

REDEEMED

By LOUISE HOFFMAN.

Mrs. Naylor and her daughter Janet were working industriously to get their farm cottage ready for city boarders.

"Mother," half whispered pretty Janet, as she stopped a moment to listen while tacking down matting in one of the upper front rooms, "a motor has stopped at the gate and a gentleman with a suitcase is coming up the walk. Don't take him if he wants to board here. The point on the dining room floor isn't dry yet."

"Mother," questioned the girl anxiously, on her return, "you're not going to let him stay, are you?"

Mrs. Naylor turned a sweet, harassed face toward her daughter. "But, Janet, dear," she remonstrated, "we can't afford to refuse anyone. I have explained the situation to Mr. Woolsey and he seems perfectly satisfied. Besides Mrs. Boyd has recommended him to us."

"Janet, Janet," reproved the mother "Don't waste time conjecturing. We'll just have to leave this room and hurry dinner. I'm glad we shelled those peas last night."

"I wish he was a nice young man," regretted Janet. "But then a good principled young man wouldn't be wasting his time at a mountain resort. He'd be fighting for Uncle Sam or preparing to fight."

Edward Woolsey looked even older at close range. But what struck Janet was his broad shoulders. She instinctively felt they ought to belong to Uncle Sam. She refused to allow herself to be favorably impressed, because she owed him a grudge for coming without making due arrangements.

"It is strange you didn't get Mrs. Boyd's letter of introduction," remarked Edward Woolsey, scarcely taking his eyes off Janet's fresh wild rose face as they sat at dinner.

"It isn't necessary now," laughed Mr. Naylor, courteously passing the white bread.

Mr. Woolsey hesitated. "Is this liberty bread?"

"There isn't a bit of wheat in it," hastily assured Mrs. Naylor. "It is made of white flour in Hoover combinations, and we pride ourselves that it looks and favors it almost equals wheat bread."

Mr. Woolsey was convinced, but Janet was furious at his daring to question their patriotism.

"Janet, dear," said Mrs. Naylor a little later in the pantry. "Mrs. Boyd's letter has come and Mr. Woolsey is a wealthy young man. But his nerves are badly shattered and he needs rest and quiet."

During the next week Edward Woolsey did little but rest in the hammock under the maples. He seemed to regain his lost youth in great drafts of the pure, sweet, fresh air. As he daily improved it made Janet furious to see him able to take life so easily.

One day she played "Humoresque" softly, and wheeled around suddenly to find Edward Woolsey listening in rapt attention.

"It brings back vivid memories, with its sweet haunting air," he explained. "But I play it" returned Janet severely "because it cheers the boys in the trenches. And I think," she added pointedly, "every man should be with the boys, doing his bit. My brother Tom is over there, and he could have claimed exemption, but he was a man, and nothing could hold him," she flung out, rushing from the room.

"When?" thought Edward. "She's an amazingly sweet, thorny little wild rose."

The next morning as Janet, in khaki overalls, was hoeing corn in the back lot, she was surprised to see a man in blue striped overalls coming toward her.

"I'm going to do my bit," announced Edward proudly.

Janet's eyes grew steady blue. She looked at him in supreme contempt. "This is woman's now," she emphasized, haughtily.

Edward kept right on. He used his hoe like a shovel. A silence fell. She stole admiring glances at him and realized she could like him. How youthful he had grown! Why, he was really young. Just then the dinner bell rang.

"A telegram for Mr. Woolsey," said Mr. Naylor as they came up the lane.

"I am in report for duty at once," he hurriedly explained to Janet, leading her to a seat, "and before I go I want to tell you that I love—"

Janet covered her ears. "Go," she commanded.

Without a word Edward turned on his heel and disappeared. Presently she heard him returning. She looked in speechless amazement. The man she despised and loved stood proudly erect in Uncle Sam's uniform of khaki.

"Why—why—began Janet in confusion. "Why didn't you tell us you were in the service?"

"Because, dear," he replied, as she awayed into his arms, "we're not fighting for personal glory. I've been wounded—"

"Wounded? Oh, Edward!" she choked.

"And compelled to rest." "And you kept your uniform in your trunk?" she gently reproached.

"But when I found your antipathy was not personal, only from patriotic motives, then I knew I could redeem myself and you were a thousand-fold more. Such women as you make fighting a delight."

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE MAY PUT A STOP TO AUTOCRATIC GRAB

By J. T. Wilson.

Special Writer for The Reporter. (Copyrighted, 1919 by The Publishers Autocaster Service Co.)

Morris, Ill., May 18. You have heard about "feudal estates," and lords who ruled over the people. Well—

Grundy and Livingston counties in Illinois are American counties, but they have a lord who rules over them. Rules them from his castle across the Atlantic. And rules them with an iron hand.

He is Lord William Scully. He rules because he owns most of these two counties. He owns whole townships of valuable farm land. He's the biggest farm owner in this country. He rents his lands.

Just now his tenants in Grundy-co are up in arms. They are protesting against an increase in rent.

Lord Scully has told them they must pay \$10 an acre instead of \$6 each year.

And he has the whiphand over them. The state legislature may help them. A bill is being prepared to go that Governor Lowden has indicated that he will sign it if it passes.

And here are 70 free-born American farmers, as honest and hard working men as you ever saw any place. They are married and have families. Nearly every farmer has at least one son in the service of the United States. Most of the boys still are "over there" and in camps here. They have been patriotic to the core.

But these 70 American farm families are the "subjects" of Lord Scully. And this is how it came about.

Seventy years ago Lord Scully came to the United States. He had acquired much wealth as a land owner in England and Ireland.

With \$300,000 Lord Scully bought 100,000 acres of fine Illinois land. That was \$3 an acre. Remember the cost. Lord Scully didn't do anything to the land. Never built a fence. Nev-

er planted a tree or cut one down. Just bought the land and sailed back to his European castle. But he rented the land. At first he got but few cents an acre as rent. He agreed with his American tenants that he would permit them to sell improvements they made to the new tenants if they ever gave up the farms.

So they built houses, barns, sheds, fences. They drained the land. Planted orchards. Graded roads. And they paid taxes on their improvements. They paid more in taxes for the improvements than Lord Scully did on the land. Now there are 70 Lord Scully farms in this county alone.

"The first Lord Scully was all right," William Halpin, one of the 70, said. "He kept raising the rent on us, but not much at a time, usually about 25 cents the acre. We got along pretty well."

Then the old Lord Scully died, and the young Lord Scully, known legally in Illinois as William Scully, took

charge of the estate, which includes 200,000 acres in Nebraska, Kansas and the south. He owns nearly a third of a million American acres. And lives in the grand Scully castle.

This young Lord Scully got the idea that his American subjects were not paying him enough tribute. So he raised the rents on them quicker and higher than his dad had done. Last summer they had got to \$6 an acre. That's twice what the old lord paid for the land.

Then young Lord Scully came over last winter to see his American farm subjects. He found them prosperous, living in fairly good homes, and most of them rode to town in small automobiles.

But he was disappointed. Many a one of his American subjects took off his hat to the lord. Why, they acted as though they thought they were as good as the lord. Treated him like he was a fellow man.

"He had expected to find poor,

their leases. They couldn't sell their improvements at their actual value cringing peasants of the type who starved in Ireland in the infamous days of the 'rack rent' system," said Editor Sackett of the Morris Herald.

"Instead he found sturdy, upstanding, independent Americans, satisfied with their lot, owning the buildings on their land.

"They didn't cringe before this gilded nobleman.

"So he undertook what he regarded as the job of putting these 'American peasants in their place,' of teaching them to respect a member of the British autocracy."

Lord Scully raised the rent from \$6 to \$10 an acre.

The farmers said they couldn't pay that. Said it would bankrupt them. Lord Scully said, "Pay or get out."

He said he knew lots of peasants in Europe he could bring over here to work his land.

But these 70 American farmers had

put improvements on his land, under if the rents were suddenly raised to \$10. The rent raise cut their values.

Young Lord Scully said he would let them move their houses off his land if they wanted to. But you can't move a house, barn, fences, silo and orchard around like furniture.

Young Lord Scully thought he had them where he wanted them.

He insisted that they pay or get out. He's still insisting.

The lord of many millions went back to his castle and left orders with his agents in America to collect the high rent.

The farmers protested. They held meetings. They went down to the state capitol to see the governor about it. A bill is being framed to get young Lord Scully. It will be introduced this month. It is proposed to make farm improvements put on by a farm tenant a lien on the place and compel the owner of the land to pay the actual value of the improvements to the tenant before he can be evicted.

That would hold young Lord Scully. He would have to pay these American farmers for what they have done for his land. That's all these farmers want—simple justice.

That's what they asked for in a meeting at the court house here during the winter. In this same court house yard the people of Grundy-co have erected a big "Welcome Home" sign. It is directed to "Grundy County Boys" in our army and navy. The boys are coming home now.

Their fathers and mothers are doing their best to make their welcome warm. Lord Scully welcomed them by raising the rents to a bankruptcy point.

And while this young Lord Scully was coming over here to raise the rents these Grundy-co boys were going over there to aid Lord Scully's own country in the great world war for freedom. Lord Scully didn't fight. Now he's willing to fight the farmers to get \$10 an acre a year for his American farm land.

Looks like he'd get his fight, all right.

If the state legislature doesn't help these Grundy-co farmers, I wouldn't be surprised to see many of them tear down every stick they put on the farms they rent, and haul it off rather than try to pay \$10 an acre.

Farmers Protest Against 'Rack Rents'



Seventy farmers of Grundy county, Illinois, met at the courthouse, in Morris, Ill., to protest against the attempt of the owner of their farms, Lord Scully, foreign landlord, to increase the annual rents from six to ten dollars an acre. They call this increase "rack-rent," and declare it means bankruptcy to them. In the courthouse yard the people of Grundy county have erected a large sign welcoming home their boys who went "over there" to fight for world democracy.

'COME ACROSS!' NEW SLOGAN OF MEN ON RHINE

Press dispatches state that President Wilson will issue a call for 50,000 volunteers to serve in the Army of Occupation in Germany. They will replace a similar number of men now serving on the Rhine who wish to return home.

COME ACROSS, BOYS! COME ACROSS!!

Now is your chance to replace your silver chevrons with a gold stripe.

We of the Army of Occupation who have served through the campaigns from the Marne to the Argonne and are now reveling on the Rhine will welcome you.

We would regret deeply leaving this land of boche and snow.

Nevertheless, we do not wish to appear selfish.

We know there are thousands of young men in the States who are yearning to come across.

We know because we read the papers. We have read of men who have wept salty tears when the armistice was signed, because they were deprived of doing their bit over here.

We are willing to give them a chance to win that gold stripe.

Of course, things are a bit slow now. No longer do the G. I. cans bloney around us. Heine no longer comes across in his bombing machine with the tail-gate wide open. Those little surprise attacks at dawn are no more. Going over the top to cash in in front of the boche machine gun nests is but a memory.

Besides, the chow has changed. Corn Willie and hardtack are passe. Goldfish is almost unknown.

But if you can carry under these hardships and disadvantages why— Come across, boys, come across!

Still, Rhineland has its advantages. Even after July 1, Germany has no prospect of going dry—not so long as the Rhine flows.

And you can smoke a cigarette here without hiding behind the barn as if you were committing a deadly sin.

Also, the underground system of fraternizing with the German man-seller is well worked out.

Thanks to us. When you come here you will find the system in perfect working order. German madchens date on boys in O. D.

Also, on chocolate and soap. Bring liberal quantities with you. And think of this! One dollar good U. S. is worth five francs.

Five francs are worth ten marks.

So a buck private, instead of getting 33 dollars per month, receives 330 marks.

Some money! 330 marks will buy anything in Germany.

So come across, boys! Come across. It's a great life if you don't weak-

en. And win that gold chevron!!

The above was taken from "The Watch on the Rhine," a newspaper published by the Third Division, a regular army outfit.

CHARM AND PATHOS IN HAYAKAWA PLAY

There are many heart-stirring moments in "A Heart in Pawn," Sessue Hayakawa's most recent Hawthorth production for Exhibitors Mutual.

The charm and pathos of the stage play, "Shadows," from which it has been adapted, are preserved, while realistically and poetically the production surpasses the stage version, just so far as nature exceeds paint and canvas.

The night scenes in Japan—particularly the thrilling chase of the convict woman after her escape from prison, are weirdly beautiful. "In only a master-hand of artistry could reproduce so realistically the power and exotic beauty of the mystic Orient.

Throughout the picture this fidelity to atmosphere is preserved, while the titling in its poetic aptness, has never been surpassed in the Hayakawa productions, which is high praise indeed.

Hayakawa plays a difficult role like the artist he is, and is ably supported by Tsuri Aoki in the role of Sada, with which she created a sensation on the stage.

Many of the scenes were actually taken in Japan shortly before Hayakawa formed his own producing company, The Hawthorth Pictures Corporation, and preserved for use in his productions.

There are a number of Japanese children who are delightfully unself-conscious and naive, and a group of genuine Geisha girls who dance in the tea-house scene.

William Worthington, who has directed Hayakawa in several of his recent successes, is responsible for the production.

At the Curtis Theatre, Saturday, May 10th.

MOVING ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Gregg has moved his office to 27 East Curtis Street and will be there his regular hours, 2 to 4 p. m. Telephone number is 104-M.

FIREMEN TO PICNIC HERE JULY FOURTH

Our local Fire Department is busy making arrangements for its annual 4th of July picnic, the proceeds of which will be used to purchase new uniforms of which the boys are in great need.

At all State Conventions they have always taken prizes, well near the first, as the best appearing department in the State. Chief Dicke has started a practice drills and says we are going to be the BEST drilled at the next State convention. New uniforms will make them the best appearing as well.

Any suggestion to make this picnic more entertaining than usual will be greatly appreciated by the Chief. He intends to have this picnic in town if suitable grounds can be obtained.

Help the boys make this picnic a success in all ways as they are always anxious to help when our destructive enemy "Fire" attacks our homes.

It is rather queer to be thinking of a picnic, but it is only eight more weeks to July Fourth.

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY

(May 9, 1918) Germans break Allied front in heavy attacks in Ypres section.

Huns strike quickly with infantry and artillery along Somme River.

Replacement divisions being assembled by Huns to break back home of Allied defense.

America, the only hope of the Allies, rushing training in home camps. Only a few thousand Yanks in France to help the steady tide.

Subscribe now to the Victory Liberty Loan what you would have paid for Victory then.

No More CHILLY Corners

Every home should be equipped with an inexpensive and convenient Portable Gas Room Heater—ready instantly day or night to replace chill with cheerful warmth.

Particularly during the days of spring and early summer will you appreciate having a Gas Heater as an auxiliary heating device.

See the Hot Spot and Radiant-fire Heaters at our office.

Western United Gas and Electric Company

Advertisement for Potter Mfg. & Lumber Co. featuring the slogan 'Now All Together' and 'Let's Finish The Job!'. It lists various building materials like Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Windows, Screens, Millwork, Flooring, Roofing, Siding, Moulding, Lath, Nails, Etc. and promotes the purchase of U.S. War Bonds as 'THE WORLD'S BEST INVESTMENT!'. The company is located in Downers Grove, Illinois, and provides prompt service, best quality, and right prices.