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GENOA, ILLINOIS, JUNE 28, 1918

VOLUME XIII, NO. 36

JUNE 28TH
IS
NATIONAL
WAR SAVINGS DAY



PLEDGE YOURSELF TO
SAVE AND BUY
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
THAT THERE MAY BE MORE
MONEY, LABOR AND MATERIALS
TO PROVIDE
FOR THOSE WHO
FIGHT FOR YOU

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

ON FRIDAY 28TH OF JUNE

Every Citizen in Genoa Should Own a Pledge for Stamps

ONLY A FEW CENTS EACH DAY

The Elimination of a Few Non-essentials will Make it Possible to Help Win the War

Never in the history has the world seen such a demonstration of practical patriotism as it will witness on June 28th, National War Savings Stamp Day. On that day millions of Americans will gather in tens of thousands of school houses all over the country to pledge not only their loyalty, but an effective proof of that loyalty, by signing pledges to purchase War Savings Stamps regularly during the remainder of the year.

Illinois will play a fitting part in this great patriotic demonstration. From Waukegan to Cairo and from the Indiana line to the Mississippi, school meetings will be held, and Martin A. Ryerson, director of War Savings for the state, feels confident that when the results are in Illinois will be found to have done its share. In every county the county chairman and his assistants, the township chairman, is making big preparations for that day. They are arranging the local meetings, and in the last analysis, it is upon them that the success of the great June drive depends.

On the people of the state, however, devolves the duty to assist the War Savings workers in every manner possible. The public should not wait to be called upon and urged to purchase these government securities. If a man or a woman wants clothing, or any of the necessities of life, he or she goes to the places where these things are sold and makes the purchase. The people do not wait for agents to come around and tell them they need new clothes.

Neither should they wait for solicitors to call on them and impress them with the vital needs of the government in these days of world crisis. They know that this nation is at death grips with the most powerful autocratic war machine the world has ever known. They know the penalty that will have to be paid if we meet defeat. They know that wars cannot be prosecuted without money, and they know that money must come from the people. They know, likewise, that the Government is not asking them to give their money. It is merely asking them to save it and invest it in War Savings Stamps. The more they do save and invest the richer they will be when the victory is won. If vic-

tory is not won, property and life itself will be worthless.

Therefore it is up to the people themselves to ACT. By comparison to the huge sums that must be raised in the future the \$2,000,000,000 which the Government is raising by the sale of War Savings Stamps is small. It means only \$20 for each man, woman and child in the country.

As residents of a wealthy and patriotic state, let's clean up this little obligation right now. Make June the "Big Money" month of the War Savings campaign. Every man who can should go to the post office, bank or other agency right now and buy four of the \$5.00 War Savings Stamps—they cost \$4.17 in June—for every member of his family, four for some poor person who can not, and four to make up the quota of some pro-German or careless slacker who will not invest.

Every person who can purchase, in addition, ten, twenty, 100 or up to 200 of the stamps, which is the largest amount any individual is allowed to hold, should do so in June. For families of wealth, the father, the mother, and each of the children may hold 200 of the \$5.00 War Savings Stamps.

Let's all go the limit right now on these convenient securities. The impression has gone abroad, because of the slowness with which Illinois took hold of the War Savings campaign, that the state is not doing its duty. Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa and other states are far ahead of us.

Let's all get behind this War Savings drive right now, clean up and get it out of the way, and be ready for the next Liberty Loan when it is issued. A little thing like \$20 per capita ought to be a matter of one day, not a whole year, to a state like Illinois.

The Part that Civilians Play in War
Separated by 3,000 miles of ocean and protected by our navy, our civilian population can during this war continue to live in the same security as in peace times. The Hun invaders are not in our midst. We are spared the agony that came to the women and children and old men of Belgium, France and Serbia and the other overrun countries. While this secure from harm we must not forget that the civilian populations of these countries are as much our allies as are the fighting men. Let us realize more deeply their tragedies.

Read this testimony of Brand Whitlock, who as our minister to Belgium knows what it means for a land to be occupied by German troops:

"Tammies is a little mining town on the Sambre. The little church stands on the village green overlooking the river, its facade all spotted where the bullets and grapeshot splattered against it. And in the little graveyard beside the church there are hundreds of new-made graves, long rows

(Continued on page 5)

LOWDEN URGES SERIOUS FOURTH

Proclamation from Governor Recites Significance of Day

ENGLAND TO CELEBRATE WITH US

"Our National Holiday Signifies Not Birth of One Man, but Rights of Men to Enjoy Liberty

"Every nation has its birthday festival." Governor Lowden's proclamation says: "In autocracy it is the birthday of a king or emperor. That day changes with each succeeding sovereign.

"In America we celebrate the same birthday in the twentieth century that our forefathers did in the eighteenth. For we celebrate not the day upon which some king or emperor was born but the day of a nation's birth. Our national holiday signifies not the birth of a single man but the rights of all men.

"Of late years its real significance has been largely lost in smoke and noise and illtimed sports. Formerly the reading of the Declaration of Independence was the chief event—an impressive one—of our national days. As our independence became more firmly established we ceased to recall the principle upon which it was founded. The Declaration of Independence was taken for granted, not read. We had seen France and Italy transformed under its ideals. We had even seen the party in England which made war against the colonies driven from power. Those great British statesmen, Pitt and Fox and Burke, who had been the champions of our cause during the Revolutionary war, now became the real rulers of England. The last vestige of the divine rights of kings of England was buried with George III, and now England joins with us in celebrating our Fourth of July. The world seemed following after us toward democracy.

"But now, every principle of government which the Declaration of Independence enumerated is challenged by the most powerful and most ruthless armies of all time. Again the ringing sentences of that declaration have their message for us, as they had for our forefathers in Independence Hall. The swiftly moving events of the past four years have put in peril again the hopes and aspirations of mankind which still find their best expression in that historic document. The challenge to autocracy which is boldly flung out has again been taken up.

"Our citizens of foreign birth plan a special celebration for our next Fourth of July. They have earned the right to participate in all the ceremonies of the day. On every battlefield above which flies our flag, our citizens of foreign birth are found fighting for it with as much zeal and courage as if their fathers had helped place it in the sky.

"Let all our people unite on Independence Day in doing honor to the flag and its brave defenders everywhere! Let us ponder deeply on that day upon the things for which we fight.

"Wherever our people are gathered, whether in church or school house, or in the home or in the open air let the Declaration of Independence be read with solemnity befitting the time. And let us make our own the words with which the great charter of our liberty closes:

"And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

MUST BARE THEIR HEADS

Officers of Militia Insist that Elgin Men Honor the Flag

Elgin News: Elgin men must bare their heads when the flag passes. This is the dictum of Captain Morgan H. Brightman and I. M. Western of Co. I, Illinois reserve militia, who said recently that but one in twenty persons uncovered their heads as the company's banner passed.

"People must be educated into this. It isn't that they do not intend to salute the flag, but sometimes they are forgetful. We've all learned to uncover when the national anthem is being played—now let's get the other habit. When the flag approaches within six feet of the onlooker, the hat must come off and remain off until the flag's escort has passed," was the comment of Mr. Western.

THE CAT AND PUBLIC WEALTH

Cats Kill the Birds that Check the Hosts of Destroying Insects

The wide extension of nature study especially bird lore, has revealed innocent looking, purring kitty to be a mischief maker of far-reaching consequences, through no fault or her own. The mischief touches the pocket book of every one of us, through damage to crops and vegetation by insects and noxious weeds—Cats kill the birds that check the hosts that destroy the products that sustain man on this earth.

Based upon reports of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture and upon census figures, C. L. Marlatt, then Assistant Entomologist, Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, estimated in 1914 the amount of annual loss inflicted upon cereals and animal products at \$375,000,000; upon hay, cotton, tobacco, truck crops, sugars, \$209,100,000 upon products in storage at \$100,000,000; and upon farm forests and natural forests and forest products at \$111,000,000; or a total annual loss, due to the depredations of insects, of 795,100,000. The United States Department of Agriculture recently estimated that weeds cause the farmers of this country an annual loss of \$300,000,000. These estimates were made when conditions were normal. Increased planting due to abnormal conditions will greatly increase the number of breeding places and the supply of food for insects. This artificial advantage, coupled with the fact that insects reproduce much more rapidly than their natural enemies, makes the danger of insect plagues and resulting large crop losses this coming season imminent. Weeds will also do much more damage under the new conditions. Everything possible should be done to protect and increase the natural enemies of destructive insects and noxious weeds.

By far the most effective checks on the insect and weed hosts are the birds. And bear in mind that that pet cat, which you fondle is the bird's worst enemy, therefore the enemy of prosperity and plenty.

KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Sent Out for Publication by the Red Cross Officials of County

Sweater of Heavy-weight Wool
Quantity of wool required: About one pound, or four hanks of 45 yarn. 1 pair Red Cross needles No. 3.

Directions

Cast on 72 stitches.
Knit 2, purl 3 inches.
Knit across and purl back for 10 inches.

Knit one row.
(A) Knit 6, purl across! and knit last 6 inches.

(B) Knit all the way across.
Repeat (A) and (B) for 8 inches.
Knit across and back 8 times (making four ridges.)

Knit 6; then purl 1; knit 1 for 11 stitches; knit 6.

Bind off 26 stitches for neck.
First Shoulder: Knit 6, then purl 1; knit 1 for 11 stitches; knit 6.

Knit 7, then purl 1; knit 1 for 10 stitches; knit 6.
Continue to knit and purl back and forth in this way 14 times, which leaves the wool at inner edge.

Break off wool and tie it on at neck for
Second Shoulder: Knit 7; then purl 1; knit 1 for 10 stitches; knit 6.

Knit 6, then purl 1; knit 1 for 11 stitches; knit 6.
Continue to knit and purl back and forth in this way 14 times, which leaves the wool at inner edge.

Cast off 26 stitches; knit 6; then purl 1; knit 1 for 11 stitches; knit 6.
Knit across and back 8 times (making 4 ridges.)

(C) Knit all the way across.
(D) Knit 6, purl across; knit 6 last stitches.

Repeat (C) and (D) for eight inches.
Knit across and purl back for 10 inches.

Purl 2, knit 2 for 3 inches.
Bind off loosely; sew up sides, leaving 9 inches for armholes.

Single crochet one row around neck and armholes.
Measurements: Neck (when it is stretched) 11½-12½ inches. Across chest (not stretched) 17-20 inches.

..Socks: For knitting instructions see A R C leaflet 400 A.

Wristlet, Muffler, Helmet: For instructions see A R C leaflet 400 C.

SHOULD MAKE "I CAN" MOTTO

State Council of Defense Advises Beginning of Preserving Season

GREAT WORK FOR THE WOMEN

Every Can of Fruit or Vegetables at Home Means More Food for Those Over There

The State Council of Defense Food Production and Conservation committee urges Illinois women to make "I Can" their motto for the next three or four months—and live up to it. The committee's exhortation adds:

"Let no 'canable' fruit in its season (or vegetables) escape. Can each in its season and can all you can thru the summer and fall."

Jars and glasses that were saved up from last year, together with many more jars and glasses should be filled in every household in the state, if the large food crop expected is to be made to do its share in winning the war. Especial attention should be given to the drying process and preserving without sugar which saw their introduction last year. The point of view of the grand mothers, who had no factory supply to depend upon, is the point of view recommended in this emergency. More cans and more cans and more cans, until the family supply stretches into the dim recesses of the cellar, and will stretch well over the cold days of the winter, is urged.

The State Council of Defense will be ready soon to supply instruction pamphlets from the agricultural department at Washington and the recipes from the agricultural college of the state university, to all organizations requesting them. More than 75,000 of these pamphlets are on the way.

Work of the food production and conservation committee will be largely thru organizations this year, that the greatest number of people can be reached. It will serve as a clearing house for all canning and drying propaganda, and will cooperate with the Committee on Woman's Organizations and the War Garden Bureau.

But the great majority of Illinois housewives are already experts in canning and preserving, so they should begin now the first fruits and berries.

For DeKalb County Women

Mrs. C. E. Bradt of DeKalb, county chairman of Food Production, Woman's Committee, writes for publication as follows:

To the women of DeKalb County: The food workers of DeKalb county under the Council of Defense feel that the canning and drying will form no small part of woman's work for the next five months. Are we women of the county prepared for this canning work? Do we understand the cold pack method of canning meats and vegetables? If we do not understand it or had any of our canned products spoil last year, let us take a review of the lesson.

The Food Production and Conservation Committees offer a canning demonstration or wheat substitute demonstration to any group of women in the county. Mrs. Orville Shipman was appointed chairman of Food Conservation because of her training in this work, having taught two years in the Department of Household Science in the DeKalb Normal School. She will give these demonstrations without charge and provide her own equipment. All that will be required of the women wishing a demonstration will be transportation for Mrs. Shipman; and a stove, table, dishpan and vegetables, meats or flours for the demonstrations.

Anyone interested will please write Mrs. Orville Shipman, DeKalb, Ill. DeKalb county can do a big work along the line of food conservation, let us to the task in earnest!

WIRELESS STATION HERE

Squad from Camp Grant in Camp at Water Works Park

A squad of soldiers from Camp Grant are in camp at the city water works park this week, with a wireless telegraph outfit. The apparatus is equipped to send messages a distance of forty miles and can receive from a distance of 700 miles. The boys cordially invite the people of Genoa to call and inspect the outfit. The soldiers hiked from the Camp at Rockford and came from the former city to Genoa in an auto truck. They will break camp Friday night.



**THEY GIVE
THEIR LIVES**

**DO
YOU
LEND
YOUR
SAVINGS**

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

NEW SLANT ON Y. M. C. A. WORK

War for Liberty Breaks Down the Barriers of Other Times

The Rev. Robert Freeman, D. D. of Pasadena, Cal., one of the best known ministers of the West, is in France as a secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Here's what he has to say of religion within sound of the German guns, where isms merge into helpfulness, and the creeds don't count so much as being kind:

"You can get any opinion you want on the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. in France.

"It is overdone, it is underdone, it isn't done at all; it is narrow, it is bigoted, it is too generously broad; it is stiff, it's himby-tighty, it isn't child-like; there is no singing worth speaking of and why don't you have something besides hymns? And any one of these opinions can be defended, first by the character of the person voicing it, and, second, by reference to the place visited by the critics.

"But here's a little incident that happened the other day which tells the whole story of the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. in France:

"An American lad with nerves shattered by what he had seen at the front, was going out of his mind. He had had the experience before, and was in an agony of anticipation. He was a catholic, and, as such, most anxious to confess. He could not speak French and the only available priest could not speak English.

"Is there anyone here who can speak French?" inquired the priest.
"The Y. M. C. A. woman running the hotel knew the language, so the three retired into a quiet room, and American soldier confessed his sins, through a protestant woman to a Catholic priest, in a Y. M. C. A. hut in France."

"NEVER SAY DIE"

President James of the Illinois University, says:

"The Germans may take Amiens; they may take Paris; they may take Calais; but the more they take the more they will ultimately have to disgorge. The further they drive forward, the longer the way back. The greater their temporary victory, the more crushing their final defeat.

"The stars in their course are fighting for us and our cause, and if only we are true to high ideals we have adopted, and show ourselves worthy of our ancestry—in energy, in perseverance, in skill, and in devotion—the victory, an overwhelming victory, will be ours.

A victory for us means victory for the forces of righteousness and of progress; protection for the small nation and the small man, for women and children. It means Liberty and Freedom for all."

THIRTEEN GO TO CAMP GRANT

Largest Number of Boys to Leave at One Time

HONOR ROLL NOW NUMBERS 78

Genoa is Furnishing Her Full Share of Volunteers and Selected Men For Service in the Army

One hundred seventy-five husky and bright young men left from this county on Thursday morning for the camp at Rockford, among them being thirteen from Genoa. Thousands of people were at the county seat to bid the boys good bye and good luck, a program of unusual merit having been prepared. Senator Cliff acting as chairman. This is the largest bunch to leave the county at one time since the beginning of the war and it is not likely that any more will be called until August as Illinois is now well ahead of her quota.

The following Genoa boys were in the list Thursday:

- Fred L. Niss
- Frank Rebeck
- Fred J. Duval
- John Kolasmiki
- Otto G. Dander
- Fred W. Browne
- Elmer W. Prain
- Earl O. Shattuck
- Tony Henry Muhr
- Thomas E. Burke
- James L. Prutzman
- Edwin A. Albertson
- Wayne C. McMackin
- Charles Richard Bennett

The following is the Kingston list:

- Lewis Weber
- Ellis Branson
- Worley Simms
- Jonas Dobbins
- George Clarence Bacon
- George Leonard Johnson

HAS FEW HILLS

Soil Survey Proves DeKalb County Least Broken In State

Of the 62 counties of Illinois that have so far been covered by a detailed soil survey, DeKalb county has the least area and percentage of broken and hilly soil, says the Chronicle.

This county has an area of 632.7 square miles and of this only 43 of a mile is broken or hilly and thus worthless as farming land. The percentage of broken and hilly land is seven-hundredths of one per cent. The highest per centage of hilly and thus worthless land is in Hardin county, where 79 per cent of the land, consisting of 168 square miles, of the county, is broken.

THE YUKON TRAIL

An Alaskan Love Story

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

Copyright, William Macleod Raine

ON THE WAY TO KAMATLAH, ELLIOT WANDERS FROM THE TRAIL AND FEARS HE CANNOT ESCAPE DEATH

Synopsis.—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger whom he learns is Sheba O'Neill, also "going in." Colby Macdonald, active head of the land-grabbing syndicate under investigation, comes aboard. Macdonald is attacked by mine laborers whom he had discharged, and the active intervention of Elliot probably saves his life. Elliot and Macdonald become in a measure friendly, though the latter does not know that Elliot is on a mission which threatens to spoil plans of Macdonald to acquire millions of dollars through the unlawful exploitation of immensely valuable coal fields. Elliot also "gets a line" on the position occupied by Wally Selfridge, Macdonald's right-hand man, who is returning from a visit to "the States," where he had gone in an effort to convince the authorities that there was nothing wrong in Macdonald's methods. Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while the boat is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. They venture too high and reach a position from which it is impossible for Miss O'Neill to go forward or turn back. Elliot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for assistance. He meets Macdonald, who had become alarmed for their safety, and they return and rescue Sheba. Landing at Kuslak, Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba. Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his financial plans if Elliot learns the facts, sends Selfridge to Kamatlah to arrange matters so that Elliot will be deceived as to the true situation.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

The latter lady, Paris-shod and gloved, shook hands smilingly with the Scotch-Canadian. "Of course we're intruders in business hours, though you'll tell us we're not," she suggested. "I've just been reading the Transcontinental Magazine. A writer there says that you are a highway robber and a gambler. I know you're a robber because all the magazines say so. But are you only a big gambler?"

He met her gallantly without the least embarrassment.

"Sure I gamble. Every time I take a chance I'm gambling. So does everybody else. We've got to take chances to live."

"How true, and I never thought of it," beamed Mrs. Selfridge. "What a philosopher you are, Mr. Macdonald."

The Scotsman went on without paying any attention to her effervescence. "I've gambled ever since I was a kid. I bet I could cross Death valley and get out alive. That time I won. I bet it would rain down in Arizona before my cattle died. I lost. Another time I took a contract to run a tunnel. In my bid I wouldn't run into rock. My bank went broke that trip. When I joined the Klondike rush I was backing my luck to stand up. Same thing when I located the Kamatlah field. The coal might be a poor quality. Maybe I couldn't interest big capital in the proposition. Perhaps the government would turn me down when I came to prove up. I was betting my last dollar against big odds. When I quit gambling it will be because I've quit living."

"And I suppose I'm a gambler, too?" Mrs. Mallory demanded with a little tilt of her handsome head.

"Of all the women I know you are the best gambler. It's born in you."

Mrs. Mallory did not often indulge in the luxury of a blush, but she changed color now. This big, blunt man some-

times had an uncanny divination. "Did he," she asked herself, "know what stake she was gambling for at Kuslak?"

"You are too wise," she laughed with a touch of embarrassment very becoming. "But I suppose you are right. I like excitement."

"We all do. The only man who doesn't gamble is the convict in stripes, and the only reason he doesn't is that his chips are all gone. It's true that men on the frontier play for bigger stakes. They back their bets with all they have got and put their lives on the line for good measure. But kids in the middle all over the United States are

going to live easier because of the gamblers at the dropping-off place."

She moved with slow grace toward the door, then over her shoulder flashed a sudden invitation at him. "Mrs. Selfridge and I are doing a little betting today, Big Chief Gambler. We're backing our luck that you two men will eat lunch with us at the Blue Bird Inn. Do we win?"

Macdonald reached for his hat promptly. "You win."

CHAPTER VII.

The End of the Passage.

Wally Selfridge was a reliable business subordinate, even though he had slipped up in the matter of the appointment of Elliot. But when it came to facing the physical hardships of the North he was a malingering. The Kamatlah trip had to be taken because his chief had ordered it, but the little man shirked the journey in his heart just as he knew his soft muscles would shrink from the aches of the trail.

The part of the journey to be made by water was not so bad. Left to his own judgment, he would have gone to St. Michael's by boat and chartered a small steamer for the long trip along the coast through Bering sea. But this would take time, and Macdonald did not mean to let him waste a day. He was to leave the river boat at the Kamatlah bend and pack across country to Kamatlah. It would be a rough, heavy trail. The mosquitoes would be a continual torment. The cooking would be poor. And at the end of the long trek there awaited him monotonous months in a wretched coal camp far from all the comforts of civilization. No wonder he grumbled.

But though he grumbled at home and at the club and on the street about his coming exile, Selfridge made no complaints to Macdonald. That man of steel had no sympathy with the yearnings for the fleshpots. He was used to driving himself through discomfort to his end, and he expected as much of his deputies. Wherefore Wally took the boat at the time scheduled and waved a dismal farewell to wife and friends assembled upon the wharf.

Elliot said good-by to the Pagets and Miss O'Neill ten days later. Diane was very frank with him.

"I hear you've been sleuthing around, Gordon, for facts about Colby Macdonald. I don't know what you have heard about him, but I hope you've got the sense to see how big a man he is and how much this country here owes him."

Gordon nodded agreement. "Yes, he's a big man."

"And he's good," added Sheba eagerly. "He never talks of it, but one finds out splendid things he has done."

The young man smiled, but not at all superciliously. He liked the stanch faith of the girl in her friend, even though his investigations had not led him to accept goodness as the outstanding quality of the Scotsman.

"I don't know what we would do without him," Diane went on. "Give him ten years and a free hand and Alaska will be fit for white people to live in. These attacks on him by newspapers and magazines are an outrage."

"It's plain that you are a partisan," charged Gordon gayly.

"I'm against locking up Alaska and throwing away the key, if that is what you mean by a partisan. We need this country opened up—the farms settled, the mines worked, the coal fields developed, railroads built."

"The Kuslak chamber of commerce ought to send you out as a lecturer to change public opinion, Diane. You are one enthusiastic little booster for freedom of opportunity," laughed the young man.

"Oh, well!" Diane joined in his laughter. "It was one of her good points that she could laugh at herself. I dare say I do sound like a real es-

slipped his arms through the slit he had made. Painfully he labored forward over the quivering peat. Sometimes he stumbled and went down into the oozing mud, minded to stay there and be done with the struggle. But the urge of life drove him to his feet again. It carried him for weary miles after he despaired of ever covering another hundred yards.

With old, half-forgotten signals from the football field he spurred his will. Perhaps his mind was already beginning to wander, though through it all he held steadily to the direction that alone could save him.

When at last he went down to stay it was in an exhaustion so complete that not even his indomitable will could lash him to his feet again. For an hour he lay in a stupor, never stirring even to fight the swarm of mosquitoes that buzzed about him.

Toward evening he sat up and undid the pack from his back. The matches, in a tin box wrapped carefully with oiled silk, were still perfectly dry. Soon he had a fire going and coffee boiling in the frying-pan. From the tin cup he carried strung on his belt he drank the coffee. It went through him like strong liquor. He warmed some beans and fried himself a slice of bacon, sopping up the grease with a cold biscuit left over from the day before.

Again he slept for a few hours. He had wound his watch mechanically and it showed him four o'clock when he took up the trail once more. In Seattle and San Francisco people were still asleep and darkness was heavy over

the old Frenchman who kept the trading-post and roadhouse advised Gordon not to attempt the tramp alone.

"The trail it sees what you call dangerous. Feety-Mile Swamp eats a monster that swallows men alive, monsieur. You wait one week—two week—free week, and some one will turn up to take you through," he urged.

"But I can't wait. And I have an official map of the trail. Why can't I follow it without a guide?" Elliot wanted to know impatiently.

The post-trader shrugged. "Maybe, monsieur—maybe not. Feety-Mile—it sees one devil of a trail. No chequeros are safe in there without a guide. I, Baptiste, know."

"Selfridge and his party went through a week ago. I can follow the tracks they left."

"But if it rains, monsieur, the tracks will vaneesh, n'est ce pas? Lose the way, and the little slinging folk will swarm in clouds about monsieur while he stumbles through the swamp."

Elliot hesitated for the better part of a day, then came to an impulsive decision. He had a reliable map, and anyhow he had only to follow the tracks left by the Selfridge party. He turned his back upon the big river and plunged into the wilderness.

There came a night when he looked up into the stars of the deep, still sky and knew that he was hundreds of miles from any other human being. Never in all his life had he been so much alone. He was not afraid, but there was something awesome in a world so empty of his kind.

The tracks of the Selfridge party grew fainter after a night of rain. More rain fell, and they were obliterated altogether.

Gordon fished. He killed fresh game for his needs. Often he came on the tracks of moose and caribou. Sometimes, startled, they leaped into view quite close enough for a shot, but he used his rifle only to meet his wants.

The way led through valley and morass, across hills and mountains. It wandered in a sort of haphazard fashion through a sun-bathed universe washed clean of sordidness and meanness.

It was the seventh night out that Elliot suspected he was off the trail. Rain sluiced down in torrents and next day continued to pour from a dun sky. His own tracks were blotted out and he searched for the trail in vain. Before he knew it he was entangled in Fitty-Mile. His map showed him the morass stretched for fifty miles to the south, but he knew that it had been charted hurriedly by a surveying party which had made no extensive explorations. A good deal of this country was terra incognita. It ran vaguely into a No Man's Land unknown to the prospector.

The going was heavy. Gordon had to pick his way through the mossy swamp, leading the pack-horse by the bridle. Sometimes he was ankle-deep in water of a greenish slime. Again he had to drag the animal from the bog to a hummock of grass which gave a spongy footing. This would end in another quagmire of peat through which they must plow with the mud sucking at their feet. It was hard, wearing toll. There was nothing to do but keep moving. The young man staggered forward till dusk. Utterly exhausted, he camped for the night on a hillock of moss that rose like an island in the swamp.

Elliot traveled next day by the compass. He had food for three days more, but he knew that no living man had the strength to travel for so long in such a morass. It was near midday when he lost his horse. The animal had bogged down several times and Gordon had wasted much time and spent a good deal of needed energy in dragging it to firmer footing. This time the pony refused to answer the whip. Its master unloaded pack and saddle. He tried coaxing; he tried the whip.

"Come, Old-Timer. One plunge, and you'll make it yet," he urged.

The pack-horse turned upon him dumb eyes of reproach, struggled to free its limbs from the mud, and sank down helplessly. It had traveled its last yard on the long Alaska trails.

After the sound of the shot had died away, Gordon struggled with the pack to the nearest hummock. He cut holes in a gunny-sack to fit his shoulders and packed into it his blankets, a snupecap, the beans, the coffee, and the diminished handful of flour. Into it went, too, the three slices of bacon that were left.

He hoisted the pack to his back and

nate. He knew a good thing when he had it, and he meant to sit tight.

The adherents of the company might charge that Holt was cracked in the upper story, but none of them denied he was sharp as a street arab. He guessed that all this preparation was for nothing. Kamatlah was being dressed up to impress somebody who would shortly arrive. The first thought of Holt was that a group of big capitalists might be coming to look over their investment. But he rejected this surmise. There would be no need to try any deception upon them.

Mail from Seattle reached camp once a month. Holt sat down before his stove to read one of the newspapers he had brought from the office. It was the P.-I. On the fifth page was a little story that gave him his clue.

ELLIOT TO INVESTIGATE MACDONALD COAL CLAIMS

The reopening of the controversy as to the Macdonald claims, which had been clear-listed for patent by Harold B. Winton, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, takes on another phase with the appointment of Gordon Elliot as special field agent to examine the validity of the holdings. The new field agent won a reputation by his work in unearthing the Oklahoma "Gold Brick" land frauds.

Elliot leaves Seattle in the Queen City Thursday for the North, where he will make a thorough investigation of the whole situation with a view to clearing up the matter definitely. If his report is favorable to the claimants the patents will be granted without further delay.

This was too good to keep. Holt pulled on his boots and went out to twit such of the enemy as he might meet. It chanced that the first of them was Selfridge, whom he had not seen since his arrival, though he knew the little man was in camp.

"How goes it, Holt? Fine and dandy, eh?" inquired Wally with the professional geniality he affected.

The old miner shook his head dolefully. "I done bust my laig, Mr. Selfridge," he groaned. "It was one of his pleasant ways to affect a difficulty of hearing and a dullness of understanding, so that he could legitimately call people by distorted versions of their names. 'The old man don't amount to much nowadays.'"

"Nothing to that, Gid. You're younger than you ever were, judging by your looks."

"Then my looks lie to beat the devil, Mr. Selfish."

"My name is Selfridge," explained Wally, a trifle irritated.

Holt put a cupped hand to his ear anxiously. "Shelfish, did you say? That's right. How come I to forget? The old man's going pretty fast, Mr. Selfish. No more memory than a jackrabbit. Say, Mr. Shelfish, what's the idea of all this here back-to-the-people movement, as the old sayin' is?"

"I don't know what you mean. And my name is Selfridge. I tell you, and I snapped the owner of that name."

"Course I ain't got no more sense than the law allows. I'm a bizzard haid, but me I kinder got to millin' it over and in respect to these here local improvements, as you might say, I'm doggoned if I sabb the whyfor."

"Just some business changes."

Holt showed his tobacco-stained teeth in a grin splanetic. "Oh. That's all. I didn't know but what you might be expecting a visitor."

Selfridge flashed a sharp sidelong glance at him. "What do you mean—a visitor?"

"I just got a notion mebbe you might be looking for one, Mr. Selfrich. Like as not you ain't fixing up this here Gordon Elliot at all."

Wally had no come-back, unless it was one to retort in ironic admiration. "You're a wonder, Holt. Pity you don't start a detective bureau."

The old man went away cackling. If Selfridge had held any doubts before, he discarded them now. Holt would wreck the whole enterprise, were he given a chance. It would never do to let Elliot meet and talk with him. He knew too much, and he was eager to tell all he knew.

Macdonald's lieutenant got busy at once with plans to abduct Holt. "We'll send the old man off on a prospecting trip with some of the boys," explained Selfridge to Howland. "That way we'll kill two birds. He's back on his assessment work. The time limit will be up before he returns and we'll start a contest for the claim."

Howland made no comment. He was an engineer and not a politician. In his position it was impossible for him not to know that a good deal about the legal status of the Macdonald claims was irregular. But he was a firm believer in a wide-open Alaska, in the use of the territory by those who had settled it.

"Better arrange it with Big Bill, then, but don't tell me anything about it. I don't want to know the details," he told Selfridge.

Big Bill Macy accepted the job with a grin. He had never liked old Holt, anyhow. Besides, they were not going to do him any harm.

Holt was baking a match of sourdough bread that evening when there came a knock at the cabin door. At sight of Big Bill and his two companions the prospector closed the oven and straightened with alert suspicion. He was not on visiting terms with any of these men. Why had they come to see him?

"We're going prospecting up Wild Goose creek, and we want you to go along, Gid," explained Macy. "You're an old sour-dough miner, and we'll all agree we'd like to have you throw in with us. What say?"

The old miner's answer was direct but not flattering. "What do I want to go on a wild-geese mush with a bunch of bums for?" he shrilled.

Bill Macy scratched his hook nose and looked reproachfully at his host. At least Holt thought he was looking at him. One could not be sure, for Bill's eyes did not exactly track.

"What's the use of snapping at me like a turtle? Durden says Wild Goose looks fine. There's gold up there—heaps of it."

"Let it stay there, then. I ain't going. That's flat." Holt turned to adjust the damper of his stove.

"Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't say that," drawled Bill insolently.

The man at the stove caught the change in tone and turned quickly. He was too late. Macy had thrown himself forward and the weight of his body flung Holt against the wall. Before the miner could recover, the other two men were upon him. They bore him to the floor and in spite of his struggles tied him hand and foot.

Big Bill rose and looked down derisively at his prisoner. "Better change your mind and go with us, Holt. We'll spend a quiet month up at the headquarters of Wild Goose. Say you'll come along."

"What are you going to do with me?" demanded Holt.

"I reckon you need a church to fall on you before you can take a hint. Didn't I mention Wild Goose creek three or four times?" jeered his captor.

Holt made no further protest. He was furious, but at present quite helpless. However it went against the grain, he might as well give in until rebellion would do some good.

Ten minutes later the party was moving silently along the trail that led to the hills. The pack horse went first, in charge of George Holway. The prisoner walked next, his hands tied behind him. Big Bill followed, and the man he had called Dud brought up the rear.

Macy had released the hands of his prisoner so that he might have a chance to fight the mosquitoes, but he kept a wary eye upon him and never let him move more than a few feet from him. The trail grew steeper as it neared the head of the canyon till at last it climbed the left wall and emerged from the gulch to an uneven mesa.

The leader of the party looked at his watch. "Past midnight. We'll camp here, George, and see if we can't get rid of the 'skeeters.'"

They built smudge fires of green wood and on the lee side of these another one of dry sticks. Dud made coffee upon this and cooked bacon. While George chopped wood for the fires and boughs of small firs for bedding, Big Bill sat with a rifle across his knees just back of the prisoner.

"Gid's a shifty old cuss, and I ain't taking any chances," he explained aloud to Dud.

Holt was beginning to take the outrage philosophically. He slept peacefully while they took turns watching him. Just now there would be no chance to escape, but in a few days they would become careless. The habit of feeling that they had him securely would grow upon them. Then, reasoned Holt, his opportunity would come. One of the guards would take a chance. It was not reasonable to suppose that in the next week or two he would not catch them napping once for a short ten seconds.

There was, of course, just the possibility that they intended to murder him, but Holt could not associate Selfridge with anything so lawless. The man was too soft of fiber to carry through such a program, and as yet there was need of nothing so drastic. No, this kidnapping expedition would not run to murder. He would be set free in a few weeks, and if he told the true story of where he had been his foes would spread the report that he was insane in his hatred of Macdonald and imagined all sorts of persecutions.

They followed Wild Goose creek all next day, getting always closer to its headwaters near the divide. On the third day they crossed to the other side of the ridge and descended into a little mountain park.

The country was so much a primeval wilderness that a big bull moose stalked almost upon their camp before discovering the presence of a strange biped. Big Bill snatched up a rifle and took a shot which sent the intruder scampering.

From somewhere in the distance came a faint sound.

"What was that?" asked George.

"Sounded like a shot. Mebbe it was an echo," returned Dud.

"Come too late for an echo," Big Bill said.

Again faintly from some far corner of the basin the sound drifted. It was like the pop of a scarcely heard firecracker.

The men looked at one another and at their prisoner.

"Think we better break camp and drift?" asked Dud.

"No. We're in a little draw here—as good a hiding place as we'd be likely to find. Drive the horses into the brush, George. We'll sit tight."

Dud had been busy stamping out the campfire while Holway was driving the horses into the brush.

"Mebbe you had better get the camp things behind them big rocks," Macy conceded.

Even as he spoke there came the crack of a revolver almost at the entrance to the draw.

One of the men swore softly. The gimlet eyes of the old miner fastened on the spot where in another moment his hoped-for rescuers would appear.

"We're going prospecting up Wild Goose creek, and we want you to go along, Gid," explained Macy. "You're an old sour-dough miner, and we'll all agree we'd like to have you throw in with us. What say?"

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GAINED 55 POUNDS Doan's Kidney Pills Effected Wonderful Recovery After Other Medicines Had Failed.

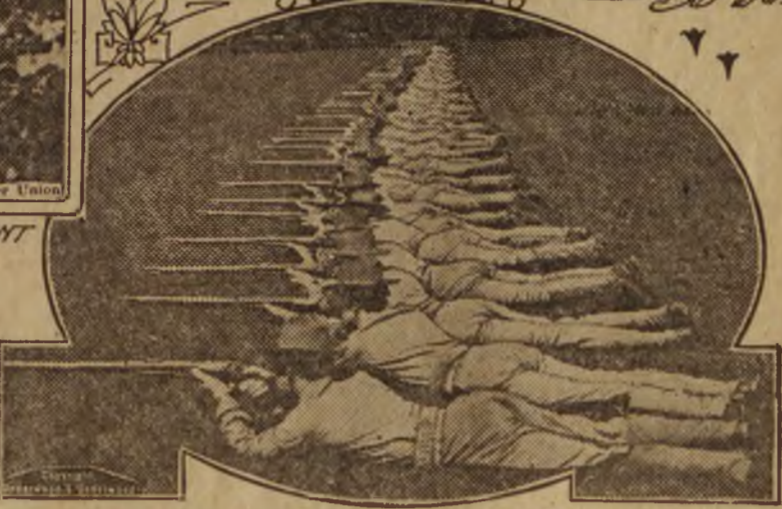
"I don't believe I would be alive to give this testimony if it weren't for Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mrs. Julia A. Thomas, 1125-A Missouri Ave., East St. Louis, Ill. "I was in a serious condition with kidney trouble; my feet and ankles were terribly swollen and the kidney secretions caused agony in passage. I had terrible rheumatic pains and often got so dizzy I dared not walk for



AMERICAN SHARPSHOOTER IN ACTION AT THE FRONT

Americans Best With the Rifle

Weapon Comes Into Its Own With Arrival of Pershing's Sharpshooters In Front Trenches



PRACTICE THAT HAS MADE AMERICAN SOLDIERS BEST MARKSMEN IN WORLD

200 to 600 yards in both rapid and slow fire and must make above 253 points out of a possible 300. The sharpshooter must average 238 out of 300 on the same course. It is no unusual record for a candidate of either of these classes to hang up ten consecutive bullseyes out of ten shots at the 600-yard range.

The German does not rely on his individual ability with the rifle. He is inclined to shoot wildly and at random. Reports have reached us of German companies frantically wasting great quantities of ammunition after a

feigned attack on the part of the foe. This is in part due to the German theory that a certain percentage of hits will result from a given number of shots. The Boche infantryman, except at short range, does not direct his aim at a particular adversary. He fires for general results.

A German officer, for instance, learns that there are a certain number of the enemy in a given zone about 100 yards square, 500 yards in front of his position. He estimates that if his company sprays this zone for a half-hour a certain percentage of casualties will be inflicted, dependent upon the rapidity of fire, number of marksmen and size of zone.

An American farmer boy could tell him how erroneous this theory is. He knows, because experience has taught him. Time and time again he has fired with a shotgun into a flock of ducks or a covey of grouse on the wing bunched apparently so closely that a miss is hardly possible. There are 150 or 200 individual shot in the load, yet such an attempt nearly always scores a complete miss. Naturally this percentage of failures must be higher in rifle shooting.

An attacking party may be advancing in what looks like a dense mass. There is to the eye very little space between the men. A "general results" shot ought to score a hit. In point of fact, it usually does not. Spaces between the moving men are constantly opening. Very little of the front offers a vital target. A shot through a knapsack, a helmet, through baggy breeches, or thick leggings, even through the fleshy part of the body, will not stop a charging foe. The only way to make sure of a hit is to pick an individual target, aim at dead center, and fire accurately. An infantryman in full equipment is a good deal like a hawk on a fence post. You are likely to get a lot of feathers from your shot and very little hawk.

The ability to shoot accurately has made the American rifleman dangerous. This same skill is making our infantryman superior to his foe on the western front. General Pershing recognizes the need of maintaining this advantage, for in his reports he recommends that the greatest care be taken in rifle instruction at the cantonments since this is the most valuable weapon both in offense and defense.

Put a company of crack German troops against an equal number of ours. Let them direct their fire based on the "general results" theory at our men while our boys follow the American method of selecting an individual target. An average company of Sammies would contain about ten experts, 20 sharpshooters, 35 marksmen and a large number of first-class riflemen. The result would not be hard to determine.

It is because of the deficiency of the Germans as riflemen that their general staff has resorted so largely to the hand grenade. For the same reason the French and British have done the same. We read stories of infantrymen chasing troops a quarter of a mile to get close enough to throw hand grenades at them. Well-directed rifle fire would have been far more effective. There are times at short range when the grenade is a superior weapon. One tossed into a group of men will do more damage than a single rifle bullet, but the supply of grenades a man can carry is limited and the distance at which they can be used effectively is short. Since the French and British are better shots than the Germans they send more riflemen over the top and fewer grenadiers.

The British regular army had a great reputation for shooting. Most of these had seen service in Egypt, Africa or other colonies where conditions in a degree resemble ours. The work these veterans did in the first battle of Ypres and at the retreat from Mons, where with practically no artillery they held four or five times their number shows what marksmanship can do for an army.

The Latin instinct is to use the knife. For this reason the French and the Italian revert often to the bayonet. Because the German does not like close hand-to-hand work he prefers the grenade.

The Canadian is our born brother at arms. The conditions that have made us made him. His effectiveness as a soldier is due to his individual initiative and to his skill with the rifle. What is true of him is true of our soldiers. Already they show a tendency to stick to the rifle. When they get going well the Germans will pray to be put against any troops except Americans—and the chief reason for this dread will be Sammy's expertness with the rifle.

WITH the entrance of American troops into the front-line trenches the rifle is coming into its own in the European war. Hitherto, except with the Canadians, it has not played the part that might have been expected of it.

Already the deadly accuracy of American marksmanship has taken its toll of German victims, for the rifle is the favorite weapon of our troops.

The reasons for this are several. The American is a hunter by tradition. It is in his blood because his father and grandfather before him won the wilderness with the old muzzle-loader. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett and Kit Carson are all old friends of his. The wild West is familiar territory, even though he may never have crossed the Mississippi. For he has read the tales of trappers and hunters and practiced them on a small scale in the woods outside his village.

The American is a marksman by training. What boy has not spent long days in the woods with a gun in his hands? What youth, excepting only some born and reared in the largest cities, has not come home at night in triumph with a bag of cottontails?

The third reason why Sammy sticks to his rifle in the trenches is that it is the best military arm in the world. For these three reasons, then—because the rifle is his weapon by tradition and by training, and because the one he carries is the best manufactured—our infantryman backs the rifle against the hand grenade and the bayonet. He can use any of the three, but for choice give him a clean 600-yard shot at a moving spot of gray outlined against the dun Flanders background of a scar-torn hill.

It has been acknowledged for years that the American regular army, small though it was prior to 1917, is the finest body of marksmen in any army. Our teams competing at Camp Perry and at Nisley against the best shots of Europe and the western hemisphere, proved conclusively that the superiority still rests with us.

The United States government has made for its army the most perfect military rifles ever produced. These are the Springfield model of 1903 and the 1917 model, both of which are beyond question better guns than those used by any other army in the world. The cartridges for these weapons are the best now in use. Orders have been placed for 2,920,000 rifles. The production now averages 50,000 a week, sufficient to equip three divisions. One billion cartridges have been ordered for practice in the training camps. Our manufacture of rifle cartridges excels in amount that of any other country. One firm alone turned out 125,000,000 during one month.

The policy of the government has been to appropriate about \$13 a year for the rifle practice of each soldier in the army. Target ranges have been built in all parts of the country. These were available not only for the use of the army and the National Guard but also for rifle associations.

Germany has not been able to do this. With a standing army so great as the one maintained by the Kaiser in peace times, such an appropriation would have interfered with other plans. If \$13 a year had been spent on ammunition for the rifle practice of each man in the German standing army and reserve, the Teutons would be far better shots than they are today. But this gain would be at the expense of the funds necessary for the supply of munitions the general staff was accumulating against the day of need. Prior to the war the German soldier fired only about 12 ball cartridges a year on the range.

The rifle ranges in Europe are few and inferior. Land is far too valuable to permit of much being used for such purpose. Scarcely any of these ranges are suitable for practice at a distance of over 400 yards. An appropriation of \$13 to the man for ammunition would not have made European soldiers anything like as expert as ours. The lack of opportunity to shoot under the field conditions, which are the foundation of a good rifleman's work in actual battle stress, would necessarily have debarrated this.

The American is a hunter. He used to be a rifleman from necessity, since his safety and his food depended on his skill. He is now one from choice. There are few of our youngsters who do not own or have access to a .22 rifle, and but few who do not get an occasional chance to use a shotgun. The hunting instinct is still strong in us. It is estimated that about 3,500,000 sportsmen in this country hunt every year with a rifle or a shotgun.

Even in thickly settled districts game is still plentiful enough to offer enticing sport. The license fee is small, amounting usually to only \$1. Ammunition is cheaper here than elsewhere. The finest and least costly machine-made guns are produced in this country. Most important, we have no established aristocracy which controls the shooting preserves, to the exclusion of the general public.

Perhaps, Some Day. Patriotism and local pride may sometimes be stronger than geographical knowledge, and perhaps it is as well they should be. Such is the view, in any case, of the teacher of the 5B grade in one of the schools of Indiana in which a young miss was required to name the capital of the United States. "Indianapolis," she replied. And the capital of Indiana came next. That was easy, too. "Jeffersonville." She had "Washington" in her mind, all right, however, for another question elicited the information that he is the president of the United States. "Well," she said, "he still keeps his picture on our stamps."

Nothing Doing. Don't twist your tongue to say pretzel in Indianapolis dairy lunchrooms, as the girls working at the counters have put a ban on the word. Patrons of a dairy lunch in East Washington street, who have been accustomed to ordering coffee and a "pretzel," are being admonished by the counter "men" to say tea ring. "You're an American, aren't you?" the girls say. "You have seen on the movie screens what the Germans are and what they have been doing, haven't you? Then, don't say pretzel, because it's German and no German goes in here."—Indianapolis News.

FARMERS ARE WORKING HARDER And using their feet more than ever before. For all these workers the frequent use of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, increases their efficiency and insures needed physical comfort. It takes the Friction from the Shoe, freshens the feet, and prevents tired, aching and blistered feet. Women everywhere are constant users of Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't get too sore, get Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by dealers everywhere, 25c.—Adv.

Rights in Grass. The fact that the tenant does not have the right to walk off and take the lawn with him when he moves from the premises was made clear in a decision handed down by Vice Chancellor Leaming in Camden, N. J., the other day, deciding against a tenant who had created a lawn by spreading a layer of top soil, and who attempted later to carry it away.

Truth Recognized. We have been told that food will win the war, munitions will win the war, ships will win the war, and are now prepared for the appearance of the startling theory that soldiers will win the war.—Toronto Mail.

Cuticura Complexions. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Boll Worm Came From India. The pink boll worm, the worst enemy known to the cotton crop of India, probably originated there. Later it was found in Burma, Ceylon, Egypt and in almost every other cotton district on the globe.

Hate Straight Lines. The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in their streets and buildings and have banished it completely where country field paths are concerned.

Not Feasible. Hippopotamus meat is said to be as good as pork, but the chances are that a lot of hippopotamus running about would muck up a back yard almost as much as chickens.—Marion Star.

Mexico's first woman aviator, Mrs. Eneidea Monroy, has joined the government flying corps.

Farmers! Watch Your Stomachs In Hot Weather

We and Our Allies Are Depending Upon Your Strength To Supply Our Armies With Food.

You men who work long hours in the fields under a blazing sun—you've got to be big eaters, because your food is your strength, and now, more than ever, your strength is badly needed. So guard your health. Be sure and watch your stomach, for in the summer time nearly all illness can be traced to stomach and bowel complaint. You, yourself, know how liable a man is to sunstroke if he goes in the hot sun too soon after eating a hearty mid-day meal, and also how liable he is to sudden attacks of stomach misery. So cool off in the shade before going back to work. Don't take chances.

Take care of your stomach, friend. You know you can't work well with your stomach out of fix. "Safety first," must be your motto, so send to your druggist and get a big box of EATONIC, enough for yourself and family, and the hired folks, too. It's the wonderful new compound for the quick relief of stomach and bowel miseries. It was originated by H. L. Kramer, the man who made millions of people happy with his first great remedy, Cascarets. Now, all you need do is to take a tablet or two of EATONIC after your meals. It's good—just like eating candy. Enjoy the quick, sure relief pay when you get it. Address H. L. Kramer, Pres. EATONIC REMEDY CO., 1018 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago.

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Get under the Shower of Gold

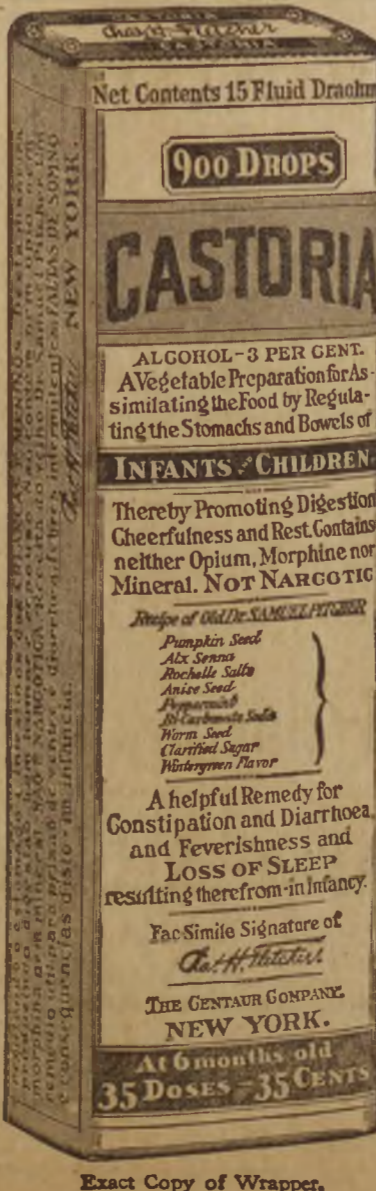
coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta 160 Acre Homesteads Free to 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. MacInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents

Sapolio doing its work. Scouring for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.

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APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE for SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM

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Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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.

EGGS MAY GO TO \$1.00

Warning Sounded to Buy and Pack Them for Next Winter

Eggs may go to one dollar per dozen. Such is the prediction made when the present quotation finds them before midsummer selling above the 30 cent mark.

In normal times and at this season of the year eggs would be selling for whatever consumers cared to give for them. But these are not normal times; they are war times with every prospect of prices on all commodities going to the top notch.

Forehanded housewives will do well to give the egg subject careful consideration. And if they do they will guard against the day of exorbitant prices.

Eggs preserved in water glass will keep and keep well, it is said, by those who try the plan every year with success.

There is no occasion for paying speculators a fancy profit for eggs next winter, is the warning that is being sent out in the hope that egg buying and egg packing will be taken up now.

You can beat the profiteer by making an egg investment in your own account. No matter how small the investment may be, it will prove profitable next winter, when egg prices are sure to soar.

ORDINANCE NO. 109

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Genoa, DeKalb County, Illinois.

Section 1. Superintendent of water works to tap main and lay connection to curb—cost thereof fixed and how paid. Whenever any permit for a connection is issued hereunder, the Superintendent of Waterworks or some person authorized by him shall tap the main of said system or plant where such connection is to be made and attached and shall lay the connection from said main and point of junction to the city cock and insert said city cock and place the cast iron cut-off box thereon. All applicants shall be charged the cost thereof as herein fixed and pay the share at the time the application is made. For making 1/2 and 3/4 inch connection \$35.00 shall be paid; for 1/2 inch connection \$40.00 shall be paid, and for a one inch connection \$60.00 shall be paid.

Section 2. All ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Section 3. This ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage, approval and publication.

Passed and approved by the City Council of the City of Genoa, DeKalb County, Illinois, this 7th day of June, A. D. 1918.

Jas. J. Hammond,
Mayor

STORES CLOSE ON FOURTH
We, the undersigned, agree to close our places of business all day the Fourth of July:
E. Geithman & Son
Genoa Cash Grocery
U. G. Furnace
John Lembke
E. J. Tischler
W. W. Cooper
G. H. Martin
Roy I. Foster
Sager Bros.
I. W. Douglass
A. and P. Tea Co.
S. S. Slater & Son
F. W. Olmsted
M. L. Geithman
W. H. Leonard

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.
35-1f* Walter M. Hay.

Away with DEADLY POISONS
RAT CORN
KILLS RATS, MICE AND GOPHERS
FOR SALE BY
SCOTT'S PHARMACY

Week's Social Events

Entertained at Dinner
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Awe entertained at dinner Tuesday the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Leonard and sons, John and William. Mrs. Theresa Andrews of Elmhurst, Miss Jennie and Tillie Fehrman, Mr. Wm. Fehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heilmann and daughter, Bernice and son, Harry, of Huntley and Miss Mildred Awe of Elgin.

Potger-Clark
DeKalb Chronicle: Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Jennie, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. Potger, to James Hugh Clark, formerly of DeKalb. The wedding occurred yesterday at Booneville, Ind. Mr. Clark is a Normal graduate and has

Porch furniture and rugs at Cooper's.
I am in a position to buy and sell hay, also to bale by the ton. L. A. Wyde. 36-2t

Rev. Lott has charge of the Epworth League services at Camp Epworth and is speaking each evening of this week.

H. J. Glass, the electrician, has a complete line of Singer Sewing Machine repairs and needles. If in any kind of trouble, call on him.

A bargain in ice boxes at Cooper's.

The regular meeting of the R. N. of A. will be held Tuesday, July 2. Members please note change of date. May Corson, Oracle

Nearly new Ford touring car for sale by W. W. Cooper.

Miss Irene Patterson, who has been attending the Elgin Metropolitan Business College for the past several months, has secured a position as teacher in the Chicago Metropolitan Business College and will begin her duties July 1.

No services, except Sunday School, at regular hour, at the Genoa M. E. church, on Sunday. Everybody is urged to attend camp meeting at Camp Epworth.

The Methodist Sunday School will join with the other schools in the picnic at Kingston park on July 4th. Games, races, etc. in the morning, a fine patriotic speech in the afternoon.

Get those extra dishes for threshing time at Cooper's.

E. J. Tischler, Genoa's hustling grocer, has secured the exclusive agency for "Cloyloid," the soap without animal fats. This is a war soap and has proven to be excellent, not only as a cleanser, but for cleanliness in itself.

The Boy Scouts of Genoa met on the 14th at the Genoa public school building and held a meeting. Everyone is invited to attend these meet-

ings, and the next one will be held on Friday, the 24th. At every meeting a good program is given, so don't forget to come.
Clifford Rosenfeld, Scribe.

Wellander-Peterson
The wedding of Miss Jennie Wellander and Mr. Alve Peterson took place at the home of the bride's mother at Sycamore Wednesday afternoon. Only the immediate relatives were present. The bride was attended by her sister, Ester Wellander, while Elmer Peterson, brother of the groom acted as best man. After a few days' visit with friends in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson will go to house-keeping on his father's farm north of Genoa.

Sergeant Thos. Nicholson, nephew of Wm. Watson, who has been in the regular army for ten years, having seen service in all parts of the world, and lately stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., has, after persistent efforts, received a commission and will soon go across to fight the Hun.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Robinson of Kingston returned from Rochester, Minn., last Tuesday, where the latter had a golfer removed at the Mayo Hospital. Mrs. Robinson is recovering nicely and there is all indications of her enjoying the best of health in the future.

Mrs. Thos. Hepburn of Terre Haute, Ind., who is visiting the home of the Hepburn Brothers, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Ovitv hospital and was able to leave the hospital this week Thursday morning. Mr. Hepburn is here, waiting for his service call for Uncle Sam.

Special mass for peace will be celebrated at St. Catherine's church on Saturday morning at 9:00 o'clock. At the same hour and on the same day throughout the world mass will be said in supplication for peace, by orders direct from the Vatican at Rome. At St. Catherine's on Sunday morning mass will be celebrated at 10:00.

The Home Guards came over from Sycamore Tuesday evening and for about two hours drilled on Main street, pleasing a large gathering of people. The company is one that may claim the distinction of being exceptionally well versed in the manual of arms and in maneuvers, and this despite the fact that the men have been in training only a short time, comparatively. Sycamore may feel proud of her company.

On Thursday July 4, at 2:30 in the afternoon and 8:30 in the evening, Mary Pickford will appear at the Grand Theatre in Kate Douglas Wiggin's famous book and play, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." This picture,

like the book, abounds in humor. Mae Tinee of the Chicago Tribune says of this picture: "There is a golden harvest of laughter that will delight old and young. It is Mary Pickford's funniest." Also a two-reel comedy, "Roping Her Romeo."

A service pin is a badge of honor that every relative of a soldier, a near relative at least, should be proud to wear. See the line at Martin's.

James L. Prutzman, who was manager of the Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co. for several years, and recently resigned, going to his home in Shannon, Illinois, went to Camp Grant on Tuesday with the DeKalb county contingent, having registered in Genoa. Mr. Prutzman has been trying to get into the service as a volunteer for several months, but owing to a slight physical ailment was unable to get by the examiners. Since leaving Genoa the difficulty has been overcome to a great extent and he is now happily in the ranks. It is just such persistence and loyalty on the part of American men that will put the Kaiser and his gang out of business eventually.

A souvenir spoon for a birthday gift. There is nothing that will be more acceptable. Give that girl a spoon every year. She will appreciate them more in the years to come than she does even now. G. H. Martin has a superb line.

The Republican-Journal has received the following communication from the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation: "If Genoa fully realized the unique quality of the entertainment that is provided for its citizens by Mr. C. A. Goding of your Grand Theatre, there are days when we are sure the house would be crowded to the doors. Mr. Goding has perfected arrangements for the presentation of Paramount and Arcraft Pictures. The names of Paramount and Arcraft stars are household words in nearly every home in the country. The pictures in which they appear are beyond doubt the finest example of the most advanced art and skill in motion photography. We urgently request that you avail yourself of the opportunity Mr. Goding is giving the people of your city to pass judgment on these great productions."—Adv.

Value of "Push."
One man with "push" is better than an army of idlers. The mob lacks ideals and direction without the man to lead. It's the man of push that puts life into flagging causes and makes them regain lost prestige. It's the man with push that advances a new theory and compels the old worn-out method to give place. He's the man that's open to criticism. All sorts of dire calamities hang over him. But still he's the man that makes business and incidentally makes the money that pays the wages of those who criticize him. The old business may have been known for generations, but it must be continually revamped to meet changing conditions. It takes a man of push and dare to depart from the old lines and venture into the new. It takes brains and toll. Only the man of push can do it.—Exchange.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS
Notice is hereby given that bids will be received for the repair of the Botcher and Dumolin bridges located in the south-easterly portion of Genoa township, on Monday, July 8, at the city hall in the city of Genoa, Ill., at 2:00 o'clock p. m. Plans and specifications are on file in office of the superintendent of highways at Sycamore, Ill. Same may be had upon application in writing. The township clerk at Genoa, Ill., also has plans and specifications on file and may be inspected in his office upon request. Joint committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Bids must be submitted upon blanks furnished by the superintendent of highways and must be accompanied by a certified check for \$250 for each bridge.
W. C. Miller,
36-2t Co. Supt. Highways

KILLED ON MOTORCYCLE
Alfred Brackroggie, nineteen year old boy of Crystal Lake, was almost instantly killed last Saturday noon when his motorcycle collided with an automobile on Division street in that village. Young Brackroggie was going toward the lake when he lost control of his machine on the oil road. He crashed into the rear of an auto and died before medical attention could be secured.

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, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

3 FARMS 3
FOR SALE

The Trustees of the Estate of Mary E. Stevens, Deceased

Will Sell at

PUBLIC AUCTION

to the Highest Bidder, on

Tuesday, July 23, 1918, the following Farm Real Estate, situated in the County of DeKalb and State of Illinois. These farm lands are among the best in Illinois, are splendidly located, well equipped with up-to-date buildings and as a result of years of good husbandry are in a high state of cultivation and ready to make money for new owners.

Tuesday, July 23, 1918
Sale will be held on the Farm at 10:00 A. M.

No. 1—
Consists of 134.29 acres, located midway between the cities of DeKalb and Sycamore and along the cement road and interurban road connecting the two cities. This farm has splendid and complete buildings, is well drained and in a good state of cultivation. This is a very attractive farm and a very desirable home.

Tuesday, July 23, 1918
Sale will be held on the Farm at 2:00 P. M.

No. 2—
Consists of the North-west quarter of Section Twenty (20) in the Township of South Grove. This land is 3/4 mile south and 1/2 mile east of the village of Esmond. It is well drained, has a splendid and complete set of buildings, is fenced, all under the plow and a splendid producing farm.

No. 3—
Consists of the South-east quarter of Section Twenty (20) in the Township of South Grove and corners onto the farm No. 2 at the south-east corner. This quarter is quite level and a very rich soil. It is thoroughly tilled, fenced, has a good well but no buildings and is in a high state of cultivation. This quarter has been farmed in connection with Farm No. 2 and parties desiring a large farm will find the two quarters a very attractive proposition.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten (10) per cent cash on date of sale. For further terms of payment see Trustees. Abstracts ready for examination.

GEORGE A. FOX

GEORGE E. DUTTON

HENRY H. PARKE

Sycamore, Illinois

Sycamore, Illinois

Trustees of the Estate of Mary E. Stevens, Deceased

C. E. GARDNER, Auctioneer.

Save \$5⁰⁰—Get 1500 Extra Miles
Protected By Legal Money-Back Guarantee



Every Lyon tire is guaranteed in writing. This guarantee says it must run 5,000 miles. It's the same guarantee that you get with Firestone, Pisk, U. S. Goodyear, Goodrich and all other good tires, except the Lyon guarantee gives you an extra 1,500 miles. And Lyon Tires cost you \$5.00 less, also for size, than any other guaranteed tire. On these tires, the saving is even greater. Get this extra mileage—put the extra price in your own pocket. The Lyon Tire is not a new tire, there are thousands of them in use. They have been on the market for over ten years. They sell on quality alone—direct to the user. Do pay more than the Lyon price in washing money; when you get less than the Lyon mileage, you are cheating yourself. Above all, don't delay—prices are bound to be higher.
MARC HUBSON, President.

Order From This Ad
Prices May Raise Any Minute

All Sizes At Big Reduction

Size	Non-Skid Casing	Plain Casing	Red Tube	Gray Tube
30x3	\$11.55	\$11.05	\$2.33	\$2.00
30x3 1/2	14.95	14.20	2.80	2.45
31x3 1/2	15.80	15.00	2.90	2.60
32x3 1/2	17.45	16.55	2.95	2.65
31x4	22.95	21.90	3.67	3.30
32x4	23.30	22.20	3.80	3.35
33x4	24.30	23.15	3.90	3.45
34x4	24.95	23.75	4.10	3.70

Be sure to mention style wanted—regular clincher, Q. D. clincher or straight side

Ford Owners—Get This Big Free Book

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Everything for Fords Don't think tires are all we sell—we carry everything made for a Ford car that has proved to be of real value. Pads and catch penny appliances never get a place in our catalog. Everything must be right up to snuff—it must be worthy of our guarantee. Try our quick shipping service. All orders filled and shipped the day we get them.

Money Back Guarantee You run no risk in ordering right from this ad. We do business by mail and nobody can do business by mail if they don't live up to their word. We let you make your own guarantee—we'll back it. Your money back any time you want it—just are the sole judge. So get this big Big Free Book, but order your tires at the same time if you need any. Prices are bound to rise.

Mail This Coupon For Free Book

Mark Hudson, Pres.
EFFICIENCY AUTO SUPPLY CO.,
305 So. La Salle St., Chicago.

What Year Is Your Ford?

Please send me your Big Free Book of Ford Bargains.

TOWN..... STATE.....

Mail This Coupon For Tires

Mark Hudson, President,
EFFICIENCY AUTO SUPPLY CO.,
305 S. La Salle St., Chicago.

Find enclosed my check for.....

Please send me.....

Signed..... STATE.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

Efficiency Auto Supply Co.
305-15 So. La Salle St. CHICAGO, ILL. Dept. 72

Safety and Satisfaction

Our prescription department is in charge of Mr. Baldwin, a graduate pharmacist. This is a guarantee to you of the maximum in safety and satisfaction. Our line of drugs is absolutely fresh and complete.

Scott's Pharmacy

Kingston Market & Grocery

FRESH AND SALT MEATS
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

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.

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,
29-tf
Sycamore, Ill.

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.
33-tf *
S. M. Henderson

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.

Mrs. J. R. Stott of Edwardsville, Wis., is visiting at the J. E. Stott home. She was called here by the illness of her son, Howard, who was taken seriously ill while visiting his grandparents.

MRS. WM. WYLDE

Mrs. Wm. Wylde passed away at the family home in this city Monday morning, June 17. Funeral services were held at the home on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Lott officiating. Mrs. Wylde had been a sufferer for years and death came as a relief indeed. She was found in an unconscious condition Monday morning, after several days' of growing weakness and passed away without regaining consciousness.

PURELY PERSONAL

Mrs. H. H. King of Chicago is here visiting relatives.

Mrs. Chas. Smith is seriously ill at her home on Genoa street.

G. W. Sowers of Elgin transacted business in this city Monday.

Frank Brennan was home from Valparaiso, Ind. over the week end.

Miss Mary Pierce of Earlville is in Genoa this week, visiting friends.

Star and Addie Preston of Elgin called on Genoa friends over Sunday.

Dr. D. J. Corson of Leaf River was a Genoa caller the first of the week.

Miss Pearl Cary of Kenosha, Wis., is visiting Mrs. Lewis Gormley this week.

Homer Forbif of St. Joe, Mo., was a guest of Miss Winnifred Williams this week.

Miss Sadie Brown of Chicago is a guest at the home of her aunt, Miss Henrietta Brown.

Henry Weidemann and family left Monday night for a week's visit at Adams, Minnesota.

Mrs. Emma Duval of Elgin spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lembke.

Karl Holtgren of Camp Grant, Ill., spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Holtgren.

Miss Bertha Williams of Sterling is here to spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Cal Williams.

Miss Mary Peterson of Montecello, Minn., is a guest at the home of N. H. Stanley and A. L. Holroyd.

Miss Gertrude Hemenway returned Monday evening from a few days' visit with Wheaton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wahl and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Abbott returned on Sunday evening after several days' vacation at Lake Delavan.

Miss Irene Awe of Chicago is spending several days this week at the home of her father, B. C. Awe. (Miss Jessie Parker was a guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Lizza Parker, of Kingston, a few days last week.)

Mrs. Ed Pierce spent several days this week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Austin, of Rockford.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burton of Kingston and Miss Lettie Lord and George Johnson motored to Elgin Saturday.

[Miss Mary Canavan and nephew, Kenneth Canavan, returned Tuesday from a few days' visit with Belvidere relatives.]

Miss Gladys Buck returned the latter part of the week from a several days' visit with Miss Irene Graham of Elgin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tilton of Belvidere were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. Tilton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Canavan.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Evans and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Scott drove to Starved Rock in the former's car Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker of Kingston and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parker of this city motored to Elgin Sunday and spent the day at Lord's Park.

Charles Prain has received word that his son, A. F., who has been stationed at Camp Dix, N. J., for several weeks, is on his way to France.

Mrs. Max Vilter of Chicago visited at the home of her brother, R. B. Field Monday. Kenneth and Donald returned home with her to spend the week.

O. M. Leich, A. J. Kohne, A. C. Reid, Neil Simpson and C. E. Sen-ska attended the telephone convention held at the LaSalle Hotel Tuesday.

Mesdames Elizabeth Cleford, Jas. Watson, C. A. Godding, and Miss Blanche Patterson drove to Rockford in the Patterson machine last Thursday and spent the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Darcy and daughter, Gladys, of Courtland visited at the Wm. Watson home Saturday. Mrs. Darcy's mother, Mrs. Christiana Balcom, returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith of Kingston; Mrs. Wm. Schmidt, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lembke motored to Whitewater, Wis., Sunday and visited Mrs. Minnie Schmidt and son, Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stanley and Miss Blanche R. Patterson drove to Chicago in the former's roadster Saturday, returning Sunday. While there they called on Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Seymour, who formerly lived in Genoa.

Lieut. Floyd Berglund of Camp Lewis, Wash., and Mrs. Berglund, Mrs. L. Peterson, and Miss Nettie Anderson of Wasco, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Martin this week. Thursday they drove to Camp Grant and Mr. Martin accompanied them. Mrs. Martin returned to Wasco with them Thursday evening and will visit there for a few days.

PATRIOTISM AND THRIFT COMBINED

GOVERNMENT GIVES NEW INCENTIVE TO ALL TO SAVE AND SERVE AT SAME TIME.

WASTE MUST BE AVOIDED

Dr. Shailer Mathews, Authority on Economics, Explains Necessity of Aiding War Savings Campaign.

By Shailer Mathews

(Secretary of the War Savings Committee for Illinois.)

If there is one practical lesson the American youth needs above another, it is that of thrift. It is one thing to grow rich by some happy stroke; it is quite another thing to save and invest sums from an income none too large for one's tastes and ambitions.

The difference is something more than a matter of dollars and cents. It is a difference of one's attitude toward the world—the difference in character.

It is just this difference in character, this change from spendthrift habits to habits of economy, that the government is seeking to bring about in the American people by the issuance of War Savings stamps and Thrift stamps. It is making an appeal to the patriotism of America to be economical in war times, that waste of money and material and labor may be avoided.

It is seeking to raise \$2,000,000,000 in a year by this means for the expenses of conducting a world war, but this is not its main purpose. The main purpose is to inculcate habits of thrift, and to provide a means of doing this.

Every dollar saved from the day by day surplus is invested, and wisely invested, for the saver in the world's best security. Every War Saving certificate is just so much assurance against penury in times of adversity.

Real Thrift is Explained.

Thrift is by no means a monomania for small savings. There are plenty of people who will turn out electric lights to save a cent an hour, who will insist on sitting in the best seats of a theater and eating the expensive novelties of the market; who will wear cheap shoes and buy expensive hats. A thrifty man knows how to spend money quite as well as how to save it.

In a word, by thrift is meant simply that way of living which systematically transfers a portion of one's income to one's capital. And the United States War Savings plan makes one's capital invested capital at once. Every dollar begins to work for its owner as soon as it is saved.

The thrifty men of a thrifty nation have their temptations and dangers, but they are those born of self-denial rather than of luxury and a primitive trust in the persistency of one's good fortune. The thrifty man is not worried about tomorrow, because he is prepared for tomorrow. If other people of his financial class are not worried about tomorrow, it is because their creditors worry for them.

Salaried People Not Savers.

Among salaried people thrift is almost as extinct as the dodo. Its members, whether consciously or not, are being forced into the class of speculators. They take "flyers" in alluring stocks, wildcat mines and other flamboyant schemes. Even if they carry life insurance, they will sooner or later be tempted to use their policies as collateral for loans with which to grow suddenly rich, or to meet the expenses of living. They do not save.

If this be true of this generation what will be true of the next? Would not the next generation, if the world went on as it has been going, be more extravagant than the present one? But this war, and this War Savings plan, are relied upon by the government to go far toward checking the extravagant tendencies of living, and to furnish the means not only for saving but for safe investment which will tend to make the people of America more independent.

The War Savings plan is a combination of patriotism and thrift which will not only help win the war, but will help the people of the nation to become more sturdy and self-reliant, and to be able to face their future and that of their children without fear.

Save to help the nation and the nation will help you save.

Mrs. Emma Lord and daughters, Mrs. Harry Whipple and Miss Lettie Lord and George Johnson motored to Belvidere Tuesday where Mrs. Lord and Mrs. Whipple were guests at the Ira Adam's home. The two latter went on to Rockford.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kohne and daughter, Barbara, and Mrs. Kohne's mother, Mrs. Potter, of Chicago, spent a few days at Watertown, Wis., last week attending the commencement exercises of the school from which Mrs. Kohne's brother graduated.

Fred W. Browne, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Browne, who has been in British Columbia for several years, representing the Swift Packing Co., returned to Genoa last week and on Thursday joined the DeKalb county contingent that left for Camp Grant.

ON FRIDAY 28TH OF JUNE

(Continued from page one)

of them, each with its small wooden cross and its bit of flowers. The crosses stand in serried rows, so closely that they make a very thick, with scarcely room to walk between them. They were all new, of painted wood, alike except for the names and ages—thirteen to eighty-four. But they all bore the same sinister date—August 22, 1914.

"The Germans began to pillage an burning the houses. 676 of them; then they turned all the inhabitants into the street, promiscuously marching them about. It went on for long hours; they were given no food or drink. During a halt they forced them to lie beneath the machine guns, then they lined them up against the church wall and performed a mock execution. About 600 men were massed in St. Martin's Square, on the river bank, and their wives, mothers, and daughters were assembled by the soldiers to witness the scene.

"They lined up their victims in three rows along the Sambre and tumbled 150 of them head over heels into the river, shoving back those who attempted to cling to the bank, with bayonets. Only four or five escaped by swimming. During this first execution the machine guns were trained on the remaining lines. When the firing had ceased that night, there were more than 400 dead; their bodies lying there, women, too, and children. And the graves are there nearby, in the cemetery, and the ages given are from 13 to 84."

The part that these civilians played in the war was to bring to the civilized world the realization of what it would mean for German arms to conquer. In playing their part they gave their lives in the most cruel way a beastly enemy could devise.

What part will our civilian population play in the war? Will it go along living as it did before the war, or will it glory in the opportunity to serve in the tremendous task of defeating civilization's enemy? Each individual must decide that question. He can prolong the world's agony or he can save—save and sacrifice—to the utmost of his ability and with his savings buy War Savings Stamps that there may be more money, labor, and materials to back up those who fight and die not only for us, but for all who love FREEDOM.

How Far Behind the Boys are You?

One of Pershing's men, returned from France was speaking:

"When I left for home," he said, "the boys over there were feeling pretty blue, because they thought that you here in America were not backing them up as you ought. We had a pretty bitter winter over there. The weather was the coldest France has known in years. Many of us were without proper food and clothing. Some were even without shoes. None of us were complaining, though, but the feeling that when we were doing the feeling that when we were doing everything in your power to back us up sometimes bit in pretty hard."

"We felt like the little Irishman felt in a Y. M. C. A. hut one night. A bunch of us had gathered there to listen to a speaker from America. During the course of his lecture he said:

Insurance Men, Attention

We want a man in this territory to sell our line of liberal, low priced Accident and Health Insurance to Business Men and Farmers.

Policies cover all accidents and every disease. This is an opportunity for a man who wishes to better himself.

Mutual Benefit Health & Accident Association

City National Bank Bldg.
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

"We in America are behind you boys to a man." "Then my little Irish friend got up. 'Yes, he said, 'You're all behind us, all right, a h—of a way behind—4,000 miles.'" "Are you that far behind 'the boys? If you are, move up closer."

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

To The Coal Trade

Think!

Think of the conditions last winter. We tried to help you keep warm then, but owing to abnormal conditions we were helpless at times. We CAN help you now if you will give us that coal order. THINK!

Genoa Lumber Co.

Your Moral Obligation

to yourself, to your family and the Government lies in placing of your coal order at once. We are obligated to get that coal to you bin if at all possible. To prevent a repetition of last winter's suffering, we must get together now. Give us your coal order and the rest is up to the government and us.

Zeller & Son

Clayloid

The War Soap Contains no Fats

The Government recommends the conservation of fats. Help win the war by using CLAYLOID. For sale here.

E. J. Tischler, Grocer



Today's Weather Report

or the forecast for tomorrow will not help you much.

Be prepared for the Hot Spell

away in advance by ordering your Tropical Suit now!

Have it all ready hanging in your wardrobe! We are specializing on Taylor-made Summer Suits, tailored to your measure from a special range of feather-like woollens, worsteds and blue serges—all of which are extremely light and cool, yet shape holding as well. Wonderful values at varying prices to suit everyone.

F. O. HOLTGREN.

Buy War Savings Stamps

Paying Household Bills in a Business Way

In paying household bills by check, the wife is merely adopting the same business methods that the husband would find absolutely necessary in his office or shop.

Exchange Bank

Deposits Guaranteed With Over \$300,000.00

Meeting Sister

By CATHERINE PARSONS

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"You're a hopeless woman hater, Kenny," groaned Lieutenant Campbell. "But if you refuse to meet my attractive sister-in-law, at least, you will consent to meet my attractive wife—she's quite harmless as far as you are concerned and well worth knowing."

Kenny grinned. "You bet, I'll meet your wife, Fred—the sooner the better! It's only a lot of silly girls I can't stand."

"Well, she's here now. She's taken a little apartment about a mile from camp—10 Main street. We'll expect you to afternoon tea tomorrow—that will be before her sister gets there, so you won't have to worry. Is that O. K.?"

"It sure is. So long, now—I've got to get back to my job."

The next afternoon was cold and clear, and Kenny walked briskly along and thought rather pleasantly of the hot tea he would soon have offered to him. And he was really anxious to meet Fred's wife, too. They had known each other since they were boys and his friend had married only a month or two before—just after he left training camp. The girl he imagined Fred would pick out would be tall and stately and dignified and very good-looking—he could see her perfectly in his mind's eye.

But he had quite a shock when his ring was answered and he was ushered into the tiny living room to Mrs. Campbell's apartment. To be sure, his hostess was there—very much so—but she was small, very pretty and ridiculously young-looking—Fred should have prepared him a little for this.

"We're glad you could come, Lieutenant Kenny. Fred took my sister out for a few moments, but they will be back directly. Do sit down and tell me something about the camp—I'm dying to hear all about it."

"Sister?" thought Tom Kenny, growling inwardly. "Then she did come after all. Curse my rotten luck!"

"I've just been thinking it's so wonderful—perhaps you would like to see something of the place yourself—we could take a little walk out in the direction of camp if you want to and you think Fred won't mind."

His one idea was to get outside before sister returned—he hoped she never would return!

"Mercy, no—Fred won't mind! He'll be only too glad to get me off his hands for a while."

Having made up his mind to make the best of things, Tom found his little companion decidedly good company. She laughed at his jokes and made herself so agreeable that he found himself feeling almost disappointed when they finally turned towards home. But the whole afternoon she never mentioned her husband once. When they first started out Tom had turned to her questioningly:

"You are quite sure your husband won't care if you do go off like this?"

"My husband!" echoed the girl, blankly. Then light dawned in a moment and she turned her head away to hide the twinkle that shone in her eyes.

"He'd trust me with you, I know," she returned, smiling. "I'm just going to have a good time and forget all about him."

When they got back to Mrs. Campbell's apartment it was so late that Tom begged to be excused, as he had to be back at camp in time for mess. Fred's wife did not urge him to come in, but asked him to come to tea two days later to meet her sister. He tried to refuse, on some sort of pretense, but he found it too hard to refuse anything this girl asked him, when she really wanted to have her own way. So he promised and went back to camp, thinking that Fred was a pretty fortunate man to have such a wonderful little wife, and wishing there were more women in the world like her!

On Friday afternoon he found both the ladies home, and he went through the painful ordeal of meeting sister. She was far more stately than Fred's wife, and possibly very charming, but Tom hardly noticed her at all.

"I was so sorry about the other afternoon," apologized Miss Ely. "Fred told me it would only take a minute, and then I found so many things I had to attend to that before I knew it it was terribly late. I was so sorry not to meet you."

"Mrs. Campbell was very kind, and entertained me royally," assured Kenny.

"I'll bet she did," agreed Fred Campbell, and a gleam of amusement passed between him and his now very demure little wife who was seated at the other end of the room.

"We had a beautiful time Freddie, dear," she cried enthusiastically. "And I've been thinking we ought to get up some nice little parties while sister is here—just the four of us. I do so love to chaperone."

Fred laughed. "Anything you suggest will be all right, my dear."

"Then let's go skating Sunday afternoon—it's heavenly on the lake. Will you go, Lieutenant Tom?"

"If Fred's willing. Are you fond of skating?" he asked the silent sister, who had not entered into the conversation for some time.

"I adore it!" she assured him. "I haven't been on skates for two years, but I'll probably get along with a

little help. You won't mind giving me a few points till I get used to it, will you?"

"No, indeed!" he assented, almost too promptly, and he thought he noticed Fred cough slightly to cover a laugh. He began to wonder how he could get sick on Sunday, but his thoughts were dashed to pieces. He knew that unless he poisoned himself he could never deceive Fred.

"Oh, it will be such fun!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, and she smiled at him happily.

They had a very pleasant hour, but Tom had little conversation with Fred's sister-in-law. By mutual consent Fred seemed content that he should talk to his wife, while he himself entertained the stately sister. Tom understood that Fred wanted him to know his wife better, so that he might be more interested in women in general, and that he would approve of his friend's choice. So he listened to the charming little lady and he became her abject slave for evermore. And he also thought that Fred had done better than he deserved—he couldn't possibly appreciate such a marvelous girl. And he told him so on the way home. Fred laughed heartily.

"You're wrong, Tom," he contradicted him. "I assure you that I think my wife is the most wonderful girl in the world, and I adore the ground she walks on. But I thought you would be more interested in my sister-in-law. I really think you are, too—but you don't know it!"

"You're crazy, Fred. She may be wonderful, but girls don't interest me at all—I'm through with all that sort of thing forever!"

But Fred only laughed again and told him he'd be married himself in six months, and Tom walked off indignantly.

The next afternoon Tom Kenny had a note from Mrs. Campbell.

"Dear Lieutenant Kenny:—I'm sorry, but I shan't be able to go skating with you all tomorrow. I've strained my ankle slightly, and would not dare to try to skate on it so soon."

"But the party will be just the same, for my sister is anxious to go. Will you come for her at the same time, and we shall expect you to come back to supper with us. Too bad Fred doesn't care much about skating."

"Cordially yours,
"ELEANOR CAMPBELL."

Tom shuddered. The worst had happened. He would have to get Miss Ely and pull her around the ice alone, and Fred would stay home and laugh at him. It was too much!

But he could not find a way out, so he avoided Fred and appeared at Mrs. Campbell's at the appointed hour. To his surprise he found her alone in the room, evidently dressed for going out.

"You're better?" he asked. "I was sorry to hear you were sick."

"I wasn't," she denied. "It was my sister."

"But you wrote me—"

"No, I didn't write you—that was my sister, too!"

"I don't understand at all—so many sisters and things that I'm all mixed up. Whose sister are you, anyway?"

"Fred's and Eleanor's—I thought you knew in the first place, but you didn't. And then you began to think I was my sister, and it was all so funny that I just let you. Eleanor thought it was a good joke, and they helped me pretend the other afternoon when you were here. Oh, I hope you won't mind because I'm not Fred's wife—I'm so sorry if you're disappointed in me!"

Tom could hardly believe his ears, and in his excitement he took the girl's hand in his.

"Disappointed?" he cried. "Why, I never was so pleased about anything in my life. I'm so glad you are only Fred's sister that I can't think! The only thing I wouldn't like would be to have you promise to be a sister to me, too. Please don't do that, will you?"

Dorothy Ely blushed and laughed as she got to her feet and walked toward the door.

"You'll have to invite me to be one first—and besides, I have two brothers of my own. Shall we go skating now, or do you want to wait till my sister can come along and chaperone us?"

"No, I don't, but I'm ready to go anywhere in the world you ask me to, provided you are there, too. Do you think you could be?"

Dorothy looked up at him and then blushed again, and Lieutenant Campbell knew that his suit was won.

Country's Highest Mountains.

The ten highest mountains in the United States are Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, 20,800 feet; Mt. Whitney, California, 14,501 feet; Mt. Rainier, Washington, 14,408 feet; Gannett Peak, Wyoming, 13,785 feet; King's Peak, Utah, 13,498 feet; Truchas Peak, New Mexico, 13,306 feet; East Peak, Nevada, 13,143 feet; Granite Peak, Montana, 12,850 feet; San Francisco Peak, Arizona, 12,611 feet. The highest point in Ohio is near Bellefontaine, Logan county, 1,550 feet; highest point in Indiana, Carlos City, Randolph county, 1,210; highest point in Illinois, Mt. Charles, in Joe Daviess county, 1,241 feet.

Garden for Invalid.

If you have an invalid friend, you can make her a garden that she will enjoy for a very little money. Buy a small gold fish bowl and have a piece of glass to fit over the top. Then go out into the woods and get a piece of moss for the bottom and find a small plant or a tiny fern and set it out in the moss or plant a nasturtium seed. The moisture from the plant will keep it growing; there will be no need to water it, and the invalid can have her little garden right near the bed, can even take it in her hands and watch it grow. It will be a joy for weeks.

Knitting Bags, Work Bags and Catch Alls



There is nothing for it but to knit and knit and then knit some more and carry on. She who does not must be forever explaining why not. It's an obligation and all that we have to show that our hearts are in the right place are knitting needles, knitting bags and such things.

The four hundredth pair of socks may prove just a little monotonous, but there are new knitting bags to add the spice of variety to our daily lives. At the ribbon counters they are showing some immensely clever ones along with other work bags and "catch-alls." Those who spend their time thinking of new things in bags have grown to be such adepts that life at the ribbon counter promises to become one continual round of joyous new bags—from now until the end of the year. Then—unless the war is over—they will begin all over again with 1919 knitting bags.

A new arrival that charms everyone is a knitting bag that looks like a little umbrella. It is made of silk or strips of ribbon, sewed together and cut into a circle. The circle is sewed in six scallops at the circumference and the points of these scallops are sewed to the ends of the narrow strip that forms the handle—

three scallops at each end of the strip. Then the handle is slipped through a small slide made of the ribbon and when it is drawn through the bag falls in the form of an umbrella. The tassel is sewed at the center of the circle of silk.

Work bags that will serve for knitting as well as other kinds of work are made of strips of plain and brocaded ribbon sewed together lengthwise like that shown at the right of the umbrella bag. The top is cut in scallops and draws up on narrow satin ribbons that run through a casing sewed along the base of the scallops in the plain ribbon. Small rings sewed at the sides of the brocaded ribbon are covered with crocheted silk and the narrow ribbon hangers pass from the casing through them.

Below this bag a smaller work bag is gathered over large glass rings. It is made of plain satin ribbon joined with shirings over cord and finished with silk tassels. The bag at the right is made of narrow strips of ribbon feather stitched together. Its mouth is a small embroidery hoop so it is always open and ready to catch whatever may be dropped into it. It hangs from four cords of silk and is finished with a tassel.

Silk Street Suits



Some time before the days of midsummer have really arrived, merchants assemble stocks of silk street suits, ready to be presented when the first hot day comes. These midsummer suits are almost unlimbed, but are carefully designed and distinguished by smart style-touches and needles of finish that place them close to the formal suit class. Clever women sometimes take their graceful but plain suits and tone them up with a little effective hand work, but even without that, they are equal to almost any demand.

There are many pretty suits of heavy taffetas and of gros-de-londre in the displays. One of the new taffeta suits is shown in the picture and it could hardly be simpler or plainer, but it is remarkably good style. The coat opens to the bust line, differing from earlier styles which were open to the waist line. It has a short, flaring skirt portion with three plaits at each side and a little dip in front, all very crisp and spirited. Flat, white pearl buttons fasten it. They invite the addition of a white pique vestee and collar and white cuffs. Altogether they

make this suit irresistibly cool looking, and that is the charm of charms in midsummer. White pumps and stockings might be worn with it to the best advantage.

Among these new silk suits there is one having a coat with three flounces set in across the back that is very pretty. It has narrow pockets set on at each side with rows of small buttons, and a belt of the silk. These belts, in many silk suits, extend around the waist in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner, which is another point of departure from style in cloth suits. The most popular colors are navy, taupe and black, but light colors, as sand gray or white have a daintiness that compensates for their being shorter lived.

Julia Bottomley

The Palm.

To keep a pet palm in order, the leaves should be sponged carefully every week. Don't water palms too often; let the earth become dry, then soak it liberally.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

We get back our mete as we measure. We cannot do wrong and feel right; Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure For justice avenges each slight.

SUMMER DRINKS.

There is possibly no more cooling, refreshing drink to a thirsty throat than one made of lemon juice. As lemons are so common they may be procured anywhere the year round. A nice lemonade always ready is the following: Add to a cupful of strained honey two cupfuls of water and a third of a cupful of lemon juice, boil together 12 minutes, cool and place in a bottle or jar and keep in the ice chest. A few tablespoonfuls of the sirup in a pitcher of water makes a most delicious drink, which may be garnished with a bit of fresh lemon or a sprig of mint.

For those who like ginger the old-fashioned ginger water is most satisfying. Add honey to sweeten, mix well with a tablespoonful of ginger and a pint of chilled water. This has been a harvest drink for the field workers for years. In the old days the sweetening was molasses and it gave the drink a piquant flavor.

Canton Punch.—For ginger lovers this is a great favorite: Chop half a pound of Canton ginger, add a cupful of honey and four cupfuls of cold water. Cover and let stand 30 minutes. Bring gradually to the boiling point and let boil 15 minutes. Add one-half cupful of orange juice, the same of lemon juice; cool, strain and add crushed ice.

Raspberry Shrub.—This delicious fruit sirup should be prepared during the fruit season. Take three pints of raspberries, put into an earthen jar with two cupfuls of elder vinegar; cover and let stand 24 hours, then strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Pour this strained liquor over three pints of fresh berries and let stand again 24 hours; strain again, add to each cupful of juice a cupful of sugar, heat slowly and boil 20 minutes. Bottle and seal.

Chocolate Milk Shake.—Melt four squares of unsweetened chocolate, add two cupfuls of honey, a pinch of salt and 1½ cupfuls of boiling water, boil five minutes. Cool and keep in a jar. A few tablespoonfuls of the sirup, one egg beaten and a cupful of milk; add ice and shake.

More women patients, three to one, are sent to hospitals than men, in times of peace. This comes, in large degree, from the fact that women live indoors, and breathe dust-laden second-hand atmosphere.

WAR-TIME CAKES.

The cakes that patriotic women indulge in are few and on those when first and on those when seldom—honey, sirup (maple or corn), is used instead of sugar. In many cakes barley flour may be substituted for the wheat entirely, making a most tasty cake; in others the wheat flour is saved by using part barley flour.

Sour Cream Spice Cake.—Take a half cupful of sugar, a cupful of sour cream, two tablespoonfuls of corn sirup, three-fourths of a cupful of white flour, a cupful of barley flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of soda, a half teaspoonful of cloves, and the same of grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix as usual and bake in gem pans.

Spice Cake With Sour Milk.—Cream together a cupful of sugar with a third of a cupful of shortening; add a cupful of sour milk, one egg well beaten, a cupful each of barley and wheat flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder, a half teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a third of a teaspoonful of cloves and the same of salt; a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and lastly a cupful of raisins. Beat well and make in a loaf.

Chocolate Cup Cakes.—Cream together a half cupful of sweet fat, a cupful of sugar; add a half cupful of hot water to 1½ squares of chocolate, beat two eggs, sift together one cupful of barley flour, a half cupful of wheat flour, a half teaspoonful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of soda and blend ingredients as usual, using a half cupful of sour milk and raisins and flavoring to taste. Mix, beat well and bake in gem pans.

Barley Chocolate Drop Cakes.—Combine the following ingredients: One-fourth cupful of shortening, one egg, one cupful of barley flour, a half teaspoonful of soda, a square of melted chocolate, a half cupful of nuts, a cupful of sugar, a half cupful of sweet milk, a half cupful of wheat flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a cupful of sugar. This recipe makes three dozen.

When cleaning hardwood floors a mop or cloth dipped in oil is much better to use than one dampened with water. All spots may be washed if necessary and the oil rubbed out of it; this brings back the polish.

Some of your hurts you have cured. And the sharpest you still have survived. But what torments of grief you endured From the evils which never arrived.

CLEANING HINTS.

Before cleaning a room with painted walls, if possible choose a damp or rainy day. Then place a large pan of water on the stove to boil, close the room and let the steam fill the room, then proceed to clean the walls; the steam will have softened and loosened the dust on the walls so that it cleans much easier than without this treatment.

Mirrors are quickly cleaned by using a cloth dampened in alcohol. The polish is easily put on, but care should be taken not to rub a varnished frame with an alcohol cloth.

Old pieces of outing flannel make fine cleaning cloths; it is soft and easily wrung dry.

A cheap floor wax may be made by melting a pound of beeswax and mixing it with three pints of turpentine. Melt the wax cut in small pieces over hot water.

Melted paraffin wax mixed with turpentine makes a fine mixture for dust cloths; dip the cloth into the mixture, wring out, and it is ready to use for several months.

A little paraffin used on the kitchen range keeps it looking much better than any other treatment. This is a good dressing to give stoves left during a season (unused), as it prevents rust.

Clean paint brushes by soaking them in vinegar (hot), then wash in soap suds and they may be put away soft and clean.

Muriatic acid will dissolve the lime in the teakettle, and the deposit of iron in the sink and the toilet; use it on a swab in the porcelain-lined vessels, and be sure not to leave it too long or it will dissolve the enamel itself. If used in the teakettle, great care should be used to boil it out with fresh water before using again, as the acid is poisonous.

Before working in the garden fill the nails with soap, then there will be less manuring to be done after the work is over.

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work and to live and be happy.—Stevenson.

THE QUEEN OF BERRIES.

Strawberries may now be produced throughout the summer and autumn months in northern United States. The plants set in the spring will bear in the fall of the same year. The everbearing variety is very hardy and resists disease, bearing until late fall when heavy frosts come.

When the berries first arrive from the South they are too expensive for general use, but a few for a garnish to puddings or ices will satisfy the appetite for the delicious fruit. One does not wish to lose the joy of the home-grown berries by indulging too freely in the early ones. It is more economical, saves shipping expense, and is all round more loyal in war time to eat of our own products.

An angel food baked in a square tin, then cut in squares heaped with sweetened whipped cream and crushed sweetened berries, makes a dessert par excellence.

Strawberry Salad.—This is a delightful way of serving the berry. Cut large fine berries in half, serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing, using four tablespoonfuls of oil to one of lemon juice, a bit of salt, paprika, powdered sugar and a dash of cayenne.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Add a pint of sugar to a quart of cream with a teaspoonful of vanilla and freeze; when partly frozen open the freezer, add a pint of strained strawberry juice from berries which have been put through a sieve. Let stand four hours to ripen.

Strawberry Tapioca.—Wash and cook a cupful of tapioca, adding a pint of water and cooking until clear and soft. When cold add a quart of strawberries sliced; serve with sugar and cream.

Strawberry Pie.—Make a pastry shell and bake it. Fill the shell with sliced berries, mixed with sugar; heap over it sweetened whipped cream and dot with sliced berries. Serve cut as any pie.

Strawberries crushed with sugar mixed with cream make delicious cake filling.

Nellie Maxwell

Coughing Spreads Disease.

According to Surgeon General Gorgas, practically all the sickness and death in the nation's new armies has been caused by diseases of the respiratory organs. This is his reason for starting an educational campaign against promiscuous coughing, sneezing and spitting, for it is by these alone that such diseases are spread.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

DOG A PROBLEM IN ENGLAND

Diminishing Food Supply Makes Canine Industry Difficult One From War Standpoint.

The British government is wrestling with the problem of what to do with dogs, in view of the rapidly diminishing stocks of food. It seems settled that the number of dogs is to be reduced. There are hardly any dog biscuits left, and no more will be manufactured, as the low grade flour from which they are made is wanted for the textile trades.

Bonar Law, Chancellor of the exchequer, refused to include a heavy tax on dogs in his budget, which he introduced in the last week of April. His friends said that such a tax would kill dog-breeding as an industry, and would work unequally between rich and poor. The poor man's dog would be sacrificed, while the pampered Pekinese would flourish.

Now the alternative proposal is to prohibit the breeding of dogs during the war except under license. The effect of this would be to allow the perpetuation of pedigreed breeds, which have taken many years and large sums of money to produce, and also useful dogs, like sheep dogs and army dogs. The breeding of mongrels and probably of purely fancy dogs would be prohibited.

There will be no interference with people who already have dogs. They will in the future need all their ingenuity to keep pets fed.

Foggy In Camp.

It was an unusually foggy morning at Camp Grant. The soldiers were in line as usual ready for drilling, but the sergeant noticed that somebody was out of place, he being quite a distance away. He called to him to get in line, but no answer was received nor did the object stir. After calling and motioning to him several times he walked up to him, when to his dismay he found he had been talking to a post.

A Good Business Plan.

She—I think it is so silly to throw kisses. Don't you?

He—Rather. I always deliver the goods.

Good Friday—really "God's Friday,"—is in some parts of Europe called "Black Friday."



Better Off if you drink INSTANT POSTUM instead of coffee. Postum is nutritious, healthful, economical, delicious and American. TRY IT FOR EVERY GOOD REASON

Tripping the Light Fantastic Is Called "Hugging Set to Music"

By BILLY SUNDAY



Dances are simply hugging set to music. Cards are the tools of the gamblers—the only thing more crooked is horseracing. Not all theater plays are immoral, but the few exceptions only prove the danger of most of them.

If the dance is only a matter of exercise and grace and makes no appeal to the passions, try to have the men dance together, and the women dance together. It would kill the dance in two weeks.

Card playing and dancing are greater enemies to the spiritual life of the church than the saloon. Not that they are worse than the saloon, but they damage the spiritual life of the church more. I do not condemn the theater as an institution. It has noble people in it, like Maude Adams, the late Joe Jefferson, David Warfield and others, but it is run for the purpose of amusement and not for instruction.

When it presents a story of a harlot, why that story is told to entertain the people in the audience, not to elevate their souls. It is not to point out the pitfalls for the unwary feet.

As for drinking, that gang is not satisfied with damaging our men and debauching our boys, but the dirty, stinking whisky business is damning and debauching our women. A few years ago you couldn't find a decent woman drinking or smoking—now go around to our hotels!

It is estimated that there are some five hundred thousand fallen women in this country. Of that number 375,000 attribute their fall as a result of the dance.

Contentment May Be Attained by True Simplicity and Devotion

By NORMAN HAPGOOD in Leslie's

Why is it few people can act on truths put forth by great thinkers; for example, that the unselfish are happier than the selfish? In discussing the progress of fellowship in industry, people constantly speak to me as if granting benefits to labor were a "sacrifice." So, as we are constituted, I suppose it is. Why is it not rather a privilege? Do we not know in our hearts that simplicity and devotion give a contentment no accumulation of material things can rival? Is it not mere lack of courage that keeps us from trying in our own lives just a little of the New Testament? Indeed, is there anything more tragic than to die without ever having given the great spiritual truths a chance in practice?

I have been looking carefully into the early stages of co-operation in a small manufacturing plant. The plan started about a year ago. All questions concerning factory employment go first to a committee in which most of the members are factory employees. The head of the concern has differed with the committee but once, and then he was right, as when he stated his view the committee voluntarily reversed its previous decision by something like ten to one. This concern last year paid exactly the same dividends on wages that it paid on capital. The president of the company intends to carry the plan further, as far as control goes, as rapidly as the education of the employees makes it possible. He has no desire to pile up such a fortune that neither he nor his descendants for generations will know the necessity of doing their share in order to live. He is without fear and without indolence. I know him and I know also many of the other type of capitalists, who cling to all the power and all the profits.

Community Must Awaken to Importance of Controlling Feeble-Mindedness

By GEORGE A. HASTINGS, State Charities Aid Association of New York

Feeble-mindedness is sapping the vital forces of the nation and is a very real danger to democracy. As a cure for the evil community control through identification, registration, instruction, supervision and segregation is urged.

A complete census of the feeble-minded in this country has never been taken, but it is estimated that there is one feeble-minded person to every 250 of the population, or approximately 400,000 in all. About 12,000 men have been rejected from the new National army on account of nervous and mental disorders, and one-third of these were rejected on account of feeble-mindedness.

The community must awaken to the importance of controlling feeble-mindedness, or the increasing burden of crime, inefficiency, disease, immorality and poverty resulting from it will stagger coming generations. The effect of the prevalence of feeble-mindedness on the effective man power of the nation, in the light of the National army figures, can scarcely be called negligible.

Public's Service to Crippled Man Is to Find Him Proper Employment

By ALBERT WOODRICKER, Chicago

In the past the attitude of the public has been a greater handicap to the cripple than his physical disability. People have assumed him to be helpless. Too often than otherwise they have persuaded him to become so. As a certain writer said recently:

"For the disabled soldier there has been 'hero worship,' for the civilian cripple there has been a futile kind of sympathy, which, in some instances at least, does the cripple more harm than good."

All that most cripples need, I believe, is the kind of job they are fitted for and perhaps a little training in preparation for it. I have been told there are hundreds of seriously crippled men now holding down jobs of importance.

I think, therefore, the public's service to the crippled man is to find for him a good job. In fact, as idleness is a calamity, society should demand of the cripple that he get back into the work of the world. In the majority of instances you would find him only too ready to do so.

ANOTHER WORLD'S RECORD FOR BUTTER PRODUCTION BROKEN BY HOLSTEIN COW



FAIRVIEW KORNDYKE MATA.

Records for butter production are being broken thick and fast by Holstein cows these days. Fairview Korndyke Mata has just broken the world's record by producing in 30 days the enormous amount of 185.31 pounds of butter from 3,216 pounds of milk—an average of 6.17 pounds per day for 30 days.

The best previous record was held by the purebred Holstein cow, Ormsby Jane Segis Angie, with 183.11 pounds in 30 days to her credit.

Fairview Korndyke Mata recently completed a seven-day test, winning

laurels as the twenty-third Holstein to join the list of 40-pound cows with the production of 48.71 pounds of butter in the week—the second highest record for the week. Her test was continued for the month with the result that she is now one of the world's record holders. Her sire is Pontiac Korndyke; her dam is Princess Matador. She is owned by Oliver Cabana, Jr., of Elma Center, N. Y.

Fairview Korndyke Mata is six years and six months old, so she has many more years of usefulness ahead of her.

FARM LABOR IS BIG PROBLEM THIS YEAR

War Emergency Calls for Greatest Efforts to Produce Food.

Both Country and City People Must Sacrifice Comfort to Furnish Power to Cultivate and Harvest Necessary Crops.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In a statement issued by Clarence Ousley, assistant secretary of agriculture, attention is called to the fact that both country and city people must sacrifice something of their comfort to furnish the necessary man power to cultivate and harvest crops necessary this year to carry on the war. That part of the statement which deals directly with farm labor and what the department of agriculture is doing to solve the problem, follows:

The principal difficulty in farming operations for 1918 is the problem of labor. That is serious, but it is not insuperable. The department of agriculture has farm-labor offices in nearly all of the states working in co-operation with the agricultural colleges, the county agents and other state activities, and the department of labor has employment offices in nearly all of the centers of population. These two departments together are enabled to contribute much to the solution of the problem by furnishing information and by shifting labor from neighborhood to neighborhood as the seasonal demand passes, and generally by bringing together the laborer and the employer. But when all has been done that may be done by these departments or by any other governmental agency, much will remain to be done by the states and communities, especially by the cities, for there is not enough labor seeking employment to supply the farms for cultivation and harvesting. For years the cities with their great fortunes and bright lights have been drawing young men from the farms. The war has merely precipitated a drift that sooner or later would have caused more or less of a food crisis. In peace times that is a matter that might well be left to readjust itself through such reduced production and consequent high prices as would make farming more profitable and attract men to the industry. But in the war emergency we must have food at all costs, and since there is no way of getting it without labor, and since labor is lacking, the cities must sacrifice something and harvest the crops. In many towns and cities last year the business men closed their establishments or spared numbers of their employees to help the farmers. In a few places already business men are taking surveys and are making pledges to furnish labor which has farm experience, to the adjoining communities as may be needed. The same methods must be put into practice in every town and city adjacent to a farming region. The men of the cities must be brought to understand the vital importance of agriculture. Many of them have sneered at it or have regarded it with indifference. Now they must lend it much of their thought and their effort. They should understand that the United States is going to furnish food to the armies and the civil population behind them, and they may depend upon it that the farmers will feed themselves. It behooves the cities therefore to take some thought of their own sustenance by readjusting their activities. There is hardly a business or an industry in the United States that cannot spare temporarily for the cultivation and harvesting seasons a considerable part of its man power, or even close, say, for three to seven days during the period as the

local need appears. In many cases women can take the places of men for the lighter commercial and industrial tasks so that the men who have farm experience may be available for farm needs. In many cases women can do light work on the farm, such as dairying, cultivating vegetables and gathering fruit. The details must be worked out by each community. It is not possible to devise a general system, because conditions vary on every farm and in each neighborhood.

In many of the industrial centers wages are so high that a large number of men are content to work only a part of the time. Either by public sentiment or industrial regulations—if need be by vagrancy laws—there must be a full utilization of man power. It is not possible for the national government to compel or even to direct such readjustments. There is not wisdom enough in this congress or in any congress that could be assembled to solve all these local and regional problems. States, communities and individuals of influence must take responsibility. Washington cannot create labor and should not compel employment. Local initiative and local responsibility must be exercised to the fullest extent.

The farmers will do their full duty in planting. The governmental agencies will do all that they can do and we may reasonably expect a normal season. If the people of the communities, especially of the cities, will assume their part of the burden, there need be no doubt of the result, but if the cities persist in plunging for profit and in enjoying their ease, expecting the government and the farmers to work miracles, then those who are neither fighters nor producers may suffer some privation.

CIVILIANS AID HARVEST

If soldiers are willing to serve in the trenches, to dig ditches, build railroads and risk their lives, many civilians can well afford to spare a part of their time to serve in the furrows and in the harvest fields.—Secretary of Agriculture.

WORK GARDENS ALL SUMMER

Plan to Have Succession of Crops as Many Plantings May Be Made Before Autumn.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Garden planting should not stop when the seed and plants are set out in the ground, but other crops should be planted during the summer—as many plantings as can be matured before the killing frosts in the fall—so as to have a succession of vegetables. The gardener who is content with but one crop does not get the maximum benefit from his land and labor.

The gardener who is uncertain as to when Jack Frost is likely to appear in the fall, and as to how far in advance of his appearance the last crops should be planted, can find information on these points in "The Farm Garden in the North," Farmers' Bulletin 937, issued for free distribution by the United States department of agriculture.

This bulletin, which is offered to city gardeners as well as to those in the country and which contains information of equal value to both, has a zone map of the United States based on the average dates of the first killing frost in autumn. By referring to the map, the approximate latest safe date for planting any crop in any of the various zones may be determined. The bulletin also contains a table giving the latest safe dates for planting vegetable seeds in the open in the Northern states and telling the period necessary for maturity of the various crops.

ALL HE WANTED TO KNOW

Interview With One Dealer Satisfied Shovel Maker That He Had No Need to Worry.

Many delightful villagers appear in Miss Rosalind Richards' "A Northern Countryside" there are people amusing and lovable, eccentric and pathetic. Old Ellphalet Marston, hero of one brief anecdote, stands out among them all as the best exemplification of the principles on which real business success is founded.

Ellphalet, who built and owned the shovel factory, made it his study to produce the best-wearing and the soundest shovel that could be made. In later life his son wanted to induce him to go about through the country, look up his customers, and do what he could to increase trade. The son was very emphatic about it. It was what every one did, the only way to keep up-to-date and advertise the business, and Ellphalet must not become moss-grown. The old man shook his head, but after much discussion consented to start off, although he was not really persuaded of the wisdom of the suggestion.

He went to a big wholesale dealer in Chicago, but did not mention his name—merely said he was there to talk shovels.

"Don't mention shovels to me," said the dealer. "There's just one shovel that's worth having, just one that's honest, and that's the one that I'm handling. There it is," he said, producing it. "Look at it! That's the only shovel that's made in this country; made by a man named Marston, at Marston Plains, state of —"

Ellphalet chuckled and went home.—Youth's Companion.

CUSTOM FOR CUSTOM'S SAKE

English Church Authorities Continue to Distribute Coins, Though Reason for Doing So Is Forgotten.

In accordance with ancient custom, six-penny pieces were distributed on Good Friday in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield, to 21 widows, resident in the parish of St. Bartholomew. The coins were dropped upon one of the flat tombstones by Corporal W. H. Irons, R. E. (under church warden), and the widows, whose ages ranged from eighty-five to sixty, were required to pick them up. Concerning the origin of the custom, nothing is definitely known. Until Mr. Butterworth, some thirty years ago, invested a sum of money sufficient to assure what was needed to continue the custom on Good Fridays, the distribution was in danger of being discontinued, inasmuch as there was no fund from which the money was supplied. Until then the expense was borne by the church wardens. The nave of the church once stood upon the spot where the money is now distributed, but was destroyed at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. Mr. Deputy Turner, who died last year, had conducted the ceremony for 30 years.—London Morning Post.

New Chapter in Anthropology.

It is an extraordinary chapter in anthropology that Prof. Wood-Jones, of the University of London, reads in the Talgai skull and associated remains discovered in New South Wales in 1889. The antiquity suggested is far greater than that of the European ancient skulls, and, instead of being descendants of the anthropoid apes, the human race is shown to have been so highly developed as to have boats and domesticated dogs before the apes appeared. This skull, distinctly human and highly mineralized, was in a stratum with extinct pouched animals. Bones of dingo dogs were found in a similar stratum, and with them bones of extinct pouched animals that had been gnawed by the dogs. Only pouched animals were known in Australia at the time of Captain Cook. Australia has been an island since pouched animals were evolved, and it is argued that the Talgai man must have come in a boat with his family and dogs.

Something to "Greet" About.

Persons casting about for something to worry about may take pleasure in recalling from "The Little Minister" the manner in which self-styled simple folk in Scotland regard the northern lights—"the devil's rainbow." Waster Lunny called it. "I saw it six times in July month," he said, "and it made me shut my een. You was out admiring it, domine, but I can never forget that it was seen in the year '12 just afore the great storm. I was only a laddie then, but I mind how that awful wind stripped a' the standing corn in the glen in less time than we've been here at the water's edge. It was called the dell's bosom. My father's himost words to me was, 'It's time enouch to greet, laddie, when you see the aurora borealis.'" Waster Lunny was "greeting" o'er the drought then, but twelve hours later the Quahary was out of its banks, washing out the corn and with a year's store of wool on its crest was dashing out to sea.

How to Use the Telephone.

Telephone experts declare that if a person speaking over a phone holds the transmitter four inches from his mouth it is equivalent to adding about 220 miles to the line over which he is conversing. Carelessness in using a telephone is one of the common causes for indistinct transmission. The best results are obtained by allowing about half an inch to intervene between the mouth and the transmitter, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine.

WIFE A STRANGER TO DENVER MAN

Victim of Aphasia Has Remarkable Career in Mexico and United States.

Denver, Colo.—Physicians in Denver are puzzled over an extraordinary form of aphasia that has come to their attention through the story recounted by the principal himself. The name of the man is not disclosed, but he is being treated by Dr. Grover Phillips and other specialists. Though he was a gas engine expert, a mine promoter and prosperous business man,



Now His Memory Is Sealed.

the victim of the disease remembers nothing back of the date on which he was stricken. His wife and baby are utter strangers to him, so utterly has his peculiar illness wiped out the man's memory. The only aid the man can bring from his obliterated past is whatever recollection his young wife may have concerning any point that he may desire to be enlightened upon. In answer to queries he is forced to say:

"I don't know, but my wife tells me so and so." Even the identity of his wife had to be impressed on the man by physicians.

The afflicted young man, who is being treated in Denver, is thirty-six years of age, of good physique and pleasing personality. He seems to be a man of ordinary refinement. Prior to his affliction he was an expert gas engine mechanic.

According to the wife's story, her husband used to talk over business affairs with her and always assured her that if anything happened to him there was sufficient funds ahead to care for her and their child. Now his memory is sealed and there is no way to learn where that fortune is.

Before the Mexican war the victim of aphasia was engaged in mining enterprises in Mexico, but these were wiped out by the war. Then he went West to regain health and fortune and recently purchased a farm tractor on which he hoped to recoup his fortune. He was working on this machine when stricken with a disease first diagnosed as quinsy. Later it affected his mind.

"Drop It," Says Parrot; Thief Obeys Command

Seattle, Wash.—"Drop it, drop it." And the burglar fled. He stopped his search for jewelry with more than \$500 within easy reach and kept only one ring valued at \$100. And all because the parrot in the home of C. E. Loomis, in this city, saw the thief and gave the alarming command.

WIFE'S LOYALTY SAVES MAN

West Virginia Judge Is Lenient When Woman Would Share Husband's Punishment.

Charlestown, W. Va.—His wife's loyalty saved Rufus King from a longer term in the penitentiary when the burglary and larceny indictment against Mr. and Mrs. King jointly came up.

An offer of clemency to Mrs. King was held out by attorneys on condition that King enter a plea of guilty, take the maximum sentence and let his wife go free. She promptly and positively refused and said she would share whatever punishment would be given him.

They were allowed to plead guilty and each was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Finds Fortune in Cellar.

Hopkinsville, Ky.—Buried in loose sand on the floor of the cellar of the home of the late Thomas Wood was found \$3,620 in gold coin. The dates of the coin, mostly \$20 gold pieces, ran back to 1890 and on up to 1908. Hidden in an old book spread out between the leaves, currency to the amount of \$2,078 was found. Wood and his aged father lived alone for many years. Some of the currency was issued more than thirty years ago.

TAKES HIS MEALS THROUGH A TUBE

Missouri Farmer Has Not Swallowed Food in More Than Twenty Years.

USES A SIMPLE DIET

"Makeshift" Feeding Attachment Not Only Saves Man's Life, but Insures Him Excellent Health and Happiness.

Macon, Mo.—Thomas Tilden Arbuckle, a farmer residing near here, has not swallowed a bite of solid food or liquid during the past twenty years, commencing him in more ways than one to Food Administrator Hoover. During all these years Arbuckle has fed himself through a tube which he inserts into the stomach through a narrow incision. Arbuckle "eats" with a relish, soup, Irish potatoes thinned with milk, coffee, molasses and has even tried beer. He weighs 140 pounds, is five feet and seven inches tall, is married and is the father of four children. Since recovering from an operation to his throat May 23, 1898, he has not had a sick day in his life, all of which he attributes to his simple diet. He declares that if more people were more enthusiastic about Hooverizing they would spend less on medicine and doctors.

Tube Used as "Makeshift." Arbuckle lived in Louisville, Ky., at the time his throat became clogged as the result of an attack of typhoid fever. His brother, who suffered from a similar affliction, died when he became unable to swallow. The doctors therefore determined to take a chance



Mr. Arbuckle Feeding Himself.

with Thomas and they made an incision in the "greater curvature of the stomach."

"Of course it's only a makeshift, Tom," they explained, "but it will keep you going a while, and maybe we can think up something else in time."

That "makeshift" feeding attachment is in use by Mr. Arbuckle today, only he has added a small funnel so as to make it easier to get the food into the tube.

Arbuckle's home is on the Thomas Brockman farm, in Lyda township, Macon county, Missouri, and Mr. Brockman says he has never had a more capable workman. When dinner time comes and the men gather about the table, Arbuckle's food is brought to him in bowls and cups, he gets out his rubber tube and funnel and enjoys his meal as well as the rest, and after dinner he lights his pipe and makes as big smoke rings as anybody.

Easy to Control an "Overload." Arbuckle takes no water from September until May, the liquid food furnishing sufficient moisture during those months. But during the warm months he uses water heavily, often taking from a quart to half a gallon at a time. Should he misjudge the capacity of his stomach, and overload it, he has a siphon by which he can quickly relieve the pain. In November, Arbuckle will be forty-one. He was married in Indiana 12 years ago.

"I've been feeding myself this way so long there doesn't seem anything strange about it," says Arbuckle. "I get hungry and in a way enjoy what I 'eat,' same as most people, I guess. I sleep well, and am strong and healthy. After I recovered from the operation on my throat, I got all right, and have had better health than the average man. Only four days, as I remember it, have I been laid off work on account of sickness in the 20 years." Arbuckle held out his muscular arm. "You can see by that my physical condition. My case seems to be a demonstration that people generally eat too much; that good health and vitality are the rewards for using easily digested foods, in moderate quantities. At least it has worked that way in my case."

Says Men Are Mushy.

Uhrichsville, O.—"The mushy attempts of occasional men passengers who propose marriage," is the only drawback in her work seen by Mrs. Belle Stahl, thirty-eight, Ohio's only woman trolley conductor.

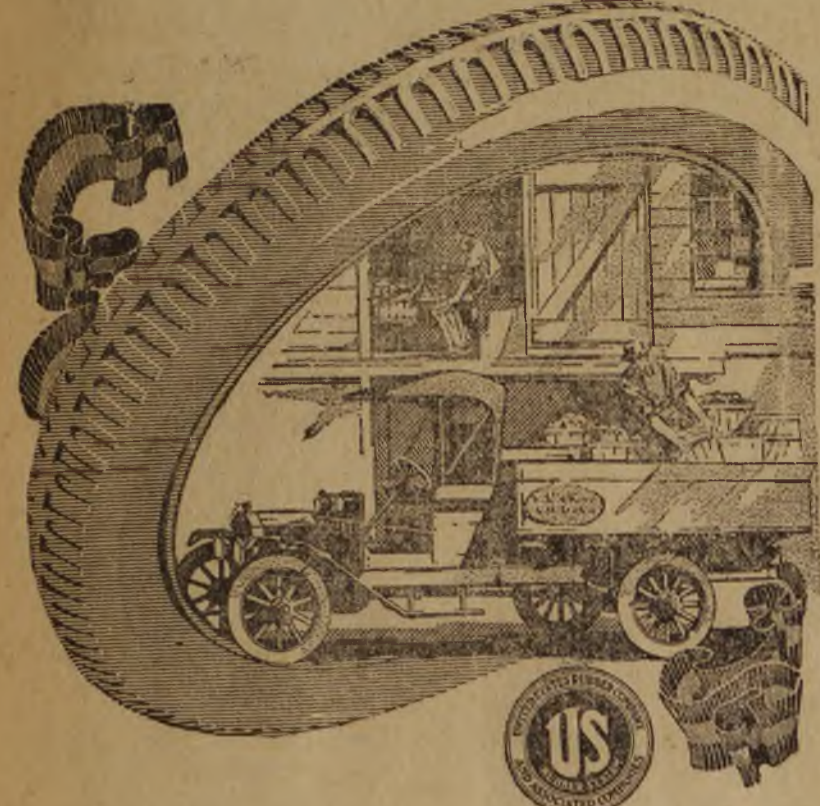
KINGSTON NEWS

Eddie Phelps was home from Rockford Sunday.
Miss Lena Bacon was home from Elgin Sunday.
Miss Ina Swanson entertained Miss Ina Wickler of Fairdale over Sunday.

Miss Daisy Ball was home from Sycamore Sunday.
Miss May Bickler is visiting relatives in Sterling.
Miss Walda Baars is home from Kirkland this week.
James Cunningham visited the past few days in Kirkland.
Miss Gladys Burges was a Belvidere visitor Saturday.
A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Uplinger last Friday, June 21.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cunningham Thursday, June 20. We are sorry to note that A. J. Lettow is confined to his home with sickness.
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Swanson and daughter, Ina, motored to Fairdale Monday.
Mrs. G. D. Wyllys entertained her daughter, Mrs. Mattie Sisson, of DeKalb Sunday.
Harry Carlson of Sycamore was the guest at the Benj. Knappenberger home Sunday.

Miss Beatrice Ort was the guest of Miss Beth Scott in Genoa Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs. Margaret Frazier of Genoa has been the guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Harlow.
Mrs. H. F. Branch and daughter, Esther, of DeKalb visited relatives her one day last week.
Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Burton and children visited Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Lucas in Belvidere.
Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gross entertained their grandson, Willis Gross, Jr., of Esmond the first of the week.
Alexander Stevens returned to his home in DeKalb last Thursday after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Smith.



War Has Multiplied the Value of Good Tires

Never were cars so necessary—both in business and domestic life.

Never was their continuous and economical use so imperative.

Never was freedom from tire trouble and tire expense so absolutely essential.

The rapidly growing demand for United States Tires prove their war-time worth.

Thousands of motorists each week are turning to United States Tires to get dependability and economy.

United States Tires last longest and carry you farthest at least cost.

They enable you to make the most of your car—passenger or commercial—now, when it is more than ever a vital war-time necessity.

There is a United States Tire for every possible need.

Our nearest Sales and Service Depot will tell you which ones you should have.

United States Tires are Good Tires

We know United States Tires are GOOD Tires. That's why we sell them. HOOVER'S GARAGE.

Don't forget about the picnic given under auspices of the Red Cross in the Kingston Township Park on the Fourth of July.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simmons entertained Misses Edith Rindesbacher and Freda Jecklin of Stockton Saturday and Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. John Helsdon, Mrs. J. P. Ort, Nellie and Burnell Bell and John Helsdon, the latter of DeKalb, motored to Belvidere Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Merle Warden and son, Howard, of DeKalb were the guests of Mrs. Warden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Knappenberger, Sunday.

There will be a patriotic and temperance program in the Baptist church Friday evening, June 28. One-half of the proceeds will be given to the Red Cross.
Floyd Knappenberger was home from Centralia the first of the week. He leaves Friday for Georgia where he will be training so as to help Uncle Sam, as he has enlisted in the Engineering Corps.

Mrs. Arthur Simmons entertained Misses Lenora Chelgreen, Victoria Gnekow, Edith Moore and Doris Sherman and Misses Edith Rindesbacher and Freda Jecklin at a picnic supper in the Kingston Park last Saturday.

Last Friday morning as Fred Taylor and Early Gray were starting to take some horses to DeKalb to a horse sale, one of the horses kicked Mr. Taylor in the face, breaking the jaw bone and crushing the bones of the face. Dr. Burton was called and the victim was taken to the Sycamore Hospital where it is getting along as well as could be expected.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hartman spent a few days at the Lester Elklor home last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ewing and Miss Winnifred Ritz of Marengo spent Sunday at Chas. Coon's.
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cook, Mrs. E. C. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. I. Bickler and daughter, May, motored to Sterling Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Colton Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Roth and Fred Roth of Union were Sunday callers at the Lem Gray home.
H. Koerner and family, John Botcher and family, Wm. Botcher and family, Joe Koerner, Mr. and Mrs. H. Japp and J. Japp and family attended the picnic at Fred Wettering's.

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How does this sound?

Last week we had two customers drive from a town of over 50,000 population to buy a suit of clothes. They told us that they could pay for their gasoline and lose a day's wages and still save money by buying here. They had heard of the bargains we are offering.

COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT OUR

\$15
\$20
\$25 Suits

Remember, they will cost more later.

Bixby-Hughes Clo. Co.
Walk-OverShoes Latest in Shirts

ONE EXPRESS COMPANY

Government will take Over Express Interests After July 1

There will be but one express company in the United States after July 1, when all the working forces, offices, equipment, good will and other assets of the present companies will be pooled. In other words the express carrying business will become a trust run by the federal government and Uncle Sam will be the expressman. The business will be conducted as a side issue of the federal railroad business under the direction of Wm. G. McAdoo.

Increased economy and efficiency by reason of elimination of competition will be effected, as well as simplification and improvement of the service. The most noticeable benefit to follow, however, is that of the entire country being served by a single express company, where gaps and overlapping territory have been expensive and not satisfactory.

TOO DARN NEWSY

The DeKalb Chronicle says that one of the faithful young sons of that city wrote home to his mother from the front in France a long letter and when it reached her it had all been censored out but the words "Dear Mother" and "Your affectionate son." The officer who corrected it then added, "Dear Madam: Your son is well but he is too darn newsy."



Modern Home Planning

Don't waste your time and tax your temper trying to figure out your building problems. If you are thinking of building—whether it's a house, barn, garage or poultry house—come in and see us.

Building Plans—Material

We can show you building plans for all kinds of buildings for both farm and town purposes. And we can give you ideas and suggestions that may save you considerable money.

We can supply all kinds of building material at rock bottom prices and will gladly furnish estimates.

Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co.
ORRIN MERRITT, Mgr.

Wants, For Sale, Etc.

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

Lands and City Property

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

Lost and Found

FOUND—A red and white bull, in my pasture. Owner please call, pay the charges and take him away. Ira Nichols.

FOUND—Pair gold bowed glasses. Owner may have same by paying advertising charges at Republican-Journal office. 35-tf.....

LOST—Ring of keys with insurance tag attached. Finder please leave same with the owner, C. D. Schoonmaker, and receive reward.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Staver Carriage, used only a short time. Inquire of H. M. Crawford, Genoa 36-2t.*

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. 24-tf

Wanted

OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED—DON'T MATTER IF BROKEN—We pay up to 15 dollars per set. Also cash for old Gold, Silver and broken Jewelry. Check sent by return mail. Goods held ten days for sender's approval of our offer. Mazer's Tooth Specialty, Dept. A, 2007 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 33-8t.*

Pianos and Victrolas

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

Evaline Lodge
No. 344
2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall
W. J. Prain, Prefect
Fannie M. Heed, Secy.

Genoa Lodge No. 288
A. F. & A. M.
Meets Second and Fourth Tuesdays of Each Month
F. F. Little, W. M. T. M. Frazier, Sec
MASTER MASONS WELCOME

Genoa Lodge
No. 768
I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Monday Evening in Odd Fellow Hall
John Gray, N. G. J. W. Sowers, Sec.

Dr. D. Orval Thompson
OSTEOPATH
SYCAMORE - ILL.
Member Faculty Chicago College of Osteopathy

GENOA CAMP NO. 163
M. W. A.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting neighbors welcome
B. C. Awe, V. C. R. H. Brown, Clerk

Della Rebeckah Lodge
NO. 330
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday of Each Month Odd Fellow Hall
Blanche R. Patterson Edna Abraham
N. G. Sec.

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

DR. J. W. OVITZ
Physician and Surgeon
Office Over Cooper's Store
Hours: 11:00 to 12:00 a. m.
2:00 to 4:30 p. m.
Phone No. 11 7:00 to 8:30 p. m.

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

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.
27-tf* W. W. Coultas.

OUR ANNUAL Summer Piano Clearance Sale NOW IN PROGRESS

Over forty pianos and Player-pianos of some of the best known makes. A great many people are taking advantage of this opportunity to get a high grade piano or piano player at a great saving, as this stock was purchased before the big advance in price, and means a saving of \$75 to \$150.

Piano prices are to go higher as all manufacturers have been forced to advance prices on the scarcity of material and labor

In our exchange department can be found a number of slightly used pianos of well known makes at prices as low as \$75 to \$200. These pianos have been thoroughly overhauled and guaranteed to be in first class condition. Call and see them.

Every time a piano leaves this store our reputation is at stake. If we cannot guarantee a piano it will not be offered for sale. When you buy here you get absolute satisfaction.

A FINAL WORD TO PROSPECTIVE BUYERS

If you ever hope to purchase a piano or player-piano and if you have the remotest idea of buying one within the next five years it will pay you to investigate these prices. Easy terms may be arranged.

WE CARRY THE COMPLETE LINE OF VICTOR VICTROLAS, SONORAS AND RECORDS.

PIANOS TUNED AND REPAIRED BY WORKMEN OF HIGHEST SKILL.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS DURING SALE

Lewis & Palmer Music Company
223 East Lincoln Highway, DeKalb, Illinois Telephone 338