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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER

(Established 1878)

JOLTING DAN CUPID.

Now, what do you think of this? Here's Mayor Heidenreich of Hazelton, Pa., with an ultimatum that those young persons who have a penchant for moonlight strolls, park benches and shady nooks, shall do their courting in the family parlor hereafter.

Watch for the exodus of Hazeltonian lads and a sadness on the moon's face as he beams down upon this "spoonless" town!

The mayor may mean well, but he doesn't know human nature. He has forgotten the days—and moonlit evenings—of his youth. From the time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" there have been kings, governors, mayors and parents trying to curb Dan Cupid with rules and regulations. They failed to clip his wings or blunt his arrows.

It cannot be done, Mister Mayor. You had better stick to your office and tend to your official knitting. The family parlor is no place to hold hands and exchange those heart-confiding glances—not as long as her pa insists upon talking about the war and her ma wants to gossip about the weather, and both hang around until a fellow has just enough time to race for the last street car.

You cannot BUY Thrift Stamps or Liberty Bonds; you INVEST in them.

TO A SOLDIER'S HEART

Once upon a time a successful but cynical housekeeper informed her marriageable daughters—"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach!"

And ever since that day eligible young men have been plied with fudge, invited to dinners "I cooked all by myself," treated to home made pies and cake, and generally attacked in the seat of digestion—confounded by tradition with the seat of action!

Therefore, when all the eligible young men marched away to be soldiers they were pursued to camp and ship by the feminine obsession that the only true expression of devotion was to "feed the brute" and were regularly bombarded with chocolates, cookies, cake, and other culinary blandishments. To the food was added votive offerings of cigarets, guaranteed to inspire gratitude and smoke dreams of the fair donor!

Then the ungrateful creatures rose up and exploded the theory of countless ages! They drove the recipe back to its lair. They reduced the most accomplished cooks to hopeless tears. They did all this by writing under the little red triangle the refutation of the charge of utter materialism. Food was NOT the main object of their affections! The girls back home were coldly informed: "The fudge you sent was delicious, BUT—" and "I liked those cookies fine, BUT—" and "Don't bother to send eats, we have plenty here, BUT—" The burthen of that red triangle mail is—"Any gifts in the way of candy and cigarets will be most humbly and thankfully received, you may be sure, BUT firstly, and foremostly—WRITE TO ME!"

There! We knew it! The pen is mightier than the cookbook! The way to a man's hearts is not through the stomach—it is through the post-office!

"Gott is mit us all right," explained a German prisoner, "but the Yanks are against us." Yes, and we'll back the Yanks against the HUN "gott" any day in the week.

A CUT IN TIME

Cancer is of greater frequency at ages over 40 than tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever or digestive diseases.

At ages over 40 one person in 11 dies of cancer.

Yet cancer is not a hopeless, incurable disease. If taken at the beginning, the majority of cases of cancer are curable.

Practically all cases will end in death if left alone. Cancer is at first a local disease. It is easily cured if promptly recognized and at once removed by competent treatment. It is practically always incurable in its later stages.

Records of the best hospitals prove that the chances of cure are very high with early operation and that these chances decrease with every day of

delay. Early diagnosis is therefore all important.

DEPARTED GLORIES.

"For Sale: One finely upholstered family carriage. Would make good trailer."

We caught this in a recent reading of the want ads.

Want ad columns, like the English "Agony" briefs, provide much raw material for the humorists and philosopher, for here the wants and don't wants of a city are tersely, coldly and shamelessly, told.

One family carriage, probably upholstered in real, hand-buffed leather. With piona polished, hard-wood body, steel springs, gracefully curving shafts, leather top, a bit of brass here and of nickel there; a work of art, for the town banker's wife to flaunt herself in, behind the big bays, with Pompey, the ante-bellum coachman, up on the box in front.

All this vehicular glory for a song; aye for the first brief bar or two of the tune; and going to be converted into a trailer.

To have its high proudness hitched behind a snorting flivver. To be twisted and yanked at most unseemly speed over thruts and humps and wayside stones.

To carry fertilizer, and bawling calves, and swine, and chickens, in the bull bloom of the autumnal moult.

To sway and weave and bounce at the urge of this oil-breathing, gas-inhaling, dust-kicking devil ahead; and that's the fate of all this upholstered and carved and polished grandeur.

Tough luck, old carriage, tough luck; better to have gone with the ancient team of bays to the bone yard and be ground to dust to enrich the mellow earth, than to return to the highways where once you lorded it, and to return as a mere incidental appendage, yanked and shunted and whipped about by a greasy tin can with a bang inside.

A War Savings Stamp will knock a HUN off his feet now and put a pair of shoes on yours five years hence. Invest.

YES, WHY NOT?

A radical New York person is hot under the collar about men wearing collars under which to get hot.

He claims that, in dog days, only dogs should wear them.

He says that a hundred years from now, our neck linen will be looked back upon with derision, the way today we view as ridiculous the ruffled ruchings wore by those silk-stockinged, kneetrousered passers-for-men of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Comfort is the shibboleth this reformer shouts. "Defy the conventions!" is his battlecry.

Why should a man grope beneath his bureau and swear beneath his breath, why choke himself purple to be polite? Witness woman's low-cut creations.

Woman's beauty is man's unsightliness. Say you so? Doesn't that corded throat and knotted chest symbolize the protecting strength o'er which the romantic fair sex dreams and sighs?

Then hide not broad bronze or marble bosom 'neath haberdasher's camouflage.

Rip the top buttons from your shirt—if the laundry hasn't already done it—and bare-chested, expose the gyrations of your Adam's apple to the elements and society's storm of wrath!

WITH THE EDITORS

VON BOEHN, MASTER RETREATIST.

The German armies are preparing to step backward again, but even better news than that, the German MIND is in retreat.

The All-highest has shifted his tactics.

In place of Hindenburg and Ludendorff he has placed Von Boehn at the head of the German armies on the Somme front.

Hindenburg and Ludendorff were "go-ahead" generals. Their successor is a specialist in retreating.

It should hearten the souls of the-world to see that the Kaiser is beginning to recognize the inevitable, that he is preparing to march toward Berlin instead of Paris.

No man prepares for what he does not expect. The beating back of the German forces since the first day at Chateau-Thierry has changed the mental attitude of the whole German people.

It is no longer inspired by hope of ultimate victory. Its dream of conquest is changing into a night-mare of its own downfall.

Back of the lines across the Rhine, uncertainty and fear are breaking the morale.

Anxious eyes watch the skies for the bombing squadrons of the allied airmen. Dynamite is hard to dodge.

Out of the storehouses of Russia the promised food has failed to come.

You may convince a man's mind but you cannot argue with his stomach.

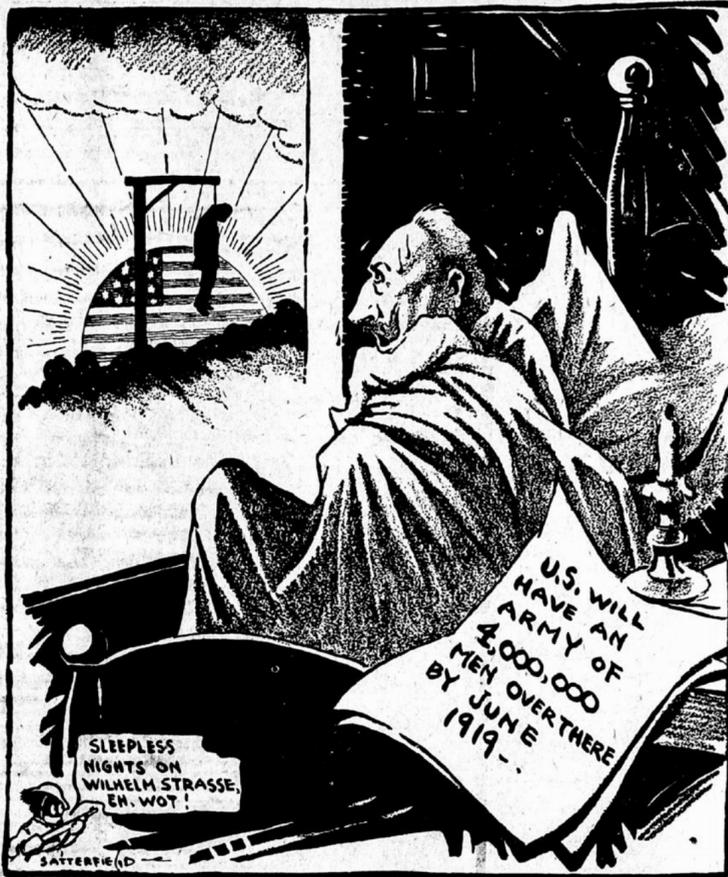
Promises may feed his intellect but they fail to sustain his body.

Foch, like the lightning of the Heavens, threatens, but no one knows where.

The certainty and coaksureness of 1914 has disappeared. Germany is no longer uber alles. Hope is going into an eclipse.

The choice of a general whose greatest accomplishment is retreating is good news in itself. It is better news in all that it indicates.—Washington Times.

"BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT"



LETTERS FROM "SOMEWHERE" IN FRANCE

FROM NEIL REID. A. E. F., France, June 22.

Dear Russell: I wonder how you are at home. I will only have time to write a short letter. I am back to the Co. again and I am feeling fine. Saw Bobby Work; he had a letter from Stewart yesterday and he and Austin are feeling fine. We are trying to get a pass to see them.

Well, Russell, I got a surprise when I got back to the Co. I had been advanced to corporal while I was in the hospital. Of course, it means some responsibility, but I am going to try and take care of it. I will do my best to hold it down. How is Sterling? I suppose you are both working.

With love, NEIL.

June 25, 1918.

Dear Dad: Only a note this time, to let you know I am feeling fine and back to the Co. again, and it seems good to be doing something again. I missed my mail. I guess the Co. clerk sent it back to the postoffice. I expect to hear from Austin.

With love, NEIL.

June 28, 1918.

Dear Mamma: I have gotten some mail at last. I was sure glad to get it. Some of it was not very old, about a month.

Our Co is still at the front. I am with them, but I am stationed back a way from the front line. Am working very hard right now and in no great danger, so don't worry about me. Things look like a speedy finish in the war. The Germans are beaten now, but they don't like to admit it. Am going to try and find Austin soon.

Dear Mother: With love to you all, NEIL.

I am wondering what kind of a 4th of July you had; we surely had an exciting time here. I guess the Germans thought so; they did not think much of our 4th of July celebration, but they had nothing to say about it. We sure gave them a hot old time. They who were left of them won't forget it for awhile. We are relieved from the front again and it seems good to lie around in a clean, quiet place and rest with your steel helmet and gas mask off. Bobby Work got safe through it, too, and is driving a truck just now. We are still trying to see Stewart and Austin.

They are giving us good things to eat. You ought to see the T-bone steak I had for dinner. What are the crops like in North Dakota. There are some great fields here, but some of them are ruined with shells and mustard gas. I had a letter from ex-Gov. L. B. Hanna and was surprised to know he was over here and awfully glad he is. He said he would try to do everything for the North Dakota boys over here, and you bet we are all glad he is here. He said he had

With love, NEIL.

June 25, 1918.

Dear Mamma: I wonder how everyone is at home. I have had no mail for a long time. Something wrong with the mail.

We pulled off a big shoot this afternoon, everything went off fine—no hitch in the whole works. There was nothing left of the field when we got through. There were a group of officers out to see it. Col. Fraine was there. I was talking to him about the guns. Also saw Col. Gratton. I saw a soldier here on the 4th who belonged to our battery in the U. S. He just lately saw Neil and said he was looking good and was fat. I saw Sergt. Stuck, from K. Co., just before he left for the front. Murray Dickson is still here.

With love, AUSTIN.

July 9, 1918.

Dear Mamma: I am having the time of my life. We have an eight days' leave and are at Aix les Bains, in part of the Alps. We left the fort last night. Took the train from there, but they were different cars from those we came in to France. We are staying at a grand place. It was a summer resort. It is given over to the soldiers now. They gave us a fine five-course dinner today and we drove around the town. It sure was a beautiful sight to see mountains on both sides of the city. We drove down to a big lake, 1 1/2 mile from here and had a good plunge. I tell you it felt good. The Y. M. C. A. here is an old French club house. It is a wonderful building. We are to have a show here tonight.

Everywhere are American soldiers. The French people here speak good English. I have met some of the Co. A boys—Art and Jim Brown and Bill Posner. I had a letter from Neil. He wants me to come and see him. I put in for a pass, but I am doubtful if I get it. I saw a sergeant from Neil's Co. He was going back there today, and he said he would look Neil up and tell him where I was.

With love, AUSTIN.

July 17, 1918.

Dear Mamma: We are going back to the fort tonight, but I cannot say which way we will go. Judging from what we hear is going on at the front, there will be no more passes. We were up

a letter from you and papa in June, and said you were so anxious about me, but I know you have word long before this.

With love, NEIL.

July 25, 1918.

Dear Mamma: It is some time since I wrote last. I have been too busy. I would not have been able to mail it if I had written. Bob Work had a letter from Stewart yesterday, saying Austin was on 8-day pass and said he was trying to find me. The letter was dated July 12, so he will have gone back to the Co. by this time. I know he could not get to where I was then, anyway. I believe I know just where Austin and Stewart are now. I think we will be granted passes for a few days. As soon as I see him I will cable you, so you have probably got the cable before this letter reaches you.

We had a really exciting time at the front this time. We showed the Germans whether the American boys could fight or not. We sure gave them the surprise of their lives.

We are now located in a fine town and I had some snaps taken. I hope I get some mail soon. How is Russell and Sterling and Papa. Tell Sterling I have seen many young German boys in the army who don't look any older than he does. Give my regards to Dr. Gilmore. Tell Papa I have seen a regiment of Klitties and they are sure a fine looking bunch of soldiers.

I picked this card up in a German dugout, shortly after it had been vacated by them. Get someone to translate the German for you.

With love, NEIL REID.

Corporal Neil Reid, Co. C, 2nd Battalion, Signal Corps, A. E. F.

FROM AUSTIN REID. A. E. F., July 5, 1918.

Dear Mamma: I wonder how everyone is at home. I have had no mail for a long time. Something wrong with the mail.

We pulled off a big shoot this afternoon, everything went off fine—no hitch in the whole works. There was nothing left of the field when we got through. There were a group of officers out to see it. Col. Fraine was there. I was talking to him about the guns. Also saw Col. Gratton. I saw a soldier here on the 4th who belonged to our battery in the U. S. He just lately saw Neil and said he was looking good and was fat. I saw Sergt. Stuck, from K. Co., just before he left for the front. Murray Dickson is still here.

With love, AUSTIN.

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With love, AUSTIN.

July 17, 1918.

Dear Mamma: We are going back to the fort tonight, but I cannot say which way we will go. Judging from what we hear is going on at the front, there will be no more passes. We were up

to Mont Reward and got a better view of Mt. Blanc. It was a great sight. We saw what is called the Hannibal Pass, where Hannibal passed through the Alps with his elephants to capture the city of Rome.

With love, AUSTIN.

July 27, 1918.

Dear Mamma: Got back to the fort and got two letters from you and two from Neil. He has been advanced to corporal. I think that is pretty good. I heard Herman Brocopp and Norman Flow were coming up here to officers' school, but I have not seen them yet. I saw Skinner last Saturday and he said he did not think they were coming. Most of our battery is up town, doing police duty again. By what we see in the papers, the Americans are giving the Germans a surprise. About the time we get into battle Germany will be wanting peace.

Write soon and send me some Tribunes.

With love, AUSTIN.

Austin Reid, 116th French Mortar Battery, A. E. F.

FROM HARRY DENZIE.

Dear Father: Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting along fine, and hope you are the same. Tell Mrs. Nickelby that I will answer her letter in a few days.

Say, Dad, the next time you write send me some Auto Strip razor blades in your letter; as many as you can put in, about three or four at a time, as they are hard to get; so by putting them in your letter you can send them just a few at a time. I have only three left, so hurry them up.

There is one more thing I want you to do, that is, as you know, I have a \$1500 insurance certificate made out to you, so in case anything happens to me over here, and you receive the full amount, I want you to take half of the amount of the insurance and send it to sister Bertha; so be sure and do that.

Well, will close for this time, hoping you will do this for me. Give my regards to everyone.

From your son, HARRY.

Harry H. Denzie, 161st Ambulance Co., 116th Sanitary Train, A. E. F.

FROM LIEUT. FERRIS CORDER. A. E. F., July 20, 1918.

Dear Mother: Just got back from leave Tuesday, and found one letter from you waiting me.

I don't know whether I should tell you or not as to where I was, so won't take any chances, but spent a few days at one of France's famous summer resorts. Will say that I had a chance to see Paris.

You would be surprised at the number of French of the better class that can speak English, and they are all

With love, FERRIS.

July 27, 1918.

Dear Mamma: We are going back to the fort tonight, but I cannot say which way we will go. Judging from what we hear is going on at the front, there will be no more passes. We were up

very glad to do anything they can to help the Americans.

I just want to take one more trip and then I'll have seen all of France I care to.

The band is here now and it sure seems good to hear some real music. They give two concerts every day, besides playing for a short while.

There are a great many old ruins and beautiful places in France that I have read about but never expected to see, that I saw on this trip. Saw one old walled city that is supposed to be the oldest in France. The old dungeons and moats and drawbridges are still intact. Traveled about one-half day through snow-capped mountains, which were very beautiful for dress parade.

The Americans and French are making a drive now and all the people are tickled to death. They think the war will end very soon.

Heard Bismarck was to have a big time the Fourth. How did it turn out?

With love, FERRIS.

Ferris Corder, Lieut. 164th Inf. A. E. F.

TANK UNIT NOW READY

"Treat 'Em Rough" Finish Training in England.

First American Battalion is Taught by Veterans of British Tank Service.

With the American Army in England—Another consignment of American man power, that might be labeled "Made in England," is ready for shipment to the western front. It is the personnel of the first American tank battalion.

Trained by veterans of the British tank service and equipped with the most modern of the land war ships, the new force will give an excellent account of itself. The British coaches of the American crows have expressed their approval of the manner in which their pupils have adapted themselves to the operation of the machines and, unless they are mistaken, the men whose training in England is just being completed will be given enviable roles. Their machines have the best points of both the British and French tanks and the training of the men has been in the light of experience already gained by the fighters of France and England.

To every man in the American outfit there have been imparted the stories of mistakes made in the early history of tank warfare. Enlisted men and officers have been told what to do and what not to do; all their admonitions have been based not on theory but on actual experiences, gained in the face of German fire, floored always upon the slightest intimation that the tanks are lumbering to the front.

It is expected that because of the excellence of the weapon with which it will fight and the training it has undergone the American contingent will prove itself exceptionally efficient.

Further cause for believing the American Tank Corps will live up to the estimate of the British instructors is the character of its personnel, both men and officers. They are carefully selected men, picked from the thousands who volunteered when the call for tank men was made. Two base requisites were insisted upon: First, every man must be physically fit, and, second, temperamentally adaptable.

The training every man has received has meant either that he is delivered to the commanders at the front as a wonderfully efficient unit or is mercilessly thrown out of the service. He is turned over to the fighting force as an expert mechanic, a man drilled in the operation of both machine guns and heavier ordnance, a tactician and strategist, and, finally, as a man with no evidence of "nerves."

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