

To drive a tank, handle the guns, and sweep over the enemy trenches, takes strong nerves, good rich blood, a good stomach, liver and kidneys. When the time comes, the man with red blood to his veins "is up and at it." He has iron nerves for hardships—an interest in his work grips him. That's the way you feel when you have taken a blood and nerve tonic, made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Cherry bark, and rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold in sixty-cent vials by almost all druggists for past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the fall end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

The best means to oil the machinery of the body, put tone into the liver, kidneys and circulatory system, is to first practice a good house-cleaning. I know of nothing better as a laxative than a vegetable pill made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap. This is commonly sold by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and should be taken at least once a week to clear the twenty-five feet of intestines. You will thus clean the system—expel the poisons and keep well. Now is the time to clean house. Give yourself a spring house cleaning.—Adv.

Small Pill  
Small Dose  
Small Price

**FOR CONSTIPATION**

have stood the test of time. Purely vegetable. Wonderfully quick to banish biliousness, headache, indigestion and to clear up a bad complexion. Genuine bears signature *Brewster*

**PALE FACES**  
Generally indicate a lack of iron in the blood

**Carter's Iron Pills**  
Will help this condition

**WARNING TO ALL HUSBANDS**

Just Now There Is Danger in Using Abbreviation of Somewhat Common Pet Name.

A sergeant of police exhibited a slight scratch on his face a few days ago which he said was caused by his wife's patriotism. By way of explanation the sergeant said: "I generally walk into my house and greet my wife with some pet name, one of my favorites being: 'Hello, honey.' 'Yesterday when I reached home I went in in my customary manner, met my wife in the kitchen and said: 'Hello, hun.' 'I had no more than spoken," said the sergeant, "when my wife landed on me and said that she would give me to understand that she was not a Hun, of from now on I will be careful to use some other name or else call her honey, and I will be very careful to use the entire word and not try to abbreviate it."—Indianapolis News.

**Brave Act Recognized.**

The navy department has commended Matthew McCabe, a water tender, for gallantry and heroism in jumping overboard from the United States steamship Pocahontas and rescuing from drowning a fireman who had either jumped or fallen overboard. When the man was seen to disappear from the ship McCabe, without hesitation, jumped into the water and succeeded in getting a line around the man, who was hauled up on deck. McCabe enlisted in the navy August, 1916, at New York.

Greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them.—Olive Schreiner.

Adam's first fall occurred when he fell in love with Eve.

**Bobby says—**

To get the best of all Corn Foods, order **POST TOASTIES** Sweet, Crisp, Ready-To-Eat

## RETREAT OF HAIG

VIVID WORD PICTURE PAINTED BY AN ILLINOIS OFFICER IN THE GREAT BATTLE.

### BRITISH IN HERCULEAN TASK

Although Enemy Divisions Numbered Ten to One, Slaughter of Germans Was Terrific—Thrilling Details by Lieut. Roswell T. Pettit.

Details of the Haig retreat in the famous battle in Picardy, are most interestingly told by First Lieutenant Roswell T. Pettit, M. O. R. C., of Ottawa, Ill., in a letter to his father, Dr. J. W. Pettit of the Ottawa tuberculosis colony and published in the Chicago Tribune. The American officer endured nine days of the horrors and was in the thickest of the fighting during the retreat of the British Fifth army from St. Quentin. Lieutenant Pettit's report of the battle thrills and the stress of the great conflict are given before his impressions had in any way been dulled by his experience. His letter follows:

**Lieutenant Pettit's Letter.**  
March 30.  
Dear Father: Now that the show is over for me for the time being, and I have time to breathe and sleep and eat and write, I'll try and tell you about the battle. Before you receive this you will have had the whole story from the papers, but I know you will be interested in knowing what I did in the affair.

Of course, the things I saw were but an infinitesimal part of a gigantic whole and it would be impossible for me to give a correct description of the battle. And as I write this, I do it with no knowledge whatever of what has been going on even a few miles from me.

I have not seen a paper in eight days; I have received no mail, and the only information we have received has been by word of mouth, and most of what we hear must be wild rumors. For example: The French have advanced 20 miles at Verdun, and the Americans have taken Ostend, and are on their way to Zeebrugge, and a great naval battle has been fought in the North sea.

All I know is that on this part of the front the Germans attacked us in overwhelming numbers, in places ten divisions to our one; that they suffered terrible losses, but finally broke through our lines of defense, one after another, and fighting for the most part a rear guard action, we have retired about 15 miles in a straight line.

For a week before the battle started we had been expecting it; we were ready to move on 30 minutes' notice. I had been out with combatant as well as medical officers on tours of reconnaissance, definite methods of evacuation of the wounded had been worked out, and our plans of counter-attack been made. After four or five days of waiting, the storm finally broke.

The Boche opened up on us at 5 a. m., March 21, with the heaviest barrage I have ever heard. "Stand to," was sounded, we turned out dressed, and had all our equipment packed in 20 minutes. Then we sat down, and waited for orders to move. The barrage kept up continuously, sometimes heavier and then of less intensity, sometimes it seemed to be to the north of us and then suddenly it switched to the south.

Our balloons were up as soon as it was light and the airplanes were buzzing over our heads. The ground mist gradually cleared and the Germans put a hall of shrapnel on our camp and we sat down, but three men were hit. Why it is a fellow always feels safer with a roof over his head, even if he knows bullets and shrapnel and pieces of shell will go through boards and corrugated iron just like paper.

**Ordered to Move.**  
Our orders to move finally came and we marched off to the brigade assembly point several miles away. This assembly point was in a little bunch of trees about the size of Allen park and behind and separated from a larger wood in front. In the larger wood there was a battery of heavy artillery and shells were dropping in there two or three to a minute, and it was heavy stuff, too.

Sometimes they overshoot the big wood and shells were landing in the open around the little wood where my brigade had its assembly point. As we approached our little copse we could make all this out from some distance away and it wasn't a pleasant sensation to feel that we were marching straight into it.

All the battalions arrived and in that little copse there must have been at least two thousand men. What a chance if the Germans only knew! But the shells continued to drop in front of us and on either side, but none landed among us, and after waiting there for

**Russian Worshipers Devout.**  
The typical Russian congregation, worshipers, with a reverence and devotion which might well shame some western congregations. There are none of the laughing and talking before and after the service, none of the smiling and whispering during the singing of hymns, which so painfully characterize restless and talkative Americans. The Russian quietly and reverently enters his church, patiently stands through a service whose length is often protracted to two or three hours, and

three hours, expecting to be blown to bits any second, we finally moved forward. Just as we left the copse, from behind us, up over a ridge, came a stream of galloping horses.

"It's the cavalry," someone shouted, but soon I made out limbers and field guns.

They galloped past us, going like mad, took up a position to our right, swung into position, unlimbered, and in two minutes were blazing away. It was a thrilling sight.

**Torn by Shells.**  
In going forward we went around the end of the larger wood in front of us, over ground that was torn to bits by the heavy shell fire that had just preceded, over another edge, across a valley, and under the crest of a hill. And here we found the tanks going over the top of the hill to take up their position. At this point we were still about a mile from the front line.

At this place I opened up an aid post under the crest of the hill to take care of what wounded came in while we were getting into position. I looked back across the valley we had just traversed.

Shrapnel was bursting in the air, shells were whizzing overhead, and our guns behind me were belching forth the fire. The noise was deafening.

A railroad ran through the valley and an engine pulling a couple of flat cars was going by. A couple of soldiers were sitting on the rear truck swinging their feet. A shell burst on the track and only missed the last car about fifteen yards. Neither man was hit and the train went blithely on.

By this time it was getting along toward evening, the sun was sinking in the west, and finally went down a great ball of fire. At the time, I remember, I noticed its color. It was blood red and had a sinister look. Was it my imagination, or might it have been a premonition? At any rate, I shall never forget the color of the sun as it set that night at the end of the first day of probably one of the greatest battles in history. It certainly didn't look good to me.

The drumming of the guns continued, twilight gradually deepened into night, the signals stopped their zig-zagging and took up their flash signals, a fog dropped down on us and put the lights out of business, and when we left to go forward under the cover of darkness they were busy putting out their telephone lines—signals and runners don't have an easy time.

**Shell Dump Goes Up.**  
Behind us a shell landed in an ammunition dump and it went up with a roar; then the ride ammunition started going off like a great bunch of firecrackers, and great tongues of flame lit up the sky.

It is reported that the Germans had broken through our line and we were to counter-attack in the morning. We got into positions without a single casualty. I opened an aid post in an old dugout and settled down to sleep until morning. You may think it funny that one could sleep under such conditions, but I had been up since 5:30, had tramped about six or seven miles, had had a rather trying day and was dog tired.

So I settled down on the rough plank floor and was soon asleep. I must have been asleep a couple of hours when a runner came from headquarters and told us we were to move off immediately. I looked at my watch and it was 1:30 a. m. on the second day.

We went back to the railroad, followed it around to a position some six miles to the north of us, landing there about 4 in the morning and flopped down on the floor of some abandoned huts to wait further orders. Our orders came along about 9 o'clock. We marched up across the open prairie, the sun shining, and it was really hot.

Just like some of the warm days we get the last of March at home. In going forward it was necessary for us to march seventy-five yards in front of three batteries of field guns. There are six guns to a battery. They shoot an eighteen-pound shell and while we were there each gun was shooting twice to the minute. You can imagine the racket when I tell you that the discharge of one gun can be heard about four miles. In addition the Boche was trying to knock out this battery and he was dropping his six inch shells a little too close for comfort.

**Nearly in a Trap.**  
Then I made a lovely mistake. I was to establish an aid post near battalion headquarters and went blithely on when I met a company commander and asked him where to go. "Back there about a quarter of a mile," he replied. "This is the front center company. If you keep on in the direction you are going you are going up over that ridge and Fritz will be waiting for you with a machine gun."

So my sergeant and orderly and myself didn't waste any time in clearing. On the way back I found a gallon can full of water, got into a corrugated iron shelter and had a wash and a shave. It certainly felt good. I don't believe I had washed for thirty-six hours. It was warm and bright. I could look out of my shelter and see our support lines digging themselves

though he may not understand every part of the elaborate ritual, he gives it his unwavering attention.—Exchange.

**Has Coat of Elk Teeth.**  
Those who are in a position to know say \$3 is a fair average price for an elk tooth, such as are sold to members of the order of the Elks, according to Popular Science Monthly. Much higher prices are paid for very good specimens.

A curio dealer in Steubenville, O.,

in several hundred yards away. The cannon fire ceased, the machine guns settled down to an occasional rattle burst and it was midday of a beautiful spring day.

A couple of partridge flew over me. What did they know or care about all this noise and racket and men getting up in line and killing each other?

Along about three o'clock things began to liven up again. In the meantime headquarters had been established in a sunken road with banks about fifteen feet high on either side (later this cut was half filled with dead). My aid post was in a dugout near by and gradually things got hotter and hotter.

Our men had dug themselves in and were popping away with their rifles. The field batteries behind us were putting up a barrage, airplanes were circling overhead, both ours and the Germans'. The Germans put up a counter-barrage, the machine guns were going like mad. I was standing with the colonel on a little rise of ground above the sunken road when the Germans broke through about a mile to the north of us. They could be plainly seen pouring over the ridge in close formation.

**Tanks Get Into Action.**  
Then the tanks came up, and you should have seen them run! Just like rabbits! The tanks retired; the Boches reformed and came at it again. They tell me that at certain places our men withstood fifteen successive attacks and that the Germans went down in thousands. One Welshman told me that his gun accounted for 75 in three minutes during one wave.

Machine-gun bullets were nipping around me, the shell fire was getting hotter, and even though it was a wonderful sight to watch I decided "discretion was the better part of valor," or something like that, and got down in my dugout.

I was sitting there smoking a cigarette when my orderly came down and said I was being relieved and was to go back and work with the ambulance. Fifteen hours later the man that relieved me was captured. But I am getting ahead of my story.

I went back to the advanced dressing station through the hottest shell fire I ever experienced. More than once I went down on my face when a shell burst and the pieces went whizzing over my head. I spent the night in a mined village where the advanced dressing station was located, and all night they shelled it to blazes. It was remarkable how few casualties we had.

**The Begrimed Lord.**  
About ten o'clock on the morning of the fourth day Lord Thyme, my colonel when I was with the battalion, stumbled into the shack where I was sitting. He looked like a ghost. He had lost his hat, his face was covered with a four days' beard, the sweat had traced tracks in the dust from his forehead to his chin. His sleeve was torn and bloody and he had a gash in his arm where he had been struck by a piece of flying shell case.

"My God, doc, are you here?" he said. "You got out just in time. The battalion is all gone. The sunken road is filled with dead—mostly Huns, damn 'em. The line broke on the right; we were surrounded, and at the last we were fighting back and back. Only thirty of us got away."

So we knew the Boche had broken through to our right and our left, and it was a question of how long it would be before we, too, were surrounded, but we wanted to stick it out as long as we could.

But not more than an hour later a medical officer rushed in from one of the battalions and between gasps for breath told us the Germans were on the edge of the village, had shot him through the sleeve with a machine gun bullet (luckily that was all), and for us to beat it.

The ninth day, sitting around the fire in our mess after the best dinner we had had in days, the commanding officer handed me some papers and said, "Here is something that will interest you, Pettit. I want to say we shall be sorry to lose you."

And this is what it was: "Lieut. Roswell T. Pettit, M. O. R. C., is relieved from duty with the British army and will proceed to the A. E. F., where he will report for duty."  
I leave for Paris in the morning. This has been a long tale, but the half of it hasn't been told. I hope I haven't strung it out too much.

I have just been informed that all my kit had to be burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I shall probably want you to send me some things from home, but will see what I can get here first. Your son,  
ROSWELL.

has a coat covered with 3,300 of these teeth, which he values at \$10,000, and does not wish to sell it at that or any other price. The coat proper was made by an Indian in Manitoba, Canada, and is sinew sewed. It weighs 28 pounds. There are two rows of antelope teeth, 150 in all, down the front. The owner of the coat is a prominent member of the order of Elks and wears the coat at all conventions. With the coat the owner wears an ornate lace made of the largest of the elk teeth in his collection.

## USE OF TRACTORS IN SAVING LABOR

Greater Acreage Made Possible by Improved Machines.

### INCREASE CORN PRODUCTION

Larger Plows, Harrows and Other Implements, Make it Possible to Accomplish More Work Per Man on Farm.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The more extensive use of labor-saving implements will make it easier in 1918 to approximate the record-breaking acreage of 1917, especially when employed in sections where corn is now grown profitably but on a more limited scale than is desirable because present methods require a large amount of man labor. The more general use of recently developed and improved tractors that are adapted to the uses of the small farm as well as the large farm would tend to increase the acreage and to effect a saving in labor. The use of larger plows, harrows, and other implements used in fitting the land would make it possible to accomplish more work per man. Similarly the substitution of two-row planters and two-row and double cultivators in place of smaller and less efficient implements would make it possible to do the same amount of work with less expenditure of labor.

**Replant Missing Hills.**  
In some corn-growing sections it is the practice to replant missing hills as soon as the corn is up to a stand. Frequently this is done by dropping kernels by hand and covering with a hoe. A labor-saving and quicker method would be the use of small hand planters. These could be used to advantage for the first planting also in sections where comparatively small areas are planted and where it is at present the custom to drop the corn by hand and cover with the hoe.

It is the practice in some localities to plant a much larger number of kernels than the number of stalks desired and to thin to the desired stand when the corn plants are about 6 to 8 inches tall. This method may be satisfactory where plenty of labor is had.

About eleven o'clock the morning of the third day a shell blew in the side of our post, but luckily no one was hurt. We stuck to it until about four in the afternoon, when we saw our men retiring over a ridge in front of us, keeping up a continuous machine gun and rifle fire, and we beat it back to another village and opened another post.



Two-Row Cultivator is a Labor Saver

available, but where it is desirable to economize labor it would be advisable to plant tested seed at about the same rate as the stand desired and do no thinning.

A more general use of efficient harvesting machinery would permit a more economical use of labor. A corn binder with an attachment for elevating the bundles of corn into a wagon should be used more extensively than it is for harvesting ensilage corn. There is also on the market a machine that converts the corn into ensilage in the field, elevating it into a wagon from which it is sucked or lifted into the silo. The use of either of these machines, especially the latter, would do away with the necessity of much laborious work.

**Harvest by Machinery.**  
A large percentage of the cutting and shocking of corn is done by hand labor. In some sections, because of unfavorable topography or other reasons, it is not practicable to use machine cutters. However, the greater part of the corn that is now cut by hand labor could be harvested by machinery, economizing labor and doing the work in a less laborious manner.

Much of the corn that is now husked from the shocks could be handled more economically and with a saving in feed value of stover by substituting machine huskers and shredders for hand labor. The use of corn pickers would accomplish similar results in the case of corn husked from the standing stalks. Unloading and elevating machinery at the crib should be introduced and more generally used in many sections where it is now unknown or not commonly used. Where such facilities are not available, cribs should be constructed in such a manner that they can be filled and emptied with the least possible labor. For level ground, double cribs with an elevated driveway and approaches that will enable the loads to be driven through the cribs and dumped or scooped out of the wagons without any high pitching are very satisfactory.

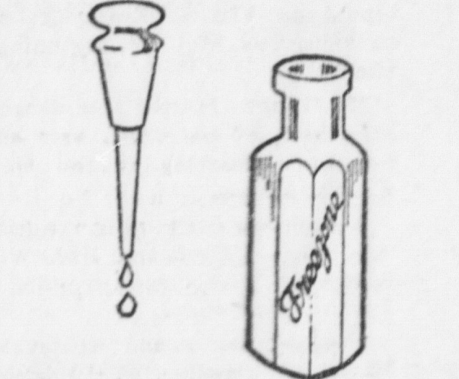
**Value of Stable Manure.**  
A ton of stable manure, of good quality, may be said to contain 11 pounds of ammonia, six pounds of phosphoric acid and 10 pounds of potash.

**Mileage of Gravel Roads.**  
The gravel road probably ranks next to the earth road in total mileage.

## OHIO MAN IS A MODERN WIZARD

CORNS STOP HURTING THEN LIFT OFF WITH FINGERS.

Drop of magic! Doesn't hurt one bit! Apply a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain at all! Try it!



Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and callouses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of ether discovery of the Cincinnati genitus.—Adv.

**As She Is Spoke.**  
American tourists who are shaky as to their French, have often been embarrassed by the visible replies which their carefully studied phrases bring forth from French lips. Just now the tables are frequently turned and the French man or woman is puzzled by the fluent American vernacular. An example: Yankee trooper: "Parly voo English, indemotseille?" French maid: "Yes, a vairy lectie." Y. T.: "Good work! Say, could you put me wise where I could line up against some spiffy cats in this burgh?"

**Fair Enough.**  
"Young lady, you are far too fresh for your sex." "Well, you know, we are supposed to have equal rights now."

"Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can."—John Wesley.

See Eyes, Blood-Red Eyes, Watery Eyes, Sticky Eyes, All healed promptly with nightly applications of *Roman's Eye Balm*. Adv.

A close friend is one who declines to lend.



## For Lameness

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for sprain, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or swellings, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoeboils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness very quickly.

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