



What shall he carry to Your Boy tonight—out there in No-Man's Land?

OUT in the open, across the border of No-Man's Land, the Soldiers of Cheer are going tonight. In their packs they are carrying the comforts which your fighter wants. In their hearts they are carrying a message of cheer and hope.

To the most advanced positions they are crawling with those little things which loom up big in France—their bars of chocolate, their cigarettes, their rolls of cookies and cans of fruit. Yes, and sometimes, letters from home!

Under the very eyes of German snipers they are crossing open fields, dropping flat to the ground as each flare goes up, then creeping further forward.

Soon they will reach the gun-nests where a handful of fighters will whisper—"Good for you, old boy! What would we do without you?"

Off in another sector an advance will begin at dawn. In the thick of it will be these men—perhaps of the Knights of Columbus or Y. M. C. A., perhaps the Jewish Welfare Board or Salvation Army.

Whatever uniform they wear, the hot chocolate which they serve tastes just as warm and comforting. The cigarettes they light and hand the wounded will be as good first aid.

"These men need smokes much more than what we give them," say the surgeons.

When daylight comes the wounded will be streaming back. The cigarettes and chocolate may be nearly gone—given away. But your money will replace them. Meanwhile these men will say—"Put us to work!"

The surgeons will give them the arm-bands of the army's stretcher-bearers.

Then up beyond the front lines they will go, to bring back those too badly hit to walk.

Once, twice, three or four times they will make the trip before they too are hit.

Wherever there are fighters, the Soldiers of Cheer have their canteens, scores of them under shell fire.

Throughout the days they serve the crowd a mile or so behind the lines. At night they go forward, packs on their backs, to reach the men who occupy the outposts of civilization.

When the order comes to go over the top, they follow too. Wherever the troops go, there go these men who serve.

No wonder their names are in the casualty lists. No wonder they are cited. No wonder the fighters elect them honorary members of their outfits.

Keep the supplies coming! Help the Soldiers of Cheer to help your fighters! Give now—all together!

Why you should give twice as much as you ever gave before!

The need is for a sum 70% greater than any gift ever asked for since the world began. The Government has fixed this sum at \$170,500,000. By giving to these seven organizations all at once, the cost and effort of six additional campaigns is saved.

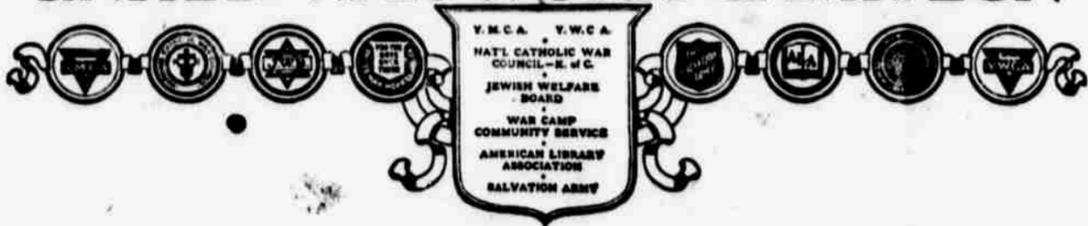
Unless Americans do give twice as much as ever before, our soldiers and sailors may not enjoy during 1919 their:

3690 Recreation Buildings	2500 Libraries supplying 5,000,000 books
1000 Miles of Movie Film	85 Hostess Houses
100 Leading Stage Stars	15,000 Big-brother "secretaries"
2000 Athletic Directors	Millions of dollars of home comforts

When you give double, you make sure that every fighter has the cheer and comfort of these seven organizations every step of the way from home to the front and back again. You provide him with a church, a theatre, a cheerful home, a store, a school, a club and an athletic field—and a knowledge that the folks back home are with him, heart and soul!

You have loaned your money to supply their physical needs. Now give to maintain the morale that is winning the war!

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN



This Space is Patriotically Contributed to the Winning of the War by
CITIZEN'S BANK

Gets a Hun Helmet.
Owen Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Dankers of this city, who is in the ambulance corps in France, has been in the heat of things along the front lines in France. One day last week, his father received from Owen by mail, the first relic of the war: it is a German steel helmet, which he picked up on the battlefield, after the Huns had turned their backs and started toward the Rhine. The helmet is of a grayish stone color and weighs three pounds. On the under side of the sweat band are the names "W. Lunimann;" "C. Ludwig."

Owen was at the time of his calling into service was a bank clerk at Norfolk, Nebraska, and we print the following letter from him to a Norfolk chum, which his many friends will enjoy reading:

Dankers wrote his letter at 3:30 a. m., on Sept. 22, Somewhere in France, and in a position which the "all-American army" had just taken over from the enemy.

"I remember how excited you would get telling me the fun you had while on a wolf hunt," writes Scotty, "well, you would have been here this week. Honest, they were just like rabbits, and the boys couldn't get up to them fast enough to give them a taste of good Yank medicine." They left everything.

"I went into a room over here in a certain town, looking for a desk, and I'll be darned if they had not been playing checkers and left them just as the game stood. Not a checker out of place. They were serving supper in another place—bread and spuds. Oh, man! I wish you could

have been over here. You could have relied to fill an entire ship. I paraded around town after work wearing the helmet of a Hun officer."

Civilians Are Rescued.
Owen's reference to the people who were rescued by the American fighters is realistic and is as follows, in his own language:

"You should have seen these civilians we gained freedom from. The expression on their faces, man! This sure is proof that we are fighting, and you folks at home are doing your bit, for civilization. Imagine those poor people being captives for four years; enduring the kicks of a Boche and then being set free and taken back to God's country by the truck loads by the men you are helping over here.

"Just picture it; just picture it; old women, young women, some showing signs of mistreatment, and old men, all going back out of danger. It is one sight I shall never forget. The other drives do not come up to the one the 'all-American army' just pulled. I could keep on writing about this, but I have not the time, but I just wanted to impress upon you all that the time you all have given over to patriotic work has not been wasted. You people are sure getting paid for every minute you spend.

"I happened to see a Norfolk boy the other day. He is in the hospital with his right eye shot out. You are all well acquainted with him. Sorry I can't mention his name, but it can't be done. He got it going over a place the French held fifteen minutes and lost 40,000 men during that time. That was four years ago. We went over the top of it and lost 50 men. And we

are still going." (It has since been learned that the Norfolk boy who was shot in the eye and mentioned by Owen is Walter Bowman of Norfolk.)

Dankers enclosed in his letter a photograph showing a group of enemy soldiers in front of a store building marked "Deutsche Zeitungen 5 Pfg. Feldbuchhandlung," meaning that the place was where the enemy soldiers bought their home papers, and where they purchased or exchanged books, a sort of field library.

"I found this picture in a room that was occupied by a 'Boche' lieutenant one day and which room I occupied the next day," Owen writes.

Carl Huntsman who left here in June for mechanical training, going to St. Louis, in a letter dated at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., Nov. 1, says he is well, and that he has been assigned to the field artillery service; and that things looked as if he would be on his way to go over to France before long. That there were 10,000 cases of influenza in the camp, losing 832 men out of that number, of 149 men composing his battery there were 80 sent to the hospital, and four deaths. He, however, escaped an attack. That the quarantine would be raised about the 2d of November. He is anxious to know something about the 202 or well—whether he is to be in the pauper or millionaire class. He has been assigned to company 42d field artillery. Dr. B. B. Simmons of St. Joseph has been commissioned as captain in the medical corps, and has reported for duty at Fort Riley. The Doctor formerly practiced medicine here, and

went to St. Joseph nine years ago, and built up a very lucrative practice.

Lieut. Fred Hershner, of the dental division of the army is well, and is still at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas, but expects to be going "over there" before long.

Lieut. Harold Rostock, of the regular army, stationed at Camp Devins, near Boston, Mass., has been assigned to the 12th division and expects to go overseas in a few weeks.

Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dreher, who left her July 6th, writes his parents under date of Oct. 3, on board a ship, expecting to land on French soil the following day. He enjoyed the ocean trip greatly, and was well. There were three trans-ports in the convoy, guarded on each side by destroyers, and sub-chasers. That there were about 10,000 of us on our boat, and about 200 nurses. He had been made a sergeant, and his lieutenant said of the 28 companies on board ship he thought he had the best bunch of non-coms that could be lined up for roll call. He went from here to Camp McArthur, Texas, and says his company is the 26th company of infantry.

Lawrence, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Philbrick, of St. Joseph, has received orders from Jefferson Barracks, for overseas duty, and will leave this week. He is in the field artillery. His father was for many years in business in Oregon, and Lawrence was born here.

Will E. Curry, of the hospital corps, in France, has recently been promoted from private to sergeant.

Henry Bruntmeyer.
In a letter to his uncle and sister, under date of Sept. 27, in France, says, he has been seeing something of the real side of war, and know what it is like, and, believe me, it is no easy job, and it takes a strong, healthy man to stand up under the strain, and thank my lucky stars that I am as strong and healthy as I am, and I have gained in weight. I am proud of the fact that I am a soldier of my country in the time of her need. Up here, on the front, we can't get any news, and it has been a long time since I saw a newspaper, and our letter mail is very uncertain. But we are content, and you hear little grumbling, especially as we are going steadily forward toward Germany. Have been having nasty weather the past month—rain most every day; we could easily spare you some. Just got the news of the surrender of Bulgaria and Turkey, and the war will surely not last much longer.

Last night was my first chance to get any sleep in five days and nights; we are surely a busy people over here, and we are having great success, which is a great inspiration to all of us. I have slept in a bed only twice, and had my clothing off only once since July 28—can you imagine what such a thing means, nor have I had my shoes off over half a dozen times since then, nor have I had a bath in all that time, and have no idea when I will take one. I wash my face and take a shave only when it is possible—sometimes once or twice a week—one never knows—but we have to shave whenever it is possible. I took my first drink of pure water only yesterday; the first of the kind in seven days; fortunate for me I do not get very thirsty and can get along with little water. Some life, this, don't you think so?

I have had some close calls, and a fellow in time gets over that fear. Though the shells hum about us, I think God that I have not yet been hit. A short time ago I laid down to get a little sleep in my tent, and had begun to doze when a gas shell was planted within three feet of me, just outside the tent, and it was close to my head. I got my mask on, raised up, and the second bursted near my feet, covering me with dirt and knocking my tent down; I rushed out and just then the third bursted only six feet away, and then they simply rained down, cutting off limbs of trees all about me, and covering me with dirt. Had some skin torn from one of my fingers and the gas made me a little sick for a day or two. I was sure lucky if you get through safe, and only time—but such is war. You are lucky if you get through safe, and if not it is other way. In your war work let me say every little helps.

Tell Charley Flinn, Jake Glass and other friends, hello, and that the war will soon be over, and I'll be back among you all. I will soon be wearing my stripes for six months' service in France. Don't worry about me; I am all right.

With love,
HENRY BRUNTMEYER,
Battery A, 304th Field Artillery,
American E. Forces.

A letter from Miss Anna C. Kinzie, Mayville, Mo., tells that her brother John is now in the service, and in training at Camp Funston, and had been made a corporal in the field artillery, and likes this branch of the service fine, and at present is ration corporal and rides boot-to-boot with the head team. Army life seems to agree with him fine, weighing 145 pounds when called and now pulls the scales at 163 pounds.

We are glad to learn of Miss Anna's improved health.

A late letter to his parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Evans, brings the news that their son, Lieut. Ray Evans, of the dental division of the medical corps of the 80th field artillery, was in good shape, and seeing much service.

Owen Dankers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Dankers, of this city, serving in the ambulance corps, in France, writes in a late letter, that he is in good condition, but he knows what a battle means.

Henry, son of C. E. Taylor of this city, a member of Company L, writes under date of Sept. 8, that he is not in the best of condition, suffering more or less from malaria, and it looks as if I will have to go back to the hospital. He is not with the company; his platoon, under Lt. Formy, has been on detail at the quartermaster's department, and may stay quite a while. While there is hard work at times, he says he likes the detail work fine—sometimes little sleep and now and then rations are short. He saw two German prisoners, had been brought down with their planes; they were both young as well as small fellows; one French plane driver was killed and his machine smashed; one Boche plane was downed but the driver repaired it and flew away before capture; the scene was quite exciting. Have been having fine weather, with an occasional rain, and some warmer climate than when in the mountain section—the ranges at points were quite high, and was up above the clouds, which he could see floating along below them; and the trenches were along the mountain side. Under date of Sept. 10, he says he is feeling fine, but it is doing nothing but rain continuously, and the camp life is very disagreeable, as it naturally would be. I am now on kitchen detail—"You never know what you are going to do tomorrow, or where you will be going next day."

Lovingly, HENRY.

Gene to the War.
Recorder Andy Dankers issued only one marriage license during the month of October. He attributed the lack of applications for permits to get married to the war, and says the young blood has gone and of course they are not getting hitched up for life. The only license issued was to "Wilber Meade, of Craig, and Minnie Brown, of Mound City, Oct. 28, by Rev. C. F. Hand."

Mrs. Mabel Cruser, of Craig, and Emmett Loudon, of Martin, South Dakota, were granted license in St. Joseph, Oct. 30.

Robert Kite and Edna Donovan, of Craig, in St. Joseph, Oct. 21.

EVERY FRIDAY is
Remnant Bargain Day

At LEHMAN'S
The day we close out all short lengths of piece goods of every description as well as short lots of READY TO WEAR GARMENTS.

You can save near half by trading at LEHMAN'S on REMNANT DAY

LEHMAN'S
The Store For Bargains
515-517 FELLIX ST.
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

356th In Action.
General Pershing's forces have been pushing forward in the region west of the Meuse, and have captured many towns, representing an advance of four miles from the starting line. The Germans retired so rapidly at points that the Americans experienced difficulty in maintaining contact with the enemy. Among the towns captured is Bayonville, an important strategic point, known as the heart of the Freya Stellung. This move breaks the last of the Germans organized defenses. More than 60 cannon, scores of 77's, dozens of 150's, numerous howitzers of various calibers, and hundreds of machine guns were captured by the Americans during this advance. Vast quantities of ammunition and war material of all kinds fell into their hands.

This great drive between the Meuse and Argonne forest was participated in by the 356th Infantry, 80th division, in which are many Holt county boys. The fighting began October 28, and Bayonville was captured November 2.

The 35th division of which Company L is a part has not been on the front line since the September drive.

The Argonne advance is by far the hardest job that has been assigned to the American soldier since he sailed from his far away home. Never in this war has the American army, or any part of it made its way over a battlefield so difficult, struck at the German power in a point so vital or fought against a German resistance so desperate. Not at St. Mihiel, not at Oeren, nor on the Vesle, was the opposition so grim. Big German guns boomed away at them. Ahead of them, hidden in every nook and cranny of that blighted country, were machine guns manned by men and under orders not to yield an inch of it—at seemed not to disturb these battalions to meet such opposition. Rather they went forward exultant in the knowledge that such resistance there in Argonne meant just much less resistance to the victorious sweep of the allied armies over by Rheims and all along the western front to Flanders.

The largest display of Show and Ranges ever seen in O'gley.
TEARE & RULEY

Holt County Farm Bureau.

W. C. Swannier, County Agent.
Persons who list articles for sale or leave orders for help, stock, etc., with the county agent are requested to please notify him when the articles have been sold or their wants have been supplied. We want to keep our exchange list up to date.

Poultry Lier.
When you have culled your flock and sold off the shaker hens, why not give the hens you keep a dust bath for the destruction of lice. All that you do in making your flock comfortable and in feeding them properly will be returned many times in a greater production of eggs. Many materials for lice destruction have been tried. The most effective one is Sodium Fluorid. There are two forms of sodium fluorid, known as commercial and chemically pure. The former is a dry dust and the latter a crystal. The commercial or powdered form is the more convenient form to use. It may be bought at most any drug store. The material does not deteriorate quickly, but should be kept in a dry place either in a bottle with a stopper or in a closely covered can. There is no danger of irritation or injury to the skin or feathers. It is advisable, however, for the person applying the dust to lay the fowls on a table or box rather than to hold them in your arms.

Methods of Application:
The sodium fluorid may be applied either as a dust or dip. The dust method is more convenient and is generally used. The dust may be applied either by the pinch method or with a shaker. When using a shaker the amount of sodium fluorid used may be reduced by adding four parts of some finely powdered material, such as road dust or ashes, to one part of sodium fluorid. When using the pinch method a pinch of the chemical is applied to various parts of the body, such as the head, breast, back, under the wings, around the vent and on the neck. A small pinch rubbed well into the feathers at each place will be sufficient. Two pinches should be applied on the back. It is very important that every fowl on the place be treated at the same time, otherwise it will not be long until they all will be infested again.

Wheat Fertilizers.
In co-operation with the Farm Bureau, several farmers in the county applied fertilizer to small plots of wheat ground as a test as to whether it will pay to use fertilizer in the locality. The following farmers are co-operating in the tests: Otis Taylor, Frank Blair, R. L. Bridgman, G. W. Green, Geo. W. Hinkle and Joe Murray.

A few of the plots were examined last week. It was interesting to observe that the fertilized wheat, as a rule, was the first to come up; thicker in stand; more uniform and even in growth and covered the ground more than the unfertilized wheat. In cases we have a severe winter for wheat, chances are that the fertilized wheat will come through the winter in better condition than the unfertilized. We ask all farmers in the respective communities to watch the results of these tests.