

# The Genoa Republican-Journal

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GENOA, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 26, 1917

VOLUME XIII, NO. 2

## RURAL FAIR IS BIG SUCCESS

### The Ney Club Feeds over 300 People at the Dinner on Wednesday

## BIG PLANS MADE FOR NEXT YEAR

### Popularity of the Annual Event Calls for More Room—Many Fine Exhibits are Displayed

The rural fair at Ney last Wednesday was a success in every way despite the inclement weather and bad roads. It is estimated that the crowd numbered between 800 and 1000 in the afternoon. Had the weather been good it is doubtful if the crowd could have been accommodated. Special cars from Genoa were filled to capacity. The Ney folks are planning for a bigger fair than ever next year. Large tents will be used and other exhibits added.

Over 300 were served at dinner and \$175 was donated for cash prizes. Ralph Brown furnished music with the gramophone during the day.

Thirty-five head of live stock were shown and about 75 chickens, about one-half the amount listed. M. C. Mitchell of the Genoa high school was judge of colts and gave a short talk, explaining the points, both good and bad, on the winning colts. There was a very fine lot of draft colts on exhibition.

Paul C. Omans, a herdsman of Michigan Agricultural College, was judge of cattle, explaining the points of difference while judging.

Mr. Munger of DeKalb was judge of chickens, scoring birds before the crowd.

Wm. Elklor, H. H. Shurtleff of Genoa and Geo. Re'path of Marengo were judges of hogs.

A quartet from Marengo rendered several selections in the evening and they were thoroughly enjoyed. A. F. Gafke of Woodstock gave a short talk on county and community fairs stating that the Ney fair was the best of the community events he has attended. Paul C. Omans' subject, "Something to Improve Community Conditions," was very interesting. Wm. H. Hill of Herbet spoke on "System of Farming we are Following" and it should have been heard by many more. C. Whitener of Marengo gave a rousing patriotic address in the afternoon.

### The Prize Winners

Colts—G. C. Kitchen, 1st, age 6 months, sire, South Riley Percheron Horse Co.; Wm. Elklor & Son, 2nd, age 6 months, sire South Riley Percheron Horse Co.; W. D. Bartle, 3rd, age 6 months, sire, South Riley Percheron Horse Co.

Calves, registered dairy breed—F. R. Rowen, 1st on heifer, age 7 1/2 months, Jersey. Clinton Bechtel, 2nd heifer, age 7 months, Holstein. Ernest Corson, 1st bull, age 11 months, Holstein. F. R. Rowen, 2nd bull, age 7 1/2 months, Jersey. Hepburn Bros. 3rd, Ayrshire.

Grades—Hartman, 1st and 2nd, age 2 1/2, 4 months, Short Horns. Registered Beef—Grimes, 1st and 2nd bulls, age 5 and 6 months, Herefords. Hartman, 1st and 2nd heifers, 2 1/2 and 3 months, Short Horns.

Hogs, grade—Harold Patterson, 1st boar and 1st gilt, M. J. Corson, 2nd Chester White Boar. Chickens—Frank Little 1st and 2nd pullet; 2nd cockerel and 1st pen in Single Comb Rhode Island Reds; also 1st in the "Beginners in Pure Bred Poultry Contest," having raised 8 chicks from 15 eggs with an average score of 86 1/2.

Ernest Corson, 1st yearling in Single Comb Rhode Island Reds and 1st pullet in Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds.

Albert Corson, 2nd cockerel and 2nd pullet in Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds.

Orvil Bartle, 1st cockerel in Banded Plymouth Rocks; splitting it between two birds with a tie score.

Lor na Johnson, 2nd cockerel in Banded Plymouth Rocks. Mary Payne 1st and 2nd pullet in Banded Plymouth Rocks and 2nd in the "Beginners in Pure Bred Poultry Contest," having raised 16 chicks from 30 eggs, which chicks had an average score of 75 1/2.

Ployd Rowen, 1st and 3rd hen, 1st and 2nd pullet, 1st cockerel and 1st pen in White Plymouth Rocks.

Corn—Frank Stanley won special prize of \$10 offered by Exchange Bank for best ten ears of any yellow corn (Ploverman) also silver cup for best 10 ears any variety (Ploverman).

George Stanley, 1st for boys and Ernest Rowen 2nd (Murdock).

Canned Goods—Mrs. Elmer Colton, 1st. Mrs. Stanley, 2nd. Girls under 18, Gertrude Patterson, 1st. Gertrude Rowen, 2nd.

Cookies—Molasses, Mrs. Elmer Colton 1st. Nina Patterson 2nd. Raisin, Nina Patterson 1st. Sugar, Minnie Johnson 1st. Doughnuts, Mrs. Kellogg 1st.

Bread—White, Minnie Johnson 1st. Mrs. Elmer Colton 2nd. Bran, Mrs. Stanley, 1st. Mrs. Rowen 2nd.

Cake—Angel Food, Oma Elklor 1st; Layer, Mrs. G. C. Kitchen 1st; Loaf, Mrs. Bartle 1st.

Pie—Pumpkin, Mrs. G. C. Kitchen, 1st; Apple, Mrs. Furr 1st.

These bakery goods were auctioned in the evening by Frank Little and brought a good price.

The Epworth League will meet at 8:45 Sunday evening with Miss Margaret VanDusen as leader.

## PROTECT YOUR WINTER WHEAT

### A Light Covering of Straw Will Minimize Danger of Winter Killing

There has been a great deal of wheat sown in Illinois this fall. The guaranteed price of \$2 per bushel has increased production by taking the larger part of the gamble out of the wheat growing game. The only other outstanding fact is that the farmer still remembers the disastrous winter-killing of last year.

A good many farmers have found that much of this danger from winter killing can be prevented by spreading straw over the wheat after the ground is frozen. This prevents the alternate freezing and thawing that is so disastrous to the wheat crop. There are several special straw spreaders on the market that do this work well. A careful man can spread straw quite evenly by hand and many farmers put it on in this way.

These straw not only acts as insurance against winter killing, but it adds to the soil a great amount of fertility which is wasted when the straw stack is burned. In these times no patriotic farmer will send his straw stack up in smoke when there are so many more profitable ways to use it.

## Fighting Men Buy Liberty Bonds

The boys in Camp Grant are buying Liberty Bonds while a lot of smug people stay at home and express crocodile sympathy for the men in camp while they themselves even refuse to loosen up and back the boys in the trenches with a dollar. All honor to the men who are going out to fight for the stay-at-homes, double honor to the fighting men who are backing their grit with their cash, who are willing to bet the price of a Liberty Bond that they can beat the kaiser and come home to have a little money saved up in the shape of a Liberty Bond. The draft selects are not cowards, neither are their dollars cowardly, as evidenced by the fact that Saturday at Camp Grant the army men subscribed for \$133,000 in Liberty Loan Bonds, making a total of \$1,230,400 taken by the fighting men at the camp. Think of it, Illinois and Wisconsin men who must fight the battles have invested more than a million dollars in their own equipment, while at home committees are laboring day and night to pay a few thousand of rusty iron away from people who hold their dollars in a death grip and who refuse to loan their government their spare money at a good rate of interest while the men who are going to do the fighting are contributing liberally to their own equipment as well as giving their time and offering their lives.

## ANENT WOMEN'S REGISTRATION

The United States Food Administrator and National Council of Defense are co-operating in organizing for effective service.

They ask for registration of every woman of and above the age of sixteen and the signing of pledge cards by the head of every household, agreeing to join in service of food conservation and accepting membership in the United States Food Administration.

There are no fees or dues to be paid.

Harry A. Wheeler, Federal Food Administrator for Illinois, asks that the women of this township be organized for above purposes, and such other matters as may require concert of action. For this purpose all the officers of every woman's society and organization in the Township of Genoa are asked to meet at Slater's Hall, Saturday, Oct. 27, 1917, at 2:00 o'clock p. m. and to bring with them such members of their respective societies as they can.

## MEETS WITH PAINFUL ACCIDENT

### Drayman William Duval Has a Narrow Escape While Hauling Iron

While assisting Mike Gordon to load a carload of scrap iron Monday morning, Wm. Duval of this city met with a very painful accident. The iron was being hauled from the junk yard to the tracks and Mr. Duval and his son, Ernest, had loaded a wagon and were driving up along side of a car when an old boiler which had been loaded on the rear end, slipped off, frightening the horses, causing them to give a sudden lunge and throwing Mr. Duval from the wagon. In falling, the heel of his boot became caught in some manner and he was dragged for a considerable distance, finally falling between the wheels. The heavy wagon with about 5,000 pounds of iron, passed over his left leg between the knee and ankle, crushing the bones.

The unfortunate man was immediately taken to the Oritz Hospital where his injuries were skillfully dressed by Dr. Hill and Dr. Austin.

Mr. Duval suffered intense pain and it was found that besides a badly crushed leg the heel of his right foot was bruised.

## DeKalb Men To Attend Road Meeting

S. E. Bradt, commissioner of public highways of the state of Illinois and Dr. H. G. Wright, will leave early next week for Bloomington to attend the big road meeting at that city on Liberty Day, October 24.

H. G. Wright goes down to the big meeting as a representative of the DeKalb Commercial Club, while Mr. Bradt, makes it a point to attend all important road meetings.

Governor Lowden is to be the principal speaker on Liberty Day, and other prominent men of the state will be in attendance.

H. G. Wright received a telegram from William G. Estens president of the Illinois Highway Improvement association urging his attendance and also calling his attention to the importance of the session.

The speakers for the two days' session will dwell mostly on the proposed \$60,000,000 bond issue to pull Illinois out of the mud.—DeKalb Chronicle.

## SAFE BLOWERS BUSY AT KINGSTON

### Yegman Enter the Charles Aves Store Through the Front Door

### THEY FAIL TO FIND ANY MONEY

### Safe Was Dynamited After Unsuccessful Attempt to Break Lock—Nothing Taken

Considerable commotion prevailed in the Charles Aves grocery store at Kingston Wednesday morning, when it was discovered that the store had been entered sometime Tuesday night and the safe blown.

The yegman first broke into the blacksmith shop and helped themselves to the necessary tools to effect an entrance into the grocery store. They then forced their entrance into the front door of the store and made an attempt to break the lock of the safe, this being unsuccessful they appropriated the use of dynamite and blew the safe doors to atoms. But Mrs. Nellie Brown, secretary, Genoa Community Club, Mrs. Bess Beardley, president, Mrs. Lois Brown, secretary, Catholic Ladies' Aid, Mrs. John Sullivan, president, Mrs. Margaret Rowe, secretary, Methodist Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Sarah Hewitt, president, Advent Helpers' Union, Mrs. Blanche Holigren, president.

No reports of the explosion was heard and the robbery was not discovered until Wednesday morning, when Mr. Aves came down to open his place of business.

No clue of who the culprits were has been found.

## Power of Printers' Ink

Advertising does a long way toward the road of success. It alone cannot produce success, but when coupled with quality, as it usually is, there is nothing that can stop it from reaching the goal.

Merchants in Genoa have only one way to reach the buying public in Genoa and vicinity, and that way is through printers' ink.

The Republican-Journal calls attention to attractive bargains every week; it tells readers what's what in merchandise. Indeed this is one of its important services to readers, and advertisers are fully justified in endeavoring to take full advantage of it. Now is an especially propitious time to begin watching the ads of Genoa merchants.

## PARENT-TEACHERS ASS'N. MEET

### Several Interesting Addresses Were Delivered by Local Faculty

The Parent-Teachers association met at the Odd Fellow Hall on Thursday evening of last week. Dr. Dudley W. Day of Rockford, who was to speak on "Physical Examination of School Children" on this occasion, was unavoidably detained and was unable to be here. Dr. J. W. Ovtz, president of the association in this city, presented a few facts in regard to this very important matter and told of the benefits derived from this source.

Dr. C. A. Patterson of Rockford and Dr. J. T. Sheffer of Chicago were pleasant callers in Genoa Sunday.

Since Dr. Patterson's departure to Camp Grant, Genoa has been without a dentist but Sunday he informed us that Dr. J. T. Sheffer of Chicago would locate here permanently and look after the needs of the people of Genoa and vicinity in the way of dental work.

Dr. Sheffer comes here very highly recommended as being a graduate and one of the best dental colleges in the U. S. and is fully capable of handling the work here in Genoa. He will occupy the office rooms recently vacated by Dr. Patterson and will be here ready for business Monday, Oct. 29.

We are indeed fortunate in securing the services of so able a man as Dr. Sheffer and extend him a hearty welcome to our little city.

## SEYMOUR WINS CASE

### Supreme Court-Decides in Favor of Contractor of W. & S. Traction Co.

The Supreme Court of the State of Illinois on Wednesday of this week made a decision in the case of John Seymour vs. Woodstock & Sycamore Traction Co. By its decision the case will be returned to the Circuit Court. This decision also means that the opinion of the Circuit and Appellate Courts are overruled. This case will in all probability reach a hearing at Sycamore some time this fall.

The November meeting of the Genoa Homemaker's Club has been postponed on account of the bazaar at the M. E. church.

## PARENTS REFUSE AID

### DeKalb County Exemption Board Cites Affidavits on Draft

Chicago Tribune.—DeKalb county stepped into the limelight Friday as the abode of "able but not willing" parents. Six men who might have made good soldiers for the United States were exempted from service by appeal board No. 3 because of the unwillingness of parents—in some cases the wife's and in other the husband's—to care for the wife and family though considered able to do so.

In each case the applicant for exemption had filled out a form provided by the local board in which he answered "yes" to a question which asked whether his parents or those of his wife were able to support his family. The answer in each case as to whether they were willing was "no."

The Men Discharged.—The men so discharged from service are: Frank Herman, Lee, Ill. He said his parents were worth from \$75,000 to \$30,000 and his wife's parents approximately \$25,000.

Harvie Wierler, Waterman, Ill. said his parents owned property amounting to \$80,000.

Otto H. Olson, Cortland, Ill. His wife's parents according to his statement, are worth \$50,000.

William O'Malley, R. F. D. 2, DeKalb, Ill. Affidavit gave the worth of his parents at \$25,000 and of his wife's \$40,000.

Charles H. Cory, 191 Lincoln Highway, DeKalb, Ill. said his parents are worth \$25,000 and his wife's parents are worth \$35,000.

J. Glenn Worden, Clare, Ill. said his parents are worth \$25,000 and his wife's \$14,000.

In all cases the parents refused to support the wife, according to the affidavits.

## FAST FREIGHT HITS FORD

### Occupants Make Jump for their Lives While The Car is Demolished

### FOUR MEN WERE IN THE AUTO

### Happened at C. M. St. Paul Railroad Crossing Where Two Men Were Recently Killed

The Milwaukee Railroad crossing on Main street was the scene of another accident last Sunday evening at about 7 o'clock when a fast freight hit and completely demolished a Ford automobile.

The car, in which four men were riding, slowed down as they were about to cross the tracks and for some unknown reason the engine "died" when the car was in the center of the tracks. A fast freight train was coming down the tracks only a short distance away and the occupants, seeing the danger, jumped out and attempted to push the car off the tracks but the wheels had become lodged in between the ties in some manner and they were unable to move it. Plagman Canavan ran up the tracks a distance and attempted to flag the train, but it was impossible and it crashed into the Ford just as the men jumped to safety. The car was dragged for a distance of about 30 feet and rolled off the side of the track, a complete wreck.

The occupants of the car comprised a touring party from Lily Lake, Ill. and the man who was driving the car was Harper Beck of that place. They had a narrow escape and it is indeed lucky that the loss was not greater than a Ford.

The remains of the wrecked car was sold to Frank Scott for \$20 and the party returned home by train.

This is the second accident that has occurred on this same crossing in the past two months and it seems that people would be more careful and not attempt to cross when a train is in sight although it may be quite a distance away. Troublesome engines generally "buck" when in dangerous places.

## Hen Boarders or Producers

Consider the well-known and highly respected DeKalb county hen—if not the hen right here in the town of Genoa—Fancy! Fancy!

Is she a "Boarder" or a "Producer"? Several of our poultry sharps in town have a nice job on their hands figuring out the money that's in the business of raising hens and picking up eggs—if there is any.

When grain, having a value of \$2 or \$3 a hundredweight is fed to a flock of hens, it means that they are costing real money to maintain—not like in the old days when grain was worth a third or less than at present. It is said that the cost of a pullet raised to laying age has mounted from 25 to 30 cents some years ago, to not far from a dollar. By the end of her first year of laying, a hen now has a dollar charge against her of not less than \$2.25. If she lays only six dozen eggs, the average for the American scrub hen, she has barely broken her board bill, and has not paid for labor and overhead charges.

Here we come to quality hens, or "class." If this hen belongs to one of the improved strains of laying stock, which are bred for heavy production, her year's output will be double that of the scrub hen, or twelve dozen eggs, which brings income above cost of feeding from the shell up to \$1.50.

Hen lovers naturally like the good producers. This idea of feeding expensive grains to scrub hens makes no big hit with poultry folks in DeKalb county who are wise to the game.

The person who buys eggs will be heard to remark that considering the price that eggs are bringing at retail, there should be money in raising them no matter what the cost of production.

Perfectly true—except that just at the time eggs are bringing the highest prices the hens in DeKalb county lay least. And the men who get the high prices are not the producers, but the middlemen. The cold storage warehouse owners get the biggest end of the high prices of winter eggs, at the time when most hens are laying almost nothing.

There surely is money in the business for the parties who buy up eggs in the summer at the lowest possible figure and then sell them for three times what they paid for them in winter, like they intend to do this winter.

Genoa Motorists in Accident.—Genoa people motoring to DeKalb Tuesday had a slight accident in which two of the most important figures were the car and the telephone pole. The car was badly damaged and had to be left in a local garage for the necessary repairs.—DeKalb Chronicle.

We were unable to find out who the above parties were as we have missed and of the well known Genoa cars around town. It wouldn't hardly be fair to expect the parties to disclose the facts of their little escapade.

Observe Potato Week.—October 22 to 27 is potato week. The department of agriculture has designated these dates as a nationwide potato week for three purposes:

First: To encourage more general use of potatoes as the most economical and available starchy food.

Second: To save wheat.

Third: To encourage general use of potatoes as wheat substitutes in American households.

Milk Producers, Notice.—There will be a joint meeting of Genoa, Kingston and New Lebanon Saturday evening at eight o'clock in Slater's hall. Important. Every producer come. C. J. Cooper.

## The Kid Halloween

### Halloween used to be an occasion with little doing except for the romantic girls who went down the cellar stairs backward, looking in a mirror to see their future husbands. Of late years it has grown into a very frisky kid frolic, sometimes resulting in real mischief.

### THEY TINGLING SPIRIT OF OCTOBER SEEMS TO GET INTO THE KID BONES AT THIS KINKY SEASON. THE MORE A MAN SHOWS ANNOYANCE, THE MORE THE PESTER HIM. IF THE YOUNGSTERS SIMPLY RING DOORBELLS AND RIG TIC-TACS, IT IS BETTER TO BE CALMLY OBLIVIOUS. BUT IF YOU SHOW IT BOTHERS YOU, OR ABOVE ALL IF YOU GET OUT AND PURSUE THE FLEEING IMPS, ONE CAN SEE YOUR FINISH.

That is just what they want and there will be no rest for the wicked. People with young hearts do not mind a few tricks. When it comes down to ripping blinds off buildings or lugging off gates, the humor of the joke is not fully apparent.

In some places these kid pranks have gone so far that the citizens have gotten up public celebrations to interest the boys and divert their attention. At Fort Worth, Texas, the Fall Festival association holds parades and pageants with 4,000 school children at Allentown, Pa. where a similar celebration is held, the young folks rig up as ghosts and hobgoblins and Charlie Chaplins, and there is a general carnival without mischief.

Most communities haven't the energy for anything so elaborate. The parents in any neighborhood where the kids get too high, can avert much disturbance by giving them a Halloween party. The boy with his eye on the ice cream is not going to carry off many gates.

Many gangs of boys start in celebrating Halloween in the early fall as soon as it is too dark to play football after supper and keep it up for a couple of months. Sometimes it comes to the point where one of those celebrated interviews in the woodshed becomes in order.

Fitz Finally Takes Count.—Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22.—Bob Fitzsimmons has taken the last count.

The greatest champion of modern times succumbed to the champion of all times in the hospital at 2:45 this morning.

The knockout followed a losing fight of five days against pneumonia. His wife, who was at the "ring side" when the end came, is in a serious condition herself, following a nervous collapse Saturday.

His son, Robert, Jr., who was summoned from Glen Ellyn, N. J., was expected to arrive today. Mrs. Fitzsimmons announced that the funeral will be held in the Moody church Wednesday. The burial will be in this city.

Remedy Co. Destroyed.—Genoa's fire department was given a little exercise last Saturday morning at about 8 o'clock when they were called to fight fire in the office and stock room of the Crescent Remedy Co., which was in the garage next to the building used by the Crescent Remedy Co. he immediately gave the alarm and the fire department was on the job in a hurry. Nevertheless the fire had gained a good start and it required some hard work to get it under control and save the building from complete ruin.

The stock of the Crescent Remedy Co. amounting to about \$600.00 was destroyed. It was partially covered by insurance.

The building which belonged to Mrs. Emma Corson, was damaged to the amount of about \$500.00, part of which was covered by insurance. It is supposed that the fire was started from the explosion of the stove.

V. J. Corson, who is president of the Crescent Remedy Co. reports that he expects to re-build in the near future and until the new building is completed, will have his office in the J. L. Patterson barn on Emmett street.

Genoa's Stores to the Front.—The fall season ushers in good opportunities for the buying in Genoa. It is not necessary for citizens of the town to look elsewhere for their needs, the home merchants "have the goods" and the lowest prices current this year.

The stores of Genoa are glorying in the best stocks they ever possessed and those who make it a point to advertise regularly; for it is the latter who show confidence in themselves and their goods and their price. They are not afraid to "oot their horn" because they are justified in doing so and don't fear comparison with others elsewhere.

Genoa's progressive merchants should be given the first call in the purchase of goods because they are home merchants. They pay the taxes here, help build up Genoa and are a necessity to the growth of the town.

Watch them through The Republican-Journal.

## NEWS FROM CAMP GRANT

### Happenings of Interest Among the Boys in Khaki at Rockford

### 150 CARS OF FREIGHT DAILY

### Have Very Efficient Transportation System—Tracks Completely Encircle Camp

Camp Grant is today possessed with a transportation system as efficient as any of the smaller cities in Illinois. In the field back of the quartermaster warehouses where four months ago corn and wheat thrived, today a half dozen engines are puffing on tracks that sustain the 30,000 men of the Eighty-Sixth Division.

The handling of all freight and passenger trains destined for the division is in the hands of officers of the quartermaster corps under command of Major Charles C. Burt, joint agent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Chicago, Milwaukee & Gary railroads. Lieutenant Purifier M. Burkholder is in charge of the switching.

Each day an average of 150 cars of various materials for use of the division enter the yard. The tracks are cleared up each evening and when the crews arrive in the morning they are filed and waiting to be cleared.

In less than two days the cars are emptied and sent out of the camp pole just south of the main camp.

On June 28 the first train was laid in the camp. Now there is a spur every thousand feet. Some completely encircle the camp, making it possible for lumber being used in the construction of buildings to be carried within a few hundred feet of where it is to be used.

The troop transports also have been successfully handled by the railroad department of the camp quartermaster. On the days when the selected men were arriving in camp as many as twelve special trains were switched into the camp and unloaded without tying up the yard. Every Sunday about 3,000 visitors are switched into camp.

The most ticklish job in all of Camp Grant centers around the 125-foot flag house at retreat each evening. The non-commissioned officers of Division Headquarters Troop, who have in charge the ceremony of raising the flag at reveille each morning and the lowering of it at retreat each evening, never fail to heave a sigh of relief when their task is done. For the regulations governing these ceremonies are so strict and so complicated, and the penalty for mistakes so heavy, that it has become one dreaded moment of the day for the "non-coms."

Two flags are used at Camp Grant, a large "Post" flag which flies in fair weather, and a storm flag which is raised on extremely windy days and when the weather is inclement. The position of right hand salute while the flags lower the flag. It is then folded, and under the escort of the same guard, is taken to the guard house.

Under army regulations, a heavy penalty is provided for allowing the flag to touch the ground. Also, it must be brought to the base of the pole with the last note of the bugles and must be folded in a certain and quite intricate way, duly prescribed in the guard manuals.

A freakish wind which seemingly delights in tying the flag around the pole, and slippery, rain-soaked halcyons all add to the little chamber of horrors designed by the regulations for the color guard. Haunted by the fear that the flag may, at any moment, stick midway down the pole, or that a corner of the bunting may accidentally slip from the hand and touch the ground, the "non-coms" of Headquarters Troop are doubly glad when they may say:

"Another day—another dollar."

## COMMITTEE SELLS BONDS

### Canvass the Farming Districts With Splendid Results

The following Liberty Bond committee canvassed the farming districts in this territory Wednesday with most satisfactory results:

Walter Euck, W. A. Geithman, J. R. Furr, C. H. Awe, S. T. Zeller, Wm. Elklor, M. J. Corson, Wm. Reil, G. E. Stott and E. W. Brown. This committee was appointed by D. S. Brown with the county organization in connection with the county organization.

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# King of the Khyber Rifles

A Thrilling Story of German Intrigue Among the Fierce Hillmen of India During the War

By Talbot Mundy

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**KING WITNESSES THE FASCINATING DANCE OF A DUSKY BEAUTY—BY RESISTING HER CHARMS HE OUTWITS ONE WHO WOULD GLADLY SEE HIM DEAD**

**Synopsis.**—At the beginning of the world war Capt. Athelstan King of the British Indian army and of its secret service, is ordered to Delhi to meet Yasmini, a dancer, and go with her to Khinjan to quiet the outlaws there who are said by spies to be preparing for a jihad or holy war. On his way to Delhi King quietly follows a plan to assassinate him and gets evidence that Yasmini is after him.

**CHAPTER II—Continued.**

Within ten minutes Hyde was asleep, snoring prodigiously. Then King pulled out the knife again and studied it for half an hour. The blade was of bronze, with an edge hammered to the keenness of a razor. The hilt was of nearly pure gold, in the form of a woman dancing. The whole thing was so exquisitely wrought that age had only softened the lines, without in the least impairing them. It looked like one of those Grecian toys with which Roman women of Nero's day stabbed their lovers. But that was not why he began to whistle very softly to himself. Presently he drew out the general's package of papers, with the photograph on the top. He stood up, to hold both knife and papers close to the light in the roof.

It needed no great stretch of imagination to suggest a likeness between the woman of the photograph and the other, of the golden knife-hilt. And nobody, looking at him then, would have dared suggest he lacked imagination.

If the knife had not been so ancient they might have been portraits of the same woman, in the same disguise, taken at the same time.

"She knew I had been chosen to work with her. The general sent her word that I am coming," he muttered to himself. "There must have been a spy watching at Peshawar, who wired to Rawal-Pindl for this man to jump the train and go on with the job. Why should she give the man a knife with her own portrait on it? Is she queen of a secret society? Well—we shall see!"

He lay back with his head on the pillow, and before five minutes more had gone he was asleep. His mobile face in repose looked Roman, for the sun had tanned his skin and his nose was aquiline. In museums, where sculptured heads of Roman generals and emperors stand around the wall on pedestals, it would not be difficult to pick several that bore more than a faint resemblance to him. He had breadth and depth of forehead and a jaw that lent itself to smiles as well as sternness, and a throat that expressed manly determination in every molded line.

He slept like a boy until dawn; and he and Hyde had scarcely exchanged another dozen words when the train screamed next day into Delhi station. Then he saluted stiffly and was gone.

**CHAPTER III.**

Delhi boasts a round half-dozen railway stations, all of them designed with regard to war, so that to King there was nothing unexpected in the fact that the train had brought him to an unexpected station. He plunged into its crowd much as a man in the mood might plunge into a whirlpool. The station screamed, echoed, reverberated, hummed. At one minute the whole building shook to the thunder of a grinning regiment; an instant later it clattered to the wrought-steel hammer of a thousand hoofs, as led troopers danced into formation to invade the waiting trucks. Soldiers of nearly every Indian military caste stood about everywhere. Down the back of each platform Tommy Atkins stood in long straight lines, talking or munching great sandwiches or smoking.

Threading his way in and out among the motley swarm with a great black cheroot between his teeth and sweat running into his eyes from his helmet-band, Athelstan King strode at ease—at home—intent—amused—awake—and almost awfully happy. He was not in the least less happy because perfectly aware that a native was following him at a distance, although he did wonder how the native had contrived to pass within the lines. At the end of fifteen minutes there was not a glib staff officer there who could have detected him as to the numbers and destination of the force entraining.

"Kerachi!" he told himself, chewing the butt of his cigar and keeping well ahead of the shadowing native. He did not have to return salutes, because he did not look for them. Very few people noticed him at all, although he recognized once or twice by former associates. At his leisure—in his private moments—he filtered toward the station exit. King had a trunk check in his hand, but returned it to his pocket, not proposing just yet to let the Rangar overhear instructions regarding the trunk's destination; he was too good-looking and too overbrimming

with personal charm to be trusted thus early in the game. Besides, there was that captured knife, that hinted at lies and treachery. Secret signs as well as loot have been stolen before now.

"I'd like to walk through the streets and see the crowd."

He smiled as he said that, knowing well that the average young Rajput of good birth would rather fight a tiger with cold steel than walk a mile or two. He drew fire at once.

"Why walk, King sahib? Are we animals? There is a carriage waiting—her carriage—and a coachman whose ears were born dead. We might be overheard in the street. Are you and I children, tossing stones into a pool to watch the rings widen?"

"Lead on, then," answered King.

Outside the station was a luxuriously modern victoria, with C springs and rubber tires, with horses that would have done credit to a viceroys. The Rangar motioned King to get in first, and the moment they were both seated the Rajput coachman set the horses to going like the wind. Rewa Gunga opened a jeweled cigarette case.

"Will you have one?" he asked with the air of royalty entertaining a blood-equal.

King accepted a cigarette for politeness' sake and took occasion to admire the man's slender wrist, that was doubtless hard and strong as woven steel, but was not much more than half the thickness of his own. One of the questions that occurred to King that minute was why this well-bred youngster whose age he guessed at twenty-two or so had not turned his attention to the arms.

"My height!"

The man had read his thoughts! "Not quite tall enough. Besides—you are a soldier, are you not? And do you fight?" Then, after a minute of rather strained silence: "My message is from her."

"From Yasmini?"

"Who else?"

King accepted the rebuke with a little inclination of the head. He spoke as little as possible, because he was puzzled. He had become conscious of a puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes and it only added to his problem if the Rangar found in him something inexplicable. The West can only get the better of the East when the East is too cock-sure.

"She has jolly well gone North!" said the Rangar suddenly, and King shut his teeth with a snap. He sat bolt upright, and the Rangar allowed himself to look amused.

"She has often heard of you," he said.

"I've heard of her," said King.

"Of course! Who has not? She has desired to meet you, sahib, ever since she was told you are the best man in your service."

King grunted, thinking of the knife beneath his shirt. Again, it was as if the Rangar read a part of his thoughts, if not all of them. It is not difficult to counter that trick, but to do it a man must be on his guard, or the East will know what he has thought and what he is going to think, as many have discovered when it was too late.

"Her men are able to protect anybody's life from any God's number of assassins, whatever may lead you to think the contrary. From now forward your life is in her men's keeping!"

"Very good of her, I'm sure," King murmured. He was thinking of the general's express order to apply for a "passport" that would take him into Khinjan caves—mentally cursing the necessity for asking any kind of favor—and wondering whether to ask this man for it or wait until he should meet Yasmini. The Rangar answered his thoughts again as if he had spoken them aloud.

"She left this with me, saying I am to give it to you! I am to say that wherever you wear it, between here and Afghanistan, your life shall be safe and you may come and go!"

King stared. The Rangar drew a bracelet from an inner pocket and held it out. It was a wonderful barbaric thing of pure gold, big enough for a grown man's wrist, and old enough to have been hammered out in the very womb of time. It looked almost like ancient Greek, and it fastened with a hinge and clasp that looked as if they did not belong to it and might have been made by a not very skillful modern jeweler.

"Won't you wear it?" asked Rewa Gunga, watching him. "It will prove a true talisman! What was the name of the Johnny who had a lamp to rub? Aladdin? It will be better than what he had! He could only command a lot of bogies. This will give you authority over flesh and blood! Take it, sahib!"

So King put it on, letting it slip up his sleeve out of sight—with a sensation as the snap closed of putting handcuffs on himself. But the Rangar looked relieved.

"That is your passport, sahib! Show it to a hillman whenever you suppose yourself in danger. The Raj might go to pieces, but while Yasmini lives—"

for natives to hint at possible dissolution of the Anglo-Indian government. Everybody knows that the British will not govern India forever, but the British—who know it best of all, and work to that end most fervently—are the only ones encouraged to talk about it.

For a few minutes after that Rewa Gunga held his peace, while the carriage swayed at breakneck speed through the swarming streets. King, watching and saying nothing, did not believe for a second the lame explanation Yasmini had left behind. She must have some good reason for wishing to be first up the Khyber, and he was very sorry indeed she had slipped away. It might be only jealousy, yet why should she be jealous?

It was the next remark of the Rangar's that set him entirely on his guard, and thenceforward whoever could have read his thoughts would have been more than human. He had known of that thought-reading trick ever since his ayah (native nurse) taught him to lisp Hindustanee; just as surely he knew that his impudent use was intended to sap his belief in himself.

"I'll bet you a hundred dibs," said the Rangar, "that she decided to be there first and get control of the situation! She's slippery, and quick, and like all women, she's jealous!"

The Rangar's eyes were on his, but King was not to be caught again. It is quite easy to think behind a fence, so to speak, if one gives attention to it.

"She will be busy presently fooling those Afridis," he continued, waving his cigarette. "She has fooled them always, to the limit of their bally bent. Yasmini plays her own game, for amusement and power—a good game—a deep game! You have seen already how India has to ask her aid in the 'Hills'! She loves power, power, power—not for its name, for names are nothing, but to use it."

"How long have you known her?" asked King.

The Rangar eyed him sharply. "A long time. She and I played together when we were children. It is because she knows me very well that she chose me to travel North with you, when you start to find her in the 'Hills'!"

King cleared his throat, and the Rangar nodded, looking into his eyes with the engaging confidence of a child who never has been refused anything, in or out of reason. King made no effort to look pleased.

Just then the coachman took a last corner at a gallop and drew the horses out of their harnesses at a door in a high white wall. Rewa Gunga sprang out of the carriage before the horses were quite at a standstill.

"Here we are!" he said, and King noticed that the street curved here so that no other door and no window overlooked this one.

He followed the Rangar, and he was no sooner into the shadow of the door than the coachman lashed the horses and the carriage swung out of view.

"This way," said the Rangar over his shoulder. "Come!"

**CHAPTER IV.**

It was a musty smelling entrance, so dark that to see was scarcely possible after the hot glare outside. Dimly King made out Rewa Gunga mounting stairs to the left and followed him. When he guessed himself two stories at least above road level, there was a sudden blaze of reflected light and he blinked at more mirrors than he could count. Curtains were reflected in each mirror, and little glowing lamps, so cunningly arranged that it was not possible to guess which were real and which were not. King stood still.

Then suddenly, as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people, a little nut-brown maid parted the middle pair of curtains and said "Salaam!" smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelain. King looked scarcely interested and not at all disturbed.

Rewa Gunga hurried past him, thrusting the little maid aside, and led the way. King followed him into a long room, whose walls were hung with richer silks than any he remembered to have seen. In a great wide window to one side some twenty women began at once to make flute music. Silken punkahs swung from chains, waving back and forth a cloud of sandal-wood smoke that veiled the whole scene in mysterious, scented mist.

"Be welcome!" laughed Rewa Gunga; "I am to do the honors, since she is not here. Be seated, sahib!"

King chose a divan at the room's farthest end, near tall curtains that led into rooms beyond. He turned his back toward the reason for his choice. On a little ivory-inlaid ebony table about ten feet away lay a knife, that was almost the exact duplicate of the one inside his shirt. He could sense hushed expectancy on every side—could feel the eyes of many women fixed on him—and began to draw on his guard as a fighting man draws on armor. There and then he deliberately set himself to resist mesmerism, which is the East's chief weapon.

Rewa Gunga, perfectly at home,

sprawled leisurely along a cushioned couch with a grace that the West has not learned yet; but King did not make the mistake of trusting him any better for his easy manners, and his eyes sought swiftly for some unorthodox, unplanned thing on which to rest, that he might save himself by a sort of mental leverage.

Gliming along the wall that faced the big window, he noticed for the first time a huge Afridi, who sat on a stool and leaned back against the silken hangings with arms folded.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

"He? Oh, he is a savage—just a big savage," said Rewa Gunga, looking vaguely annoyed.

"Why is he here?"

He did not dare let go of this chance side issue. He knew that Rewa Gunga wished him to talk of Yasmini and to ask questions about her, and that if he succumbed to that temptation all his self-control would be cunningly sapped away from him until his secrets, and his very senses, belonged to some one else.

"What is he doing here?" he insisted.

"He? Oh, he does nothing. He waits," purred the Rangar. "He is to be your body-servant on your journey to the North. He is nothing—nobody at all!—except that he is to be trusted utterly because he loves Yasmini. He is obedient! A big obedient fool! Let him be!"

"No," said King. "If he's to be my man I'll speak to him!"

He felt himself winning. Already the spell of the room was lifting, and he no longer felt the cloud of sandal-wood like a veil across his brain.

"Won't you tell him to come here to me?"

Rewa Gunga laughed, resting his silk turban against the wall hangings and clasping both hands about his knee. It was as a man might laugh who has been touched in a bout with fells.

"Oh!—Ismail!" he called, with a voice like a bell, that made King stare.

The Afridi seemed to come out of a deep sleep and looked bewildered, rubbing his eyes and feeling whether his turban was on straight. He combed his beard with nervous fingers as he gazed about him and caught Rewa Gunga's eye. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Come!" ordered Rewa Gunga. The man obeyed.

"Did you see?" Rewa Gunga chuckled. "He rose from his place like a buffalo, rump first and then shoulder after shoulder! Such men are safe! Such men have no guile beyond what will help them to obey! Such men think too slowly to invent deceit for its own sake!"

The Afridi came and towered above them, standing with gnarled hands knotted into clubs.

"What is thy name?" King asked him.

"Ismail!" he boomed.

"Thou art to be my servant?"

"Aye! So said she. I am her man. I obey!"

"When did she say so?" King asked him blandly. The hillman stroked his great beard and stood considering the question. King entered a shrewd suspicion that he was not so stupid as he chose to seem. His eyes were too hawk-bright to be a stupid man's.

"Before she went away," he answered at last.

"When did she go away?"

He thought again, then "Yesterday," he said.

"Why did you wait before you answered?"

The Afridi's eyes furtively sought Rewa Gunga's and found no aid there. Watching the Rangar less furtively, but even less obviously, King was aware that his eyes were nearly closed, as if they were not interested. The fingers that clasped his knee drummed on it indifferently, seeing which King allowed himself to smile.

"Never mind," he told Ismail. "It is no matter. It is ever well to think twice before speaking one, for thus mistakes die stillborn. Only the monkey-folk thrive on quick answers—is it not so? Thou art a man of many inches—of feet and sinew—hey, but thou art a man! If the heart within those great ribs of thine is true as thine arms are strong I shall be fortunate to have thee for a servant!"

"Aye!" said the Afridi. "But what are words? She has said I am thy servant, and to hear her is to obey!"

Now he chose to notice the knife on the ebony table as if he had not seen it before. He got up and reached for it and brought it back, turning it over and over in his hand.

"A strange knife," he said.

"Yes—from Khinjan," said Rewa Gunga, and King eyed him as one wolf eyes another.

"What makes you say it is from Khinjan?"

"She brought it from Khinjan caves herself! There is another knife that matches it, but that is not here. That bracelet you now wear, sahib, is from Khinjan caves too! She has the secret of the caves!"

"I have heard that the 'Heart of the Hills' is there," King answered. "Is the 'Heart of the Hills' a treasure house?"

Rewa Gunga laughed.

"Ask her, sahib! Perhaps she will tell you! Perhaps she will let you see! Who knows? She is a woman of resource and unexpectedness—let her women dance for you a while."

King nodded. Then he got up and laid the knife back on the little table. A minute or so later he noticed that at a sign from Rewa Gunga a woman left the great window place and spirited the knife away.

"May I have a sheet of paper?" he asked, for he knew that another fight for his self-command was due.

Rewa Gunga gave an order, and a maid brought scented paper on a silver tray. He drew out his own fountain pen, and since his one object was to give his brain employment, he wrote down a list of the names he had memorized in the train on the journey from Peshawar, not thinking of a use for the list until he had finished. Then, though, a real use occurred to him.

While he began to write more than a dozen dancing women swept into the room from behind the silk hangings in a concerted movement that was all little slumberous grace. Woodwind music called to them from the great



The Afridi Came and Towered Above Them.

deep window. They began to chant, still dreamily, and with the chant the dance began, in and out, round and round, lazily, ever so lazily, wreathed in buoyant gossamer that was scarcely more solid than the sandalwood smoke they wafted into rings.

King watched them and listened to their chant until he began to recognize the strain on the eye muscles that precedes the mesmeric spell. Then he wrote and read what he had written and wrote again.

"What have you written?" asked a quiet voice at his ear; and he turned to look straight in the eyes of Rewa Gunga, who had leaned forward to read over his shoulder. Just for one second he hovered on the brink of quick defeat. Having escaped the Scylla of the dancing women, Charybdis waited for him in the shape of eyes that were pools of hot mystery. It was the sound of his own voice that brought him back to the world again and saved his will for him unbound.

"Read it, won't you?" he laughed.

"If you know, take this pen and mark the names of whichever of those men are still in Delhi."

Rewa Gunga took pen and paper and set a mark against some thirty of the names, for King had a manner that disarmed refusal.

King began to watch the dance again, for it did not feel safe to look too long into the Rangar's eyes. It was not wise just then to look too long at anything or to think too long on any one subject.

"Ismail is slow about returning," said the Rangar.

"I wrote at the foot of the fan," said King, "that they are to detain him there until the answer comes."

King tricks the Rangar and rescues some of Yasmini's cutthroats, whom he takes north with him as grateful bodyguards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Famous Family of Preachers.** Rev. Lyman Beecher, sometimes referred to as "founder of the Beecher family," had seven sons who were preachers. Beginning with the oldest, they were: William Henry Beecher, born in 1802; Edward Beecher, born in 1803; George Beecher, born in 1809; Henry Ward Beecher, born in 1813; Charles Beecher, born in 1815; Thomas K. Beecher, born in 1824, and James C. Beecher, born in 1828.

## FAIR WARRIORS GO OVER TOP

Court Looks on as Amazons Go to It After Case is Decided.

## OFFICERS MAR ATTACK

Route Two Women Battlers Just as Contest Was Getting Real Interesting—But Who Got Decision?

Chicago.—A good time was had by all.

There were present half a dozen policemen, a sprinkling of balliffs, policemen, detectives, jailers, and—

Mrs. Margaret McMillin of 229 East Superior street; ringside weight, 200 pounds.

Miss Anna Anderson of 146 East Ohio street, 119 pounds.

The judge, Bernard P. Barasa. Miss Anderson may have been a few grams underweight, but she didn't let that deter her. Neither did Mrs. McMillin. The preliminaries:

Mrs. McMillin had had Miss Anderson arrested and brought into the East Chicago avenue court on a charge of slandering her. The judge had heard the evidence and decided the defendant was not guilty.

"Why do you discharge her, judge?" demanded Mrs. McMillin. "That's unfair to me."

"Over the Top" and Give 'Em H— Some say Miss Anderson's nose assumed an unusual tilt. Some say it was just spontaneous combustion. Anyway, before the court could explain the pros and cons of its decision Mrs. McMillin and Miss Anderson went over the top and into executive session with colors and hairpins flying.

The details, as gathered up later into present tense, a la the sporting editor:

Mrs. McMillin upercuts with right and left to hairpins. Miss Anderson counters to both shins. Mrs. McMillin



With Colors and Hairpins Flying.

books into bangs and curls. Mrs. McMillin leads by two handfuls. Miss Anderson makes hay on the right eye while the sun shines for Mrs. McMillin. Maggie puts right and left around Anna and leaves monogram above rear collar button. Anna sidesteps on Maggie's corn. Anna has a shade by some scratches. Maggie bites her initial—

**Mass Attack Wins.** At this juncture, or whatever one would call it, the aforementioned half dozen policemen and balliffs, policemen, detectives, and judge interrupted Maggie's teeth and—

"Lock this woman up for contempt of court," ordered the judge.

"Can't do it, can't do it," whispered Mrs. McMillin softly. But they did. At this moment Edward J. McMillin appeared on the scene to announce that he was Mrs. McMillin's husband. He tendered the family's regrets to the court's dignity and Mrs. McMillin was allowed to go home.

Ah, yes—the decision! Who got it? Ask Judge Barasa.

**BLOWS HIMSELF TO BITS** Connecticut Official Lies Down on Dynamite and Sets Off the Fuse.

Groton, Conn.—Augustin S. Chester, former deputy judge, one of the board of registrars, a school visitor and a justice of the peace, killed himself with a charge of dynamite at Nonuk. Chester placed the charge on the ground and then lay down upon it. He lighted the fuse with his hands and was blown to atoms.

**Chased by Hoop Snake.** Cross Hill, N. C.—Deputy Sheriff Jones, while out hunting in the mountains, saw what he believed to be a hoop rolling down upon him. He dodged and the hoop followed. Realizing it was a hoop snake, he ran behind a tree and the snake struck the tree with such force the small end of its tail penetrated the bark. Jones killed the snake at his leisure and brought it home as a souvenir.

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## PURELY PERSONAL

Fred Shattuck was an Elgin visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Anna Donahue was an Elgin passenger Sunday.

S. Abraham is attending court in Sycamore this week.

John Reinken of Hampshire was a Genoa caller Tuesday.

Dryce Smith was in Darien, Wis., last week buying hogs.

Atty. Frank McCarthy of Elgin transacted business here Monday.

Mrs. Emma Duval was an Elgin visitor from Saturday until Monday.

Lieut. C. A. Patterson of Camp Grant spent Sunday with home folks.

Howard Frantz of Chicago spent Saturday with his aunt, Mrs. P. M. Reed.

Miss Dorothy Aldrich spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents in Elgin.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stanley and Miss Blanche R. Patterson motored to Camp Grant Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Steber of Austin were guests at the J. G. Forsythe home the last of the week.

Mrs. LeRoy Beardsley spent several days this week with her sister, Mrs. Edwin S. Clifford, in Elgin.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Kiernan entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Young of Kaneville, Sunday.

Mrs. J. G. Whitright of Winetka visited relatives and friends here the first of the week.

Mrs. Fredrick Schmidt of Elgin spent the latter part of the week with her mother, Mrs. Olman.

Mrs. Fred McBride of Elgin visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Evans on Monday of this week.

T. J. Hoover was called to Chicago Monday on business in connection with the Ford Automobile Co.

Mrs. Eliza Parker of Kingston is visiting at the home of her son, C. W., for an indefinite length of time.

Misses Harriet and Helen Larson of DeKalb were guests at the F. P. Glass home the last of the week.

Misses Irene Patterson and Helen Holroyd of Elgin were over Sunday visitors at their homes in this city.

Richard Gormley and Bryce Smith spent Monday night in the "pink room" at the "Always Inn" in Bayverg.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eddy of Sycamore, more, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Evans and Sunday guests at the G. L. Hiemenway home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Kiernan and daughter, Margaret Jane, motored to Elgin Sunday and were guests of Mrs. Kiernan's sister, Mrs. Worden Y. Wells.

Miss Gladys Brown visited her sister, Lorene, at Champpaten, from Thursday of last week until Monday. While there she attended the home coming.

Miss Florence Carpenter, who has been spending the past few days with her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Cleford, returned to her home in Lafayette, Ind., Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Glass and daughters, Dorothy and Lucille, Misses Myrtle, Helen and Harriet Larson and Roy Pratt motored to Camp Grant Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Zimmerman and daughter, Betty Jane, of Detroit, Mich., Mrs. W. Kennelly and twin daughters, Jean and Jeanette, of Chicago, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Thurber of LaCrosse, Wis., were guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. F. O. Holtgren, over the week end. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Holtgren, with their guests and Donald Young, visited their son, Karl, at Camp Grant.

Attorneys G. E. Stott and E. W. Brown attended court in Sycamore Monday.

W. J. Seymour visited his sister, Mrs. S. J. Miller, in Chicago Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Reams, Mrs. Herbert Easton and Guy Reams were Rockford visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kline Shipman visited their daughter, Mrs. Orson Shaw, in Elgin, Sunday.

Mrs. E. H. Giddings of Lanark visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gust Krause, Sunday.

Miss Blanche Fredrickson was an over Sunday visitor at the home of her parents in Elgin.

Mrs. T. J. Taylor, (Margaret Slater) of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

Miss Marion Bagley was out from Elgin over the week end visiting her father, Thos. Bagley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker of Kingston visited at the home of the former's brother, C. W., in this city Monday.

Miss Ruth Slater was out from Chicago Heights over the week end visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Slater.

Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McNutt entertained the latter's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Steen, of Terre Haute, Ind., last week.

Dr. J. W. Ovtitz, accompanied by Arthur Gochanor of Sycamore, left Saturday for a week's hunting in North Dakota.

Mrs. T. J. Hoover and four children, Frances, Richard, Bob and Helen, with Mrs. Helen Seymour, motored to Elgin Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Watson, Mrs. Elizabeth Cleford, Miss Florence Carpenter and C. A. Goding motored to Rockford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ritter, entertained their daughters, Miss Marie, of Chicago and Miss Charlotte, of Bensenville, over Sunday.

J. L. Patterson hauled a load of household goods belonging to Rev. R. E. Pierce to Earlville Monday. He was accompanied by Rev. Lott.

Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Corson entertained the latter's sisters, Mrs. Nellie Eno, Misses Vera and Mary Long, of Elgin Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. H. Leonard and Mrs. L. W. Duval were Sycamore visitors Tuesday evening, attending a Royal Neighbor meeting and class adoption of 41 candidates. A large number were present from DeKalb. Refreshments were served after the work.

George Johnson and George J. Patterson left Tuesday morning in the former's automobile, for a trip overland to the Johnson cabin about 20 miles from Hayward, Wis. They expect to remain North until the holidays. Mrs. Johnson is visiting relatives in Chicago at present. "Pat" expects to land some fine "deers".

T. G. Sager returned last week from a five weeks' fishing trip in northern Wisconsin. He was accompanied by R. E. Willis of Chicago. They stopped at the George Johnson cabin near Hayward and made their boat, which carried them from Hayward on the Namakagon river to the St. Croix river, then on to St. Croix Falls, a distance of 250 miles. Tom says fishing was splendid, but the cold weather forced them to leave several of the finny tribe for next year. They broke camp in a terrific snow storm, the second one encountered during the trip. This is annual affair for Tom and he always comes back with a good many interesting "fish" stories.

### INDUSTRIAL NOTES

Facts and Figures Clipped from Manufacturers' News

Exports in August were valued at \$490,009,828, a gain of \$115,500,000 over July. The total exports for the 12 months ended with August were valued at \$6,200,219,805. For the preceding 12 months the total was \$4,759,285,590.

Imports for August were valued at \$270,509,379, a gain of \$45,000,000 as compared with July. For the 12 months ended with August, American purchases abroad totaled \$2,773,751,498, an important increase over the \$2,294,837,989 of the preceding 12 months.

Merchandise entered free of duty in August amounted to 72.1 per cent of the total. The imports of gold in August were \$18,692,170 and the exports \$46,049,306.

An American industrial engineer who has been doing consulting work in Great Britain for the past five years sums up the main causes for the increase of British production, aside from the multiplication of factories, as follows: Increase in number of and capacity of, machines. Employment of more automatic machinery. Dilution of male labor and employment of women. Better methods of organization and operation. Greater attention to the maintenance of work-changes are already with us.

Professor J. E. Williams of Stratton, an arbitrator of industrial disputes between employer and employe, has been named as coal administrator for Illinois. It is hoped that Professor Williams will be able to straighten out some knotted problems in the Illinois situation.

Announcement comes from Washington that the war industries board expects to complete the price fixing program for all steel products by the end of the present month. There will be differentials, according to location, transportation conditions, etc., but all the furnaces can gauge the future by comparing the former prices with government fixed prices.

The Chicago Savings Bank and Trust Company has been made a member of the Federal Reserve System, thus becoming a part of the great comprehensive banking system developed under the United States Government.

The aim of the most intelligent industrial managers of today is to offer to their employes a generous earning opportunity and to shorten hours to a reasonable length which will permit time for rest, relaxation, recreation and the cultivation of outside interests.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will hold their annual bazaar at the church Thursday, Nov. 1st. A chicken-pie dinner will be served at 12 o'clock, for which the ladies will charge 35c. Supper will be served at 6:00 o'clock at 25c per plate. Everyone is cordially invited to come and have a good time.

Card of Thanks  
We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the kind neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted during the recent illness and death of our beloved wife and mother, and for the beautiful flowers given.  
A. F. Fischbach and children.

### Maintaining Fertility of the Soil

The importance of maintaining the fertility of the soil year after year has engaged the attention of scientific agricultural investigators for many years. The sad history of agriculture in many eastern districts is that after the soil was robbed for generations, it was found that the power for production had vanished—hence the story of the "abandoned farm".

One cannot extract wealth from a farm and not return anything to the soil and then expect it to last indefinitely. It is as necessary right now to look after the continued fertility of the soil in DeKalb county, for the simple reason that the proper time to do this is when the soil is still productive. When it has "played out"—which we hope will never occur in these parts—it is too late.

A 30-bushel wheat crop removes 43 pounds of nitrogen, 21 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 20 pounds of potash from the soil. How much manure will it be necessary for the farmer to apply every year to maintain fertility if a ton of manure contains 10 pounds of nitrogen, 6 pounds of phosphorus, and 10 pounds of potash?

Every soil-fitter in the county will be interested in figuring this out, and it will be to his advantage to do so. The basis of good farming is to keep the soil producing year after year—for generations—and other methods, no matter how great the early yields may be, is bad farming.

## ROLL OF HONOR

Under this heading each week will be printed the names and addresses of all the Genoa and Kingston men who join the United States Army or National Guard. All families are urged to file the names of their members now in the service, or about to enter the service with The Republican-Journal. The Republican-Journal, thru its news service, will keep in touch with the companies to which the men are assigned and will give such information to their friends and relatives as the censorship will permit.

George Goding, Allen Patterson, Robert Westover, George Hoffman, George R. Wilson, Thomas Abraham, George Mattox, Irvin Thorworth, Ivan Ide and James B. Cornwell are with Company A 3rd regiment I. N. G. at Houston, Texas.

C. Vernon Crawford is with the Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Dr. C. A. Patterson, Officers Reserve Corps at Camp Grant, Rockford, with rank of lieutenant.

Benjamin Pierce is stationed at The Great Lakes Naval Training Station where he is War Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Charles C. Schoonmaker is with the 149th Artillery now stationed at Long Island, N. Y.

Clarence Eicklor is in Douglass Arizona with the 17th Cavalry.

Carl Bauman is at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, with the supply troop of the 19th Cavalry.

Harry Carb is with Co. D 3rd regiment, I. N. G. in Houston, Texas.

Charles Adams is with the navy and is at present "somewhere in France."

Sergeant Paul Miller is with Company M 3rd regiment I. N. G. at Houston, Texas.

East A. Fulcher is located at Charleston, South Carolina and is now learning seamanship at the Charleston Naval Training Station.

Thos. Nicholson is with the regular army, now stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kas.

Richard Gormley has enlisted in the Aviation Corps and is awaiting the call to colors.

Ransom Davis is at Fort Sheridan with the 16th Battery E, Field Artillery.

Lawrence Duval is with Co. B, 340th Machine Gun Battalion, stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas.

Karl K. Holtgren, Carl Bender, Sidney Davis, August Niss, Glenn Montgomery, Lloyd Shafer, William Schurr, William Walters, John Meckler and Everett Naker are in training with the National Army at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

### A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

Next we'll have divorces being obtained on the ground of camouflage.

The party who calls it a limb instead of leg is ever with us.

A tax on talk would put most of our national burdens on Congress.

Uncle Sam needn't worry. We would just as lief take his word as his bond.

A deaf and dumb man was arrested recently for making a few off-hand remarks about the war.

The least one can wish is that it may be cloudy weather when you are to be shot at sunrise.

We used to hear the cry that a bushel of wheat at the seaboard would buy an ounce of silver in '73. But the price of wheat now makes the crime of '73 look like a White House wedding.

Both prophets and profits are without honor in every country just now.

Every American potato has its eye on the kaiser.

### Furniture Auction Sale

C. D. Schoonmaker will offer at auction at The Republican-Journal building on Monday evening, Oct. 29, at 7:00 o'clock, articles of furniture named below:

Golden oak china closet, 2 dining room tables, 2 sets dining room chairs, several rocking chairs, Morris chair, 2 high chairs, several rugs, library table, writing desk, music cabinet, 2 iron beds with felt mattress and springs, sanitary couch with mattress, iron frame cot with springs, large chest of drawers, dresser, ice box, large parlor lamp, kitchen utensils, odds and ends of dishes, tubs, boiler wringer, etc.; fruit jars, lawn mower, hoe, spade, shovels, eight-day kitchen clock, pictures, vacuum carpet sweeper, carpet sweeper, bedding and many other items.

Any of the above items will be sold at private sale, if desired, before six o'clock Monday evening.

A new vacuum cleaner is driven from power derived from the water spigot.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



**Here It Is—Your Lighting System**  
The Great Lighting Plant with a 2-Year Guaranteed Battery

You can operate the Jupiter Plant and charge your batteries at the same time your engine is doing other work—without one cent extra cost for gasoline in generating your electric current.

WE MAKE PLANTS of ALL SIZES for ALL KINDS OF SERVICE

Cash or Time Payments

H. J. GLASS ELECTRIC SHOP

## ON SATURDAY AND MONDAY

We will sell 65 cent

## Solid Oak Tabarettes

FOR

**39c**



SPLENDID VALUES

## W. W. Cooper

Good Furniture and Rugs

## THE HARDWARE QUESTION SOLVED

### Are You Short of Kitchen Utensils

Do you have to keep the folks waiting for their meals because you are shy on cooking utensils? You can't make few pans answer many purposes and at the same time get up a quick meal. You are foolish even to try it, considering how little it would cost to get everything you lack.

Our Kitchen utensil stock is very complete. We have many little time and money saving devices which housewives can appreciate, besides all the usual necessities.

Come in and see us the first opportunity you can find, if it's merely to look around. Make a list of what you need—then get our prices.



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

# THE KITCHEN CABINET

I will work and rest and play at the right time and in the right way, so that my mind will be strong and my body healthy, so that I will lead a useful life, as an honor to my friends and to my country.—Massachusetts Health Creed.

## SOMETHING ABOUT BREADS.

There are enough kinds of bread to be prepared in the home, which will save white flour, be palatable and yet offer a variety.



Oatmeal Bread.—Add a cupful of boiling water to a cupful of oatmeal and let it stand well covered on the back part of the stove for an hour. Add when lukewarm to a quart of light bread sponge, add sugar, salt and a tablespoonful of shortening, mix well, let rise, then stir and put into the well-greased pans, when risen bake at once. This bread needs longer baking than the bread that contains cooked oatmeal.

Cooked Oatmeal Bread.—Take a quart of cooked oatmeal left from breakfast, add a half cupful of molasses, cool and add one yeastcake dissolved in a fourth of a cupful of water, one tablespoonful of salt and flour to make a sponge. Let rise an hour and a half, then make into loaves. Knead at first in the mixing bowl, then put it out on the board.

Luncheon Bread.—Take two cupfuls of sweet milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one half cupful of sugar (brown), two cupfuls of graham flour, one-fourth of a cupful of white flour and a cupful of cornmeal, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt and two-thirds of a cupful of nut meats, chopped. Let stand 20 minutes before putting into the oven. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Corn Spoon Bread.—Take one cupful of scalded cornmeal, one pint of sweet milk, a half cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar and melted butter, two eggs well beaten, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt; bake 30 minutes.

Bran Bread.—Four cupfuls of wheat bran, two cupfuls of whole-wheat flour, three-fourths of a cupful of molasses, a teaspoonful each of salt and soda, two cupfuls of sweet milk, a cupful of raisins and a tablespoonful of shortening. Bake one hour.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed  
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;  
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need  
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

## CHICKEN FOR TWO.

Many housewives who have but two or three in family hesitate to buy chicken except when entertaining as it lasts so long. With an ice chest one small chicken will serve three or four meals for two, not giving very large servings to be sure, but plenty enough to satisfy a good appetite. The second joint is a good serving if grown on a normally active chicken and with a good helping of mashed potato, plenty of good gravy and another vegetable will make a good main dish even for the hearty man. The drum sticks may be boned, stuffed and used as another meal, the wings, neck and back as a stew with biscuits and gravy and there will still be enough bits to combine with apple, celery, and a few nuts to make a most sustaining salad for luncheon. By planning to cook vegetables with meat in a casserole, the meat seasons the vegetables and a small serving will satisfy. Creamed chicken on toast may be one way to use the breast and other bits carefully removed from the bones. The bones, crushed and cooked in cold water will make a cupful or two of good broth, which may commence the dinner. Of course we will not enjoy chicken for four meals closely following, but before there is opportunity for any spilling it may be acceptably served.

The back and neck may be made into a vegetable stew by adding carrots, onions, potatoes and celery with rice and cooking a long time well covered in the oven. For an invalid the delicate fillet taken from the breast broiled in a well-greased paper, makes a most dainty tid-bit.

The breast may be cooked, cut in slices and served as sandwich filling with bacon, making a most popular and satisfying sandwich.

Chicken Jelly.—Take one chicken breast cut fine, and add to a pint of hot chicken stock. Dissolve a package of gelatin in a little cold water and add it to the hot stock. Season well and pour into a mold. Serve cut in various shapes as salad or molded in small forms served on lettuce with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Birmingham Salad.—Set upon heart leaves of lettuce two slices of pineapple, cut half way through the sections for eating and in the center place a ball of seasoned cream cheese after covering the whole with dressing. To make the dressing take a half cupful of the

pineapple juice, and the juice of half a lemon, cook together in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of three eggs, add a tablespoonful of sugar, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, gradually beat in the hot fruit juice and cook over hot water until smooth and thick. When cold and ready to use add whipped cream to make it of the consistency desired.

It's easy to tell the toiler how best to carry his pack.  
And no one can rate a burden's weight till he feels the load on his back.

## SEASONABLE DISHES.

Lay a thick slice of ripe tomato on a lettuce leaf, then on the tomato a ring of green pepper one-fourth inch high. Fill with chopped mustard pickles, ripe olives and pearl onions; garnish with sliced pickled walnuts and serve any desired dressing.

Bran Bread Sticks.—To one cupful of scalded milk add three tablespoonfuls of shortening, half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of molasses; stir till the shortening is melted and the liquid lukewarm, then add a cake of compressed yeast, softened in a fourth of a cupful of water, and one cupful and a half of bran with as much bread flour as can be conveniently mixed in with a spoon. The dough should not be mixed stiff enough to knead. Mix and cut and turn with a spoon or knife, cover, and let it rise to become light. When it is double its bulk, butter the fingers and pull off bits of the dough, roll on a board and put into bread stick pans. When very light bake 15 minutes. Brush with the white of an egg and return to the oven to glaze.

Rhubarb Baked With Raisins.—Peel the rhubarb unless very tender and cut in half-inch slices. For a pound of raisins use a half cupful of raisins and a cupful of sugar. Cover the raisins with boiling water and let cook until the water is evaporated to three spoonfuls. Sprinkle with rhubarb, raisins and sugar in a baking dish in layers and cook in the oven or on top of the range until tender but not broken.

Steamed Pudding Without Eggs.—Mix together two cupfuls of soft crumbs, one cupful of stoned raisins, half a cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda and half a teaspoonful each of clove and cinnamon. Two tablespoonfuls of cocoa may be added for a change if desired. Turn into a buttered mold and steam two hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Chicken Salad.—Allow equal parts of cold cooked chicken, cut in small bits, celery cut in small slices with a little chopped cabbage, blend with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce leaves.

When eggs grow cheap, we'll surely make a cake  
Some happy afternoon for early tea,  
And what a joyful thrill 'twill give to know  
That we may use two eggs, or even three!

## SOMETHING TO EAT.

We have been instructed in several languages this year to use cornmeal and save white flour, which we are all willing to do; here's hoping we do not run out of cornmeal.

Corncake.—Sift together one cupful of flour, three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, one third of a cupful of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a half-teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg and one egg yolk; add three-fourths of a cupful of milk and stir into the dry ingredients with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

Deviled Rabbit.—Melt half a tablespoonful of butter in a chafing dish or a double boiler; add half a pound of common cheese cut thin and stir constantly until it is melted; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of picallil or mixed mustard pickle finely chopped, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and the yolks of two eggs beaten and mixed with half a cupful of cream; stir constantly and cook over boiling water until smooth and thick. Serve at once for luncheon or supper on hot crackers or bread toasted on one side.

Tango Salad.—Peel and halve and core ripe, juicy pears, and if desired, cut the halves in thin slices without cutting quite through. Rub them with the cut side of a lemon, set a ball of cream cheese or a few cubes of Roquefort in the cavity, set these on heart leaves of lettuce and pour over a dressing made as follows: Beat a fourth of a cupful of olive oil with a teaspoonful of vinegar, salt and mustard, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and one-fourth of a cupful of chili sauce, until well blended, then beat into a cupful of mayonnaise.

Nellie Maxwell

# Fads And Fancies Of Fashion

Crepe de chine has proven as durable and as dainty as fine batiste, muslin, or the finest muslins, for making lingerie. All undergarments are to be had in silk or cotton, in exquisite weaves of both. Choice between them is to be settled according to individual taste for they are equally well made and beautifully trimmed with hand-embroidery and lace.

Just now the graceful empire styles are having a special vogue for negligees, nightgowns and chemise. In the last garment the envelope pattern is at least as popular as the older plain



EMPIRE STYLES IN LINGERIE.

chemise and is likely to gain the lead as it is never inconvenient to walk in. Sometimes the plain garment will gather up about the knees and have to be straightened out. For this same reason bloomers are preferred to short underskirts, and silk makes the best petticoats for walking.

A lovely night dress of crepe de chine is shown in the picture above with an envelope chemise to match. It is laid in flat box plait across the front and back, fastened down on the underside by a line below the bust. Slashes in the material, buttonhole stitched about their edges, allow a narrow satin ribbon sash to be run through. It is tied loosely with long loops and ends at the side. The gown may be made without the slashes for those who would dispense with the ribbon girdle.

There is a narrow lace edging above a small heading about the neck, carrying baby ribbon. Tabs of val lace insertion are set in the silk all about the top of the gown and sleeves. The sleeves are merely short puffs, but in many models they are longer, reaching to the elbows and loose at the bottom. The chemise has no sleeves but is supported by satin ribbon like that used as a girdle, over the shoulders.

Undergarments for women have reached the limit of fineness and daintiness of their come. Funny stories please everybody.

Processions of spooks, carrying small lanterns, and calling at neighbors' houses on their rounds, make the youngsters have the time of their lives. They become ghosts, black cats, witches or animated pumpkins, simply by making masks of crepe paper. One of these masks is shown in the picture.

"Halloween pie," for a table centerpiece, is shown at the right of the picture. It is made of paper over a round pasteboard box. When the "pie" is ready to serve, the box is filled with all sorts of nonsensical toys, each attached to a strip of yellow baby ribbon. The ribbons are brought through an opening in the center of the pie at the top, and each ribbon is extended to one plate at the table. One by one the guests draw forth their portion, wrapped in a piece of paper, and when all are drawn, they are unwrapped.



GAMES FOR HALLOWEEN.

fitness of materials. There is little difference in price between the cotton and the silk ones and even in the most expensive things, as in the case of blouses, fine cottons vie with silk, equally sure of favor with the most exacting people.

The next thing on the year's program for the younger generation is the celebration of Halloween. We might as well provide entertainment for the youngsters at home, otherwise they will go out and provide it for themselves in ways that may not suit the neighbors. But they will take delighted interest in the time-honored Halloween frivolities varied by any

the complexion of the promised husband is totally different with each new Halloween.

Julia Bottomley

About Waistcoats.  
Fancy vests are quite the smartest accessories to dress that fashion has introduced this season. They lend a distinctive touch to the new fall suit and no wardrobe is complete without them. They are made of satin, fallie, moire, Sammy cloth, broadcloth and novelty silks.

## Little Problems of Married Life

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

### ANGER OF GROWING APART MENTALLY.

When two friends start out for a long walk together they seem instinctively to adjust their steps so that they walk side by side, within touching distance of each other. If one gradually quickens his pace until he is yards ahead of the other and, in his self-absorption, increasingly widens the distance between them, they cease to be two walking together and become two walking alone. Marriage is a lifelong walk together of two who have selected each other from all the world. It is community of thought, ideals, aims, needs and sentiments that tends to keep them in step. It does not mean a sacrifice of individuality, nor does it demand unanimity of opinion, but there should ever be progressive harmony on essentials and progressive sympathy on nonessentials.

Some men feel a pleasant glow of satisfaction in fulfilled duty when they divide generously with their wives their material prosperity. If money were the only thing in life, or even the greatest thing, their view would be correct, but the really greatest things in the world are those that money cannot buy. When a man finds himself growing broader mentally and does not share his new self with his wife, he is taking an intellectual elevator and letting her trudge alone up the stairway as best she can. When he grows into a larger and finer social world and does not make her a part of it he is traveling in the parlor-car and keeping her in the day coach. When the larger interpretation of life and its problems strengthens his spiritual and ethical vision, while his wife continues in the narrow horizon of unilluminated household cares, he is monopolizing the telescope, which brings things near and larger, leaving her the microscope which only increases the importance of her trifles.

Growing apart mentally must, under these conditions, become inevitable. It may be that he alone is to blame; it may be her fault, or it may be the blind thoughtlessness of both. His repeated attempts to talk over with her his ideals, his dreams of ambition, his plans, purposes and progress, to stimulate her interest, to share with her his intellectual uplift may be met with no real comprehension, no sympathy, no inspiring response. When comradeship in marriage dies, it really makes very little difference what the postmortem verdict as to the disease may be.

When the husband is out in the world of business which tends to blend with the social world, he may broaden mentally as he prospers materially. He travels over the country, and in a wider acquaintance with men and conditions has many of the rough edges of provincialism worn smooth. He meets men of attainment and action, men of power and prestige, and under more stimulating environment develops latent strength of his own. He brushed up against keen minds that put a new edge on his thinking; he is in closer touch with current thought and opinion; he has acquired a polish. The keynote of his living, so far as society is concerned, is higher. His tastes become more discriminating, his demands more exacting. If he has not been sharing these things with the wife of his youth, he finds she has been standing still while he has been progressing.

She who faithfully struggled with him and for him, helped him to get the foothold of his present success, and became absorbed in working, planning and saving, may now be a mere drudge. He has a new standard of life now, and she falls sadly short of it. He measures things more superficially, and though her heart may be unchanged, her head is not up to date. He may be ashamed to introduce her into the new society of which he has become a part; she is plain, unattractive, overbearing or overloquacious. She is aggressive in her dress and display; she is not familiar with the rules of the social game—with the "technique" of his new set.

The old equality between them has been destroyed—killed through neglect. It is not the work of a moment, but the slow, widening process of years of growing apart. But the realization of it all may come in a moment. There may be suddenly an illuminating flash of consciousness, when he involuntarily faces it, in comparing her with other women.

Some little mannerism of hers that once was sweet, just because it was hers, jars on his sensibilities and strikes a discordant note. Once he did not care whether she thought it was Homer or Carlyle who wrote "Silas Marner," or whether she had heard of either author or book. Perhaps at that time he did not know the book himself. The red tape of society's cards, passwords and methods may have become second nature to him, and he is unjust in his condemnation of an ignorance which would not have existed had he been sharing with her his expanding life. He may notice with a grating sense of dismay that she does not put the soft pedal on her laughter to conform to the proper rippling notes of mirth prescribed by the social code. She, too, may have her saddening moments of realization and refuse to enter a world where she feels her inferiority,

or not realizing, may, to his chagrin insist on her rights. Usually she boldly takes the plunge into the social waters, confident that she will, some how, get back to shore.

She may live, in his presence, in an atmosphere of patronizing tolerance, fawning at every word that she may stumble into some pitfall of mispronunciation or an inadvertent phrase, or, growing self-assured and reckless, she puts on a full head of steam in the presence of a position requiring tact and just crashes through it like an engineer running his train over a burning bridge. His bearing may reach its limit on points where she is deficient and his tolerance fades into positive neglect. He may then devote his whole time to finer minds, fairer faces and freer morals. How far they may drift apart, no one can tell.

It may be that it is the wife who advances mentally, and he who is the laggard. The increased prosperity may mean close confinement for him to the drudgery of business. The society of a few old friends, survivals of the time when he was poor and struggling, may be all he cares for. Literature may not appeal to him. His daily paper supplies all his needs. The activities of the world of modern science, thought and culture have for him no real interest. His wife, left free to the rounding out of her mind and life, may develop a taste for reading, for companionship that is mentally worth having, for original thinking, for the charm of true conversation, for the discussion of subjects of real importance. She may gather around her a circle of friends who feed her mental hunger and stimulate her thinking. He feels vaguely out of place with these new friends of hers, like a poor relation at a Christmas dinner.

She has found her way into the land of the intellectual and has established a residence there, while he, in his loneliness and isolation, is camping on its frontiers. He feels somewhat a stranger in his own house at social gatherings of her friends. He may chafe under the feeling that he is on the wrong side of the proscenium arch; that he is not one of the performers, but merely a spectator. He longs to cut out all "this heavy intellectual business" and go off quietly with a friend or two and just sit, and talk, and smoke.

This growing apart mentally may assume any of a hundred phases. Husband and wife may be subjected to any class of differing environments that change their mental standpoint and their moral sympathy. New ideas and new ideals may sweep old landmarks of mutual understanding far out to sea. It is a sad outgrowing of a union of love and companionship, a growing unsatisfiedness where speech that meets no sympathetic response lapses into silence. When sympathy and recognition of one's ideals are found only outside the home walls, when the instinctive impulse to tell of a success or a failure turns to some one else, when ears grow hungry for outside praise, there is serious danger to the happiness of married life.

It is so easy to keep together if both realize the vital importance to all that is sweetest in life in keeping in step, in true comradeship. Talking over the affairs of their individual lives and their life in common, the hopes, the longings, the doubts, the joys and the problems, gives each the basis of knowledge from which most truly to understand and advise each other. Reading the same books, discussing the same current events, hearing the same music, seeing the same plays, criticizing the same pictures, having dearest friends in common, agreeing on the same spiritual and ethical attitude towards life, and sharing in thoughts and plans will do much towards making a growing apart mentally an impossibility.

This keeping in step does not mean the sacrifice of the stronger to the weaker, but the stronger ever, through love, raising the weaker to higher planes of thinking and living. It is not necessary that they should even agree as to the value of each other's pursuits or views, but that both should know them, understand them and respect them and be lovingly tolerant where they are not united in their sentiment or desires. They should give ever their best to each other.

When the husband is a clever, delightful companion at some one else's dinner-table, but a sad, still-life study in silence at his own, he is not giving his best at home. He is retaining his best for the export trade and reserving none for home consumption. When the wife has charity, consideration and sympathy for the cares of others outside the home, and only sharpness and sarcasm for those inside, the timetable of that home requires instant revision or there will be a crashing disaster to their train of happiness. Sources of discord multiply like Australian rabbits when the growing apart intensifies. It is the sacred duty of both to prevent it at the very beginning, to determine that they will permit no thoughtlessness, no drifting, no false sense of duty to family or to the world, to separate them from each other.

Passing It Along.  
"And did you let the office boy off?"  
"Said his grandmother was dead."  
"You swallowed that old excuse."  
"I may not swallow it, but I accept it. My boss used to honor it when I was a kid."

The Other Way Round.  
"Do you stand while they are playing in the national anthem?"  
"In these times it would be more appropriate to say: 'Do you sit' when it is not being played?"

## WAS ALL RUN DOWN

Faulty Kidneys Caused Acute Suffering. Completely Recovered Since Using Doan's.

Mrs. Harry A. Lyon, 5 St. William St., Boston, Mass., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have surely done me wonderful good. About two months prior to the birth of my baby, I had two convulsions and was taken to a hospital. Doctors said the convulsions were due to my kidneys not working properly. "I had swelling of the feet and ankles so that I had to wear large-sized slippers. My back ached intensely, I was nervous and unable to sleep. I also suffered from awful headaches and felt weak, tired, languid, and run down. "After I came home a friend suggested that I try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I got some. I soon noticed improvement; my back became stronger and I felt better in every way. I kept on taking Doan's and was cured. They are surely reliable." Mrs. Lyon gave the above statement in May, 1915, and on March 12, 1917, she said: "My cure has lasted. I take Doan's occasionally, however, as a strengthener for my kidneys."



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

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

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
A toilet preparation of merit. Restores color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 60c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

FREE to all sufferers of catarrh, hay-fever, asthma, bronchitis, lung disease, croup, salt-rhinitis, old sores, piles, etc. Dr. Nardin's never failing remedy. BARDINE MEDICAL CO., 101, JOHNSON CITY, N. Y.

Luck.  
"Are you superstitious?"  
"I believe some of us are luckier than others. But I never in my life met one who would own up that he was lucky. So what's the difference?"

How's This?  
We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

How the Airmen Fight.  
The pitfalls and dangers which an aviator must avoid at the front are becoming more numerous every day. Anti-aircraft guns mounted on fast motor cars, chase around the country behind the lines and prevent the enemy airplanes and Zeppelins from remaining over our territory. This type of battery was responsible for the Zeppelins brought down at Compeigne in April, 1917, and Revinay, in April, 1918. In fact, this invention was one of the immediate causes of the Germans giving up their "strafing" with Zeppelins. The record for distance and height in hitting an airplane with this type of cannon is 15,000 feet in the air at 9,000 yards' distance across country. A very large crew is required to man one of these cannon. Besides the cannon a telephonist gets the report of the position over which the German machine is flying.—Carroll Dana Winslow, in Scribner's Magazine.

Quite True.  
"Would you consider marriage to a count these days?"  
"Oh, yes," replied the American heiress. "Some of those foreign noblemen have behaved gallantly in the trenches."  
"So they have."  
"And after a man has proved himself a hero, the public is willing to overlook his disinclination to work."

The fewer creditors a man has the easier it is for him to look the world in the face.



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT POSTUM AS A HEALTH IMPROVEMENT OVER COFFEE

## War Must Go On Until Liberties of the Future Are Guaranteed

By Senator P. J. McCumber of North Dakota

We cannot, we must not, emerge from this conflict until the great nations of the earth have entered into binding and solemn international obligation, signed and sealed by each of them, defining and proclaiming the inherent and inalienable rights of every nation, great and small—the right of each to live and work out its own destiny, free from the shadow of impending war or the danger of annihilation by some mighty military neighbor; and that no nation shall rob a weaker nation of its territory; that it shall not murder its people; that it shall not deprive another of its independence or infringe upon its sovereign rights. We must provide for a court in which every international dispute must be settled and obliging the world-family of nations to jointly enforce the decrees of such a court, and thereby forever prevent the recurrence of such a holocaust of blood as now incrimines Europe.



Unless this war is fought to such a finish, this conflict will have been worse than in vain. Unless we are prepared to fight it to this finish, we have committed a grievous crime against humanity and our own people in ever entering it. We are battling for the liberty and happiness of future generations. This generation is suffering that the next may live under the reign of peace and justice.

If we allow this war to close leaving the situation just as it was before the war, then we can rest assured that the same causes will bring about the same result, and that our children must meet that which we were unable, through inability or lack of courage, to settle. That we must not do.

## Military Training Benefit to Youth in Time of Peace as Well as in War

By William Wrigley, Jr., of Chicago

As the world is constituted, and has been through thousands of years of strife, there is only one safe plan, and that is to follow the advice of Washington—in time of peace prepare for war. If we had done this a few years ago, we would have saved billions of dollars and tens of thousands of lives. It is common knowledge in military circles that trained men, by knowing how to take care of themselves in camp and in the field, reduce the mortality and casualties at least two-thirds, and, what is even more vital, men of special training only can be used in modern warfare.

Nationally we need a little foresight, a keener appreciation of the necessity for providing for future contingencies. We cut ice in the coldest sort of weather when nobody wants ice, for we know it will be demanded a few months later; so we prepare in midwinter for our comforts during the heated period of summer.

The plan of universal military training as outlined in the Chamberlain bill would make available at all times millions of young men who have had sufficient military training to enable them to become excellent soldiers with a few weeks of additional training. This would safeguard the nation and prepare it against any contingency that would probably arise, and if one should never arise, the training and discipline would be the very best experience that any young man could have. It would make him stronger physically, more alert mentally, quicker to see and to act. Also, it would increase his earning capacity and give him a better chance to win success in his life work. Our boys appreciate this. I think the majority of them would be glad to take the training.

Since the boys may at any time be called upon to defend our country and our flag, we owe it to them to provide them with a careful pre-training so that they may perform this important national function both efficiently and as safely as possible.

## All the Burden of Food Conservation Should Not Rest Upon the Housewife

By Esther Moran, Supervisor of Domestic Science, St. Paul Public Schools

The average American man can do much toward stopping food waste and irrational eating. All the burden and blame does not rest on the housewife. Many wives are willing to make or buy conservation bread, but the husbands laugh and refuse to eat it. Many wives try to substitute vegetable protein for animal protein, but the husband demands meat. He likes to see plenty of food on the table and then to heap up the plates, expand his chest and say, "What a good fellow am I." Wouldn't it be better to ask for a second helping rather than have any waste at all? Does the average man know what he should eat? What is a balanced ration? Does he eat soup, roast, gravy, potatoes, beans macaroni, bread, butter, pie, cheese, crackers and coffee? Man must be educated on the food subject, but oftentimes his habits are ingrained and so the best the intelligent housewife can do is to begin with the children and teach them to eat just enough good, plain, wholesome food, to eat the right combinations and to refrain from spoiling good food so that it must be thrown away.

## "Business as Usual" Not Good Slogan for United States in This Great War

By Frank A. Vandellip, President National City Bank of New York

The sooner the public gets over the idea that we want "business as usual," or can have "business as usual" during this great war, the better for all.

We want to stop all unnecessary work and unnecessary expenditures short off, and concentrate on the immense volume of work which has to be done. Business men should get rid of any foolish fears that economy will bring on a general paralysis of industry or trade.

The country should immediately awake to the fact that it has a great task in hand, and that it cannot carry on a war like this with one hand and continue to do all the business it did before with the other.

## WHICH WAY ARE YOU FACING?

Can You Distinguish Between the Grand or Commonplace, the Noble or Contemptible?

At a popular seaside resort two rows of seats stood back to back. One of these faced the ocean. A silver moon threw a luminous path across the water, and touched with strange radiance the breakers as they broke in foam on the sand. A red signal light in the distance blinked its warning. Overhead the stars looked down silently. Seated there one forgot the noisy jostle of the busy world, and felt life's beauty and majesty.

The adjacent seats faced in the opposite direction. The occupants looked on a merry-go-round and a screen on which moving pictures were being thrown. This bench was crowded. The young people who sat there saw many colored electric lights, in place of the moon and the stars, and listened to the boisterous music of a steam piano, rather than to the thundering melody of the waves. They laughed over the fantastic pictures on the screen, unmindful of the sublime scene over their shoulders.

These young people, so close that their garments touched, carried very different impressions away from their evening. They had been together, but they had been facing different ways. Some had seen the petty and belittling, others had looked on the majestic and uplifting and beautiful; and the life of neither could be quite the same after that evening.

The seaside episode has its counterpart in everyday life. We can see the grand or the commonplace, the noble or the contemptible, the uplifting or the degrading. Which way are we facing?—Girls' Companion.

### Increasing the Vocabulary.

When you read a book and come to a new word, do you pass it by or turn to the dictionary to learn its meaning? An extensive vocabulary is one of the best indications of education and culture, and careful reading is one of the most effective ways of adding new words. The use of the dictionary should not be regarded as a task, but as a pleasure to be resorted to upon every convenient occasion. Some people make a daily study of the words.

The ordinary individual of fair education, we are told, controls from 6,000 to 8,000 words. A modern encyclopedia says that this estimate is too high, even in America. An English farm hand, it says, has a vocabulary limited to 300 words. A distinguished American educator believes that a well-educated citizen of this country can control from 30,000 to 35,000. The best English writers do not employ an extended vocabulary, preferring to appeal, as nearly as possible, to all classes of readers.—Columbus Dispatch.

### Dr. Morrison's Feat.

Boasting an acquaintance with China extending over nearly a quarter of a century, Dr. G. E. Morrison, whose famous library has been purchased by Baron Isawaki for \$35,000, first went to the Celestial empire possessed of a strong antipathy to the Chinese. He came in time, however, to have for them a feeling of lively sympathy and gratitude.

Always a great pedestrian, he walked, when little more than a boy, from Melbourne to Adelaide. Doctor Morrison was with the late Sir Claude MacDonald, the then British minister, in the British headquarters at Peking during the whole of the siege by the Boxer rebels; and he has probably created another record in having ridden 3,750 miles in 175 days—Exchange.

### Try This on Your Parrot.

As the automobile party passed one corner they saw a soldier on guard, a big white dog beside him, and then a beautiful American flag. Of course this combination attracted the attention of every one in the car. The flag was silk, the dog majestic and the soldier proud of his trust.

"Oh, look at that dog on guard," exclaimed the woman.

The little boy snickered audibly. All were impressed with the solemnness of the scene, and this outbreak seemed to the father uncalled for.

"What do you mean, laughing, Johnny?" he demanded.

"Oh," cried little Johnny, "mamma said 'look at that dog-gone guard!'"—Indianapolis News.

### Unexplored Quebec.

It is estimated that in the north of the province of Quebec there are still 250,000 square miles of unexplored country, making, with the 642,000 square miles in western Canada, a total of 892,000 square miles. In other words, 25 per cent of Canada is still unexplored. In the basin of the River Mackenzie there are believed to be great petroleum wells. Natives state that they have seen lakes at the Yukon, from 60 to 70 miles long, that have not been seen by white men. The Mackenzie mountains no one, not even the Indians, knows anything of.

### What Concerned Father.

The minister was shocked to see the young lad with a fishing outfit on Sunday. "My dear lad, what will your father say about your fishing on the Sabbath?"

"Well, last time he said: 'Where the thunder's your fish?'" replied the youngster.

### Long and Short of It.

"I wonder why it takes pay day so long to come around?"

"It only seems long when you're short, and the shorter you are the longer it seems."

## The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

### WARREN'S MASCULINE OBTOUSENESS FAILS TO INTERPRET HELEN'S ARTFUL INQUIRIES

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel Herbert Urner

It was an old-fashioned trunk with checkered paper lining and a highly colored picture in the deep, curved lid. There was a mingled mustiness of moth balls and lavender as Helen lifted over the heavy tray. Beneath were the closely packed miscellaneous contents of an old trunk used for odds and ends.

Her summer clothes she had already unpacked, but while she was at it, she had had the janitor bring up all four trunks. She was giving the whole of this dismal rainy day to a general clearing out. Their closet space was so limited, she must make room for the winter bedding.

"Warren's Violin Music" was penciled on the first bulky bundle. How useless to keep it! Warren, who had not played since he was at college, had long ago given away his violin. Something hard and square in a pillow case. An old shell box that had belonged to her grandmother. An ugly, clumsy thing with many of the shells missing from their bed of crumpled red wax. Inside were some yellowed newspaper clippings of Aunt Mary's funeral and an envelope of faded rosebuds marked, "From the casket." Putting some of the loose shells inside the box, Helen rewrapped it carefully.

A flat piece of tin with narrow slits. "The Eureka Knife Platter—Do Your Plating at Home," read the printed label. The goods were supposed to be shoved through the slits and ironed down on the other side, but Helen had found that the platters were irregular and did not stay in. Here, at least, was something she could throw away.

A black sateen domino, with a red-lined hood and a red heart on the sleeve, that she had made for a masquerade years ago. Why keep it? Impulsively she took it out to the kitchen where Dora was ironing.

"Dora, do you think you could get a petticoat out of this?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," with pleased expectancy. "There's a lot there."

Again kneeling by the trunk, she took out a narrow pasteboard box. "Fan, scarf, etc. KEEP." She need not have underlined the "keep," for in no clearing out would she ever part with the things in that box.

An ivory fan with one of the sticks broken and the lacey gauze cracked in the folds. That last night she had used it as a dance card. On the back were the names: I. W. E. Curtis; 2, Bob Morows; 3, W. E. Curtis; 4, K. Matthews; 5, W. E. Curtis; 6, L. W. Hewitt; 7, K. Matthews—crossed out and "Curtis" written over it.

Helen's eyes grew dreamy as she idly folded and unfolded the fan. That night Warren's dominant personality had claimed her.

Her color deepened as she rewrapped, in the crumpled tissue paper, the broken fan and a blue chiffon scarf, to which still clung a faint perfume. "The Home Physician," an old "doctor" book long in the family. "Studiously she turned through it. "Lumbago, Influenza, Night Sweats," with pages of "Symptoms" and "Doses." What quantities of medicine people used to take! She could not quite throw it out, yet it was worse than useless.

Some old silk underwear of Warren's. Now he wore cotton, and she had kept these because they seemed too fine to throw away. They would make good dusters. Resolutely she put them on the discard pile.

A scrap-book, "Plays I Have Seen," half-filled with theater programs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza," Warfield in "The Music Master." Warren had taken her to that—it was before they were engaged. She remembered her dress, a pale blue organdie. He had stepped on the flounce—how contrite he had been! Determinedly she put back the book.

A set of twelve whist boards. No one played duplicate whist now, yet it was a much better game than bridge. Perhaps it would come in again.

A hideous cushion top—irregular pieces of velvet and silk, cat-stitched together. Helen longed to throw it away, but at the memory of her childish pride in the work reluctantly she put it back.

A hand-painted plaque, water lilies in a pen-green pond, even more hideous than the cushion. Last winter some artists had held a "Tad Taste-Exhibition." What choice contributions those would have made!

An old leather writing case of Warren's. "Hotel Metropole, London," was the heading on some letter paper inside. That was his trip before they were married. An old White Star sailing list and a London Northwestern

time table were in one of the pockets. An envelope addressed to "Mr. Warren E. Curtis, Care S. S. Adriatic." It was in a woman's writing.

"Dear Warren: "I am sending with this a book that I think you will enjoy. You will get a good rest on the steamer and perhaps meet some pleasant people. I certainly shall miss you and shall be glad when you are back again. "Remember, you are to write me and mail it as soon as you land. You know you promised to write often—to answer my letters as soon as you received them. Of course I will try not to write TOO often.

"I know you will find London interesting, but I hope not so interesting as to make your trip longer than you planned. I did not know that the thought of six weeks could seem so long.

"With best wishes, "MARION."

Marion Wendell! The letter proved what Helen had always thought—that she had cared! She had cared enough to write this, for she was betraying in every line.

"She had never married! Was that the reason? She was rich and attractive. Why had not Warren cared? Athril with the thought that this woman had loved her husband, Helen sat musing over the letter.

"And Warren—had he known? Just last year her father had died, leaving Marion and her brother a large fortune. Did Warren ever think what such wealth might have meant to his career?

But he was so fiercely independent, could he have been swayed by a rich wife? He always made scathing comments about any man who married money. Could that have been the barrier?

"Will I make cream sauce for them lima beans, ma'am?"

"Why, Dora, it's not after five!" with a startled glance at the dresser clock. Then hurriedly, "No, Mr. Curtis likes them just with butter."

Stumbling to her feet, Helen pushed back the trunk against the wall, leaving the rest of the clearing out for tomorrow.

Still under the influence of Marion Wendell's letter, her mind throbbled with questions.

A hurried bath, and she took out her new taffeta evening gown. She did her hair high, the way Warren liked it, and rubbed her cheeks with ice to make them glow.

When she was through she looked long in the mirror. How would she compare now with Marion Wendell? He had only seen her at her best—often she had dressed to receive him. Did he ever make comparisons?

"Hello! Somebody for dinner!" was Warren's greeting, half an hour later.

"No, dear."

"Then why the glad rags?"

"Can't I dress for you sometimes?"

"Tuh, splurge your best duds around the house—then raise a howl that you're nothing to wear. Jove, I'm tired. Did the tailor send around for that suit?"

It was not until they were half through dinner and Warren's frown had relaxed, that Helen ventured a casual:

"Dear, what's become of the Wendells? Do you ever see any of them?"

"Saw Frank the other day. He's engaged to a Baltimore girl.

"Isn't it strange that Marion's never married? I used to think she was awfully pretty and nice."

"Yes, Marion's a mighty fine girl. Too much salt in these beans."

"Do you suppose she's ever cared for anyone—someone who didn't care for her—that's why she never married?"

"I doubt it," with a shrug. "Marion's not the sentimental kind."

# WRIGLEY'S



S. O. S.  
Send Over Some  
WRIGLEY'S

Keep your soldier or sailor boy supplied. Give him the lasting refreshment, the protection against thirst, the help to appetite and digestion afforded by Wrigley's.

It's an outstanding feature of the war— "All the British Army is chewing it."

AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Flavor Lasts



A Long Wait.  
Clerk—But you just bought this novel and paid for it.  
Customer—Yes.  
Clerk—Then why do you wish to return it?  
Customer—I finished it while waiting for my change.

Not There.  
"You are praising up this sulte as extremely desirable, but I can't see the point."  
"Of course not, ma'am. This is a flat."

This Will Interest Mothers.  
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colic in 15 minutes. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 30 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Bound to Be Tidy.  
A fastidious old gentleman was enjoying a cigar with a friend.  
The guest, having reached the end of his Havana, hurled the stump onto the well-kept lawn.

"What made you throw your cigar there?" said the old man, angrily. "See how unsightly it is on the lovely grass."

"That surely won't do any harm," said the other, "for nobody would notice a little thing like that."

"My dear fellow," solemnly replied the old grumbler, "it's just little things like these that constitute tidiness, and tidiness is half the comfort of life."

His friend said no more for a time, and in a few moments he arose hurriedly, disappeared, and was absent for a full twenty minutes.

"Where on earth have you been?" said his host, when he returned at last.

"Oh, I've only been across the meadow to spit in the river."

Foresighted.  
Wyse—My dear, there's no use for you to look at those hats, for I have only two dollars in my pocket.  
Mrs. Wyse—You might have known when you came out that I would want a few things.

Wyse—I did.

Reason Was Plain.  
She—The magazines never seem to print any real good poetry.  
He—I know it. They return everything I send them.

W. M. Van Nordon of New York works 500,000 Chinese imported to work American farms.

YOU BET I'M HELPING SAVE THE WHEAT says Bobby

Post Toasties For me 3 times a day

THE ORIGINAL CHEMICAL  
Indoor Closet  
30,000 SOLD—FIFTH YEAR  
More Comfortable,  
Healthful, Convenient  
Eliminates the out-gases, odors, wafts and miasms, which are breeding places for germs. Have a warm, sanitary, odorless toilet right in your house. No going out in cold weather. A book to invalids. Endorsed by State Boards of Health.

ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS  
Put It Anywhere In The House  
The germs are killed by chemical process in water in the container. Empty once a month. No more trouble to empty than ashes. Closest absolute guarantee. Ask for catalog and price. BOWE SANITARY MFG. CO., 12310 8th St., DETROIT, MICH. Ask about the "Bosnia Wasteband"—Hot and Cold Running Water Without Plumbing.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, ILL. 42-1917.

A Natural Mistake.  
The Manager—What's the kick about the sleepers I sent to fill up the band?  
The Bandmaster—No brains. That rummy with the saxophone is smoking his instrument.

His Caliber.  
"The noble Brutus was a cad."  
"Frow do you make that out?"  
"Didn't he cut an old friend?"

## Don't Neglect Kidneys

Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Prescription, Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some assistance when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brick-dust or sediment, sallow complexion, rheumatism, maybe weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your druggist.

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

Friend, Indeed.  
"Did you send flowers to his funeral?"  
"No, I sent a fire extinguisher."

The best sardines are sardines. Poor sardines are snail.

Uneasy lies the head that is full of schemes to get even with somebody.

When Your Eyes Need Care  
Try Murine Eye Remedy  
No Smarting—Just Pure Comfort. 50 cents a bottle. Write for Free Brochure. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

The Republican-Journal GENOA, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 THE YEAR C. D. SCHOONMAKER, PUBLISHER L. C. YOUNG, Managing Editor



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

It has been computed that the Germans have lost a mile of territory each time the Anglo-French gave them battle in Flanders and northern France this year. The Germans rarely succeeded in counter-attacking campaigns. It is therefore evident that the immense superiority of equipment and guns of the Allies is making the Teutonic cause hopeless. Besides continual retreat must have a base effect upon the morale of the German soldiers, who will lose in fighting power the more they realize that ultimate defeat is certain. It is our opinion that the German rulers will realize soon that this thing can lead to but one end and that the best way out of the difficulty is to sue for peace and accept whatever terms the Allies will yield.

The income tax is down to cover the incomes of \$1,000 a year, of the unmarried. The married have to pay up to \$2,000. The horrors of war are certainly pinching the pocketbook; but a wise unmarried Genoa young man remarked that his income tax wouldn't amount to the cost of one pair of women's shoes a year, which was still cheaper than buying all the rest of the hogswear. There is no accounting for that mental attitude except that this man must have lots of married men acquaintances, and has come to judge by what he sees.

There is plenty of free speech in the country—provided you speak the truth and don't give aid and comfort to the cause of the enemy. That's the gist of the entire situation. You can criticize the method of beating the enemy and thus try to engender more efficiency in defeating the foe (like Lord Northcliffe so wonderfully did in England) but you can't run down our cause, our honor or our flag.

Our idea of a tough time and a real crisis is that confronting Senator LaFollette.

The country is safe so long as women sell the old kimono aprons by staying in the kitchen and putting up tomatoes and fruit.

The president evidently made a mistake in telling the Pope what we were fighting for. He should have told Senator LaFollette instead.

Universal rights are all right, but how about universal duty? If you haven't yet done your duty by the Liberty Loan, you still have a chance, but you will have to act quickly.

WHAT ILLINOIS EDITORS SAY

Chauncey Depew says the Kaiser is feeding the hopes of the German people by promising them a big indemnity from the United States when the war is over. Chauncey always would have his little joke.—Kendall Co. News.

It is to be the irony of fate that with a shortage of coal and prices beyond all reason we should be facing a hard, long winter? The brand of weather furnished us the last few days would seem to indicate that such is the fate we are up against.—Elgin News.

Congress did a lot of big things during the recent session, and some very small ones. One of the smallest was the incorporating in the war tax measure the clause exempting their own salaries from the war tax. We repeat, pretty small.—St. Charles Chronicle.

The strike of Illinois coal miners at this time is a most serious matter. Already enough men are out to decrease the output some seventy thousand tons daily. In view of the fact that a shortage already exists, the situation calls for speedy settlement of some kind.—Elgin News.

The British food controller fixed the price of potatoes at 57¢ a ton and it is related that a British farmer, who was not even cross-eyed, read the figures backwards and charged 75¢. But law is law in England and the farmer's profits were swallowed up twice over in the fine for \$27,500 that promptly overtook him.—DeKalb Independent.

LaFollette even has the impudence to declare that he is intensely patriotic, omitting to mention, of course, that his peculiar form or the noble passion is one of the few comforts now left for Berlin to enjoy.—DeKalb Independent.

Members of the Odd Fellows Lodge will hold a progressive euchre stag party in the Odd Fellows hall on Tuesday evening, October, 30. All Odd Fellows are cordially invited to be present and enjoy themselves.

Court House News

Insane and Dependent Stationment from Elgin State Hospital shows that on July there were 22 males and 26 females in that institution from DeKalb county.

Notice received from Elgin State Hospital of the death of Gregory Mucivach of this county on October 10.

Application filed to have David Todd declared a dependent child and placed where he will have proper care.

In Matter of Estates of George W. Moore. Final report approved, estate settled and executor discharged.

Patrick Roach, late of DeKalb, Estate of about \$39,999. Will and petition filed and set for hearing Nov. 12. Ordered that a dedimus potestatum issue to take deposition of non resident witness to will.

Robert Boston, late of Rollo. Estate of about \$45,000. Heirs and legatees, widow, one son and four grandchildren. Will and petition filed and set for hearing Nov. 12.

In County Court. Adjournd for the September term.

Real Estate Transfers DeKalb—Gust Beckman wd to Thomas W. Kennedy, lot 5 and 6 blk 25 Gilson's \$2,300.

Thamos W. Kennedy wd to Gust Beckman, lot 9 blk 3 Bratt & Shipman's, \$3,500.

Genesee Lumber Co. wd to U. R. Loranger, lot 14 blk 3 Langlois & Townsend's, 3rd, \$1,500.

Henry Landis wd to Charles Ackerman, lots 1 and 2 blk 2, \$1.

Edward M. Murray wd to Joseph Schafer, lot 6 blk 2 Eureka Park, \$125.

Marriage Licenses issued Vernon Smith, aged 21, and Catherine Summers, aged 18, both of Sterling; Merrill W. Marshall, 21, and Marie E. Larson, 18, both of Sycamore; Clive Renwick, 25, Clare, and Minnie Benson, 23, Rollins, Elgin.

DeKalb; Charles E. Saariea, 26, and Rose Kempf Erickson, 17, both of DeKalb; John Gill, 42, and Mary Auriella 37, both of Chicago; Russell Whitecar, 23, Creston, and Grace Lethaby, 21, Malta.

SCHOOL NOTES

by EDWARD CHRISTENSEN

The German class in high school learned a poem the other day. Do they know it yet? (?) Time flies.

This is test week, one that is always looked forward to with dread by most of the students. The papers handed in have been marked with fairly good grades.

Two electric lights have been added to each room in the high school building. These additional lights will be very much appreciated by the pupils as well as the teachers.

The Schoonmaker method of physical training is being carried out on Tuesday and Thursday mornings of each week. The students are very much interested and look forward to mornings when the exercise is a part of the program.

On Thursday night of this week the first real basket ball practice will be held in the opera house. This building has been secured for all practice and outside games. The first game of the season will probably be with Rollo.

Five cans of Pyrene fire extinguisher, each containing a quart, were installed in the school last week. Three cans were placed in the large building, one in each of the halls and one in the laboratory, and two in the small school building. This is a great improvement to the school equipment.

On Monday, after the afternoon session, the first military training lesson was given. Explanation of the position of a soldier and several commands were taken up. The boys enrolled in the class seem to be very enthusiastic about the work and will no doubt make a grand success of it.

Eula, Gladys, Floss and Roy Town left the Genoa school last Friday. Their parents have moved onto a farm northwest of the city. The children will attend the Oak Glen school. They were enrolled in the following grades here: Gladys, 2nd; Eula, 6th; Flossie, 4th; Roy, 5th.

The Genoa High School Literary Society met last week Friday. The Dequette program which was to have been given was postponed and instead extemporaneous speeches and debates were in order. The first number was a speech by Gladys Buck on "The Program at the Ney Fair." She did very well for a talk prepared on the spur of the moment. Next Lee Corson was called upon to give a talk on "The Live Stock Exhibits at the Ney Fair."

His talk, too, was good and up to the minute. Gladys Montgomery's name was the next one called to give a few words on "The Domestic Science Exhibits at Ney Fair." She was unable to reply as she did not attend the fair. This was followed by two debates. The first "Resolved that a Tractor is of More Value on a Farm than a Horse." Floyd Patterson and Edward Christensen took the affirmative and Griffith Reid and Maynard Olmstead the negative, with the latter coming out winner. The other debate was "Resolved that the Broom is of More Value to the Housekeeper than the Dishrag." In this Esther Teyler and Myrtle VanWie defended the affirmative, Ione Stolt and Guyia Buck, the negative. The affirmative side won. Following this the officers of the society gave short talks and explained their duties in the society. After the program a short business drill, at which Marjorie Holroyd presided, was in order. The next meeting will be on Friday, Nov. 5. The program will be announced later.

Martin has a splendid line of novelties in jewelry. Step in and let him show them to you. You are sure to find just what you want.

WEEK'S SOCIAL EVENTS

MRS. HELEN SEYMOUR, Editor

Knitting Club Not to be outdone by the east end ladies, those of West Main street too, have organized a knitting club and will meet for the first time this (Thursday) evening with Mrs. W. H. Smith. Everyone seems to be so enthusiastic about these knitting bees and are plying the needles with great ardor.

Halloween Party One of the pretty events of the Halloween season was a party given by the Misses Frances Dunn, Myrtle Larson and Blanche Fredrickson Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Lee Wyld. The house was decorated in palms and jack o' lanterns. The "little girls" were all dressed up in their best dresses and some carried their dolls. Several games were played, prizes being awarded to Roberta Rosenfeld, Mary Knappenburger and Edythe Westover. A two-course luncheon was served by the hostesses. The guests left at a late hour in high spirits. Those present were Irma Perkins, Gladys Brown, Mary Knappenburger, Roberta Rosenfeld, Edythe and Eva Westover, Lorene and Dorothy Glass.

Knitting Bee The ladies of the east end met at the home of Mrs. Fannie Head on Monday afternoon. Each one came with her knitting bag over her arm, prepared to devote several hours knitting for our soldier boys. They now have a number of articles completed, such as sweaters, scarfs, hel ments and wristlets, which they will soon send the boys. The ladies will meet next Monday afternoon with Mrs. D. S. Brown.

Surprise Party Mrs. E. Trautman was very pleasantly surprised on Saturday evening when a number of friends came in to help her celebrate her birthday. The evening was spent in card playing and at a late hour dainty refreshments were served.

Those who subscribe for Liberty Bonds may see in advance what they are buying by pausing at the Exchange Bank war window, where two actual bonds are now on exhibition.

Jas. R. Kiernan & Son delivered a "Waterloo Boy" tractor to John DeWayne in Cherry Valley and one to John Gail near this city on Thursday of this week.

Sanol Eczema Prescription is a famous old remedy for all forms of Eczema and skin diseases. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. Get a 35c trial bottle at the drug store.

If you contemplate having any dental work done arrange to see Dr. Sheffer, the dentist from Chicago who has taken charge of the dental offices formerly occupied by Dr. Patterson.

Richard Gormley has received notice to report for duty November 4th. He goes to Campagna where he will take a three-month's course in the college of aviation.

Dr. J. T. Sheffer of Chicago will be in Genoa Monday, Oct. 19 and will open the dental office formerly occupied by Dr. Patterson. He will be here permanently and will be prepared to give you expert dental service.

Misses Poeltl and Christian Entertain Misses Louise Poeltl and Cora Christian entertained Prof. and Mrs. O. E. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. Snyder, Mrs. Fannie King, Misses Dorothy Aldrich, Hazel Rylander and Paul Mitchell at the home of Mrs. King on Monday evening. Various contests made this gathering a merry one among which was a "Book of Life" contest. Guests were seated at small tables on which were a number of magazines, each one was then given a pair of scissors, paste and a booklet of blank pages, which they proceeded to fill out with pictures cut from the magazines to represent their life from infancy to old age. This proved to be very interesting as well as amusing. There was also music to entertain. Late in the evening dainty refreshments were served.

R. N. of A. Sewing Circle The R. N. of A. Sewing Circle met with Mrs. L. Morehart last Friday afternoon. The usual good time and luncheon was enjoyed. Miss Pearl Chapman entertains the circle Friday afternoon, Oct. 26.

Suffragette Benefit Dance The dance given at the Auditorium last Friday evening for the Genoa boys in U. S. service, under the auspices of the Suffragette Club, was very well attended. The merry dancers came from far and near to enjoy this evening of one step, fox trots and other up-to-date dances. The orchestra, consisting of piano, violin, saxophone, banjo and drums, rendered excellent music for the occasion. The hall was prettily decorated in palms and the national colors. The bucoony was crowded with spectators, who enjoyed the music as well as did those on the dance floor. The members of the Suffragette Club sold tickets and everyone responded generously and helped to make the event a success. The club realized \$100.00, with which they will purchase useful articles and send them to the boys who have answered their country's call. The young ladies expect to give a number of these dances thruout the winter.

Clarence Eldor, who has been stationed at Douglas, Arizona with the 17th Cavalry, has been transferred to military duty at Chattanooga, Tenn. Clarence just sent a government check ions to his mother, showing that the boy is one of the kind that will save his money.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy, 35c and \$1.00 a bottle.

Since the departure of Dr. Patterson Genoa has been without a dentist, but after Monday, Oct. 29, Dr. Sheffer of Chicago will be here permanently to look after the business and administer relief to those suffering with toothache. He comes very highly recommended as a skillful and careful dentist.

Womans friend is a Large Trial Bottle of Sanol Prescription. Fine for black heads, Eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin Tonic. Get a 35c Trial bottle at the drug store.

Beautiful Windows are made easy with

Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods NO SAG NO TARNISH

Kirsch Flat Rods set off your curtains to best advantage. The Flat shape means



strength. They are guaranteed never to sag. Headings are held gracefully erect by the shape of the rods. Kirsch Flat Rods are guaranteed never to rust, tarnish or turn black. When soiled, they're washable.

WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE in the selection of curtains, draperies, rugs, furniture and in fact everything to make the home more comfortable and homelike. Let us give you an estimate on your requirements, we will be glad to do it and you are in no way obliged to buy.

Kirsch Rods Can't Sag—Never Tarnish S. S. SLATER & SON

The Epworth League will give a Halloween social at the M. E. church parlors on Tuesday evening of next week. All young people in the community are invited to attend. There will be a room of mystery, which everyone will be curious to explore. Another feature of the evening will be the fact that the social will be a wazzing event, no "cans". So eat your fill before you leave home, but come prepared for a good time.

Jas. R. Kiernan returned from Kansas City the last of the week with 47 head of cattle. Mr. Kiernan arrived in the Western metropolis the morning after the big fire at the stock yards. He says it was without a doubt the most gruesome sight he has ever seen. Between fifteen and eighteen thousand dead cattle lay among the ruins. Preparations were already under way for removing the dead animals, and it was estimated that it would take at least ten days and ten nights to complete this gruesome task.

The Epworth League will meet at 6:45 Sunday evening with Miss Margaret VanDusen as leader.

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WORTHMOR \$1. WAISTS WELWORTH \$2 BLOUSES MILLINERY F. W. OLMSTED

# Turning Weeds Into Sheep

By Robert H. Moulton

The world needs more wool and to obtain the necessary supply of this commodity the country must raise more wool producers—there should be a flock of sheep on every farm.

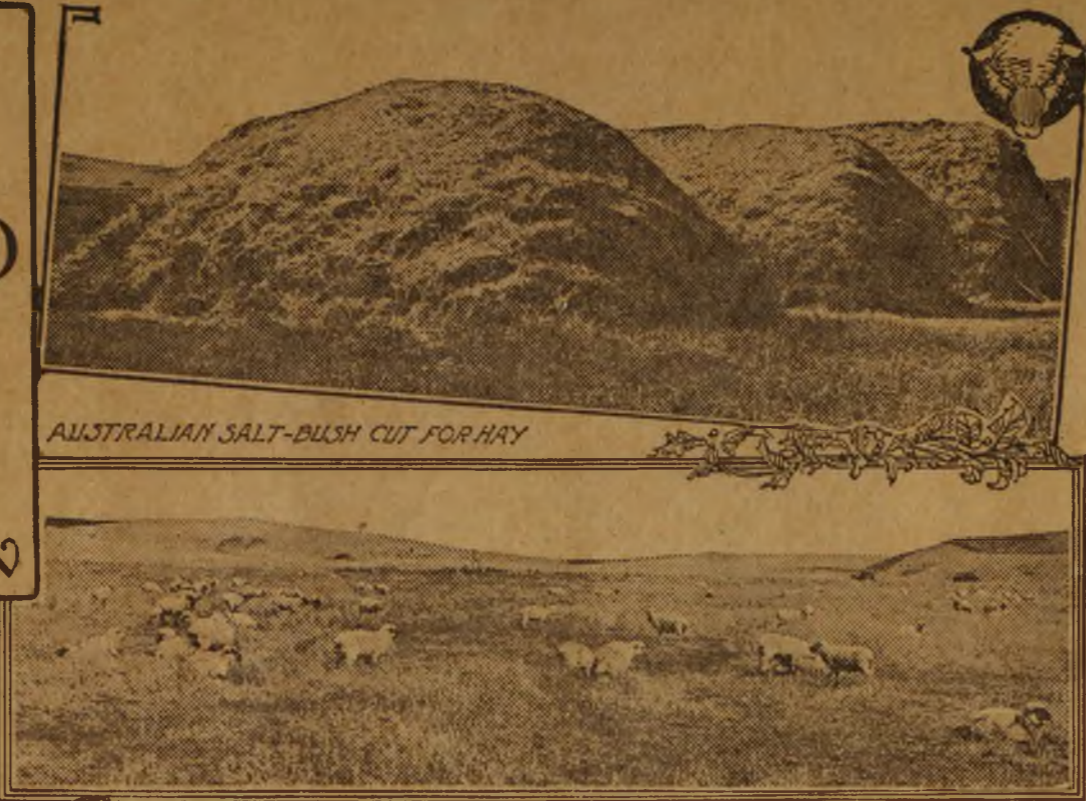
THE remarkable success recently achieved by Mr. Y. C. Mansfield of Endicott, Washington, in fattening several hundred head of sheep on the Australian salt-bush has created an interest in this once despised weed, which is rapidly spreading throughout the north-west states. One result of Mr. Mansfield's experiment is that other farmers on whose acres the weed grows have come to look upon what was formerly considered absolutely worthless land as a real bonanza, and they are now preparing to turn their attention from the raising of hogs and wheat to sheep, with the assurance that, under ordinary conditions, they can hardly fall short of Mr. Mansfield's success. They see opened before them what is practically a virgin field of sheep raising, offering wonderful possibilities.

As soon as the value of the salt-bush as a forage crop became generally known it undoubtedly will be cultivated in other sections of the West. As a matter of fact, it is now found along all the highways from Arizona to Washington, but very few people know its true name and fewer know that it is a valuable plant. In eastern Oregon it is generally known as the Pendleton flood weed, and has been looked upon as such a pest that there is a law in the state against allowing it to go to seed.

According to Mr. Mansfield, however, it is really of more value to eastern Oregon than the alfalfa plant, for not only is it a far better feed for sheep, but it will grow in the most arid land, and practically requires no attention after once getting a stand, as it grows in hard, firm soil better than on loose, well-cultivated land.

Mr. Mansfield's experience, as related by him to the writer, who was fortunate to visit the farm at a time when a thousand head of sheep had just been turned into a new pasture of the saltbush, when the accompanying photographs were taken, reads almost like a fairy story.

For several years Mr. Mansfield farmed 8,000 acres of land, all of which was wheat land with the exception of 150 acres, which were sub-irrigated alfalfa land. Finally the land became so fouled with Russian thistles and Jim Hill mustard, that this, together with the high cost of labor and the low price of wheat, made it impossible for



SHOWING HEAVY FOLIAGE OF THE SALT-BUSH

him to longer continue in the growing of wheat alone without also keeping live stock to help pay the living expenses.

Accordingly, two years ago, he decided to invest in a flock of sheep, and it was while driving these home that he made the discovery which he has since turned to such good account.

Along the road near the Mansfield farm the salt-bush grew in abundance, and to Mr. Mansfield's infinite surprise the sheep began feeding upon it greedily. He figured upon the spot that he had destroyed \$500 worth of good sheep feed that year, besides wasting a great deal of labor in trying to get rid of the weeds.

Last summer he pastured his entire flock of 1,000 sheep on the salt-bush with the most astonishing results. The sheep were not only exceedingly fat, but their wool was of a superior quality. Several neighboring farmers with small flocks of sheep followed Mr. Mansfield's experiment and their sheep, also, were in much better shape than those that were taken to the mountains during the summer.

During a period of two weeks last summer Mr. Mansfield's flock of 1,000 sheep was kept on less than five acres of ground that was growing Australian salt-bush, and they did not clean the feed all up at that. These five acres of land were two feed yards where he had fed stock for years and consequently they grew an immense amount of the weed, but ordinarily dry land which practically will not grow anything else, will produce this

weed. Later in the summer Mr. Mansfield made some hay of the weed, but on account of the scarcity of labor was not able to haul it in out of the shock. He had to turn his sheep through this hay to the stubble field, where there was plenty of other pasture, and they would stop and eat this hay. They cleaned it all up and saved the trouble of hauling it in.

Mr. Mansfield is not only very enthusiastic about the saltbush as a food for sheep, but believes it is good feed for other stock also. Hogs, cattle and horses, he states, eat it soon, and he believes that they would learn to like it as well as the sheep do if they were confined a short time on it. Sheep, he adds, must be confined on it a day or two before they relish it. Then they go to it with avidity. They do not, however, eat enough of it to make them sick and die, as they do on alfalfa and a great many other plants, but they get exceedingly fat on it.

The Australian saltbush is described as a much-branched perennial, which forms a thick mat over the ground a foot or 18 inches in depth, the branches extending from five to eight feet; one plant often covering an area of 15 to 20 square feet. The leaves are about an inch long, broadest at the apex, coarsely toothed along the margin, fleshy and somewhat mealy on the outside. The fruits are tinged with red, flattened and pulpy, but become dry as soon as they fall from the plant. The seeds germinate better if sown on the surface, which should be planked or firmed by driving a flock of sheep across it. When covered to any depth the seeds decay before germination.

The plant will grow on black alfalfa land that is really of no value for anything else on earth. Mr. Mansfield states that there are millions of acres of such land in the United States, which, if sown to this seed, undoubtedly would keep sheep enough to produce more wool and mutton than is now raised in the entire United States.

Mr. Mansfield adds that if cut for hay the saltbush should be cut while the branches are soft and tender, and the second crop will make considerable pasture and re-seed the ground.

## HUSBAND SWALLOWS HER SILVER SPOONS

Disordered Nerves Held Responsible for Philadelphia Man's Peculiar Appetite.

Philadelphia, Pa. — For several weeks Mrs. Joseph Quinlan had been mystified by the disappearance of numerous articles from her household. She changed servants half a dozen times, but the articles, such as silver spoons and pieces of household hardware, continued to be missed. Recently her husband became ill and was sent to the Philadelphia hospital, and



Unable to Overcome His Appetite When Tempted.

here the surgeons cut open his stomach and removed the following articles:

- Thirty-four silver teaspoons.
- One alcohol cigar lighter and chain.
- One padlock.
- Twelve screen door hooks.
- One glass medicine dropper.
- Six ten-penny nails.
- Thirty-six carpet tacks.
- Thirteen metal buttons.
- Six safety pins.
- Forty pieces printers' type.
- Thirty-two coins.
- Four souvenir medals.
- Nineteen screws (assorted sizes).
- Two hundred and forty-seven pebbles.

Disordered nerves were responsible. Mr. Quinlan confessed he was unable to overcome his appetite when tempted, for instance, by a nice nickel-plated screen-door hook.

## SHIPWRECK COMRADE LEAVES HIM FORTUNE

San Francisco.—An acquaintance formed in a boat full of castaways half a century ago bore tangible fruit for Frederick Clough of San Francisco, who has been notified that through the will of Henry Ferguson of Hartford, Conn., he is left a bequest of \$100 a month for the rest of his life.

Clough is now seventy-one years of age. When he met Ferguson, Clough was a sailor on the old clipper ship Hornet and Ferguson was a passenger. The ship caught fire in the South Pacific and the two escaped in a boat with 13 members of the crew. After 44 days of extreme hardship, during which they ran short of both food and water, the party finally made one of the Hawaiian islands. They were the only boat saved. Clough and Ferguson both came to San Francisco, the former remaining here and the latter returning to his home in Hartford.

## PACKS LOVE MISSIVE IN ICE

Ardent Message on Cantaloupe Wrapper Finds Way to Heart of Illinois Woman.

Calexico, Cal.—Despite the fact that it was sent halfway across the continent packed in ice, an ardent love message on a cantaloupe wrapper found its way into the heart of Miss Rosetta Taylor of Mattson, Ill.

It was sent by Hugh W. Willis of Calexico. Recently they were issued a marriage license by County Clerk Cook, and it is understood the nuptials took place.

Willis was engaged in the cantaloupe business at Heber last year. A sudden impulse drove him to write on the inside of one of the wrappers: "To the girl who gets this—write to lonely Hugh Willis, Calexico Cal."

Not two weeks elapsed before Willis got a letter from his bride-to-be.

Beats Dog Catcher. Livermore, Mo.—A water spaniel named Toto, belonging to Dr. George Johnson, escaped from the dog catcher by leaping into the storm water sewer. The next day, after a heavy rain, the dog stole up behind the dog catcher in the other end of the town and bit him. Then he returned home a safety through the sewer. The dog now lives on sewer rats.

## FLORIDA! FLORIDA!

The famous Suwannee River Land Belt on Suwannee River has been thrown open to settlers on easy conditions. Fertile land, general farming, stock raising, poultry, dairying, fruits, vegetables, pecans; copious rainfall, excellent water, good health, splendid schools, churches, railroads, cash markets, good neighbors, long growing season, cool sea breezes in summer, warm sunshine in winter, fuel free. For particulars write at once to J. B. Clark, Land Commissioner, Live Oak, Perry & Gulf Railroad Co., Box 1, Live Oak, Florida.—Adv.

### Too Late.

He was a great pedestrian, but one day his physical energy seemed to give out. Weary and worn and sad, he was beginning to despair of finding rest and refreshment when a small wayside house came into view. The good lady of the house executed her commission to supply her visitor with eggs, toast and tea.

"May I open the eggs for you?" she asked, smilingly.

The young man nodded assent, but, although the shell looked well enough; appearances are often deceptive, and that egg would not have done credit to any self-respecting hen.

He drew back his chair with a sigh. "Hasn't it been boiled long enough, sir?" queried the lady.

"Yes," he replied, wearily, "but it was not boiled soon enough."

## RED FACES AND RED HANDS

Soothed and Healed by Cuticura—Sample Each Free by Mail.

Treatment for the face: On rising and retiring smear affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For the hands: Soak them in a hot lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and rub in Cuticura Ointment.

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

### Rolling Rapidly.

Tom Moore called on Campbell one evening, and in the course of conversation Campbell mentioned a poem he had just composed and the manuscript of which he showed to Moore. It was entitled "The Battle of Hohenlinden," the last line of the first verse of which read:

"Of Iser rolling rapidly."

When Moore was departing he slipped on the stairs, which caused Campbell to ask:

"What's that? What's that?"

"I, sir, rolling rapidly!" instantly replied Moore.

### Different Methods.

The prison visitor on his usual rounds noticed that a new man occupied a cell that had been empty for some time.

"My friend," he began, "may I ask what brought you here?"

"The same thing that brought you here," replied the convict; "a desire to poke my nose into other people's business, only I generally used to go in by the basement window."

A pretty girl is apt to be less interesting than the bank account of a homely maid.

Three River Falls, Wis., business men will farm while wives run stores.

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Money Talks. "Reginald Grabcock asked me to marry him last night," said Miss Gadder. "I've never heard a more eloquent proposal in my life." "Did he use flowery language?" "Oh, no. He said, 'Miss Gadder (Marjorie), my father is worth \$100,000,000 and I'm his sole heir.'"

Wonderful Cow. According to this advertisement in a Connecticut paper there is a cow in New England which is possessed of rare accomplishments: "Wanted—A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."

Jennie Seller succeeds her drafted brother as mail carrier in Greenwich, Conn.

Some men can be eternally on the job and still not accomplish much.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

For Constipation Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

**Carter's Iron Pills**

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

## DECIPHERING WORLD'S OLDEST LOVE LETTER AT UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE world's oldest love letter and the world's oldest map, so far found—these are two interesting discoveries just brought to light by Dr. Stephen Herbert Langdon of the University of Pennsylvania's Museum of Arts and Sciences.

The love letter, on a tablet of clay, was according to Doctor Langdon, written about the time of the patriarch Abraham.

It is true that in the translation romance gives way to commercialism, but nevertheless there is nothing of the kind in any other museum. The tablet was deciphered and translated by Doctor Ungand.

Personal letters of this type written by the ancients are generally found inclosed in clay envelopes, so fashioned that while they cover the writing completely and hold the tablet itself secure they do not obliterate the symbols, but rather protect them.

So much for the love letter, but Doctor Langdon, leading Sumerian scholar of all time, seems much more interested in the ancient Babylonian map which he has just finished reading.

The map proves conclusively that the comprehensive city planning, heard so much of in recent years, is almost as old as civilization.

Not only did the Babylonians plan the building of their towns and cities, but, according to this map or diagram, they laid out villages and hamlets along preconceived plans to give residents "all the advantages of city life."

Nothing like the map just discovered at the university ever has been found before by archaeologists, and evidently it is only one of many. If it can be taken as a fair sample of the forethought exercised by ancient Babylon in building up her outlying domains, then the whole country must have been connected by the most elaborate system of canals in the history of the world.

Babylon had no telephone or telegraph, but for certain fundamental purposes of protection it had "something just as good." For Doctor Langdon has translated some of the numerous small inscriptions on the tablet bearing the map to indicate that the particular section here described was so laid out that persons living in any part of it could hear the blowing of a horn from the central common. It was an old custom in the country to blow a horn at a certain season of the year, after which grazing was no longer permitted. The reason for this is lost in antiquity, but examination of other tablets at the museum some day may reveal it.

The exact age of the map is not definitely known. Doctor Langdon believes it was made in the Cassite period, about 1,500 years before Christ. Concerning the horn-blowing custom, Doctor Langdon says: "The map throws a welcome light

upon an obscure law in the great law code of Babylonia, which bears the name of Hammurabi. In it we have reference to the custom of blowing a horn at the village gates to notify the shepherds on the plains that the grazing season was over. These rural villages in which the peasants congregated from the surrounding plain appeared to have been so arranged that the village buglers were able to make the shepherds and farmers hear the sound of the horn in every part of Babylonia.

"The rural life of ancient times in this historic land has here a visual commentary," Doctor Langdon adds, "and we see how the peasants lived together in villages, having village commons for their flocks and a municipal marsh to furnish a most necessary article of domestic life, the cane reed. Assuming that the orientation of the map is the ordinary one employed in other Babylonian maps, one is able to trace the several features of the country and their details. The skeleton of the plan is made by the canal which enters from the northeast corner of the district, flows south-southwest and turns in a rough parabolic curve, to re-treat at the same angle toward the north-northwest. At the center of the district marked by the end of the parabola enter from the south-east and southwest corners two canals which unite with the main canal.

Inscriptions on the tablet give the names of the various canals, the villages and hamlets. Thus in the extreme northeast corner is the town of Bit Kar Nusku, and the northeast wing of the canal, on which this town lies, is called Nar-bitli, or "Canal of the Burden," indicating that agricultural and other products were carried upon it. "This name and others," says Doctor Langdon, "show that these canals were arteries of trade as well as streams to supply the fields with water. The town Kar Nusku is mentioned in temple accounts of the city of Nippur as supplying sheep and grain for the support of the temple priests. In the northwest corner, on the left branch of the canal, is the town of Hamri, also mentioned in the accounts of the temple at Nippur. Therefore, the northwest branch of the canal bears the name Nar Hamri. According to references in Assyrian inscriptions, hamri designates a place where the cult of the fire god was established."

Another canal bore the name of Belsuni, a rich man, whose estate is supplied with water for irrigation purposes. Unfortunately, the estate itself lay outside the limits of the map, so it is impossible to get any description of Belsuni's country house. In the opinion of Doctor Langdon the point of chief interest in the mind of the ancient map-maker was the conelike space at the end of the parabola, which is about the center of the map. The following inscription is cut into the

upon an obscure law in the great law code of part of the tablet:

"Field between the canals, the contents (?) are eight gul (a measure of area in the Cassite and Assyrian inscriptions) field of the palace."

"Therefore the mapmaker wished to give an accurate drawing of the field belonging to the royal estates," says Doctor Langdon, "and we may assume that he did his work at the king's injunction, and that the tablet has come down to us from the royal archives at Nippur. The Cassite kings nominally held court at Babylon, as the capital of Babylonia.

Forests were unknown in southern Babylon, and the natives had to use reeds for making baskets, household furniture, firewood, hedges and even for the writing stylus. Accordingly, a municipal marsh was an essential, and one is shown on the map at the university museum. Another feature of no little significance, which sheds light for the first time on the origin of the customs that sprung up in the middle ages of embowling monasteries with estates to provide for their abbots, is the "field of the table of the Baru priest."

On this phase of the diagram Doctor Langdon says: "The Baru priest was the seer of the Babylonians, whom they invariably consulted about all future events. This learned priesthood was attached to all the great temples, and, as we see here, owned valuable landed estates. The idea of a state-supported order of seers seems preposterous to us, for divination is considered illegal, but Babylonian religion was supercharged with magic and mystery. Kings and laymen undertook no important tasks, launched no important ventures, without consulting these sages of the liver omens, of oil omens and of every conceivable kind of divination. They formed an important part of the priesthood, and hence we find them on our map in possession of estates more valuable than those of the king himself.

"In the extreme corner of the northwestern part of the district is the village of Hamri, situated in a field which bears no name, perhaps the municipal property. South of this are the fields in which we find a village with the curious name Til amel Hassa, or Hill of the Fifty Men. The local history of this town, which would elucidate its interesting name, is unknown. The field itself bears no inscription and was probably a village common also. A small canal separates the two village properties. The large field of the table of the Baru priest is bounded on the north by the canal of the table. These names refer to the properties settled by royal decree upon this religious order for the support of their table in precisely the same way certain lands in Europe became the property of monastic orders in the middle ages.—Philadelphia Tablet, 1924.



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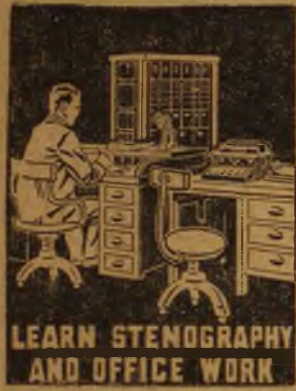
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## Bixby-Hughes Clothing Co.

### The Ellis Business College Graduates Get The Best Positions



One young man is employed in Elgin by "Uncle Sam" at \$1200.00 a year. Another begins today in the office of "Uncle Sam" at Washington, D. C., at \$1200.00 a year. Banking concerns and business men of Elgin, recommend the Ellis Business College. Eight school teachers are enrolled in our school. 'Nuff sed,—Enroll with us to-day.

**The ELLIS BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
New Building Opposite Elgin Post Office

Whose Republican-Journal do you read?

### Repair Your Roof

When you repair that  
Roof, call on us and  
see our line of roofing  
material.

**TIBBITS, CAMERON  
LUMBER CO.**  
JAS. PRUTMAN, Manager

### KINGSTON NEWS

Miss Mary Knappenburger of Genoa visited home folks over Sunday. Mrs. Josephine Hitchcock is visiting relatives in Rockford.

George Helsing of Belvidere visited here the first of the week. Mrs. Arthur Simmons was an Elgin visitor last week Friday.

Miss Daisy Bell is home from Sycamore this week. Robert Wehenn of Elburn was a business visitor Saturday.

Ivan Hinckley of Belvidere was a business visitor one day last week. Mrs. R. E. White and children are enjoying a few days' visit with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. H. G. Burgess and daughter, Gladys, were guests of Mrs. Earl Cook in Hampshire Wednesday.

Mrs. Nina Moore is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Robert Heisdon, and daughter, Marjorie, of Chicago. Burnell Bell returned home Monday after a few days' visit with relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stark and Mrs. Frank Shrader motored to Rockford Saturday.

Mrs. H. F. Branch and daughters of DeKalb visited relatives here Sunday.

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

John Helsing spent Sunday with his son, George, and family in Belvidere.

Mrs. E. R. Schmeltzer and children of Rockford called on Kingston friends last Friday.

Mrs. Benj. Knappenburger returned home Saturday evening after a few days' visit with relatives and friends in Sycamore and DeKalb.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bell and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Worden and daughter, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gleason near Kirkland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simmons and daughter, Irene, went to Stockton last Saturday and attended the funeral of the former's grandmother.

Harry Baars was home from Camp Grant Sunday. He expects to leave shortly for Houston, Texas, with about 75 other young men.

Mrs. J. P. Ort and son, Ralph, motored to Belvidere Saturday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. George Helsing.

Chas. Aves' grocery store was broken into Tuesday night. The safe was blown open but it contained nothing of any value to the robbers. The robbery was discovered by Mr. Aves Wednesday morning upon his arrival at the store.

Milk Producers, Notice  
There will be a joint meeting of Genoa, Kingston and New Lebanon Saturday evening at eight o'clock in Slater's hall. Important. Every producer come.  
C. J. Cooper.

G. W. Crawford arrived here from Boyceville, Wis., the first of last week and remained for several days visiting friends and relatives. While here Mr. Crawford paid the Republican-Journal office a visit and renewed his subscription.

When you have the backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladder. A trial 35c bottle of Sanol will convince you. Get it at the drug store. tf

Public Sale  
The undersigned will sell at public auction on the Bert Shearer farm, 2 miles west of Marengo, 4 miles east of Garden Prairie, on state road, on Wednesday, Oct. 31 commencing at ten o'clock, 40 head cattle, 91 head hogs, 9 horses, farm machinery. Plenty to eat and drink at noon. Terms of sale: One year at 7 per cent. Dick Doscher, Frank Miller, Auct. C. J. Coarson, Clerk.

When looking for an exceptionally good piece of jewelry or silverware try Martin's. All goods guaranteed.

PUBLIC AUCTION  
The undersigned will sell the following described live stock at public auction on the Mrs. Charles Pond farm 4 miles northwest of Genoa on Friday, Nov. 2 commencing at 1:30 o'clock p. m. 28 head of cows, 1 yearling bull. These cattle are all heavy close up. Remember the date and arrange to be there. Signed, George Weber.

State of Illinois, DeKalb County, Estate of Anna Hausfield, deceased. To Heirs, legatees, devisees and creditors of said estate:

You are hereby notified that on Monday, the 15th day of November 1917, the Executor of the last Will and Testament of said deceased will present to the County Court of DeKalb County, at Sycamore, Illinois, his final report of his acts and doings as such Executor, and ask the Court to be discharged from any and all further duties and responsibilities connected with said estate, and his administration thereof, at which time and place you may be present and resist such application, if you choose so to do.  
Earle W. Brown, Executor.

52-4t  
**Eveline Lodge**  
No. 344  
4th Tuesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall  
A. R. Slater, Perfect Fannie M. Head, Secy

SEND ORDERS  
**Pianos and Victrolas**  
T. H. GILL, Marengo, Ill.  
Selling Goods in this vicinity Over Forty Years

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

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

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

**Lands and City Property**  
FOR SALE—Vacant lots and improved city property in Genoa, in all parts of town. Lots from \$200 up. Improved property from \$1000 up to \$5000, according to location and improvements. Some ought to suit you. Now is the time to buy. D. S. Brown, Genoa. tf

**For Sale**  
FOR SALE—A quantity of oil meal and middlings, slightly damaged by water in my recent fire. Call at once. V. J. Corson, Genoa, Ill.

**FOR RENT**  
FOR RENT—A good store building, size 20x44 with full basement. Situated in New Lebanon, Ill. Write or see T. B. Gray, Genoa, Ill. 2-2t

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

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

**C. A. PATTERSON**  
DENTIST  
Hours: 8:30 to 12:00 a. m.  
1:00 to 6:00 p. m.  
Office in Exchange Bank Building

**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. Browne, Clerk

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

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

**Della Rebeckah Lodge**  
NO. 330  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday of Each Month  
Odd Fellow Hall  
Carrie Cruickshank  
N. G. Euphie Norehart, Sec.

### WOMEN'S NEEDS

A women's needs are many and we or no other one store keeper can supply all of them, but we CAN supply her every need in

**Dress Goods, Gloves Hair Nets**  
**Underwear Hosiery**

and in fact everything in the line of Dry Goods.  
Our stock is full and complete and comprises the very latest in fabrics and colors.

We invite you to come in and give our stock a thorough inspection.

We Carry a Full line of Groceries & Drugs  
**I. W. DOUGLASS**

For the News While It is News,  
Read The Republican -Journal

? ? ? ?

Did you ever stop to think of the amount of heat retained in a house by equipping it with

### Storm Doors & Windows

Let us show you our combination  
**Storm and Screen Doors**

We will measure your sash and door openings. Phone No. 1.

**GENOA LUMBER CO.**