

The Genoa Republican-Journal

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HOLSTEIN CALF BRINGS \$106,000

Unheard-of Price Paid at Sale in Milwaukee in June

STORY OF CANADIAN BOY'S TEARS

This Boy Attended the Calf from the Time of Birth and Knows the Pleasures of Farm Work

Carnation King Sylvia the six-month-old son of May Echo Sylvia, world's champion milk cow for one to 100 days, was sold at the Holstein-Friesian sale in Milwaukee June 6, 7 and 8, for the astonishing and hitherto unheard-of price of \$106,000! The purchaser was E. A. Stewart, president of the far-famed Carnation Stock Farms, located at Seattle, Wash., and Oconomowoc, Wis. The breeder and seller of the calf was Arthur C. Hardy, Canadian lawyer, proprietor of Avondale Farm, Brockville, Ont. The price paid by Mr. Stewart is far and away the largest sum ever paid for a dairy animal, either at public or private sale.

To those who are inclined to be sceptical as to the wisdom of spending so much money on a young dairy bull, it may be said that the dairy industry of the country and the world at large is bound to derive considerable impetus from this transaction. Never in the history of the world has there been such a demand for high-grade dairy cattle. More milk and more butter are necessary for the building up of the future womanhood and manhood of the nation, and it is mainly through the intelligent foresight of our leading Holstein breeders that the principal food supply of the world is being sustained. Increased production can only be obtained by careful and judicious breeding, and in such bulls as Carnation King Sylvia lie the power wherewith to transmit the great milk-producing qualities so much sought after by the leading dairy cattle breeders of the day.

Mr. Stewart, when questioned in reference to his purchase, said: "I merely wanted to do my bit toward helping to improve the dairy industry by the breeding of better Holstein cows. Judging by the records of the ancestors of this bull, I believe I have purchased the best dairy bull in the world."

The story of the \$100,000 bull calf would not be complete without reference to Arthur Hay, the 15-year-old Canadian lad, who had attended the calf from birth to the time that it changed hands at Milwaukee. The boy's attachment to his pet calf was forcibly illustrated when, on being deprived of the honor of exhibiting the animal in the sales ring, he was found shedding tears at the thought of parting with his valuable charge. The matter being brought to the attention of the sales director, a reconciliation was promptly effected and Arthur's tears gave way at once to happy smiles. This little story of the attachment shown by this boy to his charge clearly points to the fact that the boys now on the dairy farms throughout the country can be kept there, provided they are given the opportunity of caring for something that is worth while. It pays to give animals extraordinary attention, and the boy on the farm likes to know that he is trusted to make good on the job. What Arthur Hay accomplished in bringing Carnation King Sylvia to such a high state of perfection that a price of \$106,000 was considered none too high for the calf, other boys can do. "Where there's a will there's a way."

GERMANS MAKE USE OF PAPER

An advertisement in a Berlin newspaper, reported by the "Information Belges," shows some of the many uses to which paper is being put in Germany. "Paper stuff for dresses and aprons. "Paper stuff for business suits. "Paper stuff for manufacture of suits. "Paper stuff for upholstery and tapestries. "Paper stuff for trunks and bags. "Paper stuff for bags, pillow cases and mattresses. "Splendidly assorted lot for sale."

NEWSPAPER QUILTS

The Geneseo News, one of the best papers in Henry county, published by George Chapin, has suspended publication. The reason given is the greatly increased cost of newspaper products and scarcity of efficient help, due to war conditions.

OVER THE TOP

Genoa Township Exceeds Its Quota in Drive for W. S. S. Pledges

Genoa again went over the top in a drive to help put the Kaiser and his gang out of business. This time the quota of \$40,720.00 for War Savings Stamps was exceeded by over two thousand dollars.

The township was well organized and the workers in the various school districts did some hustling. Every district but one went over the top with a good margin, with district No. 4 (Hickory Grove) carrying away the honors. The quota for this district was \$3360, and the amount actually pledged totalled \$6120.

The quota and amount raised in the nine districts follows:

	Quota	Pledged
1	\$15,800	\$16,790
2	2,920	2,965
3	4,780	4,955
4	3,360	6,120
5	4,170	4,460
6	1,550	1,870
7	3,710	3,000
9	2,950	3,405
13	1,480	1,740
Total	\$40,720	\$45,300

KEEP TAB ON WHEAT CROP

Threshing Crews Required to Make Report of Grain Threshed

Inquiries are being made by government officials concerning threshing outfits and threshing machines. The object of the inquiry is not definitely known, but it is believed that it is for the purpose of permitting threshing experts to remain on the farms in order that they might thresh the coming crops.

It is expected that as soon as the threshing commences every man who operates a thresher will have to make daily reports to the government, showing just how many bushels of grain were threshed, to whom it belongs and the manner in which it was disposed of, if it was disposed of. It is stated the idea of the government is to keep a record of every bushel of grain threshed in order to prevent hoarding, which has been practiced by farmers in Bureau and many other counties throughout the state.

THOSE WHO DIE IN FRANCE

Bodies Must Remain There Until After the War, Says Pershing

When the Americans in service in France—whether they are soldiers or sailors—give up their lives in the great cause, their bodies must remain there until the war is over. That is an official ruling by the war department. But their identities will not be confused, and their resting places will be kept green, according to an official statement of the war department, as follows:

"General Pershing has arranged with the French Government for sections of the country to be used as military cemeteries, and the quartermaster corps has organized and is now operating in France certain organizations called Grave Registration Units. These units are charged with the duty of burying the dead, caring for the cemeteries, and the identification records of those buried. This is done in such a manner that there will be no confusion or doubt as to the identity of any soldier now buried when his body is taken up to be transported home after the war. For obvious reasons no other conclusion could be arrived at under existing conditions, the main feature being that of ocean transportation."

HAS NARROW ESCAPE

Andrew Johnson in Bad Mix-up with Cultivators Monday

Andrew Johnson, who resides on the Preston farm, south of Genoa, is thanking his lucky stars that he is not in the hospital at the present time and it is remarkable that he escaped from the accident Monday without sustaining severe if not fatal injuries. He and the man were driving in from the field Monday evening, the former driving three horses hitched to a double-row cultivator, followed by the man with a double team and cultivator. The team driven by the man became frightened and ran amuck, heading straight for the team ahead. Mr. Johnson had no time to get out of the way and was in the midst of the smash-up that followed. The runaway team ran directly over the rig in front, the horses completely hurling the cultivator on which Mr. Johnson was riding, taking the second cultivator with them. After the dust

POLITICAL POT NOW BOILING

Many Candidates Out for Offices in DeKalb County

NO ORPOSITION TO JUDGE POND

Twelve Candidates in All with Four After the Job of County Superintendent of Schools.

The county political pot is beginning to boil merrily, but thus far the candidates have been unable to stir up much enthusiasm among the voters. If a candidate gets before the people this year he must make almost superhuman efforts for the average voter is very busy with his own affairs at present and must give no little time to war activities. It might be well at this time, however, to put the voter on his guard. Altho you may have little time to give the candidate as an individual, one should investigate thoroughly as to the qualifications of the candidate.

There are four candidates for the office of county superintendent of schools. The Republican-Journal has already expressed its opinion regarding the merits of the present incumbent, W. W. Coultas. He has been a hard working official, having gained a state-wide reputation for his activities in matters educational. Being an active, energetic man, who has not been backward in expressing his own opinion in matters which he championed, he has made some political enemies of course, but even those who censure him are compelled to acknowledge his spirit for things progressive. The principal argument in this campaign against Mr. Coultas is that "he has held the office long enough." Has he? The other candidates, all good, clean men, but untried in public office of this nature, are Mr. Osborne of DeKalb, Warren Hubbard of Somonauk and James E. Stone of Milan.

The present incumbent in the county clerk's office, S. M. Henderson, has opposition in the person of G. N. Blackman, city clerk of DeKalb. Mr. Blackman is one of DeKalb's most prominent men and comes before the people with a clean record as a citizen. Mr. Henderson has held the office of county clerk for some time and has proven himself to be an able, efficient and accommodating official. We know that he is qualified for the job.

For treasurer we have W. M. Hay of Sycamore and E. B. Still, a druggist of DeKalb. There is no question regarding Mr. Hay's qualifications for the office, but many voters still remember his attitude toward the party from which he now asks patronage, in the past Mr. Still is another one of the bar city's good men, and no doubt is qualified for the job or he would not make an attempt to land the plum. Sheriff Scott's withdrawal from the race, at a time when his nomination and election was practically conceded, is a mystery to those on the "outside."

For sheriff we have as candidates, Emerson Andrews, the present deputy, of Sycamore, a man of ability and one in whom the voters may place confidence. Henry Decker, also of Sycamore, formerly of South Grove, is a candidate for sheriff again. He made a clean campaign four years ago and will be a strong candidate this fall. Then we also have a candidate from DeKalb for this office in Frank Riddell, the present chief of police of that city.

It will be noticed that both DeKalb and Sycamore are very modest in placing candidates in the field. All they want is most everything and under the present methods of political procedure these two cities will probably always be in the front row when it comes to seeking county office. We do not blame them if they can get away with it.

Judge Pond is again a candidate for county judge and will have no opposition. It is conceded by those who are in touch with members of the DeKalb county bar and politicians generally that he is one of the most efficient judges on the bench in Illinois and to take a chance on going after his goat would be a long one.

had settled it was found that Johnson was unconscious, while one of the runaway horses was badly injured. The victim soon recovered and was able to get about, altho badly bruised and scratched. Both the cultivators were wrecked.

BOY BIT BY DOG

Brute Sinks Its Teeth Into Cheek of Lad Last Saturday

The little son of Sherman Marsh, mechanic employed at the Hoover Garage, was bitten in the cheek by a large dog last Saturday, and so deeply into the flesh were the teeth sunk that cauterizing was necessary. It is not assumed that the dog was afflicted with rabies, but that fact does not lessen the horror of the situation in the least. We do not know who claims ownership to the big brute that bit the boy, but we do know that it is all out of reason to allow such a dog to roam the streets without a muzzle at his time of the year especially, or any other time for that matter. There is an ordinance which expressly provides that dogs be muzzled during the summer months. Why wait until some person is chewed up before complying with the law?

Why have such a brute running about town anyway? If a person is bound to keep a dog, he should make an effort to keep him at home now or be dead sure that he is harmless, and no dog is harmless unless he is muzzled during the summer months.

Under the best of conditions dogs are a nuisance, a menace and worthless except as a pet. Sometimes it is advisable to sacrifice our indulgences for the sake of bettering conditions.

ARMY VS. CIVIL MORTALITY

Fort Totten Paper Gives Risk Ages of Enlisted Men

According to the editors of Tot, a weekly newspaper published by the enlisted men of Fort Totten, a person lives longer in the army than he does in civil life. Considerable space was devoted to this question in their weekly issue which came out last week. One of the leading articles gives figures compiled by Allen Albert on war mortality statistics. According to these calculations more soldiers will return home from the war than mothers imagine. These are the figures as to soldiers' chances: "Twenty-nine chances to coming home to one chance of being killed; ninety-eight chances of recovery from wounds to two chances of dying; one chance in 500 of losing a limb. A soldier will live five years longer because of the physical training, is freer from disease in the army than in civil life, and has better medical care at the front than at home because it is compulsory. In other wars from ten to fifteen men died from disease to one from bullets, and this war is less wasteful of life than any other in history."

HOW SOLDIERS ARE FED AT SEA

People Who Think that Uncle Sam's Men are Not Well Fed, Read

An account of how soldiers are fed at sea is given in the daily newspaper published on the transport:

"Outside of providing 210,000 meals at sea, the mess officer of the ship has very little to do. Very little."

"He is only called upon to provide, by the regulations, 180 different varieties of food. That's all. Ever try to order 180 different things to eat? Yet this is the authentic list."

"The food needed to feed several thousand men at sea ranges beyond the glutton's dreams. You get the answer in the ship down below the water line, where 7,290 loaves of bread have been baked in one day, and where you stumble over every variety, from 60,000 pounds of beef to 132,000 eggs, or a compartment of brick ice cream in a 10 degree above zero vault."

"And if this doesn't suit you can bump along into 49,324 pounds potatoes, 7,100 pounds of ham and bacon, 7,800 pounds of butter, 9,200 pounds of sugar and 61,500 pounds of flour. "If you can't get a meal out of this you can still fall back on 4,600 pounds of sausage, 3,400 pounds of sauerkraut 25,000 pounds of apples, 19,000 pounds of oranges, and 4,200 pounds of onions. And this leaves out 1,600 pounds of jam and 9,400 pounds of lima and navy beans."

RED CROSS NOTES

Since the last publication of list of new members, the following have joined the Red Cross: Mrs. Elizabeth Drendel, Mrs. Elizabeth Dumoulin.

Donations since last publication: H. O. A. Club of New Lebanon, \$5.00; Kilkare Club, \$5.00.

During the month of June the following articles were made by the Genoa Chapter: 34 sweaters, 54 pairs socks, 39 hospital shirts, 19 pajama suits.

CHAUTAUQUA IS NEXT MONTH

Six Big Days Under Big Tent in Genoa August Seventh to Twelfth

TICKETS \$2.00 PLUS 20c WAR TAX

The Chautauqua this Year will Kindle Patriotic Enthusiasm as Never Before—Good Programs

There can be but one reason for the holding of chautauquas this year and that is, to aid in winning the war. It is providential that chautauqua was born in America as it came into existence in time to give sufficient impetus and to be of vital importance in molding public opinion. Although a free platform it stands four square on all issues of patriotism. The government is backing it, and it is backing the government.

"Its roots," as Doctor Crane said in a recent article in the Chicago Daily News, "are deep in the American character, its ideas that of a free assemblage of a sovereign people, every soul a king, every man looking upon the problems of the world, its governments and its morals with a disposing eye."

"In war time the chautauqua may be of invaluable service. Battles are won not only by the soldiers at the front but also by the spirit of the people at home. Equipped by long preparation in times of peace, the chautauqua camps all over the country, are now prepared, as in no other agency, to 'keep the home fires burning,' to maintain that intelligent patriotism, that clear understanding of what we are fighting for and indomitable resolution to win and that cheerfulness and courage which are needed in order to make America 100 per cent efficient in her gigantic task of making the world safe for democracy."

Most earnestly is the Lincoln Chautauqua endeavoring to measure up to its high obligation and opportunity in presenting just a message and helpful influence as will make for the maintenance of that intelligent patriotism, etc. which Dr. Crane says are needed in order to make America 100 per cent efficient.

Therefore, we as a community are performing a great and noble act of patriotism in the promotion of our Chautauqua Assembly this year and we earnestly urge all to get under this proposition and help make this year's chautauqua big with success and replete with blessings and lasting in its splendid influence.

There will be fifteen or more high grade, but distinctly different attractions in the full 6-days' program to start August 7 next. They will consist of musical companies, entertainers and lecturers, all top-notch quality; in fact they will be the best the chautauqua affords.

The price of the season ticket is \$2.00 (plus 20c war tax) for twelve sessions if you are over 15. One dollar (plus 10c war tax) if you are under 15. No charge if you're under 8 years.

Lieutenant W. R. MacDonald



We are fortunate in securing the services of Lieutenant MacDonald, who will deliver a stirring address on "The Great World War," the evening of the fourth day of our Chautauqua.

These are stirring days, and no Chautauqua program would be complete without a message by a man directly from the trenches. Lieutenant MacDonald is a graduate of Toronto university, a fluent speaker,

STATE INSTITUTIONS

Governor Lowden in Statement Concerning Serious Question

Governor Lowden on Wednesday of this week made the following statement:

The state institutions are confronted by a serious situation. A large number of the most expert in the various departments of the state government have been requested for service in Washington. Many others have enlisted in the army and still others have been tempted by high wages to enter private industries. We have been glad in most instances to make this large contribution to the winning of the war. We realize that many branches of the state service must be inevitably crippled during the war.

There is one place, however, at which our losses on account of the war have reached the danger point. This is the conduct of our state institutions. Other departments of the state government must content themselves with doing the best they can, no matter how many men they lose to the government. The departments of public welfare and public health, however, are in every essential a part of any sound war program.

Our people have become so engrossed in the war that they are forgetting the obligations of service at home.

Willing and anxious, as we all are to do everything that is possible to help win the war, we must remember that the state institutions may not be closed, and our people must realize that service in them is essential service just as necessary and just as patriotic as service at the front.

It will avail us nothing to win battles for humanity abroad unless we maintain the obligations to humanity which these institutions impose upon us at home.

The hospital for the insane, the correctional institutions and the homes for other defective and helpless members of society must be kept going. To keep them going we must have men and women to do the work.

It must be made known that those who enter the institution service of the state will serve their country precisely as well and as usefully as those who enlist in the army, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A.

In some instances, our entire medical staff, with the exception of the superintendent and assistant superintendent, have gone into the service of the Government, with the result that we have had to take whatever untrained help we could get.

The nursing service is as bad. Practically all trained nurses, below the grade of chief nurse, have gone. Young women are needed to act as attendants, clean, safe and profitable positions of essential service.

The situation is alarming and we must have the cooperation of the public if we are to keep the institutions going.

NEXT LIBERTY LOAN PLANS

According to Figures Genoa's Quota will be Double that of Last

The forthcoming loan for war needs will exceed in volume any sum ever undertaken by any government in the world, Mr. Stead, the Chicago reserve bank attaché, said recently. "From what we know now it will be about six billion dollars against three billion offered in the third Liberty Loan."

If the issue is to reach the six billion total, it will mean that DeKalb county will be called upon to subscribe double its quota of a few months ago, when the allotment was about \$1,500,000.

Genoa was called on to subscribe for \$50,000 and if the next issue is to reach the volume talked of, this city will be expected to raise not less than \$100,000. A big sum, but it must be taken because the war needs are imperative and the people who remain at home must provide the means to fight the war while the young men face the battle lines in France.

er, possessing all the splendid characteristics of a Scotchman and able to tell his unusual experiences at the front, in an entertaining and instructive manner.

He enlisted as a private, served fourteen months in France, was promoted to lieutenant, and saw action at Kennel (Nessey), Ypres (Zillebek Hill 69), St. Elol and the Somme. After having been discharged from the hospital in April and recuperating in Bermuda, he returned with new vigor to meet these important Chautauqua engagements.

NEWSPAPERS ARE HIT BY WAR TAX

Tax on All Advertising Prohibits Further "Free" Notices

THE INCREASED POSTAGE RATES

Makes It Necessary that All Out-of-State Subscribers and Those out of County Pay in Advance

Perhaps the newspaper industry has been hit no harder than many others on account of war prices for material, but it is a double cinch that the newspapers have been bumped good and plenty. Many have gone out of business, others are gasping for breath and still others, including the Republican-Journal, have cut down running expenses to the lowest possible level and still be able to get the work out.

On the first of July comes another bump in taxation and postage. Hereafter the postage on papers going out of the county is greatly increased, making it absolutely ruinous for a publisher to send papers to subscribers unless he is dead sure that the money is coming sometime. This is never sure, however. We have many out-of-town subscribers who are as good as gold and who always pay promptly when they receive a statement, but there are always many others that let the matter run for years and frequently eternally. Under the conditions as they now exist, no publisher can do business in this manner and hope to buy Liberty Bonds or even break even. The Republican-Journal is now revising its list of out-of-town subscribers and will insist that all those residing outside the county be paid up. After a certain length of time, final notice will be given thru these columns and those who are not paid up will be taken off the list. If there is a balance due at that time, the account will be turned over to a collection agency. Look at your label today. If you are not paid up, let us have a check at once.

The Republican-Journal is willing to pay this extra postage to help Uncle Sam win the war, and glad that it can help in that way, but this extra burden must come from a profit and not from a loss.

In the matter of tax on all advertising, Uncle Sam's new ruling is to the effect that every newspaper must pay a war tax on all advertising matter carried, whether said advertising is a gift from the publisher or is being paid for.

Here again the Republican-Journal is glad of the privilege of contributing to the cause. We have also been perfectly willing in the past to donate all advertising for the various causes in city and county which was of interest to the general public. We would like to continue giving this advertising, but really cannot afford to pay for the privilege.

Beginning with this issue, therefore, everything of an advertising nature that appears in The Republican-Journal will be collected for at the regular advertising rates. There can be no more free space. The revenue collector will not ask the publisher "how much space was paid for?" His job will be to ascertain how much advertising the paper carried and the rates.

You may ask us what constitutes advertising matter. In answer to this we will say that advertising is giving publicity to anything that is being given or sold for gain, whether by an individual or society. Entertainments, public gatherings and occasions of like nature, where no admission fee is charged, do not come under the head of advertising, but anything that is given for profit constitutes advertising. All events to be held in the future (for church and benevolent purposes) will be given one mention from a news standpoint. Additional publicity must be treated as advertising and a charge made at the regular rates.

During the past year The Republican-Journal and all other papers have donated hundreds of dollars worth of space to the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Liberty Loan drives and other causes of a like nature. We will continue to do this during the war, for just as much as the soldier, the newspapers have enlisted their services. It is advertising, but will not be so considered by the government.

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

American Efforts in Great War Are Lauded by British Official

By SIR FREDERICK E. SMITH, Attorney General



We in this country realize the immense contribution America is making to the fighting forces of the allies and we are glad Americans are here now to see the spirit of the British and the sacrifices they are prepared to make.

Never has that spirit stood higher and never have the British been more resolute to maintain the struggle, even for twenty years, in order that democracy might win and Germany be shattered.

Undue and excessive expectations were entertained regarding the speed with which the American contribution could be got ready. I never had any illusions on this point. America was called upon to do in one moment a task a hundred times greater than any nation in the world's history has been called upon to accomplish. Never has a nation undertaken such commitments or flung itself more thoroughly into its task.

The very fact that we have with us in this war the sons and grandsons of men who fought in the great struggle between the North and the South is a source of encouragement and a precious consolation. It is well that Englishmen and Americans should be brought together. They should create a warm friendship, as their differences are only superficial.

It is worth at least something that the Anglo-Saxon races, the legatees of a precious civilization, should make an imperishable friendship. If that is the result, then even the shipwreck of this terrible war will not have been entirely for naught.

Ill Health Brought to Millions of People by Lack of Vegetables

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M. D., in Physical Culture

It is notorious that in this land of plenty and reckless exploitation of natural resources there should be—not thousands but millions—who don't know the taste of a green salad or succulent vegetable, or a ripe orange or grapefruit from one late summer or autumn to the next. Their winter-time conception of a vegetable is a boiled potato or a can of tomatoes.

Hundreds of hotels, thousands of boarding houses and scores of thousands of families—ignorant of the fundamental meaning of a "balanced ration"—hold that peas or rice or beans are "vegetably" enough to accompany a dish of pork or beef.

They ignore—if indeed they ever knew—the fact that rice is a carbohydrate, a starch product, almost identical with the potato or bread they already have—and that peas or beans are a sort of vegetable meat hash, containing 22.85 per cent of protein (a nitrogen product, like meat) and 52.36 per cent of starch.

And all the while these millions are suffering from the lack of essential mineral salts—lime, potash, iron and other elements that enter largely into the composition of bones, teeth, nerves and other cell structures.

As a consequence we Americans have the most rachitic bones, the softest, poorest teeth and the most unstable nerves of any civilized people. A perfect set of teeth is hardly to be found in a child, and among adults they are less frequently met with than are molars among hens.

Vitamins, too, those unanalyzed and indefinable but tremendously important substances that contribute so much to the general physiological "tone" of the body, are missing if lettuce, celery, apples and other uncooked vegetables and fruit are missing from the dietary.

But most of all the "hay"—the bulk, made up of the fiber and cellulose of vegetables—is lacking when vegetables and foods, low in actual food values but rich in water, are lacking. This is the chief reason why the American is the most constipated biped on earth.

Merely Cutting Down Courses in No Sense Lessens Food Consumption

By HARRIET CULVER

Returning again and again, as we must, to the subject of conservation, we find that, after all, we are returning rapidly to the norm.

The period of fads seems to be passing and the wheels are slipping, if not back into the old ruts, at least back where the going is smoother.

There's the matter of the course dinner, for instance. The elimination of superfluous courses seemed the most patriotic thing imaginable a few months ago and the hostess who dared to serve a one-course dinner instead of three or four courses was dubbed at once one of our most patriotic women.

But now even the government sees that merely cutting down the number of courses in no sense lessens consumption, but does, as a matter of fact, really increase the consumption of the very foods we are trying hardest to conserve.

Our soldiers may have a penchant for hors d'œuvres, but the government commissariat countenances no such frills, and we presume that they eventually become contented with their restricted but substantial menus.

So, when wishing to ape government simplicity, we also cut out hors d'œuvre, what do we do? Show our patriotism? By no means. We make a still greater demand upon the substantial which the government sorely needs a monopoly of in so far as is possible.

It has been shown that small course meals actually increase the consumption of meat and wheat by 30 per cent because restricted meals do not so readily satisfy and thus extra portions are called for.

Let us, then, if we would be up and doing in true copybook style, go back to the courses that dally with lobster and terrapin and duck, game and sea foods, because by so doing we will be lessening our demand for the staples which the army must and will have. We will be just as good patriots as we were before the war and we'll be steadying market conditions as well.

Besides, we all have a weakness for a varied diet anyway, and it's such a comfort to know we can indulge our palates ad lib, as it were.

SOY BEANS GOOD AS STAPLE CROP

Important for Improvement of Soil and Possess High Feeding Value.

HAY VERY VALUABLE FORAGE

Cattle and Horses Like It and Is More Nutritious Than Cowpeas—Waste Beans Pastured With Swine With Much Profit.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The soy bean is destined to take a very important place in the agriculture of the cotton belt, not only as a means of improving the soil but also as a feed and commercial crop. It has already been grown with marked success in many parts of the south, and in one section of northeastern North Carolina has become a staple crop.

The primary use of soy beans, as now handled in the south, is to improve the soil. It is a legume, and through the bacteria that form nodules on the roots of the plant it has power to use the free nitrogen in the air. Farmers say that ordinarily as a result of planting soy beans one year the yields of the succeeding crops are increased from 10 to 25 per cent, and where soy beans are planted in rotation for several years the yields of other crops are frequently increased by 50 per cent, apparently as a result of the soy bean alone. In northeastern North Carolina soy beans have practically replaced cowpeas, and the soy bean is now the only legume largely used for soil-improvement purposes in that section.

Feed for Live Stock.

A second use of soy beans is as feed for live stock. Soy-bean hay is a valuable forage, excelling cowpea hay. Cattle and horses like it better and it is more nutritious. The soy-bean hulls, stems, and leaves left from thrashing are used for feeding livestock, and some farmers feed nothing else to the work stock for roughage the year around. Waste beans left from harvesting, and soy beans planted in corn, are pastured by hogs with profit, and the forage left on the land is pastured by cattle and horses. A field of soy beans is sometimes hogged down without any other harvesting; but this is not a common practice, for the crop can generally be used more profitably in other ways. Soy beans make a soft pork, much like the peanut-fed product.



Cultivating Soy Beans.

The pork may be hardened by adding corn to the ration while pasturing or by feeding on corn alone after taking the hogs off of the soy beans.

Important Commercial Crop.

Lastly, the bean itself is an important commercial product. The beans are sold for seed, for canning, and for using in other ways for human food, and for oil and meal. At present the demand for seed takes a large proportion of the beans produced. Canning companies use the beans for mixing with navy beans. Considerable quantities of beans are retailed to consumers, who use them much like navy beans. Of recent years cotton-oll mills have been using the beans for expressing oil and producing meal. The machinery that is used for crushing cotton seed can be used for crushing soy beans, and as the average cotton-oll mill is in operation only about half the year these mills can be used without added cost of equipment for handling soy beans. A ton of soy beans, 33-1-3 bushels, will yield approximately 240 pounds of oil and 1,620 pounds of meal, the amount depending upon the character of the beans and the efficiency of the manufacturing operations.

PROFITABLE COW WILL HELP

Goes Long Way Toward Assisting in Feeding Our Armed Forces—Scrub Animal Is Slacker.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The profitable dairy cow helps to feed our armed forces and will help us win the war, but the low producing, unprofitable scrub is little better than a slacker. The unprofitable cow may enjoy perfect health and have a large appetite; she may even belong to one of the best cow families, but if she is not an economic producer she should be converted into meat.

PROPER MANNER FOR HANDLING HAY CROP

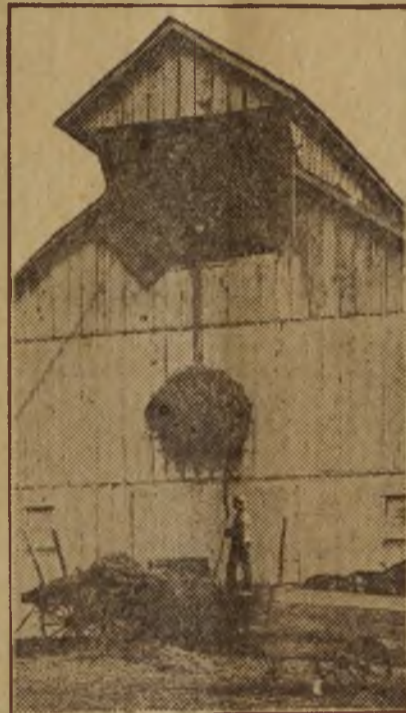
When Exposed to Successive Rains It Is Injured in Quality.

Many Farmers With Small Acreage Disregard Dewfall and Prefer to Mow in Afternoon, Thus Giving Hay Chance to Wilt.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is a matter of common knowledge that hay exposed to successive rains is injured in quality and loses in aroma and palatability. A light rain or a heavy dew does but little injury to freshly cut hay in the swath. Indeed, many farmers whose acreage is not large disregard dewfall and prefer to mow hay in the afternoon, thus giving the hay a chance to wilt overnight. Rain causes partly cured hay to become bleached and moldy, and continued warm rains dissolve and carry away a considerable portion of the nutrients.

Hay should never be raked, cocked, or put into the stack or barn when



Hay Should Not Be Rushed to Barn Before It Is Properly Cured.

there is any dew or rain on it. Such hay is very liable to mold or heat, and even spontaneous combustion may occur.

If a rain comes on when the hay is partly cured in the swath, it is bad practice to rake it into windrows, for it will be damaged no more in the swath than in the windrow. Hay that gets wet in the windrow will have to be spread out later to dry. The same holds true about cocking. In case of rain, nothing is gained by hurriedly cocking or bunching hay that is almost cured, unless large hay caps are put on the cock. When such hay is rushed into the cock it will not turn water and will be wet all the way through, and if not scattered out after the rain is over will soon begin to heat and will spoil.

TILLAGE OPERATIONS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Numerous cost-account records collected by the office of farm management, United States department of agriculture, show that on the average diversified American farm the cost of tillage operations comprises from 30 to 40 per cent of the total cost of farm operations. Probably half the total amount of cultivation required is necessary only for controlling weeds, and in many instances practically all intertillage could be eliminated without affecting crop yields if by other means weeds were prevented from growing.

WATER SUPPLY FOR POULTRY

As Necessary for Fowls as Sufficient Quantity of Food—Different Types of Vessels.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A supply of pure drinking water frequently renewed is as necessary for poultry as sufficient supplies of food.

There are two different types of drinking vessels for poultry in common use: Open vessels—pails, pans, crocks and the like; and drinking fountains so constructed that dust and dirt cannot get into the water except by way of a very small exposed surface.

These quite opposite types of drinking vessel are about equally popular with poultry keepers. Open vessels catch more dirt and dust but are more easily cleaned. Closed fountains may be used much longer without cleaning, but if allowed to become foul are harder to clean thoroughly.

Placing open drinking vessels on a shelf a foot or more above the floor prevents the hens from scratching coarse litter into them but does not keep out fine dust which floats in the air and settles in the water.

Thoroughly rinsing open vessels once a day and scalding drinking fountains once or twice a week will usually keep them as clean as necessary.

WISE AND AUDACIOUS BIRD

Story of the Indian Crow That Illustrates Well His Most Uncanny Knowingness.

Travelers in the Orient have much to say about the Indian crow, a bird that for uncanny knowingness and prankish audacity has perhaps no equal.

Corvus splendens—thus have ornithologists labelled him; but a famous naturalist who knows the breed at first hand has called them "shreds of Satan, cinders from Tartarus." To give these implish creatures their due, however, it should be said that life in India is not a little enlivened by their presence. Here is a characteristic tale of their doings:

A small hawk had seized a little bird and perched on a leafless branch to devour his prey. The spectacle drew two crows to the spot. They hopped and flapped from branch to branch noisily discussing the strategy of their intended raid.

Then one of them quietly slipped away through the surrounding foliage. At the same time his mate flew in front of the perched hawk, and hovering steadily within a foot of his beak maintained a bustling menace of snatching the titbit.

That effectively compelled the attention of the hawk. His prey grasped firmly beneath his feet, he angrily hissed and lunged at the hovering nuisance. So lively was the skirmish that the human onlooker forgot the existence of the second crow. But now that wily bird reappeared some distance in the rear of his destined victim.

With stealthy sidings and short, noiseless flights he drew near. Then he made a swift dash, seized the hawk's long barred tail by the tip, hung on with all his weight and toppled the luckless hawk in a complete back somersault from the branch. The released titbit was instantly seized by the first crow, and the clever pair bore off their booty with much triumphant cawing.

IS DUTY OF ALL TO BE FIT

National Efficiency Demands That All Citizens Keep Themselves in Good Physical Condition.

There are thousands, perhaps millions, of individuals who might be willing to die for their country—if the accident of being of military age and fortunes of war should occasion such a sacrifice—who apparently are not willing to reform their personal habits and go into training to improve themselves personally for the sake of adding to our combined national efficiency.

And yet I believe that if any one of these men is once brought to see this question in its right light he will not hesitate to do anything and everything to improve himself. It is a personal duty, and it is a national duty.

Why should only the soldiers go into training? Success in modern warfare is said to be based 70 per cent or more upon industrial and business efficiency. Then why should not the workers and business men go into training to make themselves as vigorous, fit and efficient as our soldiers?

The wear and tear of business administrations will sometimes be found just as trying as the rigors of military life. Vast numbers of business men die prematurely in middle age, just when their business or professional success most requires their continued energy and direction.

One should be fit for any emergency. The requirements of war and business are after all not so different as one might suppose. In either case, it is primarily a matter of building vitality, organic strength, nerve strength and that quality of "resistance" needed to endure a strain of any kind that may be placed upon one.

Don't Pronounce It "e-tis."

A New York writer takes physicians to task for their almost universal mispronunciation of words ending in "itis" by giving the first "i" the long "e" sound. He says this causes many other persons to feel uncertain whether appendicitis is pronounced with the two final syllables "e-tis" or "i-tis," with other words of the class—colitis, tonsillitis and so on—in the same uncertainty. He says that according to the rules of English-Latin pronunciation usually followed in scientific terminology (whether from the Latin or the Greek) by English-speaking scientists the termination "i-tis" is correct. The proper pronunciation of appendicitis therefore would be appen-dis-i-tis, which makes the "i-tis" like the i in ice and not as e in eel.

The writer says further: "According to Webster—'itis' is correct and that the pronunciation 'e-tis,' so often heard, is perhaps due to German influence. The German scientists have brought about this change and if we are to use the term in a correct way we should adhere to the rules of English-Latin pronunciation. This suggestion of the possible German influence will probably go further to establish a correct pronunciation than respect for English-Latin terminology.

All She Gets.

"I done had to go out collectin' foh de missionary society," explained the old colored woman who was wanted for some housework, according to Harris Dickson.

"But I have work for you to do, and you need all the money you can get. What do you get paid for collectin'?" asked Mrs. Dickson.

"I don't get paid," said Mandy. "I only gets what I collections."—Christian Register.

NEGRO BOY IS SAVED BY DREAM

Acts on Vision and, Sure Enough, Dynamite Goes Off.

Bristol, Tenn.—Had Benjamin Scott, foreman of the city stone quarries here, heeded the dream of Johnnie Briggs, a fourteen-year-old negro boy of dwarf proportions, he would have escaped death in a dynamite explosion.

The negro youth, who assists in work about the pumping station and blacksmith shop, said to Scott only a few minutes before the explosion: "Mistah Scott, I see done told you to put de lid on dat dynamite. I dreamed las' night dat dis dynamite an already 'sploded. I see not goin' to stay in here any more unless you covers dat box."

Then young Briggs "lit out," leaving Scott preparing to use the force and anvil, with the dynamite still uncovered.



The Dynamite Exploded.

A few minutes later the dynamite exploded, probably due to a flying spark.

Scott's legs were blown off, a negro laborer was seriously injured and a third man was hurled through the doorway.

Johnnie Briggs says the shadow of a bad dream will put him under cover quicker than that long-range German gun.

MAD STEER ON A RAMPAGE

Holds Five Men Prisoner in Trees Until Finally Dispatched by Rifle Shot.

Paxinos, Pa.—Five men were held prisoners in trees on the farm of Galen Clark, a butcher, when a big steer suddenly became mad, broke away from a herd that was being driven to the slaughter house and viciously attacked them.

Harvey Lewis, a man of powerful physique, tried conclusions with the steer, was tossed high in the air, attacked by the animal when he landed on the ground and suffered a badly fractured right leg and other injuries, necessitating his removal to the State hospital.

Shotguns were procured by farmers who went to the rescue of the men in the trees. Ten charges were fired into the infuriated steer, but it was not until Claude Lewis, a boy, brought a high-powered rifle into service that the steer was killed. The animal's body was fairly riddled with shot.

Thirteen Pool Balls Prove Rather Unlucky

St. Louis.—Thirteen is an unlucky number for Edward Schneider. He was arrested here by Patrolman Gratiot, who noticed his pockets bulging out. Investigation showed they contained 13 pool balls.

"I just knew I was going to get into trouble when they were given to me," Schneider said. "Thirteen is an unlucky number."

"BABY" PROVES TO BE RYE

Booze Wrapped Up to Resemble Infant Costs Man 60-Day Sentence.

Greeley, Col.—Six quarts of whisky, wrapped to resemble a baby, and clasped fondly to the breast of Mrs. Jesus Leon, cost her husband a sentence of 60 days in jail.

The solicitous care with which Mrs. Leon and her husband guarded the "baby" aroused the suspicions of officers when the pair alighted from a train arriving from Wyoming. Investigation disclosed a six-quart demijohn containing rare old rye. Mrs. Leon told the officers her husband had forced her to the deception.

Leon was sentenced for bootlegging.

Young Bride Disappears. Chicago.—Strange visions that suddenly obsessed Mrs. Mary Shields, nineteen, bride of ten months, in connection with her mother's death two years ago, are believed to be responsible for her disappearance. A country-wide search is being made for her.

THIEF SMACKED BY SMOKED FISH

Ketchup Bottle in Hand of Nimble Lady Aids in Robber Rout.

"SPORT" ALSO ASSISTS

Hound Distracts Bandit by Taking Mouthful of His Person—The Diversion Gives Ladies Chance to Act.

Chicago.—Well, sir, after what happened the other day Orin Dunning of 850 Englewood avenue is beginning to believe fate indulged in a mischievous flip when he was named.

Orin is large, loose, and shambling and a soulful look adorns his Ethiopian phiz. On the day in question he provided himself with a portentous six-gun and laid a course for the delicatessen of the Miles, Agnes and Alice Crane, young women of his own race, at 6651 South State street, it being Orin's notion to provide himself with a free snack of victuals.

Now, Agnes and Alice keep store with the aid and encouragement of a nondescript hound called Sport. Sport does not take kindly to strangers, nor did he now relax his vigilance when he beheld a sad and nervous king of the Congo poking a revolver toward Miss Agnes Crane. He slid quickly round the end of a counter and quietly and expertly took a mouthful of Orin's person.

Swat! Goes the Halibut. Thus distracted from the business of robbery, which until this moment had been most important in his mind, Mr. Dunning opened his capacious mouth and gave vent to a shriek which might well have been heard out at One Hundred and Eighty-ninth street.

Miss Agnes, being neither dull witted nor slothful, seized this interval with great happiness and dealt Mr. Dunning a powerful swat with a smoked halibut, this being the only



Expertly Took a Mouthful of Orin's Person.

weapon convenient. Mr. Dunning dropped his revolver and Miss Agnes snatched it up with amazing celerity, thrusting the muzzle into Mr. Dunning's midriff, which is a terrifying thing to think upon.

"Come here, Alice," said she to her sister, "you take this smoke wagon and keep it aimed at this gentleman less he gets fresh whilst I call the police."

Orin's Tactical Error. Alice did as she was bid. But she must have been nervous, for when Agnes returned, Mr. Dunning had resumed possession of the revolver and now it was Alice who stood stretching her hands aloft. This was where Mr. Dunning erred. He should have loped away and not remained to gloat.

Miss Agnes, returning, was annoyed beyond measure. She grabbed up a bottle of ketchup and let it fly with such zeal that the bottle bashed Mr. Dunning about his high ear, spattering him with the rich, red condiment and stretching him faint and helpless upon the floor, bathed in the gore of preserved tomatoes. Then the police came.

Orin abides in the Grand Crossing jail and Miss Agnes wants to know who is coming across for the price of a bottle of prime ketchup.

BEAR HOLDS EXPRESS CAR

Breaks From His Corral and Messenger Takes to His Heels.

Vicksburg, Miss.—Breaking from his crate in an express car, a big black bear being shipped from Shreveport to an Alabama point had complete possession of the car all the way from Shreveport to Meridian—a 300-mile ride one Sunday.

When the bear broke loose the messenger scurried from the car and bolted the door. It was not until Meridian was reached that an improvised bear trap permitted the capture of the animal. On the journey the bear had a pleasant time, eating a crate of chickens and three five-gallon buckets of ice cream.

Dawn's Early Light

By FRANK RIGNEY

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Six rows of stars, eight in a row. Forty-eight white stars twinkling on a blue square. Seven long lines of red and six of white rippling, waving, gathering up and flying out straight again. A setting sun sending out red beams of light that mingled with and faded away among the early peeping stars far overhead dipped a parting salute to Old Glory. Old Glory, illumined by the red golden rays, looking more resplendent and glorious than ever, waved back an acknowledgment.

Such was the picture Jack Cody gazed on. Jack, a fine, hearty, clean-cut boy of fifteen years, was the son of a lumberman and lived in a small wooden house on the outskirts of a village that was situated away off over so far from trolley cars, subways and skyscrapers. Jack was a boy of the woods. The forest was for him school and playground and was frequently his bedroom.

This particular June evening Jack, resting after a strenuous day, was sitting on a pile of lumber and gazing at the flagpole newly erected on the "town hall."

News, a speedy traveler, where telephones, papers and crowds mix, seemed to slow up and get down to a crawl when it journeyed toward Jack's town. It had to work miles upstream against rolling logs, along old, rocky trails and through long stretches of woods, lakes and other things that go to make up a virgin country. This time it had put on a little extra speed, being helped along by some surveyors who had come as the advance guards of a party of railroad engineers and workmen. The news was big news. It was the president's war declaration, and it had the village buzzing with excitement. The surveyors had brought the flag along and one of them had left behind him a pencil, colored blue at one end and red at the other. Jack was the lucky finder of the pencil and with it he was endeavoring on a piece of white wrapping paper to portray the scene spread before him. The trees, hills, houses and view in general proving too much for him, he concentrated on the flag.

"Forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes," said Jack. "Gosh, but it is some flag! I wonder who invented it?"

His picture finished, he climbed down from the log pile and wandered towards the "town hall" to proudly display to some of his boy friends his copy of Old Glory. From nowhere in particular, similar to that mysterious place from which conjurers produce cards and rabbits, Jack's friends produced pieces of paper of various shades and shapes and the young artist was surrounded by a noisy crowd shouting, "A flag for me, Jack!" "Make me one!" "Do one for me!"

Across the main street, the one and only street of the village, was a group of men quietly discussing the news and asking questions of an elderly man whose appearance showed him to be a newcomer to the place.

The commotion created by the clamoring boys brought the quiet discussion of the men to an end and the stranger strolled over to know what the uproar meant.

"Good!" he exclaimed, when he found out. "Great, boys, great! That's the spirit, boys," he said, "but easy there, fellows, until I ask you a few questions. What are you going to do with your flags?"

"Stick it in my window," shouted one boy. "Paste it on the wall over my bed between Lincoln and Washington," said another—and so on until it seemed that the little village would be papered from end to end with the flags that Jack had not yet drawn.

"Fine!" said the inquirer. "Fine! Let me ask you, boys, now that I know what you are going to do with your flag, what you know about your flag—and what you are going to do for your flag? I ask you what you are going to do?"

A silence that could be almost heard descended on the crowd and the boys looked uneasily at each other. "I didn't know that the flag wanted me to do anything for it," spoke up Jack, much to the relief of his friends, as the stranger's attention was drawn from them and directed to Jack.

"Come into the hall, my boy, get your friends to round up a few of the men, as many as they can, and let them all come, and I'll try and tell you and your friends a little story of the flag waving up there on the pole."

Very quickly the big room filled and it seemed as though Jack would have to get busy penciling out "Standing Room Only" notices, when the man who called the meeting had commenced his story.

There is no occasion to follow in detail all he told the men and boys of the Stars and Stripes, for that would be telling you something, friend reader, that you already know forwards and backwards. Sufficient to say that he commenced with the tale of Betsy Ross and the first flag, the adoption on June 14, 1777, by congress of the Stars and Stripes; that he told stories of countless heroes whose lives were given up so that Old Glory might ever wave free, the emblem of liberty to all; that he explained the wearing of the colors and the high ideals that they represented.

"It is glorious to die for the flag," he said, "but equally glorious to live for it, and that living for it means living for America, working and striving unceasingly for the betterment of all, 'One for all, all for one.'"

A powerful full-house chorus rendering "The Star Spangled Banner" under the leadership of the stranger brought the informal gathering to a most enthusiastic end.

Jack was impressed very, very much and strolled home lost in deep thought. A person walking close by Jack would have heard him muttering to himself, "Gee!" and "Gosh!"

Boom! Boom! Ziz! Ziz! Zip! Bang! Boom! Crash! Bang! Jack never heard such a tremendous noise before. Rushing to his bedroom window, he gazed awestruck at the sight that presented itself to him. The village was in flames—men were rushing hither and thither shouting, calling and yelling for help. Jack dashed out, hatless and breathless. Bang! A huge shell tore away half of his little home. An awful rending, crashing upheaval followed. Flying stones and splinters knocked Jack all in a heap. "War!" he panted, "War!" Yes, it was war with a vengeance. Struggling to his feet, he raced onwards, not knowing where to go, but onward, in hope of being able to do something.

Bang! Bang! All the while the most unearthly shrieking sounds of flying shells and bursting bombs, mixed with the rattle of machine guns and the frightful roaring of the heavy cannon. Khaki-clad figures rushed past Jack. A fearful explosion louder than any of the previous, left Jack dazed. At his feet fell one of the khaki figures, beating the ground, striking the earth with his hands and hoarsely calling in a choked, feeble voice for help. Jack was afraid at last. Not of bayonets or bullets, but of the wounded man, for Jack did not know what to do with him or for him. "I'll go and get help," yelled Jack. He ran a few yards, stumbled and fell. Looking up, he saw right before him in the midst of the uniforms, Old Glory! "The flag was still there! Hurrah! Live for my country, die for my country," flashed through Jack's thoughts.

"Now to help the wounded soldier, now to help—!" A sudden stinging pain shot through Jack's shoulder. He fell forward on his face. He essayed to rise, but the excruciating pain was too much for him. "Help! Help!" he called. A sound of running feet fell on his ears. Painfully turning his throbbing head, Jack saw some of his boy friends, gazing foolishly at him. "Please!" called Jack. "Please! Oh, you booby do something—help, lift me," but a near-by explosion had scattered the crowd. Toby, the village stray dog, dragged itself by yelping and was soon lost to Jack's view. The flag! The flag! There it is again—this time in the hands of the newcomer, who holds it high in the air. The figure holding it wavers, staggers. Jack makes a supreme effort to rise, but for him comes oblivion.

It was a beautiful June morning when Jack awoke and sat up suddenly. He rubbed his shoulder, scratched his head and blinked his eyes. "Old Glory!" thought Jack, "Where is it? What has happened to it?" The rising sun was paying its respects to Old Glory and Old Glory was returning the compliment. "You're up early," said a voice that startled Jack into full wakefulness. It was the stranger.

"Yes," said Jack, "I thought I—that is—I thought—"

"What?" said the man, encouragingly. "That you were killed and that the flag—" went on Jack as he related his dream of the night before. The man laughed and asked Jack what he would do for the wounded soldier, for an injured dog, for himself. Jack didn't know. He then asked Jack what he would do in ordinary peace times in emergency cases. Jack didn't know. Neither did any of his boy friends, who were beginning to come out into the morning sunshine.

"Don't you see," said the man, "that the best way to help your country and flag is by being prepared to serve? Be prepared for all cases and for all times. Even in this far-away town, at this present moment, you can be of service. Every man, woman, boy and girl and child from the top corner of Alaska to the other end of Florida can be of help if they only make a little preparation. Help the men with their work, prepare the way for the great railroad that's on its way to you and you will be serving your flag and country."

"Say, fellows, let me tell you something. Railroading is my big business, but my big pleasure is scouting. I'm high up in both jobs, and as I'm bringing my business to your town, there is no reason why I shouldn't bring my pleasure. Who's for scouting?"

"Me for one," said Jack. "Me, too," chorused all the others.

"Fine!" said the man, "and now listen. I'll fix it up in New York at headquarters that your town will be marked on the scout map. I'll see that you get all necessary papers and information, and, by the way, I may have a job on the railroad of lettering or map drawing for a certain scout who has prepared himself with a red and blue pencil."

The crowd dissolved and Jack strolled home to his work softly singing to himself:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

Practical Garb for Outdooing



There are middles, smocks, sweaters and coats for outdooing, that is, for all sorts of sport and recreation wear. And their comrades are skirts, bloomers or breeches, according to the sort of service to be required of them. For tennis and golf, skirts that will wash again and again and come out as fresh and unfaded as when they were new, have not been rivaled as yet by bloomers or breeches—for some other sports, skirts are a thing of the past. With these washable skirts plain blouses are worn and swaggar little coats made of summer flannel, serge or other materials—and, of course, sweater or sweater coats.

The coat's the thing this year, that has almost absorbed the attention of those who specialize in designing sport clothes. And it has been presented in a variety of new styles so that when it is slipped on over a skirt and blouse it tones up the costume, lending it neatness. Sleeveless coats of satin and velvet were among these new ideas and have proved themselves successful. Among new arrivals the simple but swaggar little coat shown in the picture, need not fear comparison with coats of more costly goods—it has some points of advantage over them. It is made of summer flannel in any of the gay bright colors and touched up with white in pearl buttons, plique collar and arrow-head finish of pockets.

Just the skirt for this coat is shown with it. It is of heavy white plique and fastens at the middle of the front where a row of white pearl buttons finishes the overlapped seam. There are any number of sport hats that will top off this practical and pretty outfit. But its youthful wearer has chosen a tam of white corduroy, one of the "blue devil" models that embodies much dash. Its long tassel matches the coat in color. Where something more dignified is needed, for an older woman, one of the coconut braids in white embroidered with yarn or silk flowers against the crown, would make a good choice, and there is the perennial Panama with handsome band or scarf that belongs to all summers.

Caprices and Conceits in Veils



Why the veil? Merely masculine minds will never figure out the answer although they will have the rest of time to ponder the question. Veils were and are and will continue to be. They are a strictly feminine institution and whether they are worn to add charm to the face or to call attention to charms already there, or for some other reason, these are mysteries only the veiled lady can solve for us. But they make opportunity for capricious ornamentation and for variety—two very good reasons for the loyalty with which women favor them.

New face veils this summer are nearly all woven with a large mesh; the hexagon-shaped mesh appears to be best liked. Two examples of this particular weave are shown at the left of the picture. They are circular and float about the face. The veil at the top indulges in the caprice of little and big chenille dots and little pasted-on velvet leaves, all of them dancing in all the wayward wandering breezes they chance to meet. A few dots splattered over a lovely chin, make us think twice of its delicious curves. A silk scroll wanders in the most aimless and happy-go-lucky way over the veil below, but it just misses the eyes and just hits a very alluring pair of lips, which goes to prove that a veil should be taken seriously and adjusted with care.

At the left appears the "war bride" veil—one of the small consolations allowed to the girl whose sweetheart is away in the service of his country. It is of navy blue chiffon and is draped about a navy blue or navy blue and white turban. This one is finished with a narrow silk fringe, but most of them are simply hemmed. They are probably destined to a short-lived popularity—but they are very charming.

Veils should be tried on and selected carefully as hats are, for some faces look best under a plain, close mesh without figures. Scrolls or dots or other figures in front of the eyes, are never pleasing; they look and are uncomfortable.

Julia Bottomley

The Isabella Color.
Once a Spanish princess vowed not to change her lingerie till a certain war was won, and as that took many months, the result was that fashionable Spanish ladies of the time, who looked to this princess for leadership in the matter of dress, soon came to adopt a yellowish-brown sort of linen for their kerchiefs, tuckers, wimples and other similar apparel. The princess's name was Isabella, and this fashionable shade was known as Isabella color, and one occasionally hears this name applied in Paris even to this day to a sort of yellowish-brown that really does look like linen that had been dedicated to a laundryless existence. Although we have had every shade of lingerie, we have not yet had this color. The next thing to it, and something that surely wouldn't appeal to all womankind, is the new lingerie of nickel-gray that has been put on the shelves of one or two of the exclusive women's shops. There is a complete set of this gray underwear in crepe de chine.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

All hail to good health! you never can buy it. Tho' many by using a vegetable diet Have lived a long life, with nerves steady and quiet; Then listen to wisdom, ye people, and try it.

DO YOU LIKE ONIONS?

Most of us are selfish in regard to the onion; prefer to eat them ourselves rather than sit beside a neighbor who has, when we have been denied the privilege of eating them. Best of all is to have everybody eat them, then nobody is offended.

The custom started in one town called, "onion day, when everybody eats them, is good, but think of the suffering of the poor people who can't or won't eat them. One good Englishman said: "We would better be without noses than without onions." Many dishes are simply characterless without the piquant flavor of the onion or a touch of garlic.

For an all-around, good vegetable the onion stands high, being stimulating, antiseptic, and prophylactic. For the weak and feeble the onion will give new strength. Our grandmothers knew the value of onions when used as a poultice or in a cough syrup.

The antiseptic effect is found in the action of the onion in the large intestine where imperfectly digested food may be causing self-poisoning. The onion disinfects the whole system, cleanses and heals. Robert Louis Stevenson calls "the onion the poetic soul of the salad bowl." Truly few salads can do without the zestful vegetable.

A bit of parsley taken after eating onions is the best breath purifier known, although everybody has a remedy: milk, an apple, as well as a dozen other bread-killers. A person with a good digestion will not carry onion odor on the breath very long.

Onion With Cheese.—One of the most appetizing of hot dishes is cooked onion with cheese. Put a layer of cooked onions in a baking dish, a layer of cheese and rich white sauce, then another layer of each finishing with a layer of buttered crumbs on top. Bake until the crumbs are brown. Use a good flavored, rich cheese, otherwise baking it will make it stringy.

Onions roasted with their skins on, are delicious, peeled and served with butter, salt and pepper.

GOOD THINGS FOR OCCASIONS.
One may find some among these which will appeal to the taste and be worth while saving for various occasions.

Cherry Tart.—Take rich canned cherries (preserved will be better), drain from their juice and add to it a bit of cornstarch or arrow root to thicken slightly; cook until all the starchy taste is removed. Bake a rich pastry shell, fill with the cherries and pour over the thickened juice. Set in a warm oven for fifteen minutes, then serve with sweetened whipped cream. Serve hot or cold as preferred. Orange jelly put into a pastry shell covered with whipped cream is another delightful pie.

Ice Cream in Cases.—Bake angel food in a round tin. Remove the top, take out the center and fill with vanilla ice cream; cover with whipped cream or crushed fruit and serve at once.

Braised Tongue.—Cook a beef tongue slowly until tender, with a slice of onion and a bay leaf added to the water while cooking. Remove the tongue; skin it and place it in a casserole; add the water in which the tongue was cooked thickened with three tablespoons each of flour and butter mixed; add a pint of stewed tomatoes, strained, a small carrot chopped, a clove of garlic, half a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, a few dashes of red pepper and simmer with the tongue for two hours. Serve from the casserole.

Roquefort Salad.—This is a most delightful salad for Roquefort lovers. Take a crisp head of lettuce, well washed, dried and chilled; arrange in a salad bowl that has been rubbed with a cut clove of garlic, add four tablespoonsful of oil (good sweet olive oil), one of vinegar, a tablespoonful of chili sauce, a half teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of cayenne pepper. Mix well, toss over the lettuce broken bits of Roquefort, using as much or little as one desires. Add more dressing in this proportion, serving all very cold.

Crackers covered with jam and over that creamed cheese, is delicious with a cup of tea for dessert.

Cookery consists of the knowledge of the mutual influences of ingredients and the judicious management of heat.

However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love. However intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it. —Mad. Fee.

WAR DISHES.

A most appetizing way to use leftover fish is to carefully remove the skin and bones, keeping the fish as unbroken as possible and arrange it in a baking dish. Cover with a sprinkling of bread crumbs, and if the fish is not rich, a little sweet fat in bits. Pour over sufficient cream or rich milk to moisten well and bake until the buttered crumbs on top are well browned. Serve from the baking dish.

French Baked Fish.—Stuff the fish with plain bread dressing, seasoned well with salt and pepper. If there is any left arrange it around the fish. Pour over the fish a can of tomatoes, add a finely minced clove of garlic, add butter, salt and pepper, with a dash of cayenne. Bake until tender.

Holland Rabbit.—Prepare the rabbit for roasting and put an onion inside; place it in a baking pan and pour over it a cupful of boiling water. Cover with another pan and steam one hour. Remove the cover and baste with the following mixture: A cupful of jelly (currant is best), a half cupful of mild vinegar and a tablespoonful of fat, mixed with a teaspoonful of prepared mustard. Serve with baked onions and brown gravy.

Minc'd Chicken With Green Peppers.—Cover green peppers with boiling water and cook ten minutes; drain, remove the seeds and cut in narrow strips, using a pair of scissors. Melt two tablespoonsful of butter, add one and a half tablespoonsful of flour, stir until well blended, then pour on two-thirds of a cupful of liquor in which the chicken was cooked. Bring to a boiling point, add a cupful of diced chicken and the peppers; again boil and serve on pieces of toast.

Chicken Victoria.—Cream two tablespoonsful of chicken fat with three hard-cooked egg yolks, add a fourth of a cupful of cracker or bread crumbs soaked in a fourth of a cupful of milk fifteen minutes. Pour on gradually one cupful of hot chicken stock and when boiling add a cupful of chicken cut in small bits.

Southern Fried Chicken.—Roll the prepared chicken in flour seasoned with salt, sage and pepper; place in an iron frying pan with hot fat to cover the bottom; set into a hot oven and bake until brown.

GOOD WAYS OF USING CURRANTS.
While currants are in season let us put up some for winter and use them fresh for various dishes.

Fresh currants, mixed with sugar, make a most delicious breakfast fruit when well ripened.

Ripe Currant Pie.—Crush a cupful of ripe, red currants, add a cupful of sugar and let stand. Beat the yolks of two eggs and add two tablespoonsful of water and a tablespoonful of corn flour or cornstarch; mix with the fruit and sugar and cook until smooth. Bake an under crust, fill with the cooked mixture, cover with a meringue, using the two whites and two tablespoonsful of sugar. Spread over the top and brown in the oven.

Currant Cream Jelly.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in a cupful of water until soft, then add a cupful of boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add to this two-thirds of a cupful of currant juice and a cupful of raspberry juice. Sweeten to taste and stir until boiling hot over the fire. Strain and set aside to cool. Add a half cupful of powdered sugar to a pint of whipped cream; add to the gelatine mixture and beat until stiff. Turn into a wetted mold and pack in ice and salt several hours.

Frosted Currants.—Wash fine, large bunches of cherry currants, drain, dip in the white of egg, then in granulated sugar. Lay on paper to dry. Serve as dessert.

Currant and Cherry Conserve.—Take one pound of raisins, two pounds of tart cherries, three oranges (the juice and rind), four pounds of sugar; chop the fruit and cook for twenty minutes. Seal in small, air tight jars while hot.

Another Conserve.—Cook five pounds of currants until tender; add two pounds of chopped raisins, cook ten minutes, then add three pounds of sugar. Cook ten minutes, add the juice and grated rind of two oranges; reheat and put into jelly glasses. The seeds of the currant, if objectionable, may be strained out before adding the other fruit in this conserve.

Nellie Maxwell
A scoop with a notch in front, the whole surrounded by a rim, has been invented for shaking insects from plants and catching them.

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.



Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience. If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy 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. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

Itching Rashes—Soothed—With Cuticura. All druggists, Soap Co., Ointment & G. Co., Tolson, Md. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston, U.S.A."

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, bees, bees, mosquitoes, houseflies, etc. Made of metal, can't melt or be crushed. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or sent by express, prepaid, for \$1.50. MARJOLE SOMERS, 150 DE KALE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and aid in securing patents. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Boston, Mass.

RHEUMATISM cured or money refunded. This cure is certain and safe. Balfour's Hospital, London, E.C.

Rice Flour and Rice Polish. The question of grinding flour from rice was recently discussed by a conference of rice millers in Louisiana. They decided that rice flour does not possess sufficient merit to justify its manufacture on a large scale. Rice flour is not a complete substitute for wheat flour because it lacks gluten. It can be mixed with wheat flour in conservation bread. There is a real opportunity, however, to broaden the market for what is known as "rice polish." This is the product of the brushes used in polishing rice when its brown coating is removed to produce the familiar white rice of commerce. Rice polish has been sold chiefly for stock feed, but it is a highly concentrated food, more nutritious than rice itself because it contains valuable chemical ingredients from the surface of the grain.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Leads in Silk Manufacture. As a result of the effects of the war on the silk industry in the several countries engaged in it, the United States has become the leading nation in the manufacture of that commodity. About 20,000 tons of silk and silk waste are used in America each year. In the far East silk is also being manufactured more extensively, while Japan leads the world in its production.—Pathfinder.

A Scorcher. With deep scorn in her eyes the haughty girl swept toward the door. "You need not fear that I shall reproach you with your perfidy," she said. "I waive all claim, sir, to your miserable, feeble and undesirable affection." "Whew!" muttered the crestfallen young man, as he was left alone with his thoughts, "that was a hot wave, all right."—Boston Evening Transcript.

In order to dramatize some novels it is only necessary to amputate the plot.

Every Time Eat POST TOASTIES (MADE OF CORN)
Dad says — "Eat 'em up — You're saving wheat for the boys in France!"
Nellie Maxwell

The Republican-Journal
GENOA, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 THE YEAR

C. D. SCHOONMAKER, PUBLISHER



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

Diamond rings at Martin's
Beautiful strings of beads at Martin's.
Hall's Cold Pack canners, see them at Olmsted's at \$4.50.
Have you seen the new straight fruit jars at Olmsted's.
Those water sets at Olmsted's are sure dandies at \$2.50 per set.
Fleishers knitting yarns in white, black, olive, blue and gray at Olmsted's.
A good assortment of the new styles of silk georgette crepe waists at Olmsted's.
Miss Edna Ellis is caring for Mrs. C. M. Corson, who fell last week and broke both arms.
Remember the young man's birthday with a sterling silver buckle. Martin has several distinctive styles at reasonable prices.
A. G. Stewart & Son shipped three cars of steers to the Chicago market Monday night. Radley White shipping one car at the same time.
If you have a son or brother in service, you should be proud to wear a service pin. Martin has them with one, two, three, or four stars.
There will be an Ice Cream social and donation sale given by the people of Kingston for the benefit of the Red Cross Saturday evening, July 20.
Miss Maude Sager, head nurse in the Sherman Hospital of Elgin, and daughter of Miss Caroline Sager of this city, has joined the large army of nurses who have offered their services to the United States, and expects to be called into service in a short time.
Every young person is requested to be present at the Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. The topic is "How to have a good time." Albert Morehouse is the leader. Mabel Pierce will favor with a vocal solo.
Several Kingston Masons were over Tuesday evening and assisted the local lodge in raising two candidates. Refreshments were served after the work of the evening, or morning, rather, for it was late when the last candidate had taken the eventful ride.
"Hardy," the "Health Officer" that did business in Genoa last week, was given a hearing before Judge Pond in Sycamore Monday and received a sentence of ten days in the county jail. Altho questioned as to his reason for his actions, he could give no satisfactory answer.
Sneak thieves have been busy in Genoa during the past few weeks. Altho no one has suffered any great loss owing to the thefts, there has been some inconvenience and annoyance. The thieves have been entering basements and back porches, helping themselves to fruits, eggs, etc. and in one case a perfectly good pair of trousers were taken. This was in the nature of a trade, however, as the prowler left his old ones. One of the thieves lifted the editor's milk pail from the post outside the building Monday night. Surely some one is taking long chances for little or no gain.
Wedding rings at Martin's.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1918.
A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Week's Social Events

Priscilla Club
Mrs. E. J. Tischler was hostess to the members of the Priscilla Club Tuesday evening. The guests enjoyed several hours of chatting and sewing and a dainty luncheon late in the evening.

Picnic Dinner
Miss Erna Beth of Elgin and Misses Emily Lembke, Leona Schmidt, and Myrtle Van Wee enjoyed a picnic dinner on the banks of the Kishwaukee Thursday of last week.

H. G. L. Club
Mrs. Lee L. Smith of Kingston was responsible for the delicious picnic dinner served the H. G. L. Club of this city on the banks of the river in the Kingston park Thursday of this week. The hostess planned many amusing stunts for her guests, leaving nothing undone to make the outing one long to be remembered.

Entertained at Dinner
Dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brown Wednesday evening were Mrs. Brown's brother, Neb Wooleben of Fort Grevel, R. I., Jack Brotzman of Camp Fremont, Calif., and Clifford Brotzman of Marengo.

Porch Party
Mrs. C. A. Patterson of Champaign was the guest of honor at a military porch party given by Mrs. F. O. Swan at her home on North Sycamore St. Saturday afternoon. The guests were members of the H. A. G. T. Club and Mrs. F. G. Hudson of Chicago. The porch was artistically decorated with American flags and the color scheme was carried out in the menu.

Kilkare Club
Mrs. R. B. Sternberg of Kingston entertained the Kilkare Club of this city Monday evening. A spot beside the river in Kingston was chosen for

the picnic supper and a menu including everything delicious was served. Late in the evening the picnickers went to the Sternberg home, where they enjoyed several hours with music and games.

Camp "Sixty Six"
Fourteen kiddies and several grown-ups are having the time of their lives at Camp "Sixty Six" on the banks of the Kishwaukee, west of Genoa, this week. Mrs. James Hutchison, Jr. and Mrs. R. B. Field are chaperones and the boys and girls are John Ovitz, John Zeller, Oliver and Evelyn Patterson, William and Vera Sowers, Margaret and Arden Elcklor, Kenneth, Lois, Dorothy, and Marjorie Cooper, Kenneth and Donald Field. The guests Wednesday night were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Furr, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Ovitz, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Zeller, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cooper, Messrs. R. B. Field and James Hutchison.

"Do Without Clubs"
"Do Without Clubs," are gaining much popularity in many towns at the present time. The Club may have any number of chapters, each of

which will do without something for the duration of the war. The most popular in this vicinity is the "Do Without Sugar in Tea and Coffee" Chapter. Why not start a big Club and each one of us enroll in two or three chapters? "Do without something and help win the war!"

Sunday School Picnic
Many families from Genoa thoroly enjoyed the Community Sunday School Picnic held in the Kingston Park, July 4th. A patriotic program was held in the afternoon, W. J. Fulton of Sycamore being the principal speaker. After the program the younger members of the crowd enjoyed foot races and games. Kingston band furnished the music.
Rev. Molthan preached in Sycamore last Sunday evening on account of the illness of the local pastor, Rev. Parge.
The sure road to success, canning in Hall's Cold Pack Canners at Olmsted's
Julius Molthan of Pueblo, Colo., visited at the home of his father, Rev. J. Molthan, over the Fourth.

Next Sunday the annual Mission Festival will be held at the Lutheran church in this city. Morning services will be held at 10:15 and the afternoon at 2:00. Rev. Theiss of Schaumburg and Rev. Zersen of Itaska will be in attendance and preach.
Sport sweaters are just the thing for wear on cool nights. See them at Olmsted's
Prominent among the attractions and special features for Chautauqua assemblies is the Adams' System of Health Study and Physiological Exercise, which is creating widespread interest wherever introduced. This will be a splendid opportunity for all health seekers and every one interested in how to keep well to take up this important study. Relaxation from the tension of business and thirty minutes devoted to applying nature's laws and acquiring a knowledge of how to care properly for the body under the instruction of C. Rucker Adams or his wife will convince the most skeptical person that their system is invaluable. Mr. and Mrs. Adams will be here the fifth afternoon of the Chautauqua.

A man reputed to be a multi-millionaire one day received a letter from a Black Hand society saying, "Deliver two million dollars to us at once or we will abduct your wife," to which the supposed wealthy gentleman gave this answer, "I haven't the two million, but your proposition interests me." Now we want to interest you in up-to-date pictures that are worth while not believing but what you want to have the privilege to see them in your "Home town Theatre" and if you are not paralyzed "from the neck up" that is just the place you want them. We want to progress. We want your patronage. If we get that, we will give the best that can be had. Compare the pictures and prices of larger cities.
Grand Theatre
P. S. Don't bring your fan, you won't need it.
Mr. Farmer—go to Kiernan & Son for a set of those grain saving guards.
All kinds of drinking glasses both plain and fancy, 60c per dozen, up at Olmsted's.

Are the Packers Profiteers?

Plain Facts About the Meat Business

The Federal Trade Commission in its recent report on war profits, stated that the five large meat packers have been profiteering and that they have a monopoly of the market.

These conclusions, if fair and just, are matters of serious concern not only to those engaged in the meat packing business but to every other citizen of our country.

The figures given on profits are misleading and the statement that the packers have a monopoly is unsupported by the facts.

The packers mentioned in the report stand ready to prove their profits reasonable and necessary.

The meat business is one of the largest American industries Any citizen who would familiarize himself with its details must be prepared for large totals.

The report states that the aggregate profits of four large packers were \$140,000,000 for the three war years.

This sum is compared with \$19,000,000 as the average annual profit for the three years before the war, making it appear that the war profit was \$121,000,000 greater than the pre-war profit.

This compares a three-year profit with a one-year profit—a manifestly unfair method of comparison. It is not only misleading, but the Federal Trade Commission apparently has made a mistake in the figures themselves.

The aggregate three-year profit of \$140,000,000 was earned on sales of over four and a half billion dollars. It means about three cents on each dollar of sales—or a mere fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Packers' profits are a negligible factor in prices of live stock and meats. No other large business is conducted upon such small margin of profit.

Furthermore—and this is very important—only a small portion of this profit has been paid in dividends. The balance has been put back into the businesses. It had to be, as you realize when you consider the problems the packers have had to solve—and solve quickly—during these war years.

To conduct this business in war times, with higher costs and the necessity of paying two or three times the former prices for live stock, has required the use of two or three times the ordinary amount of working capital. The additional profit makes only a fair return on this, and as has been stated, the larger portion of profits earned has

been used to finance huge stocks of goods and to provide additions and improvements made necessary by the enormous demands of our army and navy and the Allies.

If you are a business man you will appreciate the significance of these facts. If you are unacquainted with business, talk this matter over with some business acquaintance—with your banker, say—and ask him to compare profits of the packing industry with those of other large industry at the present time.

No evidence is offered by the Federal Trade Commission in support of the statement that the large packers have a monopoly. The Commission's own report shows the large number and importance of other packers.

The packers mentioned in the statement stand ready to prove to any fair minded person that they are in keen competition with each other, and that they have no power to manipulate prices.

If this were not true they would not dare to make this positive statement.

Furthermore, government figures show that the five large packers mentioned in the report account for only about one-third of the meat business of the country.

They wish it were possible to interest you in the details of their business. Of how, for instance, they can sell dressed beef for less than the cost of the live animal, owing to utilization of by-products, and of the wonderful story of the methods of distribution throughout this broad land, as well as in other countries.

The five packers mentioned feel justified in co-operating with each other to the extent of together presenting this public statement.

They have been able to do a big job for your government in its time of need; they have met all war time demands promptly and completely and they are willing to trust their case to the fairmindedness of the American people with the facts before them.

Armour and Company
Cudahy Packing Co.
Morris & Company
Swift & Company
Wilson & Company

PURELY PERSONAL

Miss Albertine Curtis of Earlville is a guest at the M. L. Geithman home.

H. P. Edsall visited this week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. O. F. Schneider, in Maywood.

E. H. Crandall and family spent Wednesday and Thursday of last week with Hampshire relatives.

Misses Genese and Elsie Pierce of Chicago are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. A. V. Pierce, and aunt, Mrs. F. W. Olmsted.

Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Lott and sons, Merrill and Spencer, spent last Thursday at St. Charles.

Miss Jennie Pierce spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Harold Austin, in Rockford.

Mrs. W. O. Holtgren of Chicago visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Corson, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lindmark and son, George, of Chicago have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Lindmark's aunt, Mrs. John Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Olmsted entertained Miss Maude Tuthill of Elgin several days last week.

Mrs. Palmquist and daughter, Mrs. Shattuck of Rockford were guests at the home of Mrs. Soderberg recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Johnson and Miss Lettie Lord motored to Rockford and spent the Fourth with Geo. Johnson at Camp Grant.

Mrs. H. S. Burroughs and Miss Sue Christian of Sycamore are visiting the former's son, Private Sidney Burroughs, at Camp Green, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Johnson and son, Eric, and daughter, Elsie, of Belvidere, and Miss Larson of Rockford were guests of Miss Lettie Lord Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Stephenson spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss Klea Schoonmaker was a DeKalb visitor last Saturday.

Geo. W. and E. A. Sowers of Elgin were Genoa callers Monday.

W. W. Cooper attended the furniture show in Chicago this week.

Clara and Della Stephenson of Rockford spent Sunday with their parents.

Walter Rosenfeld and Albion Duval spent last week Thursday in DeKalb.

Mrs. Emma Corson entertained Mrs. W. S. Long of Elgin several days last week.

Mrs. John McKee of Kirkland spent Monday at the C. M. Corson home.

Mrs. C. C. Ellis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Keating, in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Holly are entertaining the former's mother of McHenry.

Misses Edith and Helen Soderberg were St. Charles visitors Thursday of last week.

Miss Irene Awe, who has been here for a few weeks, returned to Chicago Saturday.

Mrs. F. G. Hudson of Chicago was a guest at the home of E. W. Brown a few days last week.

Miss Beatrice Ort of Kingston visited Miss Beth Scott of this city on Thursday of last week.

F. S. Abraham of Oak Park visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Abraham, the first of the week.

Charles Senska of Chicago spent the fore part of the week at the home of his father, A. C. Senska.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephenson attended the funeral of the latter's father in Marengo last Saturday.

Mrs. Maggie Burroughs has left for an extended visit with relatives in North Dakota and California.

Mrs. Roy Durham and son attended the funeral of the former's grandfather in Marengo last Saturday.

Miss Edith Nelson and John Stephens of DeKalb were guests of Miss Klea Schoonmaker Friday evening.

W. W. Cooper, Dr. J. W. Ovitz, S. T. Zeller and Jas. Hutchison attended the horse races at Aurora this week.

Misses Erna and Violet Beth of Elgin were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Wm. Lembke, several days last week.

Mrs. Soderberg's nephew, Alvin Burrows, of Chicago spent the Fourth at July at her home south of town.

Geo. H. Smith of Oklahoma called on his sister, Mrs. H. Stephenson, and other relatives and friends recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duval and Mr. and Mrs. John Duval visited the former's son, Fred, at Camp Grant Sunday.

Wm. Awe of Billings, Mont., is visiting relatives here. He has enlisted and expects to be called in a short time.

Miss Maria Holroyd returned home the latter part of week after several days' visit with relatives in Belvidere.

Mrs. H. S. Nutt has returned home after two weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hannah, near Hampshire.

John Olmstead of Allegan, Mich., who is visiting here, spent a few days last week with Sycamore relatives and friends.

Mrs. Virginia Denmark of Chicago and granddaughter, Miss Ruth Kady, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. S. Crocker.

B. L. Parker, of the Leich Electric Co. office force, is enjoying his vacation. He expects to visit his old home in Ames, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Merritt and daughter, Evelyn, were guests of Mrs. Merritt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, in Sycamore Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Willis of Sycamore and Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson of Stillwater, Minn., were visitors at the Wm. Watson home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mosher of DeKalb were guests of the J. W. Pratt family at their picnic dinner held in the Kingston park on the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rebeck and daughter, Myrtle, drove to Camp Grant Sunday and visited their son, Frank, who is in training there.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Parker and daughter, Jessie, motored to Camp Grant Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stark and son, Donald, of Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson and daughter, Lucile and son, Le Roy, of Rockford spent over Sunday at the K. Shipman and C. M. Corson homes.

Thos. Nicholson passed thru Chicago the first of the week, on his way to Newport News from Fort Leavenworth and expects to sail for France at once. He has received a first lieutenant's commission.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Johnson and the

latter's mother, Mrs. Emma Lord, motored to Belvidere Saturday where they were guests at the Ira Adams home.

The publisher has just been informed that Private Carl Bauman has been in France several months, having left prior to the departure of the 129th Infantry.

Adam Ludwig of Chicago visited his step-son, Charles Welter, this week and witnessed the work in connection with the latter's goat ride in Masonry Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt and daughter, Florence, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lindmark and son, George, of Chicago were guests at the home of Horace Young of DeKalb Saturday.

Mrs. Joe Malone and two daughters, Marcella and Marietta, who have been spending several weeks with Genoa relatives, went to Chicago Tuesday and in a few days will start for their home at Darby, Mont.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Geithman motored to Rockford on the Fourth and on the return trip were accompanied by the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Munger, who remained in Genoa for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patterson drove to Great Lakes Wednesday to visit their son, Dillon, who is in training there. From Great Lakes they went to Lake Geneva to visit G. J. Patterson who is studying in preparation for his Y. M. C. A. work in France. The latter expects to leave for the front in about a month.

Only two female alien enemies have registered in Genoa. This shows that the town of Genoa is pretty much American.

PROCLAMATION

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 11 of Revised Ordinances of the City of Genoa, it is my order that all dogs running at large in the city of Genoa must be muzzled, this order to remain in full force and effect from the date hereof until rescinded by public notice from the office of the mayor.

Section 5 of the Revised Ordinances reads as follows:

Section 5. When dogs shall be muzzled. No dog or bitch shall be permitted to run at large within the corporate limits of said City unless securely muzzled, when danger of hydrophobia shall be declared to exist, by the proclamation of the Mayor of said City; and any owner or keeper of such dog or bitch, who shall violate the provisions of this section, shall be subject to a fine of \$5.00.

Dated July 11, 1918.
J. J. Hammond,
Mayor.

Buy your drinking glasses now while we have them. 60c per dozen and up, at Olmsted's.

MRS. J. E. STOTT

Mrs. J. E. Stott passed away at her home in this city Monday night, July 6, death coming suddenly after she had retired for the night.

Funeral services will be held at the home of Mrs. Stott's daughter, Mrs. James Forsythe, Saturday afternoon at one o'clock.

Biographical sketch will be published next week.

You can get anything in a Hall Cold Pack Canner, \$4.50, complete, at Olmsted's.

Epworth League "Movie Party"

On Friday evening, July 7, at the M. E. Church parlors, the Epworth League will present a most interesting "Movie Program." "Close-ups" of your favorite "Stars," "Stunts," and the "Sinneapolis Mymphony Orchestra" will make up the program which you cannot afford to miss. Everyone is invited, especially the young people of the community. Program starts at 8:30 o'clock. Admission, 9 cents plus 1 cent war tax.

For County Treasurer

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

35-4f* Walter M. Hay.

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

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Sale will be held on the Farm at 10:00 A. M.

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Consists of 134.29 acres, located midway between the cities of DeKalb and Sycamore and along the cement road and interurban road connecting the two cities. This farm has splendid and complete buildings, is well drained and in a good state of cultivation. This is a very attractive farm and a very desirable home.

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The Yukon Trail

An Alaskan Love Story

By William Macleod Raine

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MACDONALD WINS FIRST MOVE IN BATTLE WITH ELLIOT FOR SHEBA'S FAVOR

Synopsis.—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger whom he learns is Sheba O'Neill, also "going in." Colby Macdonald, active head of the land-grabbing syndicate under investigation, comes aboard. Elliot and Macdonald become in a measure friendly. Landing at Kusik, Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba. Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his financial plans if Elliot learns the facts, sends Selfridge, his right-hand man, to Kamatlah to arrange matters so that Elliot will be deceived as to the true situation. Elliot also leaves for Kamatlah and, wandering from the trail, believes that he faces death. Selfridge, on his arrival at Kamatlah, has his agents abduct Gideon Holt, old-time miner, who knows too much about Macdonald's activities. Elliot wanders into the camp where Holt is held a prisoner. The two men, overpowering the kidnapers, return to Kamatlah, where Elliot learns the truth about the coal land deals.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Elliot glanced at the woman behind whose skirts the youngster was hiding. "She's not bad looking, if that's what you mean," he said after they had taken up the trail again. "You ain't the only white man that has thought that," retorted the old miner significantly. "No?" Gordon had learned to let Holt tell things at his leisure. It usually took less time than to try to hurry him. "Name of the kid mean anything to you?" "Can't say it did." "H'm! Named for his dad. First syllable of each of his names." The land inspector stopped in his stride and wheeled upon Holt. "You don't mean Colby Macdonald?" "Why don't I?" "But—Good Lord, he isn't a squaw man, is he?" "Not in the usual meaning of the word. She never cooked and kept house for him. Just the same, little Colmac is his kid. Couldn't you see it sticking out all over him? He's the spit 'n' image of his dad." "I see it now you've pointed it out. I was trying to think who he reminded me of. Of course it was Macdonald." "Mac met up with Metesse when he first scouted this country for coal five years ago. So far's I know he was square enough with the girl. She never claimed he made any promises or anything like that. He sends a check down once a quarter to the trader here for her and the kid." "But young Elliot was not thinking about Metesse. His mind's eye saw another picture—the girl at Kusik, listening spellbound to the tales of a man whose actions translated romance into life for her, a girl swept from the quiet backwaters of an Irish village to this land of the midnight sun with its amazing contrasts. And all the way up on the boat she continued to fill his mind. The slowness of the steamer fretted him. Sometimes the jealousy in his heart flamed up like a prairie fire when it came to a brush heap. The outrage of it set him blazing with indignation. It was no less than a conspiracy. What



Elliot Glanced at the Woman.

could an innocent young girl like Sheba know of such a man as Colby Macdonald? Her imagination conceived, no doubt, an idealized vision of him. But the real man was clear outside her ken. Gordon set his jaw grimly. He would have it out with Diane. He would let her see she was not going to have it all her own way. By heaven, he would put a spoke in her wheel. He was on fire to come to his journey's end. No sooner had he reached his hotel than he called up Mrs. Paget. Quite clearly she understood that he

wanted an invitation to dinner. Yet she hesitated. "My 'phone can't be working well," Gordon told her gayly. "You must have asked me to dinner, but I didn't just hear it. Never mind. I'll be there. Seven o'clock, did you say?" Diane laughed. "You're just as much a boy as you were ten years ago, Gord. All right. Come along. But you're to leave at ten." "No, I can't hear that. My 'phone has gone bad again. And if I had heard, I shouldn't think of doing anything so ridiculous as leaving at that hour. It would be an insult to your hospitality. I know when I'm well off." "Then I'll have to withdraw my invitation. Perhaps some other day—" "I'll leave at ten," promised Elliot meekly. He could almost hear the smile in her voice as she answered. "Very well. Seven sharp. I'll explain about the curfew limit some time." Macdonald was with Miss O'Neill in the living room when Gordon arrived at the Paget home. Sheba came forward to greet the new guest. The welcome in her eyes was very genuine. "You and Mr. Macdonald know each other, of course," she said after her handshake. The Scotsman nodded his lean, grizzled head, looking straight into the eyes of the field agent. "Yes, I know Mr. Elliot—now. I'm not sure that he knows me—yet." "I'm beginning to know you rather well, Mr. Macdonald," answered Gordon quietly. If the Alaskan wanted to declare war he was ready for it. The field agent knew that Selfridge had kept reports detailing what had happened at Kamatlah. Up to date Macdonald had offered him the velvet glove. He wondered if the time had come when the fist of steel was to be doubled. "Did you have a successful trip, Mr. Elliot?" asked Sheba innocently. Paget grinned behind his hand. The girl's question was like a match to powder, and everyone in the room knew it but she. The engineer's interests and his convictions were on the side of Macdonald, but he recognized that Elliot had been sent in to gather facts for the government and not to give advice to it. "Did you, Gordon?" echoed his hostess. "I think so," he answered quietly. "I hear you put up with old Gideon Holt. Is he as cracked as he used to be?" asked Macdonald. "Was he cracked when you used to know him on Frenchman creek?" countered the young man. Macdonald shot a quick, slant look at him. The old man had been talking, had he? "He was cracked and broke, too," laughed the mine owner hardily. "Cracked when he came, broke when he left." "Yes, that was one of the stories he told me," Gordon turned to Sheba. "You should meet the old man, Miss O'Neill. He knew your father at Dawson and on Bonanza."

The girl was all eagerness. "I'd like to. Does he ever come to Kusik?" "Nonsense!" cut in Diane sharply. She flashed Gordon a look of annoyance. "He's nothing but a daft old idiot, my dear." The dinner had started wrong, and though Paget steered the conversation to safer ground, it did not go very well. Gordon was ashamed of himself. He could not quite have told what were the impulses that had moved him to carry the war into the camp of the enemy. Perhaps, more than anything else, it had been a certain look of quiet assurance in the eyes of his rival when he looked at Sheba. He rose promptly at ten. "Must you go so soon?" Diane asked. She was smiling at him with bland mockery. "I really must," answered Elliot. His hostess followed him into the hall. She watched him get into his coat before saying what was on her mind. "What did you mean by telling Sheba

that old Holt knew her father? What is he to tell her if they meet—that her father died of pneumonia brought on by drink? Is that what you want?" "I suppose I wanted Holt to tell her that Macdonald robbed her father and indirectly was the cause of his death." "Absurd!" exploded Diane. "You're so simple that you accept as truth the gossip of every crack-brained idiot—when it suits your purpose." He smiled, boyishly, engagingly, as he held out his hand. "Don't let's quarrel, Di. I admit I forgot myself." "All right. We won't. But don't believe all the catty talk you hear, Gordon."

"I'll try to believe only the truth." He smiled, a little ruefully. "And if isn't necessary for you to explain why the curfew law applies to me and not to Macdonald." She was on her dignity at once. "You're quite right. It isn't necessary. But I'm going to tell you, anyhow. Mr. Macdonald is going away tomorrow for two or three days, and he has some business he wants to talk over with Sheba. He had made an appointment with her, and I didn't think it fair to let your coming interfere with it." Gordon took this face with his smile still working. "I've got a little business I want to talk over with you, Di." She had always been a young woman of rather a hard finish. Now she met him fairly, eye to eye. "Any time you like, Gordon." Elliot carried away with him one very definite impression. Diane intended Sheba to marry Macdonald if she could bring it about. She had as good as served notice on him that the girl was spoken for. The young man set his square jaw. Diane was used to having her own way. So was Macdonald. Well, the Elliots had a will of their own, too.

CHAPTER XI.

Sheba Says "Perhaps."

Obeying the orders of the general in command, Peter took himself to his den with the excuse that he had blueprints to work over. Presently Diane said she thought she heard one of the children crying and left to investigate. The Scotsman strode to the fireplace and stood looking down into the glowing coals. He seemed in no hurry to break the silence and Sheba glanced at his strong brooding face a little apprehensively. She knew of only one subject that would call for so formal a private talk between her and Macdonald, and any discussion of this she would very much have liked to postpone. He turned from the fire to Sheba. It was characteristic of him that he plunged straight at what he wanted to say. "I've asked to see you alone, Miss O'Neill, because I want to make a confession and restitution—to begin with," he told her abruptly. She had a sense of suddenly stilled pulses. "That sounds very serious." The young woman smiled faintly. His face of chiseled granite masked all emotion. It kept under lock and key the insurgent impulses that moved him when he looked into the sloop eyes charged with reserve. Back of them, he felt, was the mystery of purity, of maidenhood. He longed to know her better, to find out and to appropriate for himself the woman that lay behind the fine veil of flesh. She seemed to him delicate as a flame and as vivid. There would come a day when her independent, passionate nature would respond to the love of a man as a waiting harp does to skillful fingers. "My story goes away back to the Klondike days. I told you that I knew your father on Frenchman creek, but I didn't say much about knowing him on Bonanza." "Mr. Strong has told me something about the days on Bonanza, and I knew you would tell me more some day—when you wanted to speak about it." "Your father was among the first of those who stampeded to Bonanza. He and Strong took a claim together. I bought out the interest of your father." "You told me that." His masterful eyes fastened to hers. "I didn't tell you that I took advantage of him. He was—not well. I used that against him in the bargaining. He wanted ready money, and I tempted him." "Do you mean that you—wronged him?" "Yes. I cheated him." He resolved to gloss over nothing, to offer no excuses. "I didn't know there was gold in the claim, but I had what we call a hunch. I took the claim without giving value received." "But I don't understand." Her brave, steady eyes looked directly into those of Macdonald. "If he felt you had—done him a wrong—why did he come to you when he was ill?" "He was coming to demand justice of me. On the way he suffered exposure and caught pneumonia. The word reached us, and Strong and I brought him to our cabin." "You faced a blizzard to bring him in. Mr. Strong told me how you risked your life by carrying him through the storm—how you wouldn't give up and leave him, though you

were weak and staggering yourself. He says it was a miracle you ever got through." "I'm not heartless," said Macdonald impatiently. "Of course I did that. I had to do it. I couldn't do less." "Nor more," she suggested. "You may have made a hard bargain with him, but you wiped that out later." "That's just what I didn't do. Don't think my conscience is troubling me. I'm not such a mush-brained fool. If he held out his hand, I would never have thought of it again. But you are his daughter. What I cheated him out of belongs to you—and you are my friend."

"Don't use that word about what you did, please. He wasn't a child. If you got the best of him in a bargain, I don't think father would think of it that way." The difficulty was that he could not tell her the truth about her father's weakness for drink and how he had played upon it. He bridged all explanations and passed to the thing he meant to do in reparation. "The money I cleaned up from that claim belongs to you, Miss O'Neill. You will oblige me by taking it." From his pocket he took a folded paper and handed it to her. Sheba opened it doubtfully. The paper contained a typewritten statement and to it was attached a check by means of a clip. The check was made out to her and signed by Colby Macdonald. The amount it called for was \$183,431. "Oh, I couldn't take this, Mr. Macdonald—I couldn't. It doesn't belong to me," she cried. "It belongs to you—and you're going to take it."



"It Belongs to You—and You're Going to Take It."

"No, I haven't told her any such thing, because it isn't true," she replied scornfully. "He owned an opera house and brought in a company of players. I dare say they danced. That's very different, as you'd know if you didn't have astigmatism of the mind." "Not the way the story was told me. But let that pass. Does she know that Macdonald beat her father out of one of the best claims on Bonanza and was indirectly responsible for his death?" "What's the use of talking nonsense, Gordon. You know you can't prove that," his friend told him sharply. "I think I can—if it is necessary." Diane looked across at him with an impudent little tilt of the chin. "I don't think I like you as well as I used to." "Sorry, because I'd like you just as well, Diane, if you would stop trying to manage your cousin into a marriage that will spoil her life," he answered gravely. "The happiness of Miss O'Neill is of very great importance to me." "Do you mean—?" Wide-eyed, she looked her question straight at him. "That's just what I mean, Diane." She darned for a minute in silence. It had occurred to Diane before that perhaps Gordon might be in love with Sheba, but she had put the thought from her because she did not want to believe it. "That's different, Gordon. It explains—and in a way excuses—your coming here and trying to bully me." She stopped her work to flash a question at him. "Don't you think that maybe it's only a fancy of yours? I remember you used—" He shook his head. "No chance, Diane. I'm hard hit. She's the only girl I ever met that suited me. Everything she does is right. Every move she makes is wonderful." The eyes with which she looked at him were softer, as those of women are wont to be for the true romance. "You poor boy," she murmured, and let her hand for a moment rest on his. "Meaning that I lose?" he asked quickly. "I think you do. I'm not sure." Elliot leaned forward impulsively. "Be a good sport, Diane. Let me have my chance, too. Why do you make it easy for Macdonald and hard for

me? Isn't it because the glamor of his millions blinds you?" "He's a big, splendid man, but I don't like him any the less because he has the power to make life easy and comfortable for Sheba," she defended sturdily. "Yet you turned down Arthur West, the best catch in your set, to marry Peter, who was the worst," he reminded her. "Have you ever been sorry for it?" She recurred to the previous question. "Sheba knows more about Mr. Macdonald than you think. And about how he got her father's claim, for instance—she has heard all that."

"You told her?" "No. Colby Macdonald told her. He said he practically robbed her father, and he gave her a check for nearly two hundred thousand to cover the clean-up from the claim and interest." "Bully for him." On the heel of this he flung a question at her. "Did Macdonald ask her to marry him the night of the dinner?" A flash of whimsical amusement lit her dainty face. "You'd better ask him that. Here he comes now." They were coming down the walk together, Macdonald and Sheba. The young woman was absorbed in his talk and she did not know that her cousin and Elliot were on the porch until she was close upon them. But at sight of the young man her eyes became warm and kind. "I'm sorry I was out yesterday when you called," she told him. "And you were out again today. My luck isn't very good, is it?" He laughed pleasantly, but his heart was bitter. He believed Macdonald had won. "We've had such a good walk," Sheba went on quickly. "I wish you could have heard Mr. Macdonald telling me how he had a chance to save a small Eskimo tribe during a hard winter. He carried food five hundred miles to them. It was a thrilling experience." "Mr. Macdonald has had a lot of very interesting experiences. You must get him to tell you about all of them," answered Gordon quietly. The eyes of the two men met. The steel-gray ones of the older man answered the challenge of his rival with a long, steady look. There was in it something of triumph, something of scornful insolence. If this young fellow wanted war, he did not need to wait long for it. "Time enough for that, man. Miss O'Neill and I have the whole Arctic winter before us for stories." The muscles in the lean jaws of Gordon Elliot stood out like steel ropes. He turned to Sheba. "Am I to congratulate Mr. Macdonald?" The color in her cheeks grew warmer, but her shy glance met his fairly. "I think it is I that am to be congratulated, Mr. Elliot."

Diane took her cousin in her arms. "My dear, I wish you all the happiness in the world," she said softly. The Irish girl fled into the house as soon as she could, but not before making an announcement. "We're to be married soon, very quietly. If you are still at Kusik we want you to be one of the few friends present, Mr. Elliot." Macdonald backed her invitation with a cool, cynical smile. "Miss O'Neill speaks for us both, of course, Elliot."

The defeated man bowed. "Thanks very much. The chances are that I'll be through my business before then." As soon as his fiancée had gone into the house, the Scotsman left. Gordon Elliot stood in a porch chair and stared straight in front of him. The suddenness of the news had brought his world tumbling about his ears. He felt that such a marriage would be an outrage against Sheba's innocence. Though she was sorry for him, Diane did not think it best to say so yet.



"Am I to Congratulate Mr. Macdonald?"

Genevieve Mallory, seeing Macdonald slipping from her grasp, takes a hand in the game with results not exactly pleasant for Macdonald. How she pulled the wires from behind the scenes is told in the next installment.

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Metal Millinery.
Smart millinery shops in London are displaying metal helmets for women, presumably for wear during air raids; though it is a question whether the fair wearer of a protective helmet would not flee to a bomb-proof refuge just as swiftly as her sister whose headgear was fashioned of straw and silk. The metal helmets for women cost just about twice as much as those designed for the masculine sex. They are lined with dainty and soft material, and on top is a cunning knob, which gives a rakish and distinctive line to the stern headgear.

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Use for Hemlock Bark.
Spent hemlock bark, which has been used chiefly for fuel, may soon be important in felt manufacture. Experiments have shown that this bark can be substituted for 30 per cent of the basic material, now chiefly rag stock, used in roofing felts. If the bark is used for the 200,000 tons of felt made in this country annually, there will be a saving. It is thought, of about \$1,000,000 a year.

Described.
"Pa, what is a profiteer?"
"A man who would rather get rich quickly than win the war quickly."

No doubt the castles in the air that we frequently read about are built of gold bricks.

ALL WORN OUT

Doan's, However, Restored Mr. Roulston to Good Health. Results Have Lasted.

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WARRING on the RED CROSS

Many ships bearing nurses and wounded soldiers have been targets for the German U-Boats.



By RALPH E. CROPLEY, In New York Tribune.

RECENTLY we have had another record of German barbarity in the torpedoing of the hospital ship Rewa, made dramatic because the missile of destruction struck her where the red cross of mercy was painted on her side, as if it were a bull's-eye for just such murderous shots. I was speaking to a merchant ship captain about it and asked him why he had given up the command of a certain British hospital ship, a berth which to my landsman's eyes had seemed to be the easiest on the sea today in spite of instances like the Rewa.

He didn't look at me as he answered. He looked far out through his cabin port at the tower of the Woolworth building. He finally told me that in spite of the danger it was easier on him to take a merchant ship or a transport through the war zone than to have his heart torn asunder by the suffering of humanity he had seen on hospital ships; men gassed and writhing in agony, men wounded or mutilated out of sheer deviltry. Frightfulness—waste of manhood because the Kaiser wanted to dominate the world—that's what he saw on a hospital ship; and when his ship of mercy, like the Rewa, was torpedoed without warning and he managed to beach her before she sank he simply went to pieces, as have many hospital ship commanders before him.

Every hospital ship sunk means that the allies must replace it with a ship which has been carrying food and munitions. That is Germany's game. Finding her submarine warfare was not succeeding as she had hoped, she lessens the tonnage of her enemies by fouling mines still and covers up her dastardly motives by officially saying:

"The German government can no longer suffer that the British government should forward troops and munitions to the main theater of war under cover of the Red Cross, and it therefore declares that from now on no enemy hospital ship will be allowed in the sea zone comprised between a line drawn from Flamborough Head to Terschelling on the one hand and Ushant and Land's End on the other. If in this sea zone after the expiry of the stated time any enemy hospital ship is encountered it will be considered as a vessel of war and it will be attacked without further ceremony."

And knowing full well that no allied hospital ships were carrying either troops, munitions or anything which they shouldn't in their garb of mercy, Germany has lessened tonnage by sinking the hospital ship Britannic (50,000 tons), Asturias (11,400 tons), Gloucester Castle (7,999 tons), Donegal (1,997 tons), Salta (7,284 tons), Lanfranc (6,275 tons), Dover Castle (8,260 tons), Rewa (7,267 tons), Glenart Castle (9,000 tons), Llandovey Castle (10,000 tons), and others amounting to over 200,000 tons.

Germany has already begun paving the way to lessen American tonnage by sinking our hospital ships whenever we get any. On May 1, 1918, she officially notified the world that

"American aviators are crossing to Europe as members of the Red Cross on hospital ships. This misuse of the Red Cross appears from documentary evidence found on American aviators who have been shot down. An American brought down in the region of the army of General von Hutler carried a pass which referred to him as a member of the American ambulance for France."

"Prisoners openly admit that it is the general practice for aviators to enter American ambulance service for their passage to Europe and to cross on hospital ships. After they are landed in France they immediately transfer to the automobile corps and thence into the air service."

"The captured aviator referred to had, however, transferred directly from the ambulance service into the air service. Another carried a certificate in the dates of several transfers were officially indicated."

Except for the naval hospital ship Solace and hospital yacht Surf attached to our fleet, and two Ward liners being converted into the hospital ships Comfort and Mercy, solely for the use of the navy and at this writing not yet in service, the United States has had no hospital ships at all. Consequently it would be impossible for American aviators to cross on such ships as Germany states they have. The aviators which Germany refers to as having crossed to France for Red Cross work crossed at their own expense on regular passenger

ships before we entered the war and were driving neutral ambulances.

When we entered the war, naturally they weren't going to return to the United States to enlist when they could enlist in their country's military forces in France and get at punishing the Hun earlier than the fellows at home. These captured American aviators Germany speaks about apparently had on them certificates of service they had rendered while driving American neutral ambulances.

As usual, Germany has distorted the truth. In this instance she simply wishes to give a semblance of excuse for the attempts she is going to make to lessen the number of ships available to transport our boys overseas, because every hospital ship sunk has to be replaced with some ship in military or civil service.

The first hospital ship the Huns sank was the Portugal, flying the Russian flag. She was anchored off Rizek, a Black sea port, when at about eight o'clock on the morning of March 17, 1916, a periscope was seen approaching. The Portugal had no wounded on board—simply her hospital staff, which included many nuns and her full crew. The Russian government had notified the central powers that the Portugal was a hospital ship and had obtained from them a recognition of her status. She was properly marked under the ruling of both the Hague and Geneva conventions.

Of course, nobody thought for one instant that the submarine would attack the Portugal, and there was no panic until, when about 200 feet away, the submarine fired a torpedo which missed its mark. Then the beast circled around the anchored ship of mercy and fired a second torpedo at close range. The second missile struck the Portugal in the engine room. There was a terrific explosion within her and the hull broke in two.

The loss of life on the Portugal was 21 nuns, who were acting as nurses; 24 others of the Red Cross staff, as well as 21 of the Russian crew and 19 of the French, totaling 85, all of whom were ruthlessly murdered without any reason whatsoever.

The next torpedoing of note was that of the new White Star liner Britannic, the largest British ship afloat and one which the Germans wished to remove from competing with their ships at the end of the war. The Britannic was sunk in the Egean sea, and that but 50 lives were lost out of the 1,100 wounded and large crew she had aboard is remarkable, considering she went down in 53 minutes. A German newspaper, the Kteler Zeitung, was the first to admit publicly that a torpedo and not a mine had caused the disaster, and further stated:

"The Britannic was transporting fresh troops for our enemies. If she had not been doing so our submarine would never, of course, have torpedoed her."

On November 24, 1916, shortly after the Britannic was sunk, the British admiralty published a complete list of all persons on board. There were no troops. Germany continued her propaganda to dull the mind of the world as to her real intent in sinking hospital ships by asserting that she had conclusive proof that in several instances enemy hospital ships had often been misused for the transport of troops and munitions. Under the principles of the Geneva convention governing maritime war belligerents have the right to stop and search hospital ships. Germany never utilized this right. Evidently it was easier to sink the ship outright and trust the world to believe the imperial German word.

The big Asturias, commanded by Captain Laws, known to many Americans who traveled to Bermuda, had her first experience with a U-boat on February 1, 1915. She was the star hospital ship of the fleet, for at that time neither the Britannic nor Aquitania was doing hospital work. Only the prompt action of the second officer in turning the ship as he saw the torpedo saved her and the scores of wounded she had on board. Having made one miss at the Asturias, the Germans kept at it till they finally got her. The British admiralty announced the following:

"The British hospital ship Asturias, while steaming with all navigating lights and with all the proper distinguishing Red Cross signs brilliantly illuminated, was torpedoed without warning on the

night of March 20-21 (1917). The torpedoing of this hospital ship is included in the list of achievements claimed by U-boats as reported in the German wireless press message yesterday."

The Asturias didn't sink, although 43 died in the tragedy, including two women, and 39 were injured. The torpedo rendered her helpless, as her rudder had been carried away. Captain Laws drove the sinking ship for shore water. As she was off the rocky shore of Cornwall, if he did succeed in beaching her the chances of saving the ship would be slight. All Captain Laws thought of was to get her somewhere where she wouldn't sink ere her wounded had been removed.

As luck would have it, the Asturias took matters into her own hands and in the darkness missed a reef, rounded a headland and brought up on one of the few sandy beaches to be found along the Cornwall shore line. After three years in command of her, several times a week crossing the Channel and running the risk of mines, as well as seeing the agony of human beings he transported, Captain Laws, like many other hospital ship skipper, collapsed. He's made several attempts to go to sea again, but his nerve is gone.

The nation responsible for the murder of Nurse Cavell accepted the Asturias incident with composure, if not with satisfaction. For the Germans stated blandly:

"It would, moreover, be remarkable that the English in the case of the Asturias should have obtained from the customary procedure of using hospital ships for the transport of troops and munitions."

The Asturias was returning from France. That is a sufficient answer to Germany.

Ten days later the Gloucester Castle was torpedoed without warning in midchannel. All the wounded were successfully removed from the ship and the casualties were five medical officers, nine nursing sisters and 38 Royal Army Medical corps men. On April 11 the Berlin official wireless again cynically published a notification that the Gloucester Castle was torpedoed by a U-boat, thus removing any possible doubt in the matter.

Then on April 17 the hospital ships Donegal and Lanfranc were sunk by U-boats. The British admiralty announced:

"The Donegal carried slightly wounded cases, all British. Of these, 29 men, as well as 12 of the crew, are missing and presumed drowned. The Lanfranc, in addition to 234 wounded British officers and men, carried 167 wounded German prisoners, a medical personnel of 52 and a crew of 123. Of these the following are missing and presumed drowned:

- "Two wounded British officers.
- "Eleven wounded British, other ranks.
- "One R. A. M. C. staff.
- "Five crew.
- "Two wounded German officers.
- "Thirteen wounded German, other ranks.

"One hundred and fifty-two wounded German prisoners were rescued by British patrol boats at the imminent risk of being themselves torpedoed." And then on the 26th of February they sank the Glenart Castle, bound from France to England. Yes, she carried troops, but they lay in white cots within the Glenart Castle's white sides. Nice chap, Fritz, for he'd agreed to respect hospital ships if they carried a Spanish officer to guarantee their Red Cross mission. The Glenart had her Spaniard and he too was nearly drowned in the catastrophe. One pleasing thing about the tragedy was that it gave an American destroyer, at the risk of being herself torpedoed, a chance to do a rescue work which makes the blood run faster in one's veins. The sea was vile and the destroyer couldn't launch a boat. Yet as she passed men clinging to wreckage—men too weak to catch the life-lines thrown to them—American seamen jumped overboard into icy water, swam to the poor devils and held them up till they could be rescued. Mr. Daniels, I'm glad to say, has fittingly rewarded such gallantry.

And shortly after the Glenart Castle the big Llandovey Castle, on mercy bent, was torpedoed. She also carried a Spanish officer. I have a letter from an officer on the hospital ship Aragona, which has been transferred from passenger and food service to the work of mercy to replace lost hospital ships, and he tells me his ship is most particular about living up to the Geneva convention. No nurses are carried except those who make the round trip between England and Canada. For if Canadian nurses worked their passage home Germany might say they were troops.

MAKE THE WIND SAVE COAL

Ingenious Air Motors That Are Used on Farms Would Serve Well Also for Towns.

It would be hard to trace a resemblance between the picturesque wind-mills of Holland and the wind-power electric plants to be seen here and there on farms throughout this country. Mounted in steel frames capable of withstanding even a hurricane, this type of air motor supplies electricity for all farm needs, and there is no reason why they should not be built large enough to develop thousands of horsepower, thereby effecting a permanent saving in coal, says Electrical Experimenter. In fact, such a plant has been designed for the town of Tomah, Wis.

The working parts of these mills are inclosed in weatherproof casings, filled with lubricating oil and mounted on ball bearings. The power values turn on their bearings in such a manner as to expose them to the wind at the angle of greatest efficiency, no matter from what quarter it may blow. For only 30 degrees of the circle does the wind strike the vane on its edge or at a point where the fullest power is not developed.

The most ingenious features are the automatic controls. When the storage batteries are charged the mill stops; after they have given up a certain amount of current the vanes are thrown into the wind and begin work again. If the velocity of the air currents would develop a speed injurious to the machinery the angle of the vanes to the wind automatically changes, preventing the mill from running above a given rate. The plant requires little attention. Reasonable care must be given to the generator, distilled or rain water provided for the batteries, and once a year the bearings must be filled with oil.

INK MADE FROM TOADSTOOLS

Manufacture of Writing Fluid From Common Variety of Fungus Is Proposed in France.

The utilization of a common variety of fungus for the manufacture of ink, now both costly and scarce, has been proposed in France. The ink-yielding fungus which is often found growing in clusters where decaying vegetable matter exists in rich, damp soil is sometimes called "the inkstand" or the "ink bottle" because of the fact that when it decays a black liquid is produced. Its cap is elongated and bell-shaped, white at first and covered with a shining powder, later turning to gray with small brown scales on its top.

A French scientific journal says that extensive experiments in the production of indelible ink from this fungus were once carried on by French botanists. The fungi are simply placed in a bottle or other container.

After standing for a day or two they change to a black pulpy mass, which, on being filtered through cloth, yields a deep black or brownish ink, not unlike India ink. The addition of a small quantity of gum arabic and a little of the essence of cloves is said to improve it and preserve its fluidity.

The ink consists of a liquid in which are suspended the minute spores of the fungus. For this purpose it can be readily identified by means of a microscopic examination. As it is also indelible, it is peculiarly valuable for use in writing of wills and other documents which are sometimes subject to fraudulent alteration.—Pathfinder.

Where It's Really Cold.

Turn up your collar, thrust your hands to the bottom of your pockets and read about the "cold pole" of northern Siberia, where the natives speak patronizingly about Greenland's icy mountains and other such relatively balmy resorts. At the town of Verkhoyansk, which would probably never have had any inhabitants if the late czar's government had not sent occasional batches of exiles thither, the thermometer has been known to drop to 90 degrees below zero, which is a "record" for the whole world. While the regions about the North and South poles of the earth are cold all the time, the Siberian "cold pole" gives its inhabitants a comfortable let-up in summer, when the thermometer frequently climbs up into the 80's above zero. During the brief summer season the life-giving rays of the sun, which remains above the horizon day and night for some time during the height of the season, exert an intensely stimulating influence upon the vegetation and the ground is covered with flowers.

Dread of Poverty.

A great deal of apparent poverty comes from dread of poverty. A man saves every cent and goes blind and soul hungry and, ten to one, he is starving somebody else at the same time, along with himself. He is really poor, for the time being, although he has a large bank account. Poverty will come every time as the result of the improper attitude toward money. Money is not a reality; it represents things that we consider for our good. But there is no poverty like that of the starved soul that shrinks and dries up into narrowness and depression. In getting the feeling of wealth, look about you. See all the wonders of nature; believe that wonders will happen and then get ready for them. After the day's work is done build air castles, and then go in and lay a strong foundation under one of them. Expect to develop into efficiency necessary for the bigger job. The key to this lies in your hands in doing the little things well.—Patrick Feston in the Nautilus.

TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befall the over-zealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratories in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

An Up-to-Date Atlas. Mrs. Flatbush—Your husband always looks to me as if he thought he carried the world on his shoulders.

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Well, he doesn't, but as a matter of fact, if you saw my carpets, you'd believe that he carried a large part of the earth on his boots.

Barber's Qualifications. "So you are an applicant for a position in my shop?" asked the head of the tonsorial parlor. "I am sir," replied the stranger. "And what qualifications have you to fit you for the position of barber?" "I speak four languages, sr."

Can Afford It. "Don't you think Mrs. Comeup has a great deal of loquacity?" "Maybe she has, but with all the war profits the old man is making now, she can afford it."

Morotinous Selections. "What on earth is the matter with this piano?" "I think what it needs is change of air."

A mean man always attributes the dislike of his neighbors to envy.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt at all and costs only a few cents

Magie! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.

Sacrifices. A mother was explaining to her son the sacrifices some of the great stars in the movies were making for the government, and how they were giving their last dollar for the cause of democracy. Using Charlie Chaplin as an example, the boy being a good imitator of this celebrated movie player, the mother told how Chaplin had given hundreds of dollars to the cause for Liberty bonds and Thrift stamps. The lad remarked:

"Why, that's nothing. I act as Charlie Chaplin for the show and make 50 cents, and I give all of this for Thrift stamps, so he has nothing on me, for I give all I have each week."

Domestic Finance. Stella—What is a revolving fund? Bella—What your husband gives you and then borrows back.

Money ceases to talk after a miser gets a strangle hold on it.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Red-Hot Weather! Stomach Off?

No Appetite? Mouth Dry? Tongue Stiff and a Fierce Thirst? Here's Relief!!

Hot, heavy foods and iced drinks often play havoc with bad stomachs in hot weather. The weak ones haven't got a chance. A quickly chilled or overworked stomach is a starter of untold misery for its owner.

When you have that dull, depressed feeling after eating—stomach pains, bowel disorders, heartburn or nausea, belching, food repeating—it is the danger point. You want to look out—and be quick about it in this hot weather.

A way has been discovered to make sick stomachs well and to keep them cool and sweet. It is a commonsense way. No starvation plan of diet is needed. Make this test and see how quickly you get a good appetite in hot weather and enjoy the things you like without misery to follow.

EATONIC Tablets have amazed people everywhere with the marvelous benefits they have produced for thousands of stomach sufferers. Start the test today and let your own stomach tell you the truth.

EATONIC works quick—it absorbs and neutralizes hurtful, poisonous acids, juices and stomach gases caused from indigestible foods. Thousands testify that it quickly puts the stomach in a clean, sweet condition—recreates—builds up the lost appetite and makes life worth living for the man who likes good things but who suffers every time he eats them.

EATONIC is absolutely guaranteed to do all this and you are to be the judge. If it doesn't rid you of stomach and bowel troubles most common in hot weather—you get your money back at once, right from your own druggist whom you know and can trust. No need of your taking a chance of suffering. Start EATONIC today. You will see.



—that's what thousands of farmers say, who have gone from the U. S. to settle on homesteads or buy land in Western Canada. Canada's invitation to every industrious worker to settle in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops to feed the world.

You Can Get a Homestead of 160 Acres Free or other lands at very low prices. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre that will raise 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre—it's easy to become prosperous. Canadian farmers also grow wonderful crops of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools and churches; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. M. V. MacInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents

KINGSTON NEWS

Delos Ball was a DeKalb visitor on Saturday. Frank Wilson was a Sycamore visitor Tuesday. P. J. Harlow was a business visitor in Aurora Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. White and children motored to Camp Grant Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. John Arison and children of Sycamore were visitors Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Burton and daughter, Georgia, visited Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Lucas in Belvidere. Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Burton and children were guests of Mrs. Burton's brother, Roy Brown, at Rockford, last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Harlow and son, Stiles, and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sternberg and son, Harlow, motored to St. Charles on the Fourth. Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Chellgreen and daughter, Leona, and Miss Edith Moore visited with friends in Kirkland Tuesday evening.

SHOES - SHOES - SHOES SHOES - SHOES - SHOES

Shoes

BIXBY-HUGHES CLOTHING CO.

Shoes

SHOES - SHOES - SHOES SHOES - SHOES - SHOES SHOES - SHOES - SHOES SHOES - SHOES - SHOES SHOES - SHOES - SHOES SHOES - SHOES - SHOES

SHOES - SHOES - SHOES SHOES - SHOES - SHOES

Wants, For Sale, Etc.

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

Lands and City Property

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

Lost and Found

LOST—on road east of Genoa, kit of auto tools. Reward for return. H. M. Crawford, Genoa, Ill.

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

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

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—A good garage with two stalls for horses. Apply to C. J. Arbuckle in J. P. Evans residence on Main street.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Good second hand eight-foot Plano Binder. J. R. Kiernan & Son, Genoa.

FEEDING CORN—Few hundred bushels good ear corn for sale. R. E. White, Kingston, Ill. Phone 24 35-3t.*

FOR SALE—40-acre farm, 3 miles southeast of Genoa, on Derby line road. All under cultivation, fine residence and good barn. Will give possession in fall or spring. Inquire of John Gray, Genoa, Ill. 24-tf

Wanted

WANTED—Men to shock grain at harvest time. Call phone 914-13, Genoa.

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

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

SEND ORDERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BANK STATEMENT

Report of the condition of the Farmers State Bank, located at Genoa, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 1st day of July, 1918, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

Table with Resources and Liabilities sections. Resources include Loans and Discounts (\$231,705.24), Overdrafts (\$119.75), Investments (\$23,327.50), Banking House (\$179.26), Furniture and Fixtures (\$313.74), Real Estate other than Banking House (\$432.00), Cash and due from Banks (\$162,046.68), Other Resources, revenue, War Savings and Thrift Stamps (\$55.55). Total Resources: \$294,108.72. Liabilities include Capital Stock Paid in (\$40,000.00), Surplus Fund (\$6,000.00), Undivided profits (net) (\$333.88), Deposits (\$199,769.86), Bills Payable and Redemptions (\$45,000.00). Total Liabilities: \$294,108.72.

SACRIFICE SALE

I will sell my complete stock of millinery, including ribbons, silks, velvets, flowers, feathers, hats and all trimmings, including show cases and all fixtures for \$75.00 cash or \$100.00 part on time. Fine established business and the only millinery store in town. Reason for selling, ill health. Call at E. J. Tischler's store. Mrs. C. C. Ellis

ANOTHER DE KALB COUNTY BOY

Oscar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ole Male of Malta, was drowned in France recently, word having reached the parents last Saturday night. The message stated that the boy had been recovered but there were no further details.

COURT HOUSE NOTES

Estates of—Sarah Chapman. Hearing on final report continued to August 19. Minnie Koeller. Proof of notice to creditors made. Inventory approved. Barney McCormick. Report showing settlement of copartnership estate made. Andrew C. Merritt. Proof of notice to creditors made.

OFFER TO HELP FARMERS

Harvard business men are ready to help farmers thru the harvest and threshing season, says the Herald, by providing such help as can be spared from their respective business places and by inducing men outside their employ to aid in saving the crops.

SOME KNITTER

One of the most ardent knitters in Elgin, says the News, is Mrs. Wm. McCredie, who holds the record for making socks. She has made two hundred twenty-five pairs to date.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

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

FOR COUNTY CLERK

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

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

To The Coal Trade

ONE STICK OR A BILL

The above words are not meant as a puzzle or a problem for you to solve. We want to convey to you and impress it firmly on your mind that we will give you the benefit of our years of experience in handling lumber, no matter whether you want one stick of lumber for a special purpose or are in the market for a house or barn bill of lumber. We KNOW lumber and know how to buy it to the best advantage for ourselves and the trade. You will use lumber this fall? Call and talk it over with us now.

Genoa Lumber Co.

FISK NON-SKID TIRES A real investment on which you realize full value in mileage and Fisk Service, with an initial price that is attractive. T. J. Hoover M. F. O'Brien GENOA, ILLINOIS.

Milady's Toilet

It is with a sense of keen satisfaction to announce to the trade that our line of toilet articles is equal to that in the larger cities. No matter what your taste may be in the selection of Powders, Cosmetics, Cold Creams, Perfumes and all other toilet sundries, we have the brands that are the most popular because they are the best. They will meet with your instant approval. We want the ladies to make this store their headquarters for this class of goods and will guarantee to carry the goods that you want and should have.

Scott's Pharmacy

Kingston Market & Grocery FRESH AND SALT MEATS Oysters and Fish in Season A line of Specially Selected Staple Groceries. Goods and Prices Right R. H. STERNBURG Telephone 16

Preparedness

- If you build NOW, you will have your buildings ready, when they are needed. If you build NOW, your work will be done and your buildings occupied, when other builders are worried and delayed because they can't get labor and material. If you build NOW, your investment will be paying you handsome returns, when other builders are wishing they had so invested. BUILD NOW—and let us furnish you with material from our select stock.

Tibbits, Cameron Lumber Co. ORR MERRITT, Mgr.

Do not forget the Patriots' Fund Payment