath come short and raggedly.

Sheba had flung herself down beside her lover. She had caught him tightly in her arms so that his disfigured face lay against her warm bosom. In the eyes lifted to those of the mine-owner was an unconquerable defiance.

"He's mine—mine, you murderer," she panted fiercely. "If you kill him, you must kill me first."

The man she had once promised to marry was looking at a different woman from the girl he had known. The soft, shy youth of her was gone. She was a forest mother of the wilda ready to fight for her young, a wife ready to go to the stake for the husband of her choice. An emotion primitive and poignant had transformed her.

His eyes burned at her the question his parched lips and throat could scarcely utter. "So you . . . love him?"

But though it was in form a question he knew already the answer. For the first time in his life he began to taste the bitterness of defeat. Always he had won what he coveted by brutal force or his stark will. But it was beyond him to compel the love of a girl who had given her heart to another.

"Yes," she answered.

Her hair in two thick braids was flung across her shoulders, her dark head thrown back proudly from the rounded throat.

Macdonald smiled, but there was no mirth in his savage eyes. "Do you know what I want with him—why I have come to get him?"

"No."

"I've come to take him back to Kuslak to be hanged because he murdered Milton, the bank cashier."

The eyes of the woman blazed at him. "Are you mad?"

"It's the truth," Macdonald's voice was curt and harsh. "He and Holt were robbing the bank when Milton came back from the dance at the club. The cowards shot down the old man like a dog. They'll hang for it if it costs me my last penny, so help me God."

"You say it's the truth," she retorted scornfully. "Do you think I don't know you now—how you twist and distort facts to suit your ends? How long is it since your jackal had him arrested for assaulting you—when Wally Selridge knew—and you knew—that he had risked his life for you and had saved yours by bringing you to Diane's after he had banded your wounds?"

"That was different. It was part of the game of politics we were playing."

"You admit that you and your friends lied then. Is it like you could persuade me that you're telling the truth now?"

The big Alaskan shrugged. "Believe it or not as you like. Anyhow, he's going back with me to Kuslak—and Holt, too, if he's here."

An excited cackle cut into the conversation, followed by a drawing announcement from the window. "Your old tillicum is right here, Mac. What's the use of waiting? Why don't you have your hanging-gee now?"

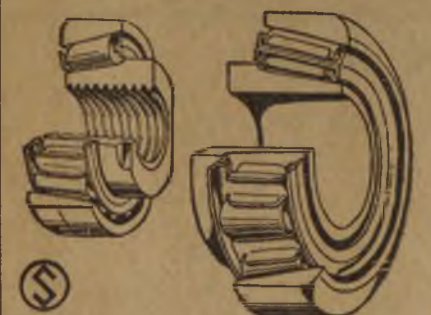
(TO BE CONTINUED)

When the Lion Divides. The capitalist would have you believe that civilization rests on the accumulation of pounds, shillings and pence—pounds for the capitalist, shillings for the middlemen, and pence for the workers. — Sydney Australian Worker.

Always Look Happy. Why do photographs of woman airplane pilots always show them competing for the record in the standing broad grin? — Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

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W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 33-1918.

The Poor White.

A congressman praising America's marvelous war production, said the other day:

"Our war work is going to be so splendid that it will make other countries seem like poor whites beside us."

"You know the poor white story? It's a story about a man in a Mississippi village who squatted down on his porch—at seven o'clock in the morning and sat hour after hour motionless except for the steady movement of his jaws chewing lignerhead."

"Finally his wife came to the door and said in a despairing kind of voice: "Ain't ye goin' to work today?"

"'Nope,' said the man.

"'Why not?' she whined.

"'Ain't got time.'"

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Heroic France Defies the Huns



Comtesse de Bryas is a Frenchwoman, who came to America last April to represent the American committee for devastated France, and is now engaged in an extensive tour of the United States, speaking about her experiences in the war-torn districts. The comtesse's father is French, but her mother was a Philadelphian who went to Europe when a small child and was brought up there. Her great-grandfather, George Clymer and Thomas Willing, and her granduncle, George Read, were all signers of the Declaration of Independence, and one of them, George Clymer, was among the six who helped to frame the Constitution.—Editor's Note.

By COMTESSE MADELEINE DE BRYAS.

SOMETIMES meet, in the course of my travels, people who say: "Ah, poor France! Tragically, invaded country!" But to these people I would say: "No, no! You do not know your France. It is not poor France, but noble France. Not tragic France, but heroic France!"

I can best explain my meaning by describing an incident which took place on the occasion of one of the recent air raids on Paris. An air raid is a nerve-racking time. The newspaper accounts and the magazine stories do not tell you one-hundredth of the anguish lived through by the people who crouch in their cellars, listening to bombs that explode close by and expecting all the time that the next missile will demolish the house over their heads.

The favorite gathering places for civilians during air raids is in the cellars. During the raid of which I speak, one of these underground places was crowded with refugees. But they were not moping or trembling. Instead, they were constantly joking and laughing about their predicament. They did not for one second lose their fine courage and staunchness.

When the bombs had ceased to fall, they came up to the street level once more. But they did not breathe great sighs of relief and thank their lucky stars for not being hit. Not they! Their eyes glowed with the fire of unquenched spirit, and they shook their fists in the direction of the departing German airplanes.

"Those fools!" they shouted. "Those fools! They think they can break us! They do not know us! Never shall we yield! Never!"

This is not the only splendid exhibition of French devotion that I have seen with my own eyes. The people in the rural regions are no less determined in their ardor. Although nearly one-fifth of France has been invaded by a ruthless enemy and some portions invaded the second time, these country folk would die rather than give themselves up to the foe.

In a village of the devastated district I found a little old woman who was living alone. She was working at washing linen for the soldiers who were in trenches not far away. Her own house had been burned down by the Germans. She told me her pathetic story.

It seems that a German officer who had a very bad reputation for molesting the civilians had been quartered in her house. After he had been there for a few hours he went to the small stove which heated the house and opened it to put in some wood. But when he put in the stick of wood he allowed the end to protrude, so that, as soon as it began to burn, the fire blazed outward into the room. He then placed a screen near this blazing wood so that it would catch fire. The old woman saw what he was doing and knew that it was his design to burn down her house. He had already burned a house in the next street in the same manner. Knowing that she was powerless to prevent him, and being filled with despair, she fell on her knees before him.

"Spare me!" she entreated of him. "Spare this house and allow me to live here in peace. What have I ever done to you?"

But she had hardly uttered these words when shame overcame her because she was abusing herself before a German. In another instant she had risen to her feet.

"What am I doing?" she exclaimed. "Je suis perdue! I am disgraced. I have entreated a favor from the foe of my native country."

Then she crossed the room before the astonished officer and took up his gun. Placing it in his hands she told him to kill her.

"I deserve no less than death," she said. "I have disgraced France by kneeling to ask a favor of one of her enemies."

Probably the German officer would have killed the woman, but at that moment one of his brother officers came into the house. He must have had a more tender heart, for he took pity on the old woman and put a stop to the proceedings. So her



house escaped for the time being. But later on it was burned by other Germans. When I found this woman she was working 18 hours each day washing for the soldiers. I asked her why she worked so hard and she told me that it was because she had nothing left to her in the wide world, and the only way to keep herself from heartbreak was to be always occupied.

The conditions under which most of these people have been living are horrifying. Their houses are heaps of ruins. You can hardly believe the systematic way in which the Germans proceeded to destroy their dwellings. A bomb was thrown into every house along the line of march. The furniture was all broken up or burned, fruit trees were cut down, and the wells polluted. Yet, when the invading tide was swept back these villagers came back at once to their former homes. This devotion of the French peasant to his little home is something which Americans can hardly appreciate. He loves it ardently; it is almost a part of him; he cannot bear to leave it.

During the time when they were struggling to rebuild their shattered homes, these peasants had to live in cellars and dugouts. Of course these places were most unhealthy and did not fit to remain in. I once went down into a cellar in which an old couple was living. The roof of the cellar was so low that when I was seated on a little plank talking to the old people I had to stoop. The floor was entirely mud, and the water seeped in through the walls and trickled down in tiny streamlets. In the corner was the straw bed which had been furnished the old couple seven months before. It was indescribably filthy and so damp that one could twist it and wring water out of it. Yet the chief desire of the old woman was for a plate to eat off. The Germans had destroyed their crockery and household utensils and they had only one old metal skillet, in which they cooked and from which they ate.

In one village I saw a mother who had gone back to live in a little shelter which she had built for herself in the corner formed by the only two remaining walls of her dwelling. Over the top of this place she placed planks. One side was open to the weather. The cold, raw weather made it difficult to exist in such a place. I myself have lived in a little wooden building near the front, similar to the barracks, in which the soldiers live, and I know the cruel winter weather of these parts of France.

The hardship has been greatest on the little children. Oh, the poor children! They no longer play. They have forgotten all their games. They do not know what it means to run and laugh and be gay. As they walk along the streets you will see them start suddenly and look over their shoulders in a frightened way. So great has been the terror instilled into them by the Germans.

An officer told me of seeing two little children standing against a wall in the town of Maissin, in the north of France, one day in August, 1914. Across the road was a burning house. When the French officer asked them why they were waiting so patiently, they replied that a German had shut their father and mother up in that house and had told them to wait there until they came back to fetch them.

The treatment of children during the German occupation was very terrible. Little tots of four and five, and children on up to the ages of thirteen and fourteen, were forced to work all day for their enslavers. They were taken into the fields at five in the morning and were not allowed to come back until seven in the evening. During all that time they were given only one meal. Their tasks were to dig potatoes, cut away the barbed-wire entanglements and pick up unexploded shells. After the Germans went away there was no milk to be got because all the cows had been either killed or driven away. In one district there were 500 children who existed for months without a single drop of milk. I met one little girl who had been kept for 20 days on a diet consisting of nothing but bread and soup, the latter being watery and scarcely at all nourishing.

The destruction of the schoolhouses has made it impossible for the young children to gain any education. It is no strange thing to encounter a boy or girl of eleven who can neither read nor write. In their hideous thoroughness, the Germans destroyed books, pencils, desks and all. Not a thing was left. After the American relief workers came into the devastated regions they established schools and built little wooden buildings in which to carry on the work.

At one school they told a story of a little girl who was brought in with the other children to learn to read. As soon as she discovered an old chair in one of the corners she immediately got into it and curled up in utter enjoyment and relaxation. She could not be persuaded to get out of that chair. The teacher inquired why she was so pleased with the chair and learned that the household in which the child lived had not boasted a single chair since the first invasion of the Germans.

The separation of the children from their parents is another very tragic occurrence. In the months and years before they are reunited the children grow and change so that they are not recognizable to their parents when they meet again. Some of them, to be sure, wear on a chain about their necks little gold baptismal gifts on which their names are inscribed. But this is exceptional. It is one of the confessed schemes of the Germans to divide and scatter families as much as possible.

My heart bleeds for the children of France! Oh, that they should suffer this unmerited abuse and tribulation!

The deportation of young girls has been systematically practiced. A German officer comes to the front door of a house and orders the entire family to assemble outside on the door step. Then he picks at random a number of the younger women of the family. "I will take you . . . and you . . . and you!" he says, indicating the chosen ones with his forefinger. At this summons they must leave their homes at once. They are not allowed to pack their belongings nor to carry much baggage. They are permitted only so much as they can carry wrapped in a handkerchief.

After they are taken into Germany they are put to work cultivating the fields, doing the hardest and most menial kind of labor. They are forced to live with the soldiers, and are rudely treated by them. They can send no word to their families, and it is almost as though they were dead.

The relief work in the invaded districts has been tireless. Great credit is due to the American committee for devastated France, organized by Miss Anne Morgan. Over 1,000 children have been turned over to this committee to be cared for. One of its most useful works has been in assisting the stricken people to leave their homes so long as there is danger from the Germans in the vicinity. Pitiful stories are told of the flight of these people. One old woman refused to be separated from her goat in transit, and would only consent to go when she could be assured that another goat could be got in case her own was lost.

France has been hard-pressed, but she is not broken. Never has the morale of the French people been more unshaken than it is today. France hails with joy the arrival of the Americans. It is most fitting that these great sister republics should be fighting side by side in this hour of stress. Victory will be won; it is inevitable! But ah, the pain, the woe and the unnecessary degradation that have followed in the wake of the invaders! Will the world ever forget these? Can the bitter memory ever be effaced?

THE END OF THE WAR.

A soldier at Camp Grant asked a French lieutenant, who was there as instructor, how much longer the war would last. The Frenchman calmly answered: "Well, I am not sure, but the tenth year will surely be the worst, and after that every seventh year will be bad."

LAND OF QUIANT BELIEFS

Superstitions Rife in England's Black Country Are Among the Strangest Put on Record.

Taking into consideration the fact that it is a typical industrial area, it is strange that the Black country should be such a hotbed of superstition.

A dog howling in front of a house in the night is a sure sign of the approaching death of one of the household. The dog, however, must howl in the front and not at the back of the house. A marble rolling down the stairs means that one of the children is bound to die.

When baking was invariably done at home there was the superstition that if the top of the loaf came off in the oven death would soon overtake some member of the family.

A Black country miner is full of superstitions. If he dreams of fire or meets on going to work a cross-eyed woman or a wooden-legged man he will not descend the mine. Something is sure to happen if he does—at least, he thinks so.

The strangest of all superstitions, however, is associated with common or garden parsley. There is nothing wrong about sowing the seed and raising the herb, but it must not be transplanted. Most terrible things are bound to happen if this is done!—London Mail.

FINDING PLEASURE IN WORK

Quite Possible for Anyone to Get All Needed Amusement From Every-Day Occupation.

Of course we are entitled to it. And we should take great pains to secure the fullest measure of it. So much may be taken for granted; the important question is, when and where shall we find pleasure? Sir Walter Bagehot gave his opinion that "Business is so much more amusing than pleasure." I suppose he meant that a man who is in love with his work will get more real "fun" out of it than was ever gathered in so-called "places of amusement." Many of our pleasures do little more for us than kill time. They do not kill care, for it comes back again the next morning. He is a wise man who more and more learns to get his amusement out of the serious work he is doing. Then if he takes an occasional hour or day for sport or the "passing show," he will come back to his real task in life to find his real entertainment. The other day I heard a scrub-woman singing at her work. I prefer to think that she sang because she was having a good time. At any rate, what finer art than that of having a good time in the thing which one has to do? Immensely wiser and more profoundly philosophical than the practice of planning for the good time afterward.—George Clarke Peck.

Would Take the Job.

Into the office of the Wall Street Journal there ventured a small boy, awed by the great adventure of getting his first job. Timidly he approached an editor and explained what he wanted.

"Hm," quoth the veteran to the would-be recruit, "it's too bad, but there are no vacancies now, unless you would like to be managing editor. How about that?"

The youngster began to back away. "Oh," he gasped, "I wouldn't like that at all."

Yesterday he came back, with desperation in his eye, and marched up to the veteran.

"I've changed my mind," he announced. "When do I start in?"

Nature Not to Be Thwarted.

About 200 years ago the Dutch destroyed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas, and planted the trees in their own possessions, so that they might have a monopoly of the trade. Despite this action, however, the islands were constantly being restocked. For a long time the thing was a mystery, but finally it was solved. The doves of that region are of large size and readily swallow the seeds of the nutmeg tree. They traverse wide stretches of sea and land in a few hours, and they deposit the seeds, not only uninjured, but better suited for germination by the heat and moisture of the bird's system.

Mutual Introductions.

The man who had made his pile was at last happy. He had managed to squeeze himself into a very exclusive golf club. On his first visit he looked around for a possible partner at a game, and approached a stout gentleman, whose deportment suggested social standing. "Certainly, sir," replied the latter, in answer to the newcomer's invitation. Then, as they approached the first tee, he went on: "By the way, I'm a four man. What are you?" The novice was startled, but after a minute's consideration, he said: "Foreman, are ye? Well, I'm a straw 'at manufacturer."

Oxide of Iron.

Oxide of iron, explained in simplest terms, is a combination of iron and the gas, oxygen. The rust that gathers on a piece of iron exposed for a length of time to the air is a form of oxide of iron. Iron is seldom found in a pure state. The iron ores taken from mines are ferrous compounds, that is, iron combined with other elements—with oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, etc. In the manufacture of iron from the ore, these substances have to be got rid of. If iron ore contains a high percentage of iron, it is valuable.

Cured Him.

"I've cured my husband's insomnia." "How did you do it?" "Pretended I was ill and had the doctor prescribe medicine which Henry was to give me every half-hour all night long."

A Final Decree.

Mrs. Enpeck (in husband's office)—That new typist is a peach. Enpeck (astonished)—Why—er—what makes you think so, my dear? Mrs. Enpeck—She's going to be canned.

Time Limit.

Mrs. Knicker—Have you a permanent cook? Mrs. Bocker—Yes, she said she would stay till we could get another.

Good News for Mother.

"See, mother, I have bought a lot of wash ties." "I see. Who washes 'em?"

Aeronauts aver that the barking of a dog can be heard at an elevation of four miles.

Philadelphia leads all American cities in number of seamen recruited.

WHERE BATHTUB IS UNKNOWN

Alaskan Town Should Be Close Approach to Paradise for the Average Small Boy.

Etah is the most northerly town in the world. It was visited by MacMillan, the great Arctic explorer, to whom we owe a good deal for the interesting information he has given us about the life of the people in this remote part of the earth.

As is the custom of the Indian squaw, the Eskimo mother of Ethah carries her baby on her back, and often she has it here while she is attending to her household duties. Possibly the youngster on the back of the cheerful-looking Eskimo mother has never gone through the process of taking a bath, for we are told that the Eskimos have a superstition to the effect that it makes babies cross to bathe them. Explorers tell of babies several months old that have never been touched by soap and water.

Toledo saloons talk of employing barmaids, English fashion.

Pennsylvania has a force of secret police numbering 8,000.

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labeling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Help Save the Harvest

When Our Own Harvest Requirements Are Completed United States Help Badly Needed Harvest Hands Wanted

Military demands from a limited population have made such a scarcity of farm help in Canada that the appeal of the Canadian Government to the United States Government for Help to Harvest the Canadian Grain Crop of 1918 Meets with a request for all available assistance to GO FORWARD AS SOON AS OUR OWN CROP IS SECURED

The Allied Armies must be fed and therefore it is necessary to save every bit of the crop of the Continent—American and Canadian.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a Warm Welcome, Good Wages, Good Board and Find Comfortable Homes

A card entitling the holder to a rate of one cent per mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return will be given to all harvest applicants.

Every facility will be afforded for admission into Canada and return to the United States.

Information as to wages, railway rates and routes may be had from the UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE CHICAGO, BLOOMINGTON, AURORA, DECATUR, ELGIN, GALESBURG, PEORIA, ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, SPRINGFIELD.

Watch Your Stomach In Hot Weather

A Cool, Sweet, Strong Stomach Your Best Safeguard Against Summer Sickness

"Keep your stomach in good working order during the hot summer months and you will have little to fear in the way of sickness" the advice many physicians give as hot weather approaches.

Good, sound, common sense advice, too. For very frequently, and especially in hot weather, these common stomach disorders which so many people seem to regard as of minor importance, do open the way for serious illness.

So keep your stomach sweet, cool and comfortable all summer long. The extra work—change of diet—pollens that come with hot weather—all hit us in the stomach. The strongest stomach will need help this summer as never before.

The one easy way if you have the right remedy is to rid the stomach of too much acid. Because it's a superacidity that interferes with digestion and assimilation, and this causes about all those stomach miseries you are so familiar with—heartburn, food-repeat-

ing, indigestion, sour, gassy stomach and that miserable, bloated, puffed-up condition after eating.

Now here is good news. An easy, sure relief has been found to get rid of the harmful acidity and gases in the stomach. It is called EATONIC, a good tasting compound that you eat just like candy. A tablet or two of EATONIC after meals will work wonders. You can have no idea of what sure, quick comfort EATONIC brings until you do try it. Use EATONIC after your meals, enjoy a good appetite and get full strength from the food you eat. At the same time protect yourself from summer stomach and bowel miseries.

Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. He will tell you that people who have used EATONIC say that they never dreamed that anything could give such quick and wonderful results. It costs only 60c a box and if it fails in any way, your druggist, who you know and trust, will return your money.

160 ACRE HOMESTEADS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Get under the Shower of Gold

coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat in the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Free to Settlers

and other land at very low prices. Thousands of farmers from the U. S. or their sons are yearly taking advantage of this great opportunity. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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

The Republican-Journal
GENOA, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 THE YEAR

C. D. SCHOONMAKER, PUBLISHER



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

Mayor Thompson insists that the Chicago papers are responsible for the sentiment which has been created regarding his standing as an American citizen. The Republican-Journal will acknowledge that the Chicago papers will try to break a man if he does not do the bidding of the editors. But the Chicago papers were not responsible for Thompson's actions at the time of Gen. Joffrey's visit, they were not responsible for his failure to get at the head of war activities nor were they responsible for his mix-up with Gov. Lowden at the time the pacifists were trying to hold meetings. Who is responsible for the stuff that has been appearing in the "Republican," Thompson's official organ?

"THE UNDERTOW"

Under the above caption, The Rockford Star (democratic) in veiled words, accuses Congressman Charles E. Fuller of opposing the government in its war policy. The insinuation is unwarranted, malicious and false. Coming from a democratic source, it is not only indefensibly dirty, but humorously inconsistent. Those who have followed the actions of Mr. Fuller during his career know that there is not a more loyal citizen in this 12th district. Since the declaration of a state of war Mr. Fuller has been on the job in Washington and given every war measure his support and vote. Even now, when his opponent, Mr. Bennett, and the Democratic Rockford Star are snapping at his heels,

he will not leave his post in Washington to personally make a campaign.

There is not a more patriotic and loyal class of people in the United States today than the editors, and they are quick to discern the attitude of a politician from the standpoint of loyalty. It is significant that at a recent meeting of the Republican editors of the 12th Congressional district, in Chicago, every one present at that time urged Mr. Fuller to again become a candidate.

In an editorial in the issue of August 2, we said "Judging from all that we know Mr. Bennett, he is a clean, capable man." Begging the indulgence of our readers, we are compelled to retract. We know more now. Mr. Bennett is not a clean politician or he would not seek to further his own interests by trying to besmear the character of his opponent.

For Sheriff of DeKalb County

I am a candidate for sheriff of DeKalb county, subject to the Republican primaries, and will appreciate the support of the voters.

Emerson Andrews,
Sycamore, Ill.
29-1f

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

I am a candidate for Representative from the 35th Senatorial District, subject to the Republican Primary, September 11, 1918. Your support will be appreciated.

Albert T. Tourtellot
43-4t*

FOR COUNTY CLERK

I hereby announce myself a Republican candidate for county clerk, subject to the expression of the voters in the County Primaries, September 11, 1918.

G. N. Blackman,
DeKalb, Ill.
37-1f

For County Superintendent of Schools
I hereby announce myself candidate for re-election to the office of county superintendent of schools, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, September 11, 1918.

W. W. Coultas.
27-1f*

For County Treasurer

I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for county treasurer at the coming primaries. The support of the voters will be appreciated.

Walter M. Hay.
35-4t*

To the Voters of DeKalb County

The undersigned is a Republican candidate for the office of County clerk and will appreciate your support at the primary Sept. 11th, 1918. Polls open from 6 a. m. to 5 p. m.

S. M. Henderson
33-1f*

Week's Social Events

Camping in Robinson's Woods
The Camp Fire Girls are enjoying camp life in the bungalow in Mrs. Robinson's woods, west of town.

Priscilla Club

Mrs. M. L. Geithman was hostess of the Priscilla Club Thursday afternoon of last week. After several pleasant hours of knitting, a dainty two-course luncheon was served.

Sunday Guests

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dean of Rockford, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stark and daughter, Lois, and son, Donald, of Kingston were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parker.

Ladies Aid Society Picnic

The annual Ladies Aid Society picnic will be held Friday on the spacious lawn of Mrs. Elizabeth Stiles' home. Election of officers will be held and all members and friends are urged to be present.

Entertain at Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Layton entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bert Layton and family of Union, Mr. Dygert of Woodstock, Mr. Wm. Vincent of Dyersburg, Tenn., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wisman of Hampshire and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Ainley and family and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clausen of this city at dinner Sunday.

Married in Idaho

Miss Edith Reed, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter M. Reed, was married to Mr. Ralph Teague at Twin Falls, Idaho, on the 7th of August. On the same day the groom left for Camp Fremont, Calif., to enter the service. Mrs. Teague will finish her studies at Manhattan, Kas., this winter.

A Surprise

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wylde were the victims of a surprise at the home of their son, L. A. Wylde, Monday evening when the following called: Mesdames T. L. Kitchen, L. Robinson, E. J. Whitney, Emma Corson, Maggie Burroughs, Harry Smith, Alice Hewitt, Neal Wilson, S. A. Waite, Estelita Howlett, E. C. Crawford, Mrs. Jas. Hewitt, Messers, and Mesdames S. S. Slater, Alfred Buck, H. J. Merritt, and Miss Irene Mackey.

An elaborate supper was served.

Johnson-Lord

Private George L. Johnson, of Co. B, 311th Ammunition Train, Camp Grant, and Miss Lettie Lord of this city were united in marriage at 4:30 o'clock Sunday. The wedding took place at the home of Captain Lewis S. Lake of Rockford, Rev. Chestnut Smith read the ceremony. The couple were attended by Miss Olive Darrow of Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Richards of this city, Otto Dander and Roy S. Darling of Camp Grant. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Emma Lord of Genoa and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Johnson of Belvidere.

Reunion of "Jolly Eight"

The beautiful lawn at the water works station was the scene of a happy reunion Monday evening, when the members of the Jolly Eight Club of former years spent several pleasant hours in reminiscences. A picnic supper was spread under the trees. Those present were Mrs. Jessie Hutchinson Briggs of Ottawa, Mrs. Zula Hewitt Mansfield and Miss Maude Sager of Elgin, Mrs. Etha Pierce Olmsted, Mrs. Jennie Stewart Hill, Miss Osia Downing and Miss Catherine Burroughs of this city.

Nutting-Smith

Mr. L. B. Nutting of Chicago and Miss Esther Smith were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Smith, Saturday, August 17, Rev. L. B. Lott officiating. Shortly after the ceremony the bridal couple left for Grand Haven, Michigan, where they will spend two weeks. They will be at home at 127 Maple Avenue, Oak Park, after October 1.

Surprise Party

Monday was Arthur Eiklor's birthday, but the fact had completely slipped his mind, until late in the evening when he was retiring, when a crowd of young married folks rushed in! He was indeed surprised! In a few minutes card tables were arranged and the jolly party enjoyed several games of 500. Late in the evening very light refreshments were served. He was presented with a birthday cake bedecked with green candles.

Service pins at Martin's.

Mass at ten o'clock next Sunday at St. Catherine's Church.

A layman's meeting will be held at the M. E. Church next Sunday morning.

I am in a position to buy and sell hay, also to bale by the ton. L. A. Wylde.
44-1f

Several of the boys will soon be called into service. Select that wrist watch now.

Every father and every mother of a soldier should be proud to wear a service pin. See them at Martin's.

R. J. Johnson, who has been acting as local manager for the Illinois Northern Utilities Company, has resigned.

A gang of workmen are reinforcing the piers of the Illinois Central trestle, west of Genoa, with concrete.

Fred Shattuck, son of Mrs. Margaret Lang, has enlisted in the Marines, passed the physical examination and is now awaiting the call.

A Ford car, driven by a boy in company of Joe Redmond, went into the ditch south of Genoa Saturday and three wheels were demolished. The car was owned by one Fox. The boys are employed in the timber west of Genoa, getting out mne pops.

P. A. Quanstrong has traded the opera house and his flat building on Washington street to Conrad Kniprath for a farm near Grand Rapids, Wis. Mr. Kniprath expects to thoroughly renovate the opera house by tinting the walls and painting the exterior.

The Epworth League and evening service combined will be conducted by the Misses Jessie Clak and Ruth Slater at the M. E. Church Sunday evening at 7:30. The topic is "Remedies for Intemperance." We cordially invite you.

"The Devil and the Kaiser," Dr. Lincoln McConnell's great lecture delivered at over three hundred Chautauquas and other assemblies during the past year with thrilling effect and applause, eighty-four pages, paper, postpaid, thirty-five cents. Address—Republican-Journal, Genoa, Ill.

Since the mayor's proclamation regarding dogs, a dozen of the animals have been caught and killed. In every instance the dogs were without muzzles. Some were owned by local people and others were strays. Those who have dogs of value are taking care of them.

LOST—Pocketbook, containing sum of money and papers. Finder, please leave at this office or at Farmers State Bank and receive reward.

Well Work

Let us figure on your new well either for a Stock or a drain well. If you have some low land and can not get an outlet, tile it into a well.

KAINES BROS.
Hampshire - - - - - Burlington
Telephone No. L 1052-1055

BOY SCOUTS

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

ORGANIZATION OF SCOUTS

When a boy registers as a scout, he becomes a member of a group called a patrol. A patrol consists of eight boys, one of whom is patrol leader and another assistant patrol leader. Patrols are formed into troops. Not more than four patrols are taken into one troop and three is considered a better number as the scoutmaster who leads a troop can get better results with a small group of boys than with a large one.

When a community desires to derive the benefits of the scout movement three or five men form what is known as a troop committee and this committee communicates with the local council which holds a charter for that particular district. In cases where there is no local council the troop committee applies directly to the national council. A scoutmaster is then selected and he receives a commission from the national council upon the recommendation of the troop committee.

Local councils are formed in communities where there are three or more troops. Such a council is made up of ten or more men. These men are elected as representatives of the various interests of the community including religious, educational, business and civic activities. In many cities each troop elects at least one member of its troop committee as a member of the local council.

The national council is made up of delegates from the various local councils, president and ex-presidents of the United States, governors of the various states, and a limited number of other men distinguished for their achievements in work for boys.

This in brief is the scout organization. It was planned with a view of insuring proper supervision of all scout work and of keeping the local council and the national council directly in touch with both the scout and the scoutmaster. As soon as any important addition is made to the scout program, as soon as some means is discovered of doing things better than they have been done before, this information must immediately reach every branch of the organization. Some of the best men in the country are every day volunteering valuable suggestions to local councils and to the national council and it is very necessary that these latest details of scouting should reach the scout and the scoutmaster with the least possible delay.

Spanish Irishmen.

A recent writer draws attention to the connection which has long existed between Ireland and Spain. In the days of the "Wild Geese," when Irishmen were carrying out futures for themselves as soldiers of fortune in many lands, they went in large numbers to Spain. Then again large numbers of Irish men and women, many of them belonging to well-known families, emigrated to Spain in the early days of the nineteenth century. All these immigrants were adopted by the country, and they adopted it, whole-heartedly; so whole-heartedly, indeed, that, as the writer already referred to pointed out, hardly any of their present representatives speak English, at any rate as a "native tongue," and they have lost all touch with Irish life. They have retained their names, however, unaltered, and in the Spanish army list are to be found many such names as O'Connor, O'Neil, O'Donnell, Shaw, and so on.—Christian Science Monitor.

While the potato crop in this vicinity is not heavy, it will be sufficient to take care of present needs, provided the spuds are placed on the market. Farmers and those in the city who have cultivated large lots may have enough for the winter. The acreage was large enough to raise a surplus, but the drought in July killed the plants too early.

A number of Genoa people attended the picnic at Burlington last Saturday. In the day of the automobile it is difficult to determine the attendance at any doings of this nature. In the old days, the family piled into the spring wagon, surrey, or carriage, and with well filled lunch baskets started soon after "sun-up" and remained all day. Now the picnicker eats dinner at home, drives to the picnic grounds and remains only a few hours.

The Sherman Stock Co. is again showing to large audiences "under the big tent," and will remain here all the week. The company is composed of people above the average that usually strike a small town and the productions are good. If the management had announced that Hubbard would appear in a monologue the audience would have been there just the same. He is always good. Mr. Hubbard has been with the Sherman Stock Company twenty-eight years.

How do you like my Suit ?

You'll say this with a feeling of pride when you wear one that's Taylor-made.



F. O. HOLTGREN, Genoa



Modern Barns and Cribs

There's style to barn building as well as to home building. The modern, up-to-date barn provides many conveniences and improvements that make your work easier and your crops and live stock safer.

Poultry Houses—Sheds

No matter what kind of a building you need—or whether it's for farm or town—we can be of service to you. We have building plans for all kinds of buildings and all the necessary material to make them.

Our prices are the lowest and our advice is free.

Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co.
ORRIN MERRITT, Mgr.

Save Fuel

and
"Do Your Bit"

You, of course, realize the seriousness of the coal situation. In the past it was customary to boom the fire and forget the waste of heat thus caused. You can't do that this year.

Everywhere, people who never used storm sash and doors are going to "Stormproof" their homes this winter. Storm doors and sash will eliminate the cold air coming into the room around windows and doors. Less heat is therefore required to keep the home comfortable and healthful, at the same time effecting a saving of 25 per cent on the coal bill.

It's up to you. "Stormproof" your buildings, and do it NOW, before the winter season is on. Don't forget that houses lose heat at the cold windows on the sides of the house away from the wind, and storm doors and sash will save heat there as well as on the north and west.

Naturally you want to be prepared to take care of your future requirements. Therefore we urge you to put in your order for storm sash and doors at this time in order to avoid transportation difficulties that may arise later in the season. No charge for measuring openings.

Genoa Lumber Co.

Dead Animals

We Pay For
Horses and Cows

We Pay Telephone Charges Automobile Service
GORMLEY'S RENDERING WORKS
Plant Phone 909-14 Office Phone 24

Firestone TIRES

ON the basis that Honor and Good Business go together, the Firestone Company has built up a reputation that stands for the "Word of Honor" among tire users.

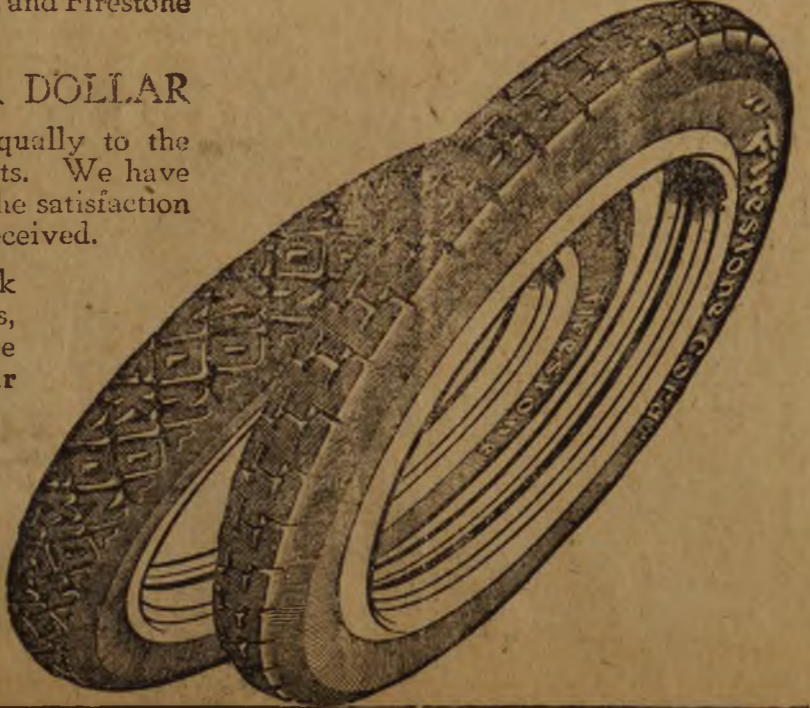
The public rewards the man or firm who gives value received, and Firestone Tires give

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The principle applies equally to the service we give motorists. We have built a big business on the satisfaction that follows full value received.

We have a complete stock of tires, tubes, accessories, etc. Test our policy: See how it works out to your advantage.

M. F. O'Brien
Genoa, Illinois



PURELY PERSONAL

Charles Whipple is in St. Paul this week, purchasing cattle.

Harry Whipple was in Chicago on business Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Jeffery, Mrs. Andy Johnson, Mrs. Wm. Clausen, and Mrs. Harry Whipple and daughter, Harriet, enjoyed at picnic at Harlem Park Thursday of this week. Mrs. Jeffery will remain until Sunday, visiting relatives.

Mrs. Roe Bennett and children are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Geo. Brungart of Rockford.

Mrs. Jennie Gordon is spending the week with Sycamore friends and relatives.

Dillon Patterson of Great Lakes was a Sunday guest at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patterson.

Rev. Lott and family left Wednesday for a ten day visit at Detroit.

They are making the trip by automobile.

J. W. and Frank Wylde and families, who have been here for several weeks, left today for their homes in Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. E. F. Crawford entertained her sister of DeKalb over Sunday.

Elmer Albertson visited his brother, Walter, in Chicago over Sunday.

Geo. W. Savery, editor of the Kirtland Enterprise, was a Genoa visitor Monday evening. Mr. Savery's son is now in the service, leaving "dad" with all the work to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Prain visited their son, Elmer, at Camp Robinson Sparta, Wisconsin, last Saturday.

A. E. Proctor of New Orleans is visiting at the homes of Everett and Henry Smith. Mrs. Proctor is a sister of the Smiths.

A. J. Kohn and E. W. Brown will

leave Sunday, for Lake Geneva where they will enjoy military training at Camp Stevens for two weeks. Not only will the men receive instructions in the manual of arms, etc., but they will all get one night in real trenches. Five hundred civilians will be in camp.

Mrs. Barlow and two children of Amboy are guests at the home of R. J. Johnson, on Locust street.

Mr. and Mrs. Green and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur of Chicago were Sunday guests at the home of Henry Smith.

Mrs. Henry Leonard returned from Milwaukee this week, accompanied by her father, Lewis Kent, who will visit here a few days.

E. A. Sowers of Elgin was in town the first of the week.

Henry Decker, Republican candidate for sheriff, was in Genoa Tuesday. Mr. Decker is making a quiet campaign and seems to be gaining new friends daily. In the north end of the county especially he is meeting with encouragement.

Charles Hall of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Whitright of Winnetka were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Swan from Saturday until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Austin of Rockford were in Genoa over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Holtgren and Miss Meredith Taylor visited Karl Holtgren at Camp Grant last Saturday. The latter is now on his way Berlinward.

A. L. Crawford of Springfield was here over the week end.

Bryce D. Smith spent the week end at the home of his parents in Earlville.

Father Lonergan of St. Louis is a guest of Father O'Brien this week.

E. M. Stebbins and Miss Hattie Ganong of Madison, Wis., were guests at the H. Shattuck home last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Lewis have been entertaining the former's father and sister of Maggie, West Virginia for several weeks. They returned to their home the fore part of the week.

Miss Lenora Worchester is enjoying a ten-days' visit with Michigan relatives.

Mrs. F. C. Meyers and Miss Pearl Renn of Herbert visited at the Arthur Patterson home Wednesday.

Mrs. A. V. Pierce and son, Garfield, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Beardsley and son, John Bidwell, and Mrs. Beardsley's mother, Mrs. Evelyn Bidwell drove to Elgin Sunday. Mrs. Bidwell and Mrs. Beardsley and son are spending the week there.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Jr., are enjoying an auto trip in Wisconsin this week, visiting at Milton, Edgerton and Lake Mills.

Mrs. C. A. Briggs of Ottawa, who is visiting at the R. B. Field home, visited in Chicago Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. C. A. Briggs and daughter, Margaret, and son, Charles, will return to their home in Ottawa Friday, after a two weeks' visit with Genoa relatives.

Miss Blanche R. Patterson and Gertrude Hemenway and Mrs. Elizabeth Clifford drove to Rockford in the Patterson car last Friday and spent the day.

Miss Helen Holtgren, who has been spending the past two weeks with relatives, returned to the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Corson Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mahlborg and two sons, Charles and Milton, of Rockford are guests at the M. L. Geithman home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Parker are entertaining Miss Laura Bear of Chicago this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Geithman and daughter, Lucille, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mahlborg and two sons motored to Lake Delevan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart were Chicago visitors the latter part of the week.

J. A. Patterson will leave this (Thursday) evening for Minnesota.

Miss Ethel Roose of Sycamore, who has been spending several days with Miss Madeline Larson, at the G. L. Couch home, has returned to Chicago to again take up her duties at the St. Luke's hospital.

Attorneys Stott and Brown and Deputy Sheriff S. Abraham attended a session of the county court at Sycamore on Monday.

Miss Antheun Balch, who has been visiting at the John Pratt home for several days returned to her home in Chicago Wednesday. Miss Myrtle Pratt accompanying her.

Mrs. Fred Weaver of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Sarah Corson.

Mrs. S. W. Todd of Chicago is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Corson.

Miss Hazel Chapman of Rockford is visiting Miss Marjorie Patterson several days this week.

Mrs. A. J. Averill of Dundee has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Wylde and other relatives.

C. M. Corson returned Friday of last week from his North Dakota trip.

Mrs. Maude Mordoff, who has been receiving treatment at the DeKalb City Hospital, returned to her home in this city Monday.

Miss Helen Oursler of Belvidere spent several days of last week with her mother, Mrs. Carrie Oursler.

Miss Lula Sturtevant of DeKalb is visiting Miss Hypatia Mordoff this week.

Mrs. M. H. Hungerford spent Monday and Tuesday with DeKalb relatives.

Mrs. Mae Glass of Chicago and Misses Mary Canavan and Mildred Hewitt of this city visited Private Frank Brennan at Camp Grant Friday.

Maynard Olmsted was a guest at the F. P. Glass home in Elgin Sunday.

Charles Stanley was in Chicago on business last week.

Ed. M. Leich is enjoying a two weeks' vacation at Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Leich and daughter, Florence, have been there several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Reid and three children left last week for Wisconsin, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Sabina Bolen and Mrs. Mae Glass of Chicago have been guests at the Thos. Canavan home for several days.

Wm. Vincent of Dyersburg, Tenn., is visiting relatives and old friends in this city.

Mrs. Wm. Wiseman of Hampshire is spending a few days of this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Layton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Roth and daughter, Bernice, and son, William, Jr., of Chicago motored to the J. W. Pratt home Saturday and returned to their home Sunday, taking with them Clarence Pratt, who will remain in the city for a few days.

Benjamin C. Olmsted, who has been spending the past week with friends and relatives, returned to his home in Allegan, Mich., Sunday.

Mrs. W. C. Meyer of Chicago is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Stott.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bevan, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Stott and Mrs. C. W. Meyer spent Wednesday at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, making the trip in the Bevan auto.

Mrs. G. E. Stott spent several days last week visiting friends and relatives in Elgin.

Mrs. Arthur Morehouse and three sons of Chicago are spending a few days at the D. C. Morehouse home.

Mrs. Wm. Richards was a Rockford visitor over the week end.

ROLL OF HONOR

The boys whose names appear in bold face type are "over there." We have the proper mailing address for the names followed by an asterisk (*) only. If you have the address of the ones not thus marked, kindly notify the publisher at once. Mr. D. S. Brown is paying for the Genoa Republican-Journal to be sent to every Genoa man in the service. You may be assured that the men will appreciate this, and they will also appreciate the efforts of relatives to keep the publisher posted promptly as to proper address.

- Second Lieut. Bayard Brown *
- Sgt. Paul Miller *
- Corporal Floyd Buckle *
- Corporal Carl Bauman *
- Corporal George Allen Patterson *
- Corporal Frank Hoffman *
- Private Wm. Harry Carb *
- Private Wm. Schur *
- Private Charles C. Schoonmaker *
- Private Chester Evans *
- Private Robert Westover *
- Private Walter J. Brendemuhl *
- Private Thomas Abraham *
- Private James B. Cornwell *
- Private Geo. F. Goding *
- Private Ivan Ide *
- Private Ray Listy *
- Private Irvin Thorworth *
- Private Geo. R. Wilson *
- Private Wm. C. Walters *
- Private Albert F. Prain *
- Private Clarence Eklor *
- Private Ransom Davis *
- Private Sidney Davis *
- Private Harry Holroyd *
- Private Glen Montgomery *
- Ernest Fulcher, U. S. N. *
- Charles Adams, U. S. N. *
- Ruth Crawford, Nurse *

- Captain C. A. Patterson *
- Lieut. Richard Gormley *
- Lieutenant J. W. Ovtz *
- 2nd. Lieutenant Thos. Nicholson *
- Sgt. Wm. Lankton *
- Corp. C. Vernon Crawford *
- Private Sidney Burroughs *
- Private Carl Bender *
- Private John Frazier *
- Private John Meckler *
- Private Aug. Niss *
- Private Everett Naker *
- Private Laman W. Colton *
- Private Albert Awe *
- Private Irvin Patterson *
- Private Wm. L. Mowers *
- Private John Jenny *
- Private Phillip R. Thomas *
- Private Harold Holroyd *
- Private Floyd Durham *
- Private Frank J. Bender *
- Private Albert T. Johnson *
- Private Howard Stanley *
- Private Jay Evans *
- Private Geo. A. White *
- Private Frank Stanley *
- Private Aug. J. Bjornson *
- Private Frank Rebeck *
- Private Fred J. Duval *
- Private Ben Westover *
- Private Edward A. Albertson *
- Private Karl K. Holtgren *
- Private Tony Henry Muhr *
- Private John Kolesmiki *
- Private Fred L. Niss *
- Private Fred W. Browne *
- Private Elmer W. Prain *
- Private Frank Brennan *
- Private Otto Dander *
- Private John Duval *
- James Hugh Clark, U. S. N. *
- Dillon Patterson, U. S. N. *
- Geo. J. Patterson, Y. M. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shattuck of South Dakota, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hall of Chicago were guests Wednesday evening at the home of H. Shattuck.

To the Voters of DeKalb County
I am a candidate for the office of County Superintendent of Schools, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, and respectfully solicit the support of the voters.
33-14-t Warner Hubbard.

For County Treasurer
I am a candidate for the office of county treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on September 11, 1918, and will appreciate your support at that time.
37-tt E. B. Still

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1918.
A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



Gunner Depew

THE MOST AMAZING STORY OF THE WAR

By the Fighting, Laughing American Sailor Boy
ALBERT N. DEPEW

GUNNER DEPEW, a sailor of the Legion, tells a thrilling story of what he did—what he saw—what he endured—in two years packed solid with fighting and adventure on land and sea. His description of the *Yarrowdale* with its cargo of human wretchedness is the first complete account written by an American who lived through the indescribable horrors of that now famous voyage. Gunner Depew writes of the German Prison Camps as only a man can who has lived and suffered in them—who has been face to face with the misery of the half-starved men—who has himself been the victim of the inhuman cruelties which the Huns heap on their prisoners of war.

Don't Fail to Read This Vivid and Gripping Narrative
OUR NEW SERIAL!

Ellis Business College and Gregg Shorthand Institute

BEAUTIFUL NEW BUILDING, IDEAL LOCATION, ELECTRIC FANS AND MODERN EQUIPMENT
Noted for the high earning power of its graduates. Nearly 200 pupils enrolled during the past eleven months, including nineteen public school teachers.
STENOGRAPHY, the only successful "machine way of shorthand." The method that got Esther Ross, Sidney Greve and Kathleen Bonnell \$1500.00 a year positions.
NINETEENTH ANNUAL OPENING September 3, 1918. Write for particulars.
F. W. ELLIS, President, ELGIN, ILL.

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Oysters and Fish in Season

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

R. H. STERNBURG
Telephone 16

Do not forget the Patriots' Fund Payment

Good Coffee and Tea

In buying either coffee or tea, one must necessarily take the merchant's word regarding the quality of the article. For this reason, confidence in the merchant is essential. Those who have favored us with their tea and coffee orders in the past have learned to place confidence in our word. It is easy to guarantee goods that are right, and it is easy to handle that class of goods. Let us fill your order today and if you are not satisfied we want to know it.

E. J. Tischler, Grocer



Every week of delay adds to your chances of being one of those who will suffer this winter. If the careless one does not actually suffer with cold, experience has proven that worry and inconvenience is enough. Avoid the possibilities--

Buy Now

Zeller & Son

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

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

"Losing Receipts" is Sometimes Like Losing Money

A housewife may really manage her affairs if she pays bills by check. She may simplify and systematize all her expenditures—and she needn't worry about keeping receipts for things. You never had to pay a bill over twice if you paid by check.

EXCHANGE BANK
Deposits Guaranteed with over \$300,000.00

A Very Bad Moral

By JANE OSBORN
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Say, there's a new efficiency man and he's some looker," commented the tall brunette in the "beauty parlor" of Teed's dry goods store to the rather shortish, rather blondish young woman who was laying out her manicuring outfit at the table next to the tall brunette's.

Charlotte Day, the rather blonde, rather short, young woman, made no comment.

"Honest, he's stunning," went on her companion. "I saw him when I went up to the stock room for nail files just now. He's the real thing, I'll tell you—none of your nobby-pummy, pale-faced floor walkers, either. He never worked in a store before. He was a college professor or something and went in for this efficiency stuff. He's going to give some talks on selling and success at noon hour. You don't want to miss 'em. The one today is called: 'Know your customer.' You don't want to miss it—he's certainly a dandy-looking young man."

Charlotte snorted slightly at a short cut to express her lack of interest in the new efficiency man in general and his good looks in particular.

"Say, I'm through with this efficiency dope," she said. "Ever since I came to this place two years ago I've been listening to that kind of thing. The man they had before gave that same idea of 'Know Your Customer.' I was just young enough and foolish enough to take it all in, and I read uplift talks in the paper at night on 'Forging Your Way to the Front.' They all give the same advice. They say if you tend to your little job the best way you know how, why some day you'll be head of your department, or maybe make a hit with somebody and get married to someone who'll appreciate how hard you've worked and everything. Talk about knowing your customers—don't I know every wart on that fat Mrs. Peabody's old face? And don't I know just how many double chins that Armstrong woman has? And talk about being diplomatic—oh, yes, indeed, Mrs. Armstrong, the facial massage does make one dreadfully pale. Not that you would usually need any rouge, but after the massage I'd better put on a little. Oh, I'm sure you don't usually need it."

"And then this to Mrs. Peabody: 'Just a little of this tonic, Mrs. Peabody. No, indeed, it isn't dye. But this new electric treatment makes the hair look a little dull and you really need a little of this tonic to bring out the natural color of the hair.' And of course she knows and I know that it's straight walnut dye. And that's what I've been doing for two years, kidding them and studying them and saying what they want me to. Where has it got me? Yes, they smile at me and ask for me when they make appointments—but catch them doing anything more. Why, to hear these efficiency men talk you'd think that they were going to ask you home in their limousines and were going to introduce you to their families and get rich husbands for you, or that you were going to be buyer for the department or something. No, indeed," concluded Charlotte, rising and smoothing her diminutive apron. "I'm through. I'm going to act just the way I feel like acting. I have a feeling that it will get me further than the other way."

So Charlotte abandoned her efficiency methods and proceeded to try different tactics. When Mrs. Armstrong came she bluntly announced the presence of an additional chin, and she referred to Mrs. Peabody's hair restorative as dye in a way that made that lady blink with surprise. She told one woman frankly that she was ruling her hair having it waved so often, and another that she would look far better if she didn't get the expensive "transformation" that she was thinking of buying.

Then a well-dressed young man came to have his finger nails manicured, and Charlotte performed her task with none of the customary play of small talk that was calculated to make the customers return.

"How do they look?" asked the man after Charlotte had put on the final high polish.

"If you really want to know," commented Charlotte, thinking only of her resolve to be perfectly frank, "I think they look like fury on a man. The way they were when you came in is the way a man ought to have his nails kept. Now they are shaped and pointed and polished till they look like a woman's. Somehow you're not the sort or man that looks as if he would go in for that sort of thing."

Charlotte noticed the young man's eyes striding her face.

"Still," he said, "it is rather bad business, it seems to me, for you to give that sort of advice. Perhaps you are right, but your game is to get as many customers as you can for your store, isn't it?"

"You talk like one of those efficiency men," commented Charlotte, with a sigh, replacing her implements in neat array on top of the table, and the man hurried away.

Charlotte did not go to the noon-hour talk, although it was the first advantage of the sort that she had missed since her arrival in the store two years before. Instead, she took a walk in an secluded neighborhood as she could reach within walking distance of the store. She breathed freer and deeper

than usual. She really felt, without knowing why, that she had taken a step toward her own emancipation. What if she did lose her job? At least if she did, something might happen—there might be some adventure connected with the next one, and in the rut she had been keeping for two years there was nothing but monotony. She thought of the man she had just manicured. Really he hadn't disliked it because she told him the truth. He had looked at her with interest. She had at least surprised him and that was more than she had ever done to any other customer in two years.

After the lunch hour, when Charlotte was summoned to the office of the new efficiency man, she thought only that perhaps he wanted to see all those who had not attended his talk. She actually did turn a little pale when she realized that he was the same decidedly good-looking young man whose nails she had recently manicured. She noticed that the high polish had been rubbed off. He asked her to take a chair beside his desk, and then he proceeded to give her a little talk on efficiency purely for her own benefit. It was an A. B. C. lesson in salesmanship. He assumed that she had never heard anything of the sort before and assured her that if she only plodded ahead in the way he suggested she would reap her reward. Success would be hers—she would work herself out of the rank and file, etc.

Then Charlotte waxed eloquent in reply. In fact, she rose and stood over Mr. Avery Baker's desk and her eyes flashed as she talked to him.

"I'm through with this efficiency game," she announced. "I've been pegging away at it ever since I came, and I'm shampering the same stupid people and manifying the same hands and getting the same wages and hoping the same I was two years ago. That is, I went on hoping I'd get my reward till this morning I realized that—that there just wasn't any reward. What do you people mean when you talk about forging ahead? Tell me, Mr. Efficiency Man, where is the golden opportunity you're always holding up as an incentive?"

Mr. Avery Baker evaded the question as tactfully as possible and saved his reputation as an expert by assuring Charlotte that her real trouble was that she was a round peg in a square hole. He said he had made a four of the store that morning and had got his nails manicured not because he cared for high polish—she was really quite right in very bad salesmanship—but to test the work of that department. He had realized that she had the wrong point of view and that is why he had sent for her. Now he knew she had ability and she was no longer to work in the beauty department. She was to be his assistant. She could talk extremely well—that she had just proved—and she could help him in his lessons in salesmanship.

It was only two months later that Avery Baker, after due deliberation, realized that his entire happiness depended on his marrying Charlotte Day, and Charlotte had in a measure decided that were the opportunity to arise for her to accept a proposal from Mr. Avery Baker, she would hesitate only long enough for appearances' sake.

"You'll have to admit," laughed Avery, "that I'm some efficiency man. I found you unsuccessful in the beauty parlor and knew right away that you'd double my own efficiency and achieve my complete happiness if you became my life partner."

Charlotte pondered a moment. "Still," she said, "the reward didn't come because I pegged ahead and did my best the way I'd been told. It all began the day I decided I'd break away and forget the efficiency stuff. If I'd gone on as I had for two years I'd be counting Mrs. Armstrong's chins and Mrs. Peabody's warts."

Avery Baker looked quizzically into Charlotte's face. "Perhaps you are right. In your case perhaps it was better to break away. But, Charlotte, dear, from the efficiency man's point of view it is a very unsatisfactory moral for our little romance."

Latin and Hebrew.
For a parallel to Hebrew, which, after having been numbered so very long among the dead languages, is spoken today again a living, spoken tongue, we must turn to Latin, though the analogy is not perfect, if decidedly romantic, in either case. Through all the dreadful days of barbarism in Europe the Roman Catholic church helped to preserve the Latin language from oblivion. When Greek had all but perished from the ken of mankind at large, when even Homer had almost been forgotten, the language of the Caesars still rendered international communication possible.

Wasted Knowledge.
"How is Jibway getting along?" "He tells me he is having a great deal of trouble keeping a cook." "Why, I thought he married a graduate of one of the most noted schools of domestic science in the country." "So he did, but you ought to know that there are a great many people in this world who don't make any use of an education after they get it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Roman Builders' Good Work.
Several hundred miles of old Roman walls, at least seventeen hundred years old, are still standing in England today. The best specimen of this work of the ancient Romans in England is the wall which crosses Northumberland, from near Newcastle to near Carlisle. In many places, the facing of this wall is still intact, showing what marvelous builders these Romans were.

Paris Achieves Lovely Afternoon Gowns



Now that women feel it a duty to make afternoon gowns do service for evening wear, the ingenuity of costume designers is put to the test. From one of the great Paris designers comes the lovely gown pictured above and it is a triumph of French discernment and good taste; for it is quiet enough for daytime wear and distinguished enough for evening.

It is of black satin with embroidery in silver thread. This combination appears also in French millinery from the most authoritative sources, but in hats black frame velvet is used instead of satin.

We may accept this gown as a criterion in hues and general make up of styles for the coming season. It has a narrow, plain underskirt of moderate length and a straight hanging overgarment vaguely confined to the figure by an easy girle terminating in sash ends. The girle is made of satin and that portion that encircles the waist is embroidered while the sash ends are plain. The skirt portion of

the overdress is as long as the underskirt at the back and considerably shorter in front. This is a new development of the tunic skirt which is destined to reappear in winter gowns. The embroidered band on the back portion is not so wide as it is on the front.

The sleeves and collar are especially interesting because they are both new departures. Both are as plain as possible but each is original. The sleeves are cut full length and flaring but are trimmed away at the wrist until the upper portion extends only a few inches below the elbow. The upstanding collar is of black crepe georgette and is supported by a very few small, unnoticeable wires.

Satin in black and in dark colors, promises to be of all fabrics the most used for afternoon gowns. New draped skirts and new tunic skirts appear and silver tinsel in embroidered bands is sure to be followed by silver lace in conjunction with them.

Among the Blouses for Fall



There is really an endless assortment of blouses all ready for women who look to the blouse more than ever to provide them variety in their apparel. Since we may not have so many frocks, what with the scarcity of wool and labor and everything, we must turn to the blouses made of cottons or those of silk to add the spice of variety to skirts and suits that are serving overtime.

Blouses are of two characters—those that are moderate in price—anywhere from about three dollars to eight or ten—and those that employ lavish or difficult handwork that brings their value up to two or three times the outside price of those in the other class. It seems inconsistent to talk of war-time economy in the same breath with these extravagantly priced affairs, but it is not always so; some of them are remarkably durable. The blouses that most women will buy, however, are the moderately priced models that are new and smart in design. French voile, fine batiste and georgette crepe are the materials to select—no matter what the price—for it is not in the materials but in the laces and other decorative features that take much time to make, that the high value lies. Women who know how to do exquisite needlework have the advantage because they can do this exacting handwork for themselves. Fine organdie is another material that helps solve the problem of dainty blouses at moderate prices.

Georgette remains a great favorite and the two new models shown in the picture for this are of this delicate and beautiful material. They are among the considerable number that

either slip on over the head or fasten along one shoulder. In the blouse at the left two colors are used—a panel at the front in color joined to the white of the blouse by beadedwork. Hemstitching is used in voile or other cottons and in silks to introduce a becoming touch of color by joining it to white blouses. This blouse has the round neck finished with a fringe and the bands of ribbon laid over the cuffs, which are among new style features. The blouse at the right is of georgette in a pale color, braided with soutache in the same shade. It fastens on the shoulder under a collar that is ornamented with two small silk covered balls.

Julia Bottomley

When You Put Lace On.

We are not doing much in the way of fancy work nowadays. Knitting takes up all our spare time, and to it we devote our energy. But perhaps you will have occasion to sew some lace on a curving edge—like that of a centerpiece—and if you do, writes a correspondent, here is a little trick divulged by a woman who is experienced in such things. Roll the lace in a little roll and tie it with a thread so that it will not unroll. Then dip the straight edge in hot water. Just the edge, and about half the width of the lace, still in the little roll. When it is dry the inside will be slightly shrunk, so that it will measure less than the outside, and so you will have less difficulty in fitting it to the curved edges of the centerpiece.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Through envy, through malice, through hate,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.

—Alice Cary.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Cereals, even the leftovers from breakfast, may be used to make delicious and nourishing dishes as puddings and desserts.

Date Hominy Pudding.—Soak a cupful of hominy in four cupfuls of water with a teaspoonful of salt overnight. Cook in a double boiler until the liquid is absorbed, then stir in a cupful of honey, a grating of nutmeg and the grated rind of a lemon. Grease a pudding mold and in the bottom place four dates. Cover with an inch of the cooked hominy and arrange a row of dates around the dish, pour in the remainder of the hominy, cover and steam two hours. When done, unmold and serve cold with cream and sugar or hot with a sweet sauce.

Soy Bean Loaf.—Wash and drain well one pound of soy beans, place them in a saucepan and cover with plenty of cold water; put in an onion stuck with a clove, a little salt, a bay leaf and a half teaspoonful of thyme, tied in a bit of muslin. Cover the sauce pan and cook at a low temperature until the beans are tender, adding more water if needed. When cold put through a meat chopper, season with salt and pepper, stir in a half cupful of catsup, two canned pimentos and the whites of two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine; mix well, turn out on a floured board, brush over with the beaten yolk of egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Place in a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. Garnish with parsley. Serve either hot or cold.

Chili Con Carne.—Cut two pounds of round steak into small square pieces. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan and when hot add the steak, fry brown; then add one cupful of boiling water and four tablespoonfuls of rice. Cook until tender. Add three canned red peppers cut in pieces, one cupful of cooked beans, two parboiled onions cut in slices, one tablespoonful of flour, four cloves, one clove of garlic, chopped, a teaspoonful of salt and cook until the gravy is of the right consistency. Serve garnished with parsley.

String Beans With Pork.—Remove the strings from two quarts of green beans and slice them lengthwise into one-eighth-inch strips. Cut into dice one thin slice of salt pork, three inches square, and fry it in a granite stew pan. Put in the beans, with a cupful of boiling water, and let them cook half an hour; then add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a cupful of vinegar and simmer until the beans are tender. When nearly cooked thicken with a teaspoonful of flour, if desired.

There is no contentment without congenial and useful occupation. Happiness is the one who is skilled to do something very well.

FOOD HINTS.

When you fry cornmeal mush roll each slice in cornmeal with a pinch of sugar; the slices will brown quickly and evenly with less fat.

Rabbit on Casserole.—As rabbit is one of our meats we are asked to use to save beef, some of us will need to get over fussiness about eating rabbit which is most wholesome and good flavored meat. Dress the rabbit and cut it up in serving sized pieces, brown in any sweet fat, then add two tablespoonfuls of corn flour and two cupfuls of hot water. Stir until smooth, pour over the rabbit, add a few slices of onion which have been browned in a little fat, a cupful of celery, a bit of bay leaf, salt and pepper and enough water to half cover. Cover and cook slowly for an hour and a half. If a thicker sauce or gravy is desired add more corn flour. Serve hot with a tart jelly.

Bombay Soup.—Put a tablespoonful of peanut butter into a saucepan, add one onion sliced and cook slowly without browning; then add one large sour apple sliced, but not peeled, a teaspoonful of thyme, juice of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of rice, cooked. Cover and simmer gently for ten minutes with one quart of good soup stock.

Rice and Meat Loaf.—Butter a mold and line it three-quarters of an inch thick with hot, steamed rice. Prepare a mixture of two cupfuls of finely chopped meat, seasoned well with pepper, celery, salt, onion and lemon juice; add a quarter of a cupful of crumbs and enough rice water to make of the right consistency. Stock of any kind may be used if there is no rice water. Nearly fill the mold with this mixture then cover with a layer of the rice, put on the buttered lid and steam

for forty-five minutes. Turn out on a hot platter and pour a rich tomato sauce around the loaf.

Rice with chicken, lamb, mutton or chopped tongue makes most tasty croquettes.

SAVE THE SUGAR DESSERTS.

Among the light desserts which are easy for the inexperienced housewife to prepare are the fruit combinations. Fruits are rich in mineral substances and acids which are needed in the blood. The following desserts, while saving sugar, are giving us a new and delicious flavor.

Chocolate Pears.—Steam unstemmed pears until tender, after peeling and coring carefully. To the juice of a lemon and half a cupful of water add corn or maple sirup until it is quite sweet; to each cupful of the juice add a heaping tablespoonful of chocolate and vanilla to flavor. Cook until smooth and pour over the pears.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream.—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in a half cupful of cold water. Heat together one grated pineapple or one can of preserved pineapple, a half-cupful of corn sirup, a tablespoonful of lemon juice; add to the gelatine and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Then chill the mixture in a pan of water, stirring constantly. When it begins to thicken fold in a cupful of cream, whipped. Place in a mold and set aside to chill.

Jellied Figs.—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in half a cupful of water. Cook a pound of figs with two cupfuls of water slowly, until the skins are tender. Add the boiling water in which the figs were cooked to the softened gelatine and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add a half-cupful of corn sirup and enough grape juice to make four cupfuls of liquid. Put the liquid and figs in layers in a mold, letting each layer of liquid partly set before adding the next. Serve when unmolded with cream.

Raisin Sandwich.—Stew raisins in a little orange juice until plump. Put aside to chill. Spread graham crackers with the raisins and a little grated maple sugar mixed with cream. Put on another cracker and the sandwich is ready.

The movement for conservation is not only helping in saving food for our army and allies but it is educating us away from rich pastry and puddings, which we are finding most important in keeping our nation's health up to standard.

A hearty welcome manifested in kindly and polite attentions, will make a very plain meal more enjoyable than a banquet.

WAYS WITH SWEETBREADS.

Sweetbreads, being perishable meat, are one of the best of summer meats which we may feel free to use. When the price is not prohibitive they should be frequently served.

Sweetbreads should be fresh, as they spoil quickly.

Remove all the skin, fibers and tubes without breaking the sweetbreads themselves. Soak in cold water for an hour, changing it often to extract all the blood. Drain and put to cook in simmering water for 20 minutes. Use the broth in which they were cooked as a basis for the sauce in which to serve them. Plunge the sweetbreads as soon as cooked into cold water to keep them firm and white. If to be baked, wrap each sweetbread in a cheesecloth and put it under a weight.

Braised Sweetbreads.—Place in a baking pan a layer of new peas and small carrots with new potatoes; on this bed of vegetables place the prepared sweetbreads with a few cubes of fat salt pork. Add enough of the stock in which the sweetbreads were cooked to cover the vegetables. Cover tight and cook about forty minutes. Season with salt and pepper during the cooking.

Sweetbreads in Gelatine.—Cut into small dice two cupfuls of cooked sweetbreads. Soak a tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of the broth and dissolve it in half a cupful of hot broth. Add the sweetbreads, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Stand the mixture in a pan of ice water, stir frequently and as it begins to stiffen fold in one cupful of whipped cream and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Turn into molds and chill. Serve in slices laid on crisp lettuce leaves.

Tomatoes Stuffed With Sweetbreads.—Peel and scoop out the centers of medium-sized tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and invert to drain. Set on ice to chill. Cut sweetbreads previously cooked, into dice, add a few cooked asparagus tips, a spoonful of minced green pepper, season well with salt and paprika, add mayonnaise dressing to moisten, and fill the tomatoes. Garnish each with a stuffed olive.

Nellie Maxwell

TO ALL WOMEN WHO ARE ILL

This Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Personal Experience.

McLean, Neb.—"I want to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer from any functional disturbance, as it has done me more good than all the doctor's medicine. Since taking it I have a fine healthy baby girl and have gained in health and strength. My husband and I both praise your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. JOHN KOPPELMANN, R. No. 1, McLean, Nebraska.

This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will well pay any woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The results of its long experience is at your service.

THAT GOOD AMERICAN SPIRIT

Letter of Youngster Shows Type of Men Uncle Sam Has Sent Across the Water.

Fiery is the story of a plucky boy of Louisville, Ky., who overrode all barriers, ran away to war when he was fourteen and experienced all its horrors and wonders. The reactions and impressions of this boy are unique and thrilling. He says:

"Of course, I was only fourteen when I enlisted as a stretcher bearer in the British royal army medical corps, in October, 1915. Maybe a kid like me wouldn't get as much out of being in the war as an older fellow would—but maybe he'd get more, just because he had more to get! As near as I could figure it out, everybody 'over there' was getting some things they never could have found anywhere else. I know I did.

"I guess the biggest thing I got was—well, I don't just know what to call it. It isn't exactly any one thing. It's a mixture of being sorry for somebody else and not being sorry for yourself."—The Red Cross Magazine.

Fiery Red Pimples.
A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by an application of Cuticura Ointment to distressing eczemas, etc., proves their wonderful properties. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The Only Peace for Germany.
"Germany," said a senator, "talks a lot of arrogant nonsense about her peace, the German peace; but in the end there will be only one peace for Germany, and that is the peace of defeat."

"To Germany the peace table looks beautifully spread with colonies and indemnities and Atlantic ports, but in the end she will be like the man who said to his guest:

"Will you have a little of this cold veal, or—"
"Here the man looked around the table hurriedly—or not?"

Could Count on the Hum.
It came as a blow to Rozzer that his friend was leaving for the country.

"Things will be pretty dull without you, old chap," he said, gloomily.
"Don't feel down about it, my boy," replied the other; "but, all the same, I bet I shall make things hum down there."

"Got some scheme on already?"
"Yes, you see, I'm thinking of keeping bees."

Give 'Em Time.
Speaking of the thoroughness with which England has gone into the war, the officer in charge of the British recruiting office located in Los Angeles, Cal., remarked: "Not only have they put the nation on short rations, but even walking-sticks have come under government control."
"But not shilleleahs," grinned a bystander, whose name obviously was not Isaac.

Fully nine-tenths of our troubles would vanish if we didn't talk so much.

SAVING WHEAT is only one good point for

POST TOASTIES
(MADE OF CORN)
—says Bobby

Nellie Maxwell

Playgrounds for Children Are Big Necessity to Conserve Health

By CHARLES E. HUGHES, Former Governor of New York State



The successful worker must have the spirit of play in his heart, and the successful man is only a boy with a man's experience. He must have the zest, the devotion, the spirit of comradeship, the capacity for self-forgetfulness, the boy's wholesome outlook upon life, if he is to do a man's work in the world. How are we to save civilization from being caught in its own toils? How are we to preserve childhood from being too early drawn into the contests of life? How are we in our great urban population to make possible the spirit of play, the opportunities for childish sports which are essential to the development of normal manhood and womanhood? To the solution of that problem you are devoting your study with no little measure of success already attained. I cannot aid you by experience or suggestion, but I bid you godspeed from the bottom of my heart.

We want play—simply play, for the children of our great cities. Those who are fortunate enough to live in the country have in their own homes the playground. The orchard, the meadow, the brook, the swimming pool, the near-by wood, constitute the never-failing source for gratifying the appetites, the normal appetites, of childhood in the country. And with what feeling akin to despair do we look upon the growing thousands teeming in the congested quarters of our cities, with the slight opportunities of the roadway to take the place of the open country!

We do not think of them in their early years alone, but we look forward to the time when they come to play the parts of men and women in the world, and we wonder what is to be the future. Is their experience of life merely to be that of the hard taskmaster, the struggle for bare existence? Is the growing feeling of discontent to be accentuated and increased because of abnormal deprivation?

We want playgrounds for children in order that we may conserve the health of our people. A great deal is being done in these days to protect us against the spread of disease. We are fighting with intelligence and with new-found zeal the great white plague, but the dread disease of tuberculosis must be successfully fought by developing stamina, physical strength, through exercise in all the physical activities. We must nourish that strength in childhood. We do not want simply hospitals and pavilions and notices giving instructions to those who are unfamiliar with necessary precaution. We want to save the health of our children, so that we may nurture a strong, well-favored community. That is the surest way to stamp out disease.

Autocratic Rulers of Germany Proven Most Inhuman and Tyrannical Enemies

By BARTOW A. ULRICH
Author of "Abraham Lincoln" and "Constitutional Government"

William II, king of Prussia, and the constitutional president of the German empire, with the nominal title of "emperor," proved at first to be an advocate of peace, and was a popular ruler up to the commencement of the war precipitated with savage haste, after long premeditation and preparation. His entire peace pretensions were deceptive and hypocritical. He and the autocratic rulers of the twenty-five states of Germany, meeting secretly in the bundesrath, behind locked doors, deliberately planned the hellish scheme of deluging Europe in blood, fire and desolation. They have surpassed the most treacherous devices of Machiavelli, as depicted in his celebrated, brutal book, "The Prince."

So far the German states, headed by the emperor-king, William II, have been the most destructive, inhuman, tyrannical and treacherous enemies of the human race which the world has ever known.

Emperor William II, under the German constitution, possesses the power to control these forces, to stop or continue the carnage, and to enforce civilized methods of warfare. He has misused and still is misusing the powers given into his hands, without any effort on his part, through the previous labors and devices of Bismarck and the former kings of Prussia. He has trod the continent of Europe like an impersonation of Satan, the arch-demon of destruction, trampling men, women and children in the blood-soaked mire, beneath his cloven hoof.

The great conflict now raging in Europe between the central powers and the United States and its allies is a war of democracy against despotic military autocracy, which fights to rule the world.

This new entente, including the United States, is not only fighting its own battles, but it is also indirectly fighting the cause of democracy, including Germany, heretofore dominated by the Hohenzollern dynasty, which has gradually absorbed the greater part of the German empire.

In a book entitled "The Psychology of the Kaiser," by Morton Prince, it is stated that in the consciousness of the kaiser there is nothing that is more dominant than his increasing and violent antipathy to the great body of citizens constituting no less than one-third of the empire, namely, the social democrats.

The empire of Germany is ruled by the representatives of the old Hohenzollern family, with centuries of aggressive wars to its credit, or discredit, through Prussia, which they control and which comprises two-thirds of Germany. The question now arises, can Prussia and the other German states stem the rising tide of democracy which is sweeping all before it? Are not the people of the central powers weary of the rule and oppression of kings, emperors and czars?

Conservation of Wool, Linen and Even Cotton, Is a Prime Necessity

By MISS EMMA FECHT, Instructor in Domestic Art
Kansas State Agricultural College

Conservation of wool, linen, and even cotton, is a prime necessity since so much of these materials is used by the government in equipment of the United States armed forces.

Conservation of these materials lies in using that which is already on hand. Nearly all homes are abundantly supplied with old clothing which is out of date. This can be remodeled. Good care should be given to all clothing, including careful cleaning, pressing and storing.

Women should learn the true value of good silk, and insist on buying only good silk. This will create a demand for pure silk. Make it the practical, fashionable fabric and the government will have the other much-needed materials for its own use.

IMPROVEMENT IN GINNING COTTON

Organization of Growers and Ginners Will Bring About Betterment of Staple.

RETAINING PURITY OF SEED

By Giving More Attention to Saws Marketing Condition of Crop Can Be Improved—Compressing Also of Importance.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Any losses in the marketing of cotton due to careless and wasteful methods are indirectly passed back to the growers, and relief from these conditions must come largely through the action of the cotton producers.

Improvement of ginning practices would materially better conditions, and through organization the farmers can induce the ginners to adopt better methods of ginning and baling cotton. The present method of ginning seed



Baled Cotton in Warehouse.

cotton makes it practically impossible to keep each farmer's seed from being mixed, with the result that there is a general admixture of other varieties or strains, making it practically impossible to maintain the quality of the cotton being grown. Ginners can return to the farmers unmixed or uncontaminated seed by cleaning out all gins, bins, and troughs, thereby retaining the purity of the seed.

Attention to Saws. By giving more attention to the ginning of cotton the ginner will again be able to improve general marketing conditions for farmers. The adoption of 12-inch saws in the place of 14-inch saws will enable the ginner to reduce the speed of the saw shaft, thus reducing in a great measure mechanical difficulties in connection with the operation of his gins. A speed of 333 revolutions per minute on the 12-inch saw, or 400 revolutions per minute on the 10-inch saw is considered to be good practice. However, some gins have been known to operate at over 500 revolutions per minute, and this results in a positive damage to the fiber, especially if the seed cotton is not thoroughly dry before ginning; hence the need for careful attention to the speed of the saws, as well as the careful consideration of the quality and condition of the seed cotton being ginned.

Importance of Compressing. Finally, the adoption of gin compresses in certain particular communities will have the effect of improving marketing conditions by eliminating certain unnecessary transportation and reducing the demand for freight cars, all of which will result in reducing transportation charges. A direct saving would result by sampling the bales at the press box and compressing at the gin. The bulky, poorly-bound "flat" bale is perhaps one of the greatest sources of loss in marketing cotton, this bale being hard to handle, exposing the cotton to costly damage and general deterioration. In order that it may occupy less space in freight cars and ships, it must be shipped to a compress point to be compressed in special cotton presses before being shipped to central or export markets. This compressing is done hurriedly and indifferently. Additional bagging is used to cover staple holes, and the six ties placed on the bale at the gin are now replaced by seven or eight ties. These new ties are not always securely attached, with the result that they become detached, allowing the bale to expand into an unsightly mass and break open; and the cotton reaches its destination in poor condition.

It will be of a great advantage to American cotton growers if organization can be brought to bear to improve conditions at the gin. When planting seed is unmixed, when lint is carefully ginned, and when bales are properly pressed and bound, American cotton will command greater consideration in both home and foreign markets.

Silage Not Deteriorating. Animals fed silage are no more subject to tuberculosis, do not lose their teeth more quickly, and are not shorter lived than animals fed other common kinds of feed.

Value of Corn Silage. One hundred and sixty-five pounds of corn silage will replace 145 pounds of shelled corn and 859 pounds of hay in producing 100 pounds of beef.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR TREE PLANTERS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Don't plant on ground poorly prepared.

Don't plant on raw, new, or soddy ground.

Don't buy a poor grade of stock. Consult several nurseries.

Don't plant late in the spring. Early work gives best results.

Don't allow plants to become dry.

Don't dig shallow holes. Loosen up the soil.

Don't dig small holes. Tree roots must not be cramped.

Don't put grassy sods in a hole. Air spaces will kill the tree.

Don't put manure in direct contact with tree roots.

Don't plant carelessly. You are working for the future.

Don't trim conifers when planting.

Don't plant hardwoods without cutting back one-third of the top.

Don't fail to cultivate thoroughly.

Don't let weeds grow. The trees need the moisture.

Don't rob the plantation by planting other crops in it.

Don't allow any stock within the plantation.

Don't expect a large grove in a year. Trees grow slowly.

PREVENT LOSSES IN SHIPPING POTATOES

Scarcity of Barrel Stock Makes Use of Sacks Necessary.

Care Must Be Exercised in Handling to Prevent Bruising and Crushing—Complete Ventilation Must Be Furnished.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Owing to the scarcity of barrel stock, many shippers of early potatoes will sack their product this season. Care must be taken in handling and loading sacked potatoes to prevent bruising and crushing, as early varieties are particularly susceptible to decay following injuries. They must also be loaded in such a way that complete ventilation of the shipment will be insured. In some parts of the country, sacked early potatoes are loaded on end one layer high, and the second layer is loaded on end on a temporary rack a few inches above the bottom layer. This rack is constructed of three 2 by 4 inch stringers, lengthwise of the car, at the sides and through the center, supported by posts, a little higher than the bottom layer. The bottom and top layers are then loaded simultaneously and boards, to support the top layer are nailed across the stringers as the sacks are

put in place. This has the advantage of allowing sufficient space for ventilation and preventing crushing of the potatoes in the bottom of the load by the weight of the sacks above. Serious losses in potatoes now held in common storage can be largely reduced if growers and shippers take necessary precautions in the management of their storage houses. All ventilators and doors should be kept closed during the daytime and storage rooms ventilated at night, when the minimum outdoor temperature prevails. Allowing the doors to remain open during the day while grading or loading potatoes may result in gradually raising storage temperatures, permitting the rapid development of decay, and greatly increasing the losses from shrinkage. To maintain suitable temperature and humidity conditions in potato storage houses during the remainder of the present season requires the closest attention of growers and shippers in the management of their houses. The transfer of common storage stock into cold storage in order to avoid excessive losses due to unfavorable storage conditions is a practical means of reducing storage losses, where such a practice is feasible.



Fine Potatoes, Even in Size and Quality.

Academic Dress. In academic dress the bachelor's gown has long, pointed sleeves, the master's has long, closed sleeves with a slit through which the forearm protrudes, and the doctor's velvet bars on long, open sleeves and velvet facings down the front. The caps are mortarboards with black silk tassels. Doctors may wear gold tassels. The hoods indicate the degrees by their size and their velvet trimmings, and show the institution granting the degree by the college colors in their exposed linings. The velvet trimmings are two inches wide on bachelors' hoods, 3 1/2 inches wide on masters' hoods and 4 1/2 inches wide on doctors' hoods. The doctors' hoods are also widened by panels edged with cording of the college colors.

Manners Can Be Acquired. An English critic says that the athletic girl has no manners and has other faults. But after the brilliant showing of a little Baltimore girl lately in rescuing several children single-handed from a burning house, a rescue made possible by her practice at athletic exercises, the lack of polish more or less can be easily forgotten. Manners can always be acquired, but it demands very quick action and ability to save lives. The mistake of such critics is to lay the blame to entirely different causes. The old idea that gentleness went with weakness and womanliness with timidity is now exploded. —Baltimore American.

BURMESE GIRLS' EAR PLUGS

Ceremony of Boring Lobes Performed by Professionals After Consulting Fortune Teller.

All the girls here wear ear plugs. They cannot enter society without them. As a maiden approaches the age of coming out, which is usually at twelve or thirteen, her ears are bored, and the ceremony is as important to her as the first long dress is to her American sister.

The ceremony is formal, and it must be done when the stars are propitious. The family consults the fortune teller for this occasion, and a big feast is prepared. All the relatives and friends attend in their best clothes to witness the piercing. This is done by a professional earborer, who uses needles of pure gold for the rich and silver ones for the poor.

When the exact moment has arrived the girl is laid down upon a mat in the back of the room and her relatives hold her there while the earborer thrusts the golden needle through the lobe and twists it around into a ring. This he leaves in the ear. The other ear is treated likewise.

While this is going on the hands play, and after it there is a feast. It takes the ear some time to heal. When it is quite well the process of enlarging the hole begins. The needle is pulled back and forth until the sore heals.

It is then taken out and a little cylinder of finely rolled gold is pressed in. This is gradually opened from week to week, stretching the hole larger and larger—Burmah Correspondence of the Cleveland Leader.

BIGGER PRIZE THAN TIGER

Natives Who Set Trap for Jungle Monarch Satisfied With Bagging Smugglers of Opium.

A singular tiger tale comes from a village in Java, where the tigers had been committing havoc for some time. One day two contraband opium smugglers, while passing through the forest saw two tigers following them. They were armed only with knives, and so they ran as fast as they could, but the tigers, as may be supposed, rapidly gained on them.

When almost overtaken they spied a tiger trap, a sort of box-like affair, and both gladly rushed in, carrying their burdens with them. The trap shut down very closely, but that pleased them mightily, as they could hear the tigers scratching and snarling on the outside. The night passed in this way, and at dawn the tigers scamped off and the smugglers essayed to do likewise, but all their efforts were unavailing. They were in a trap, sure enough.

In a few hours the setters came to have a look at the trap, and recoiled to see it closed, thinking a tiger had been caught. Their joy was redoubled, however, when the prize proved to be the unlucky smugglers with a valuable load of opium, and the unlucky fellows were marched off to jail in triumph.

Meals and Marriage.

The length of time that a woman has been married can be told approximately by the manner in which she eats her refreshments at an afternoon party. If she excuses herself, just before the refreshments are served, and flounces out in a righteous, you-neglect-your-husband-shamefully look at the other guests, she is a bride of not more than two months.

When a woman sits nervously on the very edge of her chair and eats absent-mindedly with her eyes on the clock, she has been married at least six months, but has not yet become calloused to suffer because her husband is kept waiting for his evening meal.

After women have been married from one to thirty years they settle down to a thorough enjoyment of what the hostess' best efforts have produced in the eating line, which no vision of cross, impatient and starving husbands can dim.—Acheson Globe.

NEW YORKERS HIT BY WAR FAKERS

Public Is Defrauded of More Than \$2,000,000 by the Unscrupulous.

New York.—War charities fakers defrauded residents of New York city out of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 during the past year, according to a review of evidence presented before a special grand jury by District Attorney Swann. The statement filed with the court indicates that some of the more prolific grafting schemes flourished under high-sounding names that "fairly reeked" with patriotism. Not a few flaunted an imposing array of prominent persons on richly engraved stationery. These persons, for the most part, the grand jury found, were



Side-Tracked the Entire Collection for Their Own Use.

the unsuspecting tools of crafty promoters, who were duped into permitting their names to be used as officers or members of committees, thinking they were lending assistance and prestige to worthy enterprises.

The investigation conducted by District Attorney Swann involved over 300 organizations, some known as "50-50" workers, who pocketed half the donations they obtained and the others known as "100 per cent boys," who are described as grafters who were not content to accept a division of the spoils but who side-tracked the entire collections for their own use.

Until these frauds began to be exposed by the Swann investigation, New York city was heralded by the unscrupulous as a "Klondike" for charity fakers. The discoverers of the field are said to have tipped assistants in other American cities regarding the "hauls" they could make and a migration of "easy-money getters" to the metropolis resulted.

HE WAS IN REAL HARD LUCK

Ohio Man Seems to Have Had More Troubles Than the Average Person.

Marietta, O.—The man whose wife eloped with the conductor, his daughter with the brakeman and whose boy swallowed the railroad ticket, all the same day, has nothing on J. M. Baker, a Parkersburg shoemaker, sojourning here. Baker was haled into court charged with drunkenness. In extenuation of his fall from the water wagon, he said:

"Judge, I'm in hard luck. I mashed my finger and haven't been able to work for three weeks; my wife has had three strokes and has to be operated on for a cataract on her eye; the gas bill is due Wednesday and the rent is due today. If you'll let me go I'll go right home, for I ought to have been there long ago."

"Ten and costs," said the obdurate judge.

MUSICAL THIEVES HELP SELVES TO PIPE ORGAN

St. Louis.—Musical thieves stole a pipe organ from a negro church here. Brass chandeliers, wall brackets and a stove also were taken.

STREET CAR BLOCKS ESCAPE

250-Pound Prisoner Fleeing From Sheriff Collides With Conveyance.

Sheboygan, Wis.—After escaping from the sheriff, Joseph Michalinek, weight 250 pounds, might have had a clear field but for the fact that he collided with a street car. The car stood the shock best, but it required the efforts of the sheriff, two policemen and the sheriff's dog to get Michalinek back to jail, where he was serving time for a minor offense.

Silent for 12 Years.

San Francisco.—Because they could not talk to each other without losing their tempers, Gustav Liljestrom, a designer, and his wife never spoke a word at home for 12 years, but always communicated with each other on paper. A divorce complaint filed by the husband declared that his wife had written him notes threatening to kill herself under circumstances that would indicate he murdered her.

THOUGHT HIM DEAD, MARRIES ANOTHER

Destiny That Separated Young Couple in Russia Reunites Them in America.

MODERN ENOCH ARDEN

Young Russian in United States Army Meets Wife, Who, Believing Him Executed in Russia, Had Wed Again.

San Francisco.—The same destiny that tore William Shavchenko from his seventeen-year-old bride, Dora, in Russia six years ago and led her to believe that he had been executed for a political crime against the czar, has restored him to her in free America.

But now she is the wife of Michael Bakanoff and the mother of his three-year-old son.

Shavchenko is in the United States army, a private at Camp Fremont, near here. And Dora Bakanoff loves this modern Enoch Arden just as she loved him when they were married in Rostov-on-Don.

Wants Her Child.

Mrs. Bakanoff has left her present husband and sued for the possession of her child. She says she will ask an annulment of her marriage to him in 1914.

After Shavchenko had been carried away by the czar's troops and presumably executed his young wife came to the United States, where she married Bakanoff. Shortly after the birth of their son they quarreled and the wife left her husband.

She obtained work in a home near where Camp Fremont now is, and a few weeks ago an officer from the camp, accompanied by a private, came to visit at the home. The private was Shavchenko.

"Our maid is a Russian," said the hostess when she learned of Shavchenko's nationality. "Suppose you talk together."

Truth Dawns Upon Them.

As they were about to be introduced the eyes of the Russian couple met and when the truth dawned upon them they rushed into each other's arms, much to the alarm of the army officer and his hostess.

Then Shavchenko told his story. He had escaped from the Russian jail, and



Rushed Into Each Other's Arms.

fled through Austria and eventually reached America.

"Not until I had shaken the dust of Europe did I dare write to you," he told his wife. "Only when I learned that they could not take me from America for a political offense did I write home. And always the answer came: 'We do not know where she is.'"

"Thank God that he put you in this one crimp out of the many and brought you back to me!" wept Dora.

MAN ROBS HIS BENEFACTOR

When Sight Returns He Steals Pocketbook of Woman Who Befriended Him.

Albany, N. Y.—Clinton Townley, twenty-one, of this city, became blind when in the navy. He was sent home on a furlough and a blind woman here, Mrs. Thekla C. Beck, befriended him and gave him instructions in her home to enable him to earn his living. His sight began to improve until he was able to see her pocketbook. He took it. He has pleaded guilty to the theft.

Saw "Ghosts," Quit Work.

Terre Haute, Ind.—An entire day's production of coal was lost at Jackson Hill mine No. 4, near Shelburn, the other day because two workmen on the previous afternoon thought they saw ghosts in the mine. The men had been working alone in one of the shafts when suddenly, according to their story, they saw a shadow in one of the shafts. Later they heard some one shout. The men ran out and passed the word to the other miners. The miners refused to go to work.

KINGSTON NEWS

ROLL OF HONOR

The following Kingston boys are in Uncle Sam's service. If there is any mistake in this list or any omissions, kindly notify correspondent, Miss Edith Moore, at once: Emmett J. Anderson Harry B. Baars George C. Bacon Arthur E. Baker Harley R. Ball Fred L. Bulla Myron A. Brainard Ernest Bozzy Willard Carlsson Carl Eckstrum Ernest E. Ecklund John L. Hallin George Johnson Leo Judkins Emmett Keller John Kelasmiki Ralph G. Ott George Packard Robert Packard Francis G. Schandelmeyer John Schmuck Fred Schmuck Geo. A. Stark Orrin S. Silburn Clarence Bugg Lewis Weber Milton Wilson.

Orlando J. Aurner died suddenly of heart failure at his home in State Center, Iowa, August 12. Funeral services were held at the home Wednesday morning and on Tuesday morning the remains, accompanied by his son, Ray, arrived here and were taken to the home of his brother, J. F. Aurner, where at 2 o'clock short services were held with Rev. James officiating. Burial was held in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery.

OBITUARY

Orlando J. Aurner Orlando J. Aurner was born in White Pigeon, Michigan, Feb. 9, 1837, and came to Illinois while very young with his parents and settled in this vicinity where he grew to manhood.

In 1853 he was united in marriage with Miss Isabelle Burchfield, also of Kingston, who passed away in 1866. To them were born four children who survive. The deceased went to Iowa in 1865 and in 1870 was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Pierce who mourns his loss, and three brothers, of Kingston and one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Ives of Kirkland and his four children, besides a host of friends.

Private George L. Johnson of Camp Grant, a former Kingston boy, and Miss Lettie E. Lord of Genoa were united in marriage at Belvidere Sunday. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Johnson, who reside near Belvidere, and has a host of friends who wish him and his bride much happiness.

Don't forget about the Old Settler's picnic August 29.

Miss Daisy Ball was home from Sycamore Sunday.

Mrs. B. F. Uplinger spent one day last week in Elgin.

Frank Shrader was home from Camp Grant Sunday.

Fred Helsdon of Chicago visited relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Mowers visited relatives in Esmond last week.

Miss Irene Minnekan enjoyed the past week with friends in Malta.

Mrs. G. D. Wyllys is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Mattie Sisson, of DeKalb.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Barney and sons visited relatives in Kirkland Sunday.

Mrs. Florence Bar visited Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Nina Hoffman in Genoa.

Mrs. Margaret Moore of Belvidere is the guest of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Nina Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry White are entertaining their granddaughter, Mrs. Leslie Bean, and Miss Ardith Rodocker of DeKalb.

Mrs. James Glidden and children of Chicago are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aves.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Chelgren and daughter, Leona, are visiting relatives in Woodhull this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Griffith and daughter, Roberta, of Belvidere were the guests of Mrs. Nina Moore Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rodocker and son of DeKalb visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry White Sunday.

Alexander Stevens of DeKalb is the guest of his sister, Mrs. C. A. Myers, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Smith.

Mrs. O. W. Vickell spent Monday in Rockford. She was accompanied home by her nieces, Miss Ina and Esther Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stark and son Donald, and daughter, Lois, and Miss Gladys Burgess motored to Sycamore Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Knappenburger are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Knappenburger. Guy expects to enter Uncle Sam's army he last of August.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lettow returned home from Chicago Sunday evening where the former underwent an operation a few weeks ago. At this writing he is doing nicely.

E. E. Bradford of Sycamore visited relatives here Sunday. He was accompanied home by his wife and son, Clyde, who had spent the past few days here with Mrs. Bradford's mother, Mrs. Nina Moore.

Mrs. George Helsdon and son, Raymond of Belvidere visited relatives here Tuesday. They were accompanied home by the former's sister, Miss Beatrice Ortt, who will spend a few days in that city and in Rockford.

NEW LEBANON

Wm. Japp and family motored to Elgin Tuesday.

Wilma Botcher called at Chas. Coon's Wednesday.

Paul Lehman and family motored to Aurora Wednesday.

Harvey Hartman spent a few days at L. Hartman's in Hampshire.

Mrs. Elmer Colton and Miss Mary Warrington called at L. Gray's Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cook motored to Elgin Sunday and called on H. and W. Gage.

Mrs. Chas. Coon and children called on Mrs. C. Ellen at Hampshire Wednesday.

John Magistrelli has returned home from the Elgin Hospital, very much improved.

Mrs. F. Angle of Chicago, Mrs. G. Loptien and son of Sycamore, Mrs. W. Baker of Hampshire spent Thursday at Wm. Botcher's.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Colton, Edgar Gray and Miss Mary Warrington attended the circus at Elgin Friday evening.

Esmond and Russell Cary of Chicago are staying at the J. Botcher home for a few days, also visiting their relatives.

L. Koch and family of Sycamore, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pfingsten of Burlington, H. Bahe and family of Hampshire were guests at the Wm. Japp home.

To the Voters of DeKalb County I am a Republican candidate for the office of County Judge at the primary to be held Sept. 11, 1918. Your support will be appreciated.

33-tf William L. Pond.

VOTE FOR

FRED E. STERLING

OF ROCKFORD



CANDIDATE FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION FOR

STATE TREASURER

Primary Election Wed., Sept. 11.

The man who, as Chairman of the Republican State Committee, managed the successful Republican campaign in Illinois in 1916.

He comes from Big Republican Winnebago County, which has never had a nominee on a Republican State Ticket.

He is widely known and will add strength to the ticket at the November Election.

Germans Plan World Rule; Other Races to Be Menials

By CLARENCE L. SPEED

(Written for the War Committee of the Union League Club of Chicago.)

"Thor stood at the midnight end of the world and threw his heavy battle-axe. So far as my hammer goes whizzing through the air shall the land and the sea be mine." And the hammer flew from his hand, flew over the whole earth; it fell at the furthest end of the South, so that all should become his own. Since then 'tis the joyous German right with the hammer to win land. We are of the race of the Hammer-God and mean to inherit his world empire."

So wrote Felix Dahn, famous German poet. So spoke the Kaiser and his ministers. So taught the German professors and economists, and so believed the great mass of the German people as they started gayly on the world war, sure in their own minds of easy conquest, arrogant in their belief of mental and military superiority, and confident of the protection of the "German God," not the benevolent deity of other lands, but the Thor of the barbarian tribes who overran Europe nearly two thousand years ago.

Prussians Long Land Grabbers.

Expansion has been the sole aim of the Prussian rulers since the days of Frederick the Great. Expansion, to a Prussian, means not peaceful settlement of uncivilized lands, but forceful spoliation of one's neighbors; not colonization but conquest. Prussia, by conquest, expanded from a little inland state to the great German empire of today. The Prussian dream now is expansion until the world is mastered as Rome mastered it; expansion until there is no room on the globe for any trade but German trade.

One of the most popular books in Germany during the years immediately preceding the war was "Greater Germany and Mid-Europe in the Year 1950." It tells how Germany must dominate Europe, take what it wants from those who now have it, and reduce the population of conquered lands to servitude. Here is a typical quotation:

"The Germans, being alone entitled to exercise political rights, to serve in the army and navy, and to acquire landed property, will recover the feeling they had in the middle ages of being a people of masters. They will gladly tolerate the foreigners living amongst them, to whom inferior manual services would be entrusted."

Others to Sweep Streets. Presumably they would allow the French, the Belgians and the Italians, who now are opposing them so valiantly, to sweep the streets and dig the sewers.

Klaus Wagner, noted German writer, in his "Krieg," says:

"South America must also and may easily become a home for new free Teutonic races. Resettlement of the territory by people of Teutonic stock; removal of the non-Teutonic inhabitants to reservations, or, best of all, to Africa. Retention of Teutonoid-Latins in South America in so far as they are physically, mentally and morally sound, and are passed by a commission of anthropologists, physicians, artists and teachers."

Imagine such a spectacle! German commission passing on your fitness to live in these United States; picture, if you can, how you would pass your examination! And if the German artist happened not to like the color of your eyes or the shade of your hair, to Africa you would go. If the German teacher thought you failed to articulate your gutturals properly, it would mean deportation.

That it is the intention of Germany to hold Belgium, thus gaining possession of the channel ports and robbing England of its control of that portion of the sea which lies between her and the continent, is no longer left in doubt. Baron von Bissing, the first German governor of conquered Belgium, who stood high in the favor of the Kaiser, and presumably expressed his royal master's ideas, wrote, in his "Testament," shortly before he died, as follows:

"Anyone who knows as I do now how important Belgium is to Germany politically, economically and strategically, would see how grievous a mistake we should make were we to conclude a peace which does not leave us masters of Belgium; for, whatever happens, Belgium cannot be allowed to remain under Franco-British influence, but, on the contrary, must be used to enhance our power."

Holland Fears an Attack.

Holland remains a neutral nation. Germany has declared no war on her, but the troops of Holland are mobilized on the border, and engineers stand ready to cut the dikes and flood the country, because Holland knows, as does the world, that Germany plans, as soon as she finds it expedient, to take Holland.

The mouths of the Rhine empty into the sea through Holland. Because the Rhine carries German trade, Germany holds that the actual ownership of the entire river from its source to the sea is essential to Germany. "Die Wacht am Rhine," obsolete as it is on the upper reaches of the river, still means something in the North, and Germany has set her heart on controlling the river from the Alps to the sea, of fortifying its mouths, and making it in reality as in song the "German Rhine."

Real Policy of Conquest.

Are German plans, as thus exposed, but the empty vapors of irresponsible braggers? Ask the deported workmen of Belgium, who have been sent away to make room for the settlement of Germans on the frontier? Ask the inhabitants of Posen, who have suffered under German persecution for generations. Ask those sturdy Frenchmen who still remain in Alsace in spite of the German efforts to drive them out. Ask the survivors of Poland whether or not deliberate starvation and deportation do not mean that their land must not be cumbered with native inhabitants but must be given up for German occupation. Ask the Armenians, those few of them who remain, hiding from the bloody Turks offered by Germans.

Every nation which has felt the weight of Prussian power will answer in the same way. Their only answer is that "Deutschland ueber Alles" means exactly "Germany above all"—means domination, persecution, and crippling when extermination is impossible.

That is why America is in the war. She sees Germany's plans to extend her power until no one can resist it. Protected, perhaps, for the time being by her isolation and her latent power, from the immediate threat of German conquest, America cannot sit idly by and see nine-tenths of the world overrun by Prussianism, knowing, as she now knows, that her turn may come later. America must fight, and must fight to the finish, which means the downfall of Prussian autocracy and the quenching forever of the Prussian lust for conquest.



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Buy Your Winter Underwear NOW!

For Superintendent of Schools I am a candidate for the office of county superintendent of schools, sub-

James E. Stone



For Superintendent of Schools I am a candidate for the office of county superintendent of schools, sub-

James E. Stone

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF

I hereby announce myself as candidate for the office of sheriff of DeKalb county, subject to the decision of the voters of the county at the Republican primaries to be held on September 11, 1918. Your support will be appreciated.

FRANK W. RIDDELL, DeKalb, Ill.

FOR SHERIFF

I am a candidate for the office of sheriff of DeKalb County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 11, and will appreciate your support.

Henry Decker

NOTICE

To Maude Thurber, Mabelle C. Loewenstein and Fred Paul Kuhn: You are hereby notified that there is now pending in the Circuit Court of DeKalb County, in the State of Illinois, a certain suit [General No. 19787] wherein Charles Frank Holroyd is complainant and Alonzo Holroyd, Sophia Shurtieff, Albert L. Holroyd, Blanche Holtgren, Frederick H. Holroyd, Nellie Coffin, Fred Zwiger and Henry S. Burroughs and the said above named to whom this notice is addressed are defendants; that a summons has been issued in said cause returnable at the Court House in Sycamore, in said county, on the 4th Monday of October 1918.

Geo. A. James Clerk of said Court Solicitor for Complainant.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

Estate of Gurdon C. Rowen, Deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed as Executors of the last Will and Testament of Gurdon C. Rowen late of the County of DeKalb and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby, give notice that they will appear before the County Court of DeKalb County at the Court house in Sycamore at the November Term, on the first Monday in November next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

Floyd R. Rowen, Executor Gertrude C. Rowen, Executrix

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

D. S. Brown.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Electric lights, and city water. Inquire of J. A. Patterson, Genoa.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Baby buggy. Inquire of E. C. Chapman.

FOR SALE—Saxton roadster, in perfect condition. Inquire at Cully's barber shop, Genoa.

FOR SALE—40-acre farm, 3 miles south-east of Genoa, on Derby line road. All under cultivation, fine residence and good barn. Will give possession in fall or spring. Inquire of John Gray, Genoa, Ill.

Wanted

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

GENOA CAMP NO. 163 M. W. A.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

Visting neighbors welcome B. C. Awe, V. C. R. H. Brown, Clerk

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Meets 1st and 3rd Friday of Each Month Odd Fellow Hall

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Dr. J. T. SHESLER DENTIST

Telephone No. 44 Office in Exchange Bank Building

Dr. D. Orval Thompson OSTEOPATH

SYCAMORE - ILL. Member Faculty Chicago College of Osteopathy

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

Meets Second and Fourth Tuesdays of Each Month. F. F. Little, W. M. T. M. Frazier, Sec MASTER MASON WELCOME

Packers' Profits Are Regulated

The public should understand that the profits of the packers have been limited by the Food Administration since November 1, 1917. For this purpose, the business of Swift & Company is now divided into three classes:

Class 1 includes such products as beef, pork, mutton, oleomargarine and others that are essentially animal products. Profits are limited to 9 per cent of the capital employed in these departments, (including surplus and borrowed money), or not to exceed two and a half cents on each dollar of sales.

Class 2 includes the soap, glue, fertilizer, and other departments more or less associated with the meat business. Many of these departments are in competition with outside businesses whose profits are not limited. Profits in this class are restricted to 15 per cent of the capital employed.

Class 3 includes outside investments, such as those in stock yards, and the operation of packing plants in foreign countries. Profits in this class are not limited.

Total profits for all departments together in 1918 will probably be between three and four per cent on an increased volume of sales.

The restrictions absolutely guarantee a reasonable relation between live stock prices and wholesale meat prices, because the packer's profit cannot possibly average more than a fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Since the profits on meat (Class 1) are running only about 2 cents on each dollar of sales, we have to depend on the profits from soap, glue, fertilizer (Class 2, also limited) and other departments, (Class 3) to obtain reasonable earnings on capital.

Swift & Company is conducting its business so as to come within these limitations.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

The Devil and the Kaiser!

Dr. Lincoln McConnel's great lecture, delivered at over 300 chautauquas and other assemblies during the past year, in 84-page book for 35 cents. Read the facts regarding the Germany of today. It will tell you what the boys are fighting for.

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