

## "State Units Now Training Within Sound of Enemy Guns"

A cablegram from France, publication of which was recently authorized, contains the following information:

**Part of the National Guard has arrived in France and is undergoing intensive training behind first line trenches within the sound of the guns at the front.**

## This Brings the War Home to YOU

In a short time these gallant young men, whose parents, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts are your own neighbors, will be IN the front line trenches, under the murderous fire of enemy artillery, and going "over the top" to meet the sweeping hail of the machine guns and the bayonets of the Huns.

If these soldier boys—YOUR soldier boys—were three miles away instead of three thousand, you would bend every energy, exhaust every resource, make every sacrifice, to make sure that they were fed, clothed, armed and equipped as no soldiers ever were before.

Is your duty any less imperative, any less sacred, because it is your neighbor's boy who is defending your country, your flag and your home from German frightfulness on the other side of the ocean?

Is it not a splendid privilege as well as a duty to deny yourself luxuries, to save food, save clothing, above all to save money, for our soldiers?

## U. S. Thrift Stamps Save Lives and Shorten the War

There is one thing you can do, every day, to help the Government provide the guns, ammunition, food, clothing and other supplies which our soldiers and sailors MUST HAVE to win the war, win it quickly, and come safely home again.

Go today to any bank, any postoffice, or any store where you see the W. S. S. (War Savings Stamps) sign displayed.

For 25 cents you will receive a U. S. Thrift Stamp and a card to paste it on. The card has spaces for 16 stamps, costing you \$4. When it is full, exchange it—with a few cents additional in cash—for a War Savings Stamp, for which the Government will pay \$5 January 1, 1923.

These War Savings Stamps are as safe as U. S. Bonds. They are the safest investment in the world because they are backed by the entire resources of the country, and the profit you make on them amounts to four per cent interest, compounded quarterly, if held till January 1, 1923.

Buy a U. S. Thrift Stamp with every quarter you can possibly save. Every stamp helps to stamp out autocracy. Every stamp saves priceless American blood. Every stamp is a blow for Liberty. Every stamp will help bring peace to the world—a permanent peace, grounded in justice and righteousness.



**Every Stamp Helps to Bring Those Soldiers and Sailors Home Again Alive and Victorious**

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY

**E. F. GASS**  
Store of Quality

## FRENCH KISSING TEN YEARS IN CONFINEMENT

Sounds Like Lis Drummond Wrapping Butter in Brown Paper.

DOINGS IN FRANCE

As Recorded by One Cheerfully as Ever, Clelland Ball.

Mrs. A. C. Ball, corner of 10th and Adams streets has the following letter from her son, "Somewhere in France", who signs himself, "Cheerfully, as ever, Clelland."

A. E. F., Q. M. C., France Post Office 702.

January 25, 1918

Dear Mother and all:

Just received a letter from Marie dated Dec. 17th, and this is the first one I have had from home since your Thanksgiving letter. I see by the papers, and Marie's letter that the weather has been very cold back there, and I was rather worried about you folks, as I knew our family is usually caught, like the proverbial grasshopper, without winter supplies. I do hope your worst weather will soon be over. Wish I could describe the wonderful weather we have here, right now. Of course the sun does not shine every day, but it is always warm even if cloudy. When the sun does shine, however, it has a soft golden-coppery look, something like the sun we see at home sometimes in October, and it gets really very warm. Professor Prandon tells me that the worst of our weather is now over, and goodness knows we haven't had over two weeks of coldness!

Poor Gregg, so he almost keeled over, eh? Well, tell him, while I sympathize with him, I think it was a good thing for him, for believe your Uncle Dudley, rough experience is fine for what ails "a body." Yes, would like to hear that Victrola of yours, Marie, but just think how many records I can hear when I get there! Heck, I'll just take a day off, and absorb music like a Frenchman absorbs Americans' money. Sentiment is changing over here, and everybody seems to think peace will come this year.

Hey, it would sure tickle you to see our office forces of French girls meet in the morning. One girl will come in and the others will dive for her as though they hadn't seen her for ages and then the snatching—whoops my dear—each one kisses the other on both cheeks and if they are real good friends they put one on the lips for good measure. Lord, it sounds like Lis Drummond wrapping up butter in crinkly brown paper. And the kisses are not these prohibition kind—I mean nice, dry, acquaintance ones—oh, no, they're chuck full of damp affection, and France certainly must be a semi-paradise.

In going down the streets, one can see little shops with piles of brot wooden shoes stacked out in front, and if riding on a bicycle, as I do occasionally, you've got to watch out for maids clumping across the streets in those shoes! I'd like to see Marie in a pair. Now, wouldn't it be great, mother?

My friends took me to a vaudeville the other night, and there was in imitation of Chas. Chaplin. The people seem to "fall" for it strong. The thing they like best tho, is some American coons in a musical number. There was a "jazz" band there, composed of seven negroes calling themselves the "Seven Spades." Their number was really very good, but gee I thought the house would come down! The girl I had with me wanted to go up on the stage and bring them back, which, had I done, would be thoroughly in keeping with the French spirit. If one of their favorites is singing a popular song on the stage, they don't sit quietly through it, on the contrary they join right in, and "whoop'er up."

I heard a good joke on an American negro, the other day. You see there are a great many Algerian negroes here as well as American. Well the Dixie coon was just freshly over, and one of the first things he saw in this blessed city was another negro. You bet, it sure looked good to him, and he smelt a smile, and yelled, "Hey, there, nigrah, wah yo all a gwine ober heah?" The other negro looked at him in astonishment and muttered, "Comprend pas!"

"Wat's dat?" said the first. "Je ne comprend pas!" said the Algerian loudly. "Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?"

This was too much for the American negro. "Mah goodness," says he, "if dat 'aint de funniest nigrah I ever seed. Kaint speak his natib language, and he walked on shaking his head. Say mother, will you please ship me

And a Dishonorable Discharge from U. S. Navy is Sentence to

FORMER HERNE MAN

Herman Hirschey Shouted "Deutschland Uber Alles"

—In Bad.

Louis Ludlow, special correspondent for the Ft. Wayne News and Sentinel, in a dispatch from Washington, says: "Washington, D. C., Feb. 18.—It is dangerous to say 'Deutschland uber Alles,' if you mean it. Of course if it is said in a spirit of kidding the Kaiser there is no particular objection.

"Herman A. Hirschey as a yeoman in the navy who is alleged to have used the phrase in a serious sense and now the combined efforts of Senator New and Representative Fairfield, of Indiana, and several other members of Congress cannot get him out of trouble.

"Hirschey is a son of Dr. Noah C. Hirschey, formerly superintendent of schools at Elmer, Ind., and for ten years president of the Methodist college at Bluffton, Ohio.

"In a letter to an Ohio member of Congress W. C. Watts, judge advocate general of the navy, tells of the mistake young Hirschey made when he shouted 'Deutschland uber Alles' and shows plainly that the young yeoman is stuck for a long term in prison. Judge Watts' letter says:

"Referring to your inquiry today, I beg to inform you that Herman A. Hirschey, yeoman, second class, U. S. navy, who was recently convicted by general court martial of uttering seditious words in time of war, enlisted in the navy July 17, 1916, giving date of his birth as Jan. 11, 1898. The offenses with which he was charged occurred at various times, there having been eight specifications against him in support of the charge. The occasion on which these seditious words were uttered by Hirschey occurred at various times from about Nov. 5, 1917, to about Nov. 18, 1917, and the language used by him was of the most seditious character, indicating strong sympathy for Germany and utter lack of patriotism and loyalty to the United States.

"For example, on one occasion after the ship on which he was serving had finished firing at the supposed wake of a submarine's periscope and the wake had disappeared, Hirschey waved his hands over his head in a seditious manner, exclaiming: 'Deutschland uber Alles.'

"He was brought to trial by general court martial on Dec. 12, 1917, the court finding all specifications proved in substance and that the accused was guilty of the charge. The court sentenced him to be confined for the period of ten years, then to be dishonorably discharged from the United States naval service. The commander cruiser force, Atlantic fleet approved the proceedings, findings and sentence on Dec. 29 and designated the naval prison at the navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H., as the place for confinement.

"When this record was received in the navy department, it was stated by the judge advocate general, the chief of the bureau of navigation and the secretary of the navy that the sentence adjudged was inadequate for the very serious charge of which Hirschey was found guilty."

that black book of mine by William Walker Atkinson called "Mind Power The Secret of Mental Magic." Am busy now, having placed two sergeants who were taken elsewhere, but I think I can find still a little time for the better things of life.

Greetings to Miss Cravens, and all friends, relatives and well-wishers of the "dear departed." Amen.

Cheerfully, as ever,

CLELLAND.

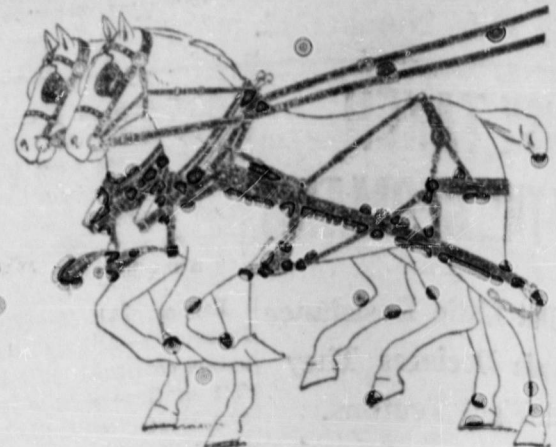
For Burning Eczema

Greasy salves and ointments should not be applied if good clear skin is wanted. From any druggist for 35c. or \$1.00 for extra large size, get a bottle of zemo. When applied as directed it effectively removes eczema, quickly stops itching, and heals skin troubles, also sores, burns, wounds and chafing. It penetrates, cleanses and soothes. Zemo is a clean, dependable and inexpensive, penetrating, antiseptic liquid. Try it, as we believe nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Masters, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. France, of Pleasant Mills, went to Fort Wayne for the day.

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Farm Harness ..... \$50.00  
Breaching Harness ..... \$50.00

Our stock of harness to sell at the above prices limited and we will not be able to buy more to sell these prices.

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