

THIS PAPER
Has enlisted in the service of
THE GOVERNMENT
for the period
OF THE WAR!

The Challis Messenger

EVERYMAN'S PLEDGE:
America Shall
Win This War
Therefore, I will work, I will
save, I will sacrifice, I will en-
dure, I will fight—cheerfully
and to my utmost—as if the
whole issue of the struggle
depended on me alone.

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BIG BOND DRIVE STARTS FOR \$76,500.00

Uncle Sam is Asking Again That Patriots Invest in the Safest Investment in the World. Custer's Quota is \$170,000. ALL MUST DO THEIR PART!

QUOTA FOR THE SALMON RIVER WATER-SHED IS BASED UPON ASSESSABLE VALUATION OF DISTRICT

BIGGEST DRIVE YET IS UPON US AND THE ONLY WAY TO MEET IT IS FOR ALL TO DO THEIR PART AT ONCE

Five thousand Idaho boys are on the far-flung battle line across the Atlantic. As many more are wearing the uniform of their country in the various training camps. Over two hundred of these boys who are taking and getting ready to take their places on the field of honor in France are from Custer county. From every walk in life they come, clean minded, square shouldered, clear eyed boys from farm and factory and mine, from store and bank and office.

Some of our boys have made the final sacrifice; some have given their lives in defense of humanity. Hardly a day passes that does not see placed a new star of gold upon the State's great service flag. On the field of honor beneath the lillies of France, they sleep. And we, in our mournful, deathless pride in them must work without ceasing to make sure they have not died in vain.

Citizens of Custer county, there is here a large field of honor on which every one of us must play his part, must carry on the battle from the sunrise through the heat and burden of the day, that we may rest in the shade of the freedom we love, the freedom our boys are dying for as the evening shadows fall.

Philip Kirk, one of the most universally beloved boys who went from Challis, invested in all war drives before leaving. Not only did he invest, he GAVE; gave his youth, his prospects of years of happiness, gave his life.

You citizens of Custer county are not asked to give. You are invited to become stockholders in the greatest organization for human service since the beginning of time. And the government will return every dollar you invest with interest. Dare you withhold a single dollar? The question is not how much you can invest, but how much dare you retain?

The men in charge of the Fourth Liberty Loan are sacrificing their business to help put it over. Don't wait for a committee to call on you. You sit down with your conscience and reason this thing out. Let the fires of your American citizenship burn away the dross of selfishness. Put that money of yours on the firing line for liberty, for humanity, for God.—Montie B. Gwinn, State Chairman.

Custer county's allotment in the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive just started is \$170,000. Of this amount the Salmon river water-shed is to raise \$76,500 and the Lost river section \$93,500. To raise this amount it means that everyone must bear his portion. Idle talk will not put us over the top. Action must be shown at once, so get busy and buy a bond today through your local bank.

Where your \$ has more sense

Binding Twine
Barbed Wire
Parowax

Hudlow & Baxter
Where your \$ has more sense

WOMEN AND THE WAR



By MRS. HENRY P. DAVISON
Treasurer War Work Council
National Board Y. W. C. A.



Mrs. Davison

In an Illinois prairie town lives a widow who launders seventeen baskets of wash a week and every night thanks God for having put pity into the hearts of women. To her came one day a letter from her only son. He was then at Camp Funston, Kansas, learning to be a soldier. The letter begged her to come and see him before he was sent to France.

The mother opened the tin bank in which she had been hoarding her dimes and quarters against this day. The money was scarcely enough. Nevertheless she started. She walked the first eighteen miles. Then her strength gave out, and she took a train. She did not know that visitors to Camp Funston stay in Junction City, eleven miles away. So she got off the train at Fort Riley. An officer set her right and she reached Junction City after dark. Somehow she found a rooming-house. Some one there stole five dollars from her—five of the precious dollars she had earned over the wash tub and saved by walking. Terror-stricken, she crept out of the house when no one was looking.

Later in the night a soldier found her trembling in the street, and took her to the rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association, rooms which the War Work Council had opened as a clearing-house for troubles. The poor frightened woman was put to bed, but she was too miserable to sleep. The matron got up at daybreak, built a fire, and comforted her. The son's commanding officer was reached by telephone early in the morning, and the boy came to his mother on the first trolley-car he could catch.

The two spent long, low-voiced hours together, perhaps the last hours they will have this side of heaven. Every moment was as precious as a month had been last year. The old lady had still one present worry. The boy's bad cold might turn into pneumonia if she left him. But she had not money enough to stay another night and buy a ticket home. When the matron told her that her bed was free, she broke down and cried and cried.

"I did not know there was so much pity left in the world," she sobbed. She stayed till her boy's cold was better. Then she went back to her seventeen washings and her memories. Because of the certainty of just such cases as this was Governmental sanction given to the activities of the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A. From the Pacific to the Atlantic its field extends. Every state in the Union has its members. Urgent appeals for help are its cause and its

inspiration. Women of every race and creed are its wards. The task of the War Work Council is tremendous.

When the United States entered the great war the Young Women's Christian Association was, as always, working among women. With the call to new duties its members did not abandon their old responsibilities. The War Work Council was formed as an emergency measure to take care of the women who were caught in some of the mazes of war, just as the parent organization has taken care of them through many years of peace. The varied activities decided upon by the War Work Council follow closely the needs of the different communities of the country. Secretaries trained in the methods of the organization were sent out broadcast. They were instructed to report to the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York the lines of work which could be best followed in the various localities. These secretaries work in close cooperation with ministers, women's clubs, chambers of commerce, churches, military officials, and charitable societies. The record of a day's doings of a secretary reads like a novel, an economic treatise, and a psychological essay all compressed into a line-a-day entry.

A secretary sent out by the War Work Council must be equal to any emergency. Miss Lillian Hull at Chillicothe, close by Camp Sherman, hurrying along the street at nightfall came upon a forlorn couple. A Finnish soldier had found a job for his wife, so that she might come on from Cleveland. When she arrived she was refused the place because she spoke no English. Their money had been all spent on the railroad fare, and the soldier was due back at Camp. The situation was bad.

Thanks to Miss Hull a Chillicothe housewife now has an industrious and grateful domestic, a soldier is happy, and a soldier's wife is safe. Army folks often benefit even more directly from the secretaries' work. In Bremerton, Washington, a secretary was accosted on the street by a sailor. She was a slender woman, and he had mistaken her for a girl. "May I walk along with you?" he asked.

"Surely," she replied with mature understanding and intuition. "What is the matter? Are you homesick?"

The lad's story came out with a rush. Yes, he was homesick, so hopelessly, despairingly heartsick that he was on the verge of deserting. But this woman gave him genuine sympathy and encouragement. She saved him to his country.

From north, south, east and west these pioneer secretaries sent in their reports. The appalling size of the undertaking was revealed to the War Work Council. Systematization of the work was the first step. Out of the multitudinous phases certain lines of work were revealed.

(Continued...)

BURIAL SERVICE FOR K. D. WILLIAMS

Last Friday, funeral services over the remains of K. D. Williams were held at the Congregational church in this city. Many friends were present to pay their last respects to the deceased. Interment was made in the Challis cemetery.

The deceased was 75 years of age at the time of his death which occurred September 17, at the Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake, where he underwent an operation on the 16th.

K. D. Williams came to Custer county about forty years ago and had conducted a store here for the past three years. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and one son.

Mrs. Williams has the editor to extend, through this paper her heartfelt thanks to all who assisted her in any way during her time of need.

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- 2000 rounds of ammunition
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- 12 cotton khaki suits.
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Thirty dollars of your \$100 Liberty loan bond will buy a cooking range which will take care of an entire company of 150 men.

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