Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew

Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U. S. Navy—Member of the Foreign Legion of France — Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cassard—Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, enlists in the United States navy, serving four years and attaining the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner.

CHAPTER II—The great war starts soon after he is honorably discharged from the navy and he sails for France with a determination to enlist.

CHAPTER III—He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard where his marksmanship wins him high honors.

CHAPTER IV—Depew is detached from his ship and sent with a regiment of the Legion to Flanders where he soon finds himself in the front line trenches.

CHAPTER V—He is detailed to the artillery and makes the acquaintance of the "75's", the wonderful French guns that have saved the day for the allies on many a battlefield. Before seeing any action, he is ordered back to his regiment in the front line trenches.

CHAPTER VI.

Fritz Does a Little "Strafeing."

My outfit was one of those that saw the Germans place women and children in front of them as shields against our fire. More than a third of our men, I should say, had been pretty tough criminals in their own countries. They always traded their pay against a handful of cards or a roll of the bones whenever they got a chance. They had been in most of the dirty parts of the world. This war was not such a much to them; just one more job in the list. They could call God and the saints and the human body more things than any boss stevedore that ever lived.

Yet they were religious in a way. Some of them were always reading religious books or saying prayers in different ways and between them they believed in every religion and superstition under the sun, I guess. Yet they were the toughest bunch I ever saw.

After they saw the Germans using the Belgian women the way they did, almost every man in my company took some kind of a vow or other, and most of them kept their vows, too, I believe. And those that were religious got more so after that.

Our chaplain had always been very friendly with the men, and while I think they liked him they were so tough they would never admit it, and some of them claimed he was a Jonah, or jinx, or bad luck of some kind. But

How We Give 'Em the Butt.

they all told him their vows as soon as they made them and he was supposed to be a sort of referee as to whether they kept them or not.

During my second stunt in the front lines things got pretty bad. The Germans were five to our one and they kept pushing back parts of the line and cleaning out others. And the weather was as bad as it could be and the food did not always come regularly. Now, before they took their vows, every last man in the bunch would have been kicking and growling all the time, but, as it was, the only time they growled was when the Germans pushed us back.

Things kept getting worse and you could see that the men talked to the chaplain more and quite a few of them got real chummy with him.

One morning Fritz started in bright and early to begin his strafe. The lieutenant was walking up and down the trench to see that the sentries were properly posted and were on the job. A shell whizzed over his head and landed just behind the parados and the dirt spouted up like I imagine a Yellowstone geyser looks.

Another officer came up to the lieutenant—a new one who had only joined the company about a week before. They had walked about ten yards when another shell whizzed over them. They laid to and a third one came. There were three in less than five minutes, directly over their heads.

Then a shell landed on the left side of the trench and a poilu yelled that four men had got it. They were all wounded and three died later. The lieutenant went over to them and just after he passed me a lad got it square not far from me and was knocked over to where I was lying.

The lieutenant came back and helped me with the first-aid roll and then the Germans began using shrapnel. The lieutenant was swearing hard about the shrapnel and the Germans and everything else.

Farther to the right a shell had just struck near the parados and made a big crater and across from it, against the parapet, was a young chap with a deep gash in his head, sitting on the fire step and next to him a fellow nursing the place where his arm had been blown off. Our bread ration lay all about the trench and some of the poilus were fishing it out of the mud and water and wiping the biscuits off on their sleeves or eating as fast as they could. Only some of the biscuits had fallen in bloody water and they did not eat these.

A young fellow, hardly more than a boy, stumbled over the parados and fell into the trench right near the lieutenant and the lieutenant dressed his wounds himself. I think he was some relation of the boy.

The lieutenant asked him how he felt, but the boy only asked for water and smiled. But you could see he was in great pain. Then the boy said: "Oh, the pain is awful. I am going to die."

"You are all right, old man," the lieutenant said. "You will be home soon. The stretcher bearers are coming." So we passed the word for the stretcher bearers.

Then he took the water bottle from the boy's side and sat him up and gave him some water. He left the water bottle with the chap and went to hurry the stretcher bearers along. When he got around the corner of the trench the boy was slipping back and the water bottle had fallen down. So I went over to him and propped him up again and gave him some more water.

The lieutenant came back with the stretcher bearers and he asked one of them, so the boy could not hear him, if the boy would live.

The stretcher bearer said: "I don't think so. One through his chest and right leg broken."

The boy had kept quiet for a while, but all of a sudden he yelled, "Give me a cigarette!" I handed him a cigarette butt that I had found in the dugout. We were all out of cigarettes.

So they lit it for him and he kept quiet. As soon as they could they got around the corner of the fire bay with him and through a communication trench to a field hospital. The lieutenant and I walked a little way with him and he began to thank us, and he told the lieutenant, "Old man, you have been a father and a mother to me."

And the lieutenant said to him: "You have done well, old boy. You have done more than your share."

When they started into the communication trench the boy began to scream again. And the lieutenant acted like a wild man. He took out his cigarette case, but there were no cigarettes in it, and then he swore and put it back again. But in a few minutes he had the case out again and was swearing worse than ever and talking to himself.

"The boy isn't dying like a gentleman," he said. "Why couldn't he keep quiet." I do not think he meant it. He was all nervous and excited and kept taking out his cigarette case and putting it back again.

The other officer had gone on to inspect the sentries when the boy rolled into the trench and a poilu came up to tell us that the officer had been hit. We walked back to where I had been and there was the officer. If I had been there I would have got it too, I guess. He was an awful mess. The veins were sticking out of his neck and one side of him was blown off. Also, his foot was wounded. That is what shrapnel does to you. As I crawled past him I happened to touch his foot and he cursed me all over the place. But when I tried to say I was sorry I could not, for then he apologized and died a moment later.

There was a silver cigarette case sticking out of the rags where his side had been blown away and the lieutenant crossed himself and reached in and took out the case. But when he pried open the case he found that it had been bent and cracked and all the cigarettes were soaked with blood. He swore worse than ever, then, and threw his own case away, putting the other officer's case in his pocket.

At this point our own artillery began shelling and we received the order to stand to with fixed bayonets. When we got the order to advance some of the men were already over the parapet and the whole bunch after them, and, believe me, I was as pale as a sheet, just scared to death. I think every man is when he goes over for the first time—every time for that matter. But I was glad we were going to get some action, because it is hard to sit around in a trench under fire and have nothing to do. I had all I could do to hold my rifle.

We ran across No Man's Land. I cannot remember much about it. But when we got to the German trench I fell on top of a young fellow and my bayonet went right through him. It was a crime to get him, at that. He was as delicate as a pencil.

When I got back to our trenches after my first charge I could not sleep for a long time afterward, for remembering what that fellow looked like and how my bayonet slipped into him and how he screamed when he fell. He had his legs and his neck twisted under him after he got it. I thought about it a lot and it got to be almost a habit that whenever I was going to sleep I would think about him and then all hope of sleeping was gone.

Our company took a German trench that time and along with another company four hundred prisoners. We had to retire because the men on our sides did not get through and we were being flanked. But we lost a lot of men doing it.

When we returned to our trenches our outfit was simply all in and we were lying around in the front line, like a bunch of old rags in a narrow alley. None of us showed any signs of life except a working party that was digging with picks and shovels at some bodies that had been frozen into the mud of the trench.

I used to think all the Germans were big and fat and strong, and, of course, some of the grenadier regiments are, but lots of the Boches I saw were little and weak like this fellow I "got" in my first charge.

It was a good piece of work to take the prisoners and a novelty for me to look them in the face—the fellows I had been fighting. Because, when you look a Hun in the face, you can see the yellow streak. Even if you are their prisoner you can tell that the Huns are yellow.

Maybe you have heard pigs being butchered. It sounded like that when we got to them. When they attacked us they yelled to beat the band. I guess they thought they could scare us. But you cannot scare machine guns nor the foreign legion either. So when they could not scare us they were up against it and had to fight. I will admit, though, that the first time Fritz came over and began yelling I thought the whole German army was after me, at that, and Kaiser Bill playing the drum. And how they hate a bayonet! They would much rather sit in a ditch and pot you.

I admit I am not crazy about bayonet fighting myself, as a general proposition, but I will say that there have been times when I was serving a gun behind the front lines when I wished for a rifle and a bayonet in my hands and a chance at Fritz man to man.

It was in this charge that our chaplain was put out of commission. As we were lined up, waiting to climb on to the fire step and then over the parapet, this chaplain came down the line speaking to each man as he went. He would not say much, but just a few words, and then make the sign of the cross. He was in a black cassock.

He was just one man from me as we got the word and stood up on the fire step. He was not armed with as much as a pin, but he jumped up on

Stuck His Head Over the Parapet and Got It Square.

the step and stuck his head over the parapet and got it square, landing right beside me. I thought he was killed, but when we got back we found he was only wounded. The men who saw it were over the parapet before the order was given and then the whole bunch after them, because they, too, thought he was killed and figured he never would know how they came out about their vows. All the men in the company were glad when they found he was only wounded.

While half of us were on the firing step throughout the day or night the other half would be in the dugouts or sitting around in the bottom of the trench, playing little games, or mending clothes or sleeping or cooking or doing a thousand and one things. The men were always in good humor at such times and it seemed to me even more so when the enemy fire was heavy.

If a man was slightly wounded down would come the rifles to order arms, and some poilu was sure to shout, "Right this way. One franc." It was a standing joke and they always did it. The poilu who did it most was a Swiss and he was always playing a joke on somebody or imitating some one of us or making faces.

We were all sorry when this Swiss "went west," as the Limeys say, and we tried to keep up his jokes and say the same things and so forth. But they did not go very well after he was dead. He got his in the same charge in which the chaplain was wounded. He was one of the bunch that charged before the order was given, when the chaplain got it, and was running pretty near me until we got to the Boche wire. I had to stop to get through, though must of it was cut up by artillery fire, but he must have jumped it, for when I looked up he was twenty or thirty paces ahead of me. We got to the Germans about that time and I was pretty busy for a while. But soon I saw him again. He was pulling his bayonet out of a Boche when another made a jab at him and stuck him in the arm. Then the Boche made a swing at him with his rifle, but the Swiss dropped on one knee and dodged it. He kept defending himself with his rifle, but there was another German on him by this time and he could not get up. The corporal of our squad came up just about that time, but he was too late, because one of the Boches got to the Swiss with his bayonet. He did not have time to withdraw it before our corporal stuck him. The other German made a pass at the corporal, but he was too late. The corporal beat him to it and felled him with a terrific blow from his rifle butt. The Huns were pretty thick around there just as another fellow and myself came up. A Boche swung his rifle at the corporal and when he dodged it the Boche almost got me. The swing took him off his feet and then the corporal did as pretty a bit of work as I ever saw. He jumped for the Boche, who had fallen, landed on his face with both feet and gave it to the next one with his bayonet all at the same time. He was the quickest man I ever saw.

There were a couple of well-known savate men in the next company and I saw one of them get under Fritz's guard with his foot and, believe me, there was some force in that kick. He must have driven the German's chin clear through the back of his neck.

We thought it was pretty tough luck to lose both the chaplain and the village wit in the same charge, along with half of our officers, and then have to give up the trench. Every man in the bunch was sore as a boil when we got back.

(To be continued).

Prizes Offered At The Kandiyohi County Fair in the Culinary Department

Changes On Account Of War

Owing to the changes necessitated by war, the usual premium list has been discontinued. Upon the advise of the Food Administration for Minnesota all premiums on all white cakes pastry and confections will be dropped this year.

Should any articles in the following list conflict with restrictions made by the Food Administration in the future, the management reserves the right to exclude such an article from the entries.

Each entry of baking must be accompanied by the recipe.

CLASS K—BAKING

Mrs. James Sanderson, Supt.

In no case can rye, graham, or whole wheat be used as white flour substitutes.

BREADS, PLAIN. All yeast risen breads must be at least 24 hours old when judged.

BREADS, without any white flour.

Lot		1st	2nd
1	Rye	$ .50	$ .25
2	Graham	.50	.25
3	Whole wheat	.50	.25
	BREADS, with not more than 1-4 white flour.		
4	Rye	.50	.25
5	Combination breads	.50	.25
	BREADS, with not more than 1-3 white flour		
6	Barley	.50	.25
7	Buckwheat	.50	.25
8	Corn flour	.50	.25
9	Corn meal	.50	.25
10	Oatmeal	.50	.25
11	Potato	.50	.25
12	Any other	.50	.25
	BREADS, with not more than 1-2 white flour		
13	Barley	.50	.25
14	Buckwheat	.50	.25
15	Corn flour	.50	.25
16	Corn meal	.50	.25
17	Oatmeal	.50	.25
18	Potato	.50	.25
19	Any other	.50	.25
	BREADS FANCY, without eggs		
	BISCUITS, having 1-2 white flour substitutes		
20	Barley	.50	.25
21	Potato	.50	.25
22	Rolled oats	.50	.25
23	Any other	.50	.25
	BREADS, FANCY, with eggs		
24	Coffee bread, having 2-3 white flour substitues	.50	.25
	QUICK BREADS, without white flour but may contain eggs, nuts, raisins, or all.		
	MUFFINS, made with sour milk, with or without eggs		
25	Barley	.50	.25
26	Corn flour	.50	.25
27	Corn meal	.50	.25
28	Rye	.50	.25
	MUFFINS, made with sweet milk, with or without eggs		
29	Barley	.50	.25
30	Corn flour	.50	.25
31	Corn meal	.50	.25
32	Rye	.50	.25
33	Biscuits, without white flour, made with sweet milk, sour milk or water, and using any of these or other combinations: barley, barley and corn starch, barley and potato flour, oatmeal, rye, buckweat and potato flour	.50	.25
	STEAMED BREADS, without white flour, with or without eggs		
34	Boston brown	.50	.25
35	Corn	.50	.25
36	Oatmeal	.50	.25
37	Graham	.50	.25
38	Whole wheat	.50	.25
39	Any other	.50	.25
40	Bread, yeast, having at least 1-4 white flour substitutes	.50	.25
41	Bread, yeast, having at least 1-2 white flour substitutes	:50	.25
42	Bread, yeast, having at least 2-3 white flour substitutes	.50	.25
43	Biscuits or rolls, with eggs, having at least 2-3 white flour substitutes	.50	.25
44	Bread, quick, without white flour, may contain eggs, nuts, raisins, or all	.50	.25
45	Muffins, without white flour	.50	.25
46	Bread, steamed, without white flour	.50	.25
	Cakes		
	CAKES, having at least 3-4 white flour substitutes and 1-2 sugar substitutes.		
	Cakes with Shortening.		
47	Cake, loaf, containing shortening and having at least 3-4 white flour substitutes and 1-2 sugar substitutes	.50	.25
48	Cake, layer, (same as above)	.50	.25
49	Cake, sponge or angel, without white flour	.50	.25
50	Cookies, rolled, without wheat flour	.50	.25
51	Cookies, drop, without wheat flour	.50	.25
	Loaf Cakes		
52	Barley	.50	.25
53	Buckwheat	.50	.25
54	Barley, spiced	.50	.25
55	Corn flour, spiced	.50	.25
56	Rolled oats, chocolate	.50	.25
57	Barley, chocolate	.50	.25
58	Fruit	.50	.25
59	Any other	.50	.25
	Cup Cakes		
60	Barley	.50	.25
61	Buckwheat	.50	.25
62	Barley, spiced	.50	.25
63	Corn flour, spiced	.50	.25
64	Rolled oats, chocolate	.50	.25
65	Barley, chocolate	.50	.25
66	Fruit	.50	.25
67	Any other	.50	.25
	Layer Cakes		
68	Corn flour, fruit filled	.50	.25
69	Barley flour, jelly filled	.50	.25
70	Sugarless, with or without fruit	.50	.25
71	Molasses	.50	.25
72	Any other	.50	.25
	Cookies and Small Cakes		
73	Rolled cookies	.50	.25
74	Barley flour honey cookies, rolled	.50	.25
75	Barley flour syrup cookies, rolled	.50	.25
76	Barley flour chocolate cookies, rolled	.50	.25
77	Oatmeal nut cookies, rolled	.50	.25
78	Cocoanut cookies, rolled	.50	.25
79	Hermits or rocks	50	.25
80	Fruit or nut bars	.50	.25
81	Fruit buckwheat drops	.50	.25
82	Corn flour and rolled oat drop cookies	.50	.25
83	Barley flour drop cakes	.50	.25
	Cakes without shortening. No white Flour		
84	Sponge cake, made with potato, rice or barley flours	.50	.25
85	Angel cake, made with potato, rice or barley flours	.50	.25

The complete official premium list may be secured at any newspaper office in the county, or will be mailed on request by the secretary. Several thousand copies have been mailed direct to farmers.

W. O. JOHNSON, Secretary
Willmar, Minn.

Blood Transfusion to Be Tried.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Major Cushman A. Rice, United States Aviation service, who recently visited Minneapolis, was to enter Walter Reed hospital here today to undergo treatment for gassing, which he suffered in Flanders last spring.

Colonel William J. Mayo of Rochester, Minn., and other specialists in the surgeon general's office, will combine their skill in an effort to find an effective method of combatting gas effects. One of the things to be tried will be transfusion of blood.

After a thorough examination Major Rice was informed his chances equal. —Minneapolis Journal.

—Prof. and Mrs. Henry E. Meyer left the forepart of this week for Brownwood, Texas where Prof. Meyer will have charge of the piano department at the Howard Payne College.

OBSERVATIONS

(By a Cornfield Philosopher.)

The writer of this article has been on the firing line, so to speak in the defense of farmers' rights and interests and has taken some little part in the efforts that have been made from time to time to make life a little easier for those who till the soil, for almost fifty years.

At a gathering of farmers way back in the early seventies, when a mere youth trying to work my way through college, that I might be the better qualified to fight the battles of my class, I made an observation that will bear repeating, and in substance, it was as follows:

The Power of Price Fixing.

I said, "I don't care how many hours you labor, or how big crops you grow, so long as you permit one class of middle men to fix the prices on what you produce and allow another class to name the price on what you have to buy, you are headed straight for the poor-house. Prosperity for the farmers—that prosperity to which he is entitled is not possible under these conditions."

These remarks have been the basis of my contention ever since. In those days the Grange arose to be a mighty power. It's members sought to investigate their condition by clubbing together and sending off for goods. The great wholesale-house of Montgomery Ward & Co., the first of its kind, came into existence at this time.

The Origin of Mail-Order Business.

Mr. A. Montgomery Ward and his brother-in-law, C. H. Thorne composed the firm. They had no capital but simply used the farmers money to buy for cash wherever they could get satisfactory goods the cheapest.

They had no store, and at first no headquarters but they issued a price circular and large and constantly increasing Grange orders soon put them on their feet financially and enabled them to open a moderate business and keep some samples on hand for the inspection of suspicious Grangers, who might take a notion to pay them a visit.

The Grange can truly claim credit for inaugurating the system of co-operative buying, which has grown to such mammoth proportions to-day.

Grangers First Eschewed Politics.

In the Constitution of the Grange there was clause prohibiting the discussion or even the introduction of and religious or political question. Bitter partisanship, skillfully fanned by deceiving politicians ran high, and a man who would even scratch his party ticket and vote against some unworthy candidate who had the party endorsement, was looked upon with suspicion and often denounced as a turn-coat.

Those were the days when the corporations were, indeed, in the saddle and big business was laying the foundation for that strangle hold upon the country, that it finally secured. Corporation lawyers and attorneys for special interests dominated political conventions every where and a large majority of the law-makers were on the pay rolls of some corporation of a quasi public nature, like the railroads, or dependent upon them for

Corporation Lawyers Dominated Conventions.

favors and all professional politicians as well as important public officials rode on railroad passes and editors of even obscure country papers had their annuals over the same lines, under the pretense of encouraging the development of the natural resources of country, lands, timber, water power privileges, and minerals aggregating in value billions of dollars, the property of all the people, were given away, to a favored few, with a wrecklessness and prodigality never equalled in the history of the world.

Grange Rebelled.

Against this condition of affairs in spite of their rules and regulations, many Grangers rebelled, and an Independent Political Movement directed mainly against exorbitant and discriminating freight, and passenger rates sprang up. This was notably the case in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, where the Granger attempted to set the politicians aside and seize control of the State Governments by the power of their ballots.

Farmer Taylor's Backbone.

In all these states, they partially succeeded. In Wisconsin, "Farmer" Taylor was chosen Governor and an Anti Monopoly Legislature elected that proceeded to enact laws regulating and, materially, reducing railway charges. When the time came for the act to go into effect the President of one of the big railways wrote the Governor that "Acting on the advice of Counsel" his line would ignore the law. "Farmer" Taylor replied that "it was his sworn duty to see that the laws of Wisconsin were faithfully observed and executed," and if the railroads defied the State he intimated that he would seize possession of the lines and operate them himself. There was no defiance, thanks to the backbone of the man the farmers had chosen Governor.

In Illinois, similar laws were passed, and bitterly fought by railway attorneys in court. The celebated case of Minnesota vs. Illinois, was carried clear to the Supreme Court and in this decision the highest legal authority in the Land affirmed the right of Congress and State Legislature to regulate both freight and passenger charges.

Partisan Prejudice Broke Down Grange.

The fight of Iowa, in which state, I became a resident, about that time, was only partially successful. Passenger fare was reduced on first class roads from five to three cents per mile and freights lowered a trifle. But the politicians rallied and partisan prejudice was succssfully invoked and the Grangers deserted their organization, running away like a lot of scared rabbits.

But the laws were never repealed for a small but vigilant minority stood guard over them operating first as the Greenback Party and afterward under the name "Populists." The number of members of the Grange dwindled from nearly a hundred thousand to less than five thousand, barely enough to keep up a state organization, and for the time being, the farmer ceased to be a factor in politics. In my next issue I will tell of the rise of the Farmers Alliance, and the work it accomplished. It might be well for the readers, who may be interested, to preserve these papers as they possess considerable historical value especially in answering the question, "What have the organized farmers accomplished?

II. THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

There were two organizations under this name formed at nearly the same time, one in the North and the other in the South. But I will deal only with the Northern organization.

About the year 1876 Milton George, a prosperous and successful farmer of Farmington, Fulton Co., Ill., purchased The Western Rural of Chicago from a man named Lewis whom Mr. George had loaned large sums of money. David Ward Wood, an able and vigorous writer was employed as Editor. The Western Rural under Mr. George's management became the most pronounced anti-monopoly agricultural paper in this country. Its circulation grew by leaps and bounds. Bogus butter and railway abuses were mercilessly scored in its editorial columns. At that time all newspapers had free passes for their editors and traveling representatives. A big railroad, I think it was The Chicago and Northwestern, took exception to some editorial criticisms in the columns of

Editor Challenged by Railroad.

The Rural, and intimated that unless attacks upon the railroads ceased that the passes would be cut off. Mr. George accepted the implied challenge, and refused all railroad advertising unless for cash.

In 1880, after urging the movement for a long time, he took the initiative and organized the First Farmers Alliance among his farmer neighbors, in the suburbs of Chicago, where Mr. George then owned a farm upon which he resided or at least operated. While other agricultural editors were disposed to throw cold water upon the movement yet it grew rapidly and soon had local Alliances in fifteen or more states. Mr. George was elected National President.

Farmers Organize.

Unlike the Grange its objects were professedly political. The Alliance asked for laws to regulate the sale of oleomargarine, to prevent railway discrimination, and extortion and to regulate the management of the stock yards. It encouraged co-operation among farmers along all lines especially in the matter of insurance. It must be remembered that there were at that time very few co-operative or farmer owned business concerns of any description. "I was at this time ,though only a farm hand, a sort of general traveling agent for The Rural in Iowa and contributed numerous articles under my pen name "Julius."

The Alliance in Iowa.

Along in 1882 I called a meeting on the State Fair grounds to start the movement in that state. Only five persons took part in that gathering and I was permitted to both draft the rules and suggest the officers! Jesse Kennedy of Ida county was selected for President, W. N. Oaks of Warren vice president and August Post of Moulton, Appanoose county was chosen secretary, a position he held for twelve years or as long as the Alliance existed.

I was given the job of organizer or state lecturer and subsequently that of treasurer. The annual fees or dues were fixed at 25 cents per year, of which amount the organizer got 10 cents of the fee paid by charter members only. The Alliance grew slowly at first directing its affairs mainly toward securing insurance and railway legislation. Railroad attorneys had a habit of organizing the legislature, naming the speaker of the House and a majority of the members of the important committees who would do their bidding. In 1886 the Alliance became strong enough to change this but a hostile senate blocked all proposed farmer legislation.

Gov. Larrabee's Fight.

At this juncture the Alliance was fortunate in securing the powerful support of Governor Wm. Larrabee, who had taken a fall out with the Chicago Burlington and Quincy railroad otherwise known as the "Q" over a coal shipment. The railroad insisted upon charging the state more for a 100 mile haul than for a 150 mile from the same point and over the same line and threatened the Governor with political annihilation because he demurred . The Alliance took up the fight for the Governor and in a little more than a year organized more than a thousand locals with a membership approximating 100,000. Alliance members swarmed at party caucuses, and dominated more than 80 per cent of the nominating convention. It is safe to say that the legislature that met at the State House in Des Moines that first week in January 1888, was the most active and pronounced anti-monopoly legislature that up to that time had ever convened in America and it was the direct product of the Alliance.

Made a Clean Sweep.

About eighty of 100 members of the House and a majority of the fifty senators owed their election as well as the governor to the direct influence of that organization. The "Regency," the name by which the newspapers controlled by corporation interests, was known, were unhorsed and for the first time the common people came into their own. The writer who had given nearly five years of his time to aid in bringing about this result can scarcely be blamed for indulging in some feelings of exultation.

In spite of the presence of a most able, unscrupulous and determined lobby, and a state senate that "wobbled" more or less, this legislature wrote upon the statute books of Iowa a system of just laws affecting railroads. Insurance companies and other quasi public corporations that has served as a model for other states. The primary law, the election of senators by a direct vote of the people, the graduated income tax amendment, parcels post, free rural delivery were all favored and supported by the Alliance. Iowa from that good house has been in the front rank as a progressive state, although the Alliance as an organization, ceased to exist more than 20 years ago.

In my next article I will sketch the work of the Alliance here in Minnesota and show how the farmers for 30 years, were hounded, abused and misrepresented by the "kept press" because they sought legislation to protect themselves from exploitation by greedy and unprincipled monopolists of that day.

Hunting Season Sept. 16th.

Hunting in this state for wild geese, ducks and chickens will open Monday, Sept. 16th. Doubt as to the exact opening day has been removed by a statement issued by state officers setting the date as Sept. 16th. Geese and ducks can be taken until Dec. 1st but chickens only during September. Those desiring to do any hunting must first obtain a license from the County Auditor at a cost of one dollar. Non-residents of Minnesota are taxed $10 for a license.

—Mrs. John Larson was a week-end visitor with relatives in the cities.

(First Publication, Aug. 28,—2 t.)

Bank No. 1084.

AMENDMENT TO CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION OF THE FIRST STATE BANK OF THORPE.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of the above named Bank, held at the Banking House on the 16th day of July A. D. 1918, the following resolution was offered and adopted by a majority vote of its capital stock:

Resolved, That Section Four of the Certificate of Incorporation of this Bank be amended to read as follows:

Section: The Government of this corporation and the management of its affairs shall be vested in a board of not less than three nor more than nine Directors, who shall be elected at the regular annual meeting of the Stockholders to be held on the second Monday of January of each year between the hours of 10 A. M. and 10 P. M. of the said day.

We hereby certify that the foregoing resolution was duly adopted by a majority vote of the Capital Stock, at a meeting duly called for that purpose and held at the Banking House in Thorpe, Minn. on the 16th day of July A. D. 1918.

E. J. STROM, Vice President
R. E. SHASKY, Cashier
(Corporate Seal)

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi,—ss.

On this 23rd day of July, 1918, before me appeared E. J. Strom and R. E. Shasky, to me personally known, who being by me duly sworn did say that they are respectively the Vice President and Cashier of The First State Bank of Thorpe, that the seal affixed to the foregoing instrument is the corporate seal of said corporation, that said instrument was executed by them as their free act and deed.

C. E. MELBYE,
Notary Public, Kandiyohi County, Minn.
My commission expires March 20th, 1921.
(Notarial Seal)

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF BANKS.
St. Paul, July 25, 1918.

This is to certify that the action of the stockholders of the First State Bank of Thorpe in voting to change the number of Directors on their board from five to a Board consisting of, from three to nine Directors as provided for in the foregoing amendment to the Certificate of Incorporation, has been approved by me.

P. E. PEARSON,
Superintendent of Banks.
(Seal)

STATE OF MINNESOTA, DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

I hereby certify that the within instrument was filed for record in this office on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1918, at 2 o'clock P. M., and was duly recorded in Book B of State Bank Records, on page 213.

JULIUS A. SCHMAHL,
Secretary of State.

OFFICE OF REGISTER OF DEEDS,
County of Kandiyohi, Minn.

I hereby certify that the within instrument was filed in this office for record on the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1918, at 4:00 o'clock P. M., and was duly recorded in Book "U" of Miscellaneous, pages 141-142.

OLOF H. DALE,
Register of Deeds.

(First Publication, Aug. 14, 4t)

CITATION FOR HEARING ON PETITION FOR ADMINISTRATION.

Estate of Anna M. Beckman, Decedent.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi. In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Anna M. Beckman, Decendent.

The State of Minnesota To all persons interested in the granting of administration of the estate of said decedent:

The petition of A. L. Beckman having been filed in this Court, representing that Anna M. Beckman, then a resident of the county of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, died intestate on the 18th day of March, 1918, and praying that letters of administration of her estate be granted to A. L. Beckman, and the Court having fixed the time and place for hearing said petition.

Therefore, You and Each of You, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this Court at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House, in the City of Willmar in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 9th day of September, 1918, at 2 o'clock P. M., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 10th day of August, 1918.

IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.
(Seal)

(First Publication, Aug. 21,—4t.)

CITATION FOR HEARING ON PETITION TO SELL, MORTGAGE OR LEASE LAND.

Estate of Ole Lundquist, Decedent.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ole Lundquist.

The State of Minnesota, To all persons interested in the selling of certain lands belonging to said Decedent, The petition of Oscar Lundquist as representative of the above named Decedent, being duly filed in this court, representing that it is necessary and for the best interests of said estate and of all interested therein that certain lands of said decedent described therein be sold and praying that a license be to him granted to sell the same:

Now Therefore, You, and Each of You, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court, at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House, in City of Willmar, County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 23rd day of September 1918, at 2 o'clock P. M., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the Judge of said Court, and the seal of said Court this 21st day of August, 1918.

IDA A. SANDERSON,
(Seal) Clerk of Probate Court.
Charles Johnson,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Willmar Minn.

(First publication, Sept. 4,—4t)

CITATION FOR HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT AND FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Estate of Samuel Osmundson, Decedent. State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Samuel Osmundson, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota, To all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent; The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this court his final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with his petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereunto entitled:

Therefore, You and Each of You, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House, in the City of Willmar, in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 30th day of September, 1918, at 2 o'clock P. M., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the Judge of said Court, and the seal of said Court, this 28th day of August 1918.

IDA A. SANDERSON,
(Seal) Clerk of Probate Court.
Charles Johnson,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Willmar, Minn.

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