

GRATTAN

The service flag dedication for the M. E. church will be held at the church Wednesday evening, Oct. 9. Robert Bradey of Grand Rapids will give the address. We hope there will be a good attendance.

Mrs. Carrie Wescott of Casnovia was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Weller recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowman and granddaughter, Lucille Bowman visited Mr. and Mrs. Noble Spencer Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Partridge gave a farewell party at their home for Mr. and Mrs. Jay Norton Saturday evening. The evening was spent in music and games. At the lunch hour English walnuts were passed with questions and answers inside. The gentlemen read the questions, the ladies answering them. Partridges were found by the answers. Lots of fun and excitement, after which they bid their host and hostess good night.

The sick, Mrs. H. Lawrence, Mrs. Mate Fish and Mrs. O. Watkins are reported improving.

The county association of the O. E. S. will be held at Grandville Oct. 24, afternoon and evening. Electa of Venus chapter has been chosen. All members are invited to attend.

Jay Norton and son Merriette spent Sunday at their home here.

Mrs. Jay Norton entertained her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Clark of Hamilton, Ind., and mother and brother, Mrs. Clark and son Miles of Oakfield Monday.

Miss Edna Brownell, who is teaching near Cedar Springs, was home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Williams of Oakfield, Mr. and Mrs. James Dixon, Ray and Hazel Oamer were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oamer Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Malone, Wednesday, Sept. 25, a son.

Mrs. Carrie Smith is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. A. Norton for a week.

NORTH EASTON

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Brown of Belding were Tuesday afternoon guests of Lester Huyck and mother.

Hattie Doxsey was a Tuesday guest of Mrs. H. G. Tingley.

Mrs. Otto Cox of Ionia returned home Friday after a two weeks' stay with her mother, Mrs. Ada Snyder and grandmother, Mrs. Abbie Parmarter. Mrs. L. Krick and Mrs. Charity Powors were callers there also.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Prescott of Grand Rapids came Saturday night to spend the winter at A. H. Guernsey's.

Mrs. Sarah Moon of Pontiac is visiting friends in this vicinity.

When a woman emerges hot and frustrated after a scrimmage with canning in the kitchen it is hard to persuade her that manufacturing talcum is not an essential industry.

The people who can't go to church when it rains, are the same ones who think the boys should go ahead in France even if the mud is two feet deep.



**"OVER THE TOP"
AN AMERICAN SOLDIER
WHO WENT
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE**

©1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

"Good luck, Yank, old boy; don't forget to send up a few fags to your old mates."

I promised to do this and left. I reported at headquarters with sixteen others and passed the required examination. Out of the sixteen applicants four were selected.

I was highly elated because I was, I thought, in for a cushy job back at the base.

The next morning the four reported to division headquarters for instructions. Two of the men were sent to large towns in the rear of the lines with an easy job. When it came our turn the officer told us we were good men and had passed a very creditable examination.

My tin hat began to get too small for me, and I noted that the other man, Atwell by name, was sticking his chest out more than usual.

The officer continued: "I think I can use you two men to great advantage in the front line. Here are your orders and instructions, also the pass which gives you full authority as special M. P. detailed on intelligence work. Report at the front line according to your instructions. It is risky work and I wish you both the best of luck."

My heart dropped to zero and Atwell's face was a study. We saluted and left.

That wishing us the "best of luck" sounded very ominous in our ears; if he had said "I wish you both a swift and painless death" it would have been more to the point.

When we had read our instructions we knew we were in for it good and plenty.

What Atwell said is not fit for publication, but I strongly seconded his opinion of the war, army and divisional headquarters in general.

After a bit our spirits rose. We were full-fledged spy-catchers, because our instructions and orders, said so.

We immediately reported to the nearest French estaminet and had several glasses of muddy water, which they called beer. After drinking our beer we left the estaminet and hailed an empty ambulance.

After showing the driver our passes we got in. The driver was going to the part of the line where we had to report.

How the wounded ever survived a ride in that ambulance was inexplicable to me. It was worse than riding on a gun carriage over a rock road.

The driver of the ambulance was a corporal of the R. A. M. C., and he had the "wind up," that is, he had an aversion to being under fire.

I was riding on the seat with him while Atwell was sitting in the ambulance, with his legs hanging out of the back.

As we passed through a shell-dugout village a mounted military policeman stopped us and informed the driver to be very careful when we got out on the open road, as it was very dangerous, because the Germans lately had acquired the habit of shelling it. The corporal asked the trooper if there was any other way around, and was informed that there was not. Upon this he got very nervous and wanted to turn back, but we insisted that he proceed and explained to him that he would get into serious trouble with his commanding officer if he returned without orders; we wanted to ride, not walk.

From his conversation we learned that he had recently come from England with a draft and had never been under fire, hence his nervousness.

We convinced him that there was not much danger, and he appeared greatly relieved.

When we at last turned into the open road we were not so confident. On each side there had been a line of trees, but now, all that was left of them were torn and battered stumps. The fields on each side of the road were dotted with recent shell holes, and we passed several in the road itself. We had gone about half a mile when a shell came whistling through the air and burst in a field about three hundred yards to our right. Another soon followed this one and burst on the edge of the road about four hundred yards in front of us.

I told the driver to throw in his speed clutch, as we must be in sight of the Germans. I knew the signs; that battery was ranging for us, and the quicker we got out of its zone of fire the better. The driver was trembling like a leaf, and every minute I expected him to pile us up in the ditch. I preferred the German fire.

In the back Atwell was holding onto the straps for dear life, and was singing at the top of his voice:

"We beat you at the Marne, We beat you at the Aisne, We gave you hell at Neuve Chapelle, And here we are again.

Just then we hit a small shell hole and nearly capsized. Upon a loud yell from the rear I looked behind, and there was Atwell sitting in the middle of the road, shaking his fist at us. His equipment, which he had taken off upon getting into the ambulance, was strung out on the ground, and his rifle was in the ditch.

I shouted to the driver to stop, and in his nervousness he put on the brakes. We nearly pitched out head-first. But the applying of those brakes saved our lives. The next instant there was a blinding flash and a deafening report. All that I remember is that I was flying through the air, and wondering if I would land in a soft spot. Then the lights went out.

When I came to, Atwell was pouring water on my head out of his bottle. On the other side of the road the corporal was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead with his left hand, while his right arm was bound up in a blood-soaked bandage. He was moaning very loudly. I had an awful headache and the skin on the left side of my face was full of gravel and the blood was trickling from my nose.

But that ambulance was turned over in the ditch and was perforated with holes from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was slowly revolving, so I could not have been "out" for a long period.

The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire and they were bursting in a little wood about half a mile from us.

Atwell spoke up. "I wish that officer hadn't wished us the best of luck." Then he commenced swearing. I couldn't help laughing, though my head was nigh to bursting.

Slowly rising to my feet I felt myself all over to make sure that there were no broken bones. But outside of a few bruises and scratches I was all right. The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German dead, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary. Atwell and I were allowed to work together or singly—it was left to our judgment. We decided to team up.

Atwell was a good companion and very entertaining. He had an utter contempt for danger, but was not foolhardy. At swearing he was a wonder. A cavalry regiment would have been proud of him. Though born in England, he had spent several years in New York. He was about six feet one, and as strong as an ox.

We took up our quarters in a large dugout of the royal engineers, and mapped out our future actions. This dugout was on the edge of a large cemetery, and several times at night in returning to it, we got many a fall stumbling over the graves of English, French and Germans. Atwell on these occasions never indulged in swearing, though at any other time, at the least stumble, he would turn the air blue.

A certain section of our trenches was held by the Royal Irish rifles. For several days a very strong rumor went the rounds that a German spy was in our midst. This spy was supposed to be dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer. Several stories had been

(Continued Next Week)

UNCLE SAM PROTECTS HIS FIGHTING MEN

GREATEST INSURANCE COMPANY OPERATED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

Washington, D. C.—For 50 years Uncle Sam has been laboring to find out all the crippled soldiers and dependent widows and children of soldiers who lost their lives fighting for him. Sometimes he found them and sometimes he did not. Some times he was able to provide sustenance for them and sometimes they struggled along, destitute, without the aid Uncle Sam properly owed them.

That was the old pension system. Today Uncle Sam is taking time by the forelock. Every boy who goes to war is assured of support for himself if he is disabled and support for his family if he is lost before he gets to the firing line. He can go into battle confident that he and his will be cared for by Uncle Sam. It will never be necessary for him or for his relatives to pull political wires through their congressmen to obtain their just due, when the war is ended.

First of all the nations of the world the United States is insuring its soldiers, discarding the old system of pensions, awarded after the fighting is ended. The agency used is the War Risk Insurance Bureau in the Treasury department, supervised by Assistant Secretary Thomas B. Love and Director William C. De Lany, former Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo.

By the provision of law, the bureau insures Uncle Sam's fighting men up to \$10,000 at a cost averaging \$8 per thousand. This is against an average of \$10 to \$5 per thousand, charged by private insurance companies. This fair charge in connection with the government allotment of pay plan by which a soldier's family automatically gets half his pay and an additional allotment from the government, makes the bureau the biggest insurance agency in the world.

Uncle Sam asks every soldier, in fact requires every soldier to send half his pay as an allotment to his dependents. To this amount the government adds an allowance of \$15 per month for a wife without children or an allowance of \$5 per month for a motherless child or such other allowances as the soldier's dependents require, up to a maximum of \$50 per month. This not only protects the soldier's family from charity or destitution, but gives him an added sense of security. He can go into battle not only feeling that his family will be cared for in event of injury to himself, but knowing that his family is being cared for all the time he is away from home. He gets a double sense of protection from the government he is serving.

Thirty billion dollars' worth of insurance policies, backed by all the resources of the United States and with every American citizen as an insurance underwriter, have been approved by the bureau since its organization last November. New business at the rate of a billion a week is being regularly written. Here are a few condensed facts about the work of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance:

The bureau receives approximately 150,000 pieces of mail per week. Of the letters received about 75,000 are communications requiring individual answers and careful investigations to obtain the information sought.

Five and a half million allotment and allowance checks have already been mailed by the bureau. A million checks a month are now going forward and the number will increase.

A total of 3,401,000 applications for allotments and allowances have been received. This means the installation of more than 3,000,000 separate files, for each case has its individual file and record.

In allotments and allowances a total of more than \$160,000,000 has already been paid. Some of the checks have gone to dependents in Greece, China, Japan, Italy and other foreign countries. The field of the bureau is international. Its correspondence contains letters of appreciation from wives and mothers located in all parts of the earth.

More than 2,000,000 insurance certificates have been mailed to date. With the greatest mailing list ever devised the incoming and outgoing mails at this bureau exceed those of any government department.

Immediately following the passage of the law and before there was a clerk to attend to the correspondence 24 sacks of mail containing applications and letters concerning insurance and allowances and allotments reached the treasury department. Through no fault of its own the bureau was behind in its correspondence from the very day of organization. Ten thousand clerks mobilized at the rate of 1,000 a month, are still endeavoring to catch up.

Practically all of the mail of the

bureau concerns money. There must be a complete check of facts and figures all along the line. Legal questions are involved. The War Risk Insurance act itself is a comprehensive measure and there can be no mistakes in its interpretation by employees who are handling insurance policies, allotments and allowances.

Of the thousands of letters received and answered daily by the bureau a considerable percentage is due to a misunderstanding of the law. The law requires a soldier or sailor with dependent wife or children to set aside a part of his salary for their support back home. To this allotment the government adds an appropriation of its own, depending upon the size of the family.

The soldier or sailor may allot a part of his pay to a dependent parent or other relative, but this is not obligatory. Thousands of letters are received from mothers who want to know why the government has not sent her allotment, whereas the soldier has made no allotment. If circumstances warrant the government will supplement the allotment to a dependent relative other than wife or child, but in all cases when allotment is not compulsory the soldier or sailor must take the initiative.

Sour Stomach

Mi-o-na Puts the Stomach in Fine Shape in Five Minutes.

If your stomach is continually kicking up a disturbance; if you feel bloated and distressed; if you belch gas and sour food into the mouth, then you need Mi-o-na Stomach Tablets.

Mi-o-na Stomach Tablets give instant relief, of course, but they do more; they drive out the poisonous gases that cause fermentation of food and thoroughly clean, renovate, and strengthen the stomach so that it can readily digest food without artificial aid.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets are guaranteed to end indigestion, acute or chronic, or money back. This means that nervousness, dizziness and biliousness will disappear. Druggists everywhere and Wortley & French sell Mi-o-na.—Adv.

After telling their boy help all summer that they are idle and lazy, the farmers are keenly anxious to engage them again for next year.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The women who try to preserve their beauty by cosmetics, are apt to be the same ones whom no one is interested in because they are so self-conscious.

Among the people who wonder why groceries cost so much are those who forget to order until reminded by the grocery wagon passing their house.

Organizations to pursue automobile thieves are being formed, and like the old thief detective societies, their first duty will be to hold the annual dinner.

This is the **Stove Polish** YOU Should Use

Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shiniest four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on sample stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—your quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works Sterling, Illinois

The Black Silk Stove Polish is made on granite, registers, stove-tops—freezing rusting, the Black Silk Stove Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

"A Shine in Every Drop"

Wars are won with metal—save it.

Iron and steel are needed for tanks, guns, ammunition, ships, railroads, etc. Folks at home must save iron and steel to help win the war.

Use the old range until after the war.

Make your old range do a little longer by having it repaired. If it's got repairing, then the next best step is to buy the range that saves fuel, food and repairs. The Majestic's heat-tight riveting prevents fuel waste; its perfect baking prevents food waste, and its unbreakable malleable iron and rust-resisting charcoal iron make repairs a rare need.

T. FRANK IRELAND CO.

Caution: If your Majestic needs new parts, get them from us. We will supply you with genuine Majestic materials—no light, inferior parts, made by scoundrels.

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Owing to being unable to get new cars we impress upon you that while we can still get the parts it is a good time to attend to this matter of overhauling.

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