

THE CHURCH LEADS

THE FIGHT FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS, FREEDOM and TRUTH

LEND YOUR SUPPORT

To The Patriotic Effort of the
FIVE CO-OPERATING CHURCHES
To Conserve Coal and Promote Efficiency

Two Group Combinations

Group 1.

Baptist Church:
Rev. Norman Gould Oliver, Pastor

Congregational Church:
Rev. Ira Milton Grey, Pastor

St. Paul's Evangelical Church:
Rev. Paul Crusius, Pastor

All Services of Group 1.
in Congregational Church.

Group 2.

Evangelical Church:
Rev. P. G. Nuffer, Pastor

Methodist Episcopal Church:
Rev. James Freeman Jenness, Ph. D., Pastor

All Services of Group 2.
in Methodist Church.

Union Service of All Five Churches Every Sunday Evening.

See News Columns of Reporter for Particulars

OUR MOTTO:

Christ for All - All for Christ



Saturday, Jan. 19th Matinee 3:30
Mary Anderson and Antonio Moreno
in "By Right of Possession"
FATTY ARBUCKLE in "A Country Hero"
Burton Holmes Travel Picture--
"Picturesque Peking"

Vitagraph Comedy
Matinee 3:30 Admission 9 cents to all
Evening ONE BIG SHOW at 7:45 Admission 10 and 15 cents
War tax 1 and 2 cents.



Tuesday, Jan. 22nd
Julian Eltinge in "Clever Mrs. Carfax"
Also a Good Comedy

Evening one Big Show at 7:45; Admission 9 and 12c; War tax 1 and 2c



Thursday, Jan. 24th Matinee 3:30
J. STUART BLACKTON presents
"The Judgment House"

Ford weekly, Bray pictograph, and a Vitagraph comedy.
Evening one Big Show 7:45; Admission 10 and 15c; War tax 1 and 2c.
Special Matinee 3:30, Admission 9c to all

Dicke Theatre

HARDSHIPS THE "SOOR DOUGHS" HAVE ENDURED

Prospecting in Confined to Food Base
—Experience Tosses—Solitude Brings Intensity

(M. J. Brown)

Alaska, home of the tin can and dog; a waste of snow and ice; the graveyard of civilization; a By-World for hell, home of the famished double-cross. These and hundreds more like them are printed and sung in the North Land. There have been such hardships, such disappointments and such suffering that there are few to find

things to sing praises of. But this isn't to be a moralism. It is rather to tell you of some of the interesting expedients the hardships of the cold land teach those who live with her. Where the "sour doughs" beat the newcomers to it is on the long prospecting hikes or stampede races to new strikes. Here is where experience counts. News will come into a Yukon town that a strike has been made far back in the hills and of course that means a race of about everybody in the town who can raise a grub stake or a dog. The movies picture these men as starting on foot, pulling on their coats as they run and other rank foolishness. The slowest and best prepared musher is the one who will stake first, and the experienced men know it. So instead of harnessing the dogs and mushing out in ten minutes after the news, the "sour doughs" begin to prepare an outfit, one they can go

through on with the least loss of time. Beans will be boiled before the start. In a mushing race to a gold strike, the camps are where night finds the men, often where wood is very scarce and where a few twigs must suffice for a fire. The beans are not boiled soft, just enough to cook them through, then they are spread out and allowed to freeze. After they are frozen they are put in bags and they are separate as dry beans. A tenderfoot would boil them and let them freeze solid and the tenderfoot might just as well throw them away and cook fresh ones so far as time saving goes. Try thawing out a bucket of solidly frozen beans—or rather don't try it. Same with meat. The old timer will cut his bacon or bear meat into slices, let it freeze solid in slices and then pack it into one package. The "chechako" will cut it in slices and let it freeze together and he might better have never sliced it, for frozen together they are like a solid chunk of ice. A trail follower will never let his meat slices freeze together but once, for if he is going fast he will not have any meat to eat. In a hot frying pan frozen meat will burn on one side and be raw on the other. A mushing outfit can be no stronger than its grub outfit, and this is the main reason why there are thousands of square miles in the big North territory that have never been prospected and thousands of acres that have never had a human foot on them. The river towns are the supply base—and there are no others. Let a man strike north from the Yukon anywhere in the interior of Alaska and he knows that he will never get another ounce of store provisions until he comes back to that town. Ahead of him are no posts, settlements, supplies or even Indian villages—for the Indians and Eskimos invariably live along the streams. So when prospectors start out they must only go so far as half their food supply will carry them—and even this limit is a long chance. When the grub is half exhausted, they must at once turn back, and if on the back trail severe blizzards should stop them, sickness or accident should delay, then the white death wins out again. So a gold hunter in Alaska is very much like a submarine, he can only get so far from his supply base and live. Many a prospector starts out for a certain locality and he has to

beat it back the minute he gets there—or starve. Terrible blizzards often overtake mushers on these trips, storms that neither man nor dog can face, and then one must get in and stay in until it is over, or die.

The thermometer during mid winter will often go 80 degrees and more below zero, and Alaskan thermometers are made the reverse of state recorders, the zero mark being more than half way up the glass so the mercury will have room enough to run down. In an ordinary thermometer the mercury will run down into the bulb and freeze solid. In a temperature of 80 degrees below zero no living thing can long endure in the open. Even the hardy bears and wolves hunt holes and remain until the weather moderates. Men long exposed to the awful cold may survive for a time, only to die with lung disease later on. The intense cold breathed in the open freezes or chills the lung lining, and later on the victim will contract bronchitis, pneumonia or quick consumption.

One prospector told me he was caught in a blizzard and remained for five days in an abandoned mining cabin. He said evidently a white woman or squaw had once resided there, for the interior had been clothed and papered with newspapers. And he spent the most of his time reading those walls. He would read up as far as he could see, then stand on the table and read up to the roof, read newspapers that were printed ten years before. He told me that one morning he opened the slide window and threw the dishwater out and when it struck the ground it was ice. This is a whopper for a man who has never experienced a winter up around the arctic circle, but I will believe any story told in Alaska, when told the first time.

Another miner told me that the extreme cold had forced he and his partner to abandon their thawing fires and wait for warmer weather. One morning he thought to fix a dog sled that was standing just outside the cabin. He reached out to get it and his hand came in contact with the sled shoe. It was frozen to the metal in an instant. The sled was brought inside and his hand released by warming the metal, but he said he had a dangerous sore from the burn.

When the thermometer is far below zero and there is no wind it is astonishing how far sound will carry. The howl of a dog can be heard further than the eye can see, and men can converse more than a mile apart.

Sometimes there is game to be had in the prospecting camps, and sometimes a man might hunt for a month and never see a sign of bear, caribou or any other animal. Like gold, game is where you find it in Alaska, and it is fully as uncertain as gold.

Every year a large number of crazy men are brought out of Alaska and taken to Portland, Oregon. There is not a town on the Yukon that has not sent out one or more "bugs." Two things are given as the causes for the brain storms, brooding and solitude. And it is rather remarkable that about 90 per cent of these men recover in from six months to two years' treatment in the "bug" sanitarium in Portland.

Many men buy Indian women and marry them, to prevent insanity. "We play cards to hold our brains together until we hate the sight of each other, then we buy wives and separate," explained one miner to me.

Let two men work together and live together day after day, or rather night after night of the long dayless winter, and after a time they become sullen, morose, quarrelsome. They will go for days without hardly a spoken word. The darkness, solitude and cold have a peculiar influence on men. The firmest of friends will quarrel over a trifle and be sullen for days. One will get mad if his partner talks too much and will fly into a passion if he is pouty and does not talk. They will quarrel over the most unimportant details and often separate over a trifling argument. Anywhere else but in this solitude these men would fight to the last for each other.

And with snow and ice everywhere, the miners of Alaska really suffer for want of water. The only water they have during the winter is snow water, thawed, and this is too often too much trouble for men who work from 15 to 18 hours per day. It is also often too much trouble for men who sit idly in their cabins day after day. Hence it is a fact that men do not drink enough water to be healthy during the long winters, and as for having enough to keep their bodies and their dishes in healthy condition—forget it. There are men in Alaska who haven't had a bath in years.

When a pair first starts on a prospecting trip their one topic of conversation, day and night, is what they will strike and what they will do when they strike it. After a time neither will dare speak the word "gold" or mention his hopes. It is peculiar how the hard grind and the monotony go to one's head. Let a cabin run out of tobacco and

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GOVERNOR CALLS BOYS FOR THE FARM

An Official Proclamation Fixing January 21 to 26 as Enrollment Week for Boys' Working Reserve.

The week of January 21 to 26 is to be enrollment week for boys who are willing to help win the war by working on the farms next summer. The dates were fixed by Governor Frank O. Lowden in an official proclamation as follows:

By the Governor of Illinois—A proclamation

Illinois is the greatest food producing state in the Nation. Her farmers fully realize the duty resting upon them during the continuance of the war, to strain every energy in order to produce the maximum of food. What they most need to accomplish this is additional labor. There are in our schools, and in occupations not essential to the conduct of the war, many thousands of active, vigorous and patriotic boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. They are not subject to the Selective Draft. Most of them desire to do their bit, if only the way be pointed out to them. The problem is to fit them in some way for the farm, and to bring them into practical relations with the farmers who need their help. The Educational Committee of our State Council of Defense, co-operating with our Department of Agriculture and State College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois, has arranged a special three months' farm course, together with some practical training, by which these boys may be fitted, by the end of April, to undertake work upon our farms. These boys are to be enrolled in the United States Boys' Working Reserve, with the consent of their parents, but in no event are they to be employed in military service. The boy will receive full credit in his school work, and his moral and physical welfare will be conserved by volunteer visitors. Instead of detracting from their education, this service, in my opinion, will greatly aid it.

Agriculture, as an occupation, is becoming more and more attractive. The drudgery and isolation which drove those of a generation ago from the farms to the cities are rapidly giving way. Science has laid its hand upon the soil, and the farmer of today finds full scope for the exercise of his mind. Many, very many, of the boys who shall go from the school-room this spring to the farm will find the farmer's life so attractive that it will determine their permanent occupation.

I earnestly urge upon the able-bodied youth of our state, of from sixteen to twenty years of age, to enroll themselves in the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve, and for this purpose I hereby designate the week of January 21-26 inclusive, as Special Registration Week.

Given under my hand the Great Seal of State at the capitol in Springfield, this fourteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and forty-second.

FRANK O. LOWDEN, Governor.

By the Governor:
LOUIS L. EMMERSON, Secretary of State.

Illinois is called upon to provide at least 25,000 boys for farm work. Places will be found for them by the State Council of Defense acting with the United States Boys' Working Reserve. They will be paid for their work.

A special short course in agriculture has been prepared at the University of Illinois for town and city boys who will enlist. That course will be started in all high schools on February 1st. All boys should be enrolled in time to get the full benefit of that course.

evolution.

The processes of evolution have worked for myriads of years to develop a form of living beauty, until the wanton destructiveness of man intervenes, and an auk, or a dodo, or a passenger pigeon, is forever erased from the roll of living things. It is a loss of which the mind cannot bear to think.—Exchange.

Still Good.

"No men can act with effect who do not act in concert; no men can act in concert who do not act with confidence; no men can act with confidence who are not bound together by common opinions, common affections and common interests."—Burke.

Cook Makes Good Start.

"I see you have a new cook." "You are right." "Is she experienced?" "I surmise so. She started the first day by coming late, and then asking for the afternoon off."

Pinch of Poverty.

Next to the proletariat of India and China, the Russian peasant feels the pinch of poverty and hunger more keenly and more frequently than any other citizen on earth, says the National Geographic Magazine.

DOWNERS GROVE Y. M. C. A. MONEY WORKING HARD

Contributions made by residents of Downers Grove to the \$53,000,000 national war fund of the Y. M. C. A. are already paying big dividends in the lives of boys from this community who are undergoing military training at Camp Grant, Great Lakes and the Belleville and Rantoul flying fields, according to the advices received here this week. The cold weather has driven thousands of enlisted men inside the Y. M. C. huts for their amusements, games and letter writing. The cozy interiors of these buildings, the cherry open fire-places, the phonographs and pianos, books and magazines form a happy combination that spells "home" to the boys from home.

Practically every family in this community has received letters from Illinois boys written on Y. M. C. A. or Red Triangle stationery which is issued with out cost to every man in uniform. It is estimated at Camp Grant that approximately 700,000 letters are written each month by the boys in camp. At Great Lakes the output averages more than 25,000 letters each month. A large percentage of these represents correspondence with loved ones at home.

Entertainments, lectures, athletic contests and recreational games under the Y. M. C. A. auspices serve the boys in their leisure moments and keep them from getting homesick. An effective work is being done, the report says, for the men in the hospitals. The secretaries visit them and write letters for those who are too ill to write or read to others who cannot do so for themselves. They also organize educational classes and conduct religious services for the men in the hospitals.

A new building is to be erected shortly for Y. M. C. A. work at Bellville, the cost of which is to be \$7,500. Two officers' club buildings are to be erected at once for the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Grant.

DON'T FORGET THIS LITTLE SERVICE

The Boys at the Front Want All the Magazines You Can Send Them.

Most Americans want to help the boys in France and in the training camps. But many forget to do the little things they can do. There is one little thing none should forget:

To send magazines to the front as soon as they are read. The boys want them badly. Read the following letter—written by Lieut. William O. Morgan, with American Expeditionary forces in France, to his mother at Lake Forest:

"If you want to do something that will help a lot, tell everyone you know and everyone you don't know to put a stamp on their magazines and put them in the mail box. If you could see how these men stand around the mail room waiting for the magazines you would realize how many dollars worth of pleasure a stamp can give. You see the evenings are long, as it is dark at four-thirty, and they love to read. Sometimes they read advertisements when there is nothing else.

"The Y. M. C. A. men are doing great work here. They put these magazines on their tables, and many times have I sat up with the men to look them over.

"Try to get people to send the more expensive magazines. These men would read more good stuff if they could get it. Such a book as 'The Man Without a Country' is devoured by them all. Most of them are young boys who enlisted last March and it is wonderful to talk to them for they have such a fine spirit. They must have books and magazines to read as it is absolutely essential for a soldier to have mental relaxation."

It costs so little to send magazines—just a one cent stamp for each. No wrapping, no addressing is necessary. The thing is to remember to do it yourself and to remind your friends as well. And send the magazines while they are still fresh and clean.

Dollars and Religion.

It is religious to make a dollar and then to make the dollar make another. It is more religious sometimes to spend a dollar than to save it, and at other times more religious to save a dollar than to spend it.

Pointed Statement.

"Now, if you have that in your mind," said a professor who had just explained a theory to his students, "you have it all in a nutshell!"

With the Farmer.

Money may make the mare go, but what interests the average farmer more than that is the fact that he must keep the mare going to make money.—Exchange.

Honey and the Sting.

"An opportunity," said Uncle Eben, "is like a bee. One man kin follow it up an' find honey where another will only jes' get stung."