

CHIPPEWA LAKE PARK

Sunday Concerts

Sept. 1st

ROSENTHAL'S ORCHESTRA

With Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wortman
Operatic Vocalists

ALTERNATING SUNDAYS

LOUIS RICH'S ORCHESTRA

With Ladies' Trio

Special car leaves Medina at 2 o'clock every Sunday afternoon; leaves Seville, north at 1:30 p. m.

We always try to please every patron, on your next order and make us prove of our Job Printing Department—give it and be pleased too.

THE RED CROSS

The editor is in such a hurry for Red Cross copy that the Wednesday picnic benefit given by Mr. Beach at Chippewa park can't be reported in these columns. The program as announced, and the opportunity of having a good time for the benefit of Red Cross, assures a good crowd and generous returns.

Red Cross directors and heads of committees are bombarded with questions concerning the work, or the lack of work, correctly speaking: Are the sewing rooms open? Will there be work soon? Has the yarn come yet? Will it be here soon? All of which perfectly natural questions indicate a very vital interest. These same conditions prevail everywhere in the States. While we are having this period of uncertainty as to working materials, we can be reading the handwriting on the wall, and it is written so large that he who runs may read, and "without specs." OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS ARE ALREADY BEGINNING TO COME HOME; ARE WE READY TO CARE FOR THEM AS THEIR SACRIFICE DESERVES?

The Home Service Dept. may make great demands on the county exchequer in the next year caring for soldiers and their families. If we cannot buy yarn for socks and sweaters and cotton for surgical dressings and hospital supplies, we can be getting ready to take care of every Merina county man who is invalided home. It will take much money and the united efforts of chapter and auxiliaries.

Irvin Cobb in a recent story, "Young Black Joe," says those colored troops, who are covering themselves with glory and singing as they go, have a little catch phrase, which they always use when called upon to "start something." The mission may involve great discomfort or the chance of sudden death. This cheerful "Let's go" is heard a thousand times a day, and it's a good slogan even if one doesn't know where he goes from here.

The Baby Who Never Had Smiled

(Paris Red Cross Bulletin)
They called him the Baby Who Never Had Smiled. The lady doctor found him in one of the factory dispensaries to which her Red Cross automobile climbed twice a week, in a smoky manufacturing village near the American front in France, so near that the fire from the gun flashes on the sky at night and on still days when the fighting was heavy the boom-boom

itself could be plainly heard. At noon the women from the factory brought in the babies for the lady doctor to see—and to some babies she gave medicine and for others advice and still others she took in her car back to the big barracks, once a military school, now marked with huge red crosses in the slate of their roofs to show strolling German aviators that they were hospitals.

"But your baby does not look very well," she said gently in correct American French to one woman who brought forward a year old mite. "No, Madame," said the woman shyly. "He has never been well. First his eyes have been sore, then he has a rash and I must be nearly always in the factory and cannot take much care of him. He is always sick and he is not like my other children, madame—he has never smiled!"

Then the Change Began

So the lady doctor took him to the hospital and had him bathed and put to sleep in a crib in one of the long white washed rooms of the barracks. He spent weeks there, growing a little less pale each day and looking wisely at the nurses who brought him his food and gave him his bath. His two dozen compatriots in the ward weren't a very happy looking lot—most of them, too, had come from the little villages of the frontier where war bore heavily on the mother and children whom a poilu father had had to leave behind—but as their cheeks grew plumper and pinker they learned to gurgle with joy at the sight of an approaching milk bottle and to catch the nurse's finger gleefully.

"Never you mind," she would say, shaking that same finger at him, "we'll make a real baby out of you in spite of yourself." But he could only look at her like a wise little old man.

Other babies in the ward had names and when the night nurse came on she would say: "Has Georgette been good today and eaten all her meals properly?" or "I think Guillaume can go back to his mother next week, don't you?" But though he had a card at the head of his bed with a name on it, no one ever used it. The other doctors would say, "How about that baby of yours that never has smiled?" "Has he laughed yet?" And the nurse would answer, "Not yet, but just wait till he gets eight ounces fatter and see if he doesn't."

A Mother's Happiness

Parents come to visit on Sunday, and almost every week his mother went through the complicated formalities of even a short journey in the war zone and came toiling up the hill to the hospital. She rejoiced in the added ounces, in the vigorous fashion in which he could kick, in approaching teeth and other technical details. She was a tired little woman in black, but her face would light up as she sat for hours beside his crib, prattling to him about his father in the army, his uncle who had fallen at Verdun (just over yonder, she would show the nurse, pointing across the hills out the window) and about his older brothers and sisters at home. But one day a glorified vision of the mother flew toward the nurse when she came to announce that visiting time was over—there were tears of happiness in her eyes—and she pointed incoherently to the crib where the Baby Who Had Never Smiled was belying his name with a broad infantile chuckle that showed unexpected dimples in his plump cheeks and puckered his mouth invitingly.

"See," said the mother, "only see! You of the American Red Cross have made my baby smile!"

That the many thousands of Red Cross knitters in Lake Division, Red Cross states of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, may know the plans of the Red Cross for future knitting, George E. Scott, acting manager of the American Red Cross, has sent the following statement to the Lake Division office for publication in workrooms of chapters, branches and auxiliaries:

"When the War Industries Board some time ago advised the Red Cross that future production of knitting yarn would be greatly reduced we immediately commenced to purchase all yarns suitable for our knitting. As a result, we have today in stock on order 1,400,000 pounds of yarn for distribution to our chapters. It is hoped we may obtain some additional yarn from wool unsuitable for government uses. The expected total, however, will be considerably below the 10,000,000 pounds used last year.

"While the total of yarn we can secure is being determined we are studying how to use our supply to produce only garments which are most essential. When a decision is reached we will announce our full program of knitting.

"In addition to this stock of yarn the Red Cross has ready for distribution 1,600,000 sweaters, 134,000 mufflers, 384,000 wristlets, 228,000 helmets and 1,328,000 pairs of socks, a total of 3,674,000 articles. We hope, therefore, that these and such additional garments as we shall be able to make will enable us to meet the more urgent requirements of our men during the coming winter.

"In this connection, it will be of interest to the women who have been knitting to know that from Sept. 1, 1917, to June 30, 1918, the Red Cross distributed 5,875,000 knitted garments to the army and navy of the United States. During the same period 870,000 knitted articles were sent to the Red Cross commissioners in France and Italy for distribution to soldiers, sailors and civilians.

"At the request of the War Industries Board, with which the Red Cross work is in close cooperation, we have urged chapters and individual workers not to buy wool in the open market, but to secure their materials through our department of supplies."

Pay of nurses, enrolled by the American Red Cross for military service, has been raised to \$75 a month for overseas duty and to \$60 a month for duty at hospitals at American camps and cantonments.

Announcement of the increase has just been received at Lake Division Red Cross headquarters. Heretofore \$60 a month was paid to nurses sent

overseas and \$50 a month to those kept at military work this side the Atlantic.

Miss Anna Gladwin, acting director of nursing at Division headquarters, says that the increase in pay should result in the enrollment of many more nurses.

"There are many nurses who have wanted to enroll with the Red Cross and could not because of the low pay and family obligations," Miss Gladwin says.

"This new scale provides salaries which are about on the same level with those paid in hospitals.

"In addition, the government provides the nurses with the same War Risk Insurance as is provided soldiers and sailors."

FURLOUGHED FOR FARM WORK

More than 50 conscientious objectors at Camp Sherman, in the past few days, have been granted furloughs in order that they may do farm work. The employers are to send to the commandant of the conscientious objector's camp all wages over the \$30 per month, the regular private's pay and this money will be turned over to the Red Cross. Most of the objectors who have been given furloughs are Mennonites. Up to Monday 72 more of the objectors had made application for farm furloughs which will continue until Nov. 15 if the men are needed on the farms that long.

LEGAL NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to Frank Miller, Fred Miller and James Miller, whose last known residences were at Topeka, Kansas; David Berry who resides at Lyons, N. Y.; Minnie Miller residing at Ottawa, Kansas; Doratha Miller residing at Kansas City, Kansas; Mary Miller residing at Lena, Kansas; Grace Brazee residing at Feora, Kansas; Albert Brazee whose residence is unknown; Sarah A. Bister whose last known residence was Ottawa, Kansas; Bert Miller whose residence is unknown; Ida Elders whose last known residence was at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Belle Sodon whose last known residence was Shalaburg, Iowa; Arthur Bradley whose residence is unknown but who is supposed to be living in Iowa; Mary Baxter and Amy Briggs, residing at North Rose, Wayne County, New York; John Lee, James Lee, Jerome Lee, whose residences are unknown, but who are said to have lived at Toledo, Ohio, at one time.

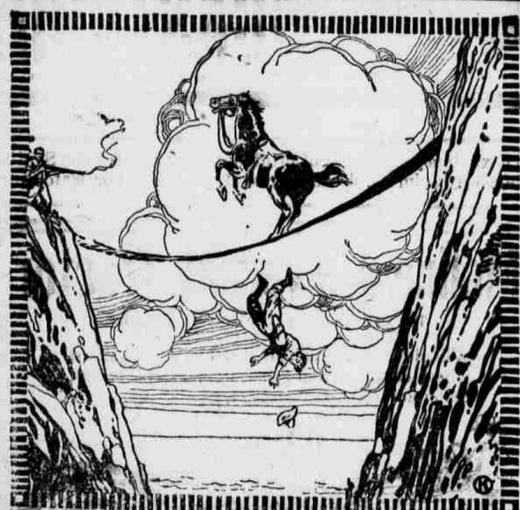
Also the unknown heirs, administrators, executors, assigns, legatees, widows, widowers, and next of kin of the following named deceased persons, to-wit: Malinda Case, Louisa Bradley, Eliza Otto, Rush Miller, Mary Osborne Thomas, Sally Lee, Jerome Lee, James Lee; and also any and all of the heirs, administrators, executors, assigns, devisees, legatees, widows, widowers, and next of kin of any of the above named defendants who may now be deceased, that on the first day of August A. D. 1918, C. B. WELDAY, as administrator of the estate of George W. Miller, deceased, filed his petition in the probate court of Medina county, Ohio, asking for an order of said court to sell 78 acres of land in the middle part of lot number fifteen (15) in Gullford Township, and 12 acres of land in the southwest quarter of said section fifteen (15); in said Gullford Township, and both in Medina County, said parcels being the lands of said decedent, George W. Miller, said sale to be for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate of said George W. Miller, deceased, there being insufficient personal property for such purpose, of which is fully set forth in said petition. The defendants above named hold the next estate of inheritance in said lands subject to the life estate dower and homestead rights of decedent's widow and the life estate of the said defendant, David Berry.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 28th day of September, A. D. 1918.

C. B. WELDAY, Administrator of the estate of George W. Miller, deceased, by his attorney, J. W. Seymour. 49-6

PRINCESS SATURDAY August 31

Last of "The Woman and the Web" and "The Scarlet Runner"



SHOT FROM HIS SPEEDING HORSE TO CERTAIN DEATH

Every nerve will tingle when you see this new Vitagraph serial

"A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS"

Featuring

WILLIAM DUNCAN

with Edith Johnson and Joe Ryan

"A Fight for Millions"

TO BEGIN HERE

William Duncan Again Defies Death

William Duncan, "the strong man of the screen," and the dashing hero of "The Fighting Trail" and "Vengeance—and The Woman," will again be seen as the hero, with Edith Johnson as the heroine, and Joe Ryan, the "Shoestring" of "The Fighting Trail," as the leading "heavy."

As in the other Vitagraph serials, there is plenty of action in "A Fight for Millions" and a great deal of wonderful riding by Vitagraph's famous cowboys. The story was written by Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph company, and Cyrus Townsend Brady, noted as one of the leading fiction writers of the country. The same authors gave us "Vengeance—and The Woman."

Admission Saturday Night - 11c and 17c

Monday, Labor Day, September 2

IRA M. LOWRY

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THE AUDIENCE TO ITS FEET

WITH CHEERS

SEE Heroes and cowards transformed into super men of gigantic courage and sacrifices, women, living through the inferno of battle to nurse men to victory. Pershing and his tremendous army of fighting men on the fire-swept battle fields. A vivid picturization of what your brother, son or sweetheart is to pass through.

ADMISSION:

Children - - - 15c and War Tax
Adults - - - 25c and War Tax



"FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD"

NEW YORK AUDIENCES threw convention aside and yelled, stamped and cheered; and then cried, during the soul-stirring moments of this play.

ALL-STAR CAST

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"FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD"

IT'S A TALE OF LOVE and deception, and cowardice and heroism, with its scenes rapidly alternating between the United States and the battle fields of Eastern France.

A bugle call to arms for the defence of the world against Autocracy.



12 musical selections of your own choosing and this richly encased Starr \$14.50 Compare the Tone!

This little beauty has the famously sweet-voiced Starr "Singing Throat," carved from Silver Grain Spruce, Nature's chosen music-wood - - - the self-same wood that you find in a Stradivarius violin worth many thousands of dollars.

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