

# The Genoa Republican-Journal

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## THE MAYOR IS ON WAR PATH

### Will Stand for No More Evasion of the Dog Ordinance

### HIS HAND CHEWED BY A DOGGIE

"There Ain't No Such Animile" as the Dog that will not Bite, at Times

There is no use trying to tell Mayor Hammond that there is such a thing as a "dog that will not bite." He is in a position to state emphatically that there "ain't no such animile." He is now carrying one hand in a bandage as a result of being bit by one of those same little harmless beasts.

Last Friday morning he caught a little white dog in the alley at the rear of his office, said dog being without a muzzle, but with a recently acquired bad reputation. At first the doggie was docile enough, but when he discovered that his captor meant to hold him indefinitely, the little pet turned and sank his fangs into his honor's hand and hung there until the mayor choked the life out of him. Had some little child taken a notion to hold and pet this nice little doggie the result would have been the same, only in that case the teeth might have been set into the child's throat or face.

In view of the convincing argument that has come to his attention, Mayor Hammond has given his police officers instructions that are unmistakable. They have orders to shoot on sight any dog running at large without a muzzle.

Is there danger from dogs at this time of the year?

Read this dispatch from Milwaukee, under date of July 24:

"Because of the death of three people in Milwaukee, two children and a man and also hundreds of cattle, hogs, and sheep from rabies, it has been necessary for the Wisconsin department of agriculture to place a ban on the shipment of dogs outside of Milwaukee, Waukesha, Racine, Kenosha, Dane, Portage, Jefferson, Walworth, Washington, Columbia and Ozaukee counties.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### President Wilson Approves of Plan for Wearing Mourning

To avoid the widespread use of mourning in the United States as the war goes on, the Woman's Council of National Defense has recommended to American woman insignia that shall take the place of mourning for soldiers. It is a black arm band, 3 inches wide, with a gilt star for each member of the family who has died in the service. President Wilson has indorsed the recommendation.

It is expected that the New York State apple crop this year will be six times what it was last year. The western counties of the state report prospects for especially good crops.

Congress has passed the bill providing for the issuance of eight billion dollars worth of Government bonds and the fourth Liberty Loan campaign for \$6,000,000,000 will probably be started in October.

The Pennsylvania Railroad in June found places for 1,481 more women employes on its lines east of Pittsburgh. This addition makes the total number of women employed by this road in office positions 8,354.

Utah reports that it will produce this year sufficient sugar beets to fulfill the wants of its half million population and then have enough to furnish an American army of 2,000,000 with sugar.

## SOME SLACKER

A constable picked up a loafer in a neighboring town recently, under the "work or fight" law. It was eight o'clock in the morning and the lazy son-of-a-gun, since getting out of bed, had only milked fourteen cows, chopped a cord of wood, been around the wheat field ten times, sloped the hogs, fed the horses, and had the audacity to come to town to get repairs for the binder. The fellow apologized and stated that he expected to get started to work just as soon as he could shock the wheat he had cut before breakfast.

## FEEDING THE THRESHER

### Question of Economy and Saving that is Bothering Many Farmers

Usually when The Republican-Journal has just received a clipping, sent in without a moment's attention. We have just received a clipping, sent in by some unknown person, which is supposed to be a note from a farmer's wife to the paper from which the item was clipped. In view of the fact that this question is one that is now puzzling farmers greatly, we will lay aside our hard and fast rule governing anonymous communications and publish the same.

The letter follows:  
I think all "threshing gangs" should be compelled to eat their suppers at home—but a great many are afraid to mention the fact to others. In some places the men (hired) have threatened to quit if they couldn't eat where they worked—calling farmers "stingy," etc. I have heard men ridicule women if they even mentioned



going home at night. But now it isn't a question of making the dreaded threshing time easier for the housewife but to save an amount of unnecessary waste of food. For as a rule a farmer's table is loaded with meats, cakes, etc., which we need to save, and should be taken up by someone who has food control. A threshing gang who stays to supper, also silo fillers, should be termed as "non-patriotic." No one realizes the unnecessary waste of food, nor is anyone more helpless to fight it than the farmer's wife.

I do hope our food administrator will give this matter a little serious thought. A Farmer's Wife.

The above argument is good but many prominent farmers are taking another view of the matter. They would all like to relieve the women of the enormous amount of work attending the preparation of meals for a bunch of hungry threshers, but as to the question of economy, there have been some good arguments advanced in favor of keeping the men for supper. Some of the farmers contend that were the men compelled to go home for supper, many of them would quit work an hour or two sooner than they would otherwise. The question arises: Will the extra work off-set the waste that would be caused by getting up the meal. It looks as tho it is a question that must be decided by each farmer, everything depending on conditions in his particular case. No person should be so foolish or narrow as to call a farmer "stingy" if he proposes that the men go home for supper, and on the other hand he should not be called "unpatriotic" if he finds it more advantageous to feed the men at supper time. As a matter of fact, "stinginess" is a rare trait among the farmers when it comes to feeding a guest or guests, and the unpatriotic farmer in this community is difficult to locate right now.

The Republican-Journal would be pleased to publish any arguments in this matter, but must insist that any article sent in hereafter bear the signature of the writer.

## FOR PACKERS ONLY

Owing to te flood of instructions, orders, and suggestions that are coming from the various government departments daily it is inevitable that some mistakes or misinterpretations will be made. It was published thru-out the country that dealers in poultry and eggs must take out licenses. It is now developed that this ruling was intended to include operators of packing plants only.

See the new fall shoes at F. W. Olmsted's.

## FIRE DESTOYS THE OLD SCHOOL

### Large Frame Structure in Genoa Reduced to Ashes Monday

### WAS ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1877

### Fire Starts in Roof at North End and Defies Best Efforts of Fire Department

The Genoa High School building, the main part of which was erected in 1877, was burned to the ground Monday evening, and all that remains of the historic old building is a pile of ashes and charred timbers. One chimney still stands sentinel over the ruins, defying the flames and winds in its solitary duty of reminding the numerous alumni in Genoa of the happy days in former years.

While the fleeting memories of hap-



py days come back to many, one hears few expressions of regret over the loss of the old fire trap. The building had not one redeeming feature as a school building as such buildings are constructed now. There was nothing like modern ventilators, the lighting system was not a "system", it was impossible to heat the building properly, despite the fact that a good heating plant had been installed recently. The building was of frame, with narrow winding stair cases, and a constant menace to the lives of the pupils.

Yet, in the face of all this, it is deplorable that the fire should have happened at this particular time. To erect a building now, such as Genoa wants and should have will cost many thousands more than in ordinary times. There has been no time to consider plans, but it quite likely that the board of education will seek temporary quarters for the coming year and take plenty of time to consider the many questions that will come up.

The fire started in or near the roof on the west side of the north wing of the building at about 3:30 Monday afternoon, either from spontaneous combustion or sparks from a pile of burning brush back of the building. Had there been the necessary apparatus at hand when the fire started, it would have been a simple matter to have extinguished the flames. When the fire companies arrived, the fire had gained great headway in the attic and in a very short time was beyond the control of the two leads of hose. A strong wind from the north tended to carry the flames further into the building. When it became evident that the building or no part of it could be saved, the firemen contented themselves with keeping the fire from burning too fiercely, thus preventing embers from flying over toward the Zeller elevators. By keeping a stream of water constantly near the coal cellar, about 80 tons of coal were saved.

## Notes of the Fire

Despite the fact that the fire started at 3:30 in the afternoon, the walls of the north wing, where the fire originated, did not fall until after eight o'clock at night.

The belfry, the farthest point from the point from where the fire started was the first portion of the building to fall and the first real thrill was occasioned when the bell went crashing thru three floors into the basement. Firemen and helpers

## WOMEN AND LIBERTY LOAN

### Entire Country will be Organized with a Million Workers in Field

Members of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, women representatives from the twelve federal reserve districts and representatives from all the states and Alaska met in Chicago this week to plan the part the women will take in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign.

They expect to enlist 1,000,000 women for the drive, and have placed their own quota at \$3,000,000. Every available woman in the United States they say, must be pressed into service for the drive.

These women, all of them leaders in woman's activities in the states from which they hail, have also taken it as a part of their campaign to popularize thrift. To that end they have decided to buy no more clothing than absolutely necessary, and to put an absolute ban on luxuries.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young of Chicago presided at the opening meeting in the absence of Mrs. William McAdoo, national chairman. Other Illinois women in the group were Mrs. Howard T. Wilson of Virden, Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, Mrs. George Bass, Mrs. Antonette Funk, and Miss Mary Synon of Chicago.

The next war loan drive is scheduled to start in October or November and the women plan to have their one million women workers enrolled and ready for action by that time.

Uniforms for the workers was discussed, and some distinguishing insignia in the line of thrift and economy will be worked out. The women expect that their part will be vital in the next campaign, due to the great numbers of men workers who have joined the colors since the last drive.

## MUST CARRY CARDS

### TO ALL MEN REGISTERED UNDER THE SELECTIVE DRAFT LAW

Take this suggestion to heart: Carry your registration and your classification card with you, ALWAYS. To have both cards handy may save you annoyance some day.

had been out of the building only a few minutes before this happened.

Most of the movable furniture was taken from the building, some in more or less dilapidated condition. The books of the library were saved, but some of them are in a bad condition.

Altho the primary school building stands only fifty feet from the fire, it was not in danger at any time. So well was the fire controlled that the three which stood within twenty-five feet of the burning building are today nearly as green as the day before the fire.

Several ladies of the neighborhood served the fireman with sandwiches and coffee during the evening and their thoughtfulness was fully appreciated. Some of the men remained on the job all night and were at it again Tuesday morning.

The Republican-Journal has been unable to ascertain the amount of insurance carried, but it was something like nine thousand dollars.

The question of a new building and many other perplexing problems will now come up for discussion. There will be a vast difference of opinion along every line, but let us discuss every question dispassionately, studying every detail before trying to put up any kind of an argument. Let every one respect the other fellow's views and keep cool.

It may be that the boiler of the heating plant and some of the radiators may be salvaged, but that will be the limit.

About six tons of coal in the north end of the basement could not be saved, the firemen giving the larger bin their entire attention.

The south end of the building, which contained four rooms, was erected in 1877, and many years later the north wing, furnishing two more rooms, was added. Until the separate primary school building was erected about ten years ago, the rooms of the north wing were used as assembly rooms, but of late years the upper room was utilized as a laboratory and the lower for manual training.

Very little was saved either from the manual training room or laboratory, considerable valuable apparatus being destroyed.

The state fire inspector was in Genoa Monday and had just arrived at the school grounds when the fire broke out. It is stated on good authority that he has condemned the building.

## CHAUTAUQUA NEXT WEEK

### Ladies Working Overtime to Make it a Financial Success

### WEDNESDAY, AUG. 7, FIRST DAY

### Every Indication of Good Attendance and Interesting Programs Each Day of Week

The Genoa Chautauqua opens in Genoa next Wednesday, Aug. 7, in the afternoon, and it promises to be one of the most successful since this city took on the course some years ago. The ladies who make up the guarantee committee are putting forth every effort to keep incidental expenses down and are deserving of the united support of the community in their endeavor to carry the thing thru without a loss and without friction. Instead of sending the talent to hotels and boarding houses, people have volunteered to provide lodging while the ladies will provide meals at the M. E. church dining room. The dining room will be in charge of Mrs. Soderberg.

The Lincoln people assure us that every number on the six days' program is good and no one can afford to miss one single session. If you have not purchased a season ticket, do so before the first session. A few single admissions will soon eat up the price of a season ticket.

Very few people can afford to take a vacation this year, so why not just attend the Chautauqua, relax for six days, and then all will be in better condition to take up the serious matters that will confront us this fall and winter.



Chief Tahan, who will lecture here the third evening of the Chautauqua, was captured and adopted by a band of Kiowa Indians when he was two years old. Then for eight years he was a bona fide savage in the Kiowa camp. General Custer captured a large number of Kiowas at the battle of Washita, among whom was established Tahan. Custer saw that Tahan was a white boy, and forced the old Indian chief to reveal Tahan's identity. He found one of Tahan's uncles living in Texas and sent the boy to him. However, Tahan did not like white man's life. He ran away and joined the remnant of the Kiowas. He stayed with them until he was sixteen years old, when he joined the United States army. Indignant on being struck by a lieutenant, he deserted, was captured, sentenced to death, and escaped, going to London, Ontario. He was then converted by the Salvation Army, joined it and was arrested for beating a drum in the street.

Later he was ordained a Presbyterian minister and was pastor for a time of the South Presbyterian church in Buffalo, N. Y. The Indian dress he wears on the platform in his lecture, "Up From Savagery," he took from an Indian chief whom he had killed in battle.

## LESS SUGAR FOR YOU

During July each person was allowed three pounds of sugar a month for table use. This has now been reduced to two pounds.

This is far below the average consumed in American homes in ordinary times and the reduction will mean real sacrifice in many cases. However, these are not ordinary times and we are schooling ourselves to sacrifice. The home will not have the usual cookies, pies, and cakes on the "pantry shelves," but, those in the home must realize that they are still getting more of the sweets than the boys "over there". By the time this war is over, if we all adhere to the rulings of the Food Administration, there will be no dyspepsia in America.

## SPECIAL CALLS FILLED

### Allen Savery of Kirkland Goes to Syracuse, New York

The special limited call made by exception board for five men who entrained Wednesday, July 31 was easily filled. These men took the 8:25 train on the North Western railway for Syracuse, New York. Their names are:

Allan George Savery, Kirkland  
Salvatore Paterostro, Rockford  
Wilbur Gerge Weber, Lee  
Leocula Mondella, DeKalb.  
Andrew D. Heath, DeKalb  
Irving Larson, Malta.

Another call, filled, but whose names are not ready for use, is for two men to enter the auto mechanical department of the Harrison Technical high school of Chicago. The names and the time of entrainment will appear later.

The call for eight negroes has been filled as nearly as may be. Most of those selected are now in other cities. They are to leave for Camp Grant between August 1st and 5th.

Wesley Green, Chicago.  
Oscar Hillman, Galesburg.  
Lawrence Carb, Genoa.  
Guin Oliver Holt, Shabbona Grove.  
Martin E. Burgess, Hinckley.  
Bryant O. Caldwell, Rockford.  
Herbert Leonard Caldwell, Shabbona.

## FROM "OVER THERE"

### "Stars and Strips" Expresses Views Regarding Hun Atrocities

The Hun has bombed hospitals, off and on, all during the war. Hitherto he has covered it up by complaining that the houses of mercy were placed too close to the front, near military centers which are perfectly fair game, and that any strafing of the helpless was quite incidental and, therefore in a sense, regrettable. But his recent attack in force with more than 20 aeroplanes upon a plainly marked group of hospital buildings far behind the British lines—the raid having obviously that objective—far surpasses all his previous performances of frightfulness.

The Hun no longer apotogizes. He no longer pleads "military necessity" as excuse for his slaughter of the helpless. He glories in his guilt.

Fatuous people who still believe in the face of such proof as this that a negotiated peace with "liberal" Germany is within the range of probability ought to be led quietly by the hand and placed in a retreat for the feeble-minded. There is only one way to deal with the Hun. Thank God we learned that way!—The Stars and Strips, Official paper of the A. E. F.

## GROCCER SOLVES PROBLEM

### Always Carries Abundance of Fresh Fruit Without Loss

A grocer at Globe, Arizona, has established a canning room in connection with his store. As soon as fruit or berries give the slightest indication of decay they are removed to this room, canned and stored for winter use. This method allows the store to keep a full supply of fresh fruit.

General adoption of this idea by other stores with the elimination of waste would result in lower prices for fresh fruits and vegetables. The Globe grocery keeps three women at work and is planning to add more.

A large assortment of dishes at Olmsted's.



Mr. Montville Flowers,

President, International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association. It has been on my mind for some time to thank your organization for the very real help it has given to America in the struggle that is concerned with every fundamental element of national life. Your speakers, going from community to community, meeting people in the friendly spirit engendered by years of intimate and understanding contact, have been effective messengers for the delivery and interpretation of democracy's meanings and imperative needs. The work that the Chautauqua is doing has not lost importance because of war, but rather has gained new opportunities for service.

Let me express the hope that you will let no discouragement weaken your activities, and that the people will not fail in the support of a patriotic institution that may be said to be an integral part of the national defense.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON,

## WRECK ON THE MILWAUKEE

### Twenty-Three Cars Leave the Track West of New Lebanon

### BRAKEMAN HAS A CLOSE CALL

### Jumps From Top of Box Car and Escapes—Six Cars Completely Demolished

A fast freight on the C. M. & St. Paul railroad was wrecked a half mile west of New Lebanon last Friday evening at 6:30 o'clock, resulting in the complete demolishing of six cars, badly damaged eleven and placing six others on the invalid list.

The train, which was making fast time, came to a sudden stop west of New Lebanon, when a truck under one of the cars went wrong. There was a roar and a crash that could be heard a mile away when the cars, loaded with coal, tore up the track, leaped into the air and settled into a mass of ruin.

F. J. Wang, one of the brakemen, was on top of a box car at the time of the crash. He leaped to the ground and by only a few feet escaped being buried beneath the wreckage. He was brought to the Ovitiz Hospital at once and remained there until Tuesday of this week. No bones were broken, but both ankles and a shoulder were badly sprained.

All the wrecked cars were loaded with soft coal and after the smash, soft coal was scattered from fence to fence along the right-of-way. Rails were torn up and twisted as tho they were straws while one car was nearly buried in the gravel of the road bed. It was impossible at first to tell how many cars were in the pile containing those completely demolished. They were thrown into one heap, there being a well-mixed mess of coal, wood work, and trucks. One car was completely broken in two and others had the appearance of having been used as targets for gunners in "no man's land."

It was many hours before trains could again run in either direction as both tracks were covered by the wreckage. Several days were required to clean up the right-of-way.

## IT IS KEROSENE NOW

### Warned of a Shortage Before the end of the Coming Winter

The supply of kerosene will run short next winter and the Government is urging every user to do his part toward making every gallon do full war duty by giving forth its full measure of light and heat. Saving can be accomplished, it is said, only if care is given lamps, lanterns, heaters and stoves.

The director of oil conservation of the United States Fuel Administration issues these rules for fuel-oil saving:

Keep all lamps and lanterns clean. Let the light out; don't confine it behind smoked and dirty chimneys.

See that burners and wicks of all oil-burning devices are clean. Clean burners require less oil and give better lights and more heat.

Don't allow a lamp, lantern, heater or stove to burn a minute longer than is necessary. Don't light one you can do without.

Don't use coal oil for cleaning purposes. Hot water will do the work.



## Prove Yourself Full-Fledged American by Shooting Same Way You Shout

By COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I want to see America shoot the way she shouts. I want to see Americans at the end of this war deserve to be greeted in England and France as the representatives of the armies of Great Britain and France are greeted here. We must not confine ourselves to applauding others who fight in a war that is ours as much as theirs.



Until every nation, every nationality now bending its neck under the yoke, whether of the sultan, the Hohenzollern or the Hapsburg, is freed and allowed to hold its head straight as a free commonwealth, we can't afford to scant the job. Heaven knows we have been late enough in getting into the war, now let's see the war through to the end until victory comes. As long as we are at war, let's fight.

The events of the past three and three-quarters years have shown that we have got to put a complete stop to the day of dual citizenship in this country. There is only room for one kind of man in this country, and that is an American who is an American and nothing else. There is no room for a fifty-fifty allegiance in this country. If any man says that he loves another country as much as he does this, send him to the other country. Accept no divided allegiance.

I care not where a man was born or what land his parents came from. And it is no concern of mine in civil life as to what is the method in which he worships his Creator so long as he is an American in good faith and nothing but an American. So our business is to insist on an absolutely straight-out Americanism in every respect.

## Unless We Have Money to Equip and Feed Soldiers They Are Useless

By CHARLES FRANKLIN JONES

Did you ever think how much a nation at war is like a prize fighter in the ring?

He strikes the blow with his two hands (the army and navy), but if there was not something back of his hands the blows would be very feeble blows indeed.

The prize fighter has got to back up his hands, with his whole body from head to feet. If his feet (railroads and ships) are bad, he cannot carry his hands to the place where his blows will be most effective. If he has an inactive brain (loyalty of the people), he will soon be licked. If he has a poor stomach (the people's desire) that is not trained to stand the stress of battle, he will soon find himself at the mercy of his enemy.

There is the other thing that he must have to win, backbone (prosperity), for without backbone he cannot last long enough to win any first-class battle.

Wars in these days are a matter of men and money. Unless a nation has both she will make a poor show as a fighter. Thank heaven, we have both in this country today and on both is based our finally being able to lick even Germany, the greatest prize fighter the world ever saw.

Men needed to fight are already either at the front, in the training camps learning, or ready for the call. But unless we have the money to equip them and feed them and pay them, they will be of no practical use in this war. So money is a necessity after all. And to get money in large quantity we must have prosperity. A prosperous people can wage modern war, a people without prosperity cannot. Then let's keep the country prosperous, for the war will be won by our prosperity.

## Sheep Production Must Be Increased to Meet Meat Requirements of Nation

By A. C. BEGELOW, President of Philadelphia Wool and Textile Association

The number of sheep in our farming sections has declined nearly one-third since 1900, and the decline for the entire country has been over 12 per cent. Our actual sheep population today is approximately 32,000,000 head, while according to good authority our grazing area should easily maintain 150,000,000.

The development of agriculture over the western plains reduced the former great cattle industry. Our great staple meat food, beef, has been advancing in price for years, but with utter lack of foresight we have failed to promote the production of mutton and lamb, which is the most wholesome meat product, which is produced at less cost, and is therefore a desirable substitute for the more costly beef. Our lack of attention to sheep has not only affected our meat supply but it has rendered us dependent on foreign countries for the major portion of our wool supplies, with which to provide our people with woolen clothing.

The war has brought to us the new experience of meatless days, and to many of our people with slender purses it will bring woolless clothing. Our lack of wool supplies has been a cause of great embarrassment to our government in supplying our military requirements. These sudden acute conditions have been brought about by the pressure of war.

## Tobacco Is for Soldier Who Acquired Habit Before Going to France

By PAUL J. HUGHES, Cleveland, Ohio

From the appeals that are being made for soldier tobacco funds one is likely to get the idea that no man can fight until he has had his tobacco ration. It should be emphasized that tobacco is for the soldier who has acquired the habit before going over, to him a necessity, and General Pershing has recognized this fact and ordered tobacco rations.

There are young recruits who never touched tobacco in their lives, have no craving for it and, in fact, would find difficulty in forming the habit. Now, teaching of the tobacco habit is not part of the military curriculum, but if the use of tobacco grows no boy of draft age will think he can be a good soldier until he gets a cigarette in his mouth.

Smoking is not a necessity to all men.



## THE KITCHEN CABINET

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honors are withdrawn.

### HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIVE IDEAS.

Three square feet of garden for a lettuce bed will supply the family with crisp nice salad all summer. Head lettuce will take more room but it is worth the time and trouble.

A row or two of peas will keep one supplied with fresh peas if planted every two weeks from July until frost comes.

The spatula or flexible knife has usurped the time-honored forefinger for scraping out dishes. In our grandmothers' day spatulas were unknown. The fear of spreading disease and a knowledge of germ life has made us all more careful about using our fingers and hands in food. The finger nail, with the best of care, will harbor countless bacteria. This care of food is not being over-fussy, but is recognized as a necessity for decent living.

The appetizing horseradish is an addition to any dinner. With a few roots in the garden they may be added to the pickle jar put up for winter.

Less butter is used on griddle cakes, so they tell us, if a little butter is added to the hot sirup used on the cakes. Some people feel that both butter and sirup on cakes is wasteful; however, those who have always used both are learning to conserve.

New green peas are improved by the addition of a teaspoonful of sugar to them while cooking. Some like a small bunch of mint cooked with peas. Beets, corn, carrots, turnips and beans, when they are not naturally sweet, are improved by the addition of a little sugar.

Gum euphor in the silver chest will keep the silver from tarnishing. Clean the painted walls of kitchen or bath room on a damp day or with the room steaming with hot water; this lessens the work by one-half.

A little paraffin rubbed over the kitchen range while it is still warm will keep it shiny and good looking. Always save all the paraffin from jelly; wash it and keep in a clean, dry place to melt up again to clear the jelly.

Muriatic acid (very poisonous) will clean stains from porcelain. Use care to rinse it well after using, or it will eat through the glaze of the porcelain.

We will Hooverize and specialize about the foods we eat; We'll eliminate the sugar and reduce the wheat and meat; We will laud corn, rye and barley and other wartime foods; And economize on fuels and all else the law includes! —Caroline Louise Sumner.

### MORE ABOUT COTTAGE CHEESE.

The modern cold method of preparing cheese is by using one-eighth of a junket tablet to a gallon of milk warmed to 80 degrees, then allowed to stand overnight, and is then drained through a heavy unbleached linen cloth to remove the whey. A small, inexpensive thermometer should be used, as guessing at the temperature is not always safe. Let the milk stand in a receptacle in which water is kept at 80 degrees until the curd is formed. The more junket is used the sooner curd is formed. In many places skim milk may be bought at a reasonable price, and this makes most satisfactory cheese with junket. On the farm, where milk is produced in abundance, cottage cheese should be a common dish. To those who object to the sour-milk taste the addition of a bit of soda (from a fourth to a third of a teaspoonful) will neutralize the acid; in fact, this method is often used in cheese dishes for those who imagine they never could like cottage cheese.

A gallon of skim milk makes about a pound and a half of cheese, which is a good substitute for meat, as it furnishes as much body-building material as the same weight of beef, though it is not as rich in its energy supply as meat. The junket tablet is dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water, then added to the milk. Because the curd is finer in this method of making cheese a heavy cloth is needed for draining. Do not drain until too dry; then mix with salt, pimentos, cream or any seasoning and flavor desired.

Cottage Cheese Salad.—Take two cupfuls of cottage cheese and one cupful of minced pickled beets; mix a few chopped pecans, and add any desired salad dressing.

Another salad combination. Take one cupful of chopped cabbage and apples unpeeled (the red peeling adding a bit of color to the salad); add a half cupful of chopped celery; serve with cottage cheese salad dressing.

Cottage Cheese Salad Dressing.—Take a half cupful of milk, one egg, a cupful of sour cream whipped, a teaspoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of mustard, the same of paprika, two teaspoonfuls of corn starch and one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter; cook

the dry ingredients in the butter, then add the other things, and, lastly, a fourth of a cupful of mild vinegar and a cup of cottage cheese; beat until smooth, then fold in the cream.

Let us ever glory in something and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

### SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

For a hot day try one of these new and refreshing punches, made from whey. After preparing cottage cheese the whey, which is rich in mineral salts, is used with various fruit juices and served as punch. Take a quart of whey, six teaspoonfuls of sugar, the juice of two lemons, a few slices of diced pineapple, and a tablespoonful or two of marischino cherries. Mix and chill, serving very cold.

Spiced Cheese Pudding.—Cut two slices of bread into cubes and place in a greased baking dish. Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick and whites until stiff. Blend the yolk with a cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a cupful of cottage cheese to which a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda has been added. Add three-fourths of a cupful of raisins, one-half teaspoonful each of allspice and cinnamon and one-fourth teaspoonful each of mace and cloves; then fold the whites, pour the mixture over the cubes of bread and bake like a custard in a moderate oven. A meringue may be put on top if desired.

Lemon Tapioca Jelly.—Soak a cupful of tapioca in four cupfuls of cold water overnight. Cook with the addition of one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt in a double boiler until clear. Add one cupful of sugar, the juice of half a lemon and one and a half lemons cut in the thinnest possible slices (mere shavings). Pour into a cold, wet mold and chill. Serve unmolded with a custard or cream.

Mock Terrapin.—Take a pound and a half of veal cut in small pieces after cooking until tender. Add a small bunch of diced celery, two hard-cooked eggs also diced, salt and pepper and a little grated onion. Prepare a white sauce using a pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter cooked together until all is well blended before adding the milk. Season well with salt and paprika and pour hot over the prepared meat. Serve with toasted bread.

No talent will enable us to do any work without drudgery, but no chiddishness must tempt us to give it up because it is hard. No work can be well done by any one who is unwilling to sacrifice ease to its accomplishment.

### COME TO SUNDAY NIGHT TEA.

It is not desirable that we deprive ourselves and our friends of little pleasures because we are at war, for we need to get away from the things that worry and distress in order to keep a well-balanced life. The joy of giving as well as receiving hospitality should not be allowed to die out. On this day there are those far from home or lonely who appreciate keenly a little glimpse of home life; it makes smooth many a hard road and gives new purpose to keep on "keeping on." On Sunday the dinner is usually a late one, so the supper need be nothing very substantial. For those who have not dined heartily, cold roast beef, sliced, with a Mexican or Spanish sauce is good, or escalloped eggs, macaroni and cheese, or any escalloped dish which is sufficiently satisfying may be served. As macaroni is one of the foods we are asked to conserve, rice may be used in its place most acceptably.

If the night is a bit damp or chilly a good hot soup is always relished for the beginning of the meal.

Milk toast made of nicely toasted bread and a white sauce, rich with good top milk, makes a fine supper for the kiddies, and even the older folks will like it with a dash of grated cheese for flavor.

Cottage cheese with dates is a most tasty combination. See that the cheese is well seasoned; if made of skim milk add cream or butter to enrich it, then serve with chopped dates stirred into it, or dates stuffed with the cheese. No dressing will be needed with this salad.

Sandwiches are always in order for Sunday night lunch and in many homes the entire meal is prepared by the house, father and the children, who enjoy the work immensely. It is good experience for them, too, for they become very efficient and in time of need are able to prepare food acceptably.

A cupful of hot tea, cocoa or malted milk is relished, especially if the evening is cool; if not, iced tea or lemonade, or any of the delicious fruit punches may be easily prepared.

Nellie Maxwell

## BOY IN TRANCE SEES WAR'S END

April, 1923, Is Date He Names For Final Victory of Allies.

### YANKEE MIGHT WINS

Twenty-Year-Old Youth in Subconscious State Makes Remarkable Predictions — Americans to Chase Huns Across Rhine.

Washington.—Under tense and tragic circumstances, several physicians and nurses in Emergency hospital listened to a remarkable prediction by a twenty-year-old Washington boy, in a mysterious subconscious state of mind, that peace in the great world's war will be definitely and finally concluded April 20, 1923, at 6.30 p. m.

This peace will come as a result of 3,800,000 American officers and soldiers having crashed their way across the Rhine and started a last march to Berlin, having victoriously fought their way over the historic stream.

### Final Disaster for Germans.

The Germans will get a taste of final disaster before another year has passed by being badly defeated by the allies in France, and from then on until peace is signed they will be almost constantly on the defensive, losing ground steadily until American man power and military science conquer the stubbornly fighting Teutons.

When it is all over the allies will owe the United States billions of dollars

loaned to them, but they will be so grateful that they will early begin to repay the debt. President Wilson will again have been re-elected to another term in the White House and, aided by Taft, Roosevelt and Hughes, will have put through congress a universal training law by which every man above eighteen years of age, up to forty-five, will have to take military training.

The patient was Edward R. Dean, son of the late Dr. Julian Willis Dean, himself a distinguished Washington physician, who died in 1905. Young Dean was stricken as a child with severe spinal meningitis, and the father predicted that from sixteen to twenty-one years of age the boy would be subject to convulsions. If his health was able to resist the strain until the twenty-first year the young man would become strong and robust, with keen mental development.

In Care of Specialist.

The convulsions came on at sixteen and have continued, despite special medical treatment. Recently the young man was taken to Johns Hopkins college, where the best medical talent carefully watched his condition and marveled at the supernatural utterances of the patient when in an unconscious state after a convulsion. Under their recommendation young Dean was brought back to this city and put under the care of Dr. D. Percy Heckling, a noted specialist in brain and nervous disorders.

Accompanied by a member of his family the young man was on his way to Doctor Heckling's office when attacked by the nervous disorder that troubles him. He was promptly taken to Emergency hospital and given temporary treatment. Following the convulsion he remained in an unconscious state for two hours, during which, in the most beautiful language imaginable, he talked wonderfully on subjects presumably far removed from the thoughts of a boy of that age under normal conditions.

Physicians and nurses, amazed at the language and predictions, stood at his bedside without asking questions or prompting him in any way. They had never seen or heard of a similar case.

The patient not only made the predictions quoted, going into details, but talked fluently in German, Italian and Latin. He never studied or read any of these languages, being compelled to leave school when in the eighth grade.

When again in normal mind young Dean remembered nothing of what he had said, and the subjects seemed to be far from his thoughts.

Thousands of railroad shop men have been lured by high shipyard pay. It is proposed to uniform train crews in khaki.

He Got What Was Needed. Church—You know Flatbush? Gotham—Oh, very well. "He's a generous soul, don't you think?" "How so?" "Why, I met him downtown today when it was raining, and he had an umbrella and I had none."

Those Good Times. "Do you think it will do any good to ask your father for you again?" asked the young man, twirling his hat in his hand. "I think it will, Mortimer," said the sweet young thing. "He has refused me three times, you know."

His Training. "He certainly is a man of fetching manners." "Why not? He used to be a waiter." Long Beach, Cal., forbids public "spooning" by young persons.



## Libby's Vienna Sausage A Refreshing Change

THE tenderness of the meat, the delicacy of the seasoning are noticeable the moment you taste Libby's Vienna Sausage. For it is made from morsels of choice meats, seasoned with the greatest care—to bring out all the rich, savory flavor.

Serve Libby's Vienna Sausage today. Not only is it a refreshing change, but a hearty and inexpensive meat.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Thousands of railroad shop men have been lured by high shipyard pay. It is proposed to uniform train crews in khaki.



## How France Has Been Fed

"Before the war, a distinguished French Officer, General Maitrot, wrote a series of articles in the 'Echo de Paris' to warn France, that in case of war, the French meat industry would be unable to supply the French army in the field with fresh meat,—owing especially to the lack of modern refrigerating plants and of refrigerating transportation,—and too, owing to the deficiency in the national herd."

"Since the war began the French army has never been short of fresh meat, thanks mainly to the prosperous condition of the American meat industry, and too, to the American live stock breeders."

The foregoing statement was made by a representative of the Allies now in the United States.

Another representative of the Allies said recently:

"that the American packers have been of the greatest possible assistance to the Allies and have, by their efficient co-operation, contributed in the utmost degree to the successful prosecution of the war."

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



The Liberty Plane

The most attractive and most popular radiator ornament ever produced. Fits any car, indestructible, solid aluminum, highly polished, wings hand-painted with flying machine in Red, White and Blue. The slightest motion spins propeller arm and makes it almost seem alive. "It's fairly home with patriotism!"

POSTPAID \$1.00 ORDER TODAY AND GET THE AGENCY DEFENDER AUTO LOCK COMPANY 8th Floor Marquette Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Every Woman Wants Parline ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy and harmlessness of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance.

Kill All Flies! They SPREAD DISEASE Flies are everywhere. They kill and mangle. They are the most common and most dangerous of insects. They are the carriers of typhoid, cholera, and other deadly diseases.

NEAL DRUG HABITS ALBERTA B. Sweet Clover Bldg. For sale and rent on any premises. J. MULHALL, 800 City, Iowa

The Broken Heart "I suppose," said the pretty young matron who was inclined to flirt when the flirting was safe, "you've broken many a woman's heart."

"Then you did break the heart of one!" "Tell me about it." "It was several years ago—before the beginning of the war. I was traveling in Europe, and rode in one of the compartment cars they have over there. A woman got in. We were alone together. She was young—about your age—and pretty. I saw at once that she was an American.

KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

Wanted to Be Prepared. "I want to get a marriage license," said the young man in the New York city hall.

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 Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these honey spots.

Journalistic Amenities. "Our wart of a contemporary," says the Tazville Gazette, "claims as far as the war is concerned to have the earliest intelligence. That is the kind of intelligence they always have at that office. It is more than early; it is primitive."—Boston Transcript.

The Busy Moments. "Bliggins complains that he is over-worked." "Yes. But he never seems as busy as when he is making just that complaint."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy No Smearing—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at drugstore or mail. Write for Free Broch. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

A Horse Is a Horse

By Archie Cameron New

A mighty crowd of men, all ages, colors, and of various states of servitude, seethed, surged and jostled each other, in the bed of Pelham street, their faces all turned towards Marks' auction stables, and their eyes impatiently fixed on a large red stand to the left of the open concourse.

And now the stellar attraction, a stalwart athlete, whose muscles of iron were almost visible through the blue suit that he wore, emerged from the stable offices, accompanied by a purplish round individual, whom many recognized as Marks. But every one present, doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs, soldiers in uniform, and bums without them, knew the other and proclaimed the fact as they surged again towards the red stand.

"Jack Bedford," "yea, you Jack," "oh, you big boy," and the like rang out, as the former well-known light-weight champion of the fistie ring bowed his smiling acknowledgment to the crowd. But Marks knew that he was there for, and stepped promptly to the front of the stand, while Bedford lightly vaulted over the side and was immediately swallowed up in a circle of admiring fans.

"Gents," "ye know what yer 'ere for," he announced, cryptically. "Jack Bedford, former champion lightweight and late of Boethron's circus, has brought his entire string of horses here; y' understand. Loosen up yer purse-strings, gents. Tear th' string off yer rolls, an' let yer biddin' be fas' and furious. Jed, bring out No. 1." Marks gave the command over his left shoulder, and soon a hostler paraded before the stand, leading the first of Bedford's magnificent stock of horses.

"One hundred," sang out a short, fat man, with a whip in his hand, as the big bay mare again passed in front of the stand, and Marks glared at the bidder scornfully. "We're not sellin' th' hoofs," he barked out. "This 'ere animal goes in one piece. Gents, do I 'ere any more? Hunder'n twenty-five? Thankie, sir. Now fifty! Fifty, ataboy! Now seventy-five! Remember, these are prime stock, not platers."

Bedford, at the side of the stand, disengaged himself for a moment from the recital of a wrinkled old fan, "who'd seen every lick between Sullivan and Sharkey, yes, sir," and stepped up to a large, red-faced man close by. "Do bid 'em up now, Jim," Bedford whispered hastily in the other's ear. "But watch your step! Get out from under if you see the bidders weakenin'." You know the rest.

The man nodded grimly and went to the front of the stand, where he was soon engaged in "boosting the bidding." Meanwhile, one of the hostlers, standing at the entrance to the stables, felt a timid touch on his sleeve, turned with a gruff exclamation, which died on his lips as his mouth opened slowly. For facing him was a dainty little miss, whose brown curls dangled becomingly under a smart little hat, and whose saucy, bright eyes shone on him appealingly.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said, doffing his cap. "What'd y' say?" "May I go in there?" she asked, in a low tone, at marked variance with the shouts in the street. She pointed to the stables, packed with Bedford's horses.

"Sorry, Miss," was the apologetic answer. "It's 'gainst th' rules. Buyers wuz allowed in before the sale, but not now. You'd get hurt. Th' boss won't 'low it." "Oh, no," she spoke up, brightly. "I wouldn't get hurt. I'm used to horses. Besides, I know 'em all—every last one in there."

Then, as he wavered, she pressed a "clincher" into his palm. "Till bet you I won't get hurt," she told him, with a twinkle in her eyes. "And I'm paying my bet in advance." "I can't go in there, June," said a slightly older girl at her side. "I'm afraid."

"Never mind," June replied, promptly. "You wait here." And then, holding her smiling "spell" over the hostler, she entered the stable.

She went among the horses, patting them as she moved among them, and then, apparently finding the object of her search, she flew to the side of a big white horse, with a black splotch right over his right eye.

"Freckles!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "You dear old fellow!" The animal addressed looked toward her, and then, with a loud "neigh," started toward her.

"Look out, Miss," cried the hostler, warningly. "He'll—"

And then, as Freckles stopped in his tracks and rubbed his head against her shoulder, the hostler looked on in amazement. "Why, Miss, he knows you!" "Certainly he does!" came her happy answer. "We were chums for a whole year, weren't we, Freckles?" Then she turned to the hostler. "Are you going to sell—him—too?" "A horse is a horse," was the grim

answer. "Sure he gets sold. If you want, I'll bring him out for you next." "What!" she cried, taken aback. "Out—there—in that mob?" "Have to," he snapped. "No hoss sold private 't' day, Miss. Y' kin bid on 'em, though."

And then, treating the matter as settled, the hostler moved away, while June stood for a moment, in indecision, then, setting her lips firmly, she moved out among the men.

According to promise, Freckles was led out before the stand and Marks called loudly for a bid. "One hundred," answered an old stable-man almost at June's elbow, and unseen by him she darted a resentful glance at his back, then turned to her companion.

"A hundred dollars—for Freckles!" she repeated scornfully. "Why not?" was the calm retort. "He's only a horse."

"Only a horse—Freckles? Why—?" "Fifty," sang out another voice, and June turned her face back to the stand.

"That's it, gents," interposed Marks, rancorously. "He's th' prize of th' lot. Not a pimple on 'em. Solid gold, as he stands. Any more?" "Two hundred!"

Marks looked, and then grinned broadly. "Good," he commanded, beaming on June. "Th' wimmin are mixin' in. Two twenty-five? Now fifty, missy? Fifty, 'ats it. Don't let 'em beat y'. Now seventy-five? Right. Now, Miss, three hundred."

June trembled violently, then looked into a small reticule, while her companion tugged anxiously at her sleeve. "June, are you crazy?" she demanded. "Come a—"

"Two seventy-five once, two seventy-five twice—are you all done—two—"

"Three hundred," June's voice now sounded louder, as a hush fell on the crowd. "Three twenty-five," sang out Bedford's man gruffly.

Another urge from Marks, and then "Three thirty" came her bid, in a choked gasp. "Any more?" demanded Marks, but Bedford's man weakened, and a moment later Marks sang out: "Sold—to the little charmer—what's the name, Miss?"

"June Bonner," she answered, and then Bedford dropped an admirer's hand and rushed into view. "June!" he exclaimed happily, then noting the curious glances of the crowd he took her arm and led her into the offices, and shut the door. "June, what brings you here?"

"I—I wanted—to save Freckles!" she told him, with a little sob, and then related the rest about the sale.

"And you were—bidding—against Jim Madden?" he echoed, in horror. "Th' sale's off! The idea—he bidding against—you!"

"Oh, Jack, please—" "The sale's off," Bedford repeated, then he grasped her hands in his. "But Freckles is yours—a present from me. I'm making enough out of the rest. I'm going to take the money and go into business—dry goods, or something like that."

"And you're—not going to fight—any more?" she whispered, gazing into his eyes. "No, I'm through!" he announced, then he grasped her hands eagerly. "But, June, will that make any difference? Tell me, will it?"

"It might," she whispered, glancing at him shyly, then lowered her eyes, as he reached out his arms. "And you'll take me—with Freckles?" he demanded hoarsely. "And give up circus-riding? Will you make the same sacrifice for me—as you were about to make for Freckles?"

"A horse is a horse," she answered, whimsically. "But—but—you're Jack Bedford!" And then two warm arms stole up around his neck.

For the Garden Party



For the garden party and all the rest of summertime's engaging opportunities for living outdoors some clever hats and bugs to match have been made. They all take cognizance of the fact that everywhere the lady goes her knitting-bag goes, too, and it is getting to be as much an affair of interest and importance as the hat it carries. With the introduction of millinery braids and laces in its construction, we have summer knitting bags different from anything that has gone before. Knitting is becoming a sort of national pastime—the tired business woman and the woman of leisure—if there are such any more—declare it restful to the nerves. Anyway, it is essential and must be attended to.

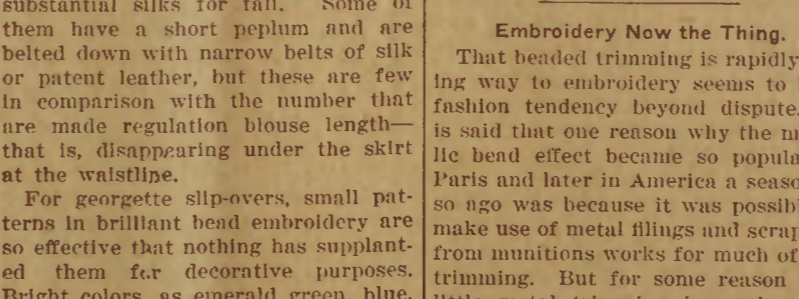
The novel bag shown in the picture is merely a tube-shaped affair covered with ribbon, lace and a fancy millinery braid—a companion piece to the frilly midsummer hat that inspired it. It is capacious and very chic—designed for the woman who is able to indulge in little fancies and not recommended for anyone else.

There are plenty of pretty bags that are more simply made of materials that are reasonable all of the year round. This particular bag suggests ways of using materials one may have on hand—for millinery is often discarded before it shows signs of wear.

It does not make much difference what hats and bugs are made of so long as they are pretty and cleverly made. What is called the "calico vogue" has introduced calico, gingham, cotton crepe, percale and other cottons into the making of extra hats for midsummer. They might all be classed as garden hats—but, like sport hats they go everywhere.

And everywhere is just the place to find knitting bags—anyone who can use a needle can own one of these matched sets. Silk cords and tassels narrow silk fringes and narrow lingerie laces—the old-fashioned ric-rac braid and hand-crocheted edges are all appropriately used with these smart, inexpensive, wartime novelties.

Slip-Over and Other Blouses



The slip-over blouse and others that have the appearance of slip-overs but fasten on the shoulder, have been steadily increasing in popularity and their chances for becoming a feature in fall styles are excellent. So far the slip-overs have been developed in georgette crepe almost to the exclusion of other materials, but it is certain that they will be made in more substantial silks for fall. Some of them have a short peplum and are belted down with narrow belts of silk or patent leather, but these are few in comparison with the number that are made regular under the skirt—that is, disappearing under the skirt at the waistline.

For georgette slip-overs, small patterns in brilliant bead embroidery are so effective that nothing has supplanted them for decorative purposes. Bright colors, as emerald green, blue, gold and rose, are chosen for many of the blouses with peplums. They hang fairly straight and are belted in. Their lines and handwork are reminiscent of American Indian art and they continue to be at once simple and very dressy. With a blouse of this kind and a silk or satin skirt, one may dress up to the requirements of almost any wartime function.

The blouse shown in the picture is one of those that has the appearance of a slip-over, but open on one shoulder to allow it to slip over the head. It hardly needs description, since it is plain, except for three single box plaits in the georgette at the front and back. Between the plaits at the front there are two conventional flower motifs outlined in colored silks. Four small crocheted buttons are set along the shoulders.

The second blouse is a model that has proved successful made of silk

ADVANCEMENT IN WESTERN CANADA FARM LAND PRICES

Stories of phenomenal advancement and prosperity in Western Canada have been told the reading public for some years past. The stories were told when there were hundreds of thousands of acres of splendid land adjacent to railways and projected lines, which could be had on the payment of a mere \$10 entry fee, and under cultivation and living conditions. As was prophesied then, the day has come when these are few. There are still available thousands of these; they are some distance now from the railways. The land is as good as ever, but pioneering conditions will have changed. A great many are still taking advantage of this free offer from the government.

The story was told when good lands near lines of railway could be bought for from \$5 to \$10 per acre and the prophecy made that these prices would double in a few years, for the intrinsic value was far more than that. That day has come more quickly than expected. The immense crops of grain that could be raised has brought about the change, and the demand for low priced lands with maximum returns has prompted the keen purchaser as well as the owner of higher priced land from which no greater return could be looked for. Prices of land in Western Canada are still advancing, and will continue to advance until, of course, the limit is reached—when returns will warrant no further increase. That day is not far distant. But, in the meantime, there are large tracts of land owned by land companies and private individuals that have not felt the advance that has been shown in other districts. The opportunity to purchase these should not be lost sight of, and if there are those amongst the readers of this article, which is authorized by the Canadian government, who wish cheap land, such lands as produce from 25 to 40 bushels per acre, and will pay for themselves out of one year's crop, advantage should be taken of the present opportunity.

Coming to Alberta with his family thirteen years ago, his assets consisting of a small outfit and \$20 in cash, Mr. O. F. Malmberg has accumulated by farming and live stock raising assets to the value of more than \$300,000, and has a personal credit worth on demand, \$100,000. He has not speculated in land, but bought only to farm.

Manitoba .....\$31.00 Saskatchewan ..... 26.00 Alberta ..... 28.70

It is the low prices at which land can be obtained in Western Canada which is rendering this country such an important factor in the production of foodstuffs at the present time. It is enabling men who have been farming small areas in other districts to take up and farm with the same capital areas not only many times as great, but which are also capable of producing considerably larger crops to the acre.—Advertisement.

Social Distinction. Golfer—Anyone ahead of us, caddie? Caddie—Yes, sir; a gentleman with a caddie and a man carryin' for hisself.

Save the Babies

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. There can be no danger in the use of Castoria if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. That Lovely Man! "At last," cried Miss Terhance, ecstatically, "I have found a man who truly loves me, and whom I can truly love!"

Miss Krenton looked at her skeptically. "Are you sure that he loves you?" she asked. "Sure. For that's what I asked him, and oh! the beauty of his reply!" "Tell me about it."

"I said, 'How can you love me when I'm so cross-eyed?' " "You wrong yourself, darling," he replied. "You are not cross-eyed. Your eyes are so pretty that they just can't help looking at each other—that's how it is."

Ministerial Advertisement. Squib—Our new minister certainly had a sense of humor. Squab—What's he went and done? Squib—Put a sign on the parsonage reading, "Spirits Rectified."

A corporation in Denmark makes a business of cleaning and disinfecting telephones. Teachers in Montreal (Canada) Catholic schools ask increased pay. Sometimes a Safe Bet. "Dubb snys he'll run for senator." "Bet he won't go faster than a walk."

SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed. Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem 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 the 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 druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.—Adv.



**The Republican-Journal**  
GENOA, ILLINOIS.

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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.

**IT BEATS HELL**

Mike Rissman, owner of many fertile acres in Squaw Grove and Pierce Townships, reputed to be worth more than \$100,000, every dollar of which has been made under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, now languishes in the city jail at Aurora, on a charge of seditious talk and maligning the flag that has given him the opportunity to gain riches.

Not a few years ago Rissman landed on the shores of the United States with hardly enough in his pocket to buy his breakfast. Being thrifty, shrewd and a hard worker, having faith in DeKalb county farms, he purchased one as soon as he had money to make the first payment. They grew in price, Mike added to his holdings as fast as possible, and now owns many acres. He couldn't have accomplished this feat in years in the country he left. And now he turns upon the country that gave him this great opportunity. — Sandwich Free Press.

We repeat, "It Beats Hell!"

Before the United States entered into this war, it was expected that people of German parentage would sympathize with the Imperial government. Even after the United States declared a state of war, we fully realized that many citizens of German descent could not at once grasp it all and that it would take time to get the Kaiser feeling out of their system. But for more than a year now the treachery of the Imperial government has been undergoing an uncovering, the revelation of intrigue and treason being enough to cause any American (if he has one drop of patriotism and loyalty in his heart) to hate the words "Kaiser" and "Imperial Government." This Hinckley man who has become wealthy while basking under the protection of the stars and strips, has no doubt, during the past years, been to all outward appearances, loyal, but a little booze exposed his real sympathies. There is a lesson in this incident which all aliens should absorb. If one has that feeling for the Fatherland still lurking in a corner of his heart, the best way to eliminate any chances of its coming to light is to kill it. This can not be done by silent brooding. One may not be called disloyal because he is silent, but you will notice that most loyal Americans have something to say these days. Had this Hinckley man, during the past year, been given to thinking of the blessings that had come to him in America had he been in the habit of shouting for America and praising the brave boys in France, fighting that he might continue to enjoy the blessings of democracy, he would not have made the fatal error of exposing his love for the Kaiser. "By their deeds (and words) ye shall know them."

**WAR IS NOT OVER**

The news from France is good. American soldiers have proved their mettle and their breeding. By courage and vigor, the Allied armies have changed a defensive operation into a smashing offensive. These armies have developed a fine spirit for team work and cooperation. For ten days they have been striking hard, and together, all of which is excellent; BUT—

**THE WAR IS NOT OVER.**

It is not nearly over. Peace is not in sight. Berlin—even the Rhine or French and Belgian eastern boundaries—are a long way back of the fighting line. There is yet a long road—thru travail and sorrow, and sacrifice—which America must tread before the peace which will satisfy us and justify our civilization can be won.

Therefore, if we are wise, we will not fall into the habit of thinking that the war is over. We will not talk as though the end is in sight. Such thinking, such talking, is after the Germans. We have jeered at them for it, and have scorned their boasts, "Nach Paris," times over.

Let us not try to match their egotism. It would serve our enemies to have us do that. Rather let us fortify our souls for the sacrifices we must make; let us strengthen our determination to go thru until complete victory is won.

In France none of our people are saying the war is over, or that the end is in sight. They are just going ahead—fighting, enduring, sacrificing. At home, we will be recreant if we do not make our attitude like unto theirs.

We people in America have just started in sacrificing. We must school ourselves to withstand with fortitude and bravery the ordeals we must endure before the Kaiser is brought to his knees. Only within the past few days has the casualty list hit DeKalb County. During the present drive many lives are being sacrificed. We who have sons, brothers and husbands "over there" must keep ourselves prepared to hear of a loved one laying down his life. That little message will bring tears of sorrow and years of grief but at the same time we will glory in the thought that our son gave all in the most worthy cause that ever prompted man to take up the sword.

The war is not over. Let us continue to sacrifice and put every ounce of energy in our bodies and souls into this fight until the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack and the Tri-Colors of France shall mean enduring peace to the world.

Wm. W. Bennett, former mayor of Rockford, has announced his candidacy for congressman from this district. Judging from all that we have heard of Mr. Bennett, he is a clean, capable man, but in our judgment this is no time to send any experimental timber to Washington. The people of the district know that the present incumbent, Charles E. Fuller, is capable, having proven this by years of service; he is a true American at every step and is backing the president to win the war on terms that will conform to the ideals of a democratic people. Mr. Fuller has been making no campaign, it being his belief and it is the belief of thousands of others that this is no time for the game of "politics," in which only personal affairs are considered.

One could search this district with a fine tooth comb and not find any one who is better fitted to serve in Washington now than Charles E. Fuller.

We can forgive the man who stole our gasoline can and gasoline some time ago, we can still have a feeling of pity for the one who found it necessary to appropriate our milk pail more recently, but the taking of our wash basin most recently is a crime that no self-respecting printing office will stand for. This said basin was perfectly good—better than new, in that it had been thoroly seasoned and well coated with \$4.00 printing ink of various hues. If the person who took the basin from our back porch will scrape off the ink and bring it back we will call off the detectives. Otherwise we will prosecute to the full extent of the law "The guilty person is known." No use coming for more plunder. The valuables are now in the safe. We keep a bear trap in our coal bin and the press room towel can not be bent to go thru the door.

Good shirt waists, bargain prices, 79c, at Olmsted's.

Mrs. Racheal Bell is nursing Mrs. C. M. Corson.

Army yarns in white, blue, gray, black, and khaki at Olmsted's.

A. J. Kohne and family have moved into the Roy Stanley bungalow on Emmett street.

Get those cups and saucers while you can at Olmsted's.

Regular services at the Methodist Church Sunday. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Morning service with sermon by pastor at 11 o'clock.

Muslin underwear, \$1.50 and \$1.75 value at \$3.98, Olmsted's.

It will be noticed in the Genoa honor roll that Floyd Buckle has been promoted, now having "Corporal" before his name.

Glass tumblers, both plain and fancy, at Olmsted's.

The Illinois Northern Utilities Co. announces that there will be no lights nor power on Sunday, Aug. 4, between the hours of 7:30 a. m. and noon and between 1:00 and 5:30 p. m.

Congressman Foss was in Genoa last Saturday but of course could get no crowd together to hear a speech at that time of the day. In company with Attorney Stott, he visited the business houses and seemingly made a good impression.

E. McMackin is again in the barber business, having purchased the W. H. Leonard shop. Mac is a good barber and his old patrons will be pleased to slip into his chair for a tonsorial operation.

Dishes of all kinds and sizes at Olmsted's.

Miss Hazel Nicholson, who broke her leg several weeks ago, had the plaster paris cast removed Saturday.

At the next regular meeting of Genoa Camp No. 163 M. W. A. a special election will be held for the election of a clerk to fill vacancy caused by resignation of Ralph H. Browne.

The Camp Fire Girls will conduct a food sale on Slater's lawn Saturday afternoon, Aug. 3, at four o'clock. All the articles will be home cooked, from war recipes. With each article sold will be given the recipe.

Word has been received from 2nd Lieut. J. D. Corson, who is stationed at Camp Greenleaf, Chicamauga Park, Georgia, that he is recovering very nicely from his "shots." He is in a splendid camp, located in a beautiful part of the country, where the days are hot and the nights are cool.

The Epworth League and regular evening services at the M. E. Church will be held at 7:30 Sunday evening, with Miss Lorene Brown as leader. The topic: "All My Pleasures Belong to the War."

J. P. Walker, the new proprietor of the Commercial Hotel is well pleased with the first week's business. He has the place neat and clean in every corner, in fact the dining room is as attractive as it has ever been at any time.

Miss Lois Keyes, pianist, is in Genoa every Thursday, giving piano lessons. Persons desiring to enroll in the class may address Miss Keyes at Hampshire, Ill. or leave word at The Republican-Journal office. 41-tf

The music of the harvester has been the chief source of entertainment in the country during the past week, and the yield of all small grains is excellent. The humm of the separator will soon be heard everywhere and it is sure sweet music when the weather is fair and the crops abundant.

While shocking grain on his father's farm, north of Genoa, last week Walter Awe killed a spotted adder, the first that has been seen in this vicinity in years. The reptile measured about five feet in length. The adder was quite common in these parts years ago but is now practically extinct.

A gang of workmen is grading and preparing a road bed east of the C. M. & St. Paul depot for an extension of the siding that runs for over half a mile east. The extension will reach a point near the depot. A switch will also be put in at the east end so that trains may head in.

We may still say "To Hell with the Kaiser," but that is not the name of the photo-play at the Grand tonight. The play is entitled "The Beast of Berlin" and is along the same line as the other much advertised film, the same characters being in the cast. Remember there are two shows tonight, 7:15 and 8:40. This picture shows the Kaiser as he is in his own country, discloses the intrigue and treachery that existed in the inner councils of the German Empire before the war with America.

Geithman & Son, the west end meat dealers, are going out of business, the junior partner having been informed that he will be called to the colors this month. There is some prospect of selling the business as we are going to press. If no buyer is found, the place will be closed this week.

Miss Dunlap, district organizer for the W. H. M. S., will speak at the Methodist Church Friday evening in this week at 8:00 p. m. instead of Thursday evening as so announced. Come out and hear a good live speaker. The August meeting of the society will be held at the close of the address instead of next Tuesday afternoon.

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. 1916. A. W. GLEASON, 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.

For Superintendent of Schools I am a candidate for the office of county superintendent of schools, subject to the decision of voters at the Republican primaries on September 11, 1918. James E. Stone tf

To the Voters of DeKalb County The undersigned is a Republican candidate for the office of County clerk and will appreciate your support at the primary Sept. 11th, 1918. Polls open from 6 a. m. to 5 p. m. 33-tf \* S. M. Henderson

**JENNIE BOMAR RICKETTS**



Mrs. Ricketts is an interpreter with a distinctive charm. She has won the hearts of thousands of auditors of most varied tastes upon the Chautauqua platform. Her interpretations dealing with the southern subjects never fail to delight. She was born and reared in the south and has an appreciation of southern atmosphere. Her repertoire includes a great store of real anecdotes and witticisms gleaned from daily contact with the "old time" negroes, whose eccentricities and odd, but warm human characteristics she has from childhood unconsciously and naturally noted and understood.

**PRINCESS NACOOCEE**



Daughter of Chief Taban will appear both afternoon and evening in connection with Francis Hendry and Mr. Adams. Music lovers will be afforded a rare treat in hearing this noted Indian violinist. In addition to her splendid training under the masters, and her many appearances on musical platforms of America, she has all the advantages of a unique and charming personality. Her name, "Nacoocee," means Handful of Flowers, which is a prophecy of the exquisite beauty and charm she will bring with her to the platform.

DR. C. C. MITCHELL



Doctor Mitchell's task in life is to talk—not at the air, but to the point. Like twin currents, humor and pathos run through his lectures. He is a master of epigrammatic, witty phrases, filled with a wealth of common sense.

His work is clean, convincing and instructive. His voice is clear and his message as distinctive as Gabriel's. He brings home the big things of life, the measuring of a man. "The Story of an Ash Heap" or "The Millionaire of Uz" is a modernizing and popularizing of the world's most ancient drama.

Mrs. James Watson went to Lafayette, Ind., Wednesday, for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. David Patterson of Chicago were week end guests at the Arthur Patterson home.

Dr. J. T. Shesler will go to Chicago Saturday to attend the meetings of the National Dental Association next week. Mrs. Shesler and daughter, who have been visiting the former's parents for the past two weeks, will accompany him home on his return.

**Week's Social Events**

**Priscilla Club**  
Miss Blanche R. Patterson was hostess to the members of the Priscilla Club Thursday afternoon of this week. Dainty refreshments were served.

**Genoaites in Huntley**  
A large number of friends pleasantly surprised Mr. and Mrs. Heineman in honor of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary Friday in their home in Huntley. They were remembered by a number of pieces of silverware and a large angel food cake. The evening was spent in playing games. Refreshments were served by the guests.

**THE SILVER LINING**  
By James J. Montague

Robinson grows at his ration of beef. He says that a man cannot thrive on a portion of roast that will keep at the most. A quarter grown puppy alive. But since he's been starving (the phrase is his own) He looks in his mirror by stealth. And has to admit that he seems pretty fit— In fact, he's the picture of health.

Old Mrs. Jimpson complains to her friends That she knows that she surely will die. Since a Hoover young man drove away on a van All her hard-hoarded sugar supply. But her figure has shrunk since the sugar has gone From its place on her back pantry shelf. And she isn't afraid to dispense with her maid— For now she is dressing herself.

Kickers grumble and growl and malignantly scowl And threaten to rise up and riot If you merely suggest that it's all for the best To cut down a bit on their diet. They savagely vow that a shortage of chow

As a second reminder of their wedding anniversary they were surprised on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Christ Awe and family of Genoa, Mr. and Mrs. Max Burrows and daughter, Ina, of Marengo, Mr. and Mrs. Will Awe and daughter, Vida, of Genoa and Mildred Awe of Elgin. A 1 o'clock dinner was served.

**Kilkare Club**  
The Kilkare Club met Monday evening with Miss Irma Perkins. The evening was spent at progressive five hundred, Miss Lenora Worchester making low score. Light refreshments were served by the hostess.

Is cause for indignant complaint, But they all look so well as their troubles they tell That you are convinced that it ain't.

**FOR SHERIFF**  
I am a candidate for the office of sheriff of DeKalb County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 11, and will appreciate your support. 40-tf Henry Decker

**RED CROSS NOTES**  
On account of Chautauqua there will be no meeting of the Red Cross chapter Wednesday.

**CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF**  
I hereby announce myself as candidate for the office of sheriff of DeKalb county, subject to the decision of the voters of the county at the Republican primaries to be held on September 11, 1918. Your support will be appreciated. FRANK W. RIDDELL, DeKalb, Ill. 41-tf

Away with DEADLY POISONS  
**RAT CORN**  
KILLS RATS, MICE AND GOPHERS  
25¢, 50¢ and 100¢. ALL DEALERS  
FOR SALE BY  
SCOTT'S PHARMACY

That's a fine looking Suit you have on! Where did you get it?

That's the kind of expression people will make to you when you wear Taylor-Made Clothes. They attract the eye not only on account of their smartness, but because of the all around better class aspect due to quality fabrics and masterful tailoring.

F. O. HOLTOREN

To The Lumber Trade

Lumber is Not High!

THERE NEVER WAS A BETTER TIME to buy lumber than right now! Study the facts! Note the difference IN YOUR FAVOR in the following table of what was required to purchase the material for a barn, for which we have figures, in 1917 against what was required in 1914.

In 1914	In 1917
40 hogs	24 hogs
705 bushels wheat	351 bushels wheat
1250 bushels corn	621 bushels corn
2250 bushels oats	1550 bushels oats
1710 bushels barley	745 bushels barley
1050 bushels rye	416 bushels rye
527 bushels flax	308 bushels flax

Genoa Lumber Co.



**Retinoscopy**

DR. N. J. S. MIRSHAK

Retinoscopy is the viewing of the optic nerves and the retina of the eyes through a concave mirror by reflecting the light upon the eyes and refracting it through the cornea and the crystalline lens of the eye. This is the most correct means of measuring the power of the eye, and the best known method to science, by which any and all defects of the cornea and crystalline lens can be detected and determined. This method has been neglected and almost forgotten by our optometrists of today.

It has been widely known that Dr. Mirshak of Oak Park, Ill., who is now in Genoa and will be in Genoa all of this and next week, at least, if not longer, is the only optometrist in Illinois who uses no charts for testing purposes and depends entirely on the method mentioned above which is known as retinoscopy. Dr. Mirshak not only does his work without charts but without drugs—it is all left to him to find out without the aid of the patient. Over 1400 cases have been cured by him. The reason that Dr. Mirshak does not care to handle any minor cases is because he has too much to do in bad cases, and believes his time should not be spent when some one else can take his place.



He tried to look old when the picture above was taken, as many people think he is too young to do this work, but what has age or looks got to do with that?



Cross eyes can be straightened with the aid of properly fitted glasses.





## PURELY PERSONAL

LeRoy Pratt was a Rockford Visitor Sunday.

Miss Edith Soderberg visited in DeKalb last Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Kellogg was over from Sycamore last week.

E. H. Browne visited his son, Fred, at Camp Grant Tuesday.

C. H. Altenburg of Rockford was a week end visitor in Genoa.

Miss Eileen Robinson of Rockford is visiting Genoa relatives.

Miss Marie Koehnke spent the week end with Burlington relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Duval of Fairdale were in Genoa Wednesday.

Mrs. John Hadsall and son, A. D. were Rockford visitors Wednesday.

Miss Irene Awe of Chicago is spending the week with Genoa relatives.

Merrill Lott, who has been visiting Chicago friends, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Soderberg and daughter, Helen, called on DeKalb friends last Sunday.

Ben Westover and Frank Brennan were home from Camp Grant Sunday.

E. H. Griggs of Chicago spent Wednesday and Thursday at M. J. Corson's.

Misses Helen Oursler and Grace Vandresser are Rockford visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller left last week for a visit with Minnesota relatives.

Jack Killian and Chief of Police Riddell were over from DeKalb Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stewart spent Sunday at the Jas. Stewart home at Hinchley.

Mrs. S. T. Zeller and son, John, visited with Ashton relatives over the week end.

Jones Corson and Mrs. Bushhart of Marengo called on Mrs. Sarah Corson Tuesday.

Miss Mary Calbert of Chicago was a guest at the Jas. Kierman home over the week end.

Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Jr., spent Saturday with her sister, Mrs. T. Shanahan of Hampshire.

Miss Annette Peterson of Kingston was a guest of Mrs. A. D. Hadsall the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Fred McDrife of Elgin called on her mother, Mrs. Austin and sister, Mrs. Geo. Evans, Tuesday.

Miss Jessie Parker returned the fore part of the week from a several days' visit with Kingston relatives.

Dr. J. W. Ovit and family left for Mason City, Iowa, Wednesday, where they will visit for a week with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Maderer and son, Ray, Miss Myrtle Larson and Dr. A. M. Hill motored to Pistakee Bay Sunday.

A. G. Stewart shipped two cars of fat cattle to the Chicago market Monday. On the same day he received three cars of young stock for feeding.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Robinson and son, Clifford, of Elgin visited at the homes of Mrs. Priscilla Robinson, Mrs. Emma Corson, and Scott Wait over Sunday.

Miss Klea Schoonmaker, Clifford Robinson, and Maynard Olmsted were guests at the F. P. Glass home in Elgin Sunday.

Geo. Swan came over from Wyoming, Ill., last week, his wife having been a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. May.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Buck and two daughters, Misses Gladys and Guylla, returned home from their Minnesota trip the fore part of the week.

Maynard Olmsted, who has been spending several weeks with his brother, Floyd, in Minnesota returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Olmsted, Sunday.

Mrs. Electa Patterson returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. M. Corson, Monday after a few days' visit with her son, Robert, of Rockford.

Mrs. Wernham, wife of Dr. Wernham of Marengo, and daughter, Mrs. Frank McCarthy of Elgin called at the homes of Mrs. Sarah Corson, Mrs. Clara Piper and Hepburn Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Waite and daughter, Virginia, who have been visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Waite, left Thursday evening for Kansas where they expect to make their future home.

Misses Blanche R. Patterson, Jessie Parker, Birdie Drake, Mrs. E. J. Tischler and Mrs. John Sell motored to Shabbona in the Patterson car Tuesday and spent the day with Mrs. L. W. Duval.

Miss Margaret Hutchison returned Sunday from her two weeks' vacation, which she spent with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Briggs of Ottawa, her brother, Thomas, of Maywood and her brother, John of Elkhardt, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson, daughter, Elsie, and son, Eric, of Belvidere and Miss Lettie Lord motored to Camp Grant Sunday and enjoyed a picnic dinner with the former's son, Private Geo. Johnson, who is in training there.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Field entertained Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hutchison and sons of Maywood Sunday. They made the trip in the Hutchison car and Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Sr., and Miss Margaret who had been spending a few weeks in Elkhardt, Ind., returned with them.

Geo. Patterson left on Tuesday for New York, the first leg of his journey to France where he will enter Y. M. C. A. work. George is a likeable fellow, a good mixer, sympathetic and always ready to extend a helping hand in time of need. He will make good company for the boys over there when they call at his building, tent, or dug-out, as the case may be. Let us hope that he may occasionally see some of the Genoa boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyldes and daughter, Francis, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Corson, Miss Helen Holtgren, Mrs. Rose Hanson, Mrs. R. B. Patterson and son, Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elklor, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Geithman, Mr. and Mrs. John Duval, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rudolph, Mrs. Harry Whipple and daughter, Parriet, Mrs. Geo. Evans, Miss Lorene Brown, Mrs. Cora Robinson, and Scott Wait were among those who attended Ringing Bros. circus at Rockford Wednesday.

C. M. Corson spent Thursday of this week in Chicago.

Misses Elsie and Genese Pierce of Chicago are visiting Genoa relatives.

## THE ARMY WORM

County Agent Eckhardt Offers Suggestions as to Methods of Killing

Under date of July 26, Wm. G. Eckhardt, County Agent, sends out the following information:

### Spring Wheat

The numerous fields of good wheat to be found thruout DeKalb county give testimony to the patriotic spirit which prompted their seeding.

From a few acres not producing a car load of wheat five years ago, to between 15000 and 20000 acres which will produce surely 500,000 or more bushels of wheat and bring to the farmers of this county probably One Million Dollars, is a tremendous contribution to air in winning the war.

The DeKalb County Soil Improvement Association rendered a distinct service in getting farmers to hold seed for themselves and neighbors, also in storing over 11,000 bushels of Marquis Spring Wheat Seed.

### Grow More wheat

This letter is written you to call your attention to this splendid crop. Secure seeds at threshing time for next year's requirements. Note how good Marquis Wheat stands in comparison with oats, barley, and other wheat, also note yields at threshing time.

From 10 to 20 acres of wheat should be seeded on every 160 acre farm if the soil is rich enough and conditions are right. Wheat is not as sure a crop as oats, but the better price and the government's requirements make it highly desirable to grow a reasonable acreage of this crop.

The Association will probably store 10,000 bushels of Marquis Wheat for seed, but unless the farmers will largely help themselves, we cannot hope to have enough seed.

### The Army Worm

The Army Worm has made its appearance in many parts of DeKalb county, but being especially destructive in the southern end of Milan Township.

Probably more damage will be done by cutting oats and other grains too green than by the Army Worm.

Army worms are to be found every year along every roadside, in the oats and hay fields, but few farmers notice them until a calamity is reported somewhere and then the normal amount of Army Worms scare folks so they will cut oats too green, doing far more injury than the worms.

### The Thing to Do

We have a Mr. Edward M. Schalek, a representative of the State Entomologist's Office, in the destroyed district in Milan Township. He will make headquarters at Lee, Illinois.

If you think you have a severe case of Army Worms don't get excited, but either get in communication with the undersigned, or else go to the affected area and see how the farmers head off the Army Worm by plowing furrows around the field, dig holes in the furrows in which the worms crawl in passing from one field to another and when these holes are nearly full, stamp earth onto the worms and dig more holes. The method will prevent the worms from going from one field to another.

Mrs. Evelyn Bidwell, who is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Roy Beardsley, went to Elgin Thursday to spend a few days.

Mrs. Chas. Pease and daughters, Marion and Jane, Mrs. Frank Harrington and Miss Rowe of Malta called on Mrs. C. M. Corson Sunday.

## ROLL OF HONOR

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

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

Captain C. A. Patterson \*  
Lieut. Richard Gormley \*  
2nd. Lieutenant Thos. Nicholson \*  
Sgt. Wm. Lankton \*  
Corp. C. Vernon Crawford \*  
Private Sidney Burroughs \*  
Private Carl Bender \*  
Private John Frazier \*  
Private Karl K. Holtgren \*  
Private John Meckler \*  
Private Aug. Niss \*  
Private Everett Naker \*  
Private Wm. Wolters \*  
Private Luman W. Colton \*  
Private Albert Awe \*  
Private Irvin Patterson \*  
Private Wm. L. Mowers \*  
Private John Jenny \*  
Private Walter J. Brendemuhl \*  
Private Philip R. Thomas \*  
Private Harold Holroyd \*  
Private Floyd Durham \*  
Private Frank J. Bender \*  
Private Albert T. Johnson \*  
Private Howard Stanley \*  
Private Jay Evans \*  
Private Geo. A. White \*  
Private Frank Stanley \*  
Private Ben Westover \*  
Private Frank Brennan \*  
Private Aug. J. Bjornson \*  
Dillon Patterson, U. S. N. \*  
Private Fred L. Niss \*  
Private Frank Rebeck \*  
Private Fred J. Duval \*  
Private Otto G. Dander \*  
Private Ervin W. Brown \*  
Private Elmer W. Frahn \*  
Private Tony Henry Muhr \*  
Private John Kolasmikl \*  
Private Edward A. Albertson \*  
Private Wayne C. McMackin \*  
Geo. J. Patterson, Y. M. C. A. \*  
Corp. Floyd Buckle

To the Voters of DeKalb County  
I am a Republican candidate for the office of County Judge at the primary to be held Sept. 11, 1918. Your support will be appreciated.  
33-1f  
William L. Pond.

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

For Sheriff of DeKalb County  
I am a candidate for sheriff of DeKalb county, subject to the Republican primaries, and will appreciate the support of the voters.  
Emerson Andrews,  
Sycamore, Ill.  
29-1f

## Well Work

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

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

**Ellis Business College and Gregg Shorthand Institute**

BEAUTIFUL NEW BUILDING, IDEAL LOCATION, ELECTRIC FANS AND MODERN EQUIPMENT

Noted for the high earning power of its graduates. Nearly 200 pupils enrolled during the past eleven months, including nineteen public school teachers.

STENOGRAPHY, the only successful "machine way of shorthand." The method that got Esther Ross, Sidney Greve and Kathleen Bonnell \$1500.00 a year positions.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL OPENING September 3, 1918. Write for particulars.

F. W. ELLIS, President, ELGIN, ILL.

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Mr. Henry is one of the best-known entertainers on the Lyceum platforms through his connection for years with Famous Lyric Glee club, whose success The success of the Lyrics in which Mr. Henry had so prominent a part was shown in their long Lyceum season, and emphasized by their engagement for two successive years by the United States government to give concerts in the Panama Canal Zone. Mr. Henry's success as an impersonator and a musical entertainer was so marked that many of his best friends urged him to sever his connection with the club, although (retaining the management)—to give his entire time to individual programs. Critics classed Mr. Henry as one of the best in his line.

### FOR COUNTY CLERK

I hereby announce myself a Republican candidate for county clerk, subject to the expression of the voters in the County Primaries, September 11, 1918.  
G. N. Blackman,  
37-1f DeKalb, Ill.

## SOME BOOKS

Over Two and Half Million for the Soldiers of U. S.

The War Service Committee of the American Library Association reports that 435,000 books were shipped to American soldiers in France up to July 1. The books went in tonnage space granted at the request of Gen. Pershing on the decks of transports where they were used by the men on the voyage and repacked for use in France; in naval vessels for naval bases abroad; and in Red Cross tonnage for the hospitals in France and England.

A total of more than 2,500,000 books have been shipped by the American Library Association to the

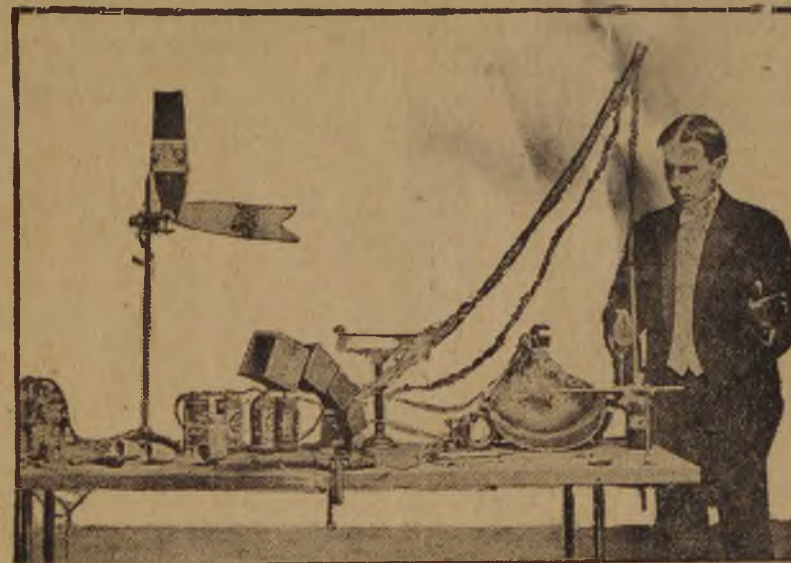
camps and stations in the United States and overseas. Approximately 500,000 of these books were purchased, the others having come as gifts from the American people through the public libraries of the country. Nearly 40 library buildings have been erected, and 600 camps in America, alone, have received collections of books.

### LOANS TO OUR ALLIES

With another credit of \$100,000,000 to Italy and \$9,000,000 more to Belgium, the credits advanced by the United States to our allies now total \$6,380,000,000.

Do not forget that all subscriptions outside the first zone must be paid in advance by September 1.

## WELBOURN IN "MODERN MIRACLES"



Reno B. Welbourn is regarded as the leading scientific lecturer in the country. He brings to the Chautauqua platform some of the wonders of scientific experiment and presents them entertainingly and clearly to Chautauqua audiences. He boils water with a cake of ice. He uses shingle nails as kindling wood and makes a heat that registers 6,000 degrees F. in three seconds. He makes the thermometer sink to 46 degrees below zero in ten seconds. He propels a motor with the sound of a flute. And he does a score of things before his audience in these scientific experiments that seem far out beyond the range of possibility. "Modern Miracles" is the subject of his week-day lecture. His Sunday address he styles, "A Sermon in Science." Mr. Welbourn was over one of the Lincoln Chautauqua circuits a year ago and has lectured at some of the oldest and largest Chautauquas in America. He will appear on the Chautauqua here on the fifth day at night.

## Soft Coal Requires Kindling

You who have been burning hard coal in furnace and range and must this year use soft coal, will be up against the kindling proposition many times next winter unless you are prepared. The range and furnace fires will often go out during the night and in bitter cold weather must be rekindled in a hurry. You must have plenty of kindling on hand for just such emergencies. Why not put in a load of those cedar slabs now? They are all cut to stove length and are very easy to split. This is really the most economical kindling you can get and for quick, hot fire for baking it has no equal.

## Zeller & Son

Do not forget the Patriots' Fund Payment

## The Baking Problem

in these days of sugar restriction is a vexing one as well as serious with all housewives. We cannot sell you more sugar, but you can partly solve the problem by buying cakes and cookies. Many women of Genoa have quit trying to bake and are making daily selections from our large assortment of delicious cookies.

## E. J. Tischler, Grocer





# The YUKON TRAIL

A TALE OF THE NORTH  
BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

## CHAPTER XVI.

Gordon Spends a Busy Evening.  
Paget smoked placidly, but the heart within him was troubled. It looked as if Selfridge had made up his mind to frame Gordon for a prison sentence. The worst of it was that he need not invent any evidence or take any chances. If Macdonald came through on the stand with an identification of Elliot as one of his assailants, the young man would go down the river to serve time. There was enough corroborative testimony to convict St. Peter himself.

"I'm just telling you what he said," Diane explained. "And it worried me. His smile was cynical. I couldn't help thinking that if he wants to get even with Gordon—"

Mrs. Paget stopped. The maid had just brought into the room a visitor, Diane moved forward and shook hands with him. "How do you do, Mr. Strong? Take this big chair."

Hanford Strong accepted the chair and a cigar. He came promptly to the object of his call.

"I don't know whether this is where I should have come or not. Are you folks for young Elliot or are you for Selfridge?" he demanded.

"If you put it that way, we're for Elliot," smiled Peter.

"All right. Let me put it another way. You work for Mac. Are you on his side or on Elliot's in this matter of the coal claims?"

Diane looked at Peter. He took his time to answer.

"We hope the coal claimants will win, but we've got sense enough to see that Gordon is in here to report the facts. That's what he is paid for. He'll tell the truth as he sees it. If his superior officers decide on those facts against Macdonald, I don't see that Elliot is to blame."

"That's how it looks to me," agreed Strong. "I'm for a wide-open Alaska, but that don't make it right to put this young fellow through for a crime he didn't do. Fact is, I like him. He's square. So I've come to tell you something."

He smoked for a minute silently before he continued.

"I've got no evidence in his favor, but I bumped into something a little while ago that didn't look good to me. You know I room next him at the hotel. I heard a noise in his room, and I thought that was funny, seeing as he was locked up in jail. So I kinder listened and heard whispers and the sound of some one moving about. There's a door between his room and mine that is kept locked. I looked through the keyhole, and in Elliot's room there was Wally Selfridge and another man. They were looking through papers at the desk. Wally put a stack of them in his pocket and they went out, locking the door behind them."

"They had no business doing that," burst out Diane. "Wally Selfridge isn't an officer of the law."

Strong nodded dryly to her. "Just what I thought. So I followed them. They went to Macdonald's offices. After a while Wally came out and left the other man there. Then presently the lights went out. The man is camped there for the night. Will you tell me why?"

"Why?" repeated Diane with her sharp eyes on the miner.

"Because Wally has some papers there he don't want to get away from him."

"Some of Gordon's papers, of course."

"You've said it."

"All his notes and evidence in the case of the coal claims, probably," contributed Peter.

"Maybe. Wally has stolen them, but he hasn't nerve enough to burn them till he gets orders from Mac. So he's holding them safe at the office," guessed Strong.

"It's an outrage."

"Surest thing you know. Wally has fixed it to frame him for prison and to play safe about his evidence on the coal claims."

but until now there had been no reason why he should. Within a quarter of an hour he lifted the iron-grilled sash boldly from the frame and crawled through the window.

He found Paget and Strong waiting for him in the shadows of a pine outside the yard of Selfridge.

"To begin with, you walk straight home and go to bed, Peter," the young man announced. "You're not in this. You're not invited to our party. I don't have to tell you why, do I?"

The engineer understood the reason. He was an employee of Macdonald, a man thoroughly trusted by him. Even though Gordon intended only to right a wrong, it was better that Paget should not be a party to it. Reluctantly Peter went home.

Gordon turned to Strong. "I owe you a lot already. There's no need for you to run a risk of getting into trouble for me. If things break right, I can do what I have to do without help."

"And if they don't?" Strong waved an impatient hand. "Cut it out, Elliot. I've taken a fancy to go through with this. I never did like Selfridge anyhow, and I ain't got a wife and I don't work for Mac. Why shouldn't I have some fun?"

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "All right. Might as well play ball and get things moving, then."

The little miner knocked at the door. Wally himself opened. Elliot, from the shelter of the pine, saw the two men in talk. Selfridge shut the door and came to the edge of the porch. He gave a gasp and his hands went trembling into the air. The six-gun of the miner had been pressed hard against his fat paunch. Under curt orders he moved down the steps and out of the yard to the tree.

At sight of Gordon the eyes of Wally stood out in amazement. Little sweat beads burst out on his forehead. He remembered how busy he had been collecting evidence against this man.

"W-w-what do you want?" he asked. "Got your keys with you?"

"Yes."

"Come with us."

Wally breathed more freely. For a moment he had thought this man had come to take vengeance on him.

They led him by alleys and back streets to the office of the Macdonald Yukon Trading company. Under orders he knocked on the door and called out who he was. Gordon crouched close to the log wall, Strong behind him.

"Let me in, Olson," ordered Selfridge.

The door opened, and a man stood on the threshold. Elliot was on top of him like a panther. The man went

down as though his knees were oiled hinges. Before he could gather his slow wits, the barrel of a revolver was shoved against his teeth.

"Take it easy, Olson," advised Gordon. "Get up—slowly. Now, step back into the office. Keep your hands up."

Strong closed and locked the door behind them.

"I want my papers, Selfridge. Dig up your keys and get them for me," Elliot commanded.

Wally did not need any keys. He knew the combination of the safe and opened it. From an inner drawer he drew a bunch of papers. Gordon looked them over carefully. Strong sat on a table and toyed with a revolver which he jammed playfully into the stomach of his fat prisoner.

"All here," announced the field agent. "The safe-robbers locked their prisoners in the office and disappeared into the night. They stopped at the house of the collector of customs, a genial

young fellow with whom Elliot had played tennis a good deal, and left the papers in his hands for safe-keeping. After which they returned to the hotel and reached the second floor by way of the back stairs used by the servants.

Here they parted, each going to his own room. Gordon slept like a school-boy and woke only when the sun poured through the window upon his bed in a broad ribbon of warm gold.

He got up, bathed, dressed, and went down into the hotel dining room. The waiters looked at him in amazement. Gordon ate as if nothing were the matter, apparently unaware of the excitement he was causing. He paid not the least attention to the nudging and the whispering. After he had finished breakfast, he lit a cigar, leaned back in his chair, and smoked placidly.

Presently an eruption of men poured into the room. At the head of them was Gopher Jones. Near the rear Wally Selfridge lingered modestly. He was not looking for hazardous adventure.

"What you doing here?" demanded Gopher, bristling up to Elliot.

The young man watched a smoke wreath float ceilingward before he turned his mild gaze on the chief of police.

"I'm smoking."

"Don't you know we just got in from hunting you—two posesses of us been out all night?" Gopher glared savagely at the smoker.

Gordon looked distressed. "That's too bad. There's a telephone in my room, too. Why didn't you call up? I've been there all night."

"The dence you have," exploded Jones. "And us combing the hills for you. Young man, you're mighty smart. But I want to tell you that you'll pay for this."

"Did you want me for anything in particular—or just to get up a poker game?" asked Elliot suavely.

The leader of the posse gave himself to a job of scientific profanity. He was spurred on to outdo himself because he had heard a fitter or two behind him. When he had finished, he formed a procession. He, with Elliot handcuffed beside him, was at the head of it. It marched to the jail.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Sheba Does Not Think So.  
The fingers of Sheba were busy with the embroidery upon which she worked, but her thoughts were full of the man who lay asleep on the lounge. His strong body lay at ease, relaxed.

Already health was flowing back into his veins. Beneath the tan of the thin, muscular cheeks a warmer color was beginning to creep. Soon he would be about again, vigorous and forceful, striding over obstacles to the goal he had set himself.

Sheba had sent him a check for the amount he had paid her and had refused to see him or anybody else.

Shamed and humiliated, she had kept to her room. The check had come back to her by mail.

Across the face of it he had written in his strong handwriting:

"I don't wish on my bets. You can't give to me what is not mine. Do not think for an instant that I shall not marry you."

She moved to adjust a window blind and when she returned found that his steady eyes were fixed upon her.

"You're getting better fast," she said.

"Yes."

The girl had a favor to ask of him and lest her courage fail she plunged into it.

"Mr. Macdonald, if you say the word Mr. Elliot will be released on bail. I am thinking you will be so good as to say it."

His narrowed eyes held a cold glitter. "Why?"

"You must know he is innocent. You must—"

"I know only what the evidence shows," he cut in, warily on his guard. "He may or may not have been one of my attackers. From the first blow I was dazed. But everything points to it that he hired—"

"Oh, no!" interrupted the Irish girl, her dark eyes shining softly. "The way of it is that he saved your life, that he fought for you, and that he is in prison because of it."

"If that is true, why doesn't he bring some proof of it?"

"Proof!" she cried scornfully. "Between friends—"

An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the sea.  
'Tis the same if he is near me, 'tis the same if he is far.  
His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are.  
Och anee!

Her hands dropped from the keys and she turned slowly on the end of the seat. The dark lashes fell to her



"I'm Going to Marry You, Sheba."

hot cheeks. He did not speak, but she felt the steady insistence of his gaze. In self-defense she looked at him.

The pallor of his face lent accent to the fire that smoldered in his eyes.

"I'm going to marry you, Sheba. Make up your mind to that, girl," he said harshly.

There was infinite pity in the look she gave him. "There's cauldier things than salt waves between us, so they are," she quoted.

"Not if I love you and you love me. By the Lord, I trample down everything that comes between us."

She knew the tremendous driving power of the man and she was afraid in her heart that he would sweep her from the moorings to which she clung.

"There is something else I haven't told you." The embarrassed lashes lifted bravely from the flushed cheeks to meet steadily his look. "I don't think—that I care for you. 'Tis I that am ashamed at my—fickleness. But I don't—not with the full of my heart."

His bold, possessive eyes yielded no fraction of all they claimed. "Time enough for that, Sheba. Truth is that you're afraid to let yourself love me. You're worried because you can't measure me by the little two-by-four foot-rule you brought from Ireland with you."

Sheba nodded her dusky little head in naive candor. "I think there will be some truth in that, Mr. Macdonald. You're lawless, you know."

"I'm a law to myself. If that's what you mean. It is my business to help hammer out an empire in this Northland. No need for me to brag. What I have done speaks for me as a guide-post to what I mean to do."

"I know," the girl admitted with the impetuous generosity of her race. "I hear it from everybody. You have built towns and railroads and developed mines and carried the twentieth century into new outposts. You have given work to thousands. But you go so fast I can't keep step with you. I am one of the little folk for whom laws were made."

"Then I'll make a new code for you," he said, smiling. "Just do as I say and everything will come out right."

Faintly her smile met his. "My grandmother might have agreed to that. But we live in a new world for women. They have to make their own decisions. I suppose that is a part of the penalty we pay for freedom."

Diane came into the room and Macdonald turned to her.

"I have just been telling Sheba that I am going to marry her—that there is no escape for her. She had better get used to the idea that I intend to make her happy."

The older cousin glanced at Sheba and laughed with a touch of embarrassment. "Whether she wants to be happy or not, O Cave Man?"

"I'm going to make her want to."

Sheba fled, but from the door she lunged back her challenge. "I don't think so."

Macdonald kept his word to Sheba. He used his influence to get Elliot released, and with a touch of cynicism quite characteristic went on the bond of his rival. An information was filed against the field agent of the land department for highway robbery and attempted murder, but Gordon went about his business just as if he were not under a cloud.

None the less, he walked the streets a marked man. Women and children looked at him curiously, and whispered as he passed. The sullen, hostile eyes of miners measured him silently.

In the states the fight between the coal claimants and their foes was growing more bitter. The muckrakers were busy, and the sentiment outside had settled so definitely against granting the patents that the national administration might at any time jettison Macdonald and his backers as a sop to public opinion.

It was not hard for Gordon to guess how unpopular he was, but he did not let this interfere with his activities. He moved to and fro among the mining camps with absolute disregard of the growing hatred against him. Paget came to him at last with a warning.

"What's that I hear about you being

almost killed up on Bonanza?" Peter wanted to know.

"Down in the None Such mine, you mean? It did seem to be raining hammers as I went down the shaft," admitted his friend.

"Were the hammers dropped on purpose?"

Gordon looked at him with a grim smile. "Your guess is just as good as mine, Peter. What do you think?"

Peter answered seriously. "I think it isn't safe for you to take the chances you do, Gordon. I find a wrong impression about you prevalent among the men. They are blaming you for stirring up all this trouble on the outside, and they are worried for fear the mines may close and they will lose their jobs. I tell you that they are in a dangerous mood."

"Sorry, but I can't help that."

"You can stay around town and not go out alone nights."

"I dare say I can, but I'm not going to."

"I think you had better use a little sense, Gordon. I dare say I am exaggerating the danger. But when you go around with that jaunty devil-may-care way of yours, the men think you are looking for trouble—and you're likely to get it."

"Am I?"

"I know what I'm talking about. Nine out of ten of the men think you tried to murder Macdonald after you had robbed him and that your nerve weakened on the job. This seems to some of the most lawless to give them a moral right to put you out of the way. Anyhow, it is a kind of justification, according to their point of view. I'm not defending it, of course. I'm telling you so that you can appreciate your danger."

"You have done your duty, then, Peter."

"But you don't intend to take my advice?"

"I'll tell you what I told you last time when you warned me. I'm going through with the job I've been hired to do, just as you would stick it out in my place. I don't think I'm in much danger. Men in general are law-abiding. They growl, but they don't go as far as murder."

Peter gave him up.

The next issue of the Kuslak Sun contained a bitter editorial attack upon Elliot. The occasion for it was a press dispatch from Washington to the effect that the pressure of public opinion had become so strong that Winton, commissioner of the general land office, might be forced to resign his place. This was a blow to the coal claimants, and the Sun charged in vitriolic language that the reports of Elliot were to blame. He was, the newspaper claimed, an enemy to all those who had come to Alaska to earn an honest living there. He was a snake in the grass, and as such every decent man ought to hold him in scorn.

Elliot read this just as he was leaving for the Willow Creek camp. He thrust the paper impatiently into his coat pocket and swung to the saddle. Why did they persecute him? He had told nothing but the truth, nothing not required of him by the simplest, elemental honesty. Yet he was treated as an outcast and a criminal. The injustice of it was beginning to rankle.

He was temperamentally an optimist, but depression rode with him to the gold camp and did not lift from his spirits till he started back next day for Kuslak. The news had been flashed by wire all over the United States that he was a crook. His friends and relatives could give no adequate answer to the fact that an indictment hung over his head. In Alaska he was already convicted by public opinion.

In the late afternoon, while Gordon was still fifteen miles from Kuslak, his horse fell lame. He led it limping to the cabin of some miners.

There were three of them, and they had been drinking heavily from a jug of whisky left earlier in the day by the stage-driver. Gordon was in two minds whether to accept their surly permission to stay for the night, but the lameness of his horse decided him.

Not caring to invite their hostility, he gave his name as Gordon instead of Elliot. He was to learn within the hour that this was mistake number two.

From a pocket of the coat he had thrown on a bed protruded the newspaper Gordon had brought from Kuslak. One of the men, a big red-headed fellow, pulled it out and began sulkily to read.

While he read the other two bickered and drank and snarled at each other. All three of the men were in that stage of drunkenness when a quarrel is likely to flare up at a moment's notice.

"Listen here," demanded the man with the newspaper. "Tell you what, boys, I'm going to wring the neck of that pussyfooting spy Elliot if I ever get a chance."

He read aloud the editorial in the Sun. After he had finished, the others joined him in a chorus of curses.

"I always did hate a spy—and this one's a murderer too. Why don't some one fill his hide with lead?" one of the men wanted to know.

Redhead was sitting at the table. He thumped a heavy fist so hard that the tin cups jumped. "Gimme a crack at him and I'll show you!"

A shadow fell across the room. In the doorway stood a newcomer. Gordon had a sensation as if a lump of ice had been drawn down his spine. For the man who had just come in was Big Bill Macy, and he was looking at the field agent with eyes in which amazement, anger and triumph blazed.

"Now, ain't that modest of him? You lads are entertaining that well-known detective and spy, Gordon Elliot, that renowned king of hold-ups—"

The red-headed man interrupted with a howl of rage. "If you're telling it straight, Bill Macy, I'll learn him to spy on me."

Elliot was sitting on one of the beds. He had not moved an inch since Macy had appeared, but the brain behind his live eyes was taking stock of the situation. Big Bill blocked the doorway. The table was in front of the window. Unless he could fight his way out, there was no escape for him. He was trapped.

Quietly Gordon looked from one to another.

"I'm not spying on you. My horse is lame. You can see that for yourself. All I asked was a night's lodging."

"Under another name than your own, you cussed sneak."

The field agent did not understand the fury of the man, because he did not know that these miners were working the claim under a defective title and that they had jumped to the conclusion that he had come to get evidence against them. But he knew that never in his life had he been in a tighter hole. In another minute they would attack him. Whether it would run to murder he could not tell. At the best he would be hammered helpless.

But no evidence of this knowledge appeared in his manner.

"I didn't give my last name because there is a prejudice against me in this country," he explained in an even voice.

He wondered as he spoke if he had better try to fling himself through the window sash. There might be a remote chance that he could make it.

The miner at the table killed this possibility by rising and standing squarely in the road.

"Look out! He's got a gat," warned Macy.

Gordon fervently wished he had. But he was unarmed. While his eyes quested for a weapon he played for time.

"You can't get away with this, you know. The United States government is back of me. It's known I left the Willow Creek camp. I'll be traced here."

Through Gordon's mind there flashed a word of advice once given him by a professional prizefighter: "If you get in a rough house, don't wait for the other fellow to hit first."

They were crouching for the attack. In another moment they would be upon him. Almost with one motion he stooped, snatched up by the leg a heavy stool, and sprang to the bed upon which he had been sitting.

The four men closed with him in a rush. They came at him low, their heads protected by uplifted arms. His memory brought to him a picture of the whitewashed gridiron of a football field, and in it he saw a vision of safety.

The stool crashed down upon Big Bill Macy's head. Gordon hurled the crumpling figure, plunged between

hands outstretched to seize him, and over the table went through the window, taking the flimsy sash with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Building a Trench.  
Trenches on the western front appear to the civilian eye which is fixed upon photographs to be just a ditch backed by dugouts. In reality, details a trench correspondent, an enormous amount of work and scientific study is required for the establishment of a complete winter trench.

For every mile a trench over 6,000,000 sand bags are needed. One man can fill a bag with earth and lift it to place 25 times in a night, when all the work of repairing trenches is done. It would take a battalion eight months to do this work.

A mile of trench and its concomitant protection demands 12,000 six-foot stakes, 12,000 small pickets, 6,250,000 sandbags, weighing 1,000 tons in all; 38,000 feet of corrugated iron, 1,125,000 feet of timber, etc.

Smokeless Powder.  
The advantages of smokeless powder, besides its virtue of high explosiveness, are two-fold. It does not create a smoke cloud that betrays the location of the gun or gunners, and at the same time the man behind the gun is not confused for a second by a pall of smoke that obscures the range of vision in the direction of the enemy.



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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.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 30-1918.

HAD SEEN THEM "AT WORK"

Tommy Had Little Need to Puzzle His Brains Over Question Propounded by Teacher.

Here is a little story that was told at a social session by Representative Hubert D. Stephens of Mississippi, as an illustration that the best industrial results cannot always be obtained through team work:

Some time since, the teacher of a public school in a country town was instructing a juvenile class in mathematics when she turned to a small boy named Tommy.

"Tommy," said she, "if your father can do a piece of work in six days and your uncle Jim can do it in seven days, how long would it take them to do it together?"

"About ten thousand years," was the rather startling rejoinder of Tommy. "Ten thousand years!" exclaimed the teacher. "Why, Tommy, what do you mean?"

"I mean," was the prompt response of Tommy, "that if you put them to work together they would sit on the fence, smoke an swap fish stories." Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Spurred to Activity.  
"You say you owe your success in life to the man you just snubbed?"

"Yes," replied the eminent capitalist, "to a large extent."

"



# WHAT SHIPS MEAN TO FARMER



Great Merchant Fleets Uncle Sam Is Building Will Insure Permanent Access to World Markets and Good Prices for Products.

By GUSTAVUS MYERS.  
Noted Historian and Research  
Writer.

WITH a probable bumper crop of at least 900,000,000 bushels of bread grains expected from our farms this year, the American farmer is showing what his contribution is to the war for human freedom. Remote as he may be from the actual scene of conflict, he knows that he is a big part of the world battle line. Upon his productive efforts largely depend the supplying of the allied armed forces and populations with food.

To the appeal, "Food will win the war," the American farmer has responded with splendid results. But of course that appeal has its qualifications. One proviso is that food will go a long way toward insuring victory if we have plenty of ships to convey it where it is needed. Great fleets of ships have been or are being created by the United States shipping board. They are being produced at a record pace. But to carry out our vast necessary shipping program with the fullest adequacy it is vital that the earnest interest of every part of our great country should be unceasingly enlisted.

Far away from the seaboard as many of our farms are, they are joined with the ocean to a degree they never were before. The ships supplement the plow and the harvester. Day and night the farmer has been thinking of how he could make his land more productive. It is a subject that never leaves him. The indications are that so well has he thought it out that this year's crop of winter wheat alone will be 154,000,000 bushels more than last year's, large as that was. And this is only one part of the immense crops coming from American farms. True, there is always the gamble of weather conditions and the menace of insect depredations. But the present promise is a high production from our farms.

Of itself this fact does not alarm the Huns. They know that our big food supply is of no danger to them if we cannot get it across. But what does fill them with dread and foreboding is the knowledge that we are rapidly getting together the ships that will transport it over the ocean to feed our troops and those of the allies and the peoples of the countries banded to defeat Hun aggression. What will further make the Huns quake is the fact that our millions of farmers are as determined to support the program for vast fleets of ships as they are set upon raising vast crops.

The Hun submarine murder campaign was undertaken with the express view of starving out certain countries, and terrorizing the rest. It aimed at destroying the ships that could carry our supplies to Europe. It didn't succeed any more in that design than in the effort to prevent the landing of large forces in France. But by its foul methods of warfare it has already sunk many millions of tons of ships. Not only has that world loss to be more than made up, but we have to provide a large further tonnage to keep on sending our soldiers abroad and supplying them adequately. We have the unprecedented job of not only feeding our own army but other armies and other populations also.

But the ships required for those purposes are only a part of what we need. Later on those ships will be necessary in bringing back our victorious soldiers from Europe. But at present and for some time to come the movement is one of full ships to Europe and fairly empty ones back.

The United States is now the great reservoir from which supplies must be drawn. The enormous gain in our exports shows how other nations are increasingly looking to us to sustain them.

Although our exports may occasionally decline, still on the whole there is every probability of their increasing, not only during the war but after the war. Large areas of Europe are depopulated and devastated. Many of the rich wheat-growing sections including almost all of the winter-wheat possession. Conditions in Russia are chaotic. The western European allies produced in 1917 about 222,000,000 bushels less than the annual pre-war average. There was a great drop also in the wheat production of other European countries. Argentina, Australia and India are producing good crops. But there is no shipping to move it properly.

While the war is on there is a big enough demand from our allies in Europe for materials of all kinds. We have to supply coal, steel, oil, cotton, lumber, rails, locomotives and a great quantity of other products. After the war when the job of rehabilitating Europe is put through, the demand upon this country for raw and manufactured material of all kinds will be enormous. We shall also have to replenish the depleted herds of Europe from our own cattle. Ours, in fact, will be the task of supplying most of the world.

So it is clear that besides the millions of tons of shipping urgently needed for the army and navy, we shall need a great permanent merchant marine. In 1914 only \$166,000,000 of the more than \$2,000,000,000 of our exports was carried in American vessels. Even now a great part of the cargo and passenger ships we are using are seized enemy vessels or requisitioned or chartered allied or neutral vessels.

Not only on the Atlantic but on all oceans we must have an abundance of American ships. Since the opening of the Panama canal, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans have been linked by the short route.

Ships have to be used for imports as well as exports. Last year we imported \$2,659,000,000 worth of merchandise. We need ample ships on the Pacific to serve China, Japan, the Philippines, Russia and Australia. All of these countries as well as Central and South America, have materials or products which we need just as they need ours. Australia recently had a surplus stated to be 300,000,000 bushels of wheat and another big surplus in process of gathering. There was enough, in fact, to feed England and France for a year. But it was of no practical use to the allies. There were no vessels to be spared for the long haul which takes eight or ten weeks from Australia to England.

Last year there was a surplus in Java of 1,000,000 tons of sugar which other parts of the world needing badly could not get because of lack of ships.

Great heaps of coffee were spoiling on the East Indian wharves. There was no shipping to move it to other countries.

Pyrites, which was badly needed here, could not be brought from Spain because of the want of ships.

These are but a few examples of what a ship famine means.

Besides the many millions of tons of shipping needed for the purposes already described, there is also the pressing necessity for multiplying the number of ships, tugs and barges for domestic coastwise, lake and inland waterway transportation. These are of the most vital importance to the farmer. Our inland, lake and coast waterways can be used to transport vast quantities of wheat and other products, and freight of all kinds can be sent back on the return trip. This transportation will be cheaper to the farmer and greatly tends to relieve railway congestion.

In less than a year's time the accomplishments of the United States shipping board have been on an unprecedented scale. Where in 1917 there were only 61 shipyard plants in the United States, there are now 158, and more are being constantly established. The United States shipping board has given out contracts for 8,183,000 deadweight tons of ships, and has already put in service 831,111 deadweight tons of new shipping. This in addition to 2,073,826 deadweight tons of neutral and allied ships under charter, German and Austrian ships seized, and Dutch ships requisitioned. It is launching new ships rapidly, and is beginning to make provision for tugs and barges for inland and coastwise water traffic. From the small number of 44,926 men employed in American shipyards on April 1, 1917, the force of shipbuilders in our yards has now increased to 300,000.

With this progress American farmers can look forward to the certainty of a great merchant marine, built in American shipyards and carrying their products the world over now and after the war.

Two darkies were suing for divorce. It was necessary for the old parson who had married them to testify. He appeared and this colloquy ensued:  
Judge—Nigger, what's your name?  
Parson—William Lewis, C. W. B. M., yoh honah.  
Judge—Do you know this couple?  
Parson—Yas, suh, I do.  
Judge—Did you marry them?  
Parson—No, suh!  
Judge—Didn't marry 'em? Why, they have proof you did.  
Parson—Mebbe so, boss, but yo' see it was lak dis. Dat yaller nigger come to me an' said he'd gib me \$2 to marry him. I sez "All right," and he went and got dat ole woman and brung her to de church. Just befo' de ceremony he 'low as how he ain't got but six bits to gib me. Boss, I couldn't puhform no reg'lar ceremony lak dat for a measly six bits, so I just read de Christian Endeavor pledge ober dem and turned dem loose.—Chicago Daily News.

## ADDED BEAUTY TO GARDENS

World Owes Debt to Frenchman Who Improved on the Glory of the Lilac Blossom.

One of France's war gardeners of 1870-71 won immortality by studying his plants, instead of tending his garden merely as a way to help out with the food supply. Like most war gardeners, he did not give his attention exclusively to vegetables but planted a few flowers, and it was with these that he had conspicuous success.

In 1871 Victor Lemoine began his experiments in cross-fertilizing different species of lilac. He took up this work to get his mind away from the troubles of his country, for a German garrison was quartered in his native town, Nancy, and the rest of France, except the doomed provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, was slowly buying back its freedom from the same hated presence. Lemoine's sight at that time was very bad, so he planned and had his wife execute.

That was the origin of the wondrous group of shrubs known today throughout the civilized world as "French lilacs," with their great trusses of beautiful bloom. It is Lemoine's best-known work, though not his only one. He recreated the mock orange, the deutzia, the weigella, the delphinium and a score of other perennials and shrubs.

**Cuticura Stops Itching.**  
The Soap to cleanse and Ointment to soothe and heal most forms of itching, burning skin and scalp affections. Ideal for toilet use. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

## MERELY PART OF CEREMONY

Parson Had Done What He Could, Considering the Amount of Fee Coming to Him.

Two darkies were suing for divorce. It was necessary for the old parson who had married them to testify. He appeared and this colloquy ensued:  
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Parson—William Lewis, C. W. B. M., yoh honah.

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## Two Recipes.

Anne Hodges, age seven, offered her mother, Mrs. Fletcher Hodges, 3221 North Pennsylvania street, two wartime recipes the other day.

One was for oatmeal cookies and the other orange peel cake.

The first formula included: One cupful oatmeal, one cupful baking powder, one cupful o' dough.

The second formula included: One-half cupful orange peel chopped in a meat chopper, one cupful yolks of eggs, half cupful o' dough.

"Beat both to a 'suds,' and eat cold," wrote the juvenile culinary adviser.—Indianapolis News.

## In Compliment.

Jack—I'd like to have a street named for me.

Stella—You have—you are Easy.

Berlin is going to ask peace terms, not to make them.



## Don't Neglect a Bad Back!

It's Mighty Poor Policy to Worry Along Thus Handicapped When Health and Strength is So Needed

THE man or woman handicapped with a bad back in these times when physical fitness is so necessary, is indeed crippled. It's mighty poor policy to worry along with an aching back day after day; work is neglected and the simplest duties are a burden. Plowing, planting, harvesting, churning, the daily housework all throw a heavy strain on the kidneys and kidney ills, with attendant backache, are a common result. Don't wait! Neglect may mean gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have helped thousands. They should help you.

### Personal Reports of Real Cases

**AN ILLINOIS CASE.**  
Mrs. J. R. Pittson, 902 Chestnut St., Monticello, Ill., says: "I had such a bad attack of kidney complaint, I had to give up entirely, and for a week I was almost helpless. I had terrible pains in my back and I seemed to be lame and sore all over. I had cold chills and hot flashes and my hands and fingers became cramped with rheumatic pains. I used Doan's Kidney Pills, and when I had finished five boxes I was entirely free from the pain and other suffering and felt like a different woman." (Statement given February 4, 1910.)  
On October 13, 1917, Mrs. Pittson said: "I am always ready to back up what I have said praising Doan's Kidney Pills, for they did me more good than anything I had ever taken for kidney trouble. Of late years I haven't had any kidney complaint."

**ANOTHER ILLINOIS CASE**  
Thomas A. Knight, retired insurance agent, 224 N. Ninth St., East St. Louis, Ill., says: "I had pain across the small of my back and the least exertion put me in misery. At one time I had to keep pillows under the small of my back at night. The kidney secretions were scanty and I was in great pain. The secretions were unnatural and I was in a bad way. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and as a result, I passed gravel. I continued taking Doan's until the pains across my back and loins left. In three months I felt like a different man in every way." (Statement given August 2, 1914.)  
On May 24, 1917, Mr. Knight said: "I am glad to say the cure Doan's Kidney Pills made for me has remained permanent."

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

60c a Box At All Stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Chemists

**A New Excuse.**  
Jimmie had gone to bed 'way up the dark stairs and into his scary black bedroom. Shortly thereafter his mother heard him call in a frightened voice, "Ma, I wisht you'd come up here."  
She went up.  
"Ma, won't you keep the light burning in here? I—uh—it's so dark I can't see to sleep."  
A girl can never understand why a man persists in staying in the bachelor class after having met her.

**An Exception.**  
An old proverb says, "The anvil lasts longer than the hammer."  
Thanks be, there is a beautiful exception to it. Take the case of the brave boys who are hammering away at the kaiser and his brood.  
The salary of the president of Switzerland amounts to \$2,200 a year, with an additional \$3,000 for expenses.  
In the commerce of speech use only coin of gold and silver.—Joubert.

## Hot Weather Hits Us Hardest in Stomach

Keep a close watch on your stomach this summer. We need all our fighting strength. War work—change of diet—will make us all easier prey to stomach and bowel trouble than ever before. It is so easy to become overheated on a blazing hot day, especially after eating a hearty meal. And then the excessive heat makes us flood our stomachs with all kinds of cold drinks. That's bad at any time; much worse—even dangerous—when there is the slightest feeling of stomach trouble.

Keep the stomach sweet and cool and free from too much acid—that's about all that is necessary. It's not so much the diet as to keep the poison from starting trouble. You can easily do this if you will just take a tablet or two of EATONIC after your meals.

EATONIC is the wonderful new compound that absorbs the harmful gases and juices and almost instantly drives away stomach misery.

Instead of sudden and painful attacks of indigestion, after you begin using EATONIC you'll forget you have a stomach. And there will be no more heartburn, food repeating, sour stomach, gas pains, or that lumpy, bloated feeling you have so often experienced after eating. Then your appetite—you know how hard it is to satisfy in hot weather—eat one or two EATONIC Tablets a half hour before meals—and you will enjoy the results and feel better in every way.

These are a few reasons why you should start using EATONIC today and fortify your stomach against the chance trouble this summer. It costs only 50c for a big package. Your druggist who you know and can trust, will promptly refund your money if you are not more than satisfied.

## Tired Nervous Mothers

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my housework."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.





# Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co.

have a complete line of Fall and Winter Suits in the house. Let them show you what they have. The early buyer is the one who makes money.

Fall and Winter 1918-19 samples, for your suit, made to your own measure, have arrived. Every fit guaranteed or you don't have to take the suit.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

The Belgian Draft Horse Association  
WILL SELL AT PUBLIC

# Auction

AT THE LIVERY STABLE  
IN  
KINGSTON

ON  
**Saturday,  
August 10**  
at 8 o'clock in the evening

# THE HORSE Simonet

IMPORTED BELGIAN STALLION, AMERICAN NO. 6914, REGISTERED IN BELGIAN STUD BOOK. COLOR, BAY. IMPORTED BY CHAMP. LIN BROS. FOAMED IN MAY, 1911. SIMONET IS REGISTERED AND LICENSED BY THE ILLINOIS STALLION REGISTRATION BOARD, AS PURE BRED STALLION NO. 2907.

This horse is being sold on account of disagreement among members of the association.  
The Barn belonging to the Association will be sold at the same time.  
TERMS: CASH F. W. SHRADER, Pres. and Sec.

# Dead Animals

We Pay For  
Horses and Cows

We Pay Telephone Charges Automobile Service

GORMLEY'S RENDERING WORKS

Plant Phone 909-14 Office Phone 24

## KINGSTON NEWS

### ROLL OF HONOR

The following Kingston boys are in Uncle Sam's service. If there is any mistake in this list or any omissions, kindly notify correspondent, Miss Edith Moore, at once:

- Emmett J. Anderson
- Harry B. Baars
- George C. Bacon
- Arthur E. Baker
- Harley R. Ball
- Fred L. Bault
- Myron A. Brainard
- Ernest Bozzy
- Willard Carlson
- Carl Beckstrum
- Ernest E. Ecklund
- John L. Hallin
- Leo Judkins
- Emmett Keller
- John Kelasmki
- Ralph G. Ort
- Robert Packard
- Francis G. Schandelmeyer
- John Schmock
- Fred Schmock
- Geo. A. Stark
- Orrin S. Silburn
- Clarence Bugg
- Lewis Weber
- George Johnson
- George Packard
- Milton Wilson.

Mrs. Rebecca Burke is visiting relatives in Rockford.

Mrs. E. L. Bradford is spending this week in Genoa.

Ernest Scott of Rockford visited friends over Sunday.

C. A. Anderson transacted business in Chicago Monday.

Delos Ball went to Chicago Tuesday to spend a few days.

Miss Bessie Baars was home from near Kirkland over Sunday.

Addison Crairell visited his home folks in DeKalb over Sunday.

Mrs. R. S. Tazewell and son, Richard, visited relatives in DeKalb Monday.

George Howe has been confined to his home the past few days with the mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bradford and son, Clyde, of Sycamore visited relatives here Sunday.

John Helsdon of DeKalb visited Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Helsdon.

Mrs. George Helsdon and son, Gerald, of Belvidere visited relatives here over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Bradford spent Monday with her sister, Mrs. E. E. Bradford in Sycamore.

Marion Bradford is visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bradford, in Sycamore.

Misses Wilda and Zada Knappenberger spent Tuesday with their sister, Mrs. Merle Worden in DeKalb.

Gilbert Helsdon returned to his home in Belvidere Monday after a few weeks' visit with relatives here.

Mrs. G. D. Wyllys returned home Sunday after a few weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Nettie Sisson, in DeKalb.

Mrs. B. F. Uplinger and son, Leon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Phelps, and Miss Florence Baars motored to Batavia Saturday.

Miss Beatrice Ort returned home Thursday after a three weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Floyd Hubler, in Rockford.

Mrs. H. Burgess and daughter, Gladys, were the guests of Mrs. Earl Cook at New Lebanon last week Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. White and children, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. White and daughter, Mrs. Elmer Johnson spent Sunday at Camp Grant with the latter's husband.

Miss Daisy Ball returned to Sycamore Tuesday evening, after a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Delos Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hubby and son, John, of Rockford have been the guests of Mrs. Hubler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ort.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Burton and daughter, Georgia, spent Tuesday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lucas in Belvidere.

An Ice Cream social for the benefit of the Red Cross will be given at the home of Walter Rankin in Colvin Park next Tuesday night. All are welcome.

The Misses Gladys Burgess, Edith Moore, Victoria Gnakow, Beatrice Ort, Doris and Bessie Sherman enjoyed a picnic supper over in the Kingston Park last Saturday.

A pleasant surprise was given to Mrs. P. G. White in honor of her birthday last Thursday by a number of her relatives from Genoa, DeKalb and Kingston. A turkey dinner was served and she received many beautiful and useful gifts.

### NEW LEBANON

E. Kiner and family motored to Burlington Sunday evening.

The wreck at New Lebanon attracted the attention of quite a number.

Martha Kruger visited a few days at the A. Nelson home in Burlington.

Mrs. Pearl Holmes of Genoa was a week end guest at the Lem Gray home.

Mrs. George Bick and children of Sibley are visiting at the Chas. Coon home.

## LINCOLN M'CONNELL

"He Gets Juice Out of Tombstones."



Ralph Parlette says this about Lincoln M'Connell: "I wish everybody who 'don't like lectures' could hear him. I wish the king who never smiled again would sit in on a M'Connell outburst. He can crack the point on a wooden Indian's cheek. He can get juice out of a tombstone, and flowers out of a snow bank. He can read a page from the Congressional Record and convulse you, or a page from Webster's Unabridged and make you scream."

"His lectures are a series of terrific broadsides, satirical stories, impersonations and stage gymnastics. He enjoys his lectures as much as anybody. He smacks his lips—the sentences taste so good. Remember, he is tremendously serious. You laugh, yell and cheer; you wipe the tears out of your eyes and realize you have risen. It was a sermon all the time, with the fun and side show just to save things. The audience has been shot, slugged and spanked, but every one sees it was needed. M'Connell has a way of hitting the hardest licks as though he were trying to commute the punishment. He looks down over the audience and lovingly watches the villains die."

M'Connell will lecture here twice the last day of the Chautauqua.

### THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

First DeKalb Boy to Give Life is Everett Hubbard

Chronicle: Private Everett Hubbard, Company G, fourth infantry, with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hubbard of Evans Avenue, is the first DeKalb soldier to give up his life for the colors. The parents received a message this afternoon from the government stating that their son had been killed in action July 14.

The bravest father and mother in the country are Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard. A representative of the Chronicle, while getting the details of the young man's life, could not help but notice the bravery of the little mother, who has been proud of her four-star service bar, one star of which will now have to be changed to gold.

### SAVING AND LENDING

Sir William Goods, of the British Food Ministry, says that from July, 1917, to April, 1918, the United States exported to the allies 80,000,000 bushels of wheat products. Of this it is asserted that 50,000,000 bushels represent voluntary sacrifices by the American people in their consumption of wheat.

There is a triple economy, a triple aspect to this saving of wheat. It saved wheat for our army and the armies of our allies; it saved money to the American people, and for the most part this money went for the purchase of Government war securities. There is another saving still; this sort of sacrifice and economy is helping win the war—shorten the war—with the resultant saving of soldiers' lives.

Hall cold pack canners, the handy way to can, at Olmsted's.

Mrs. Arthur Hackman and children called at the home of Sam Coon Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Senska and son called at Wm. Botcher's Sunday evening.

Wm. Botcher and family motored to Crystal Lake Sunday and spent the day.

Mrs. H. G. Burgess and daughter, Gladys, were the guests of Georgia Cook Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Awe returned from a week's visit with L. Koth's at Crystal Lake.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the band concert at Burlington Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hartman motored to Oak Park Saturday to spend a few days with M. Printup.

John Botcher and family motored to Crystal Lake Wednesday and spent the day with L. Koth.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Landwere and children, Mrs. G. Hansler and children called at Art Hartman's

## WHEN A FATHER WRITES

Gives His Son and Dreams of the Home-Come in Future

Soldiers' letters home, some of them received after the writer has made his greatest sacrifice, are a revelation of the changes war is bringing about in American young men. Several letters to the boy's one are sent by fathers and mothers to satisfy the eager longing for home news. Yet these messages gain no publicity.

Following are excerpts from a father's letter which voice the sentiment of many another:

"Dear Boy: It is almost a year since you went and the grass is green over six of your company killed in the battle in France. For you, it has been a year that makes all other years seem mere emptiness. War, as all know, tries men's souls; when was there ever a war to try them like this one, where you fight in the darkness and noisome vapors? Your souls will be tried and greatedened.

"I saw a soldier turn into the avenue the other day and I had a vision of you coming back. I saw you of large intellectual stature and broadened understanding and sympathies. I saw you graver than before, but not sad. It was as if you had in your face the light of a great duty done. I saw you coming nearer to me than you have ever been—as if all this that has made both of us bigger and stronger had carried each one of us closer to the other's life and soul.

"The great things of life, after this war is over, will stand out to you as they never could have stood without it. War is to you not lying in trenches or dugouts, nor operating a machine gun, nor doing camp drudgery nor saluting—it is revelation—the unmasking of men and ideas.

"You say you are made happy by the way the folks at home back you up—that this is what 'keeps you in bounding spirits' over there. Well, we are not conscious of any merit in that. We had an idea that it was you who were backing us up. But if you feel that you are leaning on us—well and good. We shall stay right here and think about nothing else.

"You are content, being soldiers, to fight on, and to possess victory not as a special providence but because you have won it.

"You have looked so deeply into the hearts of men that you must have found God in there, just as that resolution that animates the soldier to persevere through blood and flame and asphyxia, through toil and strain and sickness and wounds, to fight it out if it takes years and years, and to know that it will come right in the end."

## SMITH DAMRON AND HIS POTTER'S KICK WHEEL

Makes Clay Vessels Illustrating His Chautauqua Lectures—Learned Trade in Stoneware Pottery.

Smith Damron will make vessels of clay in his Chautauqua address, as he is seen doing in the accompanying cut. Mr. Damron is a potter craftsman, born and reared in a town that for more than half a century has been noted for its clay manufacturing interests. He learned the trade in a stoneware pottery and worked at it for fifteen years. He became secretary



SMITH DAMRON.

of the Y. M. C. A. and in that connection managed one of the largest Lyceum courses in his state. In that way he came in touch with Lyceum and Chautauqua work and in the past ten years has appeared on many of the oldest Lyceum courses and Chautauquas in the country. He carries with him to demonstrate his art lecture an old-fashioned potter's kick wheel. He gives much valuable information of the history of making vessels of clay, and his lecture is interspersed with many witty terms as well as philosophical teachings. His subjects are "The Potter and the Clay" and "The Master Potter."

## HAMPSHIRE CHAUTAUQUA

Altho the Chautauqua at Hampshire was not attended as in former years, 100 persons signed the contract for the return of the attraction next year.

Eureka fruit jars, straight side, easy top fasteners, for sale at Olmsted's.

## GENOA CAMP NO. 163 M. W. A.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting neighbors welcome. B. C. Awe, V. C. R. H. Brown, Clerk

## Della Rebeckah Lodge NO. 330

Meets 1st and 3rd Friday of Each Month Odd Fellow Hall Mac Corson Edna Abraham N. J. Sec.

## Dr. J. T. SHESLER DENTIST

Telephone No. 44 Office in Exchange Bank Building

## ER. J. W. OVITZ

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

## Dr. D. Orval Thompson OSTEOPATH

SYCAMORE - ILL. Member Faculty Chicago College of Osteopathy

## Genoa Lodge No. 768 I. O. O. F.

Meets Every Monday Evening in Odd Fellow Hall John Gray, N. G. J. W. Sowers, Sec.

## 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, Perfect 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

## R. E. CHENEY

Expert Piano Tuner and Repairer WITH Lewis & Palmer Piano Co DeKalb and Sycamore

PHONES Sycamore 234 DeKalb 338

## FOR COUNTY TREASURER

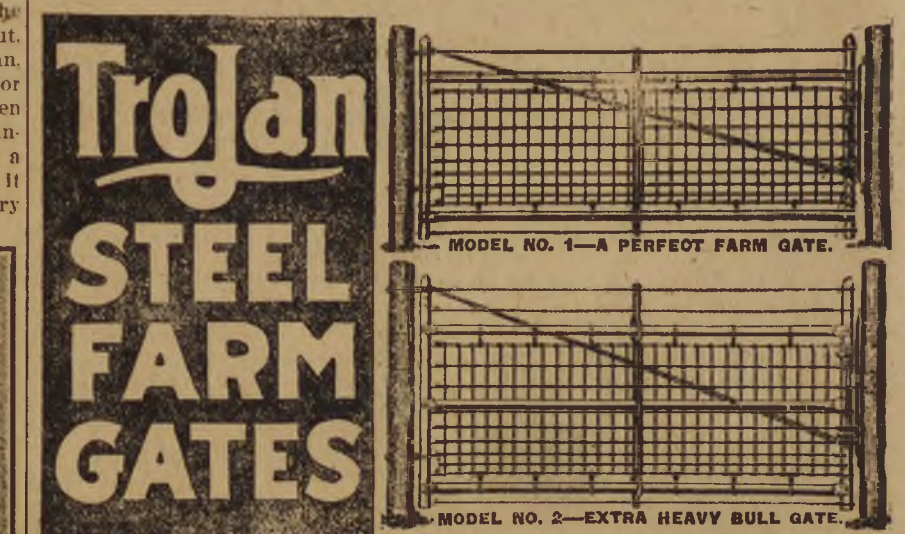
I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for county treasurer at the coming primaries. The support of the voters will be appreciated. 35-1f.\* Walter M. Hay.

## FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

I hereby announce myself candidate for re-election to the office of county superintendent of schools, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, September 11, 1918. 27-1f.\* W. W. Coultas.

## FOR COUNTY TREASURER

I am a candidate for the office of county treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on September 11, 1918, and will appreciate your support at that time. 37-1f. E. B. Still



## Trojan STEEL FARM GATES

Stronger—Better—Handier Than Any Other Gates Made

The choice of wise farmers everywhere. Built for service and built right. 75% stronger than an ordinary fence—stand up for the hardest kind of service any place you put them. Rust-proof and not liable to rot or decay. Cannot fail to catch. Trouble-proof—no springs or levers about it—no extra parts. On the gate—not on the post—leaves no hooks or projections on post to injure stock or interfere with loads passing through. Stock cannot operate it. Made of suitable iron—practically unbreakable.

## Valuable Improvements

Trojan Gates are up to date—have all modern improvements. Made of High Grade Steel—Tough Malleable Castings. Inspect the special features. Don't buy gates until you know Trojan quality.

## The New Latch

A big Trojan feature. The strongest, surest and most satisfactory latch ever put on a gate. Entirely automatic. Cannot fail to catch. Trouble-proof—no springs or levers about it—no extra parts. On the gate—not on the post—leaves no hooks or projections on post to injure stock or interfere with loads passing through. Stock cannot operate it. Made of suitable iron—practically unbreakable.

Call and see the Trojan Gates—inspect the special features. Don't buy gates until you know Trojan quality.

FOR SALE BY

The Latch That Never Fails to Catch

Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co. ORRIN MERRITT, Mgr.