SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

The Conscientious Objector

—OR—

Coming Through Under Fire

By Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc.

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(Continued)

"What do I think of a blinkin' onscientious objector?" answered key Honney from the corner of the re bay. "Well, what with this loomin' war on and blokes goin' est by the thousands, a pacifist or onscientious objector is one of two hings, he's either a blinkin' coward r a bloody pro-German. But it's unny the way some o' them blighers, with their West End ideas back n Blighty, changes their minds hen they gets out here in the mud, nd gets their first glimpse of a ooden cross. It's either a firin' quad up against a wall, a bloomin' . C. (Victoria Cross) or a "rest in eace' sign over their nappers for hem. A strange thing it is, but rue, those blokes never go through he trenches in an ordinary way like 'e do; it's a case of extremes, no in etween stuff.

"Next time you're on a burial arty take a look at the third cross rom the left in the fourth row as ou enter the cemetery. You know hat path that leads through the rchard just off the entrance of that ig R. E. (Royal Engineer) dugout; ell, under that cross rests a bloke ho back in Blighty professed to be pacifist. He wouldn't blinkin' well olunteer, not likely; they had to raft him, an' when they did he reised to fight, so they stuck him in he N. C. C. (Non-Combatant orps) and handed him a pick and hovel and put him to repairin' oads and diggin' praves. Well it idn't take long before he was proprly fed up with his job, and he hrew down the pick and shovel and rabbed up a rifle an' bayonet. Oh, et, he clicked it allright and went Vest. In fact, he was buried in he o' the graves he helped to dig. I suppose some o' those college offiers called it the 'irony of fate' or ome other blinkin' high sounding hrase, but we knows that it was nly common, ordinary luck, 'cause e all knows that if you're going to et it, you'll get it, no matter if ou're a gentleman's son or a bloom-' chimney sweep.

"This blighter I'm telling about as in my platoon when I was in "C" Company, an' he used to give e the proper pip with his argueents against fighting and the likes that.

"The first time I met him was in St. Armand, out "batt" was in the rest billets awaiting' a new draft before going up the line again. You see we had clicked it pretty rough at Fromelles an' a platoon looked like a blinkin' squad when it lined up for parade. I was playing 'house' in that estaminet right across from that bashed—in church on the corner when his labor batalion came through and took over billets just opposite from the estaminet. I was sitting near a window and watched them pass. A sorrier bunch of specimens of men, I never saw; it turned my blinkin' stomach to look at them, what with their pasty faces, stooped over shoulders and straggling gait. Right then and there I admired the Germans for their system of universal military training. If England had of had a little more of it, there never would have been a war and right now we would be in Blighty with our wives and nippers, instead of sitting here in these bloody ditches waitin' for a shell to come over with our name and number on it.

"After the Labor Battalion took over billets, several of them came into the estaminet and sat at a table near me. They started to discuss the war and voice their opinions about the 'top hats' AT home. This bloke I'm a talkin' about was the loudest of the bunch, he seemed to have a grouch on everything in general. I listened to him a few minutes chucking his weight about until it bloody well got on my nerves. Chucking up my game of house—and I had paid half a franc for my board too—I leaned over to him and said:

"'You must be one of those bloomin' conscientious objectors we reads about in the papers, one o' those blighters who didn't believe in fightin' but is willing to sit back in Blighty and let us blokes out here do your bloody fightin' for you, while you gets a blinkin' good screw (salary) sitting on a high stool in some office.'"

"He turned to me and answered: 'It's the likes o' you who volunteered for this war what keeps it goin.' If you had all refused to go at first, there wouldn't be any war?"

"I couldn't see it his way at all, and went right back at him with: 'Yes, and if it wasn't for us voluteering the bloody German flag would now be flying over Buckingham Palace and King George would be in the Tower of London.'

"He thought a minute or two and answered: 'Well, what of it: one flag's as good as another and as for the bloomin' King what did he ever do for you but make you pay taxes so he could bloomin' well sit around doing nothing."

"This was too much for me, that blinkin' jellyfish a slinging mud at our King, so I lost my temper, and taking my glass of Vin Rouge in my hand I leaned over close to him and said: 'When you mentions the King's name is it customary to drink his health. Perhaps he never did anything special for me, but I have never done anything special for him, and even at that I've done a damned sight more than you have for him, so take this wine and drink his health, or I'll dent that napper of yours so you won't be able to wear that in hat of yours.'"

"He got kind of pale and answered: 'Drink the King's health, not likely. It's through him and his bloody top hats in parliament that I'm out here. Why in the blinking hell don't he do his own fighting and let us poor blokes alone.'"

"I saw red and was just going to hit him, when a big Irishman out of the Royal Irish Rifles next to me grabs the glass of wine from my hand, and looking the blighter in the face yells at him:

"Well, if the King ain't done nothing for you English, he's done less for us Irish, but I volunteered to come out here for him, and here I am, and glad of it, too, and hopes some day to get into Berlin with the King's forces. You won't drink his health; well, you can bathe his health.' With that he threw the wine into the blighter's face and smashed him in the nose with his fist. The fellow went over like a log with the Irishman still agoin' for him. If we hadn't of pulled him off, I think he would have killed that conscientious objector. The military police came in to see what all the row was about. I had clicked three days C. B. (confined to barracks) and didn't want to get arrested so in the confusion I made tracks for my billet.

"The next time I met the bloke was when we buried old Smith out of the 10th Platoon in the cemetery at La Bassee. He was one of the grave diggers. All during the burial service he stood looking at the Union Jack with a queer look on his face. When old Smith was lowered into the ground and the dirt was thrown on him, the conscientous objector, Watkins was his name, came over to me and said:

"I hear he (pointing at old Smith's grave) is forty-eight years old and has left a wife and three nippers back in Blighty. He was too old for the draft, wasn't he? Then he must have volunteered."

"I answered: 'Of course he volunteered, and there he lies, deader than hell, but I'll wager a quid his wife and kids will be proud of him—and that's more than your kids will be about you.'"

"He sneaked off without answering. Three days later I nearly dropped dead when our lance corporal came into our billet with a bloody nose and a beautifully trimmed lamp. When I asked him how he got knocked about, he told me a fellow out of the Non-Combatant Corps, named Watkins, has mussed him up just because he had called him a white-livered coward.

"Watkins ducked twenty-one days No. 1 on the wheel and when his sentence was finished they transferred him to a fighting unit and bang! into our platoon he comes.

"Many a talk I had with him about that pacifist stuff—he hadn't changed a bit in his ideas—but he kept his mouth shut about the King and the Top Hats at home.

"Then we went into the trenches and I knew his finish was near. A firing squad or 'rest in peace' was to be his lot; they all get one of the other sooner or later.

"After two days in, Fritz got rough and opened up with a pretty stiff bombardment.

"Watkins was in the fourth squad in a dugout in the support trench when a 'Minnie' registered a direct hit on the roof and caved her in. Everyone but Watkins was killed. How he escaped was a marvel, the rest of the squad being smashed up something awful. We collected the pieces and buried them the next day. Watkins helped dig the graves.

"For two days Watkins scarcely spoke a word, just went round with a far away look on his face."

"On the third night after the burial, volunteers were called for a bombing raid, and I could scarcely believe my ears when I hear that Watkins had volunteered. It was the truth all right—he went along.

"We crawled out into No Man's land under cover of our barrage and waited. Watkins was next to me. Suddenly a star sheel went up and we crouched down in its light. I was laying so that I could see Watkins—blime me—he had no rifle or bayonet. I whispered over to him 'Where's your rifle?' He answered 'I threw it away.' Before I had time to reply the signal to rush the German trench was given and I lost sight of him."

"It was rough going in the German trench and we had quite a little of hand to hand fighting. Star shells were going up all around us. One of our blokes in front of me was just going around the corner of a traverse when a big German got him through the troat with his bayonet and he went down. Something sprang past me like a wild cat and closed with the Fritz. They both went down together. Just then another German came at me from the entrance of a dugout and I was busy, I managed to get him. Then our lieutenant and two men came round, gave the order to get back to our trenches. The lieutenant stumbled over the three bodies in front of me. One of them groaned. It was Watkins all right. Unarmed he had sprang at the German and with his bare hands had choked him to death but he had a nasty jagged bayonet wound in his right side. We managed to get him back to our trenches, but he died on the fire step. Before cashing in he looked up at the lieutenant and with a grin on his face said, 'Tell the bloomin King and the top hats at home that I died for England, and I hope that like old Smith my nippers will be proud of their father. God save the King'—and then he died.

"We buried him next morning. No, my opinion of conscientous objectors and pacifists has not changed. They are either cowards or pro-Germans.

"You see Watkins wasn't either, he was a soldier of the King and a damned good one, too."

The Story of a Drunkard Told by the Sister Who Secretely Cured Him

and Publishes the Prescription Which Released Her Brother From the Clutches of the Demon Drink

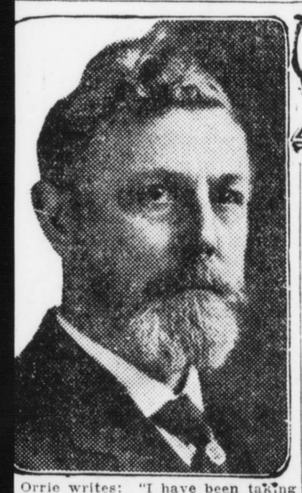
MISS ANNIE BROWN

New York. — For fifteen years my brother was a slave to alcohol. Every spare penny he got his hands on was spent over the bar. He earned a good salary and for a while disguised his condition, but finally his employer began to notice and find fault. Then he fought against liquor, but his will power was too weak and he sank lower and lower until he lost his position. His friends turned him down one after another until he was left, a wreck and alone. Whiskey was the cause of it all. He was kicked around from place to place, drunk practically all the time. He had reached the point where all he wanted or cared for was whiskey, a point where he could not stop drinking of his own accord.

I was living abroad and a friend of former days wrote me telling of the pitiful condition of my brother. I consulted a famous chemist who gave me a secret formula and told me if I could arrange to put it in his coffee, tea or food it would destroy the appetite for alcohol. I took the first steamer for New York and when I found my brother he did not recognize me and I hardly knew him. I immediately began to give the remedy, without his knowledge. In a few days he seemed to be losing his appetite for drink. He tried different saloons in an effort to find one where whiskey would taste right, but it was useless. Within a month he stopped drinking. All the desire had left him, the chains of alcoholic slavery had been broken. His health began to improve and soon he was a new man. He secured a splendid position and the craving for liquor never returned. After eight years I told him how he had been cured and gave him the formula. I was afraid to tell him the secret before for fear he might return to drink.

I advise everyone who has a relative or friend addicted to the liquor habit in any form to use this prescription. It is harmless and marvelously effective. Just ask your druggist for prepared Tescum powders, drop one powder twice a day in tea, coffee, milk or any food or drink. Each powder makes a dose. It is tasteless and odorless and cannot be detected by anyone.

NOTE—The manufacturers of prepared Tescum powders, referred to above by Miss Brown, sell it through druggists under a steel-bound, money-refund guarantee. It has been used by thousands since the formula was first made public and has brought immeasurable happiness to many homes. It is sold in Harrisburg by J. Nelson Clark and others.



The Doctor's Advice

by Dr. Lewis Baker

The questions answered below are general in character, the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply in any case of similar nature.

Those wishing further advice, free, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Bldg., College-Elwood streets, Dayton, Ohio, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious names will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well-stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

Orrie writes: "I have been taking alts to purify my blood and cure my kin of itching and pimples, but don't et much benefit. Please prescribe for his."

Answer: I advise three grain sulherb tablets (not sulphur tablets), omposed of sulphur, cream of tartar nd vegetable extracts that remove onstipation and purify the system. ake this treatment for several onths for best results.

* * *

"Patient" writes: "I want your ree advice. I seem to have gone all o pieces. I am irritated and annoyd by dizzy moments, fickle appetite, o strength and life has no pleasures or me any more."

Answer: There are thousands who ve too fast and then find themselves n your plight. The nervous vigor has een deranged. A tonic invigorating edicine called three-grain cadomene ablets will afford aid to Nature by upplying more food-energy and give our system a chance to recuperate, hen calm nerves should take the lace of shattered nerves.

* * *

"Laborer" asks: "I am so affected ith painful kidneys that I cannot ork regularly. My sleep is disturbed y frequent calls, only to void small mounts and follows burning, smartg pains. Backaches and often have hills and fever, making me real sick or a day."

Answer: A good tonic, soothing and eutralizing medicine for such comlaints is balmworth tablets. Try hem and continue a few weeks and am sure you will write me of your ecovery.

* * *

Daughter asks: "I suffer greatly wing to too much fat. Can you adise me of a good reduction remedy?"

Answer: Any well stocked pharacy can supply you with 5 grain rbolone tablets, packed in sealed ubes with full directions for use. These tablets have proven wonderfully effective in reducing abnormal fat.

* * *

"Fern" writes: "I have suffered with a bad cough for some time and I am also weak and tired most of the time, which I think is due to the severe coughing. Can you give me a remedy."

Answer: Yes, your weakness is due to the coughing, but you should be well relieved by using the following: Get a 2½ oz. package of essence mentho-laxene and make according to directions on the bottle, then take a teaspoonful every hour or two until the cough is cured. This makes a full pint of the very best and safest cough syrup. If your druggist does not have mentho-laxene, have him order it for you of the wholesale firm.

* * *

Mrs. M. asks: "My scalp itches terribly, is feverish and a great amount of oily dandruff is present. What is good for this?"

Answer: First shampoo the hair and then apply plain yellow minyol about once a week as per directions. This relieves the itching, overcomes the dandruff and makes the hair beautifully glossy and vigorous. Obtain in 4 oz. jars of druggists.

NOTE: For many years Dr. Baker has been giving free advice and prescriptions to millions of people through the press columns, and doubtless has helped in relieving illness and distress more than any single individual in the world's history. Thousands have written him expressions of gratitude and confidence similar to the following:

Dr. Lewis Baker, Dear Sir: I feel it as a duty to write you. Four years ago my husband had a bad cough and found no relief from all cough medicines we could try. We finally tried the mentho-laxene prescription and made it up as cough medicine and it quickly cured him. It also gives me great relief from asthma, from which I suffer in winter time, as you know here in Oregon we have it so rainy instead of snow. I send stamps and coupon for your great "Guide Book, Health and Beauty." Thanking you, I am, Yours truly,

MRS. M. H. VAN WART,
Lents, Oregon.

TOBACCO IS BADLY NEEDED ON FRONT LINE

Americans in France Feel Need of Smokes From Home

Said the Plow to the Sword:
"I must turn into you,
Till the Hun and his horde
For our mercy shall sue."

Said the Sword to the Plow:
"I must turn into you,
For the battles hang now
On what harvests may do."

So the Sword and the Plow
Are become as one blade,
That the tyrant may bow
And the Furrow be made.
—McLandburgh Wilson.

The Hun must be put in a furrow and covered up, at least for a while. Any talk of compromise is idiotic. When a nation feels like the clergyman who has written this in a recent book, it is plain that this nation must be smothered temporarily:

"Anyone who cannot bring himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania, who cannot conquer his sense of the monstrous cruelty to countless perfectly innocent victims and give himself up to joy at this victorious exploit of German defensive power—such an one we deem no true German."

To set these misguided people right will cost America many young lives and the least that the home people can do is try and make our soldiers happy. This is no time for harping on the ill effects of nicotine. According to the annual report of the controller in Blair county, there was expended during 1917 the sum of $830 for tobacco provided the inmates of the county home. Those who have used the weed all their life are not deprived of the consolation the weed affords, and so it is furnished them at the public expense. The county officials are on record as saying that "contentment plays an important part in the cure of hospital patients." The same holds true with wounded soldiers. On us they depend for this balm, and no conscientious person need feel anxious if he sends smokes to soldiers who are risking their lives to keep this nation free.

Churchmen Get Ready to Launch "Dry" Fight

The central committee in charge of launching and organizing the county prohibition campaign, consisting of the Rev. Dr. J. Bradley Markward, J. W. Ellenberger and Harry B. Saussaman, has arranged to hold their first meeting on next Monday when twelve other men will be chosen to complete the governing body. It has been decided that three separate committees are to look after Harrisburg, the district south of the mountain and that part to the northward. A large number of workers are to be enrolled so that every district will be canvassed.

The W. C. T. U. with its 700 members, promises to be an important agency in fighting for prohibition. Through its president 700 members in the county have pledged themselves to take active part. It is estimated that the delegates at the ratification convention last week represented at least 20,000 church members.

EXAMINATION OF MEN IN FIRST CLASS PROGRESSES

The local draft boards are making rapid progress in their physical examination of registrants in the first class and the high average of men for general military service has been maintained to the end. As an example, Board No. 1 yesterday put through fifty-four men with only one rejection. Twenty-three went to the medical advisory board for final classification, but thirty qualified for first line service.

The proceedings at local Board No. 3 show that about one-half the registrants, examinations being held twice each week, qualify for active service and scarcely any are rejected entirely. Board No. 2 is just starting in on examinations, the delay being caused by their waiting for the new regulations which should arrive any moment from Washington.

MEETING POSTPONED

Mrs. C. P. Turner, president of the Shimmell Red Cross Auxiliary, announced to-day that the weekly meeting of the auxiliary will not take place to-morrow afternoon owing to the fact that it is Washington's Birthday. The meeting will take place next Friday afternoon as usual.

RAPID PROGRESS ON PENN-HARRIS

Contractors Hope to Get the Structure Under Roof in Short Time

With installation of wastepipes and drains and other work completed up to the ninth floor, and work to begin in the near future on the tenth floor of the new million-dollar Penn-Harris Hotel, the building is progressing just as rapidly as possible, under present weather conditions. The building is to be 197.2 feet high. Almost 180 feet of this has already been roughed in. Carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, steamfitters and others are working full time. "It is impossible," said E. A. Johnston, construction manager, "to make any forecast of when the hotel will be finished because our materials are so much delayed." Architectural Manager Hawes is of the same opinion.

Bricklayers have faced the exterior of the entire third floor, and have begun to face the fourth with light brown brick.

To-day steamfitters are connecting the hotel with the mains of the Harrisburg Light and Power Company on Walnut street. The tap on the main will be eight inches, increasing inside the hotel to twelve-inch feed pipe, feeding the 100-horsepower motors to be installed in the near future.

A breakdown on the electric crane halted bricklaying work yesterday. An electrical expert was called and the crane will be put in operation to-day, it was stated. Woodworkers, finishers and interior decorators were assigned no definite date for operations, because of the uncertainty of arrival of material. The circuating icewater tank is expected in the near future. It will be installed as soon as the tenth story is completed. Plumbers will instal the piping for showerbaths as soon as the plastering on the third floor is completed.

Shope Selected For Machine Gun Service

Paul F. Shope, of Perdix, now in Company C, Three Hundred and Fourteenth Infantry, Camp Meade, was one of the five men selected from his company for special machine gun training, according to a letter received here by friends. Mr. Shope is a graduate of the Technical High school, class of 1914. He was called for service in Perry county. James A. Shope, engineer in the park department, is a brother.

HOLD PATRIOTIC MEETING

Following a missionary meeting in the First Baptist Church, Monday night, a patriotic meeting was held. Mrs. John Ray was costumed as the Goddess of Liberty. Miss Amy Burd sang, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," accompanied at the piano by her sister, Miss Viola Burd. Mrs. George Spencer poured chocolate.

RED CROSS GETS KNITTED ARTICLES FROM THE INSANE

A large donation of supplies was sent to the Harrisburg Chapter, American Red Cross, yesterday, by the State Hospital for the Insane. Among the articles were ninety-seven pillows, 774 shotbags, sixty-seven comfort kits, forty-seven sweaters and six pairs of socks.

Members of the Catholic Ladies' Auxiliary will meet in the Red Cross rooms to-morrow, but they will be closed in the evening.

All outside typist work being done for the filing department should be returned to headquarters as soon as it is finished. This request has been made by Mrs. G. Lewis Brown, chairman of the filing department.

ROBERT BURNS BANQUET

The usual arrangements are being made for the annual anniversary banquet of Robert Burns Lodge of Masons at the Masonic Temple Tuesday evening, April 2. The committee in charge of arrangements includes the following: John M. Mumma, chairman; John Flickinger, George A. Gorgas, R. Monroe Leonard, Francis C. Neely, William S. Snyder, Charles P. Lusk, John C. Deen, William Jennings, Charles C. Schriver, Daniel F. Miller, Andrew S. Patterson, John N. Kinnard, I. Birkitt Dickinson and Charles W. Mitchell.

MAJOR SADLER ON TUSCANIA

Major Otis Sadler, of Baltimore, was one of the survivors of the Tuscania. He is a brother of Mrs. John Halliday and Miss Florence Sadler, who frequently visit Harrisburg. Major Sadler is a West Point graduate and was recently promoted.

When There's Not A Minute To Lose

Instant Postum

is a friend indeed. Made in the cup instantly, and mighty delicious and nourishing.

"There's a Reason"

RUN ON CHINAWARE LEAVES SHELVES BARE OF DISHES

American Supply Tied Up by Freight Congestion and German Ware Sold Out Soon After War Began

Next time you become angry with your husband, Mrs. Harrisburg, please do not throw a plate at him! Use the rolling pin or a kitchen range! Whatever you do, conserve your crockery. Here's why:

You Harrisburgers, watch your crockery bills! Handle crockery with care these days, because china has become a minus quantity and the supply of crockery is becoming alarmingly low.

Down in one Market street store, where a crockery department is maintained, the store manager is tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth. A Telegraph reporter came up to him last night. "Heavens," the manager moaned. "I have no time to talk about theaters and dances and sugar supply. Tell me where to get some china and crockery for my customers." At this same downtown store a pretty little lady who has charge of the china and crockery department was frantic last Saturday afternoon. She wilted like a liiy in midsummer as she faced the stormy crowd of buyers in front of her counter. "Gracious sakes alive," she explained. "I have been so busy these past two days, I don't know what to do." It developed that the store had received a shipment of crockery Friday afternoon. Saturday evening the entire shipment, amounting to $373, was sold and buyers were clamoring for more. The store manager, incidentally, has orders on his books for crockery amounting to $3,000, and factories cannot make it fast enough to supply the demand.

The reasons for the scarcity are because china has practically become a minus quantity. Almost all chinaware was made in Germany, and, because of the war, there is none of the fragile ware in this country. The shortage of china has become so acute that consumers have turned to crockery as a substitute, meeting with great favor. Most of the crockery comes from East Liverpool, Ohio. Congestion of traffic is one of the reasons why store managers cannot supply the demands of the people. Virtually all Harrisburg stores dealing in crockery and china are unable to get any supply of these wares.

"Just wait 'til the war's over," is the way they look at it. Oh, man, I'll be so rich, I won't have to sigh and pull my hair. I'll have cups and saucers and dishes and pots for you then. But, believe me, it's hard now, turning all these people away. Cheer up!" That's the way the managers look at the situation.

So Harrisburgers, beware, and conserve crockery as well as food and fuel. Don't waste!

DON'T SUFFER WITH NEURALGIA

Use Soothing Musterole

When those sharp pains go shooting through your head, when your skull seems as if it would split, just rub a little Musterole on your temples and neck. It draws out the inflammation, soothes away the pain, usually giving quick relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister.

Many doctors and nurses frankly recommend Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). It is always dependable.

30c and 60c jars; hospital size $2.50.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

STORE OPENS 8:30 A. M.—CLOSES 5:30 P. M.

Subscribers Will Please Call For Their March Delineator Now Ready, First Floor, Rear

FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY
AT KAUFMAN'S

Save Food and Help Win the War

The United States Food Administrator Says—

The results from meatless days, inaugurated at the suggestion of the United States Food Administration, have now, for the first time, given us sufficient reserves of meat to allow us to partially comply with the requirements for shipment to the countries associated with us in the war. It should be a matter of satisfaction to the entire American people that their devotion in this matter now enables us to at least partially fulfill our duties to these countries in this respect.

Final Wind-Up of Winter Coats

---Two Big Special Lots---

LOT NO. 1—Just 43 Women's and Misses' WINTER COATS

Former Selling Prices up to $18.00

Choice for Friday Only → **$7.50**

The Materials Are Wool Plush, Kerseys, Velours. Assorted Colors and Sizes. But not all Sizes of Every Color and Style.

SECOND FLOOR

LOT NO. 2—Just 37 Women's and Misses' WINTER COATS

Former Selling Prices up to $30.00

Choice for Friday Only → **$15.00**

Materials are Broadcloth, Kersey and Cheviot, Black and Colors. Some with Plush Collars. Some with Fur Collars. Full and Half Lined. Regular and extra Sizes in this Lot, But Not All Sizes of Every color and Style.

SECOND FLOOR

For Friday Only---Another Lot of Women's Serge Dresses **$1.95**

Made of Heavy Serge in Navy Blue Only. Nicely Lined. Sizes 16 to 42. Only 29 Dresses. Come Early.

SECOND FLOOR

A Beautiful Enlarged Portrait For As Little As . . . 19c

No Red Tape. Not necessary to make another purchase. See samples and be convinced.

You don't have to buy a frame. Photographs positivey returned to you. No agents or solicitors; no mail orders.

Just bring to our store any distinct photo, tintype, kodak snap shot or post card of parent, child, relative, friend, sweetheart or **Soldier Boy** and if acceptable to us we will enlarge it into a beautiful 14x20 Convex Bust Portrait for 19c. Hurry, as this offer is for a limited time only.

FIRST FLOOR, REAR.

FRIDAY SPECIALS In The Bargain Basement FRIDAY SPECIALS

RAG CARPET Good heavy rag carpet, 36 in. wide; special, a yard, **54c**

CUPS AND SAUCERS 25c cups and saucers and plates; gold and floral decorations; special, **19c**

BUTTER CHURNS Pint size Robert Butter Churn, increases your butter at little cost; special, each, **25c**

LAUNDRY SOAP 8 cakes of Empire washing soap, special for **35c**

BED TICKING 25c Bed Ticking, hickory stripe patterns; special, yard, **18c**

APRON GINGHAM Good quality blue and white checked apron gingham; special, yard, **15c**

MERCERIZED SATINE 35c good quality mercerized satine in remnant lengths; black and colors; yard, **19c**

CURTAIN SCRIM 15c colored border curtain material in good remnant lengths; special, yard, **9c**

SCRIM CURTAINS $1.25 white lace edge scrim curtains — 2¼ yards long; special, pair, **89c**

MERCERIZED POPLIN 35c fine quality mercerized colored poplin, for waists and dresses. Special, yard, **17c**

TURKISH TOWELS 50c colored border bath towels good big size and heavy quality. Special, each, **39c**

Beds

Big assortment if single, three quarter, and full size white enamel beds, at less than cost prices. Special, **$5.95, $6.95, $9.95**

WASH BOILERS $1.39 heavy tin wash boilers, metallic bottoms; good size. Special, each **98c**

IRONING BOARDS $1.50 ironing boards with good strong stands. Special **98c**

KAUFMAN'S
MARKET SQUARE
"UNDERSELLING" STORE

STORE OPENS 8:30 A. M.—CLOSES 5:30 P. M.