

Million of Camp Libraries

Chaperoning the Local Camp
Our Proportionate Share of the
\$50,000.

with their earning power. In most cases they are patriotic, noble fellows. I am sure that in so many worthy a cause as that in which you are engaged, they will gladly co-operate with you.

Cannot you get the names of the men who remain at home with their families, and continue at their work in shop, factory, store, counting room and in the open, and mail to each one an appeal for a contribution to buy and care for books for the boys that are compelled to lay down their tools and give up their occupation to serve in our army?

All can and would, in my judgment, if they are patriotic, as I am sure most of them are, contribute at least from one to five dollars each and many much more for such a splendid cause. By so doing, these exempted and discharged boys, would say to those taken into military service: "Our interest in you is deeper than the farewell handshake and good-bye. We want to contribute handsomely to your pleasure and comfort in camp and in rest billets, while we are earning our usual wages and profits."

The local boards, altho in continuous session, will, I am sure, work with you in getting the names and postoffice addresses of these exempted and discharged men.

It is also safe for you in your appeal for this book and library fund, to go much further. No laborer, no merchant, no professional man, no manufacturer, no farmer and in fact, no home in city or country in this land where books, magazines and newspapers are so much enjoyed, can afford to be denied the pleasure of contributing to a fund which is to be used by the men in our service, to drive away care and loneliness.

Wishing you all success, I am,
Sincerely yours,
MILO M. ACKER.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA

Red Cross Making Needles Fly
Despite False Reports to the
Contrary

The story circulating to the effect that the Red Cross units were being sold at \$3 each to the soldiers instead of being given free to them, and that for that reason the Wellsville and Hornell Chapters of the Red Cross had struck and quit their knitting is an absolute falsehood, and is in line with many other false reports that smell strongly of German propaganda.

The News immediately called up L. H. Thornton, Chairman of the Red Cross, of Wellsville, who most emphatically branded the story as a base falsehood. Mr. Thornton said that the Wellsville Chapter had purchased \$1,400 worth of yarn, and that it was being knit rapidly into articles for the soldiers. Also that they expected to purchase and knit as much more. This will all be given without reserve to the soldiers free of cost.

However, it was being urged upon all localities that they furnish each of the young men going in the selective draft a comfort bag. These could be made by any one, or purchased for the boys thru the Wellsville Chapter at \$2.60 each.

This may be the foundation upon which this story was built.

W. O. T. U.
The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Sylvia Monrohes Friday afternoon, Sept. 21st.

Up-to-date printing at The News.

ANTI-SUFFRAGIST USING MILITANT METHODS

Couldn't Drown Out Miss Thompson, Eloquent Suffrage Speaker, Saturday Afternoon, With a Brass Band, at Friendship.

Friendship, N. Y., Sept. 15.—The anti-suffragists have turned militant here. Ten of them, accompanied by a brass band, sought to break up a suffrage meeting on Saturday, in connection with the fireman's street celebration. But they didn't count on the spunk of their opponents. The consensus of opinion in town is that they were licked. Outraged public opinion is trying to trace to its source—somewhere in the fire department—the element which started the peculiar form of heckling.

Miss Dorothy Thompson, of Buffalo, was invited to speak thru the local branch of the Woman Suffrage Party, by the consent of the committee in charge of the street celebration. She was introduced by the Village President, Mr. Corbin, and started to speak to a large and interested crowd. But before she had said a dozen words, members of the fire department band, stationed twenty feet away, struck up a lively air and completely drowned her voice. Surprised and thinking that there was some mistake, Miss Thompson stopped speaking, and looked around for someone to stop the disturbance. But it was plain that the affair had been planned, and the demands to stop were made to the players, they stuck to their instruments and the crowd rapidly divided into factions—one a very small one, composed entirely of men, joined the band and added to the noise by a chorus of jeers—the other stood by the suffragist and urged her to go on. For a second it looked doubtful.

Miss Thompson stood for an instant, hurt and confused. "Don't you back down, sister! See it thru," called one man from the crowd. That settled it. A smile broke over the young speaker's face. Thrusting her hands beyishly into the pockets of her dark suit, she stepped to the edge of the temporary platform. "All right," she said decisively. "I will." And in a clear, well-trained voice, which rose over the noise of the band, and sank into persuasive tones whenever there was a moment's lull, she held the big crowd for twenty-five minutes, and talked to them about women and war and democracy. One or two of the players left and joined the crowd shamefacedly and she acknowledged them with a quick nod and a smile. She talked to them about the struggles and sacrifices of the women of the world. She described the women of England, toiling in mines and munition factories "brave keepers of the forts of home." She told of the women of France tilling the fields and harvesting the crops under fire of the enemy. Tears came into the eyes of her listeners as she described the organization of the Russian woman's Legion of Death. She explained the influence of the war upon the suffrage movement and recited how country after country had come to value its women and seek their advice, and had given them the vote. She ended with a plea to see the war thru "that the world may be made safe for peace and for democracy when in every land men and women shall work out their own destinies, citizens together."

The anti-suffragist contingent melted away the moment she stopped speaking, but the crowd surged up to shake hands and to extend sympathy and congratulation. More than one man was heard to exclaim, "That settles it! I'm a suffragist from now on."

WELLSVILLE FAIR AND RACES WILL BE GOOD

Best Attractions Ever Held in Western New York Will Be the Program for the Week of Oct. 2-5.

On October 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, Wellsville is to have the most pretentious Fair ever seen in this part of the state. We make this prediction after reviewing the list of big attractions and getting a hint of the amount of money that is being spent to make the Wellsville Fair and Races of 1917 the big Fair of Western New York. Every attraction booked is of national reputation, the purses for the Racing are exceptionally large a large amount of money is being spent in putting the grounds in first class condition and the Association is advertising in every town and city within a wide radius of miles of Wellsville. Such preparations can only mean one thing, and that is that the Fair will "be there" to back it up.

Little Katherine Stinson, the wonder girl of the clouds, the World's Champion Aviator, is contracted to appear for two days Oct. 4th and 5th, and will make two flights each day. Miss Stinson is an attraction of World Wide reputation, having made sensational flights in China, Japan, Australia and Hawaii, returning with many medals for her skill and daring.

This little Miss is only nineteen years old and does not budge the scales at 100 pounds. She was the first person in the world of her sex to loop the loop and fly upside-down, and last June she drew the attention of the world at war to herself making a cross country flight from Buffalo, New York, to Washington, D. C. in the interest of the American Red Cross.

Miss Stinson gives an exhibition of nerve and daring that cannot be duplicated by any woman fier in the world and by very few men. She flies rain or shine, storm or no storm, rising to a height of 2,000 feet to do her loops and upside-down flying, looping down to a height of 1,000 feet where she turns straight downward, the tail of her machine coming first and drops like a plummet to within 100 feet of the ground until it seems that she (Continued on Editorial Page)

Prominent men and women got together to formulate a protest. Judge Hatch, who was the speaker at the evening meeting, apologized publicly in behalf of the town, and branded the conduct of the anti group as "disgraceful and outrageous." "The whole affair was positively Prussian," said Judge Hatch. "Miss Thompson's conduct was admirable. I listened to her speech with pleasure and with profit. It was thoughtful, logical and animated by a thoroly patriotic spirit. Things have come to a pretty pass if we can't have free speech in Friendship."

Miss Alta Phillips, chairman of the local branch of the Red Cross, expressed her indignation in no uncertain terms. "Miss Thompson came here at our request," she said, "I'm chagrined and angered beyond words."

Mr. Corbin, the Village President, expressed his indignation by refusing to attend the Fire Department banquet at the New Friendship Hotel in the evening. Miss Thompson laughed over the whole affair after the meeting. "The people of Friendship were not to blame for conduct of the little group of wilful men, any more than we suffragists are to blame for the pickets." She added with a smile, "The people of Friendship need not apologize for a few men in the fire department. I sincerely hope that the whole matter will be dropped."

Over the Pass From Skagway

A Survival of the Fittest—Days of '98 When the Stampede Went Over the Pass to the Yukon for Six Hundred Miles—By M. J. Brown.

From Seattle to where they charge 25 cents for a package of Durham, a shine, a shave, or a smile, is some change (two-bit change) within a week.

"Every time you take a drink things look different," said a fellow in the hotel, who was counting his change and studying his schedule. "If some one will figure out for me how I am going to last until I board the boat in Nome, I'll give him a steady assignment on my ways and means committee."

A pair of globe pacers on the way down the Yukon were protesting to me that they hadn't spent a dollar since they left White Horse. "There is nothing to buy; the only way you can get rid of money is to throw it overboard."

After a day's stay in Dawson he told me he was hunting for the mounted police to protect him from the stalkers. "A man insisted on my buying him a drink for pointing out the direction of the Regina Hotel."

And such are hang-over conditions of the once-famous Klondike town.

But Dawson is 500 miles ahead of the story.

When you leave Seattle for the north land you will see a different line of ship passengers than you ever mixed with before.

When you get up thru the sound cities into Alaska the character keeps changing.

Out of Seattle a bunch of tourists is aboard, "going to Alaska," and the very limit of 85 per cent. of their tickets is White Horse. They drop off in the Alaska towns, see the grave of "Soapy" Smith, have some one point out the ruins of the famous Treadwell mine (which recently caved in), visit a cannery, see a totem pole, and get soaked proper at the curio stores—then take the first boat back.

A few go over the pass to White Horse, and then they are seen no more on the trip, and from there on, for 2,000 miles down the Yukon, the passengers are concentrated to the "sour dough" boys who have been "out side" for the winter; a few venturesome tourists and the few white men who have some reason to go in or get back to the "inside."

I left the boat at Skagway at 2:00 a. m. and wandered down the Dead Man's Town—up and down the one main street, where tradition yet says they have 1500 people.

In a couple of hours I met a man. It afterwards developed he was the big end of the police force—in plain clothes. As I had a grip he asked what I was looking for. I answered "something alive something stirring, moving." The

deserted aspect of this once-mous town didn't look right—it didn't fit in with the Jack London, Rex Beach stuff of the mad, stampede days.

"Town's gone dry," was his monotonous reply. "What the hell can you expect when the cover goes down on everything with a kick in it? Everybody but the W. C. T. U. is getting out."

A block farther I engaged another man in a 3:00 p. m. conversation. I asked him the reason for the many closed places and the blanket of gloom that seemed to settle over the town.

"She'll be all right in a short time. It got so damned tough here decent folks got out; then we voted out the booze. Now things will be decent and decent people will come back."

Here were two very contradictory view points.

In the White Pass Hotel I got chummy with an old "sour-dough" pioneer who was bound for the Porcupine river, and he gave me what I think was the real logical explanation of the rust conditions of the interior towns:

"No new strikes—everybody going out, none coming in. Placer ground worked out; boys hitting the trail out; war conditions stop the tourists; no travel."

And here I will mention that no Americans apparently within the conscription limit are permitted to go over the line from White Pass. Two young fellows, who I became well acquainted with on the trip up the sound, had-river reservations via Fairbanks to Nome, but the custom officials would not permit them to go over the line. Neither would the Canadian mounted police permit any man who even looks between 18 and 45 to leave the Dominion into American country.

But what I started to write, or rather what I had in mind, was the famous White Horse route, over the divide from Skagway to White Horse—in the days of '87 and '88—when everybody went gold-mad and joined the stampede to the Klondike.

There's a railroad over the Pass now. It cost \$14,000,000 to build it. It runs a medley train of tailed hay and observation cars. It charges 20 cents a mile, and a tourist conductor, who wears a hat designating his "official" up-rising, and who probably came from Philadelphia in 1907, points out the historic places of 30 years ago.

I started two days ahead of this perscription train and finished two days later, and I got a little of the old mad spirit that is fast getting away from real history.

It's one hundred and ten miles over the pass to Lake Bennett.

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