SOLDIER BOY LETTERS

From Pvt. Charles A. Biddison.

Somewhere in France,
Oct. 9, 1918.

My Dear Wife: Will write you a few lines this evening. Am feeling fine and enjoying good health and hope this finds you and baby the same. Monday we went on a little hike out in the country, had a fine time. My, how I wish you could see some of the sights here in France. There are lots of interesting things most every where a fellow goes. We came to a place that at first looked like the foundation of an old ruins but when closer examination we found it part of a ridge in and on which the sides had been cut straight with about three tunnels running through it, which were used for roads and running off the roads were several caves extending far back in the hills, which were used for the growing of mushroons. If I could find some one to cook them for me like Aunt Lettie could, I sure would like a meal or two of them. We still find a great many blackberries growing along the roads. From the middle road we went down to the valley road and up the valley along a high bluff where we could see lots more caves. The valley is very fertile. We saw lots of women working in the fields, some of them pitching hay on the wagons or carts, also saw how a great many French women do their washing. The American women are sure lucky. The French woman takes her soiled clothes down to the creek or some wash shed; they wash in cold water with but little soap, as soap is not so very plentiful. They don't have any wash boards or washing machines but rub them on the flat side of a large rock or use a scrub brush like the soldiers do. They ask me 30 cents for a bar of soap not as large as a bar of Naptha, probably not as good. From the middle road one could get a great view of the valley. Then I wished you and baby could be here and we had a Ford and travel around awhile and see the country. France looks just about like I thought it would look from what I have read about it in history. I find the French people very interesting and I only wish I could talk French, though each day a fellow picks up a little of it which helps out a good deal in getting around, learning the value of their money is the first thing for a fellow to do. I am getting that down pretty fair already. Last night I went down town. We had a good time as one could expect to have. Bought several things for some of the boys who did not yet have their good conduct cards, the rest of the boys found the place where we got the chocolate. The last time we were down when I got there they were sold out so I proceeded to scout around and find another place which I did without much trouble, getting all I wanted for myself and the boys. Figs are plentiful, also grapes and wine. How are all the folks making it? What wouldn't I give to see my little girl and her mother. Things sure look mighty promising at the present and hope I can be with you by this time next year. I guess they are still looking for our equipment, hope it will hurry up and come so we can get down to some work that is interesting to me. I am spending a good deal of my time reading so I won't be behind when we do get started again. Will close for tonight. Lovingly,

Pvt. Charles A. Biddison.
Co. C, 3 corp. Art Park,
O. and T. C. No. 5 T. A.,
American Exp. Forces.

From Wm. R. Campbell.

Oct. 27, 1918.

Dear Brother, Sister and All: Will drop you a few lines to let you know I am feeling fine. I am up to the Y. M. C. A. now. It sure is a fine day here. Well, I suppose you and papa are busy husking corn. Has the weather back there been very cool yet? A Hamilton boy from Leon was over to the ship yesterday to see me. He said he had been reading my letters in The Reporter was the way he found out where I was at. It sure did seem good to talk with some one from your own community. He is on the Connecticut. Our ship has been in dry docks the last week but will pull out Monday morning at 7 o'clock. I will sure be glad for there is no water on the ship when it is in dry dock and we have to go out on the dock to wash or take a bath. You said Dale Scott was on the same ship with me. I sure would like to see him. Do you know how long he will be home. I would like to see that red headed girl of yours that you have been doing so much writing about. Well one can sure begin to see the effects of the war here in Philadelphia, for so many of the boys are coming back crippled in all ways. They also have several large German guns here that they have captured that are very interesting to look at. When I was over to New York I saw almost everything that the Germans used in warfare. Tell Mrs. Jake Green that one of her cousins is on the same ship that I am. His name is Jennings. He said it had been about ten years since he had seen her. He lives at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. What did you think of the picture of the ship? Tell father I sure would like to see his fine car load of fat hogs. He surely has taken good care of them to have them so large. I guess I told you I bought a Liberty Bond. It will come to the folks as I had it sent to them. Tell James I said hello and that I sure would like to see him. I don't suppose I will know him. I suppose Lawrence feels like a man now since he has been running the gang plow. Say, send me Webbie Vanderflute's address as I have lost his letter. Well you women can talk about getting your washing out early but I had my washing all done and dried the other morning by six o'clock. We firemen dry our clothes on the railing above the fire room so it doesn't take them long to dry. Tell mother not to worry the least about me for I am feeling fine. Your brother,

Wm. R. Campbell.

From Dave McHarness.

Somewhere in France,
Oct. 10, 1918.

My Dear Folks: Here it is now away up in October and the winter will be setting in before very long. I wonder where we will be this winter, in a good warm place I hope. I am in the hospital at present—convalescent—nothing serious, just plain sickness. I am hopeing to be with the company before long. I do hope you are all well and trying to be happy as I am trving to be happy and patient and waiting and watching for the time when I may lighten our dear home and loved faces with my presence again. Have faith in the dear Lord dear folks and I am sure he will watch over us and if it to be why we will be marching home in victory and peace for mankind. Dear mother we sure are getting the very best of treatment here in the hospitals. They are just as nice as they can be. We are in a very pretty town away from the noise of the battle front. The American Red Cross is one of the greatest and best organizations America ever produced. We sick ones were presented with a Red Cross package of very useful things. I received a writing tablet, tooth brush and paste, box of dates and raisins, package of gum, box of chocolate, two handkerchiefs, a pencil, etc. Wasn't that lovely though. Yes, and they give us tobacco to run us. Now I would love to be with you to spend your birthday and anniversary. I wish I could send you something for that great day when mother and father joined hands in marriage which meant so much to you. Just think here it has been now close on to thirty years when that great day came about. I will say bye-bye (au re voin) for now, hoping to receive a reply very soon. I remain, with the best there is in me with lots of love and kisses. Your loving son,

Dave McHarness.

France, Oct. 14, 1918.

My Dear Ones at Home, One and All: This is Monday evening and I feel oh, so lonesome, so will try to do some writing. I am getting along all o. k. and am still in the land of the living. I do hope you are all well so that when I come home we will certainly have a very happy reunion, won't we dear folks? Gee, the stage of the war looks very, very much like peace and we are all talking very much about it. We even are standing around in bunches asking one another which boat we are going to embark on. Doesn't that sound very good? Believe me, we went through some battle. It will be the gossip for idle tongues to talk over for many a year. I do not know how the papers read which you get over there, but we get our papers over here just a day old as they are printed in Paris and reach us very quick behind the front. We know what war is now and we will appreciate peace. I know the Lord was good to me for keeping harm from my door. I do feel so sorry for the poor boys who did get wounded and also the dead. I pray the Lord has forgiven them of their sins as they had to sacrifice their lives and that willingly. My, you should have seen the dear boys wade through shell and machine-gun fire, so wonderful. They have done their bit. I feel somewhat of a slacker as I am a cook, but I went up with the boys though. They fell around about me, one of the worst things to contend with was that much feared of thing in other words —gas. It has such an awful effect on the system. Give my love to all. I am your loving son,

David E. McHarness.
Co. D, 140th U. S. Infantry.
American Exp. Forces.

From Harry Finkbone.

Somewhere in France.

Dear Mamma: Hello, mamma, how are you and papa and Sis? I am getting along fine and dandy I had a spell of la grippe and a bad cold but got over that and am feeling fine again. It is awful cloudy today but has not rained much. I got three letters from you the other day and was sure glad to get those pictures. Tell Lena she was some looker in my clothes. I knew those gray trousers. The pictures were all good but papa looked awful dark. Well, I suppose Mr. Tyler's are out there by this time. Say the hogs done pretty well didn't they? Tell papa I said to have a time on my hog money because I don't need it, ha, ha. Say I had the crystal broke on my watch for didn't suppose I would ever get it fixed and I bought another one for 50 francs and got my old one fixed up the other day and then I had two I thought two watches were too many so I sold the one I bought today for 60 francs. I made $2.00 on it. There are sure a lot of boys broke. I expect I have pretty near as much money as there is in the company. Of course, there is not much to spend it for. I buy a bottle of beer once in a while and that is all. Beer is a franc or 20 cents a quart. Say I ought to get fat drinking beer and having plenty to eat. We had bacon, mashed potatoes, onions, bread, pudding and light bread for dinner. The only place you get me bested is on fried chicken. I don't like to have you talk about that because we don't get any of that here. Some of the boys talked of frying some that are running around here but I don't think they have. Well all the boys are well that you know. Lloyd Bright from Lineville, left for officer's training school about a week ago. Three days from today is Lena's birthday so you know when this letter was written. Tell her I would like to be there and give her a whipping. Say I have not received any of those papers but got three letters from you the other day and one from G. B. I got six letters from you and Lena and four from Gladys B. and one from Irene Bear about a week ago. Well I will have to close and go to supper, so good bye, from your loving son with love and best regards to all,

Harry Finkbone.

Dear Mama: Hello, how are you and all the rest of the family? I am well except have a little cold You know that is nothing unusual for me. Well it is pretty cold today as I have my overcoat on. We had a frost the other night and you know I am always froze up after the first frost. Say I got four letters from you folks today. Say, I suppose you folks and Gertie's had quite a time. Say the old lady here where I stay came in here. I am using a big box for a writing desk. She jabbers around a lot. I could not tell whether she wanted me to use it or not so I just quit until she went out. Say I bet you are glad that you are going to move, or will be moved by the time you get my letter. I know I would be tickled if I could only be there. Say I would like to have one of those chickens fried you sold. They are sure pretty high here but I believe I could stand a dollar on one of them. The old lady here where we boys stay, gave us some fried cakes with butter on them awhile ago. It sure tasted fine. I have a cup or two of milk every day; it sure is fine. I just heard a fellow go by with sleigh bells on his harness. It made me think of Christmas and snow back home. Well I must close. Be sure and tell papa to write too because I would like to hear from him. I remain your loving son,

Harry Finkbone.

Oct. 2, 1918.

Dear Sis: Hello, sis, how are you, papa and mama? I am fine except a little cold as usual. Carroll Camp fell out of the hay mow a while back and hurt his back but is getting better now. Well it has not been raining as it did week before last. It frosted last night for the first time. Say Sis, your birthday is two weeks from today, isn't it? I would have written sooner but have not been able to get any writing paper or envelops. I just bought some of a French girl and I sure paid for it. But I don't care about that because I have plenty of money and there is not much to spend it for over here. I have something over 200 francs, about $50 in our money. We are going to have a pay day in a day or two, two months pay. The first one we have had since we left Dodge. All of the boys except another kid and myself have been broke for a long time. I am sure glad you gave me my money before leaving Dodge. I was made first class private and I will now draw $39 a month. Well I wrote part of this letter yesterday and will try and finish it today. Well from what I hear and know, we will be home before long. I don't suppose you care how soon either. Well you want to tell the girls back there that they don't need to worry about any of these French girls kidnapping me at all. I have not got on to their lingo yet. I just know how to buy milk or what stuff I need. I don't try to talk to them anymore than possible. I wrote to you folks a week ago Sunday. Say this is sure a nice sunshiny day. Say I just happened to notice a little boy. You know they wear dresses here until they are 10 or 12. I'll bet the boys back there would laugh at them. I see a man standing on the corner with a cradle to cut grain with. The tools and oxen they use around here look about like the time of the Civil war or earlier. Well I must close, hoping to hear from you folks soon or sooner. I remain always your loving son and brother,

Harry Finkbone.
Co. F, 351st Inf., A. P. O. 795,
American Exp. Forces.

From Irving W. Hendershot.

Orders
Zone of Ozone,
September 30, 1918.

From: Your Uncle Sam
To: You, sailor
Via: Airplane
Subject: Fourth Liberty Loan
Reference: Paymaster

(1). You are hereby ordered to buy a one-hundred dollar or fifty-dollar Liberty Bond and otherwise do your damndest to boost the Liberty Loan drive on Pauillac Station.

(2). Proceed to Bldg. No. 1 and there dig down and come across. The yeomen will not refuse cash.

(3). Duty completed, proceed to your barracks, thinking of apres la guerre, the girl, etc., and say to yourself: "A wise man am I"

Uncle Sam.
Buy Directly.

Pauillac, France, Oct. 11, 1918.

My Dear Mother: Your letters received and was very glad to hear from you and to learn that yourself and the boys were real well I am well and alright in every way. It is raining here and I am writing some letters to pass the time away. I got to see Harold Carey, Bumgardner and a Scott. I tell you I was glad to see those boys from Leon, as it was unexpected. I see Leighton Rhoades and Haven most every day. They are fine fellows. We were just having a big talk about when we would all be back home and it is going to be a great day. France is a great country. But no place like home in the old U. S A. It sure looks odd and interesting to watch the French peasants going to work. They live in small villages, then go back and forth to their little farms in the country. Nothing but old men and women. They drive oxen hitched to a two-wheel cart, but the richer class have horses and two-wheel carts but as taxes are so high the poor use oxen. They keep the horses, cattle, pigs and oxen in one end of the house and the family live in the other and each house has a manure pile in front and I am told that a peasant's wealth is judged by the size of his manure pile. Most all the peasants wear wooden shoes and it's some racket they make going through the streets and they are sure backwoods about everything. What are the boys doing, going to school I suppose? When I got your letters I felt 90 per cent better. Also got a letter from Ralph Binning, glad to get it. All the Iowa boys here had their pictures taken in a group and they are fine Would like to have one printed in the county paper. Don't forget to send that Christmas box as I don't believe I will get home now in time for Christmas. I am sending you a $50 Liberty Bond, also some papers which came from the clouds. Give them to some of the boys. Looks pretty discouraging here, hope the war will soon end. The Yanks have got them on the run now. Tell Del and Alva to hurry up or they will be too late for the big fight. Well mother news is mighty scarce with me. Tell all the boys and girls hello and to write me and you and the boys shoot the letters over too as its a long way from home and I need them. Hoping you are well at home With much love and best wishes, as ever your son,

Irving W. Hendershot.
Seaman 2nd Class,
U. S. Naval Air Station,
Pauillac, France, % N. Y. P. M.

TAX LEVIES FOR THE YEAR 1918

Consolidated Levies.

	Mills		Mills
State	6.25	Pauper	2.
Capitol Extension	.17	County Bond	2.28
County	6.	State Insane	1.6
Bridge	5.	County School	1.
County Road	1.		
		Total	25.3

A County Poll Tax of 50 cents on each male person over 21 years of age and a tax og $1.00 on each male or spayed female dog and $3.00 on each female dog.

District Township Levies.

NAMES OF TOWNSHIPS	Gen. School	School House	Twp. Road	Drag	County Road Building	Cemetery
Bloomington	17.	4.3	4.	1.		5.
Burrell	18.1		4.	1.		
Center	11.1		4.	1.		
Eden	15.1		4.	1.		
Franklin	16.		4.	1.		
High Point	18.		3.7	1.		.3
Hamilton	18.1		4.	1.		.1
Morgan	20.7		4.	1.		
Woodland	17.	1.	4.	1.		

INDEPENDENT DISTRICTS	Gen. School	School House	Twp. Road	Drag Fund	County Road Building	Cemetery
Burrell to New Buda 1	53.2		4.	1.		
Burrell to New Buda 2	16.		4.	1.		
Center to Decatur 4	10.		4.	1.		
Center to Decatur 8	12.1		4.	1.		
Center to Leon	51.8	5.2	4.	1.		
Franklin to Long Creek 6	12.	1.2	4.	1.		
Franklin to Long Creek 2	50.2	20.1	4.	1.		
Franklin to Weldon	50.6	11.	4.	1.		.1
Hamilton to Pleasanton	46.3		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 1	43.3		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 2	13.8		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 3	5.8		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 4	10.		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 5	10.		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 6	24.		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 7	13.6		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 8	12.1		4.	1.		.5
Decatur 1	72.7	15.7	4.	1.	1.	
Fayette 2	57		4.	1.	1.	
Fayette 3	11.5		4.	1.	1.	
Fayette 4	13.	2.6	4.	1.	1.	
Fayette 5	9.3		4.	1.	1.	
Fayette 6	14.7		4.	1.	1.	
Fayette 1	54.3	8.3	4.	1.		
Garden Grove 2	14.		4.	1.		
Garden Grove 3	18.4		4.	1.		
Garden Grove 4	13.7		4.	1.		
Garden Grove 5	6.3		4.	1.		
Garden Grove 6	32.2		4.	1.		
Garden Grove 1	15.4		4.	1.		.7

INDEPENDENT DISTRICTS	Gen. School	School House	Twp. Road	Drag Fund	County Road Building	Cemetery
Grand River 2	21.		4.	1.		.7
Grand River 3	16.5		4.	1.		.7
Grand River 4	11.6		4.	1.		.7
Grand River 5	12.7		4.	1.		.7
Grand River 6	9.6	1.3	4.	1.		.7
Grand River 7	13.		4.	1.		.7
Grand River 8	12.4		4.	1.		.7
Long Creek 1	14.		4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 2	50.2	20.1	4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 3	10.1		4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 4	14.1		4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 5	17.5	2.	4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 6	12.	1.2	4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 7	5.2	5.2	4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 8	3.		4.	1.	2.	1.
Long Creek 9	16.2		4.	1.	2.	1.
New Buda 1	53.2		4.	1.	2.	
New Buda 2	16.		4.	1.	2.	
New Buda 3	11.7		4.	1.	2.	
New Buda 4	6.8		4.	1.	2.	
New Buda 5	17.3		4.	1.	2.	
New Buda 6	11.2		4.	1.	2.	
Richland 1			3.8	1.	2.	1.
Richland 2	12.3		3.8	1.	2.	1.
Richland 3	12.5		3.8	1.	2.	1.
Richland 4	13.5		3.8	1.	2.	1.
Richland 5	72.		3.8	1.	2.	1.
Richland 6	11.		3.8	1.	2.	1.
Richland 7	13.5		3.8	1.	2.	1.
Richland 8	40.2		3.8	1.	2.	1.

CORPORATIONS	General	School House	Road	Drag	Cemetery	Corporation	Park	Library	Electric Lights	Sewer	Sewer Outlet	Water	Water Works	Improvement	Muncpl. Bond	Grading	Sewer Disp.	Judgment	Water Ext.	Fire	Paving
Leon	51.8	5.2	5.	1.	.5	10.	2.	2.5	7.	2.	3.	16.		4.		3.	2.			2.	1.
Lamoni	72.7	15.7	6.	1.	1.	10.	1.		5.		3.		10.	2.		2.		2.			
Davis City	53.2	6.9	5.	1.		10.	2.		5.			4.	22.1	5.		5.					
Pleasanton	46.3		5.	1.		5.															
Decatur	43.3	17.7	5.	1.	.9	10.	.9							4.		2.					
Grand River	72.	19.5	5.	1.		10.			7.	2.											
Van Wert	50.2	20.1	5.			7.														1.5	
Weldon	50.6	11.	5.	1.		4.4			5.												
LeRoy	32.2		5.			10.			5.												
Garden Grove	54.3	8.3	5.	1.	3.	10.	2.2	2.2	5.	2.		2.2		5.		2.2	2.2				

Five mill levy in agricultural lands in tracts over ten acres inside corporation limit.

Attest:
C. D. OSBORN,
Auditor.

L. P. HASTINGS,
Chairman.

These Are Family Times

and family ties and interests pervade everything. It is a time when the value of The Youth's Companion to the family is doubly appreciated. It serves ALL, every age, because youthfulness has nothing to do with years, and the paper appeals to the hopeful, the enthusiastic, those with ideals. The editorial page is for full-fledged minds, and the family page, boys' page, girls' page and special features delight all hands. The Companion is a friend, a servant; a story-teller, an informer, a physician and a humorist. It not only stands for the best things but it furnishes them. The brightest, the surest and most trustworthy periodical—and known as such for over ninety years. The family favorite in the homes that make America what it is today.

Although worth much more the paper is still $2.00 a year.

Don't miss Grace Richmond's great serial, Anne Exeter, 10 chapters, beginning December 12.

The following special offer is made to new subscribers:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1919.
2. All the remaining weekly issues of 1918.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1919.

All the above for only $2.00, or you may include

4. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers. All for only $2.50.

The two magazines may be sent to separate addresses if desired.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul St.,
Boston, Mass.

New Subscriptions received at this office.

You only need Sanol Eczema Cure to get rid of those black heads, pimples, rough bumpy skin. Leaves skin smooth. Cures any case of Eczema. Is pleasant to use. A trial will convince you. 50c. and $1.00 at E. E. Bell's drug store. 38 '19

France was the first of the nations to make use of ambulances in warfare.

Iowa Hero Indifferent to Home Town Praise.

The following special writeup by Rae McRae, refers to a nephew of Mrs. Jane Simpson of Leon:

Farragut, Iowa, Oct. 26.—Main Street, flanked by low store buildings, with a row of automobiles parked down the middle, has a new czar.

The day when Civil war veteran, a Chicago drummer, or an election speechmaker could hold the attention of Farragut citizens with political or commercial problems is gone.

Floyd Roberts of Company E, 168th Infantry, the A-double-finest boy in the state, has come home.

He is the first boy from Farragut to come back from the war.

This estimate of him is not mine nor Floyd's but Farragut's. His town is almost fiercely proud of him, though their hearts are wrung by his loss.

His left arm is gone, taken off just above the elbow, German high explosives did it.

His home-coming was a total surprise to his mother. She knew he was in America, that he had been sent home as "severely wounded," but she didn't know what that meant, Floyd never told her.

After securing a 30-day furlough from the Walter Reid hospital, at Washington, D. C., he hurried home.

Cleo, his three year old neice, was the first to spy him.

She had not seen her Uncle Floyd since she was a mere baby, but she had grown up with his picture before her eyes and his name proudly on her lips.

"Floyd's comin'," she screamed, jumping up and down, but Floyd's mother couldn't believe her ears.

When Cleo finally dragged her to the door, and she saw her stalwart son striding across the lawn, his face beaming—and that empty sleeve—she fell in a dead faint on the grass.

Floyd picked her up with his strong right arm and carried her into the house.

And from that time on you know what took place as well as I.

The kitchen stove was heated to red hot pitch right off, and a batch of cherry pies set to baking.

The word went round in the semi-magic manner that news travels in a community where everybody knows everybody else, and inside half an hour all Floyd's friends—which is another way of saying the entire town of Farragut—dropped broom, hoe or dishcloth and flocked to the Roberts home.

About the time the welcoming reception was at the height of its gayety, the guest of honor was found missing.

Private Floyd Roberts, cherry pie in hand, had walked out the back door, paid a brief call at the barn where his Ford car had been housed since he left a year ago, and then rambled downtown.

If he had to be fussed over, why, he much preferred men's hearty congratulations to the crying, laughing, kissing crowd of well-meaning neighbor women and girls.

But it was at this point that Private Floyd Roberts was handed a big surprise.

He had never realized before just how lonesome the old town was with all the boys gone, until he rambled down to his old haunts, and found them deserted.

The drug store, the restaurant, the depot—there were kids of 14, and elderly farmers, congregated there.

"The boys" were not there—they were in France.

After a week or so, he began to be homesick for his pals, and for the fighting.

"There's more of me in France than just my arm," he told me. "I tell you it seems funny not to see the boys."

So now Floyd spends his evenings on the green seat in front of Campbell's furniture store, and proud the man who sits beside him and inveigles him into giving them an insight into the big war.

It is difficult to explain just how Farragut feels about Floyd Roberts.

Their veritable adoration of this boy in his twenties, is beyond my analysis.

It isn't just because he is their first soldier to come back. Perhaps part of it is due to the empty khaki sleeve, thrust into his left coat pocket.

That sleeve is a daily reminder—a talisman—to every soul in Farragut.

It stands for Hun butchery. It means the horribleness of war. It signifies the sacrifice of American manhood, for priceless American ideals.

Much of this deep love the people of Farragut feel for Floyd is because he is a type of boy of whom there are all too few.

He talks little. He asks no odds of anybody.

He doesn't say "I did that" or "I saw the other" or "when I was in so-and so."

Myriad questions put to him, he answers evenly and briefly. But he stoutly declines to fight any of his battles over again, for the delectation of an awed and worshipful Main Street.

The saddest part of his short stay at home is the daily procession of strange visitors who turn in at the Roberts gate.

Mothers and sisters of men from Company E—the Shenandoah company—come to find out if their boy is well, or how he was wounded, or how he died.

It isn't pleasant. It isn't always that he dares tell the truth.

One of his chums, a happy, good-looking young man, was blown to bits by a Hun shell. It was almost impossible to find him. Only the boy's head and one shoulder were ever found. And his identification tag, of course.

The day that the mother and wife of Private B—came to see him, Floyd Roberts spent the entire afternoon walking up and down the streets of the town, hoping they wouldn't find him and would go away.

At supper-time he crept quietly in. They were still there, and he had to tell them something. But it wasn't the whole truth.

Floyd Roberts doesn't know just what he will do when he goes back to the Walter Reid hospital It is a reconstruction hospital, like the one at Fort Des Moines.

He expects to have a foot-feed put on his Ford, and the day I visited him he was in a fever of subdued excitement to know whether he could still drive it as well as he used to.

His father brought the car around to the front of the house, and Floyd drove it off, quite as if his left arm were still available.

His mother showed me a "tidy" made of white thread, that Floyd had made while at the Walter Reid hospital convalescing from the amputation. It hangs on the organ in the parlor

The most costly map in the world is a map of France which was presented to the Republic by the czar of Russia when the Franco-Russian alliance was consummated. The groundwork of the map is polished jasper and the chief towns are represented by precious stones and their names inscribed in gold. The rivers are strips of polished platinum, and the eighty-seven departments are set out in a wonderful scheme of blazing gems.