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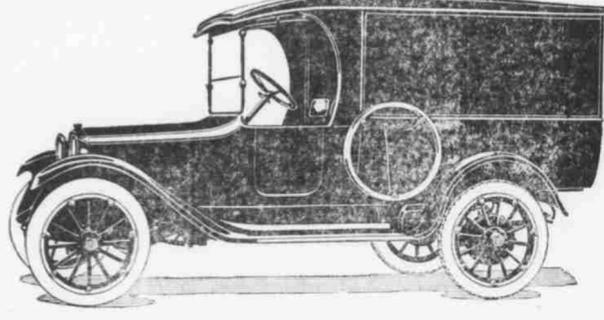
So strong and so thoroughly built that costs can be closely figured in advance.

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## CROWN AUTO CO.

East Fayette Street      CELINA, OHIO



...from a portion of the press. Former Imperial Chancellor von Hertling's organ, the Bavarian Courier, says: "Our enemies will be robbed of the last vestige of pity if they hear of this. Are they not right?"

**WOUNDED IN ACTION**



Brig. Gen. Evan M. Johnson of the Seventy-seventh division who was severely wounded in action. General Johnson led a battalion of the Seventy-seventh in search of the famous "Lost Battalion" which was surrounded during the fighting in the Argonne forest.

General Johnson is a regular army man, having enlisted as a private. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American war and the Philippine campaigns.

**WIFE SLAIN IN CZAR'S ARMS**

Former Valet Tells of the Murder of the Entire Romanoff Family by the Bolsheviki.

London.—A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Amsterdam says the Kiev newspapers publish a story given by the valet of the former empress of Russia of the murder of the entire Romanoff family by the bolsheviki.

The valet said on July 17 all of the members of the family were taken to the cellar of the convent at Ekaterinburg and placed against the wall and shot one after the other. According to the story, the murderers granted the last request of the former Emperor Nicholas that his wife, who was ill, should die in his arms.

According to the valet, the Grand Duchess Tatiana was only wounded by the shots of the riflemen and was killed by blows from their rifle butts. All the bodies were burned in the outskirts of Ekaterinburg.

**THINKS HE WILL SEE AGAIN**

Hero Blinded by High Explosive Shell Believes His Sight Will Return.

Philadelphia.—Just one doctor out of twenty—and himself—believes that the sight of Lieut. Frank Schiobe, Jr., can be restored.

"A thousand doctors may tell me I'll not get my sight again, but I know that in a few months I'm going to see again," cried the young fighting man when told his case was hopeless.

The lieutenant was leading his men in a picturesque ravine in the Argonne forest in France when a high explosive shell burst over his head.

**MOBILE HOSPITALS AT FRONT.**

It is the task of a mobile hospital to advance to the front lines with the troops to give first aid treatment to the wounded. The mobile hospital unit from base hospital No. 20, University of Pennsylvania, were commended by General Pershing for the courage they displayed under shell fire. Two Red Cross nurses were included in this special distinction for their bravery and devotion to duty.

**ALMOST ENTIRE FAMILY WIPED OUT BY WAR**

Leavenworth, Kan.—Almost the entire family of Sergt. William C. Baldwin, Company C, of the Soldiers' Home near here, has been offered up on the altar of America. Recently a letter was received by him stating that his third son had died from pneumonia at Camp Funston. Two other sons died in action in France.

Two daughters are now overseas, serving as Red Cross nurses. One of them has been wounded by a bomb.

**WAR IS GOOD HAIR TONIC**

Yankee Goes to France With Billiard Ball Head and Now Has Fine Crop.

Sharon, Pa.—The crash of cannon, shriek of high explosive shells and the bursting of shrapnel is the best hair tonic ever connected, according to Private Harry Vance, a Farrell boy now in France. Vance tells of an American soldier who landed in France with a head as free of hair as a billiard ball. After a short time in the front lines, where he engaged in a number of sharp battles, his hair started to grow and today he has a fine crop.

**MONEY IN PICKING SPUDS.**

Houlton, Me.—Women and girls in the potato-growing sections of Aroostook county earned \$6 to \$8.50 a day picking up potatoes at the rate of 15 cents a barrel. Some of the girls worked by the day for from \$4.50 and \$5 and board.

**SUGAR TESTED MORAL FIBER**

Doubters Declared Saving Staples Would Be Easy Compared With Sacrificing Luxuries.

**FIGURES SHOW RESULTS.**

Americans Demonstrated Sturdy Support of War by Conserving for the Benefit of the Allies.

When figures began to show definitely that the people of the United States were actually reducing their consumption of foods needed abroad, the United States Food Administration was told that it was comparatively easy to bring about conservation of staple necessities, but that it would be far more difficult to accomplish an actual decrease in the use of luxuries. The doubters took sugar as an example, and declared that it would be practically impossible to bring our consumption of sugar down to a point that would meet only the food needs of the people.

Now that demands upon ocean tonnage will be lightened, European nations will be able to go farther afield for foodstuffs, and will no longer be entirely dependent for sugar upon North American supplies. With the stocks now in prospect, we will have sufficient sugar to place this country back upon normal consumption if the present short rations in Europe are not materially increased. If the European ration is to be materially increased over the present low amount it can be only through the American people's making it possible by continued restriction to a greater or less extent here.

The fact that the Food Administration has been able to relax the voluntary sugar ration is in itself proof that the ration of two pounds per person per month was generally observed throughout the country. This conservation allowed the Food Administration to build up a reserve, and to tide over the period of scarcity, until the new crops of Louisiana cane and beet sugar were ready for distribution.

The records of the Food Administration show that in July, August, September and October 505,000 tons were distributed. Normal consumption for that period is 1,600,000 tons. This shows a definite, concrete saving of over 500,000 tons. These figures apply to sugar consumed on the table, in the kitchen and in the various industries, and show conclusively that in the homes and public eating places of America, where 70 per cent. of all our sugar is consumed, the sugar consumption has been reduced by more than one-third.

In the four-month period beginning with July, this country normally uses 400,000 tons of sugar per month. Last July 290,000 tons entered into distribution. In August only 225,000 tons were distributed. In September the figures showed 270,000 tons, and then fell to 230,000 tons in October.

There could be no more definite proof that the American people have given their loyal co-operation and support of the war.

# Listen!

We were shut in with the "flu" several days. The first friend we met said: "Shake, I thought you would be an easy victim of the "flu" and go West—was afraid we couldn't get the good POLAR BEAR Flour any more if you did."

Ah, no! We have knocked at the gates of a cemetery on several occasions but we were denied admission, possibly because there was still some work we might do in a humble way. We hope so. We love to live and work and invest in Christmas Smiles the year through.

So, don't worry. Just got in a car of good POLAR BEAR Flour. Don't neglect to lay in enough to run you until harvest time. Bring wheat, oats or corn and exchange. It makes such good, sweet, moist, wholesome, nutritious bread.

Can also save you money on good, rich Hog Feed, Calf Meal, Fresh Clean Salt, Corn Meal and Good Pennsylvania Buck Wheat Flour.

Yours Mutually,

## PALMER & MILLER

At the dinner table Jones unfolded the great plan. "We've fixed up the jolliest scheme," he declared with enthusiasm, "and you are just the fellow to put it over for us!"

"Just the fellow!" echoed Abigail.

"You see the Williamses live on the other side of the square. Their back lot backs right up to ours, with just the alley between. Now, they don't know you from Adam. Of course, we told them about you, and they want to meet you, but they don't know you are coming down. The Williamses, you

...decided him. He distinctly heard the click of the back gate. "Good gosh!" thought Henry, "here comes somebody!" And, without



"Good Gosh! Here Comes Somebody!"

pause for further thought, he seized the bag and shot the chute into the unknown.

He landed in a coal bin nearly empty of coal, but plentifully garnished with dust. A minute later an interior door opened from the region above, excited voices were heard, and a ray of light shot into another part of the basement. The chute seemed to offer the only protection. Back into it he climbed and lay there quietly.

"Oh, it's just the man with the coal," said a female voice above. And the door closed again.

Poor Henry now pondered what to do. He couldn't go up in the state he was in. He had never seen any pictures of St. Nicholas represented as an Ethiopian. Anyway, his perils were over for the moment. Where? There was a footstep outside and into the chute came pouring a bagful of mixed nut and egg. Henry had quite forgotten about the mysterious click of the gate, the coal man and all, and had no way of knowing, of course, that the holiday rush had made that coal man late.

There was no time or way to escape or dodge. The coal, sliding merrily on its way, came with just enough force to give him 40 kinds of headache in 40 different parts of his head, and brought along with it enough dust to finish the ethnological transformation. It also carried him back into the bin. He picked himself up, found the corner of the bin most removed, and witnessed, as best he could in the dark, the rather uninteresting ceremony of putting in a ton of coal. He wanted to sneeze, but would not permit himself the luxury. He had to cough, but luckily timed it to coincide with the passage of a bagful of coal down the chute. He wondered when the coalman would reach the last bagful. When he reached it, Henry immediately knew, for the accommodating coalman carefully looked the window, on the outside, and snapped the padlock.

Meanwhile the fun-loving Jones family anxiously awaited the return of Mr. Henry Carruthers, alias Santa Claus. Half an hour. "They must be having a jolly time." Forty-five minutes. No remarks. An hour. "Somebody run over. No, we'll all go."

In the Williams' household nothing unusual seemed to have happened. They were delighted to see the Joneses, of course. After five minutes, a happy Mrs. Watt Jones came to see if he had locked the door. His investigation really concerned the Williams house instead. The back window was securely locked—on the outside. There was no sign of Henry in the neighborhood.

Half an hour later Jones made a clear breast of it. Abigail herself led the rescue expedition. Henry would have preferred to see anybody else. An hour in the bathroom, and a suit of Williams', and Mr. Carruthers was presented. It was really a very merry party that Christmas eve, after all—altogether too merry, for Henry.

Yet, had Henry only known it, sympathy is often the weakening of love.

see, are our closest friends, and we have lots of fun with each other. Now, we are going to put something over on them—something nice, you understand, and we want you to help. The Williamses are the only people we give presents to, outside the family, except yourself, of course, and a few others. Well, the girls have a lot of jimmies fixed up for them. We are going to have you take them over—

"But I have never met—"

"Oh, that's all right. I've got some Santa Claus fixings here, and we are going to doll you up as Santa—and they don't know your voice or anything, and it sure will surprise them!"

"I see," said Henry weakly, with 99.9 per cent enthusiasm. "I just go up and ring, and walk in—"

"Oh, no, better than that! Come here and I'll show you." The victim followed him to the window. "You see that window, that basement window, or is it too dark? Yes, that's the one. You just sneak over quietly, drop in, walk upstairs and just surprise them right in the library, or wherever they happen to be."

"But the window will be locked," said Henry, seeking an avenue of escape.

"No it won't. Mrs. Williams told the maid here that they had coal coming today—so it will be open, for Williams won't think to lock it until he goes down to fix the furnace for the night. You see, that window's where they put the coal in."

Somehow, this statement did not add to Henry's pleasure. But when Abigail asked if it wouldn't be great, the foolish man said that it would.

Half an hour later, in the darkness, a stranger might have been seen approaching, hidden by the shrubbery, the rear basement window of the Williams domicile, evidently with burglarious intent. An aid overcoat of Jones' muffled about him concealed a red costume of some sort, and a bag. The bag contained sundry packages with sundry sharp corners, but this was known only to the mysterious stranger.

He found the window unlocked, according to specifications, but to his astonishment it opened outward instead of inward. He also made a horrid discovery. He had expected to drop lightly to the basement floor, find his way to the stairway, whose location had been described to him, and make his way upstairs to surprise the family. But Jones had said nothing about a coal chute. Yet here was a chute with sides that were unassailable. A flicker of flame shining through the mica of the furnace showed that the way was clear. But what would a coal chute do to his Santa Claus outfit? To chafe or not to chafe, that was the question.

**A Quiet Christmas**

By Charles Frederic

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IT HAS BEEN my observation that most of the trouble that many men get into comes from doing things for other people. A man who makes a note generally meets it; and if he indorses one, often meets that, too. At a picnic it is the man who offers to carry the water who gets his feet wet, or sits down in the squash pie. It is the good-natured man who has the most need of somebody that is properly the property of somebody else. Christmas, especially, offers many golden opportunities to the fellow who is willing to oblige.

There was the case of Henry Carruthers, for example. "Fine!" said Henry, when he received an invitation to spend Christmas with the Joneses at a suburban villa in a suburban village. Jones had been an office mate of his. Then he married and, having made a little money, some say by the marriage, he retired to the suburban villa abroad. Carruthers remained a bachelor, a toiler, and a city dweller. But he would have been willing to change at least two of those conditions if he had dared to think that Jones' sister, Miss Abigail, would be willing to change her title from "Jones" to the somewhat classier one of "Carruthers."

"Come up and spend Christmas with us," wrote Jones. "It will be rather a quiet Christmas, but Abigail will be here, and we shall try to find something to keep your time and your mind occupied."

A quiet Christmas had no terrors for Henry. And there was Abigail. So he wrote a day letter, the substance of which was "Yes."

The train was on time, and so was Henry. They whizzed him out to the bungalow in the dusk and a wheezy car. Abigail, looking lovely, met them on the porch.

"Welcome to our city," she said. "But I'm afraid you will find it frightfully quiet here."

"Not when you are present," replied Henry gallantly—followed by a sudden realization that maybe that didn't sound as gallant as he had intended.

**HOW SUBS WERE FOILED NOW TOLD**

Camouflage and Big Convoys Used to Make Our Shipping Safe.

**DETAILS ARE MADE PUBLIC**

Official of United States Shipping Board Describes Convoy's Activity From Time It Left New York.

New York.—With the need of secrecy ended by the cessation of fighting "on land, on sea and in the air" the methods used to battle the Hun submarines have been revealed by officers of the United States shipping board. They made public the details of convoy management and the proper camouflaging of grouped ships to make their destruction by undersea craft difficult.

One of the officers begins his description of a convoy's activity from the time it left the port of New York. "Once we were out in the stream," he says, "we headed down the channel for the lightship, beyond which our convoy and escorts were waiting for us. All were slowly under way when we reached them. The ships of different columns took their places, and after a few minutes' confusion, and lively work on the signal halyards the other ships of the convoy got into place.

"Guarded above by dirigibles, hydroplanes and anchored balloons, and on the surface by a fleet of patrol boats as well as our ocean escort, we proceeded, and America soon dropped below the western horizon. At sunset we were well out to sea.

Back to Primitive Methods. "As in the army we have turned

back to medieval helmets and armor, so on the water we have turned to medieval naval tactics; but instead of convoys of Spanish galleons and frigates of the seventeenth century from the new world to the old, our convoys were American transports and destroyers.

"Even the old sailmaker aboard our ship, who had been on the ocean ever since he shipped as cabin boy on board a down East blue noser 50 years ago, admitted the convoy game was a new one on him, and hung over the rail watching our many war-colored neighbors.

"It is not hard to see why the convoy system was effective. Take the case of a convoy of 25 ships (72 is the largest number I've heard of in one convoy; our mate told me of being caught in a 72-ship convoy in a sailing ship in the Bay of Biscay). When these ships went in convoy instead of there being 25 different units scattered all over the 'zone' for the U-boats to hit, there was only one. That is, the Hun had only one chance of meeting a ship where he had 25 before. And if he did meet the convoy he found it usually with a naval escort, whose sole business was sinking submarines. He found, too, 25 lookouts on watch for him, 25 sets of guns ready for him, where there were but one each before. If the Hun showed himself to a convoy and its escort, the odds were that he was due for a quick trip to the bottom.

"The usual convoy formation was in columns in a rough square. This was the most compact, and the inside ships were practically immune from attack. The escorts circled the convoy, if necessary, and the outside ships concentrated their fire on any submarine that appeared.

"Convoys were made up at different speeds, and even the rustiest old tramps were provided for in a six-knot class.

"In spite of this, some captains' imagination always tacked a couple of knots to their ship's speed. There were known to be a nautical version of 'Home, Sweet Home'—he it ever so humble, there's no ship like mine, and vessels making nine knots on Broad-

way make a bare seven off Fire Island. "It was remarkable what a snappy escort commander could do with his charges. After a day or two together he had them maneuvering in position like a second grand fleet; zigzagging 'dark' through a black night, not a ray of light showing anywhere if they were in the danger zone or a tin fish was reported near.

Color Schemes Are Bizarre. "The war brought no stranger spectacle than that of a convoy of steamships plowing along through the middle of the ocean streaked and bespotted indifferently with every color of the rainbow in a way more bizarre than the wildest dreams of a sailor's first night ashore.

"The effect of good camouflage was remarkable. I have often looked at a fellow ship in the convoy on our quarter on exactly the same courses we were, but on account of her camouflage she appeared to be making right for us on a course at least forty-five degrees different from the one she was actually steering.

"The deception was remarkable even under such conditions as these, and of course a U-boat, with its hasty limited observation, was much more likely to be fooled.

"Each nation seemed to have a characteristic type of camouflage, and after a little practice you could usually spot a ship's nationality by her style of camouflaging long before you could make out her ensign."

**MUNICH IS DANCING**

Bavarian Capital Changed Little by Long War.

People Paler Than Their Want, but Appear to Be Warmly Dressed.

Munich.—Munich looks much less changed after four years of war than those who knew it would have thought possible. The city appears far livelier and gayner than three years ago. Part of this impression is unquestionably due to the profusion of Bavarian-German flags everywhere, emphasized by the red banners of the socialists.

Although fairly dark in the evening, because coal must be saved, the streets are crowded during the early hours. Restaurants are open and a fairly palatable imitation of beer is served. Many of the larger restaurants and prominent hotels have paper napkins and paper tablecloths.

Every postage stamp one licks has a strange disagreeable taste because of the use of some substitute. Bicycle tires have been replaced by coils of steel.

The streets are as clean as ever and with stores as beautiful, although filled with articles the prices of which would have been unbelievable four years ago.

The suffering seems to fall heavily on the poor people. Food now is more plentiful because the signing of the armistice brought out stocks which have been held in reserve. The people are perhaps paler than their want, but the street crowds appear to be warmly dressed.

The city has resumed dancing, which has occasioned a terrific editorial out-

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Constipation is the arch-enemy of health. Conquer this enemy and you rout a whole army of physical foes, including indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, sleeplessness and nervous dyspepsia. Beecham's Pills have been a world-favorite laxative for over sixty years. They go straight to the cause of many ills and remove it. They act promptly, pleasantly and surely. Contain no habit-forming drug. These time-tested pills strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver and

## Relieve Constipation

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box. Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.