

ENEMY POSITIONS SMASHED BY U. S. ARTILLERY EXPERTS

CHURCH USED BY GERMANS AS OBSERVATION POST IS DEMOLISHED—TWO ATTACKS ARE REPULSED.

With the Americans in Picardy, May 11—Fierce bombardment of German positions by the American artillery has demolished the church at Cantigny and several adjacent buildings blown up machine gun emplacements and post command positions at Fontaine Sous Montdidier and Courtemanche and started a fire at Mesnil-St. Georges.

The church at Cantigny was being used for observation by the enemy. The bombardment lasted all night. The concussion of the heavy guns rocked the entire front. The fire poured in a hurricane fire.

No Americans Taken The Germans are making strenuous efforts to capture Americans, but without results. Not a single American has been captured on this front. Forty of the enemy attempted to rush a section of our trenches, throwing grenades as they advanced. They were repulsed before they penetrated our emplacements, leaving two dead on the wires.

Later another attempt was made to capture one of our advanced posts. It was repulsed. An American sentry who shot a German dog found a note in a message box on its collar from an enemy officer asking permission to change his post of command.

Two Companies Honored Two infantry companies have received the French war cross. They beat off a German attack April 14 north of St. Mihiel. When enemy troops entered the American trenches under a barrage, dressed in french uniforms and yelling "Gas alarm" in French and English. The ruse failed and the attackers were driven off, leaving a number of prisoners and sixty-one dead.

LOWDEN FAREWELL TO ILLINOIS TROOPS

Camp Upton, N. Y., May 11.—Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, addressed 19,000 soldiers Wednesday morning in a great square in front of the Liberty theater. Gov. Lowden came here to see his son, Sergt. Pullman Lowden.

"You are to fight for the most sacred cause America has ever defended," said the governor. "The battles you wage, like those of your forefathers, will be in the name of humanity for liberty and civilization. Our enemy has made it plain that all the possessions we have cherished as sacred are threatened by the brutal military powers of the central empires. Sometimes we get impatient when we hear that equipment is not coming fast enough and movements in some places are slow. Of three things we need have no doubt—the loyalty, constancy, and courage of our boys. We will be proud of your deeds while we keep the home fires burning for you."

RATE ON WHEAT SUBSTITUTES FIXED

Washington, May 11.—Food Administrator Hoover announced today corn meal and oat meal should sell 29 per cent below wheat flour and corn flour and barley flour 10 per cent below. Wholesale will be notified to stop supplying retailers who overcharge.

It takes an experienced elevator boy to let a man down easy.

An egg is best when fresh, but it's different with an office boy.

No doctor can cure what ails you if you have a mean disposition.

Some people are full of truth because they never let any of it out.

Many a man is rich in experience who can't raise the price of a meal.

It's a waste of time to repeat hair-raising stories to bald-headed men.

Don't count your chickens until they are old enough to bluff a cat.

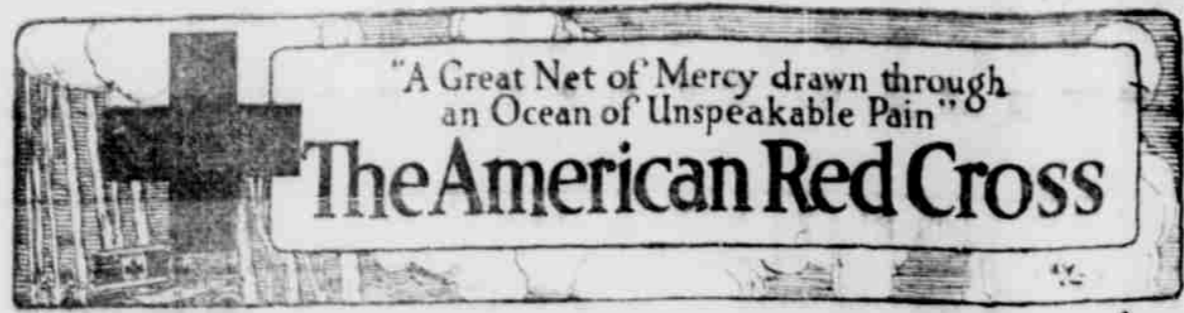
Good-natured criticism is the kind a man always dishes out to himself.

There is nothing so apt to make a man economize as the lack of money.

Graft that doesn't come out in the washing may show up in the ironing.

What puzzles a small boy is how his mother can wear such a hot slipper.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of J. C. Watson



PUTTING HIS MONEY TO WORK



Contributed by Charles Dana Gibson.

The Maker of Bandages

Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through case hardened, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself too—are soft compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a hard woman.

Mrs. Britt was such a woman. I have seen hard women in my time, but never one who was harder. She smiled seldom, and when she smiled it was like the glimmer of ice. She spoke infrequently, and when she spoke her speech was the tinkling of hail on white roofing. She did not look as if she had ever wept in her life.

Every morning Mrs. Britt appeared at the Red Cross auxiliary in upper Broadway. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew much about her, though. She was not the sort that made confidences. But that she was a worker—a hard worker—no one would dispute. Efficiency, as you'd suppose, was a trait of Mrs. Britt's.

Are Efficient Women Hard? Efficiency—dearful word that! How often hard women are efficient! How often efficient women are hard! She was both, Mrs. Britt. The moment she came in at the door she had her hat and jacket off. The next instant she was at her place, her mouth set, grim, austere and hard—hard at work. Probably she did her work only from a sense of duty. Hard women always profess that trait. Duty, duty! But, then, few women are as hard as Mrs. Britt.

In contrast to her was Mrs. Farlow. She was soft and womanly and gentle—the exact opposite. She was not very efficient, of course, though she tried. Day after day Mrs. Farlow sat at the work table, her mouth quivering, smiling wistfully, the tears starting in her eyes. The bandages that came from her were often soiled and rumpled, poorly sewn, too, by her poor little trembling fingers. It was a wonder she could even see to sew at all. Again and again what she turned in had to be thrown away.

But no one reprimanded her. No one even let fall a hint that she was more of a burden than a help. The hours of all those women ached with womanly pity for the poor, stricken mother. Once in awhile, though, in her corner at the back of the room Mrs. Britt would turn around and throw a glance at her. The glance was as hard as rocks—harder, in fact.

Mrs. Farlow had a son in the Italian division. The son was the oldest of her four children, and until he went away the little mother had been the blindest woman in the world. Now any day he might be ordered off to France.

His picture was in the locker she wore. Every half hour she would stop her work to look at it. Sometimes, her face wistful, she would show it to the other workers, voicing the anguish that with every waking breath she drew swayed hollowly in her mother's heart.

One afternoon Mrs. Farlow's oldest daughter came hurrying in. Her face was white. She had just learned that the Rainbow division had been ordered overseas.

Mrs. Farlow rose, her face tragic. One glance she gave about her, then she collapsed, sinking to the floor. In her fall she overturned a huge pile of antiseptic gauze just torn into squares for Triangulars No. 13.

The room instantly was in confusion. Instantly every one sprang to the mother's aid—that is, every one but Mrs. Britt. She rose and rescued the bandages under foot. Then, her face hard as nails, grimly Mrs. Britt went back to her work. When Mrs. Farlow, still stricken, was led away to her car outside the drug figure in the corner was plugging away as mechanically and methodically as ever. The one glance she threw over her shoulder at the weeping woman was almost contemptuous.

A hard woman, Mrs. Britt; a heartless one, too, it was agreed.

For days nothing was seen at the auxiliary of Mrs. Farlow. It was understood that in her grief and apprehension she was ill in bed. Then one afternoon, pallid and quivering, she came in at the door. She smiled wistfully when the others gathered about her. "Let me work," she pleaded plaintively. "Work may help me not to think."

Her Bandages Worthless. She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her head sank on her breast and the bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't—oh, I can't!" she wept.

Once more she was led away. The same thing happened three or four days later. A week later the mother wandered in again. By now the first of the troops were in the trenches, and her pale, transparent face was like a wreath's. She took a bandage; she tried to sew, and for a third time Mrs. Farlow gave in.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she wailed. The next instant a face was thrust into hers. The face was Mrs. Britt's, and the hard, holy visage was quivering with ill concealed anger and contempt.

"Sit down! Stop it!" said Mrs. Britt. With one hand she thrust Mrs.

Farlow back on her chair; with the other she thrust at her the half finished bandage. Her tone as grim as her face; she spoke, and again the sound of it was like hail pattering on slate. "You're not thinking of your son," she said. "You're just thinking of yourself!"

There was a murmur of remonstrance. Mrs. Britt heard it, and she flushed a look about her. But when she spoke again it was to Mrs. Farlow she spoke.

"Think of your Son. You're not the only mother in this way," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing."

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Farlow.

Mrs. Britt smiled another adamant, icy smile.

"Your son wouldn't die for want of care. Any one of those bandages I've seen you ruin might save his life. Any one of them might save the life of some other mother's son!"

Mrs. Farlow shrank as if she had been struck. She'd never thought of it that way before.

The silence, the grim reserve, which had choked Mrs. Britt seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her thin voice biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Guantanamo. It was in the Spanish war," snapped Mrs. Britt, "and there were no bandages—nothing. That's why he died. That's why I'm here now. It's to keep other women—mothers—from becoming the sort of woman I am!" A harsh, brittle laugh escaped her. "Oh, I know what you think of me. I've heard what you said. Well," said Mrs. Britt, "my son wouldn't have died like that maybe if I hadn't sat around sniffing and snuffling, never doing a thing."

Then, her lips drawn into a bony snarl, she glanced about her once more and stalked back to her place in the corner.

That night Mrs. Farlow rose from her place at the bandage table and sought the table at the back. For the first time that day Mrs. Farlow had managed to create half a dozen bandages, none of which had to be thrown away. Timidly she held out a hand to the drab, dingy figure in the corner.

"I—I've done better today," she said timidly.

Mrs. Britt looked up at her. Out of the corner of one glassy eye something welled, then fell, running slowly down her cheek.

"He was only twenty. He was all I had," said Mrs. Britt.

UTICA NEWS ITEMS. Mrs. Rose Hanley and sister, Mrs. J. A. Cosgrove and daughter, were La Salle shoppers Thursday. J. H. Hannon went to Chicago Thursday to attend to business matters for a couple of days. Mrs. Catherine Shinski was a La Salle shopper Thursday. Mrs. McKay, of Peru, visited with friends in Utica Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. George Marsh, of Ottawa, visited with relatives in Utica Thursday evening. Mrs. T. E. Wheeler was a La Salle caller Thursday. The annual exhibition will be held tonight at the Utica public school. Cards were received by the numerous friends of Thomas Harrison, well known in Utica. He will be ordained a priest in Chicago Monday. Mrs. Mary Taylor, of La Salle, visited at the home of Mrs. P. Neary, in Utica, Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Beckom are the parents of a baby girl. The mother was formerly Miss Ellen Folrod. Deputy Sheriff Fred Steelman, of Ottawa was a business caller in Utica Thursday. Miss Jean Wixon has gone to Camp Pike, Ark., as a trained nurse. Relatives received the news Thursday announcing the death of John Baker, in Chicago. He was formerly a Utica resident. He was born in Utica thirty-three years ago. He was employed as a barber. He was found dead in his shop in Chicago, his neck was broken. He is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Julia Hannon, Mrs. Celia Skyes, of Utica, and Mrs. Grace Marsh of Ottawa, and two brothers, Charles and Matthew, of Utica. No arrangement have been made for the funeral. He is well known in Utica and has many friends here. Strange Contradiction. "The man that don't see do bright side o' life," said Uncle Eben, "is generally do same feller dat's afraid o' his shadow." Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money. DONT MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds, and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for pain in sides and back; rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels. For sale by W. D. Duncan.

New and Pretty Lingerie Waists at Prices that Save You Money

Rather a peculiar heading for an advertisement, but nevertheless an actual statement of fact. Cotton fabrics have rapidly increased in price since these models were purchased, which means that this wonderful lot of waists represent values impossible to duplicate later in the season. The Styles are many and of great variety, particular emphasis being placed on dainty French and Domestic Voile models attractively trimmed with Venice and Fillet lace with the addition of embroidered Organdie insertion in some of the better models.

At \$1.25 A liberal assortment of popular priced models in attractive styles of Voile, Batiste and Barred Dimities with a few colored novelties for those who wish a waist out of the ordinary in design. An exceptionally good line at the price of \$1.25.

At \$1.98 At least 25 different styles in a wonderfully selected line of medium priced Blouses, a line that offers you another proof of "Irion's" ability to sell an extra good looking and enduring waist at a fair price.

At \$2.48 You will find a number of excellent Voile and Batiste models in both Dress and Sport designs for the most part being distinguished from the lesser priced waists in the hemstitching and the more elaborate trimming. Particularly noticeable is the new touch given by the new roll collar.

At \$2.98 Are hundreds of Waists of fine Voiles and other sheer materials and \$3.48 in dozens of styles, made beautiful by dainty tucks and careful hemstitching with that minute attention to each small detail of collar and cuffs that is so essential to the perfectly designed waist. You cannot but be pleased with these Blouses.

At \$3.95 And up to \$5.00, we have a limited number of strictly high quality Blouses in the design of which simplicity is the strong feature, the beauty of the Blouses being largely due to the clever tailoring and stitching of the excellent French Voile used. Each Waist in this line of French Voiles will make a strong appeal to the discriminating customer.

Phoenix Silk Hose At, per pair 90c Black, White, Battleship Gray, Havana Brown, Tuxedo and Mouse C. W. Driscoll

BEECHAM'S PILLS quickly help to strengthen the digestion, stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels and improve the health by working with nature. Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In Boxes, 10c, 25c. ECKMAN'S Calcerbs INVALUABLE FOR COLDS If taken in time this Calcium compound lessens the risk of chronic throat or lung trouble. All the remedial and tonic qualities are concentrated in this Calcium compound. No harmful drugs. Try them today. 50 cents a box, including war tax For sale by all druggists Eckman Laboratories, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lice on Horses Look over your stock and see if any of them are lousy. Now is the time to get after them. We carry a full line of disinfectants, etc. Lee's Lice Killer Wolf's Lice Killer Wolf's Lice Powder Robert's Lice Powder and Kreso Dip Also Other Kinds Don't Wait Too Long, Until Your Stock Gets Thin. W. D. DUNCAN

Money Buys Service Someone's savings now command your labor—someone who is old and unable to labor in their own behalf. Your Savings now will bring life's necessities to your door in old age. The First National Bank asks you to bring your money here and let the interest be of further assistance for future needs. THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OTTAWA ILLINOIS Frenchy Secure As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION. Genuine bears signature. Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of iron in the blood. Carter's Iron Pills