

# Sample Lot Ladies Waists

Crepe de Chene and Georgette Crepe from . . . \$3.48 to \$4.97  
 Entirely new and exclusive styles—no two alike.  
 Also a line of Lawn, Organdies and Voile Waists from . . . 59c to \$1.47  
 Buster Brown Collars and Ties for boys and girls . . . 25 to 75c.  
 Ladies Collars to please the most fastidious. These will have to be seen to be appreciated, and the prices are from . . . 25c to \$1.43  
 New Silk Hose in White, Grey, Navy and Champaigne.

## Co-operative Mercantile Company

THE FAMILY STORE.

**We Are Prepared to Save You Money on Fancy Groceries, Country Produce, Meal, Oats, Corn, Mill Feed, Sweet Feed, Dairy Feed, Cotton Seed Meal, Hulls, Hay, Etc.**

Our prices are right. Phone us your orders.

## BENTON'S CASH STORE,

Phone 178. The Store That Appreciates Your Trade.

### BARBARISM OF THE GERMANS

The Story of a Prisoner—Women are Nothing More Than Chattels.

Further revelations are now being made of the almost incredible ferocity on the one hand and the refined cruelty and wickedness on the other with which the Huns treat prisoners of war, and particularly the British. Here is an extract from one of the many shocking narratives which is typical of the former method of treatment:

A British master mariner had his ship torpedoed and was taken prisoner in a submarine. Refusing to answer questions, he was sentenced to be shot on reaching port or before that if he caused any more annoyance. At Heligoland, while his clothes were searched, he was kept naked in intense cold for three hours, while German officers stood about mocking him. Eventually his clothes were returned to him wet, and he was placed in barracks, his only covering being some blankets which abounded with vermin. He adds: "The treatment of prisoners here was brutal and their condition pitiable. Skeletons in rags, if, on being put to work, they fell down from weakness, they were kicked and clubbed, beaten with the back of swords, and kept standing at attention in freezing weather as long as they could stand it. Many had unhealed wounds. We all had to fight like wild beasts for food that a dog would refuse."

And the following story of a prisoner's life in a munitions factory shows a perhaps viler fiendishness and degeneracy. The story is given in a war prisoner's own words:

Henschel's steel factory before the war was a steel-producing (Siemens' process and crucible furnace) and tool and machinery works. Since the outbreak of war it has naturally turned its whole resources to the production of munitions. Approximately 20,000 people were employed in this factory in the latter part of 1915, among these being 2,000 prisoners of war, who had been sent there not knowing, until they arrived, the nature of the work they were to perform. The majority of prisoners of war, immediately they realize they are at a munitions factory, refuse to work, but either by force, persuasion or guile they subsequently remained there.

The method—or different methods of finally compelling a prisoner of war to work in one of these factories is rather peculiar. On arrival at the works prisoners are given a very good meal, with a few bottles of beer and things to smoke. They are then interviewed by the firm's interpreter, a very, very clever linguist, and it is this gentleman's duty to impress upon prisoners of war that it is not a munitions factory. No, they make only bicycles, pen nibs, pocket knives, razors, etc. The field and siege guns, machine guns and thousands of shells that you see stacked in every spare foot of the yard—well, they paint those.

Of course, whether you are British, French, Russian or Belgian, and though you were employed in your pre-war days as a barber or bacon curer, you realize that this fellow is pulling your leg. Because, surely (you think to yourself) it does not require furnaces, boilers, electric cranes and turning lathes to paint guns and shells or to produce pen nibs, and, besides, you cannot see any paint at all.

Well, you daily refuse to start to work, and our before-mentioned lin-

guist, who is quite a gentleman, leaves you with your sentries for a time. He reappears shortly, accompanied by a German officer of high rank, who, he informs you, is in charge of the works and also of prisoners of war, and that he is invested with supreme power over every employee. He can, if he wishes, sentence you to death and to various other things. Well, you again refuse to work, and immediately you are surrounded by about 20 sentries, who playfully tickle you under the ear with the butt of their rifles or the end of a bayonet, and you regain consciousness to find yourself in an underground cell, quite close to the exhaust pipes of various machines, and you soon realize you are neither in Kew Gardens nor the Crystal Palace. You stick this for what seems to be a lifetime (it is usually three, four or five days), then suddenly your smooth-tongued interpreter pops up like the devil out of hell and asks: "Will you work now?" Should you answer in the negative the devil disappears and you are left to your own reflections for another three to five days. Should you tell him you are thirsty and would like a drink of water, or hungry, having had nothing to eat from three to five days, he informs you that if you will consent to work you will have anything in reason that you desire. Well, you are beat, and realize that it is better to await an opportunity of enabling you to get back to your lager, which, in the circumstances, seems heaven compared with the shop where they paint guns and shells and make pen nibs. So you accompany the slave driver on a tour of the works.

First he takes you to the employees' dining hall, and as you have not had food, water, light or recreation for from three to five days you do justice to the really good food given to you. Then when you are given a few bottles of lager beer and a cigar you begin to regard this devil opposite you not as a devil, but as your guardian angel. Then over the drinks he unfolds to you a wonderful tale. I will give you the conversation which actually took place between the interpreter and myself.

He said: "If you will work for us at your trade (crucible steel smelting) we will pay you 25 marks a day, out of which you must pay 10 marks for food and lodging. You shall live in a house in town with civilians and be allowed to wear civilian clothes. When your work is finished you may go anywhere you wish, provided you are accompanied by the German in whose house you are lodging. You can have any girl you wish, provided she is willing, and there is no reason why should not be very comfortable and have a lot of money saved by the time the war is over. You will only be required to work six days a week, but if at any time you work on Sundays you will receive double pay."

"A very alluring prospect," I remarked and then asked if I could have the remainder of the week to myself (two days), and also go into the furnace to become accustomed to the German method of work, which I thought might be different from ours. The interpreter readily complied with the request, and asked me to sign a paper. This I received rather diplomatically, saying I'd sign it or diplomatically, saying I'd sign it on completion of the first week's work.

Well, my next two days were spent in looking around the shops. The only peculiarity I noticed was the truth of the interpreter's remarks

concerning women. In every branch of the works where a prisoner was employed he had women and girls neighbors. The drilling, boring, slotting and turning machines had, without exception, if operated by a woman, or a girl. I questioned different Frenchmen concerning what I'd been told about the women, and learned that it was quite true. As many as 500 prisoners of war were allowed as much freedom of movement after working hours as the Germans themselves.

Mark you, don't censure these men. They didn't voluntarily go to this work of painting guns; they were forced, and are not to be blamed, but pitied. And I do hope that some day they will receive recognition for the hopeless and futile resistance they put up before they finally succumbed to the gentle persuasive methods employed by those blasted-German slave traders.

I think I have stated all the outstanding features of interest at such a factory. Before concluding let me impress upon any one who may read this story that it is absolutely true, with this exception, that I'm doubtful whether the name of the firm is Henschel's or Henchel's, but it was an ammunition factory in Cassel.

### NEGRO SOLDIERS HANGED

Confessed to the Crime of Assaulting Young White Girl.

Three negro soldiers, convicted of "assaulting and outraging" a young white girl on the cantonment grounds in the night were hanged at Camp Dodge, Iowa, Friday, with virtually the entire division witnessing the execution.

The three traps were sprung simultaneously at 9:30 A. M. and death was almost instantaneous. The negroes marched onto the scaffolds singing "God Have Mercy On My Soul."

The negroes were Nelson Johnson of Tusculuma, Ala.; Stanley Tramble of Stroud, Ala., and Fred Allen of Georgina, Ala., all selective service men.

Johnson and Tramble were declared by military police officials to have confessed their guilt, but Allen while admitting his presence when the crime was committed, maintained he had not outraged the girl. Allen leaves a wife and ten-year-old son.

Three negro soldiers among the spectators fainted when the men dropped to their death and another ran amuck. He started on a dead run directly toward the scaffold but guards overpowered him. A white soldier also fainted.

Four negroes were arrested the morning after the assault which occurred shortly before midnight May 24. One suspect was acquitted when he was not near the scene of the crime.

Mr. Rodman Helped Others to Help Themselves.

(From the Charlotte Observer.)  
 "The late J. L. Rodman, whose funeral I attended," said a prominent Charlotte man yesterday. "was one of the best men I ever knew, and one of the most valuable men in this section. In fact, I don't know any man through the large and varied interests of which he was the head, to help others to help themselves. In a recent talk with him he was telling me of his early start in life, and paid a fine tribute to

the late R. M. Miller, father of R. M. Miller, Jr., of this city. He said: "Mr. Miller started me in business, as well as business ability, judgment and advice that made me a success, if a success I have been. Mr. Rodman was one of the largest cotton planters in the Carolinas, as well as one of the biggest merchants. He told me that he wanted to do something special for the government and thought he would give an ambulance, and that he took the matter up with the surgeon general's office but heard nothing from it. He also stated that he wanted to furnish a room in the Presbyterian hospital, and was evidently making his plans to that effect. Mr. Rodman had a great big heart. He was the most useful man in his whole territory."

**Anecdote of Stonewall Jackson**  
 It is related that "Stonewall" Jackson, shortly after uniting with the church, was called upon by his pastor to lead in prayer at a mid-week service. He attempted to do so, but being unaccustomed to public prayer, broke down in confusion. After the service his pastor apologized for calling upon him without warning, and promised not to ask him to lead in prayer again. Professor Jackson—for he was then only a professor in a boy's military academy—was surprised at his pastor's words, and said, "I beg of you not to refrain from calling on me simply because I made such a failure tonight. If it is my duty to lead in prayer, call upon me any time. Whether I succeed or fail is not material. I want to do my duty." Thus spoke the brave soldier.—The Christian Herald.

### The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak

Old people who are feeble and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the depressing heat of summer by taking GROVE'S TASTELESS-CHILL TONIC. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 50c.



### Kill The Flies—They Are Dangerous

The fly deserves nothing but death. He is utterly useless, extremely annoying and dangerous. Help to free your home and community of this nasty pest. This can be done with little trouble or expense by using BEE BRAND INSECT POWDER. It is harmless—won't injure the children or their pets.

### Bee Brand Insect Powder

fan it into the air  
 Flies and mosquitoes die in a few minutes. Will kill ants, fleas, roaches, bed-bugs, lice, and bugs of nearly every kind. Directions on package. Look for the Bee Brand Trade Mark.  
 25c & 50c.  
 Everywhere  
 McCORMICK & CO., Baltimore, Md.



# Chesty de Nut

IT HAD TO HAPPEN OR ELSE HE MIGHT HAVE BUSTED

by F. R. PAUL

