

### Sonderjylland.

Jordefærd. For faa Dage siden, skrives der 3. Juni, jorledes paa Hvgum Kirkegaard under en ret betydelig Deltagelse af Sognets Beboere tidligere Gaardejer og Kommuneformand Jens Jørgensen fra Hareby, der Pinsedag afgik ved Døden i en Alder af 70 Aar.

Den afdøde var ifl. „Smd.“ kendt langt ud over Sognets Grænser.

I en lang Karriere, lige indtil for et Par Aar siden, beklædte han Posten som Kommuneformand for Fæsteb og Hareby Kommune, og genvalgte dertil af sine Vnshørn Gang efter Gang.

Som ung Mand deltog han i Krigen i 1864 og han talte gerne om sine Oplevelser fra den Tid.

Græs- og Alvermarkerne. Fra Salosen Broager skrives til „Smd.“ Da Græsset paa mange Marker som Følge af den meget tidlige Afgrening ikke rigtigt vil gro igen, har man i vor Egn paa mange Steder maattet lade Kærne græsse paa store Arealer af de Alvermarker, der egentlig var bestemte til Bindning af Sø. Svubdyttet turde derfor blive daarligt i denne Egn.

Jordlopperne. Fra Nis Nørreherred skrives til „Smd.“ Jordlopperne har under den usædvanlige Varme i Maj Maaned i Aar voldt Landmændene store Tab ved at aføde Kaaletroer og Spidfaaspilanter, hvoraf der i Aar, navnlig for de sidste Bedkommende, er tilplantet store Arealer. Mange har faaet Kaaletroer for anden Gang. Udfæden er dog banffelig at opbride og betales med ca. 30 Mark pr. Bund.

Arbejdet med fortsat Spidfaaspilantning har maattet standse paa Grund af manglende Fugtighed.

Jndhentet af Døden — og gaact bort fra den. Enke Mette Bennedsen i Spandet har ifl. „Sejmdal“ modtaget det Sorgens Budskab, at hendes Søn Hans er bleven dræbt paa Vejen til Banegaarden, da han stod i Begreb med at rejse hjem paa Orlov.

For længere Tid siden kom der ifl. „Dnsf.“ fra Felten Efterretning om, at Kontormedhjælper Pønz, der før Krigen arbejdede paa Borgmesterkontoret i Sgumkloster, var falden; den unge Mand var sin Moders Støtte. Nu i Lørdags (8. Juni) som der imidlertid pludseligt Brev fra Pønz med Meddelelse om, at han havde det godt.

Pønz havde arbejdet paa en fribesne i Etappe; en Aften var han gaact i Vgen, og da det var mørk Nat, var han gaact fejl og gif i længere Tid omkring, indtil han stødte paa tyffe Militær. Da han omsider kom tilbage til Strivefuen, var der ikke meget tilbage af den; en Granat var faldet ned i Suset og havde dræbt 5 Mand.

Da Pønz var forsvunden, havde Militærforvaltningen ment, at han var blandt de dræbte, og sendte hans Moder Meddelelse derom.

De jagede Ruslere og fangede Havre. Tyffe Soldater var for et Par Dage siden paa Jagt efter et Par flygtede Ruslere i Nærheden af Hødding. For en Sifferheds Skyld fandt man ogsaa paa at undersøge et Krat der i Nærheden, men der var ingen Rusler. Derimod gjorde Soldaterne et Kup, der for dem var meget bedre, idet de inde i Skratet, hvor ellers ingen sætter sine Ben, fandt staaende et helt Læs Havre, ca. 1500 Bund. Under de nuværende Forhold, hvor Gaardene gennemgaaes af Myndighedernes Udførelse med Assistance af et stort Antal Sjælpere for at bortføre til Staten alt, hvad der findes ud over den rationerede Del, har Ejeren villet redde noget til sine Dyr. Da hans Kavn stod baade paa Bogn og paa Sætte, var han let at finde; der blev rekvireret Sætte, og Fundet blev læst bort i Krumf.

### A SOLDIER TELLS A CAMP PASTOR THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

I first met him after one of my services in the Camp. He came up

to shake hands with me. He impressed me as being a fine fellow, but he told me that he was not a Christian. I jotted down his name and address and looked him up in his tent the next day. He was on guard duty and I could have but little conversation with him, so I arranged a conference with him at my residence in the city. It was at this conference that he told me the interesting story of his life and decided to give his heart to the Master and be baptized in His name. The story of his life made such a deep impression upon me that when he left I wrote it down as nearly as I could recall it. It may interest others so I am giving it to the public, but will withhold his name.

“I was born in Austria near the Serbian border. But I am no longer an Austrian. I am insulted when people call me an Austrian. My mother was killed by the hard work which she was compelled to do for the Austrian nobility. I have never forgotten this cruelty to my mother. When I think about it my blood boils and I want to fight. I know it is wrong but I feel that I want to kill those who were responsible for my mother's death.

“We were poor. We had a piece of land but it took all we could make to buy bread to eat. But my father loved his children and worked hard to build up a little home for us, and after we children grew up we worked, and after a time we had built up a nice little home. There was plenty in the house to eat, and we had comfortable clothes to wear. We were beginning to be happy. I was then grown, and I decided to go to America to work. I did not intend to stay there, but as I could make more money there I could help my people more, and then when I had saved up a neat sum I intended to return to my people. Every week I sent some of my money home, and I would hear that my people were getting along nicely.

“Then the news came to me one day that the home had burned down, and everything that we had saved had been destroyed in the flames. Not a thing was left. When I think of it my blood boils, because the house was set on fire by some of the big men of Austria in order to compel my father to sell his land. They wanted my father's farm but he would not sell it, so they took this method to drive him into a forced sale and a cheap bargain. It nearly killed my father, because he had worked hard all his life to build up a little home so that we children might have something when he was dead, and now we had nothing. I could not go back home then. I had to stay here to make more money to send to my people.

“When I had first arrived in America, of course I lived with people of my own country, and spoke their language. I worked where they worked. They all drank. My father had taught us not to drink. I had never drunk in my life. But these people told me that if I wanted to hold my job and get along with the Americans I would have to drink. So I learned to drink, and it was not long until I was standing at the beer counter boasting of the large quantity I could drink. But all this time I was sending money to my people in Austria.

“But at last I found myself out of work and discouraged. I was leading the life of a tramp. I was homeless, hungry and cold. I had no place to go, no friend this side of the ocean. But I had to do something or die. One day late in the afternoon I decided to stand in front of a beautiful house on the corner until someone took pity on me and gave me something to eat. I had no supper, breakfast or dinner. It was bitterly cold and the snow was deep on the ground. So there I stood hour after hour, until at last the man in the house opened a window and motioned for me

to come to him. He asked me a lot of questions, and I poured out my heart to him. I told him the whole truth. He asked his wife to give me some dinner, and I ate as I never ate before. He offered me some beer to drink. But I had quit drinking. I had made up my mind that I would never drink again. I was cold and thirsty, but I told him that I would rather die than to taste the beer. The man took me to a nice warm room, with a good bed to sleep in, and good books to read. He offered me this room as my home, and I stayed at this place for three months. I got on my feet again, and became a man once more. I vowed that I would never forget this kind man and his wife who had given me, a homeless tramp, a home, even though they had ten children of their own.

“At the end of three months I enlisted in the National Guard of America, and became an American soldier. During this time I was learning to read and write, soon I could read and write very well. This was in 1910. I served in several parts of this country, and then in the Philippines. When I had served my term of enlistment I paid a visit to my old friends who had saved me and cared for me. But I found a great change. He had suffered misfortune. His business had failed. He had sold his nice home on the corner, and was living in a smaller house in another part of the city. His wife was down sick in bed, and he was not able to work. There was little to eat in the house. The house rent had not been paid for months, and there was no coal in the cellar. The electricity had been cut off because the bills had not been paid. A great change had come over that home since I had left it. But they were the ones who had helped me and I had vowed that I would never forget them.

“I had saved up about \$280, in the army, and when I left I had a check for \$250, and some change in my pocket for incidentals on the trip. When I found how things were I went down street and had my check cashed. On my way home I bought groceries, several tons of coal, paid the light bills and had the current put on again. By the time I arrived the things I had bought began to come in. I then asked the father to go with me to see the landlord, and we went immediately. I paid the back rent and some in advance. They were so happy. My turn to help had come. God gave the opportunity to return the favors I had received when I was down and out. They had pulled me out of the mire, and I had the chance to pull them out of despair. I never forget my friends.

“With the money I had left I bought an old barber shop, and later fixed it up, and was making good money. I took care of my friends as long as they needed my help. The wife had gotten better, and the husband found good work, and before I left they were again becoming prosperous. This was in 1914. I stayed in the barber business about two years, and then I felt the call of the war.

“I could not resist this call. I wanted to fight the Austrians, and hoped that even though I was a foreigner they would let me fight overseas in the American army. So I enlisted in the 1st Infantry, but when my regiment went overseas several months ago, I was put in the Casual Camp, because I am of Austrian birth. It almost broke my heart, but I decided to do my duty no matter where I was put. You know the Casuals are the men who are left behind because they are not fitted for overseas service for some reason or other, and many of them are discouraged and dissatisfied. They hate to be left behind. Every soldier in the training camps wants to go overseas. After I had been made a non-commissioned officer, and when I would take a squad

of men out on detail work I would always talk to them and try to encourage them. I would tell them that even though they were in the Casual Camp they must try to be men anyway, and brace up and take heart. In this way I helped a lot of those men, who like myself wanted to fight with their comrades overseas but could not go.

“My work among the casuals came to the attention of some of the officers, and when a new unit was made up to do some special work in the camp, I was selected as one to go into that unit from the Casual Camp. I now have a better chance to go overseas, and I am hoping that my opportunity will one day come.

“You ask me about my religion. I have never been a member of the Church. I think that my people were Greek Catholics. But I want to be a Christian and have thought about it a great deal. When I was with my friends who helped me, I decided that I would some day be a Christian. Then I have a sweetheart in that same town, who will marry me when I get out of the army, and she is a good Christian. I want to give my life to the Lord Jesus Christ. My sweetheart is a member of your denomination and that is the only church I know anything about. I like your church, and if I am not on duty next Sunday evening I will be received into your Church by baptism.”

How often there is just beneath the khaki blouse of the soldier a glowing heart, the makings of a real man, but so often when you are permitted to look into that sacred shrine you find a heart, sad and full of pathos, yet ever susceptible to the eternal truths. Such did I find in this soldier lad. Now he is a fine character, a manly man, a perfect gentleman, a true soldier of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ as he is a true soldier of his adopted country.

CAMP GREENE, N. C.

„Ejtrabladet's Begreb om „Smagløshed“.

Bladene i Danmark bringer med Ritzau's Bureau som fælle følgende Telegram:

„Associated Press melder fra Chicago: 46 dansk-amerikanske Foreninger har i River View Park afholdt en Grundlovsfest og Loyalitetsdemonstration.

Der blev uddelt Medaljer til 30 Veteraner fra Krigen 1848—50 og 1864.

Udførelsen af et dansk-amerikansk Flag med 400 Stjerner, der repræsenterer det Antal dansk-amerikanske Medlemmer af Foreningerne, der er traadt i Tjeneste i den amerikanske Hær og Flaade, var et Hovednummer paa Programmet.

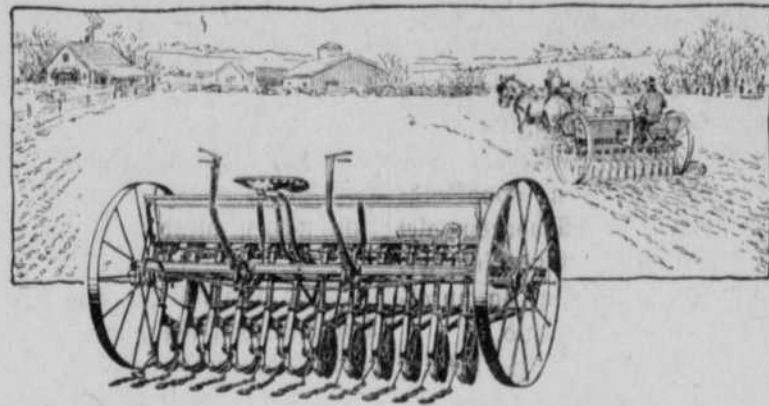
I „Ejtrabladet“ i København, der udgives af Njelsens „Politiken“, ferberes dette Telegram under Overskriften „Dansk-amerikansk Smagløshed“ med Undertitlen „Grundlovsfest og Kragsagitation“.

Svori „Smagløsheden“ bestaar, definerer Bladet ikke nærmere. Det skalde ogsaa synes banffeligt.

Festen i Chicago blev fejret af Danste, der er amerikanske Borgere. De fejrer hvert Aar at mindes Marsdagen for den danske Grundlovs Givelse, og som bekendt blev Grundloven til delvis som Følge af og midt under den første, fejrrige slesvigste Krig mod Prøssen, ligesom den senere blev bestaaret og lemlestet som Følge af den anden ulykkelige slesvigste Krig mod Prøssen og Østria.

Forbindelsen mellem den danske Grundlov og Krigen med Tyskland er saaledes af gammel Dato. Det synes derfor ganske naturligt, at de Danste i Chicago i Aar fejrede den med en Demonstration til Hæd for deres nye Fædreland, som af rent idealistiske Grunde har taget Kampen op mod den brutale Magt, der for godt et halvt hundrede Aar siden besjærede og snderlemmede det lille Danmark.

„Smagløsheden“ kan stæntes „Ejtrabladet“.



### For en bedre Kornavl.

Radsaaning sparer Sæd, fremmer Væksten og giver bedre Udbytte end nogen anden Sædmetode. Saa mange Farmere har allerede indset dette, at det spores stærkt i forøget Salg af vore EMPIRE JR., HOOSIER og KENTUCKY Saamaaskiner. Netop nu gælder det om at faa den størst mulige Afgrøde af Jorden, og det opnaas ved Brug af disse Maskiner.

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Danish Lutheran Publishing House, Blair, Neb.

Sonderjyder kan blive amerikanske Borgere

Kæiser Wilhelm og Præsident Lincoln.

Opmærksomheden henledes paa, at ifølge den Endring til Naturalisationsloven, som traadte i Kraft den 9. Maj i Aar, kan tyffe Underfaatter, der erklærede det for deres Bønsigt at blive amerikanske Borgere henholdsvis før den 5. April og 6. December 1917, faa deres anden Papirer praktisk talt i Løbet af samme Lidsrum i omfjndvandrede fra andre Lande. De regnes ikke for fjendtlige Udlandige, hvad Naturalisationen angaar, og kan opnaa Borgereffigheder i fuld Udstrækning.

Det eneste yderligere Krav, der stilles for deres Naturalisation, er, at en Liste over saadanne Ansøgelser først skal indsendes til Justitsdepartementet til Undersøgelse. Dette vil forøge den sædvanlige Prøvetid fra 3 Maaneder til 4 Maaneder. Tyffe Underfaatter kan ogsaa stadig udtage første Papirer og efter 2 Aars Forsøb, naar de har opholdt sig mindst 5 Aar i Landet og i øvrigt opfylder de sædvanlige Betingelser saa deres anden Papirer. Saafernt vel at mærke de af Justitsdepartementet i saadanne Tilfælde antillede Undersøgelser giver til Resultat, at de fortjener at blive Borgere.

Disse Oplysninger er af særlig Interesse for de unaturaliserede Sonderjyder, der stont de er danste af Blod og Amerikanere i deres Symptier, formelt er tyffe Underfaatter og derfor ramtes af den første Endringen af 9. Maj gældende Bestemmelse om, at Underfaatter af fjendtlige Lande ikke kunde faa deres endelige Borgereffigheder, saalænge Krigen varede.

Følgende to Breve behøver ingen Kommentarer. De viser ikke blot Forskellen paa to Mænd, men den dybe Kontrast mellem de Ideer og Ideal, som disse to Mænd staa for som Repræsentanter for.

En tyff Moder, Frau Meter modtog fornylig følgende Brev fra Kæiser Wilhelm's Privatsekretær:

„Hans Majestet Kæiseren hører, at De har ofret 9 Sønnen for Fædrelandets Forsvar i den nuværende Krig. Hans Majestet er uuaadelig taknemlig over denne Kædsgerning, og som en Anerkendelse er han glad ved at sende Dem sit Fotografi med Mamme og egenhændig Underskrift.“

Dette Brev til Frau Meter, som i Parantes bemærket nu maa opholde Livet ved at tage paa Gader i Delmenhorst-Odenburg, gentalder i Erindringen det berømte Brev, som Præsident Lincoln under Borgkrigen skrev til Mrs. Wigby.

Lincoln's Brev lød saaledes: „Kære Fru — Man har i Krigsdepartementets Arkiver vist mig en Erklæring fra General-Adjutanten i Massachusetts om, at De er Moder til 5 Sønnen, som med Vre er faldne paa Slagmarken. Jeg især, hvor spagt og frugteløst det maatte være for mig med Død at forøge at faa Dem til at glemme Sorgen over et saa overvældende Tab. Men jeg kan ikke afholde mig fra at tilbyde Dem den Trøst, som findes i Takken fra den Republik, for hvis Frelse de døde. Jeg beder, at vor himmelske Fader maa mildne Smerthen i Deres Tab og kun efterlade Dem den kærlike Erindring om dem, De elskede og mistede, og den højtidelige Stoltbed, som De maa isle over at have lagt saa kosteligt et Offer paa Frihedens Altar.“