

The Genoa Republican-Journal

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GENOA, ILLINOIS, APRIL 26, 1918

VOLUME XIII, NO. 27

CITY TREASURER ANNUAL REPORT

Showing Disposition of City Funds During the Year Just Closed

FIFTEEN THOUSAND IS RECORDED

A Comprehensive Departmental Report that the Average Citizen can Read and Understand

County of DeKalb, State of Illinois

CITY OF GENOA

The following is a statement by V. J. Corson, Treasurer of the City of Genoa, in the County and state aforesaid, of the amount of public funds received and expended by him from May 1, 1917, to April 2, 1918, showing the amount of funds on hand at the commencement of said fiscal year, the amount of public funds received and from what sources received, the amount of public funds expended and for what purpose expended, during the said fiscal year, ending as aforesaid.

The said V. J. Corson, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the following statement by him subscribed, is a correct statement of the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of public funds received, and the sources from which received, and the amount expended and purpose for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

V. J. Corson, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of April, A. D. 1918.

E. W. Brown, Notary Public.

Funds Received and from What Sources Received

Date Amount

1917

May 15, from T. M. Frazier, former treasurer \$1011.46

May 15, from T. M. Frazier, former treasurer 24.34

Total \$1035.80

Water

May 2, L. F. Scott, city clerk 150.44

May 16, L. F. Scott, city clerk 108.68

May 16, L. F. Scott, city clerk 188.44

June 4, L. F. Scott, city clerk 37.31

June 4, L. F. Scott, city clerk 43.33

June 12, L. F. Scott, city clerk 23.00

June 15, L. F. Scott, city clerk 194.02

June 19, L. F. Scott, city clerk 40.63

June 25, L. F. Scott, city clerk 69.27

July 2, L. F. Scott, city clerk 139.99

July 5, L. F. Scott, city clerk 3.95

July 12, L. F. Scott, city clerk 130.93

July 31, L. F. Scott, city clerk 15.00

Aug. 29, L. F. Scott, city clerk 13.34

Sept. 5, L. F. Scott, city clerk 1.80

Sept. 29, L. F. Scott, city clerk 352.34

Oct. 3, L. F. Scott, city clerk 224.76

Oct. 3, L. F. Scott, city clerk 1.10

Dec. 5, L. F. Scott, city clerk 7.46

1918

Jan. 3, L. F. Scott, city clerk 510.25

Apr. 2, L. F. Scott, city clerk 513.09

Total \$2772.65

Licenses

May 16, L. F. Scott, city clerk 87.00

June 4, L. F. Scott, city clerk 12.50

July 12, L. F. Scott, city clerk 10.00

July 17, L. F. Scott, city clerk 20.50

Aug. 29, L. F. Scott, city clerk 10.00

Nov. 5, L. F. Scott, city clerk 17.50

Dec. 5, L. F. Scott, city clerk 12.50

Total \$170.00

Fines

June 4, L. F. Scott, city clerk 15.00

June 12, L. F. Scott, city clerk 12.00

June 19, L. F. Scott, city clerk 29.00

June 31, L. F. Scott, city clerk 10.00

Sept. 28, L. F. Scott, city clerk 5.00

Total \$71.00

Taxes

July 2, County Treas., thru city clerk (delinquent tax) 1860.92

1918

Mar. 27, C. D. Schoonmaker, collector, thru city clerk 6012.53

Total \$7873.44

Miscellaneous

June 19, L. F. Scott, city clerk 1.50

June 25, L. F. Scott, city clerk 1.00

July 12, L. F. Scott, city clerk (Dog Tax) 74.00

Sept. 8, L. F. Scott, city clerk (Anticipation Warrant) 1300.00

Oct. 6, L. F. Scott, city clerk (Anticipation Warrant) 400.00

Nov. 3, L. F. Scott, city clerk (Anticipation Warrant) 700.00

Dec. 8, L. F. Scott, city clerk (Anticipation Warrant) 500.00

1918

Feb. 13, L. F. Scott, city clerk (Anticipation Warrant) 300.00

Mar. 4, L. F. Scott, city clerk (Anticipation Warrant) 600.00

Total \$3876.50

Total Funds Received, \$15799.39

Funds Expended and for What Purposes Expended

Date Amount

1917

May 18, Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co., supplies 6.60

May 18, Chicago Gravel Co., gravel 10.12

May 18, Lloyd Layton, teaming 24.50

May 18, Joe Patterson, teaming 17.50

May 19, Ed. Pierce, wages 15.00

May 24, Perkins & Rosefeld, supplies 1.25

June 9, Ole Seeberg, labor 8.25

June 9, Robt. Patterson, teaming 25.50

June 11, Lloyd Layton, teaming 23.00

June 11, Tibbits Cameron Lumber Co., lumber 2.40

June 13, Joe Patterson, teaming 26.00

June 14, Fitch Hannah, teaming 1.50

July 9, Wan Heed, labor and supplies 47.75

July 9, C. M. & St. P. R. R. Co.

THE AMERICAN CREED

One Hundred Words Bring the Author Thousand Dollars

William Tyler Page of Friendship Heights, Md., was awarded Baltimore's \$1,000 prize for the best "American Creed."

The national citizens' creed contest was approved by President Wilson.

The Prize Creed

Page's creed follows:

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity, for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I, therefore, believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

Mr. Page is a descendant of President Tyler, and of a signer of the American Declaration of Independence, Carter Braxton. He was born in Frederick, Md., the birthplace of Francis Scott Key.

C. A. STEWART PRESIDENT

V. S. McNutt and F. A. Holly Elected as Members of School Board

The school election last Saturday was even more quiet than the city election. There was only one set of candidates in the field, and they received fifteen votes. C. A. Stewart was elected as president of the board of education and V. S. McNutt and F. A. Holly as members. The newly elected president has served six years as a member of the board and is in every way qualified for the position. The new members are young men with modern ideas and will be welcomed by the hold-over members. Mr. Holly served on the board some time ago.

The board now consists of the following members: President, C. A. Stewart; members, Mrs. Edith Patterson, Mrs. Agnes Field, S. T. Zeller, O. M. Leich, V. S. McNutt and F. A. Holly.

CAN SELL HENS

Poultry May Now be Sold for Food Says the Food Administration

D. S. Brown, local food administrator, has received the following message from the United States Food Administration:

"You will recall the rule effective February 11th governing dealers in poultry and eggs, which prohibited a licensee from purchasing, shipping, selling or negotiating the sale of any live or freshly killed hens or pullets between the dates of February 11th, 1918, and April 30th, 1918, except for breeding purposes and egg production purposes.

"Please be advised that the limit has been reduced and that after midnight, April 19th, dealings for all purposes may proceed as formerly."

COULTAS' ANNOUNCEMENT

This week W. W. Coultas, the county superintendent of schools, announces his candidacy for reelection to the office which he has so ably filled during the past several years. Mr. Coultas has been an untiring worker for the best interests of the schools of the county as well as for the advancement of educational matters generally. He is known throughout the state for his modern ideas and his fearlessness in expressing his ideas before the public. In many instances, Mr. Coultas might have bettered his chances for securing votes in certain localities, had he acted contrary to his convictions, but that is not one of the characteristics of the man, either in private life or public. Right at the present time The Republican-Journal believes that Mr. Coultas is the logical candidate. The fact that he has held the office for some time is no argument against him as long as he is delivering the goods with an earnestness that means progress in school matters.

Independent Works at Plano

Thursday, April 11, Receiver W. D. Stewart, after postponing the date of sale of the Independent Harvester Co.'s plant two different times, due to no bids, did receive a bid from a responsible syndicate Thursday. The amount we are not able to give at the present time, but understand that it will cover all liabilities of the company, but leave very little, if anything, for the old stockholders.

The factories are running full blast and we feel safe in saying they will continue to do so.—Plano News.

IT IS BONDS NOW OR BONDAGE

This is not a Dream but the Actual State of Affairs Existing

LEND UNCLE SAM YOUR MONEY

Or Give Your All to the Kaiser and His Gang Later on—Are You Making a Decision?

Civilization, as we of America know it, is fighting for existence. If the army of the allies in France has its back against the wall, we are that wall. Should the wall crumble the allied army will be overwhelmed. That wall is our civilization. Into it we have builded all we know of human liberty and right; all we hope for in development and progress.

Progress, as we conceive it, has already been halted by the war—halted for three years. It cannot be resumed until the war is ended; cannot be resumed at all unless the war is ended; it cannot be resumed at all unless the war is ended with the allied nations victorious.

With Prussia triumphant an element new to us will be dominant—the element of Force. It will be dominant in our land as in all other lands, and the first act of Prussia thru triumphant force will be a war indemnity.

This prophecy is not hysterical; it is not an outgrowth of fear; it is the simple assumption that what triumphant Prussia has done universally in her past she will not forego doing to us. Prussia in her whole history never entered upon war except for the loot there was in it, and Prussia forced this war upon the world solely for the loot it would yield.

What is the proof in this war, proof that a war indemnity will be levied upon us if Germany wins?

The looting of Belgium, of Russia, of Roumania and Serbia; indemnities and assessments against every little or big victim of her force.

Belgium scraped to the bone; everything taken that could be carried off, still has to pay an annual levy of \$100,000,000.

Bucharest, when captured, was assessed \$380 per capita.

Chicago is a far, far richer city than Bucharest, and the Prussian takes all the traffic will bear. But assess Chicago on the Bucharest basis, and it would have to give—give not lend—to the Prussian conquerors \$950,000,000; assess Illinois on that basis, the state would have to pay \$2,280,000,000; assess the United States on that basis and the Prussian loot would be \$40,000,000,000.

Staggering as they seem, such assessments will be made and would be but a beginning. There would be annual levies as long as Prussia was dominant. Prussia is out to loot the world, and the measure of her rapacity is the strength of her sword.

What America can, must do, is to strengthen the wall at the back of the allied armies—strengthen it with independent spirit of our people and our will to win, and fortify it with every dollar which can honestly be used to marshal our resources, increase and supply our army in the field.

To do that we must buy Liberty Bonds. They are our bulwark against the weight of the German forces; they are the fortifications of the wall upon which the allied armies rely.

To buy bonds as a defense against Prussian domination and a Prussian war indemnity does not mean the mere investment of surplus capital in sound securities. It does mean buying to the very limit of our ability, at the sacrifice of personal indulgence and thru economies to which we are unaccustomed; it means that we must finance the government to meet all its needs as the war goes on, without looking forward to our own needs and desires beyond the period of the war.

For there is no period beyond the war. We can make no plans that are not based on the outcome of the war. So, until the war is won, the only business any stay-at-home American should or can have, is to do the things required of him to win it. These are to work and buy bonds and to work and buy bonds.

Leaving out of the question duty, patriotism, courage, fidelity to our beliefs and ideals and our desire to survive as a free people, and reducing the desire to the material basis of

ANOTHER CALL

DeKalb County Exemption Board Announces New Calls

The DeKalb County Exemption Board announces the following calls: Call No. 144—Twenty-two men to entrain to Camp Grant during the five day period beginning April 26. Call No. 159—Calls for one colored man to entrain at the same time. Call No. 180—Forty-eight men to entrain for mobilization at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., on May 10 or five days thereafter.

The board has also received an Occupational Call which includes the industrial preferred classification such as railroad work, clerical, carpenters, etc. This class is open to all registrants in the draft and they can make applications at the Board rooms in Sycamore up to April 27.

The Exemption Board states that any man who is registered in DeKalb county in draft in class 1A and has not been called for medical examination, should report at the court house in Sycamore on Tuesday morning, April 23, at nine o'clock.

ONE TRIP A DAY

Interurban Line to Limit Schedule Between Genoa and Marengo

Marengo Republican: A change is to be made in the schedule of trains on the Woodstock & Sycamore traction line. Commencing May 1 only one train a day is to be operated between Genoa and Marengo according to General Manager T. D. Ryan, who was a visitor here yesterday. The train will leave Genoa in the afternoon and lay over here for an hour for the benefit of shoppers from this place and Genoa. The intended reduction in the train service is owing to scant patronage, the receipts not being equal to the actual operating expenses. On the other end of the line, between Genoa and Sycamore, where the traffic is much greater, the present schedule will remain in force. Three trains are now operated daily on this line between Genoa and Sycamore.

LOOKS LIKE GOOD-BYE

The Old Third Regiment, now 129th, May Move to France Soon

The persistent rumors that the old Third, now the 129th regiment, at Houston, Texas, would move for the other side soon, seem lately to have assumed a well defined authenticity, according to the Aurora News. All the officers are now taking their final physical examinations to determine their fitness to stand the work of actual campaigns. Few fear the outcome after their long grind of eight months' successful training. Every man believes the sugaring off process is now in their midst, but until their private trunks, bags and kits reach their homes, nobody will know they have gone. Their arrival will spell departure.

Aged Man Burned to Death

Albert Gant, one of the aged and respected citizens of Hinckley, is dead, having been cremated in a fire of his own building at his home last week. Mr. Gant had been burning rubbish near his home, and is supposed that his clothing caught fire when he stood too near the flames. No one saw the tragedy until it was too late to save the old man. He was 78 years of age.

"Jack's" Brother in France

Jack Killian of DeKalb was very happy, says the Chronicle, over the news that his brother, James, had arrived in France. James has many friends in DeKalb. His home is in Dixon, but his prominence in athletics makes him well known in DeKalb County.

Henry McCabin of Hampshire representing the Squire, Dingee Pickle Co., was in Genoa Monday.

dollars and cents, there still rests upon us the obligation to buy bonds—all the bonds needed to finance the war—because it will be cheaper for us, in money, to win the war than to back what it borrows, and we shall have our investment for our use after the war. If Germany wins and we are assessed for a war indemnity, Germany will keep it.

Think of looted Belgium with a levy of \$100,000,000 a year saddled Illinois, after it had been scraped to the bone. Think of the assessment of \$380 per capita upon Bucharest. Think, and buy bonds. Work and buy bonds, and work to buy bonds.

HOME TALENT VAUDEVILLE

Under Auspices of the Eastern Star on Evening of May 2

WILL BE EXCELLENT PROGRAM

Proceeds to be used by the Star for Patriotic Purposes, the Manner of Disposal to be Decided

A home talent vaudeville show will be put on at Slater's hall on Thursday evening, May 2, under auspices of the Golden Star Chapter of the Eastern Star, and under direction of Miss Electa Romp of Sycamore. Tickets are now being sold at 25c. Seats may be reserved for 10c extra. The net proceeds of the entertainment will be used for some patriotic

THE RED CROSS IN ITALY

The King's Palace is Being Used as a Store House

How much the king of Italy appreciates the American Red Cross is indicated by his action in turning over a part of his palace at Genoa (Italy, of course) to be used as a warehouse for Red Cross supplies.

The Red Cross has been shipping million of dollars worth of supplies for the refugees and families or soldiers into Italy. Large storage space was needed and the king solved the difficulty so far as Genoa was concerned.

The royal palace now being used as a Red Cross warehouse is a great stone building crowning one of the steep hills which rise from the harbor. It has two large wings, and there are thirteen rooms which the Red Cross may use.

MAYOR MAKES APPOINTMENTS

New Council Seated at Meeting Friday Evening of Last Week

COUNCIL BUYS A LIBERTY BOND

E. E. Crawford and W. H. Heed are Appointed by the Mayor as Police and Supt. W. W.

Genoa, Ill., April 19, 1918. Adjourned regular meeting of the city council called to order by the Mayor, J. J. Hammond.

Members present: Patterson, Jeffery, Canavan, Hutchison, Frazier, absent, Brendemuhl.

The following bills were read, approved by the finance committee and allowed:

Judges and clerks of election... \$54.00
E. G. Cooper, oil... 17.50
L. F. Scott, supplies... 33.80
Republican-Journal, printing... 2.00
W. S. Jeffery, salary... 1.45
Wells, Fargo Exp. Co., rent... 8.00
S. M. Henderson, wood... 33.75
Annual report of the city treasurer was read. On motion report was approved and ordered published.

The returns of the annual election were canvassed, showing the following results:

For Alderman, 1st ward—

women men total
R. Cruikshank... 13 9 22
Wm. Jeffery... 3 1 6
E. Adler... 1 1
Nellie Reid... 1 1

Robert Cruikshank receiving a plurality of all votes cast was declared elected alderman of the first ward for the ensuing term, by the Mayor.

For Alderman, 2nd ward—

women men total
J. Canavan... 12 24 36
J. A. Patterson... 1 4 5
John Canavan receiving a plurality of votes cast, was declared by the mayor elected alderman for the 2nd ward for the ensuing term.

For alderman, 3rd ward—

women men total
W. W. Cooper... 12 14 26
Henry Smith... 3 3
W. W. Cooper receiving a plurality of votes cast was declared by the mayor elected alderman for the 3rd ward for the ensuing term.

Moved by Frazier, seconded by Canavan that Council adjourn sine die. Motion carried.

L. F. Scott, city clerk.
April 19, 1918.

Regular meeting of the city council called to order by Mayor J. J. Hammond.

Members present: Canavan, Patterson, Cruikshank Hutchison, Frazier, Cooper.

The mayor appointed the following standing committees:

Finance—Canavan, Frazier, Cruikshank.

Streets and walks—Patterson, Hutchison, Cooper.

Lights—Cooper, Canavan, Patterson.

Building and grounds—Frazier, Hutchison, Cruikshank.

Fire and water—Hutchison, Cooper, Canavan.

Miscellaneous—Cruikshank, Patterson, Frazier.

The mayor made the following appointments, with the approval of the council:

E. E. Crawford, chief of police.
W. H. Heed, superintendent of streets, sewer and waterworks.
M. L. Geithman, fire marshal.

Bond of E. E. Crawford, with Dr. J. W. Ovtiz and S. T. Zeller as sureties, was accepted.

Bond of W. H. Heed, with Fred Holroyd and O. M. Leich as sureties, was accepted.

Ordinance No. 108, pertaining to Board of Local Improvements, was read and passed.

Petitions of R. B. Field, Harvey Ide and F. J. Williams for license to conduct billiard rooms were granted.

Proposition of C. D. Schoonmaker for publication of council proceedings and city printing for ensuing year was accepted.

On motion council adjourned.

All motions in the above proceedings were carried by unanimous vote.

L. F. Scott, city clerk.

After adjournment, the council members talked over the matter of buying a liberty bond for the city and an understanding was reached that the mayor might sign up for a \$200 bond, the transaction to be ratified at the next meeting.

Lee Harms of Sycamore visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. J. Frain, last Thursday.

HELP SAVE THIS LAD'S LIFE



The bond you buy may be means of getting ammunition, clothing or medical assistance to some lad who is out on the front line. Keep this picture before you. Think and buy that bond today. The

"Miss Mystery" and "Mr. Stranger"

By FRANCES B. LINSKY

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

"You are cordially invited to attend a dance to be given by the employees of this hotel on Wednesday evening. Dancing in the garage from 8:30 to 10 o'clock. Please come with escort."

Anne frowned when she read the little card. When school had shut down very unexpectedly for an enforced vacation, she had felt that she must earn some extra money. The result was that she had accepted a so-called "war time" position in one of the suburban hotels, but that such a position has its difficulties, and is mighty different from teaching school. Anne was just beginning to find out.

"I really can't go," she told herself. "I hardly know any of the people who will be there. And besides I haven't any young man to ask for my escort."

"Oh, there's Mr. Stevens," said the manager of the hotel came into the lobby. "I'll ask him to advise me what to do," and she hurried over to meet him.

He greeted her with a pleasant smile for he had taken great interest in the girl who had come to him when school had closed and frankly told him of her desire to earn more money in order to fit herself for "bigger things." He listened carefully to the story of her difficulty.

"Why, I'd just look in for half an hour, if I were you," he said, when she had finished; "you needn't dance if you don't want to, and your lack of an escort will give you sufficient excuse, but I think you'd better go if only for a few minutes, so that the others won't think you are trying to be different."

Anne thanked him, and hurried off, wondering why she hadn't thought of that herself, and resolved that she would look her prettiest, even if she didn't particularly care about going. After dinner, she went to her little room under the eaves, to don her party gown.

"Goodness! How gay we shall be!" she exclaimed to herself, as she shook out her dress. "I wonder if I haven't been to a party since the farewell evening that the teachers gave to the old superintendent. Wonder what the new man 'll be like," and her mind wandered off to the subject that lay nearest her heart—school.

"They say he's young and quite fascinating," she thought, "and I suppose that means that all the teachers in the district will set their caps for him. But here's one that won't." And she jabbed a hairpin in with extra force, for Anne had "ideas" on the subject of "Men."

The last lock of hair securely fastened, and the last frill on the dress alternately coaxed and patted into place, Anne sallied forth alone to the garage which had been transformed into a dance hall for the evening's festivities, quite surprised to find herself rather excited at the prospect of going to a dance, even though the guests were to be maids and chauffeurs.

"I believe I'm going to enjoy it after all," she told herself, with no little amusement. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if I find myself accepting an invitation to dance with some tall youth who drives a gentleman's car," and who probably—

"Good gracious," and Anne gave a little scream as a big machine shot by her, and came to a sudden stop a few feet beyond.

"My, but that was a narrow escape!" and the girl leaned weakly against the door of the garage, totally unnerved by the shock.

"I do hope I haven't hurt you," called out a masculine voice from the darkness beyond; a voice in which annoyance and concern struggled for the mastery. "I do hope you are not hurt," and instinctively his cap came off, as, coming into the light streaming out through the door of the dance hall, he saw the slender, dainty, girlish figure leaning up against the side of the building.

"They told me down the road that there was a dance in the garage up here, so I was just running past looking for a place to put up my car for a while. I'm most awfully sorry if I've frightened you."

Anne's presence of mind by this time had returned, and she took in her companion with one all-appraising glance.

"Mighty good looking for a chauffeur," was her inward comment, and aloud she said: "I am all right now, thank you. I really was more scared than hurt. All the chauff—I mean the guests at the dance are putting up the machines in the empty lot behind the garage. I'll show you the way," she added graciously, "for I suppose you don't want to miss any dances. There goes the music now."

"Why, I don't," began the young man, and stopped, for Anne had walked ahead and was pointing out the place where a number of machines had already been parked.

"To be quite truthful," he said, when he had caught up with the girl, "I hadn't quite made up my mind to go to this dance, for, as you see, I haven't any partner." And he looked at the girl with a question in his eyes.

Anne laughed. "Why," she said, "that was exactly my trouble—but then I am only going to stay a little while."

"Well, then, may I have the pleasure?" asked the young man quickly, and as Anne nodded consent, he added, "I'll join you here in just a minute," and went off to look after his machine.

As they glided over the floor together, Anne gave herself up completely to the pleasure of dancing with a partner whose step matched hers perfectly, and it was not until the end of their third dance together that she decided that it was time for her to go.

"Just wait for one more dance," pleaded her companion, "for I shall be going myself then. I have rather a long run to make tonight, and besides after these dances with you, I don't feel that I want to dance with anyone else here."

Anne looked up with a smile at the very obvious compliment, and, as if by common impulse, they moved toward the lawn, to stroll up and down in the moonlight during the intermission.

Anne found her companion a most interesting talker, as he told her of the various places he had visited, and the strains of music that announced the next dance came all too soon.

"I think you have been most fortunate in your choice of an employer," she said to him, as they entered the dancing room again.

"My employer? Why just what do you mean?" asked the young man.

"Why," said the girl, "not many chauffeurs are privileged to see as much of the country as you apparently have, judging from your conversation."

"Not many chauffeurs," repeated the young man, a rather puzzled look on his face—"why—er—" as a thought struck him, "why, yes, I guess I am rather lucky at that, although I'm afraid I hadn't really appreciated it until you spoke."

Once more they glided off, and at the end of the dance Anne held out her hand.

"It has been a very pleasant evening," she said. "Thank you for having helped to make it so. Good night, Mr. Stranger."

"Good night," and his hand closed over hers, as he quickly caught the meaning conveyed in her words.

"Good-night, Miss Mystery."

At the end of the hotel season, Anne went up to Aunt Jane's little mountain home to rest for a couple of weeks, and then went back to Georgetown for the opening of school.

She found Georgetown all excitement. There was to be a reception and dance to welcome the new superintendent, and Anne, womanlike, was just as eager as all the rest to see what he was like.

"Well, you old dear," she said, addressing her remarks to her very much wrinkled evening dress, as she fished it out of her trunk, "this makes the second very unexpected appearance for you this season. Well, if we have half as nice a time together tonight as we did on the occasion of our last party—and Anne went off into a day-dream, from which she was aroused by hearing the clock strike six, which brought her to her feet with a "Mercy gracious, I must press my dress or I'll never be ready—but he was certainly mighty well-informed for a chauffeur, and he never even asked me my name," she finished vaguely, not making it very clear even to herself just what connection there was between the first part of her sentence and the last.

Eight o'clock found Anne together with the other teachers of her school waiting her turn to meet the guest of the evening. Anne was the last in the line, and as the usher gave her his arm, the girl found herself rehearsing the very correct speech with which she hoped to make a good impression upon her new superior officer, but the words died in her throat, and a light that was more than recognition leaped into her eyes, as the guest of the evening strode forward to meet her; and as his brown hand closed over hers he said softly:

"I must have the first dance, Miss Mystery."

And Anne, with the happy light still glowing in her eyes, lifted them to his, and said:

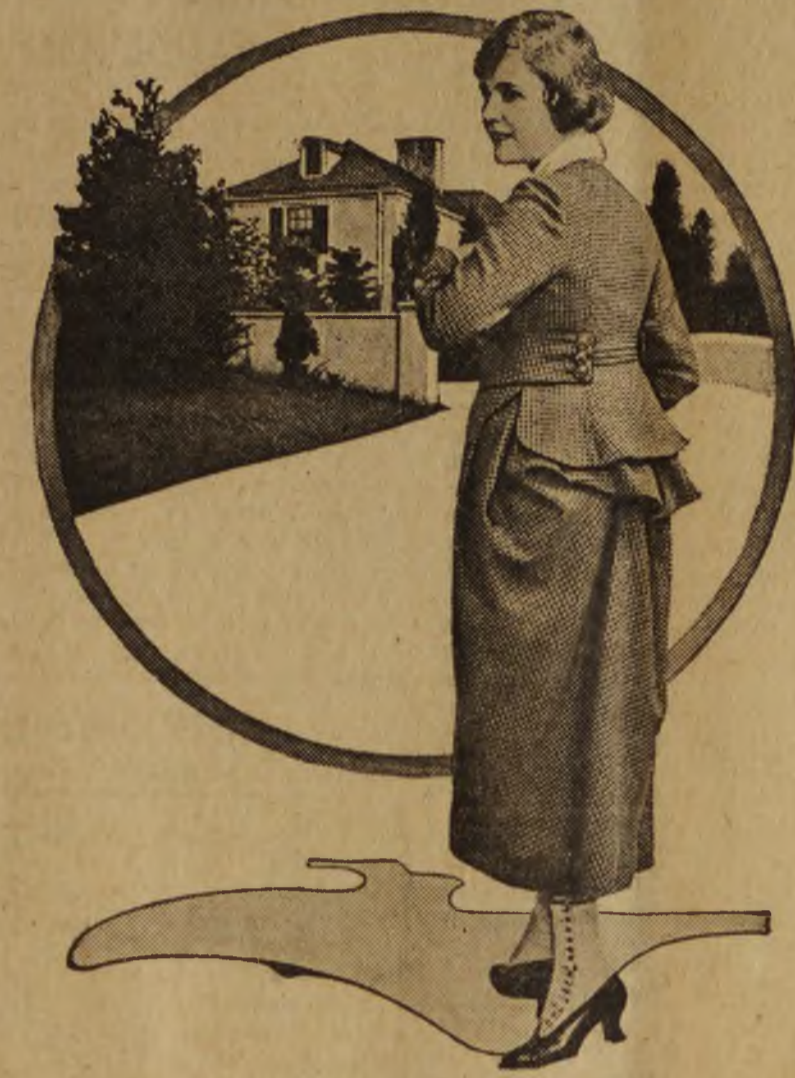
"I always find it best to obey the superintendent."

Americans in Tokyo and Yokohama.
Half the Americans residing in Tokyo and Yokohama have come from four eastern states—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey—according to a census taken at the dinner tendered by the American association of Japan to Roland S. Morris, the new American ambassador. New York State led with 41, Pennsylvania followed with 21, Massachusetts, 15; California, 13; Illinois, 12; New Jersey, 9, and Missouri, 7. Ohio was represented by 6; Kansas and Indiana by 5 each. Four each came from Connecticut, Maryland, Tennessee and the Philippines. Three hailed from each of the following states: Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Washington, and two from the Territory of Hawaii. One citizen each came from Maine, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Iowa and Arizona.—East and West News.

Unpatriotic Man.
During the recent drive for Red Cross memberships a man was approached and asked to take out a membership. He declined flatly and declared he had not subscribed for the Y. M. C. A. fund and the Liberty bonds, and didn't propose to join the Red Cross.

When pressed for a reason he said: "Why, didn't I pay \$600 for a substitute to take my place in the ranks during the Civil war? That is enough for one man."

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



NEW VERSION OF THE TAILORED SUIT.

Here is a version of the tailored suit that is distinctly new and in excellent style. It conserves wool to the last inch in the coat in order that the skirt may be indulged in an unaccustomed bit of drapery at the back. In nearly all the new spring suits it is the skirt that has not an inch of cloth to spare, for the regulation skirt is as plain as the experienced tailor knows how to make it. The coat is made interesting with the remainder of the goods from the allowed yardage which must not exceed four and a half yards of 54-inch goods.

Small checks in which blue and black, brown and black, or green and black, are the predominating color combinations, are featured this spring made up with a plain fabric of the color in colored check, and the colors are dark, but vivid. There are quieter checks, like that in the picture, in taupe and gray and an occasional black and white.

The small, fitted-in coat in the suit pictured has no pleat at the sides and front, only the side bodies and

out of the question for the "flapper" who must wait until more years than seventeen have passed by her before she may have whatever she wills. "It is forbidden" is written on much trimmed millinery for her.

But those who make the needs of the young girl their special care, have provided loveliness, simply trimmed hats for her; embodying the charm of little girlhood in them. No one else can wear hats just like them. Three models, made for the girl between twelve and seventeen are pictured in the group above, two of them for all-round wear and one for dress-up times. The hat at the upper left is of Italian milan with the crown in the natural color of the straw and the brim in blue. Several colors in the brim with natural color in the crown make a choice of combinations possible in this hat. It is trimmed with a wide band of moire ribbon fastened at the front with a painted ornament of wood. The ribbon extends from the right front of the shape to the middle of the back, about the left side. It is



FILLING THE FLAPPER'S NEEDS AND DESIRES.

center of the back are extended into a short pleat. Three narrow tucks are stitched in at the waistline, across the back, where they make themselves very useful. They help fit the coat to the figure, and make the required support for the belt. This fastens at each side of the back with three handsome bone buttons of gray with border of white set in a rim of black. The belt is wide and plain and extends about the figure without wrinkles. The long collar is of white wash satin.

The skirt is smooth across the front with two plaits at each side. The back is cut long enough to allow it to be caught up in two places.

There are a good many of these short coats, in a variety of designs, besides eton jackets, that make it easy to use a short allowance of material. Many suits are lavishly braided-trimmed, with the braid applied in many parallel rows to plain coats and skirts. Some checked suits are bound with braid but checks take the place of decorations and are at their best when simply treated.

The revival of trimmings has transformed the showrooms and windows of millinery establishments into a millinery paradise filled with beautiful flowers and fruits, ribbons and braids and all sorts of alluring fabrics. Much of this splendor of joyous millinery is

turned down at the back falling in a single sash end to the waistline.

At the right a snappy, picturesque shape is of Italian milan all in the natural color of the braid. It rolls up at the left side. A band of blue velvet ribbon is attached to the upturn and brought around the hat to the back. Here it is arranged in a flat bow against the crown with two short streamers falling from it half way to the waistline. An ornament painted in the same bright blue as the ribbon is posed against the crown at the right.

No flapper will be able to look upon the hat pictured at the center of the group without growing enthusiastic. It is a light pink hair braid having a wide brim faced with georgette crepe and three rows of narrow lingerie lace in frills about the brim. It has a long sash of wide pink satin ribbon and the sash at the front. Almost any flapper will blossom into a vision of loveliness in it.

Julie Bottomley

A mother hands her daughter a lot of advice she ought to have followed herself, but didn't.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Let us learn to be content with what we have, let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals; a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of inspiration of a genius, a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return.—David Swing.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing—Shakespeare.

SWEET AS HONEY.

Honey will be more popular this year than ever, and many of our small farmers will feel called upon to increase their apiary; or, if not keeping bees, buy a few hives to keep the family in sweets for the year. There are government bulletins to be had for the asking on the culture and care of bees, as well as on honey dishes for the housewife. The man or woman, even if financially able to purchase food at any price, is feeling the need to get out and produce something in his own garden—foods, wheat for flour, sugar beets, baby beef, honey or maple syrup. There is a vast field for the patriotic citizen to do his bit in this way. Many women are raising sheep, as wool will be more and more scarce. Two chickens for every member of the family, even on a small city lot is the slogan of the poultry men, whom Uncle Sam is providing for every state.

Bees are not of necessity a farm animal, for these busy workers will be happy in the attic of a city home, there producing 60 to 80 pounds of honey from one hive. The extracted honey is the kind available for use in cookery, while the comb honey is liked for its flavor and table use.

Honey Mousse.—Beat four eggs slightly and pour over them very slowly one cupful of hot honey; cook until the eggs are thick, add a pinch of salt, and when cooked, a pint of cream whipped. Put into mold and pack in ice and salt. Let stand three or four hours to ripen.

Honey Custard.—Beat four eggs, add a quart of milk, one-half cupful of honey, one-eighth teaspoonful of powdered mace, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt; mix well and bake in cups set in hot water. Test the custard with a knife; when firm to the tender, remove at once and place in cold water. Custards that are overcooked are watery and unpalatable.

Honey Ice Cream.—Take a quart of thin cream, three-fourths of a cupful of honey, a few drops of almond extract and a few drops of rose water; freeze as usual.

Salad dressing of fruit is especially nice using honey and fruit juice mixed for the dressing. Oil may be added if desired.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts are boundless, and our souls as free
Far as the breeze can bear, the billow foam
Survey our empire and behold our home.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

MORE HONEY DISHES.

For those who are interested in producing more honey and thus saving sugar, the Bulletin No. 653 put out by the agricultural department at Washington, will be found most helpful. The following are some of the recipes recommended, slightly changed.

Honey Bran Cookies.—Take a half cupful of honey, the same amount of sugar, a fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of ginger, three cupfuls of bran, a half teaspoonful of soda, half a cupful of milk, half a cupful of fat, and half a cupful of barley flour. Drop on buttered sheet and bake 15 minutes.

Honey Popcorn Balls.—Heat honey to 240 degrees F. with a candy thermometer. This dispels the water and it will be hard when cool. Honey, however, absorbs moisture when left uncovered, so the balls should be kept closely covered or reheated before using.

Honey Carmels.—Take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, a half cupful of cream, a fourth of a cupful of honey, a fourth of a cupful of butter. Beat and stir until the sugar is dissolved, then cook without stirring until a firm ball is made when a little is dropped into cold water. Beat until thick, then pour into buttered pans and cut in squares. Pecans or other nuts may be added.

Honey Orange Marmalade.—To two cupfuls of orange pulp and juice allow one cupful of honey, add one-half cupful of finely shredded peel, then cook until thick.

Sliced oranges and bananas sweetened with strained honey make a delicious dessert or a fruit salad to serve with small cakes as a finish to the meal.

Salad Dressing.—Take four egg yolks, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of honey, a fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of paprika with a cupful of cream. Beat the cream. Add the beaten eggs to the other ingredients and cook carefully until thick, then add cream and set away to cool. When serving, add whipped cream.

NERVES GAVE OUT
Serious Kidney Trouble Had Made Life Miserable, But Doan's Removed All the Trouble. Hasn't Suffered Since.

"I had such severe pains in my back," says Mrs. Albert Akroyd, 304 W. Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., "that they almost doubled me up. Many a day I could not do my housework and at every move it seemed as if my back would break in two. My feet and ankles swelled until I had to wear large-sized slippers and sometimes I couldn't stand up."

"I had dizzy spells and dreadful headaches and fiery flashes passed before my eyes. Had a heavy weight been resting on my head, the pain could not have been more distressing. The least noise startled me. I was so nervous, I couldn't control the kidney secretions and the pain in passage was awful."

"It began to look as though my case was beyond the reach of medicine until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box benefited me and four boxes cured all the troubles. I have had no further cause for complaint."

Sworn to before me.
Thos. H. Walters, Notary Public.

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

Save the Calves!
Stamp ABORTION OUT of Your Herd and Keep It Out!
Apply treatment yourself. Small expense. Write for free booklet on Abortion, "Questions and Answers". State number of cattle in herd.
Dr. David Roberts Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Wausau, Wis.

Absolutely Nothing Better than Cuticura for Baby's Tender Skin
Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

AGENTS—We've got the biggest repeater on earth. Write quick for free sample and proposition. VILLIET & CO., Chicago, Pa., Wisconsin.

She Knew What She Meant.
Spring is the time when plan new dresses. They plan new dresses at other times of the year, of course, but they do an unusual lot of planning in the spring.

A certain worthy Washington woman, I am told, was getting some new spring dresses for her daughter. We will call her Mrs. Smith. She is a most worthy lady, but not given to dictionary research. She ought to have looked up the word "pendant."

The dressmaker asked her how she wanted the neck of her daughter's dresses cut.

"Do you want them 'V-neck' or round?" asked the dressmaker.
"Make them V," make them V," replied Mrs. Smith. "Her father is going to buy her a pendulum."—Washington Star.

No Longer Obliges.
"This druggist seems to be an affable fellow. Why do you dislike him?"
"He doesn't uphold the fine old traditions of drug stores."
"Still, I'm in the dark."
"When a customer comes in for a stamp he puts the transaction on a low commercial basis by pointing to a stamp-vending machine."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The world moves, and if a man has the grit to hang on, he will be pulled out of many a bad hole.

Generally the world doesn't pause to examine a man's tracks after he gets there.



When Coffee Disagrees
There's always a safe and pleasant cup to take its place
INSTANT POSTUM
is now used regularly by thousands of former coffee drinkers who live better and feel better because of the change.

"There's a Reason"
Nellie Maxwell
Winona, Minn., dealers sell muskrat meat at 7 cents a pound.

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

The Story of a Houseful of Loveable Girls

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"No, not if you let go hard enough. I mean," she caught herself up quickly, "I mean if you let clear go and turn the job over to God. But you're not to think you can keep decent by yourself, for you can't—it's not born in you, and something else is—just let go, and stay let go. After that it's God's job, and unless you stick in and try to manage yourself, he'll see you through."

"All right, I'll do it."

Carol gasped. She opened her lips a few times, and swallowed hard. She didn't know what to do next. Wildly she racked her brain for the next step in this vital performance.

"I—think we ought to pray," she said feebly.

"All right, we'll pray." He rolled curiously off the stick of wood, and



"I—think we ought to pray," she said feebly.

fell, as if by instinct, into the attitude of prayer.

Carol gazed about her helplessly. But true to her training, she knelt beside him. Then came silence.

"I—well, I'll pray," she said with grim determination. "Dear Father in Heaven," she began weakly, and then she forgot her timidity and her fear, and realized only that this was a crisis in the life of the drunken man.

"Oh, God, he'll do it. He'll let go, and turn it over to you. He isn't worth anything. God, none of us are, but you can handle him, for you've had worse jobs than this, though it doesn't seem possible. You'll help him, God, and love him, and show him how, for he hasn't the faintest idea what to do next, and neither have I. But you brought him into our barn tonight, and you'll see him through. Oh, God, for Jesus' sake, help Ben Peters. Amen."

"Now, what shall I do?" she wondered.

"What's your father for?" She looked quickly at Ben Peters. He had not spoken, but something certainly had asked, "What's your father for?"

"You stay here, Ben, and pray for yourself, and I'll send father out. I'm not just sure what to say next, and father'll finish you up. You pray for all you're worth."

She was gone in a flash, through the kitchen, through the hall, up the stairs two at a time, and her arm thrown closely about her father's shoulder.

"Oh, father, I got stuck," she wailed. "I'm so ashamed of myself. But you can finish him off, can't you? I honestly believe he's started."

He took her firmly by the arms and squared her around on his lap. "One, two, three, ready, go. Now, what?"

"Ben Peters. He was drunk in the barn and I took him into the woodshed and gave him some hot coffee—and some religion, but not enough to hurt him. I told him he had to get converted, and he said he would. So I told him about it, but you'd better tell him again, for I'm afraid I made quite a mess of it. And then we prayed, and I was stuck for fair, father, for I couldn't think what to do next. But I do believe it was God who said, 'What's your father for?' And so I left him praying for himself, and—you'd better hurry, or he may get cold feet and run away. Be easy with him, father, but don't let him off. This is the first chance we've ever had at Ben Peters, and God'll never forgive us if we let him slip through our fingers."

Carol was dumped off onto the floor and her father was half-way down the stairs before she caught her breath. Then she smiled. Then she blushed.

"That was one bad job," she said to herself sadly. "I'm a disgrace to the Methodist church. Thank goodness the trustees'll never hear of it. I'll bribe Ben Peters to eternal silence if I have to do it with kisses." Then her face grew very soft. "Poor old man! Oh, the poor old man!" A quick rush of tears blinded her eyes, and her throat throbbled. "Oh, why do they—what makes men like that? Can't they see, can't they know, how awful they are, how—" She shuddered. "I can't

see for the life of me what makes God treat us decently at all." Her face brightened again. "It was a bad job, all right, but I feel kind of pleased about it. I hope father won't mention it to the girls."

And Ben Peters truly had a start, incredible as it seemed. Yes, as Carol had warned him, he forgot sometimes and tried to steer for himself, and always crashed into the rocks. Then Carol, with angry eyes and scornful voice, berated him for trying to get hold of God's job, and cautioned him anew about "sticking in when it was not his affair any more." It took time, a long time, and hard work, and many, many prayers went up from Carol's bedside, and from the library at the head of the stairs, but there came a time when Ben Peters let go for good and all, and turned to Carol, standing beside the bed with sorry frightened eyes, and said quietly:

"It's all right, Carol. I've let go. You're a mighty nice little girl. I've let go for good this time. I'm just slipping along where he sends me—it's all right," he finished drowsily. And fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The Connie Problem.

Mr. Starr was getting ready to go to conference, and the girls hovered about him with anxious eyes. This was their fifth conference since coming to Mount Mark—the time limit for Methodist ministers was five years. The Starrs, therefore, would be transferred, and where? Small wonder that the girls followed him around the house and spoke in soft voices and looked with tender eyes at the old parsonage and the wide lawn. They would be leaving next week. Already the curtains were down, and laundered, and packed. The trunks were filled, the books were boxed. Yes, they were leaving, but whither were they bound?

"Get your ecclesiastical dander up, father," Carol urged, "don't let them give us a church fight, or a twenty-thousand-dollar debt on a thousand-dollar congregation."

"We don't care for a big salary or a stylish congregation," Lark added, "but we don't want to go back to washpans and kerosene lamps again."

The conference was held in Fairfield, and he informed the girls casually that he would be home on the first train after the assignments were made. He said it casually, for he did not wish them to know how perturbed he was over the coming change. During the conference he tried in many and devious ways to learn the will of the authorities regarding his future, but he found no clue. And at home the girls were discussing the matter very little, but thinking of nothing else. They were determined to be pleased about it.

Just the same, on Wednesday evening, the girls sat silent, with intensely flushed faces and painfully shining eyes, watching the clock, listening for the footstep. They had deliberately remained away from the station. They thought they could face it better within the friendly walls of the parsonage. It was all settled now, father knew where they were going. Oh, why hadn't he wired? It must be terribly bad then, he evidently wanted to break it to them gently.

Maybe it was a circuit! There was the whistle now! Only a few minutes now. Suppose his salary were cut down—good-by to silk stockings and kid gloves—cheap, but kid. Just the same! Suppose the parsonage would be old-fashioned! Suppose there wasn't any parsonage at all, and they would have to pay rent! Sup— Then the door slammed.

Carol and Lark picked up their darning, and Connie bent earnestly over her magazine. Aunt Grace covered a yawn with her slender fingers and looked out of the window.

"Hello!"

"Why, hello, papa! Back already?" They dropped darning and magazine and flew to welcome him home.

"Come and sit down!" "My, it seemed a long time!" "We had lots of fun, father." "Was it a nice conference?" "Mr. James sent us two bushels of potatoes!" "We're going to have chicken tomorrow—the Ladies' Aid sent it with their farewell love." "Wasn't it a dandy day?"

"Well, it's all settled."

"Yes, we supposed it would be. Was the conference good? We read accounts of it every day, and acted stuck-up when it said nice things about you."

"We are to—"

"Ju—just a minute, father," interrupted Connie anxiously. "We don't care a snap where it is, honestly we don't. We're just crazy about it, wherever it is. We've got it all settled. You needn't be afraid to tell us."

"Afraid to tell us!" mocked the twins indignantly. "What kind of slave-drivers do you think we are?"

"Father knows we're all right. Go on, daddy, who's to be our next flock?"

"We haven't any, we—"

The girls' faces paled. "Haven't any? You mean—"

"I mean we're to stay in Mount Mark."

"Stay in—What?"

"Mount Mark. They—"

"They extended the limit," cried Connie, springing up.

"No," he denied, laughing. "They made me a presiding elder, and we're—"

"A presiding elder! Father! Honestly? They—"

"They ought to have made you a bishop," cried Carol loyally. "I've been expecting it all my life. That's where the next jump'll land you."

"I pity the next parsonage bunch," said Connie sympathetically.

"Why? There's nothing the matter with our church!"

"Oh, no, that isn't what I mean. But the next minister's family can't possibly come up to us, and so—"

The others broke her sentence with their laughter.

"Talk about me and my complexion!" gasped Carol, wiping her eyes. "I'm nothing to Connie and her family pride. Where will we live now, father?"

"We'll rent a house—any house we like."

"Rent! Mercy, father, doesn't the conference furnish the elders with houses? We can never afford to pay rent! Never!"

"Oh, we have a salary of twenty-five hundred a year now," he said, with apparent complacency, but careful to watch closely for the effect of this statement. It gratified him, too, much as he had expected. The girls stood stock-still and gazed at him, and then, with a violent struggle for self-composure Carol asked:

"Did you get any of it in advance? I need some new slippers."

So the packing was finished, a suitable house was found—modern, with reasonable rent—on Maple avenue where the oaks were most magnificent, and the parsonage family became just ordinary "folks," a parsonage household no longer.

Mr. Starr's new position necessitated long and frequent absences from home, and that was a drawback to the family comradeship. But the girls' pride in his advancement was so colossal, and their determination to live up to the dignity of the eldership was so deep-seated, that affairs ran on quite serenely in the new home.

One day this beautiful serenity was broken in upon in a most unpleasant way. Carol looked up from "De Senectute" and flung out her arms in an all-relieving yawn. Then she looked at her aunt, asleep on the couch. She looked at Lark, who was aimlessly drawing feathers on the skeletons of birds in her biology text. She looked at Connie, sitting upright in her chair, a small book close to her face, alert, absorbed, oblivious to the world. Connie was wide awake, and Carol resented it.

"What are you reading, Con?" She asked reproachfully.

Connie looked up, startled, and colored a little. "Oh—poetry," she stammered.

Carol was surprised. "Poetry," she echoed. "Poetry? What kind of poetry?"

Connie answered evasively. "It is by an old Oriental writer. I don't suppose you've ever read it. Khayyam is his name."

"Some name," said Carol suspiciously. "What's the poem?" Her eyes had



He Finished Drowsily, and Fell Asleep.

narrowed and darkened. By this time Carol had firmly convinced herself that she was bringing Connie up—a belief which afforded lively amusement to self-conducting Connie.

"Why, it's 'The Rubaiyat.' It's—"

"The Rubaiyat!" Carol frowned. Lark looked up from the skeletons with sudden interest. "The Rubaiyat? By Khayyam? Isn't that the old fellow who didn't believe in God, and heaven, and such things—you know what I mean—the man who didn't believe anything, and wrote about it? Let me see it. I've never read it myself, but I've heard about it." Carol turned the pages with critical disapproving eyes.

"I don't believe it, you know," Connie said coolly. "I'm only reading it,

How can I know whether it's trash or not, unless I read it? I—"

"Ministers' daughters are supposed to keep their fingers clear of the burning ends of matches," said Carol neatly. "We can't handle them without getting scorched, or blackened, at least. Prudence says so."

"Prudence," said Connie gravely, "is a dear sweet thing, but she's awfully old-fashioned, Carol; you know that." Carol and Lark were speechless. They would as soon have dreamed of questioning the catechism as Prudence's perfection.

"She's narrow. She's a darling, of course, but she isn't up-to-date. I want to know what folks are talking about. I don't believe this poem. I'm a Christian. But I want to know what other folks think about me and what I believe. That's all. Prudence is fine, but I know a good deal more about some things than Prudence will know when she's a thousand years old."

The twins still sat silent.

"Of course, some folks wouldn't approve of parsonage girls reading things like this. But I approve of it. I want to know why I disagree with this poetry, and I can't until I know where we disagree. It's beautiful, Carol, really. It's kind of sad. It makes me want to cry. It's—"

"I've a big notion to tell papa on you," said Carol soberly and sadly.

Connie rose at once.

"I'm going to tell papa myself." Carol moved uneasily in her chair.

"Oh, let it go this time. I—just mentioned it to relieve my feelings. I won't tell yet. I'll talk it over with you again. I'll have to think it over first."

"I think I'd rather tell him," insisted Connie.

Carol looked worried, but she knew Connie would do as she said. So she got up nervously and went with her. She would have to see it through now, of course. Connie walked silently up the stairs, with Carol following meekly behind, and rapped at her father's door. Then she entered, and Carol, in a hushed sort of way, closed the door behind them.

"I'm reading this, father. Any objections?" Connie faced him calmly, and handed him the little book.

He examined it gravely, his brows contracting, a sudden wrinkling at the corners of his lips that might have meant laughter, or disapproval, or anything.

"I thought a parsonage girl should not read it," Carol said bravely. "I've never read it myself, but I've heard about it, and parsonage girls ought to read parsonage things. Prudence says so. But—"

"But I want to know what other folks think about what I believe," said Connie. "So I'm reading it."

"What do you think of it?" he asked quietly, and he looked very strangely at his baby daughter. It was a crisis, and he must be very careful.

"I think it is beautiful," Connie said softly, and her lips drooped a little, and a wistful pathos crept into her voice. "It seems so sad. I keep wishing I could cry about it. Part of it I don't understand very well."

He held out a hand to Connie, and she put her own in it confidently. Carol, too, came and stood close behind him.

"Yes," he said, "it is beautiful, Connie, and it is very terrible. We can't understand it fully because we can't feel what he felt. He looked thoughtfully at the girls. "He was a marvelous man, that Khayyam—years ahead of his people, and his time. He was big enough to see the idiocy of the heathen ideas of God, he was beyond them, he spurned them. But he was not quite big enough to reach out, alone, and get hold of our kind of a God. It is a wonderful poem. It shows the weakness, the helplessness of a gifted man who has nothing to cling to. I think it will do you good to read it, Connie. Read it again and again, and thank God, my child, that though you are only a girl, you have the very thing this man, this genius, was craving. We admire his talent, but we pity his weakness. You will feel sorry for him. You read it, too, Carol. You'll like it. We can't understand it, as I say, because we are so sure of our God, that we can't feel what he felt, having nothing. Of course it makes you want to cry, Connie. It is the saddest poem in the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Middlemen.

A farmer raised a peck of wheat beside the River Dee; a boarder ate a wheated loaf 'way down in Tennessee; the loaf the boarder fed upon cost half as much and more as did the farmer's peck of wheat a month or so before. "Now, why is this," the boarder raved, "they hold me up on bread?" "And why is wheat so bloomin' cheap?" the plodding farmer said.

A chap beyond the Rocky ridge raised 20 pounds of limes; another one in old New York was kicking on the times, for he had downed a glass of "ade," and, poor forlorn galoot, had paid one-half the market price of 20 pounds of fruit. "Now, why is this, they soak me thus for this wee slip of 'ade'?" "And why," exclaimed the orchard man, "am I so poorly paid."

Now hold your horses steady there, you man beside the Dee; go easy there, you hungry chap in sunny Tennessee; restrain yourself, you orchard man, forbear this angry talk, and you beside the soda fount in Little Old Noo Yawk, remember this: Our food and drink, no matter where and when, must also be the food and drink of thirty middlemen.—Utica Globe.

Endurance of Reindeers.

The reindeer is said to be able to endure more fatigue than any other draft animal except the camel. It has been known to pull 200 pounds 10 miles an hour for 12 hours.

Bowser Was Benign

But An Old Goat Spoiled It All

By M. QUAD.

It was a pleasant Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Bowser had laid down to get a nap, the cook had gone on a visit to her mother, and the cat was on the alley fence taking a sun bath and half asleep. Mr. Bowser lighted his cigar, arranged his necktie and took his cane for a walk. He had had a good night's sleep the night before. He had had a good breakfast. He had read the papers. The day was so beautiful that he felt to forgive all enemies and find no fault with anything in nature or mankind.

Up the street half a block, as Mr. Bowser sauntered along, he found a rope stretched across the sidewalk and each end held by a child. There had been rope skipping, but they had stopped at play to have a little sport with Mr. Bowser. Instead of ordering them to drop the rope, he took



"There Was a Collision."

to the gutter around it, and at the same time sweetly smiled and said:

"Skipping the rope, are you? Well, that will bring roses to your cheeks, and you will grow up to be handsome girls. No one should complain of you. Here is a dime to buy candy for all of you."

Just at the corner were two tramps leaning up against a fence. They saw Mr. Bowser coming, and saw that he was contented and benign. This led them to the conclusion that things were all wrong in this world, and that he ought to be made to share his money with them. They did not strike him for anything as he passed, but one of them called him an old robber. Mr. Bowser heard it, and turned about and said:

"Boys, you shouldn't feel that way on such a beautiful day as this is. What money I have, and it is not a great deal. I have made fairly and honestly. I have not robbed nor oppressed any man, and I certainly should be glad to see you earning \$10 a day. Here is a quarter for each of you, and you can do what you like with it."

The men's attitude changed at once, and they lifted their old hats to him and begged he would not have any hard feelings on account of their mistake.

Mr. Bowser met the plumber. They had not been good friends for the last six months, owing to the fact that the plumber had been called to mend a



"They Lifted Their Hats to Him."

pin-hole leak in a water pipe and had charged \$2.50 for about 30 cents' worth of work. Mr. Bowser had refused to pay the bill, and the plumber had threatened a law suit. The plumber turned aside when he saw that a meeting was about to occur, but Mr. Bowser walked up and slapped him on the back and said:

"Plumber, perhaps I was too short

with you about that bill. I happen to have the amount of it in my pocket and you must take it. I do not think I understand the true cost of plumbing as well as you do. I always want to do the fair thing."

"Mr. Bowser, you are a fair and honest man," replied the plumber, as he took the money. "By George, but it does my heart good to meet up with such a man!"

The smile on Mr. Bowser's face broadened as he walked on. Here was another case where he had made a person believe that life was worth the living, and his heart swelled as he thought of it. He was so benign that the motorman on a passing trolley car looked at him and wished he had time to stop his car and borrow a dollar. Presently a boy came along with a robin in an old cage. Mr. Bowser smiled at the boy and at the robin and asked of the boy:

"My son, what are you doing with that bird?"

"I am taking it home," replied the boy. "I bought him of a boy for 15 cents."

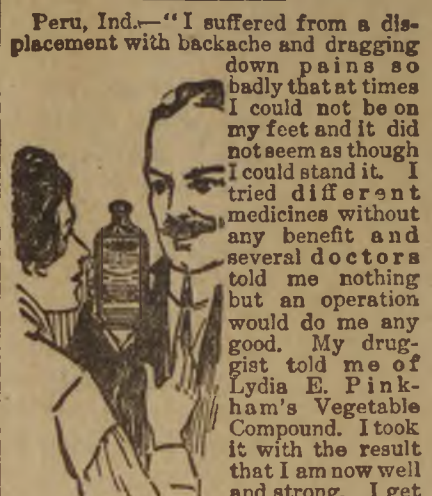
"Oh, but it is wrong to imprison a bird like that. He has got a mate who is looking for him, and, perhaps, young robins, who are pining for his care."

"But you won't take him away from me, will you?" appealed the lad as he got ready to run away.

"No, my son, I won't, but I will buy him of you and give him his freedom, and next year, if he comes back, he may light on my window-

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.



Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get

up in the morning at four o'clock, do my household, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METEERIANO, 86 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Thousands Find Relief IN THE RELIABLE OLD SAFEGUARD

DODD'S Kidney Pills

In all parts of the country, every day, sufferers from kidney troubles are saying: "Goodbye, backache, goodbye, pain, Dodd's Kidney Pills have sent you for good." They know the efficacy of this fine old remedy which so many people have employed with success. You can be free from kidney ills, from eventual Bright's Disease and possible death, if you start immediately to take the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Be sure you see on the box the name with three D's. It protects you. Every Druggist Sells Dodd's and refunds your money if dissatisfied.

Why Women Suffer BECAUSE you are a woman there is no need to suffer pain and annoyance which interfere with work, comfort and pleasure. When you suffer gain try PISO's Tablets—a valuable, healing local application with astringent and tonic effects. The name PISO established over 50 years guarantees fair treatment. Money refunded if not satisfied. If you would be rid of Backaches, Headaches, Nervousness, Weariness as symptoms of the condition—a trial will convince.

PISO'S TABLETS

Sample Mailed Free—address postcard THE PISO COMPANY 400 PISO Bldg. Warren, Pa.

American Dollar Flag

Run fast, rain proof, Taffeta, 6 feet long, double-stitched sewing stripes; free delivery by parcel post on receipt of factory price, \$1.00. Including pole, sail and givings holder, \$1.25. Send for free catalogue of flags and decorations. We make more and better flags than other concerns in the world. Prices same as before the war. AMERICAN FLAG MFG. CO., EASTON, PA.

Limitations. "Does your husband play bridge?" "Well, enough to criticize; but not well enough to help win."

Cuticura Beauty Doctor For cleansing and beautifying the skin, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford the most effective preparations. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At Druggists and by mail. Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ and 50¢.—Adv.

Proper Fate. "What did they do with that clever forger?" "They sent him promptly to the pen."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Many a man who seems perfectly happy is wearing a shirt made by his wife.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Bro. Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

A golden mirror makes a homely girl's face a thing of beauty.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

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HEROES of the TRANSPORT SERVICE

Glorious Story of American Sailors May Never Be Told



MANY have told of the deeds of the destroyer men, for the exploits of those who drive the swift war boats to their double task of slaying and saving makes fine and joyous telling. To the credit of the killers of the U-boats and guardians of the convoy let it be said that a half of the splendid tale has not yet been told.

The men of the lean hunter craft are the pick of the navy and their ships come close to being the best in the world. They know it, their countrymen know it, and Fritz of the submarine is learning it to his own sorrow.

Much honor is also paid to the men of the grand fleet—the bluejackets who are waiting at some unnam'd sea rendezvous for a chance to loose the destruction of their great guns upon the ships of Wilhelm, sea lord of the Kiel canal. These are our buckler, and our shield. They man the first line of the nation's defense. They are fighters, skilled in their appointed tasks, and eager for that battle that they believe cannot be so far off now.

No one tells of their brethren of the transport service. Only the brief official announcement gives their history, and this comes but rarely. Occasionally the powers at Washington lift the curtain of secrecy that hangs between our coast line and the Atlantic to announce that troops have been landed to an unmentioned number at an unnamed port in France. Only once so far has it named the ships that carried those troops.

To the average American mind the transports leave our shores and reach those of France, and that is all there is to it.

There is much more. Most of this probably will never be told. The endless chain of ships, most of them built in Germany, that carry men and supplies to the immediate rear of the war, and then return for more, have no history.

Yet the history is there, latent and waiting for birth. The fate of America's part in the war, perhaps the fate of the war itself, rests on the blue-jumped shoulders of the transport men. Their business is not to fight, unless cornered. Their task is not to defend so much as to evade. They are responsible for the lives of thousands of temporarily helpless soldiers. They and their ship play a desperate game of tag, in which every U-boat the kaiser owns is "it" and they and their vessel the lone and unhappy taggee.

Day by day they come and day by day they go, and of their doings only the high lords of the navy know. Peril of storm and torpedo are theirs. Unrelaxed vigilance and eternal weariness are their duty. And they are doing their work. They are getting the men across. Up to the time this was written, no transport flying the Stars and Stripes and carrying her precious load of men and munitions to France has lost in her deadly game of tag. The Tuscania, it should be remembered, was a British ship.

That is what the men of the transport service, most of whom enlisted to fight and were chosen to run, are doing. How they are doing it is only a partly told tale, caught here and there from letters sent home from French ports by sailors; from descriptions of the trip over "Over There" recounted by soldiers, recovered from the terrible qualms of seasickness and filled with a new-found gratitude and admiration for their brothers in the navy blue who brought them safely across.

Let us call her the Ramapo, because that isn't her name. Let us say still further that she was formerly, before she hauled down the red, white and black and hoisted the Stars and Stripes, the Fuerst Adolph, which she wasn't, and one of the crack liners in the German merchant marine, which she was.

In the dusk of a winter afternoon she slipped down the river and out to sea, unobtrusive in her war paint. Several thousand troops were in the "troop spaces" below decks.

The troops were all kept below while the transport slowly slipped down the stream and the shores grew blurred behind her. Then her engines quickened. Her bow made its first curtsy to the oncoming Atlantic swell, and she was on her way across. From now on, for day on day, a torpedo rightly placed might cause a greater loss than the attack of an army corps ashore.

Down in the troop spaces soldiers were singing to keep up their courage. In the quarters of a negro regiment at least a hundred crap games were already in progress. Up in the crow's nests lads only a few times at sea were already on the watch for submarines and seeing periscopes in every wave top.

That night, the storm hit them. All through the night, the section on watch had no time for peaceful thought. They progressed puss-in-the-corner fashion across the heaving decks in the inky darkness, making fast davits that were wrenching free with the rolling, securing a hundred different objects that strove to burst away.

The phosphorescence of the wave tops was the only light they saw. Save for two or three exceptions there was absolutely no illumination on the boat.

Far up on the two masts, switching back and forth across the sky in great arcs, were the fore and main tops—the "crow's nests." In each of these four men were stationed—the eyes of the vessel. In a pent house at the foot of each mast dwelt the commanders of the fore and aft guns, in constant communication with the lookouts above.

Dawn broke over a thousand ranges of gray, rolling mountains. Behind the Ramapo, two other transports ducked and crashed through the waves. Before her the bulk of an armored cruiser showed now and again through the foam. Waves were breaking over her all the time. She plowed straight through. Sometimes to the men on the Ramapo it seemed as though only her funnels and masts were above the sea.

The first night, when the Ramapo behaved more like a drunken acrobat than a stately ship, was merely the forerunner of worse things to come. All winter, storms have ranged up and down the sea lanes of the Atlantic. Calm days on the trip across are always a rarity in December, January and February. This year they have been unigue.

There were windstorms when the vessel rolled in an arc of 82 degrees. There were days of ice when the spray froze wherever it struck and men came off watch, cased in mail. There were days of snow that lashed the lookouts' faces like whips. There were days of tremendous seas that reached up 60 feet from the water line to rip lifeboats from their davits.

There was little time free of hard work and no leisure for the seamen. To sleep one had to clutch the sides of his bunk, and usually when he relaxed as slumber overtook him, he fell out with a dismal crash.

Day and night, they fought the seas, making fast, repairing, defending their vessel against the unending assault of the waves.

A petty officer was going through the mess hall, progressing cautiously, never letting go of one stable object until he had grasped another, when his grip slipped. He was thrown the whole length of the hall, and was carried a limp piece of bloody wreckage to the sick bay.

They had to operate to save his life, the surgeon said. That in a storm that was making the Ramapo behave like an outlaw horse. But the navy cares for its own and they operated, and the man is still alive. The wind was from the north and was making the ship roll terribly. They turned her bow into the gale and faced into it for two hours, because the motion that way was easier.

The cruiser and her convoy passed on down over the horizon. The storm got worse. For two hours the Ramapo steamed slowly into its teeth, alone on the ocean, she and her thousands of men waiting, while in the operating room the surgeon balanced himself to the more regular plunge of the vessel and saved the man's life.

The ordeal of the never-ending series of storms was sufficient to try men's souls, occupied by other worry. But over the Ramapo hung another threat—the menace that envelops any vessel that faces out across the Atlantic.

"Watchful waiting"—the men of the Ramapo grew to know the true inward agony of the word. Always to watch. To stand for a four-hour watch in the crow's nest until your eyes ached from scanning the battling waves for the sight of the white periscope trail. To tread the deck, your ears ever strained for the dull boom below that might tell of a torpedo driven home. To sleep, with one-half of you wide awake, ready to jump to your appointed post while the vessel dropped swiftly away beneath your feet.

The thing got them. For the first day or so they talked and joked about it. Then into the talking came a note of defiance, as though each man were telling his fellows that he wasn't afraid. Then they stopped talking about it entirely.

Then one morning the section that awoke to the twitter of the boatswain's pipe caught a new emphasis in the old navy cry:

"Third section on deck, relieve wheel, lookout, speed cone and ammunition."

Especially the lookout. They had reached the far-flung limit of the war zone.

The Ramapo and her consorts and the armored cruiser were all zig-zagging now. Navy men know how long after a vessel has been sighted it takes to aim and discharge a torpedo. Say that it takes five minutes. Every four minutes the vessels changed their courses, dodging back and forth from an unseen foe that might not be there at all, interminably.

The lookouts were ordered to report everything they saw. Not a bit of driftwood or a patch of floating seaweed was to be missed. Almost every minute a call came down from the tops to the fore or aft gun control.

All at once down the speaking tube to the forward fire control came an excited voice:

"Fore top, fore top, fore top."
"Aye, aye, fore top."
"Stemmer at 185 degrees; range, 2,000 yards."
"Aye, aye, fore top."

There was a steamer, and she was coming down fast, smoke boiling out of her single stack, her bow driving white bursts of foam along ahead of her. The cruiser charged toward her. The gun crews on the Ramapo were fighting to bring their pieces to bear.

"It's a German raider," the whisper ran about the ship.

"She hove to only a few hundred yards away," relates a member of the crew. "All of our guns were on her. You could see their gray muzzles rise and dip as the ship rolled and the gun pointers held them true on their mark. All at once I realized I loved those guns and the men who were handling them. It was funny I'd never thought of them at all before. Now they seemed to be the biggest thing in the world to me."

There was a sudden gasp of relief all over the ship. The tramp had broken out the British flag. On her bridge someone was semaphoreing frantically. The Ramapo men picked up the hysterical message.

"Submarine encountered one hour direct east. Believe it is pursuing. Advise caution."

Then the smoke came bursting from her funnel again and she went blundering on her way over the sea, like a frightened duck.

"Then all at once a whisper ran through the ship. It was repeated as those on the walls of Lucknow must have told of the advancing British column. The destroyers were coming. Somewhere out of that gray, cruel sea the American war boats were sweeping down on the convoy. Our destroyers, our men, they were coming to see their brethren safe through the war zone.

"I shall never forget the way they came. It was a gray afternoon, when the maintop reported the flicker of a blinker signaling far out over the waves. We didn't see them when they came. They seemed to materialize suddenly out of nothing."

"All at once, we saw the first one. She was only a few hundred yards off our bows, and we had to watch her closely to see her at all. That sounds foolish; but it is literal fact. She was camouflaged—streaked and dotted and splashed in a dozen colors, and she melted away into the background of the sea as though she weren't made of steel, but of mist."

"Then we realized that they were all around us. Eight of them. All dappled and harlequin-patterned, all practically invisible at half a mile."

"Their flagship lunged for a moment on a wave, then there was a spurt of white at her stern and she came flying down on us. There was no foam by the bow. There was no smoke from the short, rakish funnels, only the quiver of heat from her oil fires. She slipped through the water like a fish, and as she passed us, slim, high bred, with her razor bow and her lean curving flanks, driving through the water like an express train, with no visible effort and as smoothly as a canoe, she broke out ours, and that was our greeting—that and the yells of the soldiers who were acting like madmen. As she flashed by we caught a glimpse of her guns, all cleared for action and the depth bombs ready at her stern. One of her men, his feet braced to her roll, looked up at us, grimed and then yawned. We knew that was only showing off. He couldn't shame the troops by being blasé. They acted like a bunch of kids."

The worst of the war zone was ahead of them, but they didn't worry any longer. They knew the destroyers were on the watch. They ranged here and there. They shot away for a mile or so and came back to swim circles about them. They were all new boats—the best ever built. The British will tell you so, too. They are modeling their new boats on ours.

The submarine couldn't trouble the transports' men now. If one started to worry, all he had to do was to look over the side, and the picture of the destroyers, running the hills of the sea like homids, was full comfort to him.

A few days later the Ramapo and her consorts were shepherded by the destroyers into the harbor of "A Port in France."

"The troops stood at the rail and cheered and laughed and shouted, but we didn't. We were too tired, just plain worn out. Anyone who has been on a transport's crew knows all there is to know about the agony of anticipation. We just sat and looked at the green hills and the green roofs and the green waters of the bay, and presently those who weren't on watch went to their bunks and had a good sleep."

"They had brought their men across safe, which has come to be a habit of the transport service. Somehow, I was glad that they put me on a transport, instead of a dreadnaught. It seems as though we were doing more to help win the war, somehow, even if no one ever hears about us."

WHERE FARMING IS PROFITABLE

The Future of Great Possibilities.

Some idea of the great wealth that the Western Canada farmer had in view a few years ago is now being realized. The amount received from the sale of wheat, oats, barley, flax and rye in 1917 was \$270,000,000, while the sales of live stock at Winnipeg alone netted \$40,000,000 additional. Of this sum hogs alone gave over eleven million dollars. The increases at Calgary and Edmonton were over 6 1/2 million dollars.

This money, so easily earned, is being spent in improvements in farm property, purchasing additional land, buying tractors, automobiles, and improving home conditions, providing electric light, steam heat, new furniture, pianos, buying Victory bonds, paying up old debts, etc.

Over five hundred tractors were sold in Southern Alberta in 1917. One implement agent reports that the increase in his business in 1917, over that of 1916, was equal to the total business in 1915. It is the same story all over the country. And it is not this evidence alone which proves the advancement and growth of the three prairie provinces, but the large increase in the number of settlers; the improvement in the extent of the cultivated areas and agricultural production; the increase in value of which over 1916 was \$77,000,000.

This wonderful progress that has been made in agriculture in Western Canada is but the beginning which marks the future of the greatest agricultural country on the continent, showing a future of great possibilities. There are millions of acres yet unutilized, and of land as good as any of that which is now giving its owners a return of from twenty to thirty dollars an acre, figures that in many cases represent the cost of the land, with all cultivation costs included. It is true that the cost of production has increased during the past few years, but the price of the product has also increased to a figure which leaves a large balance to the credit of the producer.

The following table shows how this works out.

| | 1913 | 1917 |
|--------------------------------------|---------|---------------|
| FARM NEEDS. | in bus. | Price in bus. |
| Machinery— | wheat | wheat |
| Self binder | 160 | 100 |
| Mower | 70 | 38 |
| 6. H. P. gas engine..... | 250 | 112 |
| Seed drill | 122 | 60 |
| Cream separator | 87 | 38 |
| Building— | | |
| Bathroom, sink and septic tank | 300 | 127 |
| Pressure tank system..... | 156 | 118 |
| Steel shingles, per 100 sq. ft. | 7 | 4 |
| Lumber, per 1,000 ft. | | |
| Hemlock | 28 | 17 |
| Pine | 47 | 32 |
| Bricks, per M. | 16 | 8 |
| Cement, per 350 lbs. | 2.5 | 1.2 |
| Steel fence, 40 rods. | 15 | 10 |
| Paint, per 10 gals. | 25 | 19 |
| Plinths | 440 | 215 |
| Clothing and Food— | | |
| Sugar, per cwt. | 6.2 | 4.9 |
| Cottonseed, per ton..... | 50 | 24 |
| Llused, per ton..... | 50 | 25 |
| Blue serge suit..... | 31 | 17 |

Percentage increases are shown too in another way, leading to the same conclusion, from consultation of the Department of Labor's review of prices. Taking 100 as the index number of normal production in the decade from 1890 to 1900, the increases in prices of farm products have slightly outdistanced the increases in its needs.

| | 1913 | 1916 | 1917 |
|------------------------|------|------|------|
| Grains and fodder..... | 158 | 200 | 280 |
| Animals and meats..... | 176 | 213 | 208 |
| Dairy produce | 145 | 184 | 229 |
| Build. materials | 143 | 170 | 229 |
| House fur'sh'gs..... | 126 | 163 | 205 |
| Implements | 105 | 139 | 189 |

—Advertisement.

Married Life.
As a girl pictures it: A novel, a rocking chair and a box of candy.
As it really is: A washtub, a cook stove and a sewing machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

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

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

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

New Idea.

"How queerly pedestrians walk nowadays."

"Yes; you see, the auto honk has naturally brought in the goose-step."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels. A.D.

Never get the idea that the brave old eagle fights better with his wings clipped.

One of the poorest excuses we know of is "the woman tempted me."

The whole philosophy of the war: Right must conquer might.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.—Addison.

LIKE BACON

YOU know how cooking brings out all the rich pungent flavor of bacon—there's nothing that tastes better. But you wouldn't like it raw.

IT'S TOASTED

So we toast the Burley tobacco used in LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes for exactly the same reason—to bring out the rich, solid flavor.



Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

Win the War by Preparing the Land Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests.

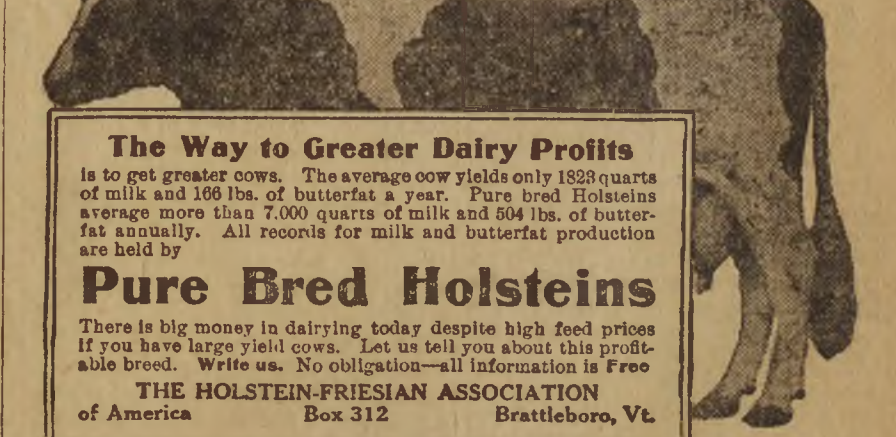
Western Canada's help will be required not later than May 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR CHICAGO, ILL.; BLOOMINGTON, ILL.; DANVILLE, ILL.; JOLIET, ILL.; GALESBURG, ILL.; ROCKFORD, ILL.; GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Pure Bred HOLSTEINS

The Most Profitable Cows



The Way to Greater Dairy Profits

Is to get greater cows. The average cow yields only 1825 quarts of milk and 166 lbs. of butterfat a year. Pure bred Holsteins average more than 7,000 quarts of milk and 604 lbs. of butterfat annually. All records for milk and butterfat production are held by

Pure Bred Holsteins

There is big money in dairying today despite high feed prices if you have large yield cows. Let us tell you about this profitable breed. Write us. No obligation—all information is free

THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION of America Box 312 Brattleboro, Vt.



BUY LIBERTY BONDS

For

PATRIOTISM

"Actions speak louder than words—Act—Don't Talk—Buy Now"

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.



Buy SAPOLIO

For ECONOMY

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

HOSPITAL NOTES

Mrs. R. H. Browne was able to return to her home last Thursday.
Mrs. F. A. Tischler, Sr. is now able to sit up a short time each day.
Miss Lillie Lang, who had a goitre removed, was able to go home Friday.
The cast was removed from T. G. Sager's leg Wednesday and all are encouraged with the results.
Little Delbert Awe, who had her leg badly broken a couple of weeks ago, is getting along as well as can be expected.
J. A. Patterson, who was here for treatment last week, is able to be out on the street again.

RED CROSS NOTES

Mrs. S. R. Crawford wishes all the boys who enlist or are called into service to notify her, so that they may be supplied with knitted outfits and comfort kits.

SURGICAL DRESSING CLASS

Surgical dressing classes, please note the time of meeting:
Every Tuesday afternoon.
Every Friday afternoon.
1st and 3rd Tuesday nights.
2nd and 4th Friday nights.

DANCE SATURDAY

There will be a dance at Genoa on Saturday night. Dahlstrand's Five-piece Orchestra. Perkins truck will leave Belvidere Hotel at 7:30.

Card of Thanks

I wish to thank my many friends and everyone who were so kind in bringing me flowers and fruit during my stay at the hospital.
Miss Lillian Lang.

RILEY CENTER

Riley Sunday School convention will be held Sunday, April 23, at 2:30 p. m. A good program is being prepared and every one is invited.

Lewis Ratfield, who enlisted in the Navy last fall and has been at Harvard, Mass., has been assigned to the U. S. S. C. (U. S. Submarine Chaser) 270, and at present will do patrol duty at Portland, Me.
Mrs. Will Ratfield was happily surprised Tuesday by a short call from her brother, Ben Washburn, who is home from Camp Houston, Texas. He expects to go to France soon.
Mrs. C. F. Dutton is spending a few days with Mrs. Grant Anthony this week.

Miss Ella Devine of Elgin spent the week end with friends here.

No More Furloughs for Texas Men
According to a recent order issued by General Bell, post commander at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, no more home leave furloughs are to be issued to men of the national guard stationed there. This would signify that preparations will soon be made for transferring the troops.

The Chief End of Brains.

A member of congress, a new man and therefore not widely known in Washington, found himself one day in the hands of a barber of the proverbial talkative sort who was employed in a Washington hostelry, says the Youth's Companion.
"You have a large head, sir," observed the barber, as he was trimming the locks of the statesman. "It is a good thing to have a large head, for a large head means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can have, for it nourishes the roots of the hair."

"Ouch!"

My! but that mustard plaster blisters." Why use old style, messy mustard plasters anyhow?

GORDON'S
Mustard Oil
Cream
(Double Strength)

is much better. Positively will not blister. Wards off pneumonia, grip, bronchial and throat affections; relieves lumbago pains and soothes rheumatic twinges. Two Sizes, at all druggists, 25¢ and 50¢.

Scott's Pharmacy

Week's Social Events

Surprise Wm. Jeffery

Saturday evening sixteen friends of Wm. Jeffery dropped in at his home on Sycamore street to help him celebrate his birthday. The evening was spent at cards until a late hour, when refreshments were served on the card tables. The guests presented Mr. Jeffery with a purse of money. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brungart and Mr. and Mrs. Hurree of Rockford.

Mrs. Frank Williams Surprised

Mrs. Frank Williams was pleasantly surprised at her home on Main street Friday afternoon when twelve ladies walked in and informed her that they had come to help her celebrate her birthday. The afternoon was spent with cards and Victrola music. Late in the afternoon a delightful luncheon, which was brought by the guests, was served. The ladies presented Mrs. Williams with a purse of money. The following were present: Mrs. Warren Whipple and son, James; Mrs. Wm. Kellum, Mrs. Dell Baker, Mrs. Ed. Cassidy and daughter, Mrs. Wm. Culleha and son, Miles; Mrs. Ed. Naker, Mrs. E. Doyle and two daughters, Mrs. Wm. Laughlin and son, Miss Larana Anderson and Mrs. S. Huber, all of Sycamore; Mrs. J. Swanson and Mrs. K. Shipman of Genoa.

H. G. L. Club

The members of the H. G. L. Club played 500 at the home of Mrs. Frank Wallace last Thursday afternoon. Refreshments were served on the card tables after several games had been enjoyed. The guests, other than club members, were Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Jr., Mrs. L. C. Young and Mrs. George Brungart of Rockford.

Brown and gray hose at Olmsted's.

Gossard front lace corsets are the best. Olmsted's.

Postponed dance at the Auditorium on Saturday evening of this week.

Don't fail to see Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon" at Petey Wales' next Wednesday night.

Remember the seven-reel feature, "The Flame of the Yukon," starring Dorothy Dalton, next Wednesday night at Petey Wales' show.

Albert Morehouse is scheduled as the four minute speaker at the Grand Theatre on Saturday evening. A. C. Reid will speak at the Opera House on the same evening.

At the regular meeting of the Odd Fellows Monday evening, by unanimous vote, the secretary was instructed to take out a hundred dollar Liberty Bond for the lodge.

"The Lord helps those who help themselves." Do you believe it? The above is Rev. Lott's sermon subject for Sunday morning at the M. E. church. In the evening he will speak on the subject "Supposo." Good music at each service.

Readers of The Republican-Journal should not fail to notify us whenever any of the boys in the United States service change their address. Bear in mind that Mr. D. S. Brown has arranged for sending all the boys The Republican-Journal while they are in the service, and you may rest assured that the old home paper will look mighty good to the boys when they are "over there." This means a large financial outlay for Mr. Brown, but he is doing it voluntarily, his only requirement in exchange for the courtesy being that parents or other relatives keep the office posted as to addresses.

L. C. Young, who has been managing editor and foreman of the Republican-Journal during the past seven months, went to DeKalb this (Thursday) morning where he enters the employ of the Chronicle Publishing Co. Mr. Young is a capable manager and a fine printer, knowing the country print shop game from A to Izzard, but being a man who commands a high salary, present conditions make it impossible for The Republican-Journal to retain his services. By reducing the office force in this manner an enormous amount of work will be thrown onto those who are left to conduct the business. We can get by however if advertisers will get their copy to us early in the week. It is absolutely essential that all contributions for the news columns reach the office not later than Wednesday noon of each week.

L. F. Scott (Scott's Pharmacy) is making a strong bid for the kodak and supply business this year. This week he is running an exclusive kodak ad in this paper and has one of his show windows dressed for the occasion. He is carrying a large line of accessories necessary for the work of the amateur photographer.

Theatre Party

Mrs. W. W. Cooper gave a theatre party to the ladies of the H. A. G. T. Club Wednesday evening at the Opera House. Among the features of the Petey Wales program which they enjoyed was Olive Thomas in "Madcap Madge" and a special reel entitled "The Starspangled Banner."

Just a Little Party

Miss Vera Sowers and Master Kenneth Field entertained in honor of Miss Mary Stanley at the home of the former last Thursday night. The guests had heaps of fun as their peals of laughter would have convinced you had you chanced by the house that evening. There was no end to the pop corn and home made candy served to this merry crowd. Those present were Garnet Sowers, Lucile Glass, Richard Hoover, Harold Nelson, Clarence Russell, the guest of honor and the host and hostess.

Priscilla Club

The members of the Priscilla Club spent a pleasant afternoon with their sewing at the home of Mrs. M. L. Geithman last Thursday. About five o'clock refreshments were served by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Furr Entertain

Thursday night eighteen young married folks were conveyed in J. L. Patterson's truck to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Furr, north-east of this city. The host and hostess had left nothing undone to make this a delightful occasion. Music, five hundred and various other amusements made the hours pass only too quickly. After a bountiful supper was served the guests departed again and again expressing their appreciation of the evening's pleasures.

Service pins at Martin's.

Munsing summer underwear at Olmsted's.

Have you seen those new collars at Olmsted's?

Gray and brown shoes at Olmsted's. All sizes.

Petey Wales is showing an exceptionally good picture, "The Flame of the Yukon," in seven reels at his show next Wednesday night.

Get a smileage book at the Exchange Bank for that boy in camp. He will sure enjoy the pleasures it will bring.

A suggestion for her birthday—a beautiful string of pearl beads or a cameo pin. Martin has both at reasonable prices.

Service at the German Lutheran church next Sunday evening will be conducted in English. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Exchange Bank has several of those smileage books on hand. If you want to please the boys in camp send them these books. Ask about them at the bank.

Have you seen the service pins at Martin's? Every person having a near relative in Uncle Sam's army should be proud to wear one of them. Price is within the reach of all.

Do not forget the May Party the Odd Fellows are giving for the benefit of the Red Cross at Slater's Hall on Friday evening, May 3. Everyone cordially invited for there will be a variety of dances.

Last Thursday Kiernan & Gahl shipped three cars of fat steers to the Chicago market, there being three car loads in the shipment. The beef hit the top of the market, bringing the owners \$17.00 per hundred.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. If

The Sycamore Tribune says that burglars entered the Ludwig, Nelson & Irish store before daylight Monday morning and secured six or seven dollars from the cash register. No goods were taken. The entrance was made by removal, slick and clean, of the right hand lower glass from the window sash on the east side of the rear of the store.

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. 1886.
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. See Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Henderson corsets—sure fit—at Olmsted's.

The best millinery showing of the season at Olmsted's.

The best display of hats of the year at Olmsted's.

Shoes for children that are dressty and will wear at Olmsted's.

The Liberty Loan in Genoa has reached \$40,000.00. There are only a few more days of the drive. Get busy if you want to wear one of the honor buttons.

The dance advertised to take place at the Auditorium last Saturday evening was postponed on account of inclement weather and will be put on this Saturday night.

Womans friend is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin tonic. Get a 50c trial bottle at Scott's Pharmacy.

Della Rebekah Lodge No. 330 is invited to attend the anniversary services at Sycamore on Sunday, April 23, at the Universalist church. Meet at the I. O. O. F. hall in Sycamore at 2:00 p. m. Secy.

When you have the backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladder. A trial 50c bottle of Sanol will convince you. Get it at Scott's Pharmacy.

Wm. Schmidt has secured the services of an expert blacksmith, Peter McKeown, who is now on the job and ready to take care of the trade. Mr. Schmidt will be pleased to again serve his old customers and guarantees the same satisfactory work as has been his reputation for turning out in the years gone by.

Dressy oxfords in both strap and pump styles at Olmsted's.

Dress gingham are getting scarce, buy now—a good line at Olmsted's.

Miss Dunn was in Chicago replenishing Olmsted's millinery stock. See her for a stylish spring hat.

Persons who desire to purchase a Liberty Bond on the installment plan must make arrangements at the bank before the first of May. Do not put this off another day.

Readers should bear in mind that "cards of thanks" are not published "free." In no sense of the word can these cards be termed news items. The regular rate of five cents per line is charged.

Al. Sickles, who has for some time been employed in the Fossler barber shop, has purchased the shop on East Main street of W. H. Leonard. Mr. Leonard expects to become conductor on the interurban line.

Charles Standish who lives near Marengo has erected a new sorghum mill on his farm and will make sorghum for the neighboring farmers, who are growing it extensively this year.—Sycamore Tribune.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Ney will hold a May basket social at the Ney church on Tuesday evening, April 30. Baskets with supper for two will be one dollar. There will also be a grab bag—10 cents a grab. Everyone is invited to come. Ladies are requested to please bring baskets and small articles for the grab bag. A good program is being prepared. Hot coffee will be served with the supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Roe Bennett entertained Mr. and Mrs. George Brungart and Mr. and Mrs. E. Hurre of Rockford Sunday.

Dead Animals

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

Plant Phone 90914 Office Phone 24



Measure the service of your inner tubes by the calendar, not the speedometer

Empire Red Tubes

Last as long as the average car itself

To invest money in poor tires is like throwing it away. If you have a car you must have tires and the only plan is to

Buy Tires That Will Last

Our stock of tires are of the best and most durable made and every one is guaranteed to give satisfaction. We put in a large stock of tires last fall when the price was low and for that reason we are able to sell

10 Per Cent Under the Present List Price

But we will be forced to advance soon as the wholesale price is continually advancing. Protect yourself and buy now before our present stock is exhausted.

We have a large assortment and quote herewith the guaranteed mileage of each tire:

| | |
|---------------------|------|
| Vacuum Cup | 6000 |
| Racine Horseshoe | 5000 |
| Racine Country Road | 5000 |
| Ajax | 5000 |
| Arabian | 5000 |
| Empire | 4000 |
| Fisk | 3500 |

OUR TERMS: STRICTLY CASH
M. F. O'BRIEN



No. 3A Anso Speedex

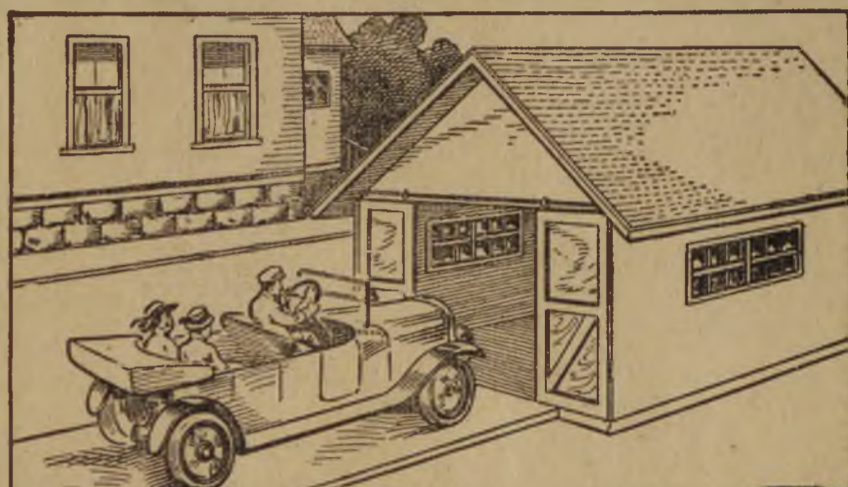
This is the Anso Store

—and that means headquarters for all that's best in photographic materials. Come in today and let us show you how you can make finer photographs.

We will gladly demonstrate the Anso Speedex shown above or any other model in which you are interested, and show you its work with Anso Speedex Film and Cyko Paper.

Look for the Anso Sign

Scott's Pharmacy



Have Your Own Garage

The many advantages of having a garage of your own more than offset the small cost of building it. Come in at your earliest convenience and let us show you plans that will meet your needs—estimates that won't strain your purse.

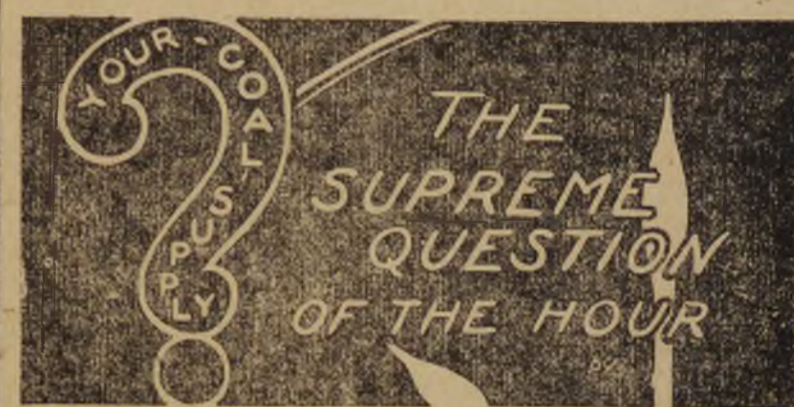
Service That Saves

Our experience with materials—our knowledge of the short cuts in building—our error-proof plans—our low prices—these will surely reduce your cost to the lowest possible figures—whether you build a garage, house, barn or other building.

Let us explain this service fully

Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co.

C. H. ALTENBERG, Mgr.



CASH!

Owing to the existing conditions due to the shortage of transportation facilities and narrow profit margin under which business is conducted, we find it an absolute necessity, as a common sense business precaution to sell for cash only. Therefore on and after May 1, 1918, all coal will be sold for cash. We regret that this system is necessary, but trust that the trade will fully understand that such a move is only along the lines laid down by the coal operators demanding prompt payment, and in conformity with suggestions of the Fuel Administration at Washington.

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

WRIGLEYS



Helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

"Give it to me, please. Grand-daddy."

"Why Bobby, if you wait a bit for it you'll have it to enjoy longer!"

"Poo-poo! That's no argument with WRIGLEYS 'cause the flavor lasts, anyway!"

—After every meal



Right There. Mother—"Professor, is my son a deep student?" Professor—"None deeper, ma'am; he's always at the bottom."

Of Course. "This article says that we should give our shoes a day off occasionally." "To rest their weary soles, eh?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

Meat is as Necessary as Steel and Ships

Food is the first essential of the fighting forces.

The American farmer and the packer have met every war emergency, and have promptly furnished an adequate supply of wholesome meat.

No other industry can claim a better record of war time efficiency.

Swift & Company has shipped to the United States Government and the Allied Nations,

Over 12,000,000 Pounds (400 carloads) per week, of beef, pork, and lard, since January 1, 1918.

In one week recently we shipped 24,000,000 Pounds (800 carloads) and the demand is increasing.

Our profits are limited by the Food Administration to 9 per cent on investment in the meat departments. (This means about 2 cents on each dollar of sales.) No profit is guaranteed.

We are co-operating with the Government to the best of our ability.

Swift & Company 1918 Year Book, containing many interesting and instructive facts, sent on request. Address, Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company U. S. A.

Food Expert Emphasizes Superiority of Milk to Sugar for Children

By DR. HARVEY W. WILEY



I beg those who are doing their utmost to economize and those in somewhat straitened circumstances to ponder carefully these suggestions: to eat more of the cheaper kinds of foods, such as cereals bought in bulk and eaten with simplicity; to purchase less sugar, which is by no means a necessity, and add this saving to the sum set aside for the purchase of milk.

I should like to see these conditions obtain, namely, that in every family where there are children, at least a pint of milk should be used each day by each child. Whenever milk is purchased in these circumstances, it should be devoted first of all to the infant or young child, and if any be left over it may be used by the children of larger growth, and the men and women of the household.

I am not exaggerating in any sense when I say that 10 cents invested in milk is of far more value to the family with a child than when invested in sugar. This is true, although the heating power of 10 cents' worth of sugar is considerably greater than that of 10 cents' worth of milk.

The nutritive value to the child, however, is far greater in 10 cents' worth of milk than it is in 10 cents' worth of sugar. A child fed sugar will never be nourished and grow, and it cannot be well nourished and grow properly without milk.

All the constituents of milk nourish the child. Its bones and teeth are made from the valuable mineral substances in the milk. The muscles and parts of the nerves, tendons, and bones are built up from the protein (casein) of the milk. The heat of the body is supplied by the milk sugar and milk fat.

Strong Arguments Made in Favor of Universal Military Training

By THOMAS ADDISON of the Vigilantes

There are many arguments in favor of universal military training. Here is one that struck home to me with peculiar force.

This southern state from which I write has a population of over two million, of which 15 per cent is illiterate. I have met a good many of this latter class in my goings about in the rural districts. One of them I knew very well. He was a young fellow, white, and a farmhand. He had three brothers. Only one of the four could read; he was a carpenter in the city. The others had stayed on the farm, and never gone to school. They couldn't write their names. The mother could read and write, after a fashion. The father was dead.

Well, Jim, the one I knew, was drafted and sent to Camp Lee. This cut him off completely from his family, for, you see, he was unable to communicate with them in any way but by word of mouth. Jim had the regular farm slouch when he left home. His shoulders were hunched over, and his walk was a shuffle. His eyes had a bovine look. His face had no expression. His speech was a slovenly drawl. This was the picture of Jim that remained with me from my last view of him.

The other day I dropped into a hotel here in the city to send off some picture cards. In the writing room a young infantryman sat at a desk near mine. He was making rough weather of a letter he had under way, but was getting on just the same.

Presently I heard my name spoken and looked up. The soldier had left his seat and come over to me. He was standing by my chair, his hand extended—as trim a figure of a man anyone would wish to see—erect, straight-shouldered, alert, quick-eyed and brimful of energy. I stared at him, and he grinned in return.

"Don't you remember me?" he quizzed. "I'm Jim Blank. I'm waiting for my chum, we're going to a picture show. Thought I'd put in the time writing home to ma." His head lifted proudly. "I can do it now. We've got a bully good school at camp. I'm getting on fine all 'round. I'm living every minute I'm awake." He laughed out loud in the exuberance of his feelings. "Say," he confided, "it tickles me to death 'cause you didn't know me. I wouldn't take \$10 for it."

Well, is this one argument for universal military training, or isn't it?

We Must Stand By Our Boys Who Are Fighting for Us "Somewhere in France"

By PAULINE WORTH HAMLIN

Word has come back from the boys in France "We will be all right over here in the trenches if you folks over there will stand by us."

What do they mean by standing by?

They mean for us to do our part in food conservation, in buying Thrift stamps and Liberty bonds. They mean for us to stand by the Red Cross with our money, our hands and our brains. They mean for us to refrain from buying nonessentials so that the men and women who make them can be released for the making of essentials. They mean for us to place a one-cent stamp upon our periodicals when we have finished reading them so that the boys may have good things to read.

They mean for us to write cheerful letters to them. One young soldier said, "I don't mind the danger and the discomforts if I feel that everybody is all right at home, but when I get a letter saying that Frank is out of a job and Sister Hattie is sick and food is so high they can't afford it and there is no coal—well, I feel like the devil."

Remember that by the time that letter reaches France Frank may have a better job, Hattie may be fat and rosy, food may be easier to get and the coal shortage ended. Even if that is not true write cheerful letters anyway. The boy over there needs cheer, it isn't his place to be cheering you. Remember that whatever discomforts we may be having over here they are comforts compared to what they have over there. Let us not fail our boys who are fighting for us. The very least we can do is stand by.

The star-spangled banner that tells how many employees are in their country's service is worthy of all honor, too.

The story Americans like best in their evening's paper contains but three words—Haig Hammers Huns.

FRENCH IMPOSTOR DAZZLES GOTHAM

Almost Succeeds in Getting Huge Loan From New York Bankers.

BLOCKED BY LANSING

Former Telephone Worker at \$15 a Week Bought Brilliant Uniforms and Had Merry Time Fooling Gullible New Yorkers.

New York.—Chance alone caused the castle of the bogus "Marquis Edmond Rousselot di Castillot" to topple over, after he had captivated the beauties of New York city with his brilliant uniforms, secured loans from wealthy men and contracted bills at the Waldorf-Astoria and other famous hostilities amounting to thousands of dollars. His success at issuing bogus letters, decorated with the coats of arms of imaginary estates in France and Spain, and intimate correspondence with the king of Spain, all his own handwriting, gained him admission, not only to the leading homes of Americans in the metropolis, but entrance to military clubs and organizations.

Went Step Too Far.

Emboldened by his success, which included masquerading in the uniforms of various French regiments, all made to his order by New York tailors, the "marquis," conceived the idea of conducting negotiations between New York bankers and Spanish authorities, by which Spain was to enter the war on the side of the allies, and was succeeding fairly well when the state department decided to take a hand.

When the subject of the loan was broached to the bank by Rousselot, who had been introduced properly by W. E. D. Stokes of New York city, the bank communicated immediately with Secretary Lansing, who opposed the



Explained That the Loan Was to Be Made to King Alfonso.

loan to the Spanish government through an individual, and suggested that it be taken up through the regular government channels.

Rousselot objected to this method of procedure, explaining that the loan was to be made personally to King Alfonso, and it was because of this secret arrangement he could promise that Spain was to join the entente allies. The negotiations for the loan still were under way when the Frenchman was arrested on the charge of falsely representing himself as "Count Rousselot," a French diplomat here on a secret mission.

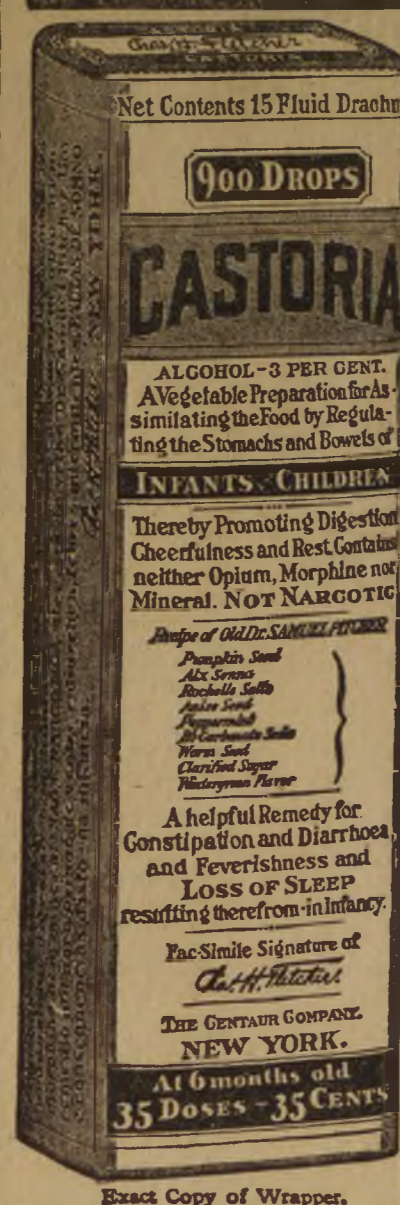
Cook by Trade.

Rousselot, a former telephone workman at \$15 a week, accidentally met a wealthy New York woman and to her he confided the story that he was of noble birth, although his occupation in France was that of a cook. She advanced him stocks on which he realized \$10,000, hired an expensive suite of rooms at a leading hotel, ordered brilliant uniforms, and in due time secured entrance to select circles. A half dozen expensive automobiles were constantly at his command, as well as fancy riding horses. He succeeded in convincing even government officials that he was a French officer here on a great secret mission, and obtained passes to shipyards and war vessels.

He made ardent love to actresses and hostesses and when his rooms were searched, dozens of photographs, bearing endearing bits of sentiment, were found. Following his arrest the "marquis" said he merely wanted to see how far he could go and how badly he could fool the people of New York.

Grocer Was a Pickpocket.

London.—Here's a story robbed of its peace-time prominence by the war. In Middlesex court last week Henry Phillips, a grocer, was arrested on a charge of picking pockets. It developed that he had been convicted 23 times previously and was an absentee from the army. He was sent to prison for three years.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

As Age Advances the Liver Requires

occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION

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

Lovely Compliment. Mrs. Parvenu ran an eager eye over the Tatler's report of the dinner party. Presently she came to this: "Mrs. Parvenu attracted universal attention by the gaucheries so characteristic of the nouveau riche."

"My! Ain't that a lovely compliment!" she exclaimed ecstatically.—Boston Transcript.

\$100 Reward, \$100. Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

He Was Complimentary. "If I give you one kiss will you be satisfied?" "No. I expect the sample to assay better than that."

RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION FOR THE KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merits and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

The only way to think a lot of your friends is to do a lot to be worthy of them.

Red-blooded men of courage are on the firing line—and there are many anemic, weak, discouraged men and women left at home.

At this time of the year most people suffer from a condition often called Spring Fever. They feel tired, worn out, before the day is half thru. They may have frequent headaches and sometimes "dimply" or pale skin.

Bloodless people, thin, anemic people, those with pale cheeks and lips, who have a poor appetite and feel that tired, worn or feverish condition in the springtime of the year, should try the refreshing tonic powers of a good alternative and blood purifier. Such a one is extracted from Blood root, Golden Seal and Stone root, Queen's root and Oregon Grape root, made up with chemically pure glycerine and without the use of alcohol. This can be obtained in ready-to-use tablet form in sixty-cent vials, as druggists have sold it for fifty years as Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a standard remedy that can be obtained in tablet or liquid form.

A good purge should be taken once a week even by persons who have a movement daily, in order to eliminate matter which may remain and cause a condition of auto-intoxication, poisoning the whole system. To clean the system at least once a week is to practice health measures. There is nothing so good for this purpose as tiny pills made up of the May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap, and sold by almost all druggists in this country as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take.

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER WITH BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haierlem Oil has been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haierlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All reliable druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haierlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.

They are not a "patent medicine" nor a "new discovery." For 100 years they

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 16-1918.

KINGSTON NEWS

Mrs. P. G. White is visiting in DeKalb this week. Eddie Phelps was home from Rockford Sunday. Mrs. Edith Bell visited with friends in Genoa Sunday.

Miss Beth Scott of Genoa visited Kingston friends Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson entertained their daughter, Mayla, of Elgin Sunday.

Erma Lee Fuller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Fuller of Freeport, formerly of this place, passed away from this life at Detroit, Mich., on April 18, at the age of 28 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cook were Chicago passengers Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Rae Crawford called on H. M. Crawford at Genoa Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hartman of Sycamore called on their son, Arthur, Tuesday.

Mrs. John Genz and Miss Elma Tadge were Elgin passengers last Thursday.

Charles Reiser and family attended the school play at Hampshire on Monday evening. Mrs. Arthur Hartman and son, Harvey, and Leona Roth spent Tuesday at Hampshire.

CITY TREASURER ANNUAL REPORT

Table with columns for date, description, and amount. Includes entries for 1917 and 1918, such as 'May 17, Illinois Northern Utilities Co., 2nd payment on motor' and 'Jan. 9, Wm. Heed, labor'.

Use of Coal Gas in Motor Vehicles. The use of coal gas as a substitute for gasoline for motor traction is increasing in England. According to a report from the U. S. Department of Commerce, about 4500 commercial vehicles have already been equipped to run on coal gas.

Ordinance Chapter No. 108. Be it ordained by the City Council of the city of Genoa, DeKalb County, Illinois.

Section 1. That there shall be and is hereby constituted a Board of Local Improvements, consisting of the Mayor, who shall be the President of such board, and two additional members, to be appointed by the City Council from its own number.

Section 2. That John Canavan and J. L. Patterson shall be and are hereby appointed as such additional members.

Passed and approved by the city council of the said city of Genoa, DeKalb County, Illinois, April 19, 1918.

Change Name of German Bank. A meeting of the stock holders of the German Bank at Freeport, one of the leading banks of northwestern Illinois, has been called for May 28, to change its name to the Stephenson County Bank.

To Rebuild at DeKalb. The Chronicle says that workmen have started on the task of remodeling the large store building at the corner of Lincoln Highway, formerly occupied by R. N. Leslie.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Table with columns for date, description, and amount. Includes entries for 1917 and 1918, such as 'Mar. 20, R. J. Cruikshank, repairs' and 'Jan. 29, J. L. Patterson, Adams fire'.

RECEIPTS

Table with columns for date, description, and amount. Includes entries for 1917 and 1918, such as 'May 17, Illinois Northern Utilities Co., 2nd payment on motor' and 'Jan. 9, Wm. Heed, labor'.

PAID OUT

Table with columns for date, description, and amount. Includes entries for 1917 and 1918, such as 'May 17, Illinois Northern Utilities Co., 2nd payment on motor' and 'Jan. 9, Wm. Heed, labor'.

Wants, For Sale, Etc.

FOR SALE—Vacant lots and improved city property in Genoa, in all parts of town. Lots from \$200 up. Improved property from \$1000 up to \$5000, according to location and improvements.

FOR SALE—Ten or twelve tons of choice timothy hay in barn. Fred Anderson, Genoa, Ill., R. R. 1. 25-3t

FOR SALE—40-acre farm, 3 miles south-east of Genoa, on Derby line road. All under cultivation, fine residence and good barn.

FOR SALE—Lot in Citizens addition to Genoa, \$50.00. Inquire of Geithman & Hammond, Genoa. 26-2t

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

SEND ORDERS. 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 in Odd Fellow Hall. Blanche R. Patterson, Edna Abraham, N. G. Sec.

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

DR. J. W. OVITZ. Physician and Surgeon. Office Over Cooper's Store. Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m. 2:00 to 4:30 p. m. Phone No. 11 7:00 to 8:30 p. m.

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

FINAL REPORT. State of Illinois DeKalb County ss Estate of Frank H. Oriel, deceased. To heirs, devisees and legatees of said estate:

You are hereby notified that on Monday, the 13th day of May, 1918, the Executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased will present to the County Court of DeKalb County, at Sycamore, Illinois, her final report of her acts and doings as such Executrix and ask the court to be discharged from any and all further duties and responsibilities connected with said estate, and her administration thereof, at which time and place you may be present and resist such application, if you choose so to do.

Mary Oriel, Executrix. G. E. Stott, Atty.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send your booklet of Regenerative Exercises, with the understanding that I may return the booklet after three days' trial and receive money back.

Name Street City

Look at our Show Window. Are you dressed up? If not, it is your own fault. We Have the suits and prices. Suits that you can buy for \$12.50 and \$15.00 and then some more for \$20.00 and \$25.00. Great, big, real bargains.



Is Health, Strength, Energy, Vitality, Worth \$100. Scores of people in Genoa and other cities which I have visited, have expressed a desire to take up the Schoonmaker System of Regenerative Exercises, not that they have any particular ailment, but simply as a form of systematic exercise for health preservation and muscle building.