

## THE STARKVILLE NEWS

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## The Red Cross Man

By ROY PERRING.

"Tenshun! S'lute! Make her snappy—That-a-boy!"

"Who wuz the bird, Hal? Looked like a six-cylinder officer, but they don't ride in no flivver."

"You are guessin' close, Ireland. Didn't you see the Red Cross on his jitney? That's the Red Cross Man. He's got a real handle but few know what it's like. Every jack from the C. O. to the ducks in the guardhouse call him the Red Cross Man. Got 'em in all the camps."

"I didn't see none at Wheeler's field. Is he what you call—not a preacher—but a—"

"No, Mike, he ain't no chaplain, if that's the handle you wuz huntin' for. The cross is a big red one, an' the A. R. C. on his jacket don't stand for aero reserve corps, but the American Red Cross. I heard him the other morning when he tried to start his flivver after the rain. Captain Welsh said his language was Biblical, but it wuzn't orthodox, whatever that means. It sounded like good old United States to me. No, he ain't no preacher, but I reckon he knows how to talk turkey to the boys all right. Corporal Murphy hadn't been giving his folks a square deal; never sent any money home, s-soakin' his pay shootin' craps two hours after gettin' it. The corp. told me the Red Cross Man talked to 'im like a Dutch uncle, an' when he got through, the corp. had signed a paper tellin' Uncle Sam to take a strangle hold on half his pay, an' slip it to his mother. Take it from me, Uncle Sam-like likes to hear them sort of orders, an' to show how happy he wuz to get the corp's message, he chucked in twenty more plunkers to the corp's fifteen an' the mother's gettin' thirty-five per. Sure she ain't happy less she's wrasslin' with a washboard every day, but the corp. told me she wuz only a-takin' in five family washes now, an' the kids wuz goin' to school again. When the Red Cross Man had a toe-hold on the corp., he persuaded him to take out insurance, same as the rest of us boys, an' then he told him he could gamble his bloomin' block off with the rest of his pay. The corp. gets a good night's sleep now on pay day, cause what's left of his pay only lasts till about ten thirty."

"Is this here Red Cross Man a real for-sure officer, Hal?"

## Rank of Officer.

"Well, I d'nk. He ought to be. We call him captain, or lieutenant, and say 'sir' to 'im. He says he's an officer without rank. Says the leather putts and green pants show that he's part officer and the rest's Irish. The new fellows don't know whether to s'lute or not. He says we can s'lute the cross if we feel like it, but he don't care a tinker's hammer whether we s'lute him or not. We old vets know 'im an' s'lute the cross an' the man that's behin' it. But officers and privates are all the same to him. I seen 'im talkin' to the C. O. the other day, an' he wuzn't actin' as though he was any scared of him. They seemed to be real friendly-like. But he don't seem to care whether he's talkin' to the C. O. or a N. C. They all look alike to him. He takes chow at our mess sometimes, an' tin dishes don't upset his stumik any. The boys like to have him, cause he joshes 'em along and they forget they're still in the States 'stead in France where they all want to be. He can deliver the merchandise too. Last winter when Tom Mason's wife and four kids come down here from Detroit an' got sick, the Red Cross Man got Tom a leave an' took 'im to the burg in his flivver. Then he sent Tom's wife a doc, an' some coal, an' some cats. Reckon he must a' helped Tom get a discharge so he could support his family, though nobody knows nothin' for sure. Slim Dawson thought he did, though, an' asked the Red Cross Man to help him get off Uncle Sam's pay roll. The Red Cross Man wrote some letters up to Slim's home town, an' when they come back, he told Slim his wife and kids wuz a-drawin' forty-seven fifty per and they wuz better off with him workin' for Uncle Sam, an' he'd better stick aroun' and help make Germany safe for democracy."

"Must have the spondulix an' some pull, if he's so free with the cash an' knows so many people everywhere."

## He Ain't No "Plut."

"No, he ain't no 'plut.' They say he don't draw no pay, an' he polishes his

own shoes, an' in a pinch washes his own shirt. But you see, Mike, this Red Cross Man business is all over the States. When a soldier from Millersville gets word his folks is in bed, he goes mopin' aroun' like a dog wa's met up with a skunk. He's soured on the whole show, an' all the sugar this man Hoovey's saved couldn't sweeten him up none. His off' see he's punk an' they try to work it outter him, but it only makes 'im punker. They look for him to go over the hill next. Then the Red Cross Man hears about it. He gets him in his office, or in his jitney, an', believe me, he knows how to find out what's wrong. Then he writes up to Millersville, where they got the Red Cross too, an' they go see what's askew with the doughboy's folks an' they pull the fly out the lemo and write back that all's hunkadora an' that sick bird just goes to eatin' up the work again. Why the Red Cross can do most anything, from patchin' up busted matrimonies to puttin' ice in the family refrig. Carl Wallburger was busted up when he heard he was a-goin' to lose the little house he an' his frau had most paid for, cause they couldn't dig up the interest. The Red Cross Man wrote to somebody an' one day Carl was a-smilin' all over his Dutch phis, cause he'd got a letter sayin' he could pay the interest when he'd cracked Kaiser Bill's strong box. Carl's United States if he is Dutch. He wuzn't aroun' when they picked his name. Motors don't go dead when he's given them the once over."

"There's that Red Cross on that umbrella."

"Bet y'ar neck. The M. Ps wuz gettin' their kukus dried up, standin' out in the sun keepin' the trucks from a-gettin' jammed at the crossin's. The Red Cross Man got umbrellas an' put 'em on those platforms, an' now the M. Ps ain't afraid o' loosin' their think-boxes an' are all scrappin' for a shady crossin' job. He's always doin' somethin' for the boys. Last winter, when we most froze stiff, he got fifteen thousand blankets, an' sweaters, an' mufflers, an' gloves, an' sox to keep us warm. They say he worked four days an' nights 'fore he got us warm and feelin' limber. Last Xmas he give us dandy boxes of stuff, candy an' the makin's, an' a lot of stuff. Made us feel like ole Santa hadn't passed us up but had come a-slidin' down our tent pole."

## Helped Him Out Then.

"Where'd you learn to know him?"

"Him and me got real chummy last spring when I wuz in the hospital after that propeller blade mussed me up some. He'd come aroun' to see me most every day. Always had somethin' to say that made me feel better. Why, the nurse'd get so she'd bring me that damned hospital cocktail when he wuz there, cause she knowed I'd take it without cussin'."

"A cocktail, an' you cussin'? Quit your kiddin'!"

"There you go again, showin' what you don't know. Mike, my boy, a hospital cocktail is just plain straight castor oil, without any water as a chaser. Take it from me an' stay away from them docs at the hospital or you'll get one o' them cocktails. The nurse told me they most run out of the durned stuff one day, an' the next batch had got tied up with red tape an' couldn't get in. She said the patients wuz all a-gettin' sick, cause they get well to keep from gettin' them cocktails, but the Red Cross Man went out an' bought a hogshead or two and the patients began to get well again, so's they could do without their toddy. She told me I musn't hold it agin the Red Cross Man tho', cause the docs told him to get it, an' that he gave right smart nicer things to the hospital than them durned cocktails—it makes me cuss to think about 'em. Well, I wuz a-tellin' you how me and him got chummy. He saw I couldn't write, account my bum wing, an' he asked me if I didn't want him to write my letters. I had him write to mother, an', after we'd got acquainted, I asked him to write to Nellie, my best girl back home. I reckon he thought I wuz some mush on her all right, but he never said nothin'; just put it down like I told him. He looked funny aroun' the eyes sometimes, but I reckon he wuz happy cause we wuz writin' to my Nellie. When the docs lets me go, I won't good for nothin' an' wanted to go home till I got strong, but I didn't have the coin for the fare all the way up to Indiana. But darn my cats, that Red Cross Man got me a leave an' then loaned me the cash to go."

## Paying Back Loan.

"He didn't charge me no interest neither. I got it most all paid back now, but he ain't pushin' me none for it. Nell says she's a-goin' to kiss the Red Cross Man first chance she gets. Well, I reckon he's the only bird about this post she's got my O. K. to kiss if she's got the nerve. The Red Cross



## HOWLS FROM CALAMITY CORNER

Contrasted with the quaint family abode of earlier days the average home to-day is merely an annex to the delicatessen store.

## HOME.

LET THE PRICE OF MEAT GO UP. I'VE GOT MY OWN CATTLE ANYWAY.



When but a mere boy I read with the keenest delight that immortal masterpiece, "Snow Bound," by the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. It is truly a gem of American literature, because it portrays to us such a realistic and vivid word picture of the home life of New England in the early pioneer days of our nation. The striking note throughout the whole poem is the fact that the home is pictured as an individual kingdom, or empire. This note of individuality leaves a deep and lasting impression upon its readers.

As the picture unfolds to view there is revealed the well stocked larder of the average family of that day, who, because of necessity stored food in summer in preparation for the long wintry days that were to come. We can almost taste again those home cured hams; crack again the nuts before the roaring log fire; hear again the ticking of the honored clock; see the women spinning; watch the men clearing pathways and doing their other daily chores, attired in good homespun woollens.

Truly, Whittier has drawn a divine pen picture of a real home. The picture he has drawn has long since been erased from the canvas of our national life by the ever advancing hand of modern civilization, but I am glad he painted it, for it holds some lessons that will profit our present generation and those of the future if they will take the time to view and consider the picture.

Let us contrast the picture with to-day. First, if you were to ask one hundred persons of they could

have chosen the time in which to live whether they would have preferred the early or primitive stage of our national life or the present, ninety-nine would express a preference for the present. Their preference is based almost entirely upon the present day luxuries and comforts. They tell with great ardor and glowing enthusiasm how the humblest worker of to-day can live in a house fitted with all the modern improvements, how he can bathe in a bathtub, which pleasure was denied even the immortal Washington.

The average home of to-day is but an annex to a delicatessen store. In

In our clamor for luxuries we are fast becoming a nation of the hot-house variety. We love our bathtubs more than our principles.

our mad pace for specialization we have allowed the dollar to become the medium through which even our daily sustenance is provided.

The men of Colonial days did not have as many "simoleons" pass into their pockets and out again, but they had something far better—the real goods hanging in their storehouses and cellars.

Men of to-day have grown afraid to express their honest convictions, even if they possess them. I like the spirit of the good old Colonial days and those succeeding years up to 1860. That was the age that was not too busy obtaining ease and luxury to fight for principles, an age of strong men, having its consummation in a Lincoln. Those were the days when if a man thought another "was a liar he told him so. It may have often resulted in unpleasantness, but give them credit; they were honest. We of to-day are hedgers; we are on the dividing line of things and wabble whichever way the wind of opinion blows.

The bookkeepers and scribes of eternity must indeed be busy entering, erasing and re-entering our names in the line-up of life.

While the mothers of to-day are busy in club meetings, federations and social uplift work, there is slipping out of our national life the institution that alone can make our nation great—the true home. Mothers, view again Whittier's picture, painted from an age when men loved principles better than comforts; there is a lesson there for you. Establish again homes that will show results in the finished product of real manhood and womanhood.

## Trustee Sale.

WHEREAS, Dero Smith and wife Annie D. Smith did on the 1st day of November 1915, execute and deliver to Francis B. Hoffman, Trustee, a trust deed or certain lands in Oktibbeha County, State of Mississippi therein described to secure the sum of \$400 due by said Dero Smith and wife Annie D. Smith to the British & American Mortgage Company, Limited, which said trust deed is recorded in Oktibbeha County, in Deed Book 132, Page 29 to which reference hereby made; and whereas default has been made in the payment of the moneys secured by said trust deed; and whereas the undersigned has been duly appointed substituted trustee in the place of said Francis B. Hoffman as provided in said trust deed, see Deed Book No. 145, page 92, and has been duly requested to execute the trust therein contained;

NOW THEREFORE notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of the power contained in said trust deed, I, the undersigned substitute trustee, on the 18th day of January 1919, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., at the Court House door in the town of Starkville in Oktibbeha County, will by public auction sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described property, viz.:

West half of the south east quarter section twenty six (26) township eighteen (18) range thirteen (13) containing eighty (80) acres more or less. Said land will be sold to satisfy the debt secured by said trust deed, and such title will be given as is vested in said trustee.

G. ODIE DANIEL,  
Substituted Trustee.

Mrs. Bonnie Belle Scales and Mrs. Pate spent the week end at the I. I. & C., Columbus.

## COULD HARDLY STAND ALONE

Terrible Suffering From Headache, Sideache, Backache, and Weakness, Relieved by Cardui, Says This Texas Lady.

Gonzales, Tex.—Mrs. Minnie Philpot, of this place, writes: "Five years ago I was taken with a pain in my left side. It was right under my left rib. It would commence with an aching and extend up into my left shoulder and on down into my back. By that time the pain would be so severe I would have to take to bed, and suffered usually about three days... I suffered this way for three years, and got to be a mere skeleton and was so weak I could hardly stand alone. Was not able to go anywhere and had to let my house work go... I suffered awful with a pain in my back and I had the headache all the time. I just was unable to do a thing. My life was a misery, my stomach got in an awful condition, caused from taking so much medicine. I suffered so much pain. I had just about given up all hopes of our getting anything to help me.

One day a Birthday Almanac was thrown in my yard. After reading its testimonials I decided to try Cardui, and am so thankful that I did, for I began to improve when on the second bottle... I am now a well woman and feeling fine and the cure has been permanent for it has been two years since my awful bad health. I will always praise and recommend Cardui." Try Cardui today.

Are You a Woman?

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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Same Old Stand

Starkville, : : Mississippi.