

THE CHURCH LEADS

THE FIGHT FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS, FREEDOM and TRUTH

LEND YOUR SUPPORT

To The Patriotic Effort of the
FIVE CO-OPERATING CHURCHES
To Conserve Coal and Promote Efficiency

Two Group Combinations

Group 1.

Baptist Church:
Rev. Norman Gould Oliver, Pastor
Congregational Church:
Rev. Ira Milton Grey, Pastor

St. Paul's Evangelical Church:
Rev. Paul Crusius, Pastor

All Services of Group 1.
in Congregational Church.

Group 2.

Evangelical Church:
Rev. P. G. Nuffer, Pastor
Methodist Episcopal Church:
Rev. James Freeman Jenness, Ph. D., Pastor

All Services of Group 2.
in Methodist Church.

Union Service of All Five Churches Every Sunday Evening.

See News Columns of Reporter for Particulars

OUR MOTTO:

Christ for All - All for Christ

OUTFIT A SOLDIER

Buy Thrift and War Savings Stamps to Help U. S.

It costs just \$166.71 to equip an American soldier to take the field. By this is meant merely to buy the clothes he wears and the arms he carries. By the time he is trained, and fed for six months before being sent across the water, the costs mount up to thousands of dollars for each man.

Every man, every woman and every child who buys Thrift stamps and War Savings stamps is helping to equip these soldiers for the field. If you are saving and serving by aiding in this great campaign, you are taking an active part in defending your country from the Kaiser's hordes.

What have YOU done to equip your country's soldiers? How much have you contributed in Thrift stamps or War Savings stamps toward seeing that they are clothed and armed?

Have You Equipped a Soldier?

If you have bought 38 War Savings stamps at \$4.12 each, and one Thrift stamp at 25 cents, you have equipped a soldier completely.

If you have bought one Thrift stamp you have paid for one waist belt, or one hat cord, two pairs of shoe laces and four identification tags.

If you have bought two Thrift stamps you have paid for one trench tool, with which the soldier may dig himself in after storming the enemy's lines, or one shelter tent pole and five shelter tent pins.

If you have bought three Thrift stamps you have provided some soldier with a pair of woolen gloves.

If your investment totals four Thrift stamps you have paid for one bedsock and the government has 11 cents left over.

The price of four Thrift stamps will provide the soldier with his canvas leggings.

Five Thrift stamps will buy one buttoned scabbard.

Six Thrift stamps will pay for the soldier's summer undershirt or his woolen stockings.

Seven Thrift stamps will buy him his service hat.

Eight Thrift stamps will leave 15 cents lacking to pay for one bayonet.

Twelve Thrift stamps will pay for the necessary shelter tent, or for one steel helmet.

You will have to buy 14 Thrift stamps for the poncho that keeps the soldier dry as he stands long hours in the rain in the trenches.

Fifteen Thrift stamps will pay for the soldier's winter undershirt, or the undergarments that keep the nether extremities warm this kind of weather.

One War Savings stamp will pay for his cartridge belt.

One War Savings stamp and four Thrift stamps will pay for the 100 rifle cartridges with which he starts into battle.

Two War Savings stamps will buy his woolen shirt or his O. D. breeches.

Three War Savings stamps will buy his necessary two pairs of shoes or his gas mask.

Four War Savings stamps cover the cost of his O. D. coat or his woolen blankets.

If you have bought five War Savings stamps you have paid for his rifle.

Perhaps you have a son or a brother in the army. Wouldn't you like to feel that you have loaned Uncle Sam enough money to equip him? The nation must get the money somewhere if our boys are to be adequately provided for.

If you haven't joined the army of thrift which is backing up the boys in the trenches, get in right now.

What Will Your Children Say?

What are you going to tell your children when, in after years, they ask you what part you took in the war? You may be able to explain to their satisfaction why you couldn't go and fight—a lot of us can. You may be able to give a satisfactory reason why you do not have a lot of Liberty bonds. But it will be mighty hard to explain if you do not buy Thrift or War Savings stamps. Don't be forced to tell your children you didn't even raise a quarter for the help of your government.

Shell Out Money and the Kaiser.

You'll have to shell out for War Savings stamps if you expect our boys "over there" to shell the Kaiser out of his trenches.

HE WASHES THE DISHES TO EARN MONEY FOR THRIFT STAMPS



The war has made many changes in the natural order of things. Women have usurped many of the male sex's hitherto sacred duties, while the men, in turn, have gone into occupations which, prior to the war, were classed as "feminine." We have read stories of aged men knitting, and even some of the soldiers in the various cantonments throughout the country, but it remained for Edgar Frady, aged eleven years, a pupil of the Frances Willard school, Chicago, to introduce the latest "innovation."

Edgar washes dishes for his mother and buys Thrift stamps with the money earned in this way. He was one of the first pupils in the school to purchase a War Savings stamp, and exhibits it and his thrift card, nearly filled with the 25-cent stamps, to his envious playmates.

Because Edgar washes dishes, do not get the idea he is a "dissy." No, sir; he's a manly little chap who enjoys all the healthy games and pranks of boyhood, and seized upon the idea of doing the dishes for his mother as the quickest and most efficient means towards earning money for the Thrift stamps. "I earned some money shoveling snow, too," said Edgar. "But the snow does not last all the time, while there are always dishes to be washed. My mother gives me a dollar a week for doing the dishes after supper, and I invest this in the Thrift stamps. I already have bought one of the \$5 stamps and have started a new thrift card with the money I earn."

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO

"Dad, what can a little boy do for his country?"

It was in the early weeks of the war. A boy of twelve was reading of the rush to enlist, of the prospects of conscription, of the enormous sums needed to carry on the war, and of the American destroyers which had gone across the sea to hunt down the German submarines.

He was burning with enthusiasm to do something for his country, but there did not seem to be anything he could do. So he put the question up to his father, who, to him, seemed the embodiment of all wisdom.

And the father, who was in much the same state of mind as the son, was at a loss for an answer. The government was going ahead, raising money and raising armies without asking his help. Burdened with a family, he could not enlist—at least not until the men without responsibilities had gone, and there did not seem anything for him to do, either.

But it was necessary for him to keep up his nose before his small son, so he replied, rather vaguely:

"A little boy can hang a flag in front of his home, to show he is a patriot."

This the little boy did, but he was not satisfied. He wanted to feel that he was really doing something for his country.

Later came the activities in which

even a little boy could participate. He could give of his little store to the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A., and he could and did take his money from the savings bank and buy a Liberty bond. But still he was not satisfied. He dreamed of the time when he would be old enough to go over the top like Empey, but he knew that, most likely, the war would be over before then. He wanted to be doing something every day for his country.

At last the opportunity came. It was in the United States War Savings plan, which asks that all of the people, all of the time, form themselves into a great army of thrift to back up the men in the trenches. Here was something that a little boy could do. He could earn money and buy Thrift stamps.

The change in his life was amazing. He developed at once unusual industry. He welcomed a hizzard, not as affording him an opportunity to throw snow balls, but as furnishing walks to clean that he might earn the price of Thrift stamps. He seized eagerly upon opportunities to run errands. He found things by the dozen that a little boy could do.

Every time he licked a Thrift stamp he thrilled with the feeling that at last he was doing something for his country. He aroused the enthusiasm of his parents and of his sister. The Thrift stamps grew into War Savings stamps with surprising rapidity, and before this thrift year is over, this particular family will have done, not its bit, but its best, for its country.

This little story does not apply merely to one little boy. It probably applies to millions, as the thrift idea spreads over the land.

SEAL UP THAT DUUM



Brown in the Chicago Daily News

ALASKAN WOLF DOGS—HORSES OF THE NORTH

Like Their Wolf Ancestors Their Way of Fighting is Strike, Jump Away and Never Quit

(M. J. Brown)

Strip a man of all metallic substance lock him in a bare room and leave him there with only tin cans of beef

and he would doubtless starve. Put a Labrador husky or an Indian malamute in the same position and it would grow fat, as long as the beef held out.

This is rather a surprising statement, but it is a positive and well known fact that Alaskan sled dogs will open any tin can with their teeth, when hungry enough, and on short ration mushing trips the driver has to be as careful with the canned goods as with the bacon.

I was much interested in the dogs of Alaska and I never missed an opportunity of observing them or to talk with some old dog-beater who knew them.

And one day I saw a fight. I had often heard of the ferocity with which

these beasts go to each other, but I had no idea I would witness a scrap, for it was summer time, and the beasts were on their long vacation.

In the summer the dogs are chained in groups or teams. Most of them are provided with kennels, where they can escape the pests and the rains, but in the day time they usually sit or lie on the top of their dog houses.

A dozen or more were in one family group just outside of town and I used to watch them at feeding time.

One day as I was observing them a big shaggy husky came down the path. I don't know whether he had escaped or whether he was allowed to run loose.

As he passed the kennels every dog

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