

THAT IS AMERICA!

Splendid Work in France Typical of Country.

Returned Soldier Tells Something of Wonderful Doings in Which Every Citizen of Our Great Republic May Have Pride.

A soldier of the expeditionary force conversed with us the other night. He had been shot half to pieces. Never again will he be the same lad of swinging gait and vibrant life who went out for us. Yet the spirit of him was untouched.

As he talked he suddenly lifted the veil between us and far-off France—we saw France.

From a port that had no docks of importance before the war we saw extend the new American-built wharves; mile on mile. Great ships were swinging in on hurrying tides. Thousands of men, many of them black giants from the South, the physical equals of any that ever bowed to labor, swarmed around them. Mountains of supplies towered on every side.

From those great docks ran a four-track railroad; heavy steel rails, heavy-timbered roadbed, rock ballast, steel clamped, graded perfectly, 400 miles across France to the roaring guns. Half way across that land the tracks were only two. No passenger station on that line—only the American highway for fighting millions, going up to battle, and their supply depots.

Every ounce of that metal, made in America, dug out of our hills by men like those of New Hampshire, was melted and forged and rolled and beaten to our uses and set down by the million tons in far-off places.

On that road ran cars upon which could have been laid two or three of the lesser cars of the European lands. On it ran locomotives such as the world never saw, save in America. Their monstrous forms towered above the heads of the peoples of all the earth, who stopped, half in terror, as the great machines rolled by, their ponderous drive wheels dwarfing the engineers that worked about them when they tested.

As he talked, this broken-bodied, whole-spirited soldier told of his return from the field. How he was rattled and bumped, and wrenched and jarred as he went over the lightly built railway in the hospital train. Then there was a change. He felt the bump and pull of an American locomotive, felt the solidity of rock under his tortured body, the smooth rolling of wheels not to be mistaken; the localized, incarnated soul of America in unbending rails beneath the mighty engine and the swiftly running cars. The landscape began to flash by as by magic. "Then," he said, "I knew I was all right. Something had got hold of me."

That is America. The soldier that no wounds could dismay; the solid rock, the wonderful creation that made not only the highway for our power but the foundation of our free republic.

As this shattered but strong-spirited lad told of the tranquillity that came with the bump and pull of an American locomotive, our hearts were stirred. Who of us has not waited with bated breath, the pitcher fumbling the ball meanwhile, to see one of our mighty locomotives go thundering past our improvised diamond? It was more than a locomotive—it was a symbol. Perhaps we did not fail to see the symbolism of it, but we felt it. Here, at last, is the interpretation, brought home by a soldier of the Union that in no small part has been made great by the vision, the daring, and the downright work that conquered the wilderness, crossed the eastern mountains, swept over the prairies, mastered other and mightier mountains, linked the sunrise coast to that of the sunset of steel, and converted a continent into a neighborhood by the American locomotive, brother of the one that picked up our wounded soldier and made him feel that "something had got hold of him." That "something" had got hold of the world.—Manchester Union.

Future Air Travel.

It is predicted that in ten—maybe five—years from now, the sky will be marked out in regular lines of air travel, as the earth now is headed with steel rails. Stations and eating houses probably will be established high in the air, where the big limousines will draw up alongside captive dining balloons for the usual 25 minutes for dinner. Aerated water will be served, and even the prices will be inflated. In this vision is seen but one feature which harks back to 1918: The dining-room girls will still be wearing those solemn, ugly black dresses, radiating the same old gloom even to the last table furthest back in the farthest corner.

Why Didn't They Think of That?

Officer — The ground was simply shocking after the rain; we thought the battle would have to be postponed.

Lady — Well, do you know, we were in the same predicament the day of our Red Cross festival, but we had the foresight to cover the ground with straw.—London Opinion.

Two Ways.

"Wasn't she opposed when she started out as a professional whistler?"
"Yes, but now she can crow over it."

AUCTION SALE

I will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder at the farm known as the
JESSE TAFT PLACE

Five miles northeast of Sublimity, Seven miles east of Shaw and one quarter mile west of Union Hill school house, on silver creek road.

MON. JAN. 20, 1919

commencing at 10 a. m, the following described property

Horses, Cattle, Etc.

One bay horse, 11, years, weight 1400
One bay mare, 4 years, weight 1000
One gray horse, 14 years, weight 1000
Three cows
Three heifers
One sow with five pigs
Nine two months old pigs
Two shoats
Fifty-five Leghorn Pullets
Seven shoats, averaging 125 pounds
Five hogs, averaging 175 pounds
Fourteen head of sheep
Fifteen head of goats

Miscellaneous

One 2-section harrow One spring tooth harrow
Oliver plow, No. 222 One merry-go-round
One Deering mower One 2-horse cultivator
Two 1-horse cultivators Potato planter, new
Winona 3in wagon nearly new
One Monitor drill, 12 disc
One hack One single buggy
One road cart, 2 1-2hp International gas engine
One feed chopper One scalding vat
One spray pump One footpower grindstone
One Planet Jr. garden cultivator and seeder combined, almost new One set double harness
One set single harness Household goods
800 bushels gray oats
75 bushels winter wheat

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GOOD ROCK ROAD TO PLACE

TERMS: All sums of \$20 and under cash. Over that amount credit of 6 months with interest at 8 per cent, with bankable notes.

J. A. LINCOLN, Owner

Farmers and Merchants Bank, Clerk

George Keech, Auctioneer