

Drilling for New Army



THE FIRST LESSON.

CONTRAST PHOTO.

The picture shows the men drilling on Governor's Island. They use wooden rifles, as the Government will not permit the issuance of rifles to civilians. The idea is to give these men a preliminary training which fit them as non-commissioned officers in the national army when regular training is begun in the various cantonments.

MONGOLIANS TAKE MANCHURIAN CITY

HAILAR, Manchuria, Sept. 4.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—Officials of the Russian government are endeavoring to induce the Mongolian outlaws who have seized this city to abandon their depredation and return to Mongolia.

For more than two months the Mongolians have been in virtual possession of this large municipality. They have not interfered with the Trans-Siberian Railway and property in the railway zone, but their occupation has stopped all business within, and the town has interfered seriously with the delivery of hides, wool and other products which normally are shipped in large quantities from Hailar.

M. Grave, the consul of the Russian legation at Peking, is here negotiating with the outlaws, and hopes to induce them to return to Mongolia. Foreigners have not been interfered with to any extent by the Mongolians, but Chinese and Chinese property are absolutely under their sway.

The invading party numbers about five thousand. When they first arrived here they carried the red flag of the Russian revolutionists and declared they were in sympathy with the republican movement in Russia. When the Chinese boy emperor was put back upon the throne in China, the outlaws announced they were Chinese monarchists and flew the yellow flag of the monarchy over Hailar. They are now flying the red and yellow flags together, and profess to believe that the boy emperor is still on the Chinese throne.

Suffragists Held in Clean Jail, Declares Indiana Lawmaker

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Representative Richard N. Elliott of Connersville, Ind., has completed a first-hand investigation of conditions at the District of Columbia Work House at Occoquan, Va., where the militant suffragists were sent for picketing the White House, the technical charge of "obstruction of traffic." W. H. Whittaker, formerly superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory, is superintendent at Occoquan. Representative Elliott wished to ascertain whether wormy bread and unpalatable and unwholesome food is served, as alleged, and whether other conditions are not as they should be. He ate the same fare that is served to the prisoners and says he found it plentiful in quantity and excellent in quality. He investigated the kitchen, sleeping quarters and, in fact, every part of the establishment, and the upshot of the investigation is that he gives Superintendent Whittaker a clean bill of health. "No complaint can be made against anything I saw there," he said.

Mrs. Martha McLearn Dies in New Madison

CAMBRIDGE CITY, Sept. 4.—Mrs. Martha McLearn, mother of Mrs. Charles F. Hageman of Cambridge City, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. S. Howell, in New Madison, O., Saturday evening, of apoplexy, at the age of 88 years. Mrs. McLearn was a native of Pennsylvania, but had resided in the vicinity of New Madison and in Cambridge City more than fifty years. She is survived by four sons: Arthur D. McLearn of West Manchester, O.; George L. of Richmond; Charles, of New Madison; Douglas, of Edinburg, Ind.; and two daughters, Mrs. L. S. Howell, of New Madison and Mrs. C. F. Hageman of Cambridge City. The funeral was held at the home of Mrs. Howell in New Madison, Monday afternoon. Rev. McNally officiating. Interment at New Madison.

Masonic Calendar

Tuesday Sept. 4.—Richmond Lodge No. 196, F. & A. M., stated meeting, and work in Entered Apprentice degree commencing at 7 o'clock.
Wednesday, Sept. 5.—Webb Lodge No. 24 F. & A. M., called meeting work in Master Mason degree.
Thursday Sept. 6.—Wayne Council No. 10, R. & S. M., stated assembly.

The drone bees do no work. They are the royal consorts. If more than one queen bee is found in the hive they fight among themselves until only one survives. The survivor becomes the queen of the colony.

ROMANCE IS ENDED



MRS. JOSEPH E. WILMERDING.

Black by J. J. J.

Mrs. Joseph Wilmerding of New York, through her counsel has filed a petition for divorce from her husband, C. Mortimer Wilmerding. The romance of Cuthbert Mortimer Wilmerding and Josephine Lewis Pett Wilmerding began when they were war refugees a few years ago. Both are of wealthy families. Miss Pett had been at a convent school in Paris for three years and when the war broke in Europe was compelled to abandon her studies. It so happened that Mr. Wilmerding had engaged, through the efforts of the American military attaché, the last stateroom on the Rochambeau. When Miss Pett reached the steamer there were no accommodations, and Mr. Wilmerding graciously surrendered his stateroom to her. It was a case of love at first sight. At a garden party, a short time after their arrival in the United States, they confided to their host that they wished to be married at once. They motored to New York, obtained a license, a special dispensation from Mons. Lavelle (Miss Pett being a Roman Catholic and Mr. Wilmerding an Episcopalian) and were married in St. Stephen's church. The honeymoon was spent travelling in the West.

CORN PROSPECTS GOOD

Henry Bertram, of near Centerville, who was in for the parade this morning, has a fine field of 41 acres in corn which he stated offered the best

prospect of any planted in previous years. From 55 acres in wheat he had an average of 26 bushels to the acre, or 1430 bushels in all. The Centerville elevator company has resumed the buying of grain.

Children like Krumbles, because of its delicious flavor and it builds them up because it is made of the whole of Durum wheat.

Look for this signature

K. H. Kellogg



Germans Return 201 Captives Who Lost Reason in Battle

PARIS, Sept. 4.—A train of 201 French officers and men arrived in Lyons recently—prisoners repatriated from Germany. Of these, not fewer than 155 were out of their minds. Their reason had gone, probably under some terrific shell bombardment, leaving them often without any bodily injury, incapable of any mental effort.

One, a typical example, was a second lieutenant, apparently 22 or 23 years old. He was calm and quiet, but unable to reply to a question. On his tunic was pinned a card with the words "Picked up, without a wound, at —, 1914."

These unfortunates have been interned at Lyons, and their photographs are to be circulated throughout the country in the hope of identifying them, so that those who no doubt have long mourned them as lost forever, may perhaps be able to win them back from their living tombs.



KING-of the KHYBER RIFLES A Romance of Adventure By TALBOT MUNDY

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"What is that, under thy shirt?" King asked. The Pathan grinned, and undid the button. There was a second shirt underneath, and to that on the left breast were pinned two British medals. "Oh, yes!" he laughed. "I served the raj! I was in the army eleven years."

"Why did you leave it?" King asked, remembering that this man loved to hear his own voice.

"Oh, I had furlough, and the bastard who stood next me in the ranks was the son of a dog with whom my father had a blood-feud. The blind fool did not know me. He received his furlough on the same day as I. I would not lay finger on him that

side of the border, for we ate the same salt. I knifed him this side the border. It was no affair of the British. But I was seen, and I fled. And having slain a man, and having no doubt a report had gone back to the regiment, I entered this place. Except for a raid now and then to cool my blood I have been here ever since. It is a devil of a place."

Now the art of ruling India consists not in treading barefooted on scorpions—not in virtuous indignation at men who know no better—but in seeking for and making much of the gold that lies ever amid the dross. There is gold in the character of any man who once passed the grilling tests before enlistment in a British-Indian regiment. It may need experience to lay a finger on it, but it is surely there.

"I heard," said King, "as I came toward the Khyber in great haste (for the police were at my heels)—"

"Ah, the police!" the Pathan grinned pleasantly. The inference was that at some time or other he had left his mark on the police.

"I heard," said King, "that men are flocking back to their old regiments."

"Aye, but not men with a price on their heads, little hakim!"

"I could not say," said King. To seem to know too much is as bad as to drink too much. "But I heard say that the sikh has offered pardons to all deserters who return."

"Hah! The sikh must be afraid. The sikh needs men!"

"For myself," said King, "a whole skin in the hills seems better than one full of bullet holes in India."

"Hah! But thou art a hakim, not a soldier!"

"True!" said King. "Tell me that again! Free pardons? Free pardons for all deserters?"

"So I heard."

"Ah! But I was seen to slay a man of my own regiment."

"On this side the border or that?" asked King artfully.

"On this side."

"Ah, but you were seen."

"Ay! But that is no man's business. In India I earned my salt. I obeyed the law. There is no law here in the hills. I am minded to go back and seek that pardon! It would feel good to stand in the ranks again, with a stiff-backed sahib out in front of me, and the thunder of the gun-wheels going by. The salt was good! Come thou with me!"

"The pardon is for deserters," King objected, "not for political offenders."

"Haugh!" said the Pathan, bringing down his flat hand hard on the hakim's thigh. "I will attend to that for thee. I will obtain my pardon first. Then will I lead thee by the hand to the karnal sahib and lie to him and say, 'This is the one who persuaded me against my will to come back to the regiment!'"

"And he will believe? Nay, I would be afraid!" said King.

[To be continued]

A two-wheeled cart, which automatically loads and unloads corn stalks, is the invention of a New Jersey farmer.

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