

Wisconsin Tobacco Reporter

FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1918.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ALBION

Willis Stillman of Madison was a visitor at his parental home over Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Smith is caring for Mrs. Bessie Hallett and infant daughter near Edgerton.

Mrs. H. E. Whitford and sons Ray and Rollie spent Friday at the W. A. McCarthy home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Horton of Blunt, S. D., called on Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Humphrey recently.

Mrs. A. C. Burdick went to Chicago Thursday to visit her brother, Bert Webster, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Kelly went to Nortonville, Kansas, last week where they are visiting relatives.

Mr. L. Jenks of Oregon came New Year's day and is visiting his daughter, Mrs. O. A. Krueger, and family.

Misses Myrtle and Kathryn Stillman visited their aunt, Mrs. Mahlon Bolser, at Madison a portion of last week.

Mrs. E. Glenn Williams spent last week with her only aunt, Mrs. Sarah Blakely, and daughter, Maud Archer, at Wabasha, Minn.

Anyone having any finished knit goods for the Red Cross, please send or bring to the post office as soon as possible.—Mrs. E. A. Drake.

Miss Thompson of McFarland and Miss Hjorkland of Stoughton could not return until Monday on account of the bad weather. School began Tuesday morning.

Miss Bessie Ford, who has been spending the past three weeks with her mother, Mrs. A. M. Ford, and family, returned to her duties at Mercy hospital, Janesville, Saturday.

FULTON

Stanley Jessup was down from Madison spending the week with relatives.

Mrs. Sue Fessenden and son Robert were Janesville visitors last Saturday.

No services were held at the church last Sunday on account of the snow storm.

Kenneth Sayre was a Janesville visitor a few days last week, returning Sunday.

Maurice Thomson, Baxter Sayre and Harold Pratt returned to Madison last Tuesday.

Harold Green's condition is greatly improved and he is able to be up and around the house.

On account of the bad roads the lecture course number for Monday night was postponed until Wednesday night, Jan. 9th.

Mrs. Alice Mead and children returned from Janesville last Sunday after spending the holiday vacation with her parents.

Letters received from Lieut. Alex Ely the first of last week state that he expected to take passage for France at the time he was writing.

Misses Sweeney and Christiansen returned from their holiday vacation last Saturday. School opened Monday morning with a light attendance, as the roads were impassable.

It was necessary for all the men available to get out and shovel snow last Tuesday to open up the road to Edgerton in order to get through with the mail. Mail service was abandoned for two days.

The next Social Center program will be given Jan. 15 and 16th. Economic school showing the help needed to carry on the war. 10 a. m. Tuesday—Wheatless Wednesday Made Easy. 2 p. m.—Remodeling of Garments. 9:30 a. m. Wednesday—Bread That Saves Wheat. 10:15 a. m.—How to Co-operate with Relief Organizations. 2 p. m.—Breads That Save Wheat.

EAST PORTER

Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Heried spent last Saturday with friends in Milwaukee.

Glenn Peach is visiting friends at Libertyville and Chicago for several days.

Rev. and Mrs. George Wilson returned to their home in Beloit the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nelson and Mrs. Chas. Adolphson are visiting relatives in Minneapolis.

Lloyd Peach and Tom Hartzell returned to their duties at the U. W. after spending the holiday vacation at their homes.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Wm. Gilley came to us on Sunday. The family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

Breaking out the roads after the severe storm was the order of the day on Tuesday last in this vicinity. This is the first that has had to be done in several years.

Mrs. Carl Dahl, sister of Mr. Edward Jensen, and son Martin returned to their home in Chippewa Falls last Friday after spending a few days with relatives in this vicinity.

Glenn Gardiner returned to Madison Monday morning where he will take a short course in radio preparatory to his service in that line at the Great Lakes Training Station where he will go February 1.

SUMNER

Mrs. Mat Hammas is on the sick list. The Wentler children are on the sick list.

F. C. Punzel Sr. was in Lake Mills on business Saturday.

Some of the farmers in this locality have finished stripping tobacco.

Theo. Rinkert and family visited one day last week with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Loga.

Miss Nora Chalder, who spent the holidays with her parents, returned to Chicago Friday.

WEST PORTER

R. L. Earle spent Saturday in Janesville.

Miss Olson is visiting at the home of Ole Peterson.

C. W. McCarthy was an Evansville caller Saturday.

Mr. M. Carle was a caller in this vicinity on Friday.

Miss Lucile Earle returned home from Edgerton on Tuesday.

Kenneth Ludden is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Ella Ludden.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Peterson are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy.

Mr. Oliver Mabie and son Archie spent Thursday evening at the home of C. W. McCarthy.

Mrs. Downey returned to Edgerton on Wednesday after visiting at the home of Mrs. M. McCarthy.

Letter From Edson Ogden.

Somewhere in France, Dec. 15, 1917.

Dear Mother and All: I thought it about time that I was writing to you. I received the knitted goods the other day—the helmet, cap and stocking cap. The helmet is a dandy and I will surely make good use of it.

We have been to the trenches some time ago and returned all O. K., or as we would say, all O. D. (olive drab). We were the first in France, first in the trenches and we fired the first shots. We are not in the trenches now but I am not allowed to say where we are. I saw the empty shell that the artillery fired their first shot from.

They took up a collection to have a Xmas tree for refugee children around here. The women and children were driven from their homes, so we are going to give them a little pleasure if possible.

I am feeling fine and hope you are all the same. I certainly have been getting my share of packages and I certainly appreciate it. I don't know what else to say—the latest expression is "Send up a flare, I'm in the dark," when you don't understand a thing. I am in the dark as to what to write. Write soon.

Your Loving Son and Brother,
EDSON L. OGDEN,
Co. C, 16th Inf. A. E. F.

Common Council Proceedings.

EDGERTON, WIS., Jan. 7, 1918.

Regular meeting of the common council, Mayor Conway presiding. Aldermen present: Arthur, Dickerson, Dickinson, Kellogg, Dallman, Stark. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Bills presented and allowed:

A. Rusch, street work.....	\$ 67 25
Max Wilbur, rolling street.....	3 00
W. Stevens, cleaning streets.....	25 00
B. J. Springer, salary and exp.....	74 37
W. Stewart, special police.....	14 75
Fred Campbell, salary.....	65 00
J. M. Conway, mayor.....	40 00
J. O. Arthur, Ald.....	24 00
J. A. Dickerson ".....	18 00
W. Dickinson ".....	18 00
F. L. Kellogg ".....	24 00
August Dallman ".....	24 00
Chas. Stark ".....	24 00
H. B. Knapp, city clerk.....	100 00
Camp 440, 6 months hall rent to Jan., 1918.....	21 00
James Reynolds.....	75 00
John Nagle.....	69 00
Kaufman Bros., painting.....	6 00
Spike Bros., haul cart to fire.....	3 00
Ely, Fire Dept., foreman salary and tending alarm system.....	60 00
F. W. Coon, printing.....	53 85
Edg. Elect. Light Co., Dec.....	276 02
F. O. Ambrose, disc.....	1 85
High Test Oil Co., oil.....	4 00

Ald. Dickinson offered the following resolution and moved its adoption:

Resolved by the Mayor and Common Council, That an order be drawn in favor of Cast Stone Construction company for \$1500.00 as part payment on 1917 contract.

Roll call—Ayes 6

On motion council adjourned.

H. B. KNAPP, City Clerk.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

Mrs. Kate McDonough died at her home in this city on the 10th, aged 54 years. Frank Hartzell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hartzell, died at Nedder Land, Colo., on the 5th, aged 26 years.

The supreme court holds former state treasurers responsible for interest on public funds, amounting to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

Andrew Jensen was one of the state electors who cast the vote of Wisconsin for Grover Cleveland for president at the capital on Monday.

A season of continuous below zero weather, the most severe in some years, has been with us for more than a week.

Eastern tobacco buyers are taking hold of the 1892 crop quite extensively at from 10c down.

Friday, Jan. 15, 1893.

Congregational Church Notes.

MARVIN R. BRANDT, MINISTER.

10:00—Church school.

11:00—Morning service. Sermon, "Repentance."

7:30—Evening service. Sermon, "The Challenge of the Unfinished."

The men of the church will conduct the Every Member Canvass next Sunday afternoon.

Men's Club meets Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Borgnis. Subject, "The Work of the Red Cross in the War."

Strangers welcome at all services.

Norwegian Lutheran Church.

E. A. GREFTEN, PASTOR.

English services next Sunday morning at 11:00.

Norwegian services in the evening at 7:30.

Sunday school at 10:00.

Preaching at Albion in English at the Academy chapel at 3:00.

You are always welcome.

WANTED—Four or five tons of good oat straw. Inquire of H. E. Peters.

—House for rent or sale. Inquire of W. H. Hutson, city. 5tf

—"CHIPS" Havana 5c Cigar.

—Fresh cow for sale at \$90. Inquire of Dr. Meyers. 4tf

CLEVER KATIE.

By JAMES ALLEN THORPE.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Write them to come."

"You mean—"

"All of them—your mother, sister and brother. They will be welcome."

"And, oh, so happy!" sobbed Katie Duncan, so overcome with joy that she broke down utterly. "Mr. Wharton, how can I thank you for this crowning blessing of my life, and mother and the children, the wearying worry and struggling past, and all of us together. Oh—bless you! bless you! A real home for them at last!"

"Child, you paint this rickety old place of mine as though it were a paradise."

"It is to me, it will be to them," declared Katie.

"Poor lamb!" spoke Eben Wharton, with sincere feeling. "It was a lucky day for her. You have been here a year, and it is the only year in my life that has brought me comfort. Oh, but you are a thrifty, helpful little housekeeper, and I've got sense enough to know enough that some one else will come along and rob me of my jewel."

"Never that, Mr. Wharton!" spoke up Katie, emphatically. "I wouldn't leave you, after all your kindness, if a king offered me a palace."

"Yes, you're true blue, I know that," commended Eben, "but you are pretty as well as industrious, Katie, and many a young man will find that out as time goes on. Why, only last week that half-nephew of mine, Walter Morse—"

Instantly Katie looked up, flaring red and confused. "I forbid you to speak about him," she fluttered.

"Maybe he spoke to you?" intimated Eben.

"Yes, he did," acknowledged Katie, truthfully, but with some agitation of manner, "and I told him never to do so again."

Katie came home from a neighbor's one evening about eight o'clock and hurried down the hall as she detected a strange taint of smoke in the air. A groan sounded, unmistakably in the accents of Mr. Wharton. She turned into the room where they sat evenings, to stand spellbound. Her employer, his feet bare, sat tied back in his armchair. A poker was stuck deep into the hot embers of the grate. A man, low-browed and villainous-looking sprang towards her, slammed the door shut, turned the key in the lock and pushed her forcibly back into a chair.

"Didn't expect visitors," he chuckled familiarly, "but you'll sit pretty quiet there or—" and he slapped the butt of a revolver protruding from his pocket. "Now, old man, if you don't tell me where you have that hidden store of yours, we'll make another application of that red-hot poker to the soles of your feet."

Mr. Wharton was writhing in agony as he gasped out: "Katie, the six hundred dollars. You know where it is. He'll kill both of us if we don't give it up."

"You never spoke a truer word," glowered the wretch. "Come, sis. The man seized the poker menacingly.

"You've got the key to the old room where the hives are," panted her tortured employer. "Give him the money."

Katie took up the lamp and moved towards the door. The man unlocked it.

"You first," he ordered, as they reached the stairs. "No tricks, or it will be the worse for both of you."

"This is the room," said Katie, as they reached upstairs. She had paused before an apartment always used in winter, as now, to store the hives from the garden, to keep them from freezing.

"Get in," directed the man, as Katie unlocked the door. "Now, then, where is that money?"

"It's in a wooden box down in that crock on the shelf," replied Katie, pointing, and with eagerness the unwelcome visitor hurried to the spot indicated, climbing on a keg and groping in the crock.

"I feel it!" he cried with satisfaction, and in his urgency to pull out the box he placed his revolver on top of one of the hives.

The moment that clever, watchful Katie had been waiting for had arrived. She acted in a flash. Her hand reached out quickly and seized the revolver. She dropped it as she reached the hall, slammed shut the door, locked it and placed the lamp on the floor.

There was imprecation and then a crash. There followed a terrific yell—a whole series of them. Floundering round in the dark, the caged burglar had tipped over one of the hives.

Katie ran downstairs and released the bonds, securing Mr. Wharton.

"Now, then, hurry upstairs," directed Katie; and although he had to limp and groan over his blistered feet, he followed her. She set down the lamp and handed him the revolver.

"Shoot, if he tries to burst down the door," she said. "Keep the fellow at bay at all hazards until I run for neighbors."

Katie sped down the staircase, along the hall, out upon the porch and down the steps.

"Oh, my!" she gasped, as she ran squarely into the arms of an approaching visitor.

"Why, Katie!" cried Walter Morse. "What is the trouble?"

Katie declared later that she was not aware of the fact that, amid the excitement, she remained close within the grateful grasp of a willing arm as she recited the urgency of the occasion, but Walter Morse was bold enough to refer to that ecstatic moment the day he placed an engagement ring on her finger.

NOTHING WASTED BY CHINESE

Flowery Kingdom's Farmers Even Utilize the Prolific Weeds for Fertilizer and Fuel.

Nothing goes to waste on the Chinese farm—not even the weeds. According to the farmer's ideas, there are good weeds and bad weeds, states a writer. The good weeds are put into compost heaps and return fertilization to the soil. The coarse weeds with woody stems which will not easily rot are cut down and allowed to dry until the son of the family has time to rake them up for use as winter fuel.

Nowhere as in China do the dead rob the living. Millions of graves are scattered over the fields, their location directed by the complicated rules of feng shui. In some sections of the country more than one-sixth of the tillable area is covered with graves of estimable but now useless ancestors, and sometimes when a young man falls heir to a farm he finds that it is a farm full of graves, and his biggest crop is a crop of duty to dead and half-forgotten ancestors.

Chinese women didn't wait for the outbreak of war to put on trousers and volunteer for work in the fields. They have been wearing trousers for many centuries and for many more they have been helping the beans and potatoes to do their bit for their country. The Chinese sages have had a great deal to say about the inferiority of woman, but when it comes to digging in the fields the Chinese woman is equal to any man.

HUMPBACED MEN IN DEMAND

Affliction Proved Qualification Where Strange and Successful Experiment Was Tried in Factory.

An unusual advertisement appeared in a Chicago paper recently, desiring the services of five humpbacked men. The explanation of this strange want is even more interesting than the announcement, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

It seems that a large envelope factory, unable to fill its orders, decided to work nights as well as days. Long experience had demonstrated that in the use of certain machines women were better operators than men by reason of their hands being more delicate and nimble.

The owner does not believe in factory work at night for women, and the men proved clumsy and slow. It was then he set about to seek men who were well but physically incapable of heavy work. He decided that humpbacks had the necessary qualifications of more agile and sensitive touch, and an actual test proved such to be the fact. Hence the advertisement.

Rubber in India.

In southern India a factory at which high-grade rubber is made resembles a dairy, the milklike appearance of the latex adding to this illusion, as well as the precautions taken to insure absolute cleanliness, says the Family Herald. One of two methods of manufacture is generally adopted. If the estate is young and only a few trees are being tapped the rubber is made in the form of biscuits or sheets. The latex is put into shallow, round dishes or oblong pans and a certain quantity of acetic acid added to it. This is the coagulating agent most generally used. After standing for some hours the rubber is found floating on the top of the dish in a white, spongy clot. This is removed and washed and rolled by hand and through a mangle until clean. The biscuits are placed on racks in a warm room or an artificial dryer and allowed to remain there until dry. The finished biscuits are pale amber-colored and transparent, and for this reason are popular on the market, for their purity and freedom from dirt can be judged by holding them to the light and looking through them.

The Grant Monument.

The monument to General Grant in front of the capitol in Washington was contracted for on August 10, 1903. The contract provided that the work should be completed in five years, but the contractors asked, and were granted, several extensions. All of the architectural work is finished, the cavalry and the artillery groups are in position at either end of the platform, the lions and lamps called for by the design are in place and there remains to complete the memorial only the placing of the equestrian group, i. e., the figure of General Grant on horseback on the central pedestal, and affixing the two bas reliefs which are to go on either side of the pedestal. The total cost authorized by congress for the memorial is \$240,000, exclusive of \$10,000 which was appropriated for use in procuring designs.

German Silver.

German silver is manufactured in three general ways, according to Popular Science Monthly. It is composed of nickel, copper and zinc in varying proportions. The German method is to melt all the copper to be used in the mixture, and two-thirds of the nickel and zinc in a graphite crucible and then add the rest of the nickel and zinc. In the English method the copper, nickel and zinc are melted all at one time, then more copper and zinc are added. Should the metal appear porous, a fireclay pipe containing pitch is pushed into the metal mixture to deoxidize it. There are several American methods. One is to melt a copper-nickel alloy and then gradually add the preheated zinc. In another method monel metal is used as a base.



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The House of Kuppenheimer

New Clothes for the New Year

When you get your new clothes for the new year, resolve to get better clothes and make it a better year. Better clothes is the other way of saying

KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHES

the clothes we sell and that you will be proud to wear. And speaking of a better year, many a man can trace his success to the fact that when Miss Opportunity came along, his neat, up-and-doing appearance gave him an introduction.

The man with the prudent foresight is buying his clothes today—there's a reason. See our exceptional values in suits and overcoats at

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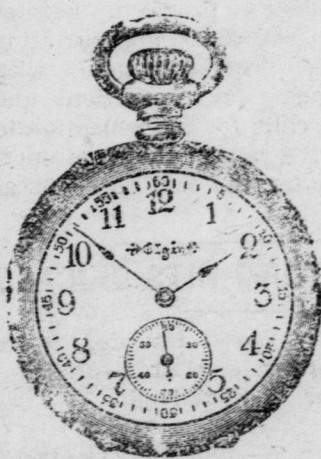
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your patronage

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CHAS. H. HITCHCOCK

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