

ATTORNEYS WILL FILE BRIEFS IN FARE PROTEST

No. New Testimony Submitted Except That of Electrical Engineer Charles L. Bailey, attorney for the Harrisburg Railways Company, was ordered in the protest of Charles Quinn against proposed rate increases by the Harrisburg Railways Company, heard by Commissioner Alcock before the Public Service Commission, yesterday afternoon, to file his brief with the complainants within fifteen days. Ten days will be allowed Arthur Ripley, attorney for Mr. Quinn, in which to file his response after which the case will be ordered for argument before the full commission.

Tells How to Stop a Bad Cough

Surprising results from this famous old home-made syrup. Easily prepared and costs little. If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if you cough up phlegm during the night with a heavy, watery, sticky, quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use purified molasses, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes a pint of really remarkable cough remedy. It is good, and the spirit of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

Checked in One Day

MUNYON'S COLD REMEDY relieves colds in the head, cold on the lungs, colds, croup and obstinate colds, and all forms of Grippe and Influenza. It relieves the head, nose, throat and lungs almost instantly. It prevents pneumonia, grippe, influenza and diphtheria. Price 30c at any drug store. Use Munyon's Paw Pills as a laxative.

TO RELIEVE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your druggist and get one ounce of Pain Expeller, a few drops, and add to it a pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar. Take one teaspoonful four or five times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises, blocked nostrils, and the mucus stoppage coming into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

WOMEN SHAVE UNKNOWNLY

When you only remove hair from the surface of the skin the result is the same as shaving. The only common-sense way to remove hair is to attack it under the skin. DeLia, the original sanitary hair cream, has been established in Argentina by General Delleplaine.

COMMITTEES FOR COMMERCE BODY ARE ANNOUNCED

Prominent Businessmen Are Named For Important Civic Work The organization of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce for the work of 1919 has been completed, and the standing committees were announced this morning. There are ten standing committees, as follows: Executive, agricultural, industrial, public affairs, publicity, historical, convention, luncheon, membership and housing. The historical committee recently was decided upon to compile a record of Harrisburg's participation in the war. Its president is C. M. Reing, president of the Dauphin County Historical Society. There is no merchant's committee, as formerly. Instead, it was announced, a Retail Merchants' Bureau will be organized among the mercantile members of the Chamber. It will be organized much the same as the Manufacturers' Council which was created, which has done much for the city. It will include such merchants of all kinds, and the executive committee of the bureau will be made up of a merchant from each branch of the mercantile business. Thus there will be one grocer, one dry goods merchant, one druggist, and so on down the line. The executive committee will elect its officers, and consider matters of importance to the merchant members of the Chamber. It will function within the Chamber, and be an integral part of the larger body. The committee members announced to-day are: Executive—Arthur H. Bailey, John H. Sessler, G. E. Reinhoel, E. J. Stokesser, George E. Ruppel, J. S. Agricultural—Donald McCormick, chairman; E. S. Gerberich, L. F. Haehnel, Todd Henderson, E. B. Mitchell, George G. McFarland, Walter S. Schell, George M. Spangler, Industrial—F. J. Hall, chairman; Arthur D. Bacon, Edward Bailey, W. T. H. H. Morgan, W. J. Rose, James C. Thompson. Public Affairs—E. E. Tracy, chairman; J. William Bowman, John T. Brady, E. G. Gipple, E. S. Herman, David Kautzman, A. C. Stamm, Captain H. M. Stine. Publicity—W. C. Alexander, chairman; V. H. Berghaus, A. Boyd Hamilton, Dean Hoffman, Harry Lovengard, E. Fred Rowe, C. L. Shepley, G. M. Steinmetz. Historical—B. M. Nead, chairman; Arthur E. Brown, Charles B. Fager, J. M. H. Bell, E. J. Beaman, E. B. Drum, Robert A. Enders, L. L. Ferris, Lee Goldsmith, E. B. Harrington, John Heathcote, John C. Herman, Ell N. Hershey, J. C. Jessup, J. M. K. Keith, J. H. Kuhn, J. C. Long, Charles E. Pass, P. E. Rice, J. W. Rodenhaver, S. S. Rutherford, John C. Soutter, E. A. Thompson, J. H. Troup, J. H. Wallaz, A. A. Wert, M. A. Cumber, M. R. Allean. Housing—J. Horace McFarland, chairman; E. C. Cowden, E. R. Eckman, George E. Evans, Stanley Gannett, Ross A. Hickok, Paul Johnson, J. L. Kuhn, C. L. Long, Henry B. McCormick, E. B. Musser, P. D. Wagoner, E. Z. Wallower.

Dinner Will Be Given For Miss Helen R. Leib For Faithful Red Cross Work

Miss Helen R. Leib, of the Home Service Section, Harrisburg Chapter, American Red Cross, will be the guest of honor at a dinner to be given to-night at the Penn-Harris Hotel. Invitations have been issued to the following close associates in Red Cross work: Mrs. Lyman D. Gilbert, Miss Margaret Ringland, Miss Catherine Kelso, Miss M. H. Bell, Miss A. M. McCormick, Mrs. G. H. Orth, Miss Carolyn Lynch, Mrs. Walter Spoford, Mrs. James I. Chamberlain, Mrs. William Jennings, Mrs. C. A. Wert, and Miss Leib. Miss Leib has won many friends through her faithful and efficient service in the local chapter. Much of the credit for the present splendid condition of the Red Cross Section is given to her because of untiring service.

Harrisburg Soldier First Reported Missing Now Is Listed as Killed

Three soldiers from this vicinity are included on to-day's lists of casualties. Private Percy A. Chronister, 154 North Fourth street, previously reported missing in action, is now reported killed in action. Private James H. Mack, of Williams-town, previously reported missing in action, is now reported sick in hospital. Private Roy Charles Marshall, of New Cumberland, previously reported missing in action, is now reported returned to duty.

800 Killed, 5,000 Hurt in Argentina Uprising

Washington, Jan. 15.—Approximately 800 persons have been killed and 5,000 injured in the street disorders in Buenos Aires, according to advices received yesterday at the State Department. In making this announcement, Assistant Secretary of State Phillips said the Socialists, with whom the majority of the labor organizations implicated in the strike are associated, refused to be further identified with the strike disorders. P. M. Quintana, Argentine charge d'affaires, to-day received a cablegram from his government denouncing that a dictatorship had been established in Argentina by General Delleplaine.

W. C. T. U. MEETING TO-MORROW

The Harrisburg W. C. T. U. will meet to-morrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the Fore Street Church of God. There will be reports from the prison, printing and flower departments. Quick to Respond Twenty-four hours after this request of the American committee cars with their chauffeurs had reported. The Germans had dug

The Chemin des Dames Vivid Picture of Havoc in War-Torn Battlefields Drawn by an American Widow Who Cries For Vengeance Against Barbarians

A vivid picture of havoc in one of the most hard fought battlefields of the great war, from the pen of the widow of Henry Beach Needham, famous American war correspondent, who lost his life while fighting in Europe. Leon France, January 2nd. "But, happily, it's over now. Madame, the war is finished." Madame, the wife of the mayor, turned her faded blue eyes upon me, regarded me with a steady, searching look—then said quietly and impressively: "No, Madame, it is not over. The war will not be finished until the people of the invaded districts have enough to eat." There was something peculiarly meaningful in this, not only for the Allied governments, but to give it a more personal turn, to us of the American Committee for Devastated Areas. It was the food of life—turns. In this turn of its axis they and we are to be tried—to be fashioned. Millions of men have given of their lives, and the holes where they died that others might live. The guns have ceased their firing—but the battle for life has not yet ended. That which lies in the wake of desolation, the waste—how difficult it is for those who have not seen it to realize, but for the sake of those who have come before, and it is necessary that we try to see with that inner eye in order that we may comprehend and wisely build.

I looked out on that land of misery that stretched before me, the city set upon a hill. Only a few weeks before the Germans had held sway there. Their signs were still upon the cross-roads; their shells in the walls. I closed my eyes and saw again that vision which will never fade in the mind of any one who has gone over the road so ironically called. It is said, it was but a narrow lane bordered with tall poplar trees, through which the sun shed its rays gently and the blue of the sky became more blue and the green of the earth more green. Birds sang in the trees, flowers blossomed by the path and threw their fragrance on the lovers wandering hand in hand. It was a picture of the heights of the country of Love.

And now! No words can paint it! No mind can compass it! It is war itself! The earth, a rolling, angry, surging sea of shells, broken limbs, and trunks of men, and the cries of those who have been swallowed in its depths; almost one sees the struggle as one shell after another throws up the firm ground of the earth, and men fighting for life and for liberty.

And from out of the depths of this surging, angry sea, black, broken limbs, and trunks of men, and the cries of those who have been swallowed in its depths, almost one sees the struggle as one shell after another throws up the firm ground of the earth, and men fighting for life and for liberty.

And over all the screaming, hungry, circling vultures. And under all the crawling, writhing, hungry worms. Not the war is not yet finished while that angry sea still unceasingly beats on the shores of the Chemin des Dames.

For—what of the people who once lived here? What of the families of this country—the mothers and fathers and children for whom their soldiers fought and bled and died? For four years the people in Leon, and the surrounding district had been in the hands of the Germans—under the cruel government of the enemy. For four years and a half they had been out of touch with their own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to them. "Once or twice," said an old man to me, "I was able to buy a newspaper from a man who had been out of touch with his own nation. Truly, people with out a country. No letters came to them, no letters went from them. During that time when food was scarce, when vitality was low, when hope had no knowledge on which to build, what invidious doctrines, and lies and poisons may have unconsciously seeped their way into their spirits? Who could say, and who could tell? No knowledge of the events of events could come to