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Financial Reserve

There is hardly a day passes but most of us are called upon to draw upon our reserve, either physical or financial.

Have you some in store?

This bank is a good place to start a financial reserve, and it cannot help but be of service to you.

DEPOSITS in this bank are PROTECTED by the Depositors Guarantee Fund of the State of Nebraska

Webster County Bank

Capital and Surplus \$35,000 Red Cloud, Nebraska.

ROY SATTLEY Undertaking

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Horse Hearse
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Complete Line of Up-to-date
Furniture, Rugs, Etc.

Open Day and Night

DINE

AT OUR CAFE

Powell & Pope

Chief ads Pay You

Red Cross Memorial

In memory of a hero—for a soldier dead is ever a hero—people of Red Cloud assembled en masse at the Orpheum Sunday evening for a service in honor of the second soldier from Webster county who has made the supreme sacrifice—

GILBERT SUTHERLAND
Invalide

"Killed in action" Somewhere in France.
July 29th, 1918.

Rev. J. L. Beebe presided, and closed the program with an eloquent biographical sketch of Mr. Sutherland's life and the home of his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Stunkard. Miss Inez Boner was in charge of the beautifully rendered patriotic and sacred music given by a full choir of trained voices.

The Home Guards of Inavale and Red Cloud were present in full uniform and under arms.

Taps were sounded by Lieutenant James Silvey of the Inavale Home Guards.

Rev. A. Schaal offered the opening prayer and Rev. C. Hewitt of Fullerton pronounced the benediction.

Attorney J. S. Gilham in a twenty minute address dwelt upon the unifying effects of the great struggle in which deceased had taken part. That as his brave life and heroic death had brought the assembly together as a family might unite that evening, likewise the final result of the great war would be to bring all civilized nations into closer and more brotherly associations.

Rev. D. Fitzgerald gave a masterly and eloquent address which drew instant applause. He pictured the glory of battle for the greatest democracy the world has ever known and referred to history of the Aztecs and their custom of offering a living sacrifice in which the finest of their youth died with each other to reach the altar of stone. He used this as a comparison with the present time in which the dead soldier is a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

The audience were quick to catch the significance of his earnest words and to appreciate his tribute to the heroes.

Dale Ellis Under Fire

The following official commendation of American troops in action explains itself.

Washington, Aug. 18—The Forty-second (rainbow) division particularly distinguished itself in fighting east of Rheims on July 15-16, when the German offensive was launched on both sides of that city. A general order issued by General Naulin, commanding the Twenty-first army corps—a part of the French army under General Gouraud—commends the Forty second for its valor, ardor and its spirit in the course of the battle when the "Fourth army broke the German offensive on the Champagne." The text of the order issued on July 29 when the division was leaving to join the American army corps in the drive to the Vesle, follows:

By its valor, ardor and its spirit, it has very particularly distinguished itself on July 15 and 16 in the course of the great battle where the fourth army broke the German offensive on the Champagne front.

I am proud to have had it under my orders during this period; my prayers accompany it in the great struggle engaged in for the liberty of the world.

GENERAL NAULIN,

Commanding the Twenty-first Army Corps.

In this connection the subjoined letters from Sergt. Dale Ellis, son of S. C. Ellis, of Red Cloud, describing his experience in the military action above referred to is worthy of reprinting as an intensely interesting and graphic recital of personal participation in one of the notable battles of the world-war.

I saw a German plane brought down the other day. It was the strangest sight I believe I ever saw. The light was up too high for us to see but we could hear the machine guns and after a while down came the plane. It landed about a mile from where I was but I got over there in time to see the men they took out of it. Cannot attempt in a letter, to describe the sight. Am afraid I could not describe it anyway. I never before saw an aeroplane act in the way that one did. But would like to see a lot more if they were the same kind. From what we read I guess the Americans are making themselves felt in the air now. Believe me, the Liberty motor sounds good going through the air.

There is plenty of action for the boys over here now. Of course there is no telling how this thing is coming out, but we have great hopes. Guess the Crown Prince is getting his share of it anyway.

From a later letter we get the graphic description of the big battle. After affectionate greetings to his home folks, Sergt. Ellis speaks of his typewriting machine not working just right, and goes on to say:

I don't understand why this machine should take a notion to write red. I know I am not seeing red even though we did just get an order to wear our gas masks at the "alert." Some one says we will get a cloud of gas right away and no one seems to want to see us die, so they tell us to wear our gas masks. It is a lot of fun to wear them, too.

I hope the attack don't come because it is a most inconvenient thing to have to run around breathing through a gas mask. We are just wearing them what is called the "alert."—that is, ready to put on in not more than six seconds. I have heard of fellows putting them on in one second, but don't know whether to believe such a statement or not. I do know, however, that a fellow can put one on in mighty short order when he knows that it really means something to him to get it on quick.

I never saw a cloud gas attack so if this proves to be one I will be seeing something new.

I suppose you are reading these days how the Germans got licked on their last big drive. This is the first one of the five drives that I have been anywhere near, but this time we got pretty close up. A fellow in the office had a



Rev. V. C. Finnell Coming

Rev. Virgil C. Finnell, the State Sunday School secretary of the Church of the Brethren, will speak at the Brethren church Saturday evening, at 8:00. Also at 11 o'clock Sunday morning.

Park Avenue News, Des Moines, Ia., says, "Finnell is one of the liveliest of live wires."

Sunday School workers should hear Finnell if they want to receive help and inspiration for their future work. Remember the dates, Saturday and Sunday, August 24 and 25. Don't fail to hear him!

Rev. C. W. Fisher, of Wellsville, Pa., will preach in the Baptist church at 8:00 this evening. An address worth hearing.

There is a Difference in Lenses

Just as there is between a piece of pure gold and that containing alloy. The lenses used by me are the finest that can be had. These come in the rough and are ground until they exactly meet the requirements of your particular eye trouble. One cannot be too careful about the eyes. The matter of a dollar or so should not enter into the calculation. This store refuses to ask for your patronage by price alone—the cure is the thing desired by me or well as yourself. Even so, you will find the charge unusually low, taking into consideration the high quality.

It will be to the interest of your eyes to have them examined here

E. H. NEWHOUSE

Jeweler and Optometrist

137 C. B. & Q. Watch Inspector

letter from some girl back home asking him when he got his bomb-proof job, but if she had been around the other day she would have thought about moving back—a short distance anyway.

The night of the 14th-15th, at exactly midnight by my watch, I woke up with a start. We had been getting awakened nights, but this time it was a little different. We usually went right back to sleep, or else got up to see the sight if they were shelling enough to show much. This time there was no question about it. The sky was all lighted up as if there was a bunch of big fires all along the front and the big guns were making close and bright flashes, like flames leaping up from the fire beneath. From the direction of the trenches came a sound like that of a heavy wind and thunder storm. And the flashes and thunder seemed mighty close to us. Then the shells commenced to whine over our heads. Shells that were not going to land anywhere near us would sound much like an elevated railway train at some distance off, and there would be whistling noise ahead of them. When they were going to burst pretty close, the noise they make is difficult to describe. I have heard many say they make a sort of whistling noise, but that don't mean much to me and I suppose it means less to you. However a fellow knows what is coming next when he hears that noise, whatever it sounds like.

No one around headquarters was killed or injured; in fact no shells hit closer to us than two hundred yards. But believe me, that is close enough for a fellow's good health. The shells were landing within two or three hundred yards from us for about forty-eight hours, averaging about once every eight or ten minutes. The big bombardment lasted from twelve o'clock until about five o'clock the next morning.

It was the heaviest during the first two hours (or else we were more scared then) and noticed it more, I don't know which, and then about three-thirty it got heavier again and came in at an awful rate for an hour and a half.

The French who were with us say they never heard anything like it, and they were with the troops in the big battle of Verdun, so you may imagine it was some bombardment.

When the Germans came over the top they attacked with three men to our one, and they never gained an inch of ground. Where they would make a little impression on our front lines the Americans would immediately counter-attack and the enemy had all their trouble for nothing.

I guess the losses were even worse for the Germans than [the odds they

had against us when they attacked. They were laying around in heaps—the Germans were—and the plies were not so small either.

Taking everything into consideration we were mighty tickled over the outcome, and my personal opinion is that it marks the end of the German offensive. The papers say they have been held all along the line the same as they were in the sector that this division occupies, and that sure sounds fine.

This is the first time I have ventured to make a guess on the length of the war but I am beginning to have hopes that peace will be declared before Christmas—and a kind of a hope that perhaps I may eat my Christmas dinner at home, too.

Of course I may be a little optimistic, but I can't help but think the Germans got the worst licking of their career when they started out this time. Their attack was sure short-lived. The night after the big doings you would not have recognized the place as the same part of the line before the heavy artillery fire.

The big battle or something else seems to have made rain a little more frequent of late, but it hasn't run us out of our tefat as yet. Don't know how much longer we may be able to stay in it though. However, we are about two inches off the ground and well drained, so it will take quite a rain to run us out.

The ensuing paragraphs of Sergt. E. H. Ellis are personal to his relatives and therefore omitted.

Sergt. Dale Ellis,
Reg. Supt. Sergt. care of Div. Ajt. of-
fice, 42nd D. W. A. E. F.

Each One Has a Duty

From the best people and the highest authorities ever [and again comes endorsement of the moving picture as an educational factor.

This angle of the "silent drama" was never better exemplified than in "The Gown of Fate," presented at the Orpheum by Manager Warren, Friday and Saturday.

Evidence of its attractive power lies in the fact that the audience was larger at the third presentation than at the preceding ones.

The title is misleading. It suggests love, lace and lingerie, while as a matter of fact the picture is a high-grade war story, replete with patriotism and thrill.

Its strong lesson is that everyone has his or her part to perform in the great world war. That we cannot all be soldiers at the front, but we can perform duties here at home which are of equal value. That each one of us can do some necessary part in making the world safe for democracy.