In business, fortunes are not realized
Unless your goods are amply advertised.

Minnesota Historical Society

THE APPEAL.

If you hav ought that's fit to sell,
Use printer's ink, and use it well.

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STORIES OF BRAVERY DISPLAYED BY FIGHTING IRISH-AMERICANS

Boys of Ninth Massachusetts and Fighting Sixty-ninth of New York Die Fighting With Smiles on Their Lips, but Huns "Pay"—Yank, Taken Prisoner by Three Huns, Drops Grenade and Kills Captors and Self.

Paris.—"Will the Irish fight?"

The same old answer may be made. They will. It can be made on the records of two famous Irish-American regiments in France. It is a record that makes men of Irish blood hold their heads high. It is a record that betters the brightest page of America's most glorious military annals.

These two regiments (one used to be the old Ninth Massachusetts and the other the Fighting Sixty-ninth of New York) were in every bad scrap the American army has been in. The tales of their prowess are just now filtering back to Paris. They may be told because the censor at headquarters has now ruled that regiments may be named for their part in such fighting as preceded that on the River Vesle.

The Ninth and the Sixty-ninth were in almost all of it. The story does not come from official reports. It comes from the lips of two men, one a doctor in the Ninth and the other a chaplain in the Sixty-ninth, who saw what they relate. These two have seen many soldiers die. They know what bravery and courage and cheerfulness are.

Lieut. Simon Kelleher of the Ninth was in Paris the other day. He tells the story of his boys. And most of the time he is either laughing, or tears involuntarily creep out the corners of his eyes and drop unashamed down his browned cheeks.

Lieutenant Kelleher's stories show that the Irish boys of his regiment, the boys of Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge and Charlestown, fought with the cool courage that held the fire on Bunker Hill until those Americans of an earlier day "saw the whites of their eyes." They show that these boys—and most of them were mere boys—died face to the front, a grim smile on their lips, fighting, doing their soldiers' duty to the last breath of ebbing life. Each heartbeat of the all-too-few left throbbed but to one purpose—to fight. No man of the Ninth died, says Lieutenant Kelleher, without taking toll and more of enemy lives with him.

One for Each Shot.

"Just now the names of these heroes may not be mentioned. But "Kelly and Burke and Shea" are there, all of them, and many more. Lieutenant Kelleher says nothing of his own gallantry. But his stories show that he, too, served. He was not called on for the supreme sacrifice. But he offered his life a thousand times on first aid dressing expeditions to the farthest outposts and beyond.

"I'd been told there was a wounded man in an advanced traverse," he says. "I crawled slowly up to get him. I heard his labored breathing in the lulls of the gunfire. And then I rounded the corner of the trench. There he sat, propped against the wall. His breath came in tearing gasps and with each one the blood gushed from his chest; for he had been shot through the lungs. He was a boy I had known all my life.

"'They got you bad, Pack,' I said, as I tried to help him.

"'They sure did, Sime,' he replied. 'But looka there.'

"I followed the wave of the empty pistol he still held in his hand, and there stretched across the opposite parapet were six dead Germans, one for every shot in his gun. They had got him only when the gun had emptied. I stopped the bleeding as best I could and we got him back to an ambulance. But he died four hours later. I guess his life was well paid for.

"It was this same sharp raid of the Germans that produced one of the coolest bits of desperate courage I ever saw. One of our boys had been captured by three Germans and he was being led off as they retreated, one on either side of him and one behind. Suddenly one of our shells lit within a few yards of the party. The three Germans ducked. I thought at first our boy had. But, no, he had reached into his hip pocket. He dropped a hand grenade directly at his own feet and those of his captors—and the three Germans were killed.

"I got there quickly afterward to where he lay. He smiled up at me. Yes, he smiled, though his arm and half his side had been blown off.

"'God! boy,' I said, horrified, 'why did you do that?'

"'Saw me get 'em, did you, Doc?' he answered.

"'Yes, but—' I didn't know what to say as I tried to dress that frightful wound.

Gave Life to Get Three.

"'Well, doctor,' he said gravely, 'I'd been to communion this morning and I guess I was ready to die. But I wasn't ready to go to Germany. They searched me for grenades when they got me, the three of them, and they took those out of my bag and out of my side pocket. But I always carry one tucked into my pants when I go out here, just in case of—well, anything like this. And when those three Germans ducked it came through my mind a lot quicker than I can tell it that three dead Germans and one dead American was a lot more on our side of the score than three live Germans and an American as good as dead in Berlin. So I let her go.'

"He tried to raise his head and look around.

"'Never mind, boy, you got them all,' I assured him.

"'Any—any chance for me, doc?' he said.

"I didn't answer and he knew. His remaining hand crept beneath his blood-soaked tunic, gripped something tight and stayed there. After a moment he spoke again.

"'Doc,' he said, 'you know all the boys around our square. I wish they could know I was game.

"'And, doc,' his voice was weaker, 'will you—will you tell my mother I had—I had this when—I went.'

"Slowly his hand came out; slowly it opened; that boy's hand strangely old and worn with the bloodstains and grime. Slowly it opened and there in the blackened palm glistened a tiny, bright silver crucifix. He was dead."

Won't Stop Fighting.

It's Chaplain Hanley who tells the story of the Sixty-ninth. They refer to the chaplain as holding the clerical record for mileage in No Man's land. They can't keep him off patrols. Chaplain Hanley knows the story of most of the casualties of the Sixty-ninth. He substantiates the statement that not a man has been killed or wounded by a German bayonet, notwithstanding the regiment has encountered in pitched and open battle three of the five divisions of the Prussian Guard at one time and another of its career. Needless to say, the Prussian Guard division can make no such boast. Father Hanley says the hardest time they have with casualties in the Sixty-ninth is to make them stop fighting when they're hit. He is himself just recovering from a wounded leg.

"The officers are as bad as the men," he declares. "The day I got this wound I was working up with Captain Hurley's company. They'd been driven back a little by a vicious German barrage and they were on a little ridge. They'd got orders to hold it, and they did, for four days. When they left it they went ahead.

"Well, I was up there this day and I heard of a wounded man ahead and a little to one side, just over the edge of the hill toward the German lines. I told the captain I'd better go to him and he wanted to detail a couple of men to help me. I declined and started off by myself, crawling on my stomach underneath a stream of machine-gun bullets that would have clipped me had I raised on my elbow.

"I'd gone perhaps 50 yards when I heard a rustle in the grass behind me, and there were two of Hurley's boys. They said the captain had sent them to carry me back if anything happened. Now listen to the rest of it. I sent them chasing back to their company and crawled ahead. Just as I got to this ridge the bullet got me. My wounded man was across an open space and I knew I couldn't get to him. I was afraid if I waited till dark I'd bleed to death, so I put a tourniquet on my leg and started back.

Forgot About Wound.

"Now all of this is just preliminary. They got me back to a hospital a day later and I'd hardly got settled in my cot when who should they put down in the cot next to me but Captain Hurley himself. He was badly smashed up in the leg, too. The leg had been dressed at the dressing station and when they got him settled they started to take off his clothes. As they pulled at his shirt he let out a howl.

"The shirt was stuck to his chest with blood. He had a wound there that the doctors at the dressing station had never discovered.

"'Why, captain,' said the doctor, looking puzzled at the casualty tag, it doesn't say anything about the chest. When did you get this one?'

"'What day is this?' asked the captain.

"'Wednesday,' said a nurse.

"'Now, let's see,' said the captain. 'Chaplain, you were up there yesterday. I must have got this on Monday.'

"All the time he'd been sending men out to take care of me he'd had that hole in his own chest and the shirt frozen over his big heart with his own blood.

"'You're a captain,' I said to him. 'You're always cautioning the boys to report wounds and get them cared for. You stayed up there two days and you never even told me about it.'

"'Honest, chaplain,' he replied, 'I forgot all about it. You know we had orders to hang onto that dinky hill. And we were awful busy.'"

Undergo Operations to Qualify for Army

St. Louis.—More than 1,000 St. Louisans have undergone surgical operations in order to qualify for military and naval service since the United States entered the war, according to statistics compiled in hospitals here.

SINGS TO BOYS IN CAMP

"Our soldiers think the only real queen on earth is the American girl," declares Miss Theresa A. Smith, who has just returned from a tour of singing to the soldiers in camp for the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Smith's home is in Brooklyn, and she is known among the concert-goers as "The Danish Nightingale," and she has sung her way into the hearts of the boys in the camps.

CUBA HELPING US IN WAR

Sends Sugar, Tobacco, Ships and Money, to Assist in Fighting Hun.

Washington.—Cuba's latest war offering took the shape of a consignment of 240,000 cigarettes and 3,500 packages of smoking tobacco for distribution to the American soldiers in France. In transmitting the gift, the Cuban minister explained that it was sent by the Cuban people in recognition of the work of the American army and as a token of the sincere friendship between Cuba and the United States.

This is not the most important contribution Cuba has made. While larger nations of this hemisphere have been doing their best to defeat the Prussian dream of world conquest, Cuba has not been idle. Her declaration of war came on the same day as our own. Since then, Cuba has furnished us sugar and has sent us ships. She has made outright presents of money and has established an active Cuban Red Cross organization headed by Senora de Menocal, wife of the president of the republic. She has passed a selective service law and has issued $30,000,000 worth of government bonds. American officers have been invited to the island to train her troops. There has been constant co-operation between Cuba and the food authorities of the United States. Everything within her power to do, Cuba has done.

INCREASE IN POTATO YIELD

Average in This Country Has Risen From 71 to 97 Bushels Since 1894.

Washington.—The yield of potatoes per acre is gradually increasing, the records of the bureau of crop estimates show. During 1866-1874 the average was 91 bushels, but it declined to 71.3 bushels in 1875-1894. Perceptible recovery was made in the following ten-year period and a much larger recovery, rising to a new high-water mark, was reached in 1905-1914, with its average yield of 97 bushels per acre.

This increase is due to various causes, among which are greater specialization of production, more intensive treatment and higher fertility of the soil. The ten-year average yield of 97 bushels per acre in 1905-1914 was followed by 96.3 bushels in 1915, 80.5 bushels in the very low year of 1916, and 100.8 bushels in 1917.

Compared with population the yield of potatoes per acre declined from 1866-1874 to 1905-1914. The gain of production per capita in recent years has been more because of increased acreage than because of increased production per acre.

"NICE MEAL" IN GERMANY

Consists of Mush and Sour Milk, Writes American Girl From Leipsig.

Minneapolis.—Cornmeal and sour milk make "a nice meal" in Germany now, a Minneapolis girl says in a letter from Leipsig to her mother here.

The writer is Miss Mabel Jacobs and her mother is Mrs. A. O. Jacobs, 1015 Fourteenth avenue, Southwest. When the United States entered the war Miss Jacobs was studying music in Leipsig. She was not permitted to leave Germany. The letter just received is the first direct word from her daughter that the mother has had in 18 months.

Miss Jacobs states she has not heard from home since the war began. "I am almost out of clothing," the letter reads, "but am well and as happy as could be expected."

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF MINNESOTA

By the Legislature at Its General Session, 1917, to be Submitted to the People of Said State at the General 1918 Election, Together with a Statement of Its

PURPOSE AND EFFECT

PREPARED BY CLIFFORD L. HILTON

Attorney General of Minnesota.

Addressed to

JULIUS A. SCHMAHL

Secretary of State

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL,
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

April 29, 1918.

HON. JULIUS A. SCHMAHL,
Secretary of State.

SIR:

As required by Section 46, General Statutes of the State of Minnesota for the year 1913, I have the honor to furnish you herewith a statement of the purpose and effect of the amendment proposed to the Constitution of the State of Minnesota by the Legislature of 1917, and which is to be submitted to the electors of said State at the General Election in 1918.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

Chapter 515 of the Session Laws of Minnesota for the year 1917, proposes an amendment of Article 15 of the Constitution of said State by adding thereto a new section to read as follows:

"Section 6. The manufacture, sale, barter, gift, disposition, or the furnishing, or transportation, or keeping or having in possession for sale, barter, gift, disposition, or the furnishing, or transportation of intoxicating liquor of any kind, in any quantity whatever, except for sacramental, mechanical, scientific, or medicinal purposes, shall be forever prohibited within this state from and after the first day of July, 1920, and this amendment shall be self-executing. The legislature shall enact laws for the enforcement of this section and shall provide suitable penalties for the violation thereof."

THE PURPOSE of the proposed amendment is to forever prohibit within the State of Minnesota after July 1, 1920, the manufacture, sale, barter, gift, disposition or the furnishing or transportation, or the keeping or having in possession for any of such purposes, of intoxicating liquor of any kind in any quantity whatever, except for sacramental, mechanical, scientific or medicinal purposes.

THE EFFECT of the proposed amendment, if adopted, will be to make unlawful and forever prohibit the manufacture, sale, barter, gift, disposition or the furnishing or transportation or the keeping or having in possession for any of such purposes, of intoxicating liquor of any kind in any quantity whatever, except for sacramental, mechanical, scientific or medicinal purposes, within this state after July 1, 1920, and to place it beyond the power of any legislative authority to permit the doing of any such acts. If adopted, the doing of any of the prohibited acts automatically becomes unlawful after July 1, 1920, without any action on the part of the legislature or other legislative body. The amendment is made self-executing. A duty is, however, imposed upon the legislature to enact laws for the enforcement of this section, if adopted, and to provide penalties for the violation thereof.

Yours respectfully,
CLIFFORD L. HILTON,
Attorney General.

WEARING "FLU" MASK

Chicago street sweeper wearing an influenza mask, by order of the health department.

INTERNED GERMANS WATCHED

Close Attention Paid to Their Conversation in Order to Detect Plots.

Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.—There is someone at all times among the soldiers guarding German prisoners here who can understand German, paying strict attention to their conversations, to detect any plots that might be hatched to escape, and secure other information.

But it would seem that such precautions are hardly necessary. The prisoners have repeatedly expressed themselves as being very well content to remain here until the end of the war. They realize that it would be foolish for them to try to escape, as few of them speak English and they could not get very far before being detected. They have been heard to express the hope that they will never be exchanged for American prisoners in Germany.

The prisoners are willing workers, and they do a great deal of work about camp. They are given humane treatment, get plenty to eat and the same medical attention as is given to soldiers, but they are not by any means treated as guests of the nation, as has been done at some other prison camps, according to stories which have been printed in the newspapers. The German prisoners here more than earn their keep.

YANK ESCAPES FROM HUNS

Pittsburgh Boy Strikes Guard With Stick and Flees to the American Lines.

With the American Forces in France.—Private Edward F. Baker of Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of the few Americans who claim to have been a prisoner in Germany and then escaped back to the line of his comrades. Here is an outline of the story told by Baker. Early one morning there had been street fighting in Fismes and several Germans got the drop on Baker and marched him back to their lines.

Before noon the Germans had Baker working in the trenches, and they kept him digging most of the afternoon without suggesting that he might want something to eat. Late in the afternoon the Americans started an attack.

When the German guarding Baker turned his head to look in the direction of the whiz of an American shell Baker seized a stick of wood and struck the guard a blow on the head and then ran into a wood toward the Americans. Several Germans fired at him as he disappeared in the brush.

Baker reached his companions that night just 18 hours after he had been taken prisoner, and he had had nothing to eat all day.

FRENCH USE YANK LAUNCHES

Vessels Crossed Ocean Under Their Own Steam With Negligible Losses.

A French Port.—France in her work of safeguarding the coast from mines and submarines is using a large number of motor launches of the standardized American type, which came over under their own steam with a loss of only one out of fifty.

One of the most successful boats used for the work is the canonniere, which, working with Diesel engines, can steam 3,000 miles at ten knots an hour without refueling. The craft carries guns big enough to deal with any submarine, and its low draught enables it to travel over mine fields.

For mine-sweeping the French use an economical form of trawl, with ingenious underwater appliances for keeping the sweep at the required depth.

YANKS DIE WITH FACES TO ENEMY

Valiant Spirit of Fallen Men Is Typified in Attitudes of the Dead.

TROOPS EAGER FOR BATTLE

Ever Crouching Forward With Their Faces Toward Germany, Impatient to Make World Safe for Humanity.

Paris.—Chaplains of two Yankee regiments that stormed the slope above the Ourcq river came wearily back at sundown from the task of burying their dead. They were two men spiritually uplifted and their eyes were shining as they made their brief but eloquent report.

"In all that battlefield," they said, "we found, without a single exception, that every one of those boys died crouching forward."

That short dramatic story—a patriotic eulogy that was an epitaph for American heroes—came first under my eye when, after a three weeks' journey of 4,000 miles, I reached Paris.

Faces Ever Eastward.

Stories of the valiant American spirit are old. Yet the proud words of the chaplains were tremendously impressive. They interpreted the spirit of America on the fighting line in the same terms as I had seen it among the fresh troops in the convoy across the Atlantic, in England, in the French port and in the trip across France—troops yet to face the Hun.

Thousands were in that convoy. And their faces were ever toward Germany. They were grim faces of serious-minded, silent men during the tedious ocean trip—silent, strangely, until actually on French soil.

Then they underwent a change. The curtain of solemnity seemed to lift. The frown of impatience at delay was gone and, in contrast to the silence in which they had received the homage of British crowds, they sang rollicking war songs, laughed and cracked jokes and replied with a Yankee roar to the chorus of welcome French crowds gave them.

Their faces were away from the setting sun as they waited in the French port for the trains to take them to France. Their eyes gazed longingly to the east, and they eagerly strained forward as if to hear the far-off boom of the guns.

Every one of these Yankee soldiers, fresh from the homeland, was crouching forward—as did the heroes the chaplains told of—with their faces toward Germany.

A complete division, commanded by an American major general, disembarked. And it was just one unit, one convoy of the unending stream that Uncle Sam is sending across.

Chafe at Long Wait.

The only worry was whether it would be a long wait before it was their turn "at bat" against the Hun.

Submarine rumors hadn't frightened them on the way across the ocean. They had drilled daily, as best they could in the cramped ship's area. They had taken daily exercise to keep them healthful and fit. And they had stood guard, in turn, with eyes "peeled" for submarines—mostly hopeful that one would turn up just for the delight of seeing an American destroyer bomb it out of all usefulness.

There was a boat drill daily on the convoy; each man answered roll call in his allotted place beside a lifeboat. And constantly, save in sleep, each man had to wear a life preserver strapped about his chest and back.

Now they're at the end of the long journey—in France along with a million and a half fighting men from the United States. They're showing early that great American spirit—crouching forward, with their faces toward Germany, impatient to make the world unsafe for Huns.

It's a pity Kaiser Bill couldn't have stood on the dock at that French port when they landed—just to see them.

WOUNDED MAN CRAWLS FAR

Sergeant With Five Bullets in Body Travels Mile and Half to Dressing Station.

Somerset, Pa.—"Sergeant Wedge and myself were advancing through a wheat field and machine-gun bullets were flying around like hail," writes Sergeant Irwin B. Spangler to his mother, telling of a battle on the western front. "To cheer the boys we kept talking and laughing. In a few minutes Wedge goes down with five bullets through his body, two through his left leg, one in the right, one through the lung and one in the arm. He crawled in a shell hole and stayed there all night. The next day he crawled one and a half miles to a dressing station. I went there an hour later and found him smoking a cigarette. I have a little scar on my face and am proud of it."

Dead Men Convicted.

St. Louis, Mo.—When a decision reached the court of criminal correction here recently from the supreme court affirming the conviction of Israel Schucart, for adulterating soda water in violation of the pure food law, it was found that both Schucart and his bondsmen were dead. Schucart died a year ago, while his bondsman passed away five months ago.

BARROOM NOW USED BY Y. M. C. A.

French Town's Most Popular Drink Emporium Is Bought at Auction.

SODA INSTEAD OF ABSINTHE

American Girl in Sky Blue Uniform Attends to the Wants of the Thirsty Soldiers and Sailors.

By ROY DURSTINE.

Paris.—In the very heart of a French port town, where traffic is thickest, there stood a barroom. It was just at the point where a sailor's or soldier's thirst was greatest as he trudged up the hill. It did a rattling good business, such a good business that the authorities kept a special eye on it.

Whenever a military policeman had nothing better to do, he would stroll up to this bar to see how many men were draped over it.

Accordingly, its trade languished, for there are more desirable things to do than to be a consistent drinker in the most conspicuous place in town.

Before long the madame found that her business had fallen on evil ways. Her success had been so great that it it had failed!

Bids for Y. M. C. A.

A public sale was announced—a sale of all the, oh, so beautiful fixtures. Without thought of price, everything would go beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. Everyone in town knew of it. And when you say "everyone," you include Arthur S. Taylor, who used to be a newspaper man in Philadelphia, and who is now the head of the Y. M. C. A. in the district of the port town.

So he went to the sale. And when the bidding fell off, and the madame wrung her hands because the price was so low, then up stepped Mr. Taylor, and bought all the fixtures for the Y. M. C. A.

After that he dickered with the landlord, and came to an agreement which permitted him to leave the fixtures where they were, to leave the bar where it was—but to change what passed across the bar.

That was only a little while ago. But today, as you mount the hill of the town, as you see the doors of the bar stretching out their invitation to bring in your thirst and have it quenched, you will see a strange thing. Over the door you will see in large letters the words:

The Red Triangle.

Inside, behind the bar, you will see an American girl in the sky blue uniform of the canteen worker. And you will see sailors and soldiers leaning their elbows on the shining mahogany and hear them say things like:

"Give us a chocolate milk-shake."

"Make mine pineapple."

"How's the Y. M. special today?"

"Package of cookies and two strawberry sodas."

Think of it! Sodas, in France! And yet this is only one of three places in that one port town where the Y. M. C. A has a soda fountain.

Beside the bar sits another American girl selling soda checks and, in the lulls, changing the record on the phonograph. Nothing old about those records, either. With New York just "a few days away," the supply of tunes is kept up to the minute.

In the back room there are small tables and chairs. Those who prefer to rest as they drink may do so. And many do.

"You see, I figured it out this way," said Mr. Taylor, as he looked over the blue-and-olive-drab shoulders packed along the bar, "I figured it out that half the attraction of a bar is the sociability of drinking slowly and gossiping while you do it. And, you see, it is!"

Prays That God Will Damn German Empire

Cleveland.—Not irreverently, but with much feeling, Dr. W. H. Crawford, president of Allegheny college, brought "Amens" from the throats of 2,000 Methodist divines in this city when he prayed fervently for "God to damn the German empire." He had just returned from a year and a half service with the Y. M. C. A. on the western front.

BARS GERMAN-MADE MUSIC

Kansas City Musical Club Puts Ban on Teutonic Composers, Living or Dead.

Kansas City, Mo.—No more music written by living or dead German composers will be performed by members of the Kansas City Musical club for the duration of the war, it was announced. This ban against another "made-in-Germany" product was decreed by this city's oldest and largest musical organization. The action was a resolution adopted in a general meeting of the club and drew objections from a number of the members who had studied music in Germany, but these were withdrawn as the sentiment favoring it became more pronounced.

Defective Page