

THE GENOA REPUBLICAN-JOURNAL

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, SEPTEMBER 16, 1904, AT THE POSTOFFICE AT GENOA, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1879

PUBLISHED BY C. D. SCHOONMAKER

GENOA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1913

NEW SERIES VOLUME VIII, NO. 47

MORE ADVERTISING

Wallace's Farmer Devotes Big Space to DeKalb County Soil

HAS A TALK WITH ECKHARDT

Mr. Wallace Believes that DeKalb will Increase in Productivity Over Other Counties of the State

A recent issue of Wallace's Farmer (Des Moines, Ia.) contained a seven column write-up of a visit to DeKalb county by H. A. Wallace.

Mr. Wallace spoke very highly of the farms in DeKalb county and was especially pleased with the splendid manner in which the farm homes are kept up—the beautiful yards, well painted buildings and the general air of prosperity of the surroundings.

Mr. Wallace devoted considerable space to the work of Prof. Eckhardt, soil expert of DeKalb county. He said that while the farmers as a rule appreciated the work of Mr. Eckhardt, he found some farmers in the southern part of the county who "did not think much of the county expert business about which some of the agricultural papers are making such a fuss."

The following extracts of the article in Wallace's Farmer give some idea of the work of our soil expert as seen by a special writer on agriculture:

Mr. Eckhardt seems to think that the Illinois system of permanent agriculture, which consists of the rational use of lime, manure, clover and rock phosphate, is the one essential to permanent farm prosperity. He placed so much of his emphasis on this that I asked him if it were not well also to lay some emphasis on general education and character building. In a way he agreed with me, but he pointed out that education, strong character, morality, etc., are really dependent upon prosperity. When Mr. Eckhardt was teaching at the University of Illinois, he noticed in his soil classes that all but one of his students were from Northern Illinois. His inference was that also the people of southern Illinois are just as intelligent naturally as those of northern Illinois, yet because of their poor soil they are not prosperous. They work hard, but are always in the rut, out of which they can never get because of soil conditions.

Mr. Eckhardt does not take much stock in general talk about "uplift." To secure the best results, he feels that he must base his work not on high sounding words about morality, character, etc., but on the fundamental facts of soil fertility which concern themselves with such prosaic things as lime, clover, manure and rock phosphate.

Mr. Eckhardt thinks that talk is all right in its place, but the test of it is what will it do. He says they have talked alfalfa for years in DeKalb county, but very little of it was grown until he got to work last year, and more was seeded in August than in all the years before.

I asked him if the farmers were working well with him, and he told me that, altho at first there had been a little opposition, now practically all were with him. I told him that in the southern part of the county were some who did not think much of county experts. He said that he had not been down in that part of the county a great deal, and the fact that there were a few in the county who were not warmly supporting him did not seem to bother him. His philosophical

READY FOR AUTO LICENCES

Contract Let by Secretary of State for Number Plates for Automobiles for 1913

The contract for the automobile number tags to be used in the state during this year will be let by Secretary of State Harry Woods within a few days. The secretary will provide for the manufacture of 100,000 of the tags, a great increase over the number made last year.

The use of the automobile grew to such an extent in the spring that Secretary Woods has been forced to have 20,000 more tags made than were provided for in the contract let last year by Secretary Doyle.

Secretary Woods has been considering designs for some weeks. He will pick one that he believes will please all owners of cars.

"I intend to let the contract to some firm that will give bond for \$10,000 to deliver the tags and not to subcontract the work to some other company," Mr. Woods said. "Even if I have to pay more for the work, I want to know that it will be done promptly."

The state is far behind in the issuance of tags now because there are none at hand. It will take some months to get them after the contract is let.

The new automobile law gives every informer a part of the fine that is assessed against an automobile owner who has no state license, and this will greatly increase the number of license applications. The secretary of state must furnish the tags as a part of the consideration for the money paid for the license.

Movies Puts Bill Out

Buffalo Bill's Wild West show has gone into the hands of a receiver. It has been losing money of late years and no wonder. It costs you a dollar to view the show from a reserved seat and you can see a better wild west show at the movies for a nickel.

conclusion was that in the farming game, as elsewhere, there was a survival of the fittest. For instance, he said that there were a number of men in this part of Illinois who would not tile drain. Those who are opposed to the county expert idea are, in many cases, prosperous farmers, but in the future the law of the survival of the fittest will commence to work among those who inherit their land. Those who make use of scientific ideas or the ideas of their scientific neighbors will survive; the "mossbacks" will go under.

DeKalb county spends more money on her expert than any other county I know of. She spends \$10,000 a year, of which \$2,000 is voted by the banks, \$2,000 by the county board of supervisors, and \$300 by each of the nineteen townships. Altogether, about 700 out of the 2400 farmers have contributed.

I had already talked too long with Mr. Eckhardt, and my friends were ready to go. But in a short time I had heard enough to interest me greatly in his work. He is approaching his problem in a somewhat different way from other county experts, and has somewhat more money at his command than the others. DeKalb county is already one of the most productive counties in Illinois, but under Mr. Eckhardt's guidance it should increase steadily in productivity. I will be surprised if the census of 1920 does not show that DeKalb county has gained more in crop yields than those counties surrounding it.

FARMERS TO PICNIC

First Demonstration to be Made by Members of Soil Improvement Ass'n

AT COUNTY FARM SEPTEMBER 6

Speakers of Note will be Preseed to Assist in Making the Event a Pleasure—Farmers, their Families and Friends Invited

At a meeting of the directors of the DeKalb County Soil Improvement association at the office in Sycamore last Friday it was decided to hold the first annual picnic of the association at the county farm on Saturday, September 6. At the same time the annual business meeting of the association will be held when officers will be elected.

Wm. G. Eckhardt, the county agriculturist, will have the arrangement of the program in charge, and is now corresponding with several big men, interested in agriculture, inducing them to get on the program. The affair will be a basket picnic and it is hoped that every farmer in the county will bring his family and basket on that date. It should be the biggest thing ever pulled off in the county. People will have an opportunity to see the county farm and inspect the beautiful new building which is now being constructed there. A complete program of the day's events will appear later in this paper. Watch for it.

The Association will furnish clover seed next year as well as alfalfa and sweet clover. Circulars have been issued to all members of the association regarding the conditions of sale, and invitations extended to others to get in on the good things which are coming DeKalb county's way.

Sunday No "Piker"

Macomb Journal: "Billy Sunday preached a sermon at the laying of the corner stone of a church in an Indiana town recently after which he was handed a check for \$50, which he tore up. Whatever else he might be, "Billy" is not a "piker."

WILL SEEK AMENDMENT

Bill Before Congress which Provides for the Prohibiting of Liquor Manufacture

John D. Works, United States senator from California, has put himself on record as being against the liquor business by the following resolution which was presented before the senate on the 21st of June:

"Whereas the consumption of strong alcoholic liquor is increasing at an alarming rate, thereby undermining the public morals, inflicting disease and untimely death upon many of our citizens, and blighting with degeneracy their posterity, thus threatening the integrity and life of the Nation: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring), That the following be proposed as an amendment to the Constitution which shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. After the last article add a new article, as follows:

"ARTICLE XVIII
"Section 1. The sale, manufacture and importation of distilled liquor containing alcohol, except for mechanical, scientific and medicinal purposes, under proper regulation by Congress, shall be prohibited in the United States on and after a period of three years next succeeding the ratification of this article by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States.

"Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article."

The resolution has been referred to the committee on the Judiciary, where it will no doubt be pigeonholed for some time.

Eickstead Buys Home

Marengo News: Lester Barber has sold the elegant W. F. Abbott house and lot on the southeast corner of Ford and Prairie streets, to Wm. Eickstead of Riley. Consideration \$3,350. It is one of the best built houses in the city, and centrally located. Mr. Eickstead will soon retire from farming and make his home in our city.

THE CHAUTAUQUA

Large Number of Season Tickets Sold and Sessions well Attended

PROGRAMS ARE ALL VERY GOOD

People of Genoa Take to the Chautauqua Idea far Better than Many Other Larger Cities—Prospects for Future Years

Many season tickets were sold for the Lincoln Chautauqua despite the fact that only a few days were given in which to make the campaign. Besides the season tickets a large number of single admission tickets are sold every afternoon and evening. The fact is demonstrated beyond a doubt that Genoa will support a chautauqua as well as many of the larger cities and, perhaps better. On Tuesday night the tent was filled to its capacity, fully 700 in attendance. More chairs were added on Wednesday. If the thing is gone into next year by some organization with hustler at the head, there is no reason why it will not pay out well. Despite the fact that the local men who have taken care of the affair this year had only a short time for preliminary preparation, they have accomplished a good work and are to be congratulated.

The several entertainments thus far have been all that was claimed for them, the audience every afternoon and evening being pleased with the musical numbers as well as the lectures. Mr. Kramer's lectures on Wednesday were of unusual merit and elicited praise from every one.

The programs for this evening, Friday and Saturday are all good. If you have not been in attendance, you will have an opportunity to make good.

Her Eightieth Birthday

Mrs. Geo. Olmstead celebrated her 80th birthday anniversary at the home of her son, E. H., Wednesday, Aug. 6. All the children and grand-children were present with the exception of her son, John, and family of Michigan. The feature of the event was the birthday cake which was made by Mrs. Olmstead on her 80th birthday. This estimable lady enjoys fairly good health for one of her advanced years, being able to do her own house work most of the time. To say that all present enjoyed the occasion is putting it mildly. A bountiful dinner was served.

Some Illinois Tree

Editor Bert Fay of the DeKalb Review has been advertising for a cross-cut saw to saw off a one foot section of a tree trunk that measures over six feet in diameter. After Bert gets the saw he will have to advertise for a couple of pair of Missouri mules to pull the saw. The tree was grown on George M. Tindall's farm in Sycamore township and is supposed to be the largest tree ever grown in DeKalb county, and the one-foot section is to be a souvenir, or remembrance, or maybe just a relic for the Normal school at DeKalb.

Auto Bus Line

An automobile bus is now making regular trips between Marengo and Harvard, affording Genoa people a direct route to Geneva Lake. The bus leaves Marengo on week days at 9:35 a. m. and 4:35 p. m., Sundays at 8:50 a. m. and 6:55 p. m. It leaves Harvard on week days at 7:15 a. m. and 3:15 p. m., Sundays at 7:15 a. m. and 5:45 p. m.

For sale, iron fence braces, at Sycamore, Ill. Sycamore Iron & Metal Co. Phone 222. 47-tf

COUNTRY MINISTERS

Country Church Theme of Special Discussion at Conference in DeKalb, September 1 and 2

A special Conference of Country Ministers beginning Monday afternoon and continuing thru Tuesday evening will precede the Country Life Conference which convenes in DeKalb during the first week of September. Ministers of all denominations will attend this gathering and the difficulties of the country church are to be threshed out from every angle and viewpoint.

The first session of this conference will be devoted to a discussion of the "Present Condition of Country Churches in Illinois." At this time Rev. Clair S. Adams of the Presbyterian Department of Church and Country Life, will speak of country church and community conditions as he discovered them thru a special survey made in Central Illinois.

Following this a dozen country and village ministers from different sections and denominations will tell briefly of successful work in their local churches.

The forenoon session on Tuesday, September 2, will be devoted to a discussion of the "Remedies for Country Church Evils."

Much is being said recently concerning the preparation of country ministers. It is commonly declared that the average minister does not fit the country and that the decadence of the country church is somewhat due to his lack of sympathy and leadership. For this reason Tuesday afternoon has been set aside for a consideration of the preparation of country ministers. Speakers for this program are Rev. J. W. Street of Mackinaw; Prof. Ross L. Finney of the Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington; and Rev. M. B. McNutt.

A country church exhibit, showing the best development of rural churches in Illinois and elsewhere will supplement this program. A special feature of this exhibit will be the graphic presentation of church conditions in Central Illinois as shown thru the survey of Rev. Clair S. Adams. From this investigation it appears that more than half of the country churches in Central Illinois are dying and that village stores and barber shops are rapidly supplanting the church as a social center. Of equal interest will be the contributions made to this exhibit by the various local churches of the state, and also the rural work of the Y. W. C. A. in Woodford county.

It is not the idea of the management of this conference to assemble a few big men for long set speeches but rather to bring together successful country and village ministers of every denomination for the discussion of the most immediate problems of the country church. For complete programs and other literature concerning the Country Life Conference of which this Church Conference is a part address the Secretary of the Illinois Federation for Country Life Progress at Normal or DeKalb.

Puzzle for Collectors

In the recent publication of the personal assessment list of McHenry, in McHenry county, with a population less than that of Genoa township, there appears 27 Friends, eight of whom are named John. There are also 15 Schaeffers, 15 Smiths, 14 Millers, 11 Justens, 8 Blakes, 7 Harrisons, 8 Stillings, 7 Heimers, 6 Whittings, 6 Adams and 6 Mays. But there are only two Browns and no Olmsteads.

AT THE NEW PARK

Annual Old Settlers and Farmers Picnic at Kingston, Thursday, Aug. 21

CHARLES E. FULLER TO SPEAK

Most Beautiful Grounds in the County will be Dedicated in Speech by Hon. Fred Carpenter of Rockford—Kirkland Band Engaged

The annual picnic of the Northern Illinois old settlers and DeKalb county farmers will be held in the new park at Kingston, Ill., on Thursday, Aug. 21, complete arrangements for the day's events having been arranged by the various committees.

The forenoon will be devoted to exercises dedicating the park. Hon. Fred Carpenter of Rockford will deliver the dedicatory address. The afternoon will be devoted to music, speaking and pleasure generally. Hon. Chas. E. Fuller of Belvidere and Hon. Earl D. Reynolds of Rockford will speak. The Kirkland Military Band will furnish music during the day. During the exercises a large chorus will sing.

Hanson & Johnson will be there with their \$5,000 jumping horse carry-us-all.

The Kingston park is one of the most beautiful spots in the county, Nature having done her best in fitting it for a picnic ground. The Kishwaukee runs thru the grounds and at this point the stream is at its prettiest.

One of the best features of the place is a flowing well of water, clear as crystal, pure and cold.

Go to Kingston on the 21st and have the best time ever.

Herbert Man Injured

Herman Strout of Herbert was dangerously injured in a runaway accident on Wednesday forenoon of last week when he was run over by a load of gravel. Five or six ribs were broken, he was crushed about the chest, his head was injured, his left leg was badly cut and some fingers were broken. He was found unconscious and taken to his home a couple of miles north of Herbert where he lies in a critical condition. The injured man has been employed the last two years on Frank Meyers' farm, and was hauling gravel when he was injured. It is thought the team ran away throwing the driver beneath the wheels. He was found unconscious a short time later and taken to his home, and Dr. Burton of Kingston was summoned.

More Woman's Rights

Zion women will henceforth be permitted to "go through" their husband's pockets at any time. "You say she has no right to go through your clothes," shouted the overseer. "I say she has! And I'll give you women authority to search your husband's clothes at any time. Don't take money out of his clothes though! If you do you're a thief!" These remarks were made by Voliva during an address at the rally at Shiloh tabernacle. In support of his contention, he quoted a case which happened during his pastoral work in Melbourne, Australia, where a wife discovered a "stub" for \$100 for "a lady friend" in her husband's pockets.

May Oppose Hinebaugh

Fred Sterling, newspaper man at Rockford and secretary of the Illinois board of arbitration until he resigned last week and prior to that a member of the board of managers of the Pontiac reformatory, will be a candidate for congress against Congressman Hinebaugh of Ottawa. He was candidate for the republican secretary of state in 1908.

At the Chautauqua Saturday



THE LYRIC GLEE CLUB.

EVERYBODY, whether young or old, enjoys a good male quartet. Only one other similar organization has a longer record before the public, and none has ever met with a greater measure of popular success than the Lyric Glee club, which appears on our coming Chautauqua program. Eight years of continuous and successful concert work, with their time booked solid in advance, attest their unwaning popularity. Their long experience on the platform enables them to rightly balance their programs. Mr. Hendry's readings in costume, vocal and brass quartets, with solo numbers by the individual members of the club, give the right variety to their entertainment. They will appear on the last day of the Chautauqua.

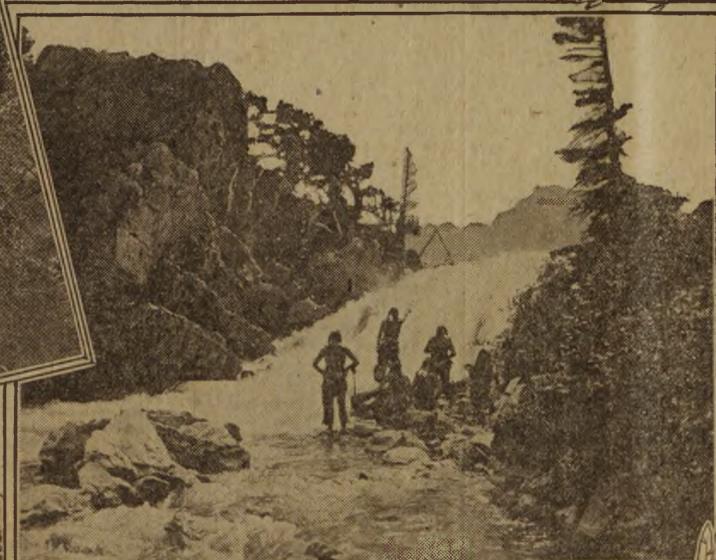
OUR NEWEST NATIONAL PLAYGROUND

The Diary of an Eastern Tenderfoot's Journey over Its Century-Old Trails

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KISER PHOTO CO., PORTLAND, ORE.



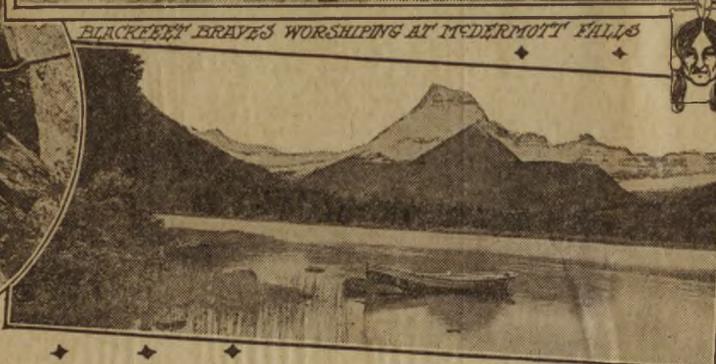
GRINNELL MOUNTAIN AND McDERMOTT FALLS



BLACKFEET BRAVES WORSHIPPING AT McDERMOTT FALLS



CLY TERROT AND DOLLY VARDEN "BIG RUN" IN ST. MARY'S LAKE



PLACID LAKE McDERMOTT

M-o-n-t-a-n-a,
That's a pretty good place to stay,
We'll always think when we're far away,
Of M-o-n-t-a-n-a.

—Song of the Glacials.

THE particular part of Montana about which this song was sung lies in the far northwest corner of the state, where the Rocky mountains, their summits covered with eternal snow, their bases clothed in pine forests of perpetual green, swung over the Canadian border, down through the heart of the continent to the year-long summer lands of Mexico.

Eighty lakes, sapphire and opal and diamond clear, in the varying lights, reflect the blue western sky. Threescore living glaciers, green with the depths of ice that endures season after season, lies the the hollows of the giant peaks. Crystal streams descend in countless waterfalls over the brown rocks and break the silence of the forest trails.

In these mountains, left save for a few trails as they were before the first white men pushed their way across the plains to the further ocean, the wild things of that early wilderness still find a refuge.

Accustomed to think of Montana as a state of cattle ranges, big wheat crops, and the home of copper, we know nothing of this part of it—this land of delight. Yet we, in common with some 40,000,000 of other Americans, are its owners. Congress, in one of its moments of wisdom two years ago, set it aside as a national possession to be, as Chief Two Guns said, "a playground for all the people, rich and poor, white and Indian, forever."

It is now Glacier National park, and there are some 1,400 square miles within its borders. You may roam through it for a month and never tread the same ground twice.

It was by pony travel that a party of eastern tenderfeet, fresh from occupations in which exercise is at a discount and locomotion is mostly by street car, explored the park a few weeks ago. They emerged from a two weeks' exile, after some tribulation, hard as nails and healthy as savages. This diary is a brief record of their experiences:

Two Medicine, Mont., Thursday.

It is eight miles from the park gateway at Midvale to the first chalet at Two Medicine. But these are Montana miles, and as Old Philadelphia said, if they would only sell you land on the Montana measurement and let you resell it on the eastern scale it would be a mighty satisfactory transaction. The trail led over several small streams, and on through forests of pine and scrub oak. But always it led upward, a little nearer the snow-capped mountains inclosing the green ahead. The pace dropped to an easy walk, the horses' feet fell noiselessly upon the thick pine needles, and scarcely a sound disturbed the forest peace. Late afternoon came all too soon. A sudden turn in the trail brought into view a pretty log chalet beside a deep blue lake, the mountains coming down to its very edge. Smoke curled from the cook house chimney, suggesting good things to eat. The ponies broke into a

trot, and for the moment saddle soreness was forgotten. This was Two Medicine, the end of the first stage of our journey.

Cutbank Camp, Friday.

Leaving Two Medicine, we rode away in a golden morning. A light hoar frost sprinkled the grass. The sun was rolling a curtain of white mist upward from the violet sides of Rising Wolf mountain.

Upward the trail wound, the horses picking their way over fallen trees, now dipping into yeasty hollows, now climbing a slippery bank. One rode at an angle of 45 degrees forward and backward, alternately. The trees grew thinner and scrubby—"Nature's stunted step-children," the official tenderfoot poet called them—and the trail steeper until we emerged aloft, almost at the timber line. Presently we were riding in a flurry of snowflakes that hid mountain and valley. A cloud rift letting through a gleam of sunlight revealed our snow falling as rain in the valley below.

Noon came and luncheon. It was hardly more than four hours since breakfast, yet hungry eyes watched the preparations until at length was heard a call which for music grateful to the ear will never be equaled in the Metropolitan Opera House.

That call consists of four syllables—grace notes they might be called if this were any subject for mere frivolity. It runs like this: "Go-ome an' git it!"

It is the park summons to meals. The rush follows.

We "got it," and proceeded on our way new-hearted, though the weather had still a new variation for us. The last section of the eighteen miles from Two Medicine was traversed through a heavy drizzle, and the going was heavy.

Lake St. Mary's, Saturday.

We had started from Cutbank in better trim than on the day before, and were riding more at ease. Around the bend in the trail ahead swept a band of painted Indians, drums beating and eagle feathers streaming in the breeze. A few paces from our leading file they reined in their ponies, formed line, and made guttural sounds of uncertain import. George Star, Blackfoot interpreter, trotted to the front.

"Chief Two Guns," announced Mr. Starr, indicating a stalwart Indian in beaded buckskin and a chief's war bonnet. "Chief Jim White Calf," indicating another handsome Indian, "both sons of old man White Calf, dead now—great chief. They come to welcome you to park. Big Moon, medicine man." Mr. Big Moon nodded pleasantly. "For three days he makes medicine to have fine weather while you're in park."

The Narrows, Upper St. Mary's Lake, Monday.

Leaving the horses to be picked up later, we journeyed today by motor launch up St. Mary's lake to this point, where still a new phase of this western scenery presents itself. The lake narrows as you ascend, and the mountains come closer, becoming as it were on more intimate terms with humanity. Very near seemed their brown sides, banded with gray and black, and snow-covered summits, in the clear air. A tiny glacier in a narrow gulch looked so close that

you would expect to throw a stone upon its surface with ease. The guide said it was a full three miles away.

Lake McDermott, Wednesday.

We have seen many beautiful sights, but the unanimous verdict on reaching camp tonight was that the day's ride had been the most beautiful of all; at which Tom Dawson, the veteran chief guide, only smiled. He is used to this tenderfoot raptures. "Why," he said, "you haven't seen anything to speak of yet. This is only the beginning."

Beautiful Lake Sherbourne was passed at a canter, for the tenderfeet by this time have become hardened to the saddle, and each rider's pany is his best friend. Toward evening we came upon a new and strange sight. By the remnants of a grass-grown stage road we reached a group of log houses, larger and more pretentious than most. The guide explained: "This is Altyn, a dead town. It was built up by a copper mining prospect, but the prospect was only a pocket, and the pocket soon gave out. Then everybody went away. It has been deserted ten years."

We left Altyn behind and in a few minutes were in quite a different spot. The Lake McDermott chalets are grouped about a waterfall, around which the mountains stand sentinel. Their summits as we saw them first were flushed with pink in the evening light, and inspired new adjectives of admiration, all too weak.

Lake McDermott, Friday.

Yesterday we rode to Iceberg lake and saw our park in still another guise. We passed through a forest of giant Christmas trees with the snow thick upon their branches and the whole world green beneath, then skirted the steepest mountains encountered in all our travel hitherto, climbed the famous Golden Stairs, and at last reached a valley where on three sides huge cliffs looked down upon a sapphire lake set in a sea of white. On one side a glacier centuries old moves an inch or so a year down the steep rocks, its waters feeding the lake, whose surface is dotted with huge cakes of ice. The hottest day in August is cool at Iceberg lake, and finds the glacial fragments floating there as though it were early spring.

Today we traveled to still another beauty spot, Cracker lake, haunt of the big horn sheep, whose tracks here and there were seen upon the snow's smooth surface. Tomorrow we move onward to Lake McDonald and homeward.

Lake McDonald, Monday.

Here on the park's western border, and by the side of the largest—many say the most beautiful of all its many lakes—we have spent our last day. Our exploration is at an end, for here the outside world makes itself felt again. Hobsnailled boots and khaki, short skirt and sweater here meet the habiliments of civilization upon a common footing.

We said good-bye to our trusty ponies yesterday and today we tramped it to the Royal Gorge and waterfall, which are McDonald's chief beauties.

Most of the folk who have been to the park are going back there. Our own west also has its spell.

ILLINOIS NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

Wire Reports of Happenings From All Parts of the State.

TO AID ARCTIC EXPEDITION

University of Illinois Club Is Interested in the Venture of Donald B. MacMillan Which Came to Grief When Ship Went Ashore.

Champaign.—The University of Illinois Arctic club will seek to aid in an effort to refit the Donald B. MacMillan arctic expedition, which came to grief when the whaler Diana went ashore on Barge Point in the straits of Belle Isle, just after beginning its journey north. W. Elmer Ekblaw, an instructor in geology, and Maurice C. Tanquary, a member of the faculty of the University of Kansas, both graduates of Illinois, are members of the expedition. The board of trustees of the university voted financial aid to the undertaking and the Arctic club fitted out the local explorers. Letters just received from Ekblaw, previous to the sailing from Sydney, N. S., on July 12, were confident in spirit, although the young explorer stated that much ice was reported in the straits and a hard passage was feared.

Pullman.—Work on the buildings for the Pullman Technical school, which will cost more than \$1,000,000, will begin before the end of autumn, according to an announcement received by Pullman residents. The board appointed to administer the \$1,000,000 bequest made by George M. Pullman for the school, will meet here in October and decide upon the final details. Prof. L. S. Weld, who is in Europe inspecting technical schools, will attend the meeting.

Craneville.—Boss Blankenship, eighty-five, was killed by an Illinois Central passenger train near his farm at Craneville, Ill., southwest of Carterville. Blankenship was deaf and the engine whistle failed to attract his attention. He was hurled about 25 feet. He was alive when picked up by the crew, but died soon after. He is survived by a widow and daughter, Mrs. Mary Carmichael of Marion, Ill.

East St. Louis.—After passing an ordinance transferring from the city's "general funds" to the "special funds" \$31,414, which, the ordinance alleges, former City Treasurer E. Fred Gerold "wrongfully and illegally" diverted from the "special funds," the East St. Louis council directed Corporation Counsel Baxter to bring suit against Gerold in the circuit court to recover the money. The council also directed Counsel Baxter to bring suit against Gerold for the recovery of \$10,261, which, the council alleges, Gerold "wrongfully and illegally" retained as a commission for collecting city taxes for 1912.

Salem.—The body of John McGinnis, a laborer with a railroad gang, was found by section men. The man's head was crushed and he probably had been struck by a train. It is believed that he went to sleep on the tracks. In one of his pockets was found a letter addressed to his wife at 1731 Morgan street, St. Louis. She has been notified and is expected from St. Louis to claim the body.

Rockford.—Women voters in Byron, Ill., were declared the power that carried the bond issue for sewer and water extensions. It was the first opportunity the women of the town had of casting ballots. The women vote was heavy.

Chicago.—John Grady, chef, was booked on a charge of murder, while the police continued their search for traces of his common-law wife, who disappeared twenty-two months ago.

Danville.—Ted Kaylor, right fielder of the Danville team and leading swatter of the Three-Eye league, who was sold conditionally to Oakland, Cal., on July 4, is making good. A check for the remainder of a \$2,000 purchase price has arrived. Kaylor is a native of Bluffton, Ind., and was obtained from Monmouth in August, 1911, along with Hosea Siner, second baseman. He led the league in batting in 1911, and last year was deprived of the honor by Dan Kerwin of Quincy, who beat him out by one point. When he left Danville Kaylor's batting average was 390 in 71 games.

Zion City.—Residents of Zion City reeled the sweetest bunch of letters they ever got. Business communications were just as honey laden as love notes. The morning's mail, comprising about 1,600 letters, was coated with honey when a jar of the sticky sweet, which had been sent by parcel post, broke as the sack was thrown from a mail car.

Hoopston.—The Hoopston Golf and Country club has been organized and a tract of forty acres, to be used for links, has been leased for ten years. North Fork creek runs through the site, and the location is regarded as ideal for golf. A fine new club house will be erected and the organization will be incorporated.

Savanna.—The old soldiers and sailors of Carroll county will hold their annual reunion here August 19-20. Gideon S. Thompson of Chicago will make the principal address.

NEWS BREVITIES OF ILLINOIS

Peoria.—R. Magoon Barnes of Lecon has withdrawn from the race for the Democratic nomination for justice of the supreme court to succeed Justice Hand of Cambridge as announced in a telegram received by State Central Committeeman Joseph A. Weil, that he did not wish to run and that petition was filed by his friends without obtaining his consent. Judge Craig of Galesburg and Judge Bergland of Galva remain in the race for the Democratic nomination.

Chicago.—Genaro Raffaele, six, was arrested by the police and confessed that he shot and mortally wounded James Paullillo, aged five. The boy said he shot the victim because the latter struck him on the head with a stone a week ago. The Raffaele boy demonstrated with an air rifle how he had inflicted the wound.

Ashland.—The authorities of this town think that they have solved the water supply question, as all of the wells at the pumping station have gone dry and it has been decided to pump the city's supply of water from an old-fashioned coal mine north of the city. The mine has lain idle for years and it is thought that the water in the mine is inexhaustible, and it is proposed to install gasoline engines at the mine for the pumping of the water until the regular supply improves. The water works and the electric light plant have been shut down for several days, and the ice supply of the city is very low, with the prospect of imported ice costing \$1 per hundred.

Bloomington.—Central Illinois sportsmen are elated over the arrival this week of large consignments of young fish from the state and government fish hatcheries. The Wilmington Fish Protective association received 100,000 small-mouthed black bass from the government hatcheries in Michigan, all being placed in Forked creek, while an equal number of fry from the state hatcheries were shipped to Plainfield for distribution in the Du Page river. It is expected that more than a million young fish will be distributed in the rivers and lakes of Illinois this year.

Chicago.—John W. Campbell, head of the Windsor Park Academy for the Boys, was killed here. One man was seriously hurt and two others escaped injury when an Illinois Central railroad freight train struck Campbell's automobile in Melrose Park, a suburb. The injured man is Harry Goldman, twenty-eight years old.

Duquoin.—The first regular meeting of the Woman's Civic league has been held under these officers: Mrs. P. V. Pope, president; Mrs. John Forester, vice-president, and Mrs. Ella Williams, secretary and treasurer. The league is planning various lines of work and with the assistance of the Boy Scouts, hopes to improve conditions in Duquoin.

Springfield.—Four names were included in a list of eligibles for teachers of the blind, from the state civil service examination of April 4 and 5, as announced by the state commission. The list includes the following, all from Jacksonville: Mount B. Crabb, Anna K. Walsh, Leo J. Flood and Elizabeth E. Newman.

Danville.—Charles Dennis was burned to death, the store of Harper Bros. at Williamsport was burned and several persons were injured when the flywheel of an automobile broke into pieces in front of the court house in Warren county. Part of the wheel pierced the gasoline tank, causing an explosion, which scattered the blazing fluid over six persons. Dennis, aged fourteen, lived an hour. Part of the flywheel went into the rear of Harper Bros.' store and struck a man in the head.

Virginia.—Eugene Anderson, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, died at the family residence in Beardstown from swallowing poison. The child took two sugar-coated pills from a box, and after swallowing them became ill. Physicians were summoned, but death followed in a short time. The remains were brought to this city and interred in Walnut Ridge cemetery. Mrs. Anderson was formerly Miss Josephine Bullard of this city.

Springfield.—The state highway commission met. President A. D. Gash of Chicago presiding, and completed the organization by electing S. E. Bradt of De Kalb secretary. The state civil service commission will be asked to certify to the commission a competent person for chief clerk.

Peoria.—Two thousand men, affiliated with the Building Trades Council, went on strike as a result of trouble originating among laborers who recently organized a "laborers' union." The building trades decided to support the laborers, demanding that every man, no matter whether skilled or not should have a union card when employed in the building industry.

Springfield.—State Auditor Brady issued a call for the condition of the state banks of Illinois at commencement of business August 11.

JILTED GIRL GETS REVENGE ON RIVAL

She Dons Suit of Brother's Clothes, and Usurps Place of Former Lover.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Jilted by her lover, Dessie McIntyre, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl of North Wheeling, secured an odd but effective revenge on her rival who stole her lover away, and on the faithless lover at the same time. Although her act finally landed her in jail, the pretty young woman declared she has "evened up" things with both of them.

A few weeks ago, or, to be exact, June 25, Harry Pendleton, a well-known young business man of this city, informed Miss McIntyre, with whom he had kept company for two



Angrily Dismissed Pendleton.

years, that he could not see her again, as he had become engaged to another girl. Although hurt by the cool manner in which her lover severed their connection, Miss McIntyre said little. By dint of inquiry she later learned that the girl who had stolen her lover's affections was Miss Henrietta Aiken of Bridgeport, O., just across the river from this city. Securing permission from her parents, Miss McIntyre had her hair cut off and then donning a suit of her brother's clothing, she visited Bridgeport, and through a friend met Miss Aiken.

It was a case of love at first sight on the part of the Bridgeport girl, Miss McIntyre, who was masquerading as "Lawrence Dessing," was a devoted lover, and every night found the pseudo "Lawrence Dessing" at the home of Miss Aiken.

One Sunday night when "Dessing" and Miss Aiken were sitting on the front porch of the latter's home, Pendleton appeared on the scene and demanded to know why another had usurped his place. Spurred on by her new found and devoted slave, "Dessing," Miss Aiken angrily dismissed Pendleton, and ordered him never to see her again. She then confessed her love for her companion.

The following night, Miss McIntyre, dressed in a gown of the latest mode, met Miss Aiken on Market street, this city. The recognition was mutual. Before Miss Aiken could speak, the North Wheeling girl gloatingly told her how she had revenged herself. In a moment the pair were at one another, and were only separated by a policeman. Both were discharged in court with a reprimand.

CUTS OFF HIS OWN FOOT

Bible Treatment Given Offending Member by Aged Farmer—Convinced It Had Sinned.

Canandaigua, N. Y.—After much reading in the Bible to find the punishment for the sin he was certain he had committed, Isaac Bassett, a seventy-five-year-old farmer, living on the "Italian hills," discovered the passage: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," and, accepting the scriptural injunction literally, proceeded to cut off his left foot at the ankle, using no other instrument than his jackknife.

Bassett, a great churchgoer and an ardent student of the Bible, never knew what pain was, while physicians were utter strangers to him. In dancing a little jig one day, to show several neighbors how lightly his seventy-five years sat on his shoulders, he stubbed the great toe of his left foot.

The member soon began to swell and became very painful, whereupon the aged man, without any knowledge of the nature of the ailment or of surgery, took out his knife and cut it off.

But the swelling and pain spread to the entire foot, and the victim, now fully believing that this was a punishment for his dancing, looked up the "cure" in his Bible, then prepared for the operation.

Washing his foot, the old man got out his knife, cut into the ankle bone, disjointed this, then finished the work of severing the member, doing the job almost as cleanly as a surgeon would. He now hobbles around free from pain and is convinced that he has atoned for his sin.

Stork in Contempt.

Scranton, Pa.—Three women witnesses did not appear in court and Magistrate Noir sent the constable after them. He reported the stork in contempt, as all three had just given birth to twins.

CITY COUNCIL MEETS

Order Cement Walk Laid from Cemetery to the Illinois Central

July 8, 1913

Regular meeting of city council called to order by Mayor T. J. Hoover.

Members present: Hill Malana, Pickett and Browne. Absent: Whipple and Altenberg.

Minutes of last and adjourned regular meetings read and approved.

The following bills were approved by the finance committee: Perkins & Rosenfeld, supplies..... 9.82

Neptune Meter Co., supplies..... 25.20

E. G. Cooper, gasoline.... 54.

Weil Bros., supplies..... 36.21

Rep-Journal, printing.... 87.65

Ralph Patterson, teaming.... 8.

Schoonmaker, legal blks... 3.60

C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., rent DeK. Co. Tel. Co., toll.... 15.

Hampshire Stamp Works, badges..... 15.

E. W. Halleck, st. wk.... 1.25

L. C. Duval, salary, supplies..... 70.50

Wm Watson, salary..... 75.

Gahl & Scherf, labor.... 11.85

S. H. Matteson, st. wk.... 10.

Slater & Son, flowers.... 4.50

F. A. Tischler, repairs.... 8.25

G. H. Martin, repairs.... 2.

E. Harshman, salary.... 75.

A. A. Stiles, painting.... 31.98

A. R. Slater, fire sec'y, practice..... 33.

Chas. Holroyd, labor.... 26.10

H. B. Downing, st. wk.... 62.83

A. M. Hill, expenses, sewer investigation.... 25.18

Moved by Malana, seconded by Browne that bills be allowed and orders drawn on treasurer for amounts. On roll call all voted yes. Motion carried.

Report of Superintendent of Water Works was read. Moved by Browne, seconded by Malana that report be approved. On roll call all voted yes. Motion carried.

City treasurer's report was read showing balance on hand of \$7164.92. Moved by Pickett, seconded by Browne that report be approved. On roll call all voted yes. Motion carried.

Petition of citizens asking for cement walk on west side of Sycamore street from cemetery to north line of Illinois Central right of way, was presented.

Petition was referred to the street and walk committee by the Mayor. The petition was approved by the street and walk committee.

Moved by Browne, seconded by Pickett that 4-foot cement walk be constructed according to prayer of petitioners. On roll call all voted yes. Motion carried.

Moved by Browne, seconded by Pickett that council adjourn. Motion carried.

How Simply Awful!

"Just think!" said Mrs. Twickembury, "those horrid women have been throwing brica-brac at the prima donna of England!"—Christian Register.

Quite Naturally.

A funny mistake occurred lately in printing labels for a meat-preserving company. The printer had been in the habit of labeling tins of beef or mutton, as the case might be, with the words "without bone" prominently displayed. The company having added kidney soup to its list, the new article was duly ticketed as "Kidney soup—without bone."

Sickroom Screen.

A screen in the sickroom is almost indispensable, for it is needed to keep light from the patient's eyes, to guard the bed from drafts, or to shut out the sight of medicine bottles and so forth. An excellent sanitary screen is made by tacking white oilcloth on to a frame, then painting on in oil a pretty scene as birds or butterflies. These screens can be washed as often as necessary.

Gave Away Formula.

About forty years ago there was advertised on London billboards a drink called Robur, said to be good for every ailment and, incidentally, the long sought after elixir of life. One was invited to send for free samples, and its marvelous properties were the subject of everybody's conversation. Robur might have been sold to this day had not some one, without the fear of a libel action before his eyes, divulged its secret formula—cold tea enlivened by rum. From that moment it fell as rapidly as it had risen, for people could make their own Robur if they wanted it.

Our Query and Reply Department

Was James Whitcomb Riley ever secretary of the Democratic national committee?

No, but a James Whitcomb Relly was secretary to Norman E. Mack when he was chairman of the committee.

What is the origin of the dollar mark?

Until after the beginning of the present century the most extensively used mark in this country was the Spanish piece of eight, of the value of 8 reales, or about 100 cents. In most of the coins the obverse bore a large figure 8 in bold relief and on each side a column representing the Pillars of Hercules. In many of the later coins the pillars were placed within the curves of the figure. It became customary in writing the figures which designated sums of money to place after them the mark denoting the value in pieces of eight, and late in the last century for convenience the dollar mark was placed in front of the figures.

How long is a furlong?

A furlong is one-eighth of a statute mile, or 220 yards.

Was Woodrow Wilson a member of the "famous class of '79," and, if so, who were its other members?

Yes. The other members were Robert Bridges, one of the editors of Scribner's Magazine; the Rev. Dr. A. S. Halsey, secretary of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions; Charles A. Talcott, M. C.; Mahlon Pitney, justice of the supreme court of the United States; Robert H. McCarter, ex-attorney general of New Jersey; Edward W. Sheldon, president of the United States Trust company; Colonel Edwin A. Stevens of New Jersey and Judge Robert R. Henderson of Maryland.

Has a Cornell graduate ever been president?

No.

When was the first American flag made?

In Philadelphia in 1777 by Mrs. Betsey Ross. It was designed by Captain S. C. Reed.

Where was the first presidential inauguration held?

At Federal hall in New York (the site of the present subtreasury).

Who and when did Woodrow Wilson marry?

Ellen Louise Axson in Savannah, Ga., June 24, 1885.

When was the first presidential inauguration?

In New York, April 30, 1789.

Did W. R. Hearst run for president of the United States on the Independence league ticket?

No, but in 1908 he supported Thomas L. Hisgen for president on the Independence league ticket.

Is Harry Lane, the new senator from Oregon, a Democrat?

Yes.

What is absinth composed of, and why was its use prohibited in the United States?

Absinth is a spirit, flavored with the pounded leaves and flowering tops of wormwood, together with angelica root, sweet flag root, star anise and other aromatics. The use of it induces horrible dreams and hallucinations and causes many cases of paralysis and idiocy.

What is a quagga?

The native wild ass of Africa.

What is a seismograph?

A delicate instrument which registers earthquakes at great distances.

What famous ruler is buried in Alexandria-Chapelle?

Emperor Charlemagne's tomb is in this north German city.

What is an agnostic?

One who believes that the existence of the Deity can neither be proved nor disproved.

What historical event took place in Adrianople in 1878?

The peace treaty between Turkey and Russia was signed in that city.

When was the Abolition party formed?

It was organized in 1832 to free the slaves.

Have any West Point graduates become president?

One—Grant.

Diplomat.

She—"Jack, when we are married, I must have three servants." He—"You shall have twenty, dear—but not all at the same time."—Answers.

So Careless.

Two little girls had a bird given to them, and were very anxious to see it bathe. On seeing it get into the water for the first time, the three-year-old child exclaimed: "Why, I declare! If it isn't getting right in the water with all its feathers on!"

How can hard cast iron be drilled?

Heat the iron to a red heat and drop brimstone on the spot to be drilled.

Who was the "Fighting Parson?"

Governor Brownlow of Tennessee (1861-5) was known as the "Fighting Parson."

Did Woodrow Wilson ever attend Johns Hopkins university?

Yes. During 1882, 1883 and 1884 he was a student of history and political economy at that university.

Which is the Blue Hen State?

Delaware.

Where do the remains of John Paul Jones rest?

In a crypt under the Naval academy chapel at Annapolis.

How long did Garfield serve as president?

Six months and a half.

What presidents served eight full years?

Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant and Cleveland.

What is the Semitic family?

One of the six families of the Aryan branch of the white race, consisting of Arabs, Jews and Syrians.

When did the Spanish surrender Santiago?

July 10, 1898.

On what date was President Grant born?

April 27, 1822.

How many Harvard graduates have been president?

Three—John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Theodore Roosevelt.

When was Alaska purchased by the United States?

In 1867, for \$7,200,000.

What is the Sigma Tau?

It is an honorary engineering fraternity of juniors and seniors, with three requirements—scholarship, practicality and sociability.

How is carbolic acid made?

It is produced from coal tar.

Was Theodore P. Shonts of New York subway fame ever connected with the Panama canal?

He was chairman of the first commission.

What is a morganatic marriage?

A marriage by a monarch or prince to one below him in rank. Their offspring can never occupy the throne, but the marriage is otherwise legal.

Who edited Poor Richard's Almanac?

Benjamin Franklin, from 1732 to 1757.

Which president of the United States had the greatest wealth on retirement?

Martin Van Buren, who was worth approximately \$800,000.

What are adobe houses?

They are dwellings peculiar to Central and South America, Mexico and Texas, made of unburnt brick. They are usually one story high.

What is the longevity of an elephant?

East Indians say that an elephant lives in the wild state 300 years. It is recorded that one lived for 130 years in captivity.

What is the "Manchu order?"

It is an order issued last year by the secretary of war that all army officers on detached service must serve at least two out of every six months with their own commands.

Did Woodrow Wilson ever practice law?

Yes. He began the practice of law in May, 1882, at Atlanta, Ga., in partnership with Edward Ireland Ranch under the firm name of Kenick & Wilson. The experience lasted for eighteen months.

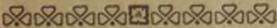
Is it true that the Gatun locks of the Panama canal are built over an extinct volcano?

Government engineers do not believe so.

Have all presidents except Lincoln been college graduates?

No. Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Johnson, Cleveland and McKinley were not college graduates.

FREE!
BAND CONCERT
on Main Street
GENOA
Thursday
Evening
August 21
By the
Burlington Band
DANCE
at the Pavilion

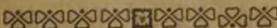


A PRETTY PAIR

of shoes is every girl's ambition. We cater to this longing by providing a splendid variety of new and stylish shoes in the best makes and most elegant appearance for our lady customers.

They are easy fitting and comfortable to the feet too, and very durable. Button or lace. Prices are very moderate for such high grade footwear.

John Lembke
GENOA, ILL.



AN ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.

Curious Problem of the Trembling Pillar at Rheims.

The "trembling pillar" at Rheims presents a curious problem to architects. The Church of St. Nicaise is surrounded with pillars constructed to prevent the walls from straining. At the entrance of the church is a bell tower. On one of the bells in this tower the phenomenon of the trembling pillar depends. When this bell is rung or even touched the top of this pillar sways.

It goes and returns about seven inches on each side, although the base of the pillar is immovable, and the stones are so firmly cemented that it seems like a solid piece of stone.

One authority, after a careful study of this peculiarity in explanation of which no satisfactory solution is offered, states that what is most singular about the pillar is that, although the four bells are about the same distance from the trembling pillar, only one of them has any effect upon it. The others may be rung singly or all together without moving it.

In 1775 a little window was made in the roof of the church opposite the pillar. A board was placed on top of the pillar and on it were put two glasses of water. Then the bell was rung. Immediately the pillar began to sway, and at the fifth stroke of the bell the two glasses were thrown off.

The ringing of this bell has no effect on the pillars between the "phenomenal" one and the tower, nor on any of the others. But formerly it was the first pillar which swayed, then it became immovable, and some years ago the one next to it became the eccentric one.—Harper's Weekly.

Why Clerks Go Insane.

Aunt Mandy (to the clerk of the general store)—"You all aint got no fo-cent calicer, is you—or is you? Ef you is, is you all got some jes' a speck cheap?"—Woman's Home Companion.

She Remembered.

Minnie, aged two years, asked her mother's permission to throw away some flowers, as they were dead, she said. Her mother corrected her and told her to say "withered," not "dead." The following day a military funeral was passing and the baby astonished everyone by saying: "Come here quick, mother; someone else has withered!"

CEMENT TILE

That the Cement Tile is one of the greatest boons to land owners is acknowledged by everyone who has investigated. They are far more absorbent than the clay tile and will never rot. In fact the cement tile will grow harder and more durable as the years pass. We make them in all sizes. Investigate today. It will pay you. Remember, we also make the everlasting.

Monolithic Cement Silos

GLAD TO GIVE YOU FIGURES

P. A. QUANSTRONG
GENOA, ILLINOIS

Fence Posts of Concrete

A farm is judged by its fences. Concrete posts prevent for all time sagging, unsightly fences—provide a permanent improvement. Farmers in ever-increasing numbers are making their fence posts with

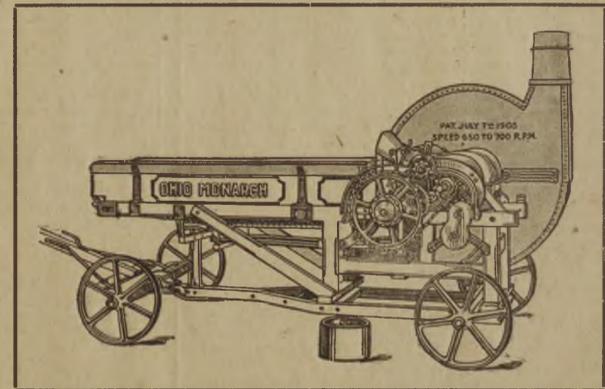
Chicago AA Portland Cement

Then they are sure of posts that are uniform in strength and color, because the quality and color of the "Chicago AA" Brand never varies. Come in and get a copy of *Free Booklet on Fence Making* with "Chicago AA" Cement, or, if you prefer, write Chicago Portland Cement Co., 30 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, for a copy.

For Sale by
Genoa Lumber Company, Genoa, Ill.
Holcomb-Dutton Lumber Co., Charter Grove

Silo Filling Time Will Soon Be Here
The "Ohio"
Monarch Silo Filler

with Self-feed Table and Blower Elevator eclipses anything ever before produced by any Feed Cutter Manufacturer



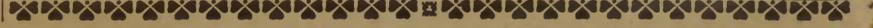
"Ohio" The Filler With the Direct Drive

FIVE SIZES--With 12, 15, 17, 19 or 22 Inch Knives
Furnished With or Without Steel Truck as Desired.

The Direct Drive is the greatest Single Factor of "Ohio" Supremacy.

This feature is covered by patents. That's why other machines must use double-hitch belts, gear drives, chain drives, etc.—long since abandoned by the "OHIO" because they eat up power, and because no chain made will stand the strain of the high speed necessary. The "OHIO" is the ONLY machine on the market having drive pulley, cutting cylinder and blower fan all on the main shaft. One compact set of gears does the work. Avoids trouble and big repair bills.

Jas. R. Kiernan, Genoa



Wedding gifts at Martin's. Dance at the opera house this Friday night.

Rev. J. E. DeLong was over from Kirkland last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Harlow are entertaining the former's sister of Iowa.

Jackman & Son will balance their books this fall if they quit business to do it.

Mrs. Foster of DeKalb is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. T. Hewitt.

Mrs. C. F. Deardurff and daughter, Margaret, visited friends at Mayfield Sunday.

Postmaster H. O. Hilton of Rockford called at The Republican-Journal office Monday.

Mrs. Carl Klingebiel and Miss Laura Scott of DeKalb spent Sunday at the Watson home.

Dr. C. A. Patterson is with the third regiment band at Camp Lincoln, Springfield, this week.

Miss Jennie Titus of Hampshire is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Maggie Burroughs.

Mrs. Arthur Nichols and son, Everett, left Thursday evening for their home at Kansas City, Mo.

Don't forget, Young's Home Bakery is the place to get good things to eat. Strict attention paid to children.

Miss Winifred Smith of Maren-go is a guest at the home of Will Reed.

Miss Millie Peterson of Ney has been visiting Mrs. Emma Corson.

Miss Flora Buck entertained Miss Lillie Boe of Chicago over Sunday.

Mrs. Delian Totten visited at the J. M. Clark home at DeKalb ever Sunday.

Elmer Russell of Rockford has been visiting at the home of his uncle, Will Foote.

Arch Cook of Dunlap, Iowa, has been visiting his brother-in-law, H. H. Shurtleff.

Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Sr. visited her son, John and wife at St. Charles the first of the week.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. C. H. Smith on Friday afternoon, Aug. 22, at 2:30.

Mrs. E. A. Carr and daughter, Margaret, of Chicago were guests on Wednesday at Will Foot's home.

Amos Proctor and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Will Proctor, of New Orleans are visiting at the homes of E. L. and Henry Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Iowa, who have been visiting at the Granger and J. W. Brown homes, left last Friday for Ohio to spend a few days with relatives.

"WAMBA" Child of the Jungle

Thrilling two-reel subject at the Petey Wales show next Wednesday night.

It's a Big Animal Feature

This is another one which will interest every lover of good Photoplays

Also PATHE WEEKLY, WESTERN COMEDY and DRAMA

E. H. Olmstead went to Kansas City the first of the week to buy cattle for feeding on his farm.

Mrs. Titus and daughter, Jennie, of Hampshire are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Maggie Burroughs.

Mrs. Geo. Donohue has gone to Rockford where she has taken a position as companion for an elderly lady.

Mrs. Emma Corson and children returned from the Dakotas last week, having spent the summer there with her sisters.

Do not miss the dance at the opera house this Friday night. With the good music and the good floor you will have the best time ever.

If you are building new fence, see the Sycamore Iron & Metal Co. about iron braces, Sycamore, Ill. Phone 222.

Misses May and Alice Adams of Michigan and Miss Winnifred Reed of Hampshire are guests at the home of Mrs. Emma Corson.

Mrs. John Schnur has purchased the Donahue cottage on First street. It will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Kiernan and Mrs. C. A. Patterson are enjoying the week at the Dells of Wisconsin, making the trip in the Kiernan auto.

Miss Florence Lord and Miss Emily Petschke were Chicago visitors over Sunday. Miss Petschke, in a contest, won a 2½ foot teddy bear while in the city.

For sale—The A. Swanson farm of 196 acres 2½ miles east of Genoa, 80 rods from milk station. If interested write to Mrs. A. M. Carlson, St. Charles, Seward & Driver are fully equipped to drill your well, repair wells and do any work along that line on short notice. Phone No. Rural 928-11. 13-1f

Mrs. Jessie Briggs and children were out from Chicago last week. On Sunday, accompanied by Miss Margaret Hutchison, they went to St. Charles to visit their brother, John Hutchison.

A washing machine will save many an hour for the housewife, and make the working hours easier. Buy a good one, one that is guaranteed, at Perkins & Rosenfeld's.

The papers have said a good deal about the government furnishing money to handle the grain crop this year, but the officials have forgotten to lend us any so if you owe us money please call and pay. Jackman & Son.

Others are having their furnaces repaired, why not you? Right now, this very minute, is the time to get busy. Call Perkins & Rosenfeld. Have everything in shape for the season of chills.

Lost—Ordinary flat pocket book containing \$12, between Slater's furniture store and the Chautauqua tent, Tuesday evening, Aug. 12. Finder please leave same at this office and receive reward.

Misses Martha Peel, Matilda Grieb and Mrs. Marie Richardson and son of Chicago are spending a two week's vacation at the home of E. H. Olmstead. Herman Tichentin is also a guest at the Olmstead home.

NOTICE—All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the Corson Garage are requested to call and make immediate settlement. Having sold the business it is my desire to close the books at once. Vern J. Corson.

The one big laughing event of the season is "Little Miss Susan" at the opera house on Monday, Aug. 25. Probably no play of modern times has been written that contains so much real fun of a pure and wholesome nature as does this new comedy of Fred Raymond's.

For sale—1913 Model, Motor Cycles and Motor Boats at bargain prices, all makes, brand new machines, or easy monthly payment plan. Get our proposition before buying or you will regret it, also bargains in used Motor Cycles. Write us today. Enclose stamp for reply. Address Lock Box 11, Trenton, Mich. 40-11

Enough care and trouble is allotted to the ordinary man and woman in their daily home and business life to satisfy the most exacting. A change from this is beneficial to all. A pleasant evening with "Little Miss Susan" at the opera house is just what the doctor ordered for that morbid and grouchy feeling.

One of the best demonstrations of the fertility of DeKalb county soil is found in the back yard at Miss Henrietta Brown's home. Growing from a seed, which accidentally found root, a sun flower has grown to monster proportions, until today it dwarfs everything in sight except the trees. Last Sunday the stalk measured 14 feet six inches in height, and it is still growing. There are about a dozen blossoms and buds on the stalk while the leaves are as large as the ordinary palm leaf fan.

Charles Cole and Edward Ruck of Colvin Park have purchased Vern Corson's garage and will soon take possession of the establishment. Mr. Cole was in partnership with Mr. Corson some time ago and is considered an excellent mechanic. For some time he was motorman on the interurban line. During the past few months he has been manager of the Holcomb-Dutton elevator at Colvin Park.

Superintendent of Schools C. E. Lowman arrived in Genoa this week, moving into the Sager house on Stott street. Mr. Lowman will be pleased to meet students of the high school or graduates of the grammar room and talk over the situation for the coming year. He will be at the office of The Republican-Journal Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of this week from seven to eight o'clock where he will be pleased to meet the students. It is much better to have an understanding now than wait until school begins.

Do you remember "The Missouri Girl" with Zeke and Daisy? You have probably seen the play more than once and would no doubt go to see it again. Well, this time Fred Raymond has something new to offer in "Little Miss Susan," his latest delightful comedy, which is said by those who know, to be even funnier than the old stand-by. It abounds in real comedy and dramatic situations and is sure to be more of a pleaser than was the good old play, "The Missouri Girl." It is booked to play at the Genoa opera house on Monday, Aug. 25, and is a guaranteed attraction. Seats on sale at Carmichael's Wednesday August 20

Mental Conservation.

Mr. Subly, who was rather conceited, declared that talking with an uncultivated person had a tendency to impair his peace of mind. "Then you ought never to do it, Mr. Subly," said a young lady present. "Any one with only a piece of mind ought not to risk it!"—Youth's Companion.

Watches at all prices at Martin's. You pay for just what you get. \$20.00 buys a twenty dollar watch and this we guarantee. \$1.00 will buy a one dollar watch and no more. We will be honest with you in every transaction. We expect to be here tomorrow and the next day. Can't afford to do otherwise than treat you right.

FOR SALE—160-acre farm bargain, ten miles N. W. City of Rockford, Illinois. About three miles from small town Railroad station. Eight rods from School house. Heavy soil. 95 percent tillable. First class buildings. Well fenced. Compares favorably with land selling from \$125.00 to \$150. The low price given for quick sale on account of poor health is \$100.00 per acre. Will take \$5500.00 cash, and loan balance \$10500.00 for seven years at 5 percent. Let us show you this farm before you purchase elsewhere. Charles E. Jackson Agent, 421 E. State street, Rockford, Illinois. 47-4t.

Riley Center

Grandpa Anthony is able to be out again.

Roy Greible has purchased a new auto. Horses were not fast enough for him.

The young folks delightfully entertained Miss Ada Austen in the nature of a surprise party at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. De-Yarmond.

Miss Olie Mackey has gone to spend the fall with her uncle Sam Gilliland, at Pipestone, Minn. Olie is trying to run away from the hay fever. Her friends hope she will succeed.

Miss Esther Gustafson of Molenle is spending her vacation with her parents here.

Miss Grace Anthony returned home Monday from a two week's visit with her grandmother at Marengo.

Mrs. Tom Stanford spent a few days last week at the home of her brother, Grant Anthony, to assist in the care of her father.

DEAD BODY FOUND

Edgar Winchester of Kingston Found with Bullet Hole in Temple this Morning

The lifeless body of Edgar Winchester, a sixteen year old boy of Kingston, was found on the river bank near the home of his father, George Winchester, at 11:20 o'clock this (Thursday) morning. A bullet hole in the temple and a rifle lying beside the boy told the story of another accidental shooting.

The boy left home Wednesday afternoon and no trace of him was found until the terrible discovery this morning.

The Winchester family reside east of Kingston in the timber, the body being found between the pond and the river near the home.

St. Catharines Church

Mass will be celebrated next Sunday at 10:00.

The Ladies' Aid met last Wednesday, Mrs. C. Knipprath and Mrs. J. Luczyk delightfully entertained the guests.

The decorators are working on the church and will be finished in about two weeks.

The work on the parsonage is nearing completion. Superintendent Quansstrong is well pleased with the execution of the different contract work, especially the stucco finish and carpenter work. The hard oak floors will be laid next week, and the electric work is already completed. Will Sager will begin painting Monday and T. J. Hoover will install the heating plant and plumbing in a few days.

Wholesale Invitation.

There have been many innocent mistakes made by parsons. Among them is one to let a certain clergyman who left a notice in his pulpit to be read by the preacher who exchanged with him. The minister neglected to denote carefully a private postscript, and the people were astonished to hear the stranger end by saying: "You will please come to dine with me at the parsonage after service."

TALL ACHES---



from little toe
corns grow.

Many of the tall
aches of life can
be averted if the
feet are properly
taken care of
from the start.

Our Lotions, Powders and Baths

will prevent troubles and
sometimes general disability
and our Corn Remedy
will relieve you from the infernal
tortures caused by your
own carelessness.

L. E. Carmichael R.P.
GENOA, ILLINOIS.

FLOUR

Just Unloaded a Car Of

Oberg's Best Flour

Which we are going to sell at

\$1.25 PER SACK

as long as it lasts to make room for
another car we now have coming.

THIS IS AN

Unusual Opportunity

to receive a Strictly High Grade
Northern wheat flour at that price.

10 Sack Lots at \$12.00

While It Lasts

Yours for Business,

E. C. OBERG, GENOA ILL. S.



Steps To Wealth

Starting with industry, economy and integrity you will soon come to the final step.

A Bank Account

which, if in conjunction with your business is handled properly, and accommodations granted when needed, is but another step to wealth. We will do our share if your account is with us.

EXCHANGE BANK OF BROWN & BROWN

Genoa, -- Illinois

Will Foote has gone to Black Duck, Minn., where he will seek relief from asthma. If he finds conditions right the family will join him later.

Ask your grocer for a package of Supreme Wheat Cereal. Better than meat, at less than 1-3 the cost.

Russell & Son.

The Genoa base ball team and the Rockford Travellers will meet on the local diamond next Sunday afternoon. The Travellers are considered the best amateur team in Rockford and will give Genoa a real run for their money. Don't miss this one if you want to see something good. The Genoa team will be strengthened for the event.

MEN'S AND BOY'S FURNISHINGS

AT

AUCTION!!

We bought too many of the items noted below and right now need the money more than we need the goods. To close them out quickly and get the ready cash, these goods will be put up at auction in the building recently vacated by E. H. Cohoon & Co. on Main Street

ON

Tuesday Afternoon, August 19, 1913

AT 2 O'CLOCK

and every evening thereafter until the lot is disposed of. These are all fresh, clean goods, running in good sizes and of the best makes. Not an item will be put up except that which comes from our regular stock.

ATTENTION LADIES!

ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 19, the auctioneer will make a specialty of Boys' and Youths' Wear. Here is an opportunity you should not fail to grasp. Do not fail to attend the sale on that date

HERE IS THE ITEM LIST

SUITS	SHIRTS	
50 Men's Suits, size 34 to 44.	10 dozen dress shirts with soft collars, 14½ to 17	2 doz. Boys' part wool garments, shirts and drawers
10 Men's Corduroy work suits.	12 dozen Men's shirts, det. collars	CAPS
25 Men's odd coats, all sizes.	6 doz. Men's shirts, attached "	2 doz. Men's summer caps, 6¾ to 7¾
50 Men's odd vests, all sizes.	6 doz. Boys' shirts, detached collars, 10 to 14	3 doz. Boys' " caps, 6½ to 6¾
40 Boys' school suits, age 3 to 17.	5 doz. Boy's shirts, attach. collars	2 doz. children's summer caps, 6 and 6½
25 Boy's school pants, 3 to 17.	7 doz. Men's woolen winter undershirts	4 doz. Men's winter caps
SHOES	6 doz. Men's woolen drawers	3 doz. Boys' winter caps
100 pairs men's dress shoes, 6 to 11.	6 doz. Men's summer undershirts	2 doz. Children's winter caps.
40 pairs men's work shoes 6 to 11.	5 doz. Men's summer drawers	HATS
25 pairs men's oxfords, all sizes.	5 doz. Men's porosknit union suits	5 doz. Men's hats, 6¾ to 7¾
50 pairs boys' school shoes, 1 to 5½	34 to 42	4 doz. Men's work hats, all sizes
20 pairs little gents' school shoes,	6 doz. Men's balbriggan union suits	2 doz. Boys' school hats, 6½ to 7
9 to 13½	34 to 42	2 doz. Children's hats, 6 to 6¾
25 pairs boys' oxfords, all sizes	4 doz. boys' porosknit union suits	A lot of Men's straw hats
15 pairs little gents' oxfords, all sizes.	28 to 34	A lot of Boy's straw hats
OVERCOATS	3 doz. Boys' balbriggan union suits	SOCKS, ETC.
15 boys' overcoats	28 to 34	50 doz. pairs Men's socks
10 men's overcoats	4 doz. Boys' summer undershirts,	20 doz. Men's handkerchiefs
SWEATER COATS	26 to 34	10 doz. Men's neckties
5 dozen Men's sweater coats	4 doz. Boys' " underdrawers, 26-34	
4 dozen Boys' sweater coats		
3 dozen children's sweater coats		

Pickett THE Clothier
GENOA, ILLINOIS

RICH MENS CHILDREN
By GERALDINE BONNER
Author of 'THE PIONEER'
'TOMORROW'S TANGLE', etc.
Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN
Copyright 1906 by The BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to buy a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unaccountable condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later, Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Bernice exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. They discuss Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Bernice. Dominick goes to park on Sunday with Bernice and family, sees Miss Cannon, bows to her and starts uneasiness in Bernice. In Mrs. Ryan's name Cannon offers Bernice \$30,000 to leave her husband and permit divorce. She refuses. Dominick sees Rose. Cornelius Ryan engaged to Jack Duffy. Cannon offers Bernice \$10,000 and is turned down. Bernice tells sisters of offer. Buford, the actor, makes a hit in vaudeville. Rose tells Dominick that he must stick to wife, and first time acknowledges that she loves him. Cannon offers Bernice \$30,000 which she declines, saying Cannon wants Dominick for Rose. Gene wins the ranch. Bernice accuses Rose of trying to steal her husband and tells her of the offered bribe.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"You didn't know anything about it then," the wife said sullenly, wanting still to be defiant and finding all her defiance overwhelmed by an invading sensation of feeling small, mean and contemptible.

"Know it?" said the girl, letting a glance of scorn touch the questioner. "Know it and let it go on? But I suppose you've a right to ask me such a question."

"I guess I have," said Bernice, but her voice did not have any assurance of her conviction on the subject. It sounded flat and spiritless.

"You have. You seem to me to have a right to say anything savage and angry and insulting. And I can only say to you I'm sorry, I'm sorry, and I ask your pardon—for me and for the others. And that doesn't make it any easier for you to bear, or do you any good."

Bernice swallowed dryly and said: "No, it doesn't."

"All I can do now is to promise you that it stops today and for ever. You'll never be bothered again by anything of the kind. You can go back to your home and feel that never again will any one belonging to me try to come between you and your husband. I can't say any more. I can't talk about it. Good-by."

She turned away as she spoke and without a backward look walked rapidly down the gravel walk to the street. With an immovable, unwinching gaze, Bernice followed her figure as it melted into the fog. It seemed only a moment before it was gone, appearing to dissolve into the curd-like currents that surrounded it.

Bernice sat without moving on the bench, staring in the direction in which it had disappeared. Her hands lay limp in her lap, the fog beaded in a crystal hoar on her clothes. She did not notice its growing chill nor the rapid downcoming of the dark. Her body was as motionless as a statue, but her mind was like a still, rankly overgrown lake, suddenly churned into activity by unexpected gales of wind.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Wall Across the Way.

It was dark when Rose reached home. She had walked rapidly, mechanically taking familiar turns, cresting the long slope of the hill at a panting speed, rounding corners where gushes of light revealed her as a dark, flitting figure hurrying by almost at a run.

She was as oblivious to her surroundings as Bernice, left motionless on the park bench. Never before in her life had anything like this touched her. Such few troubles as she had known had been those of a sheltered domestic life—the life of a cherished child whose dainty self-respect had never been blurred by a coarse breath. Now had come this horrible revelation. It shook the pretty world she had lived in like an earthquake. Idols lay broken in the dust. She had often seen her father rough and brutal as he was to Gene, but that was a different thing to her father's buying that wretched woman's husband, buying him for her. Bernice's face rose up in the darkness with its pitiful assumption of jaunty bravado, its mean shrewishness under the coating of powder and rouge.

"How could they do it?" the girl panted to herself. "How could they ever do such a thing?"

She did not suspect Dominick. She could not have believed he was party to such an action unless he had told

her so with his own lips. As she hurried on the thought that this was the woman he had bound himself to for the rest of his life mingled with the other more poignantly-hateful thoughts, with a last sickening sense of wretchedness. The sudden, aghast consciousness of chaos, of an abrupt demolishing of the pleasant, familiar settings of a life that never comes to some, came to Rose that evening as she ran home through the fog.

She entered the house noiselessly and sped up to her room. It was time to dress for dinner, and an old woman-servant who had once been her nurse was waiting to help her. The mistress and maid were on terms of affectionate intimacy and the progress of the toilet was generally enlivened by gossip and laughter. Tonight the girl was singularly silent, responding with monosyllables and sometimes not at all to the remarks of her assistant. As the woman drew the fastenings of the dress together, she could feel that the body the gown clipped so closely quivered, like the casing of machinery, vibrating to powerful concussions within.

The silence that continued to hold her throughout dinner passed unnoted, as Gene was there and enlivened the passage of the meal by contributing an almost unbroken stream of talk. The night before he had been to a play, the plot of which, and its development in four acts, he now related with a fullness of detail which testified to the closeness of his attention and the accuracy of his memory. As each course was removed from the table, and the young man could once more give his undivided attention to the matter of discourse, he leaned back in his chair and took up the dropped thread with a fresh zest and some such remarks as:

"In the beginning of the next act, the hero comes in with his hat on, and here he says—"

With each of these renewals of the narrative the Bonanza King subsided against his chair-back in a limp attitude, starting with gloomy fixity at his boy, and expelling his breath in a long audible rush of air, which was sometimes a sigh and sometimes approached the proportions of a groan.

At the end of dinner, when Gene announced his intention of leaving as he was to attend a vaudeville performance, the old man began to show signs of reviving animation, going so far as politely to ask his son where he was going and with whom. His manner was marked by a warm, hearty encouragement, as he said:

"Get the whole vaudeville program down by heart, Gene, and you can tell it to us tomorrow night. There'll be about twelve parts to it, and Rose can order two extra courses for dinner, and we might hire some men with stringed instruments for an accompaniment."

Gene, with innocent good-humor, responded gaily:

"All right, father, I'll give it my best attention, and if there's anything especially good, I'll report to you. You and Rose might like to go some night."

His father, disappointed that his shaft had made no impression upon the young man's invulnerable ami-



The Old Man's Face Became a Study.

ability, emitted a scornful snort, and made no further response to Gene's cheery "Good night."

"There," he said, in tones expressing his relief, as the portiere dropped behind his son's departing figure, "he's gone! Now, Rosey, you and I can have a talk."

"Yes," said his daughter, looking at her coffee-cup, "that's what I wanted. I want to have a long talk with you tonight, papa."

"Fire away," said the old man. "I've had to listen to that fool for an hour, and it's broken my spirit. You can say anything you like."

"Not here," said his daughter; "in the sitting-room. I'll go in there and wait for you."

"Why not here? What's the matter with here? I like it better than the sitting-room. I'm more comfortable."

"No, the servants will want to clear

the things away, and I don't want them to hear what I say."

"Tell the servants to go to hell," said the old man, who, relieved by Gene's departure, was becoming more cheerful.

"No, this is something—something serious. I'll go into the sitting-room and wait for you. When you've finished your coffee, come in."

She rose from her chair and walked to the door. He noticed that she was unusually unsmiling and it occurred to him that she had been so all through dinner.

"What is it, honey," he said, extending his hand toward her, "short on your allowance?"

"Oh, no, it's just—just something," she said, lifting the portiere. "Come when you're ready, I'll be there."

She walked up the hall to the sitting-room and there sat down in a low chair before the chimney-piece. The chill of the fog had penetrated the grate. On its quivering fluctuation of flame she fixed her eyes. With her hands pressed between her knees she sat immovable, thinking of what she was going to say, and so nervous that the blood sang in her ears and the palms of her hands, clasped tight together, were damp. She had never in her life shrunk so before an allotted task. It sickened her and she was determined to do it, to thrust it out to the end. When she heard her father's step in the passage her heart began to beat like a woman's waiting for her lover. She straightened herself and drew an inspiration from the bottom of her lungs to try to give herself breath wherewith to speak.

The old man flung himself into an arm-chair at one side of the fireplace, jerked a small table to his elbow, reached creakingly for an ash tray, and, having made himself comfortable, took his cigar from his mouth and said:

"Well, let's hear about this serious matter that's making you look like a tragedy queen."

"It is serious," she said slowly. "It's something that you won't like to hear about."

"Hit me with it," he said, wondering a little what it could be. "Gene's gone and a child could eat out of my hand now."

Looking into the fire, Rose said: "I was out walking this afternoon and down in the Union Street plaza a woman stopped me. I'd never seen her before. She was Mrs. Dominick Ryan."

The old man's face became a study. A certain whimsical tenderness that was generally in it when he spoke to his daughter vanished as if by magic. It was as if a light had gone out. He continued to look at her with something of blankness in his countenance, as if, for the first moment of shock, every faculty was held in suspense, waiting for the next words. He held his cigar, nipped between a pair of stumpy fingers, out away from him over the arm of the chair.

"Well," he said quietly, "and what had she to say to you?"

"The most disagreeable things I think any one ever said to me in my life. If they're true, they're just too dreadful!" she stopped, balking from the final disclosure.

"Suppose you tell me what they were?" he said with the same almost hushed quietness.

"She said that you and Mrs. Ryan were offering her money—a good deal of money, three hundred thousand dollars was the amount, I think—to leave her husband so that he could get a divorce from her, and then—"

she swallowed as if to swallow down this last unbearable indignity—"and then be free to marry me."

So Bernice had told all. If deep, unspoken curses could have killed her, she would have died that moment.

"Is it true?" Rose asked.

"Well, yes," said the old man in a perfectly natural tone of dubious consideration, "it's a fairly accurate statement."

"Oh, papa," cried his daughter, "how could you have done it? How could you have done such a thing? Such a hateful, horrible thing."

"Horrible thing?" he repeated with an air of almost naive astonishment. "What's horrible about it?"

"You know, I don't have to tell you; you know. Don't say to me that you don't think it's horrible. Don't make me feel as if we were suddenly thousands of miles apart."

The Bonanza King knew that in many matters, in most matters involving questions of ethics, they were more thousands of miles apart than she even now suspected. That was one of the reasons why he would have liked to kill Bernice, who, for the first time, had brought this dissimilarity in their points of view to his daughter's unwilling consideration. He spoke slowly and vaguely to gain time. He knew it was a critical moment in the relations between himself and the one creature in the world he loved.

"I don't want you to feel that way, dearie," he said easily. "Maybe there are things in this matter you don't know about or understand. And, anyway, what's there so horrible in trying to separate a man and woman who are unhappily married and can't bear the sight of each other?"

"You were separating them for me," she said in a low voice.

"Well, now," he answered with a slight rocking movement of his shoulders and a manner of almost bluff depreciation, "I can say that I wasn't, but suppose I was?"

She paid no attention to the last part of the sentence, and replied: "The woman said you were."

He did not answer for a minute, the truth being that he did not know what it was best to say, and wanted to wait and let her make statements that he could either contradict or seek to justify.

"What made you think I wanted to

marry Dominick Ryan?" she said slowly, her eyes on the fire.

This was a question that went to the core of the subject. He knew now he could not put her off, or slip from the responsibilities of the occasion. Drawing himself to the edge of his chair, he leaned forward and spoke with a sincerity and feeling that made his words very impressive.

"One evening when I was at Antelope, I came into the sitting-room and saw my daughter in the arms of Dominick Ryan. I knew that my girl wasn't the woman to let a man do that unless she loved him. That was how I came to know."

"Oh," said Rose in a faint tone. "Afterward I heard from Dominick of what his marriage was. I heard from his mother, too. Then I saw his wife and I got a better idea from her what it was than I did from either of the others. That fellow, the man my daughter cared for, was tied up in a marriage that was hell. He was bound to a woman who could only be managed with a club, and Dominick was not the kind that uses a club to a woman. What liking he'd had for her was gone. She stuck to him like a barnacle because she wanted to get money, was ready to hang on, feet and hands, till Della Ryan was dead and then put up a claim for a share of the estate. Do you think a man's doing such a horrible thing to break up a marriage like that?"

"Yes," said Rose. "I do. It was a marriage. They'd taken each other for better or for worse. They'd made the most solemn promises to each other. Neither you nor any one else had a right to interfere."

She spoke with a hard determination, with something of an inflexible, unrelenting positiveness, that was very unusual in her, which surprised and, for the moment, silenced her father. It rose from a source of conviction deeper than the surface emotions of likes and dislikes, of loves and hates, of personal satisfactions and disappointments. At the core of her being, with roots extending through all the ramifications of her mental and moral nature, was a belief in the inviolability of the marriage tie. It was a conviction founded on neither tradition, nor reason, nor expediency, a thing of impulse, of sex, an hereditary instinct inherited from generations of virtuous women, who, in the days of their defenselessness, as in the days of their supremacy, knew that the most sacred possessions of their lives—their husbands, their children, their homes—rested on its stability. All the small, individual preoccupations of her love for Dominick, her pity for his sufferings, were swept aside by this greater feeling that she did not understand or reason about. She obeyed an instinct, elemental as the instinct of motherhood, when she refused to admit his right to break the bond he had contracted.

Her father stared at her for the moment, chilled by a sense of unfamiliarity in her sudden assumption of an attitude of challenge and authority. He had often heard her inveigh against the divorces so lightly obtained in the world about them. He had thought it one of those pretty ornamental prejudices of hers, that so gracefully adorned her youth and that he liked her to have when they did not interfere with anything of importance.

Now, set up like a barrier in the path, he stopped before this one particular prejudice, perplexed at its sudden intrusion, unwilling to believe that it was not a frail, temporary obstruction to be put gently aside.

"Now listen, honey," said he persuasively, "that's all very well. I've got no right to interfere, and neither, we'll admit, has anybody. But sometimes you have to push away these little rights and polite customs. They're very nice for every-day use, but they're not for big occasions. I suppose the Good Samaritan didn't really have any right to stop and bind up the wounds of the man he found by the wayside. But I guess the feller he bound up was almighty glad that the Samaritan didn't have such a respect for etiquette and wait till he'd found somebody to introduce them."

"Oh, papa, that was different. Don't confuse me and make me seem a fool. I can't talk like you. I can't express it all clearly and shortly. I only know it's wrong; it's a sin. I wouldn't marry Dominick Ryan if he was divorced that way if it killed me to give him up."

"So if the woman voluntarily took the money and went away and got Dominick to grant her the divorce, Dominick being, as we know, a man of good record and spotless honor, you'd refuse to marry him?"

"I would, certainly I would. It would be perfectly impossible for me to marry him under those circumstances. I should consider I was committing a sin, a particularly horrible and unforgivable sin."

"See here now, Rosey, just listen to me for a minute. Do you know what Dominick Ryan's marriage is? I don't suppose you do. But you do know that he married his mistress, a woman who lived with him eight months before he made her his wife. She wasn't an innocent young girl by any means. She knew all right where she was going. She established that relation with him with the intention of marrying him. She's a damned smart woman, and a damned unscrupulous one. That's not the kind of woman a man feels any particular respect for, or that a girl like you'd give a lot of sympathy to, is it?"

"I don't see that that would make any difference," she said. "I'm not thinking of her character, I'm thinking of her rights."

"And don't her character and her rights sort of dovetail into each other?"

"No, I don't see that they do. The law's above the character or the per-



Neither You Nor Anyone Else Had a Right to Interfere.

son. It's the law, without any question of the man or the woman."

"Oh, Rosey, dear, you're talking like a book, not like a girl who's got to live in a world with ordinary people in modern times. This woman that you're arguing about as if she was the mother of the Gracchi, hasn't got any more morality or principle than you could put on the point of a pin."

"She's been quite good and proper since her marriage."

"Well, now, let's leave her and look at Dominick's side. He marries her honorably and lives with her for nearly three years. Every semblance of affection that he had for her gets rubbed off in those three years, every illusion goes. He's tied to a woman that he can't stand. He went up to Antelope that time because they'd had some sort of a scrap and he felt he couldn't breathe in the same house with her. He told me himself that they'd not lived as man and wife for nearly a year. Now, I don't know what you're going to say, but I think to keep on living in that state is all wrong. I'll borrow your expression, I think it's a sin."

She answered doggedly:

"It's awful, but she's his wife. Oh, if you'd seen her face when she talked to me, her thin, mean, common face, all painted and powdered and so miserable!"

He thought she was wavering, that he saw in this unreasonable, illogical dodging of the point at issue a sign of defeat, and he pushed his advantage.

"And you—a girl of heart and feeling like you—would condemn that man and woman to go on living that lie, that useless, purposeless lie? I can't understand it. What good comes of it? What's the necessity for it? Do you realize what a man Dominick might be if he was married to the right woman, and had a decent home where he could live like a Christian? Why, he'd be a different creature. He'd have a future. He'd make his place in the community. All the world would be before him, and he'd mount up to where he belongs. And what is he now? Nothing. All the best in him's paralyzed by this hell of a box he's got himself into. The man's just withering up with despair."

It was almost too much. For a moment she did not answer, then said in a small voice like a child's:

"You're making this very hard for me, papa."

"My God, Rosey," he cried, exasperated, "you're making it hard for yourself. It's you with your cast-iron prejudices, and your obstinacy, who are making it hard."

"Well, I've got them," she said, rising to her feet. "I've got them, and they'll stay with me till I die. Nothing's going to change me in this. I can't argue and reason about them. They're part of me."

She approached the mantelpiece, and, leaning a hand on it, looked down at the fire. The light glided the front of her dress and played on her face, down-drooped and full of stern decision.

"It's quite true," she said slowly, "that I love Dominick. I love him with the best I've got. It's true that I would like to be his wife. It would be a wonderful happiness. But I can't have it, and so there's no good thinking about it, or trying to bring it about. It can't be, and we—you too, papa—must give it up."

He pressed himself back in his chair, looking at her with lowering, somber disapprobation—a look he had seldom had cause to level at his daughter.

"So you're going to condemn this poor devil, who loves you and whom you say you love, to a future that's going to kill any hope in him? You're going to say to him: 'You can be free,

and make something of your life, and have the woman you want for your wife, but I forbid all that, and I'm going to send you back to prison.' I can't seem to believe that it's my Rosey who's saying that, and who's so hard and inhuman."

Rose turned from the fire. He noted an expression almost of austerity on her face that was as new to him as the revelation of obstinacy and indifference to his will she had shown tonight.

"Papa, you don't understand what I feel. It's not what you want, or what I want, or what Dominick wants. It's not what's going to please us and make us comfortable and happy. It's something that's much more important than that. I can't make Dominick happy and let him make his life a success at the expense of that woman. I can't take him out of prison, as you call it, because he's got a responsibility in the prison, that he voluntarily took on himself, and that he's got to stand by. A man can't stay by his marriage only as long as it's pleasant. He can't throw down the woman he's made his wife just because he finds he doesn't like her. If she's been disagreeable that's a misfortune, but it doesn't liberate him from the promises he's made."

"Then you think when a man like Dominick Ryan, hardly more than a boy, makes a mistake that ruins his life, he's got to stay by it?"

"Yes, he must. He's given a solemn promise. He must keep it. Mistake or sin doesn't matter."

The old man was silent. He had presented his case as strongly and persuasively as he knew how, and he had lost it. There was no longer any use in arguing with that unshakable feminine obstinacy, rooted, not in reason but in something rock-like, off which the arguments of reason harmlessly glanced. He had a dim, realizing sense that at the bottom of the woman's illogical, whim-driven nature, there was that indestructible foundation of blind, governing instincts, and that in them lay her power.

"I guess that lets me out," he said, turning to knock off the long ash on his cigar. "I guess there's no use, Rosey, for you and me to try to come to an agreement on this matter."

"No, there isn't. And don't let's talk about it any more." She turned from the fire and came toward him. "But you must promise me one thing—that that woman is to be let alone, that no one—you or any one you have any control over—makes any more offers of money to her."

She came to a stand beside his chair. He wanted to hold out his hand to her as was his custom when she stood near him, but he was afraid that she might not take it.

"Yes, I can promise that," he said. "I'll not offer her any more money. I don't want to see her again, God knows."

It was an easier promise to make than Rose guessed. The old man, under an air of mild concurrence in her demands, experienced a sensation of cynical amusement at the thought that the first move for a reopening of negotiations must come from Bernice.

"Oh, yes, I'll promise that," he said amiably. "You needn't be afraid that I'm going to go on offering her a fortune. The thing's been done, the woman's refused it, and there it stands. I've no desire to open it again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prison Delicacies.

Iced champagne, black currant jelly and soda water are among the articles of diet which a prisoner in hospital can choose at Wandsworth prison, What! No caviare?—London Globe.

TAKES BIG EAGLE AFTER HARD FIGHT

Indian Then Carries Giant Bird to Town.

WRAPS IT IN LARIAT

The Eagle Had Caught a Lamb Too Heavy to Fly With, and Could Not Disengage Talons From the Sheep's Back.

Claremore, Okla.—As Sam Catkiller, a full-blood Cherokee Indian, was riding into this place the other day, he heard a noise in a wheat field to his right. Turning his horse's head, he went in the direction whence the strange sounds came, and he ran onto something which came very near causing him to fall off his horse.

A big eagle had dashed down into a herd of sheep somewhere, and had caught up a lamb, perhaps half grown or a little better. The eagle had evidently carried the lamb a long distance. When it came to earth, the lamb was still alive and as soon as its feet touched ground it began running. The eagle seemingly could not disentangle its feet from the lamb's back.

Catkiller came up just in time to catch a glimpse of the lamb and eagle. He loosed his lariat from his saddle, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in throwing the noose over the eagle's head. It was with much difficulty that he got the bird's talons disentangled from the wool on the lamb's back, receiving many cuts and scratches. The lamb died shortly after it was released.

Catkiller undertook to bring the eagle to town, a distance of three miles, but he soon discovered he had a most peculiar job on his hands. The eagle wouldn't lead worth a cent, and when it came to driving it was equally obstinate. Finally, Catkiller—after getting his clothes partly torn off, and being scratched and bitten—succeeded in thoroughly wrapping the eagle with his lariat, like one would wrap a bale of hay. Feeling pretty safe and secure, and rather gleeful over his capture, he lashed the eagle

to his horse's back, mounted and drove off.

But the eagle managed to work one of his feet loose from the lariat. It reached out for something to take hold of and found the horse's flank. The horse shot forward about 50 feet the first jump, then stood on its rear feet, on its front feet, on its head, and then without any warning, laid down and began to wallow. Catkiller was just in time to get off, and snatched the eagle away before the horse rolled on it.

He walked the rest of the way to Claremore, led his horse and carried his eagle. When he arrived in town, a tape measure was brought into service and the eagle's wings were measured. From the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, it measured nine feet two inches.

BABYLONIAN KICKED ON FOOD

Letter Written 1500 B. C. on Brick Is Translated by a Chicago Savant.

Chicago.—Letters written from 4000 to 1500 B. C., in Cuneiform on bricks were translated recently by Dr. F. C. Eilsen of Chicago university. A youth 1500 B. C. near Babylon kicked on his boarding house fare. He took a lump of clay and carefully inscribed the following plaint:

"To my father, from Zimri Eramma, May the gods Shamash and Marduck keep thee alive forever. I am stationed in Dur-sin. The house where I live there is no food which I am able to eat. Send me for this money, fresh fish and other food. The cost here is high."

Pulls Hair From Nose; Dies. Washington.—Philip J. Hayden, a policeman, pulled a hair from his nose a few weeks ago and thought nothing about the matter until his nostril began to swell. When a physician was called it was too late to check the infection, and Hayden died of blood poisoning.

Could Not Disengage Its Feet. to his horse's back, mounted and drove off.

But the eagle managed to work one of his feet loose from the lariat. It reached out for something to take hold of and found the horse's flank. The horse shot forward about 50 feet the first jump, then stood on its rear feet, on its front feet, on its head, and then without any warning, laid down and began to wallow. Catkiller was just in time to get off, and snatched the eagle away before the horse rolled on it.

He walked the rest of the way to Claremore, led his horse and carried his eagle. When he arrived in town, a tape measure was brought into service and the eagle's wings were measured. From the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, it measured nine feet two inches.

BABYLONIAN KICKED ON FOOD Letter Written 1500 B. C. on Brick Is Translated by a Chicago Savant.

Chicago.—Letters written from 4000 to 1500 B. C., in Cuneiform on bricks were translated recently by Dr. F. C. Eilsen of Chicago university. A youth 1500 B. C. near Babylon kicked on his boarding house fare. He took a lump of clay and carefully inscribed the following plaint:

"To my father, from Zimri Eramma, May the gods Shamash and Marduck keep thee alive forever. I am stationed in Dur-sin. The house where I live there is no food which I am able to eat. Send me for this money, fresh fish and other food. The cost here is high."

Pulls Hair From Nose; Dies. Washington.—Philip J. Hayden, a policeman, pulled a hair from his nose a few weeks ago and thought nothing about the matter until his nostril began to swell. When a physician was called it was too late to check the infection, and Hayden died of blood poisoning.



MELISSA WILL YET HAVE MR. CRAMMER MOONSTRUCK.

"Just by way of experiment, I lived Mr. Crammer out on the porch with me last night," Mrs. Merriwid informed her maternal maiden aunt Jane. "There was a full moon and you could see the lady in it just as plain."

"Indeed," said Aunt Jane, encouragingly.

"That is, I could see her," amended Mrs. Merriwid. "Mr. Crammer couldn't see anything but craters of extinct volcanoes and annular groups. He regards the theory of the Man as puerile, physical conditions preceding any idea of the existence of animal life, though of course he knew that I but jested. Isn't he the sweetest, cleverest thing?"

"He has a high reputation as an educator," said Aunt Jane. "It's a pity, Melissa, that you couldn't—"

"It's a perfect shame that I can't, dearie," agreed Mrs. Merriwid. "He certainly deserves a high reputation. I had a foolish idea that I could educate him a little, up to last night. That's the reason I borrowed that little lace scarf of yours to put over my head. I may be presumptuous, but I do think that that scarf folded to a Marie Stuart peak on the top of my luxuriant tresses is tremendously effective in the moonlight, especially when I tilt my exquisitely molded chin and roll my lustrous orbs up to the celestial spheres. But it never touched him."

"When we speak of the moon as being 'full,' we are not, scientifically speaking, exact," he remarked. "Its growth from quarter to quarter is merely apparent. In reality, there is neither diminution nor appreciation of its bulk, but when it is in line of syzygies, as we say, it is said to be full."

"Isn't that too wonderful for anything!" I exclaimed. "How very glad

I'll consult an encyclopaedia or a specialist in the particular line of knowledge I'm interested in." Mrs. Merriwid continued; "then I'll get exactly what I want. But if a voluntary disseminator of unimportant and irrelevant facts ever gets me out for a moonlight sojourn again, it will be by the purest accident. I assure you. No eminent educators like Mr. Crammer for me. I don't even want a prominent one if he can't hold what he knows without spilling it every step he takes. I have quite an assortment of valuable information tucked away under my barette myself, if I may be permitted to say so, but I don't feel impelled to tell it all unless I feel there is an urgent demand for it. I'll take a chance that the person I am talking to won't suffer from his ignorance. But I'm making one exception now."

"What's that?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Mr. Crammer," replied her niece, viciously. "By the time I get through with him, he'll have the nebular hypothesis all tangled up with the seventh dimension and he won't know a perigee from a parallax. No man can look at the moon with little Melissa and talk astronomy and get away with it, believe me!"

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Jane, with a smile, "I don't know that I'd blame you."

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

GOOD IN DEFINITE PURPOSE

Little Ahead for the Man or Woman Who is Content to Aimlessly Drift Through Life.

It is astonishing how many people there are who have no definite aim nor ambition, but just exist from one day to another with no well defined life plan. All about us on the ocean of life we see young men and women



"But When it is in Line of Syzygies, as We Say, it is Said to Be Full."

I am to know that! And just think of it being millions and millions of miles away in that star-lit infinitude of space! It makes one feel so small and so lonely." I put indescribable paths into that last observation, auntie, and if he had only looked at my wistful face, etherialized as it must have been by the moonbeams, he couldn't have helped—surely he couldn't have helped saying something idiotic. I mean pleasantly idiotic, of course. What he did say showed little enough sense.

"Pardon me, but you are hardly accurate in your estimate of distance," says he, in a tolerant and pitying tone. "The moon is only two hundred and thirty-seven thousand, six hundred miles from the earth."

"Isn't that too perfectly marvelous!" I gurgled. "What do you estimate your own distance is, professor?"

"Er—excuse me, but I don't think I quite grasp your meaning," he said.

"It has an elliptical orbit with a sharp curve just before it goes over the plate," I explained. "I don't blame you for letting it get by. Don't you think it's a little chilly out here?"

"Well, it certainly was about as near a frost as anything in the shape of a peach ever gets, auntie, believe me, leaving out the Michigan crop. I had to make chocolate and I drank three cups before I felt like myself again."

"I've no patience with you, Melissa," said Aunt Jane. "You haven't the least appreciation of anything sensible and instructive."

"I think almost any conversation is instructive, except when it becomes sensible," opined Mrs. Merriwid. "When it's statistical, it's deadly. I'm not opposed to knowledge. I think it's a perfectly splendid thing and I'm willing to have people go to the Pterian spring and drink until they're water-logged; but when they pump it into a tank and attach a hose and sprinkle innocent bystanders, I think it's time to scream for help."

"When I want to know anything more than I absorb from day to day,

aimlessly drifting without rudder or port, throwing away time, without serious purpose or method in anything they do. They simply drift with the tide. If you ask one of them what he is going to do, what his ambition is, he will tell you he does not exactly know yet what he will do. He is simply waiting for a chance to take up something.

How can a man who lives without a program ever expect to arrive anywhere but in chaos, confusion? A clear cut purpose has a powerful influence upon the life. It unifies our efforts and gives direction to our work, so that every blow counts.

I have never known anyone who followed an indolent inclination ever to amount to much. It is the man who struggles against the things that are fighting with his ambition who gets to the front.

No one ever amounts to much who does not take himself in hand and force himself to do the thing that is best for him in the end, not the pleasant or the easiest.—From "Self Investment," by Orison Swett Marden.

Music and Work.

Sir Lawrence Gomme, London statistician and archaeologist, regards music as an end to work. He related that at the beginning of his official career he used to add up huge columns of figures for statistical purposes by the simple process of doing the task to a Gregorian tune, and that he was always correct in his totals. The London Chronicle says that there are probably not many brain workers of this order, but manual laborers have long shared the opinion of Adam Bede that "men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music."

Sacrifice for Art's Sake.

"You say you have devoted your life to art," said the man who tries to be polite, even when surprised.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I have devoted myself to an effort to become rich enough to own a gallery of genuine old masters."

SWEET CLOVER TALK

Prominent Farmer Advocates the Use of the Legume.

Eight Reasons Given Why It is Superior to Others in Crop Rotation for Restoring Soil Fertility.

By H. A. M'KEENE, Secretary Illinois Farmers' Institute.

"In view of the fact that until within the past few years most farmers in Illinois regarded the sweet clover plant as a noxious weed, a letter on the subject from W. M. Budlong of Rockford, Ill., will be of interest to farmers throughout the state. Mr. Budlong says:

"Having read the Farmers' Institute bulletins with a great deal of interest, I know you are doing a good work. There is, however, one subject which I consider of considerable importance which you have not mentioned—namely, the value of sweet clover in the rotation of crops.

"For soil inoculation preparatory to raising alfalfa and to restore a run down soil to a fertile state, no crop can equal sweet clover. There are many thousands of acres of land in Illinois so low in fertility that the immediate attempt to raise alfalfa or most any legume on them would be a failure, but when sown to sweet clover will yield an abundant harvest of hay, besides materially enriching the soil by its deep rooting system.

"Most farmers are not aware that sweet clover hay cut several times during the season is nearly as tender and palatable as alfalfa hay. I have seen herds of cattle leave a good blue grass pasture for a sweet clover pasture.

Experience of Two Men.

"Thomas Richolson of Davis Junction, Ill., sowed sweet clover with his oats a year ago last spring, and after the oats were cut and the cattle were allowed access to the sweet clover in the stubble his yield of milk doubled and the cream more than doubled as evidenced by his creamery receipts. This increase he said was due to the superior feeding qualities of sweet clover. His horses, which were reduced in flesh and run down from the summer's work, gained in weight remarkably fast after feeding on sweet clover.

"Frank Coverdale of Delmar, Ia., who has 200 acres in sweet clover and has been raising it for 15 years, found the pasture lands of Iowa would be increased four-fold in feeding value if they were seeded to sweet clover together with blue grass.

"In my investigations of sweet clover, I find that all vegetation grows considerably more luxuriantly when grown in close proximity to sweet clover so that their roots intermingling, as the sweet clover roots evidently supply nitrogen to other plants. Crops following a two-year rotation, with sweet clover will gain in yield from 25 to 50 per cent.

"The tap roots of the sweet clover extend down into the ground several feet and when they decay they leave holes where water readily flows, moistening the ground to a considerable depth. These decayed roots are at the same time a good nitrogen fertilizer.

"I believe it is a mistake to try to raise alfalfa on run down farm land. If sweet clover were grown for two years and the land then seeded to alfalfa, failure would be reduced to a minimum, as the ground would be inoculated and enriched by so doing.

Eight Reasons Enumerated.

"I will enumerate a number of the qualities in which sweet clover is superior to other legumes.

- "1. It will produce more hay on a given soil than red clover, alsike or mammoth clover.
- "2. It will grow on many soils too poor to raise alfalfa or red clover successfully.
- "3. It is the only clover except white clover that will stand pasturing with cattle and horses.
- "4. It will add more nitrogen to the soil than any other legume.
- "5. It will thrive with less lime in the soil than most other legumes, although it will not grow when the soil is too acid.
- "6. It will not blot stock whether fed wet or dry.
- "7. It has no plant disease; and it will thrive and combat weeds or grasses at the same time.
- "8. In pastures during a drouth, sweet clover will keep green and grow, when other clovers and grasses have practically all dried up."

We believe a thorough discussion of this subject would be profitable and the experiences of others will be given through this service from time to time.

ADVICE ON POULTRY RAISING

Boys Are Told How They May Make a Success of That Business.

I. Select a half dozen or a dozen well-bred hens of any good egg-laying strain.

Prepare a written history of the breed chosen, and give the points of excellence of the breed.

State why the breed was chosen.

II. Build (or equip one already built) a poultry house of good design to be used in this project. One would not desire a smaller house than 8x10 feet. One hundred hens may be housed in a building 20x20 feet. Fence off a run and keep the chickens of this project separate from others that may be about the place.

Draw a plan of your house, show-

ing all details of construction and equipment.

Write all notes explaining the construction, equipment, costs, and points of excellence of the house you use.

Provide a dry floor, upon which straw and chaff may be placed, also keep a constant supply of clean, fresh water. Have a hopper of simple construction to hold the dry mash food and a box of road dust for wallowing, also a small box for oyster shells or other grit. Provide nests in darkened places, and roosting poles apart from the feeding and resting portions of the house.

III. Consult authorities on the feeding and care of poultry, and begin the feeding and care of your pen, giving every detail your best thought, judgment and effort.

Keep accurate records of all feeds, their costs, nutritive ratio, amounts, etc.

Keep records of all eggs produced and their value at market prices.

The following are some good laying rations for hens:

I. Grain.	II. Dry Mash.
10 lbs. corn.	5 lbs. bran.
10 lbs. wheat.	5 lbs. shorts.
5 lbs. oats.	3 1/2 lbs. meat scraps.

Place the grain in the straw on the feeding floor, and the mash in a hopper. The amount to feed of this ration cannot be very definitely stated. Three handfuls of grain to a dozen hens in the morning and all they want at night, would be a good allowance; this is providing you keep the hopper full of dry mash to which the hens may run all the time. During the summer the grain ration may be reduced one-half. A pound of oilmeal may be added to the grain ration in the fall. Silage is a good food for poultry.

For lice on poultry, get 25 cents' worth of blue ointment (25% mercury). Put a very little on the finger and rub below the anus.

Install the trap nests, label each hen by number by a leg-band, and thus keep tab of each hen's egg record. Let the egg record sheet show this daily.

IV. Raising young chicks.

If possible set and carry through an incubator hatch of chickens. The earlier one can have broilers for the spring market, the more profitable is the business. The student who undertakes this part of the project should carefully follow the advice of someone with more experience or the directions of some experiment station.

If it is not possible to have an incubator, allow a few of your hens to sit and hatch out broods of young chicks for your project.

V. Let your note-book record all failures and successes in your project, and also the profit or loss of the whole season.—Prof. A. W. Nolan.

HAVE YOU BUILT THAT SILO?

On the Basis of Last Year's Crop, It Saves \$156 on Every Forty Acres of Corn.

By H. A. M'KEENE, Secretary Illinois Farmers' Institute.

Many farmers, and especially live stock producers, have long been convinced of the economic value of the silo, but each year they have said: "I'll build a silo next year." With many of these "next year" has come and gone, and yet that silo has not been built. Inquiry reveals the fact that in many instances the farmer put off securing the necessary materials until it was too late to get the silo built for fall use. After harvest there is usually a time when materials can be hauled to the farm, and now is a good time to make plans and order materials.

The farmers of Illinois sustain an enormous loss each year because they fail to save the corn fodder. On 6, 878,797 acres of land, Illinois farmers produced last year a corn crop valued at \$108,827,882 for the grain alone. The feeding value of the fodder when properly saved equals two-thirds the value of the grain, and granting that one-fourth the fodder was saved through the use of the usual methods and the silos already built, the corn raisers of Illinois sustained a loss last year of \$27,651,921. What other class of people or business could sustain such a loss each year and keep on doing business?

The man who cultivates forty acres of corn and allows the fodder to waste loses, on the basis of last year's crop, \$156 annually, an amount sufficient to build a 100-ton silo every three years. With out high-priced lands and small margins in feeding live stock, the silo has become a modern necessity on every well-regulated farm where live stock is produced. The dairyman finds the silo essential to success during the winter and equally valuable during the winter of short pastures in a summer drouth. The feeder of beef cattle finds that a ration of corn silage and alfalfa hay greatly increases his profits in making high class beef. The hog raiser finds silage and alfalfa valuable for keeping brood sows in good condition during winter and adds to their efficiency for producing large litters of thrifty youngsters. Silage gives the succulence needed for ewes and when fed silage and alfalfa lambs are stronger and mature quicker for the market.

The silo is a labor-saving device; it triples the stock carrying capacity of the farm, conserves fertility and returns its user annually 100 per cent. on the investment. A silo and alfalfa on every farm in Illinois will add hundreds of millions of dollars to the wealth of the state.

ROPING FEROCIOUS MOUNTAIN LIONS

Montana Hunter Uses Only Lariat and Airdale Dogs.

CAPTURES THEM ALIVE

With No Other Assistance He Bags His Game and Finds Good Demand for It From Zoological Gardens and the Like.

Kalispell, Mont.—Charles Ordish, famous over the northwest for his exploits in capturing mountain lions, and his assistant, Joe Mothka, have returned from the Kitchener district in British Columbia, where they were called by game wardens to assist in ridding the section of a band of lions believed to infest the country. The supposed lions proved to be huge wolves, and there were nine of them in the pack, but Ordish was successful, nevertheless, in capturing two lions of unusual size. The hides are valued at \$25 each and a bounty of \$15 each was collected by Ordish.

Ordish holds the record, so far as is known, for catching lions. His specialty is taking them alive without injury either to himself or the beasts. His equipment consists of two well-trained Airdale dogs, some strong rope and an inexhaustible supply of nerve. Ordish has never been seriously injured by the ferocious beasts, although he has closed with them in tight quarters many times.

Often a lion chase lasts several days, but the unerring instinct of the dogs never fails to put the lion up a tree, where its capture is only a matter of patience and skill on the part of the intrepid hunter. A long lariat is made fast to a neighboring tree and the free end attached to another of similar length, while a noose is provided at the junction of the two ropes. Ordish then climbs into the tree with the noose, while the dogs watch at the ground, ready to tree the prey again if it should escape by leaping.

With a long stick the noose is dropped over the lion's head while the beast is intent upon watching the dogs, after the hunter has approached as near as safety will allow. Invariably the lion springs when the



Climbed Into the Tree With the Noose.

rope touches its neck, and not infrequently entangles the lariat in the limbs and strangles itself ignominiously. If it leaps clear, however, Ordish is sure of a fat sum in return for his daring, for the lions find a ready market in the zoos, parks and circuses.

Once on the ground it is a simple matter to snub the unthundered end of the rope about another tree, bring the rope taut with the lion secure in the noose at the middle. Its hind legs are then lessened and the beast stretched backward, similar to the means used in throwing a vicious horse, and the rope securely fastened to another tree. When its claws are bound and a muzzle applied to its fangs, it is ready to be placed on a sledge and hauled to camp. All this is ordinarily accomplished by Ordish single-handed.

Ordish is now planning to reproduce his feats on films for a moving picture concern.

HATES RATS BUT LOVES HOME

Muldoon Prefers Them to Having His House Blown Up by "Poison."

Wilmington, Del.—Patrick Muldoon of Yorklyn, near here, bought a new drug compound to poison rats. He placed a quantity in the cellar and retired.

Early the next morning he was awakened by an explosion. Hurrying to the cellar he found portions of rat all over the place. The rodent had eaten the so-called poison and had been blown to pieces. Muldoon now says he would rather have the rats than run a risk of the house being blown up.

Sell Washington's Hair.

New York—A small brooch with a few shreds of Washington's hair sent by his widow to a girl in 1880, brought \$480 in a sale of the John Fiske relics

All the world looks down on a man who is no such thing.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 35c a bottle.

A woman is unpopular with her neighbors if she never does anything that they can gossip about.

Parcel Post.
"Is a bulldog mailable?"
"Yes; but not in this mail. Cats and pigs go in this mail."

As He Took It.
Glee Club Man—How do you like that refrain?
Unappreciative Friend—The more you refrain the better I like it.

Summer Clothes.

Mildred Lawson, a pretty American dancing girl, made her debut in London last month, and the English critics, while admiring her dances, complained a good deal about the scantiness of her costumes. Miss Lawson sent some of these English criticisms to a New York agent the other day, and in a letter accompanying them she said: "You'll notice that they kick a lot about my dresses. But what's the use, say I—what's the use of making such a fuss about nothing, or almost nothing?"

ITCHING TERRIBLE ON LIMB

R. F. D. No. 3, Clarkfield, Minn.—"My trouble was of long standing. It started with some small red and yellow spots about the size of a pin head on my leg and every morning there was a dry scale on top covering the affected part and when those scales were falling off the itching was more than I could stand at times. The first year I did not mind it so much as it was only itching very badly at times, but the second year it advanced all around my leg and the itching was terrible. I had to be very careful to have my clothing around the affected part very loose. At night time I often happened to scratch the sore in my sleep. Then I had to stand up, get out of bed and walk the floor till the spell was over.

"I bought lots of salves and tried many different kinds of medicine but without any success. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a fifty-cent box of Cuticura Ointment and when I had used them I was nearly over the itching. But I kept on with the Cuticura Soap for six weeks and the cure was complete." (Signed) S. O. Gorden, Nov. 20, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address Postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Insult Added to Injury.

"When I bought this horse from you, you told me he was as bold as a lion, and he shies at a straw."

"No; I told you he was like a lion. Ain't he a roarer?"

Here's Walter Johnson

Washington "Nationals" (American League) one of the speediest pitchers of either of the big leagues—he



Drinks Coca-Cola

He's got the head, the arm, the ginger and the endurance. Coca-Cola didn't give him them; but he says it's the one best beverage for the athlete in training.

The Successful Thirst-Quencher For Ball Players—and YOU

Send for Free Booklet.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Always a Kick.
"Had a guest once," remarked the landlord of a summer hotel, "who was satisfied with the meals, the rooming, the rates, the scenery and the temperature."
"Then he had no complaint to make?"
"Yes, he had. The sunsets were not up to his expectations."

What Did She Mean?
He—Something's preying on my mind.
She—It must be pretty hungry.



DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Most clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or direct express paid for. U.S. HAROLD SOMERS, 180 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



MONEY AND BLESSINGS ARE BEFORE YOU

A woman has invented a vacuum clothes wringer for \$2.50. No more wash boards. Rolling with vacuum 20 minutes does it. Pamphlets on request. Sell themselves with our plan. You get yours free. U. S. UTILITIES & MFG. CO. 250 West 54th Street New York City

AUTOMOBILE BARGAINS

Salesmen Wanted to Sell Used Cars. Highest grade used electric cars in best mechanical condition, new batteries, repainted. Write for prices. Chicago Electric Motor Car Company, 2700 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Just as Easy!

Preserving is now a pleasure—thanks to Parowax! For fruits, vegetable, jellies, catsup and chow-chow, when sealed with Parowax, indefinitely retain their natural flavor. And their sealing is as simple as can be.

Dip the tops of jars and catsup bottles in melted Parowax. Or pour this pure paraffine directly on top of contents of each jelly glass. Result—a perfect air-tight, mould-proof seal.

It is even simpler than it sounds. It is as cheap as it is easy. Not even paper covers need be used.

Parowax

is pure, refined paraffine—tasteless and odorless. It has many valued household uses. In the laundry, for instance, it is invaluable. In the wash boiler, it cleans and whitens clothes. A bit of Parowax in the starch imparts a beautiful finish in the ironing. Parowax cannot injure the most delicate of fabrics or colors.

Remember to order from your dealer today.

Standard Oil Company
(AN INDIANA CORPORATION)
CHICAGO, ILL.

KINGSTON NEWS

FRED P. SMITH, CORRESPONDENT

Mrs. Mary Glidden is in very poor health.
F. H. Wilson was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

GENOA ENCAMPMENT
No. 121
Odd Fellows Hall
2nd and 4th Friday of each month
E. C. OBERG, Chief Patriarch
A. R. SLATER, Scribe

C. A. Patterson
DENTIST
Hours: 8:30 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Office in Exchange Bank Building

Dr. J. W. Ovitz
Physician and Surgeon
Office over Cohoon's Store.
Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m.
2:00 to 4:30 p. m.
Phone No. 11 7:00 to 8:30 p. m.

J. D. Corson D. V. M.
Veterinarian
Office and Hospital
Stott and Main Sts.
Phone 181

EVALINE LODGE
No. 344
Meet 4th Tuesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall
J. W. Sowers, Prefect
Fannie M. Heed, Secy

Genoa Camp No. 163
M. W. A.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
Visiting neighbors welcome
B. C. Awe, V. C. A. R. Slater, Clerk

SAW DENTIST
A. D. HADSALL
X cut saws 10c per lineal foot.
Hand and Buck saws, price according to condition of saw.

GENOA LODGE NO. 288
A. F. & A. M.
Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month
O. M. BARCUS, W. M.
T. M. Frazier Secy.

GENOA LODGE
No. 768
I. O. O. F.
Meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellow Hall.
W. L. ABRAHAM, J. W. Sowers, Sec.
N. G.

Miss Gladys Burgess was a Belvidere visitor Saturday.

Mrs. E. L. Bradford was a Sycamore visitor Tuesday.

Harry Cross of Grinnell, Iowa, is visiting his father, H. A.

Miss Maude Bradford has been home from Sycamore for a few days.

Miss Lena Bacon of Elgin spent Sunday with Kingston relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moore entertained Ira Sandall and wife of Herbert Sunday.

Mrs. Sophia Cunningham of Pittsburg, Pa., has been a guest of Mrs. Robert Dunbar.

Mrs. J. P. Ort and daughter, Beatrice, were guests in Belvidere and Rockford Sunday.

Miss Doris Sherman has been spending a few days with Miss Genevieve May at Kirkland.

On account of Campmeeting there will be no services in the M. E. church Sunday, Aug. 17.

Howard Hitchcock of Chicago was a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Frank Shrader, Sunday.

Miss Bessie Stuart spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ed. Ball, of Belvidere.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lutter have been entertaining Mrs. H. B. Miner and son, Kingsley, and his friend, Marshall Earle, of Nora, Ill.

Mrs. Frank Stark and son, Ward Howe, have been visiting with relatives and friends at Wyandot for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ide Vandeburg left Monday evening for Sherburne, Minn., to see her brother, Chas. Uplinger, who is in poor health.

Services will be held as usual in the Baptist church next Sunday. Rev. Richmond has chosen for his text, "Christ in you, the hope of Glory." Everyone invited.

Evidently Some Snorer.
A woman woke her husband during a storm the other night, and said:—"I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

Genoa Nest No. 1017
Order of Owls
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays Each Month
M. MALONA, Pres.
E. L. KOHLBURNER, Sec.

Lewis' Lice and Fly Destroyer

Guaranteed to protect stock from flies and lice. If it does not do as represented you can bring back the can and get your money back.

It positively kills flies on cows and keeps them off during the day. It kills cattle lice, also lice on poultry and mites in the poultry house.

Try a can. If it fails to do the work it will cost you nothing.

IRA W. DOUGLASS
PHONE NO. 67

PAY TELEPHONE BILLS

People of DeKalb do not Follow Example Set by City Council

The DeKalb City council recently passed a resolution refusing to pay the new charges made by the DeKalb County Telephone Company, and suggested at the same time that the citizens also refuse to dig up the extra charges.

Regarding the situation at the present time the Advertiser says: "So far, the city is the only customer of the telephone company to refuse to pay their bill on account of defects in the service."

"The collectors for the company for the monthly bill have not yet been all around, but so far as they have been nobody refused to pay. Some have spoken to the collector in a joking manner. Others have been serious about it, but no one has refused to come across with the amount."

"The city council at its last meeting cut down the amount of the telephone bill for both the city and for the hospital to what it used to be before the consolidation. However, the company has not been around for the voucher."

Howard Hitchcock of Chicago was a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Frank Shrader, Sunday.

Miss Bessie Stuart spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ed. Ball, of Belvidere.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lutter have been entertaining Mrs. H. B. Miner and son, Kingsley, and his friend, Marshall Earle, of Nora, Ill.

Mrs. Frank Stark and son, Ward Howe, have been visiting with relatives and friends at Wyandot for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ide Vandeburg left Monday evening for Sherburne, Minn., to see her brother, Chas. Uplinger, who is in poor health.

Services will be held as usual in the Baptist church next Sunday. Rev. Richmond has chosen for his text, "Christ in you, the hope of Glory." Everyone invited.

Evidently Some Snorer.
A woman woke her husband during a storm the other night, and said:—"I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

Genoa Nest No. 1017
Order of Owls
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays Each Month
M. MALONA, Pres.
E. L. KOHLBURNER, Sec.

Evidently Some Snorer.
A woman woke her husband during a storm the other night, and said:—"I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

Genoa Nest No. 1017
Order of Owls
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays Each Month
M. MALONA, Pres.
E. L. KOHLBURNER, Sec.

Genoa Nest No. 1017
Order of Owls
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays Each Month
M. MALONA, Pres.
E. L. KOHLBURNER, Sec.

Add Another Yard
The Holcomb-Dutton Lumber company of Sycamore has added another to their chain of lumber and coal yards and grain elevators. The latest addition is the lumber and coal yard and grain elevator at Holcomb. This business has been conducted there for 30 years. It was bought of George Stanbury & Son. The Holcomb-Dutton Lumber company now have seven combined lumber and coal yards and grain elevators in as many different towns, as follows: Charter Grove, Esmond, Lindenwood, Waddems Grove, Chase, Colvin Park and Holcomb.

Hampshire to Have Gas
The Western United Gas and Electric company has secured the right of way for extending its mains into Hampshire from "the five corners," about two miles from Union, according to an announcement from the village last week. The Hampshire village board is considering a fifty year franchise presented by the company.

PICNIC AT BURLINGTON

Annual Event will Take Place Saturday* of this Week

The twenty-eighth annual farmer's picnic will be held in August John's and Chris Pfingsten's groves one-half mile west of Burlington Saturday, August 16.

The arrangements as completed provide for addresses by J. E. Readhimer and A. J. Olson. "Agriculture" and "Good Roads" will be the subjects discussed, Mr. Readhimer taking the former and Mr. Olson the latter subject. The platform exercises will be at two o'clock.

The Burlington band will furnish music for the platform exercises and will give concerts during the day.

There will be platform dances with excellent music, merry-go-rounds and numerous other attractions on the grounds.

A base ball game between Hampshire and Genoa will be an attractive feature.

Thomas Doyle Dead
Thomas Doyle, a well known Sycamore man, passed away in that city Sunday morning. He was 55 years of age and was a son of the late Edward Doyle, a well known blacksmith in Sycamore of years ago, which business the son also followed for many years. For several years past he has successfully conducted a boarding house and lunch counter near the Great Western station.

Men's Blue Chambray Shirts 33c in the Clean-up Sale at Swan's

Without question this is the most remarkable shirt offering ever made by any store. These splendid shirts which we offer in the Clean-up Sale at 33c are made from excellent quality blue chambray, have soft collar attached, pocket and faced sleeve with wide cuff, everyone carefully finished. Better come quickly if you wish to take advantage of this special offer. Luncheon served FREE in the Balcony Rest Room to our out-of-town patrons. Carfare refunded according to the amount of your purchase. Theo. F. Swan, "Elgin's Most Popular Store"

Frenchwoman a Cave Dweller.
A woman of forty-five has been found living in a cave in the forest of Fontainebleau. Snakes and rats were her co-tenants. She subsisted on raw vegetables, and was clad in rags. She was reluctant to leave the cave.—Paris Cable to the New York Times.

No Cause to Worry.
"My brushes are all worn out," sighed the futurist painter, "and I have no money to buy new ones." "Never mind," his wife replied. "Take the broom."

NOTICE
To Mary Lawrie, Julia E. Preston, the unknown heirs, legatees and devisees of Sina Preston, deceased; Jared Preston, deceased; Henry Preston, deceased; Charles Preston, deceased; Augustus Preston, deceased, and Norman Preston, deceased.

You are hereby notified that there is now pending in the Circuit Court of DeKalb County, in the State of Illinois, a certain suit (General No. 18501) wherein John Westfield is complainant and George Preston, Elizabeth Hine, widow of Matthias Hine, deceased; Margaret Cornwall, Lena Kelley, Lucy Powers, Elizabeth Hine, widow of John Hine, deceased; Jacob Hine and Edwin Hine and the said above named defendants to whom this notice is addressed are defendants; that a summons has been issued in said cause returnable at the Court House in Sycamore, in said county, on the fourth Monday of October, 1913.

W. M. HAY,
Clerk of Said Court.
Stott & Brown,
Solicitors for Complaint.
45-4t Sycamore, Illinois.

ABOUT THUNDERSTORMS

Some Good Suggestions and Warnings Given by Student

A student of electricity offers in the New York Sun this advice to persons who are afraid of lightning:

"If in a building which is isolated in the open country or is higher than surrounding buildings in a group, avoid chimneys or other flues, open windows or draughts, especially warm currents of air, directly below a high tower or flag pole, peak or angle of the structure. Keep away from overhead wires entering a building—also these are generally protected by lightning arresters, the current is not always 'arrested.'

"If in open, avoid trees, wire fences or poles, and if you happen to be the most prominent object in the landscape as in an open field or beach, do not raise a steel rod umbrella or in fact any umbrella, as you may become a living lightning rod without an approved ground connection."

"If you should happen to be caught in such open space, with lightning discharges coming very close, as may be determined by the lessening intervals between flash and report, it is better to lie flat on the ground and risk a soaking than to offer a possible path for a discharge. The reason for this is that the body being warm, offers a better conductor than the surrounding air, and but a few feet rise is necessary to attract the lightning on flat ground."

Having observed these simple precautions, take this additional piece of advice: Don't worry. The number of deaths from lightning is very small. Because they are usually dramatic, they are vividly reported by efficient and ambitious newswriters, but there are not many of them.

Farmer's Voice Sold
The Farmer's Voice has been taken over by the Prairie Farmer. Geo. A. Hunt, connected with the former publication, becomes livestock manager of the merged publications, but it is understood he will continue his residence at Bloomington. Mr. Hunt formerly resided in Woodstock and was secretary of the McHenry County Fair for several years.

Warnings! Hints! Reminders! ..on.. A Burning Subject!



Get It Off Your Mind!

Book Your Order With Us For

Your Winter's Supply of Coal

And Forget It--Until Time to Fire Up!

We'll Do The Rest,

With Coal of The Best!

JACKMAN & SON

TELEPHONE 57

C. F. HALL COMPANY
DUNDEE, ILLINOIS

QUILTS--Your Make

If making quilts, this is your place to buy material. Note these sample prices:

Best calico prints, per yard..... 3½c
40 in. Cheese cloths, in colors..... 4c
40 in. Figured Cheese cloths..... 6c
Wide Silkaline..... 6c

QUILTS--Our Make

A variety of Quilts and Comforters, made by our employes, in our own store, from materials we know all about. Graded according to size and quality of materials at \$1.50 1.75 \$2.25

Bed Spreads

100 samples from Marshall Field & Co. Some slightly soiled, for which reason the lot is priced at less than first cost of making. Spreads at 65c 75c 95c \$1.25 to \$2.00

Yard Goods

Art Tickings, yd. . 10c
30 in. Fancy Draperies 6c
Heavy, extra weight Linen Toweling. 10c
Galatea Cloth..... 12c
Fancy Lawns..... 3c
Short lengths of towel- ing, 2 to 3 yds. in a piece, each rmt. 10c
Early sale of Heavy weight Outing Flannel, per yd..... 6c
50 pieces of fancy Dress Goods, originally marked 20 & 25c per yd, now all reduced to..... 12½c

Shirt Sale

Full sample line from H. B. Glover Manfg. Co., Dubuque, Iowa. The celebrated "Brighton" Shirts. A close out in full range of sizes. Shirts selling regularly at \$1.00 and \$1.50, we offer at..... 75c

School Shoes

Three distinct lines of Boys' and Girls' School shoes, including the celebrated Ferris brand, sizes 11 to 5½ and.... \$1.00

Men's Clothing

Very unusual values in Men's suits at..... \$10 \$12.50 \$15
These include the makes of L. Abt & Sons and the celebrated Nipson System.

5c and 10c Department

Infants' Kid Shoes, sizes 0, 1, 2 and 3 pair..... 10c
Ladies' Dressing Sacs..... 10c
Sale of Graniteware, great variety of items at..... 10c
Cloth bound books, fiction and juvenile, standard authors, Alger, etc. each.... 10c

Ladies' Department

Best Percale Wrappers 59c
House Dresses, each 35
Three for..... \$1.00
Full line of Ladies' Underwear samples, from Brighton Manf. Co. Slight imperfections in some garments reduced prices on the lot to less than cost of making.
Ladies' white Dresses, samples..... \$1.98
Children's Dresses, specials, in sizes 2 to 6..... 25c
Children's sample Dresses, all of them size 8..... 75c
Ladies' large Kimona Aprons..... 50c
Fancy white Silk and Net Waists for ladies 98c to \$2.87
Ladies' Sleeveless vests 25c value..... 15c

Remember Refunded Car Fare Offers. Show Round Trip Ticket If You Come By Train.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Chase Bros. Pianos

Phonographs

Julius Bauer Pianos

REPAIR WORK GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION

J. H. HOLMQUIST, JEWELER

SYCAMORE, ILL.