

# MAUDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

LITTLE PIGS.

"It's so foolish," said Pinky Pig, and for once his mother was not around to agree with him. In fact she had sent Pinky off for a visit with his cousin and she was in her own pen, by herself except for the new little brothers and sisters who had just been born.

"What's bothering you?" asked Brother Bacon, who was taking a walk. His tail was curled in a funny little knot and his snout was very muddy, as were his feet.

"Yes, what is bothering you?" asked Grandfather Porky Pig.

"We'd like to know," said their cousin, Miss Ham. "You are always finding out something queer," she added.

"This is not something I've found out—that is not exactly."

"You don't make yourself clear," grunted Grandfather Porky.

"We don't understand you at all," squealed Brother Bacon.

"You don't give me a chance. You never do. Just because you know I am a bright pig you never give me a chance to finish anything I start. And you don't give me time to explain. It's most annoying."

"Now look here, Pinky," said Miss Ham, "you can't expect us to act as your mother does. She spoils you and tells you that you are clever. You're really not one scrap brighter than any



"Cruel, Cruel Pigs," said Brother Bacon.

other pig in the pen. You are simply a pig and at best pigs aren't the finest scholars in the world."

"Why should they be?" squealed Pinky.

"They should," said Miss Ham. "But you are forever pretending you are bright and clever—that's the part that is foolish."

"You stole my word," squealed Pinky.

"What word?" asked Miss Ham, and looked at her as if she had stolen some food and not a word was trying to see what she had stolen.

"In the very first place of all I said, 'It's so foolish.' That was when I joined you today."

"To be sure you did, Pinky," said Grandfather Porky. "Miss Ham is talking too much. Tell us what is foolish. I love foolish things."

"I don't love this," said Pinky.

"Hurry and tell us what it is," squealed Brother Bacon.

Pinky gave a grunt, squealed twice and then began, "My mother and I does not want me in the pen. She says I am not to go home for four weeks. I am to visit my different pig cousins, but I am not to go home."

"Why not?" they all squealed in surprise.

"Because I have some new brothers and sisters and my mother thinks as much of them now that she can't pay any attention to me. It's absurd, too, because I wouldn't hurt them."

"She happens to think a great deal of them herself though she might have eaten them up. Mother pigs will often do that."

"True," said Miss Ham. "I can easily understand it. I might even be tempted myself. It shows how much we are dearer to our families when we are willing to eat them up. You don't show good taste, Pinky."

"Cruel, cruel pigs," said Brother Bacon. "Why I wouldn't think of doing such a thing, and to think that the mother pigs will eat up their own young. It's a horrible thought."

"Not at all," said Miss Ham once more. "It simply shows that pigs are highly of pigs—even of our own, and even in the form of a meal. It is the true spirit of a pig, and a mother who will eat her young is a mother after my own pig heart."

"We are more tender-hearted," said Pinky, "but I am thankful to say that my mother didn't eat up her children. She simply asked me to stay away as she couldn't be bothered with me these days."

"It's all right either way," grunted Miss Pig. "If the mother wants to eat her young, it shows her good taste, and if she doesn't, it still shows her good taste."

**Smart Boys.**  
The schoolmaster was giving the boys a lecture on thrift for the winter. Then he asked for an illustration of thrift in animals, and one boy cried out:

"A dog!"

"A dog? In what way does a dog practice economy?"

"Please, sir, when he runs after his tail he makes both ends meet."

"Another boy said:

"A bear."

"Well, what does the bear do?"

"He makes one coat last him a lifetime."

**A Child's View of it.**

"We're going to board," said Alice.

"What's that?" asked Johnnie, who had always lived in the same house and all his friends lived in theirs.

"Why, it's living with people who tell you what you can't do every day and time and charge you money for it."

**The Main Point.**

"Was Mattie's marriage a success?"

"You bet it was. She got more all money than any other woman in the country."

# Hoosier Sends the First U. S. Shot Into Germany

South Bend. Man Is Hero of Initial Action by the Americans.

## GEORGIAN GIVES THE ORDER

Indiana Sergeant Pulls the Lanyard Which Starts Pershing's Attack on the Kaiser's Armies—Americans All Eager for Action.

American Field Headquarters in France—Indiana and Georgia divide the honor of having inaugurated America's land warfare against the Germans.

A sergeant from South Bend, Ind., pulled the lanyard to send the first shot tearing across the valley in the direction of the German positions. A Georgia lieutenant gave the order "fire!"

The facts were established during the first visit paid by a correspondent to the first American battle front. The correspondent reached the American position after a long motor ride through shell-battered towns. Leaving the motor in one of the towns, he walked the rest of the way.

The first American battery was almost walked upon before it was covered. It was so well hidden under the trees and with foliage about it on a low-hung wire netting.

**Gun of 75 Caliber Used.**  
There was a flash of every direction the ground was undulating. At that moment there was a flash of flame through the mist. It was the crack of a gun, and following it closely came the noise of the shell rushing through the air, becoming fainter and fainter as the projectile went on its way to the German position.

On the other side of the line came the noise of a shell hitting a hill farther away. The muzzling of the artillery continued their work without ever looking up.

A lieutenant from Georgia emerged. He was the officer who directed the first shot. He led the way down the slippery, muddy hill to a dugout covered over with sandbags and logs. There was met a lieutenant from Indiana of the same battery who directed the first 18 shots of the war against Germany from an observation point.

On the other side of the line was found the first gun fired. The muddy gunners were hard at work cleaning their gun.

There was the first gun fired in the war, the launty lieutenant said. "The sergeant inside the pit there fired it. Looking into the pit, the lieutenant said: 'Sergeant, shoot now!'"

**He's From South Bend.**  
A husky voice replied: "I'm from South Bend, Ind."

"Are you Irish?" asked the lieutenant.

"No, sir," the sergeant laughingly replied.

# "KEEL" IS B-O-A-T CHIEF IS OKER

Commander of German Submarine Shows Vein of Un-German Humor.

## IS HERO OF MANY STORIES

When Not Laying Mines He Pulls Pranks That Amuse American Seamen—Pays Two-Day's Visit at Dublin Hotel.

Base of American Flotilla in British Waters.—There is a German submarine commander who is known throughout the American flotilla as "Keely." His real name is something quite different, but the American sailors promptly dubbed him "Keely" because of his display on various occasions of a rich vein of quite un-German humor. He has become the hero of numberless stories told in forebore and back-quarter deck. Not all of these stories are true and probably most of them have grown in the telling.

**"Keely" Pranks Tantalizing.**  
"Keely" commands a mine-laying U-boat which pays frequent visits to the district patrolled by the American destroyers. When he has finished his appointed task of distributing his mines where they will do the most harm he generally devotes a few minutes to a prank of some kind. Sometimes he contrives himself with leaving a note flying from a buoy scrobled in schoolboy English and addressed to his American enemy. On other occasions he picks out a deserted bit of coast line at night and goes ashore with a squad of his men for a saunter on the beach, leaving behind a placard or a bit of German literature as a reminder of his presence.

His most audacious exploit, however—if the legends of the forebore are to be believed—is a tale which he made several months ago in Dublin, where he stayed two days at a leading hotel, afterward joining his boat.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

# "KEEL" IS B-O-A-T CHIEF IS OKER

Commander of German Submarine Shows Vein of Un-German Humor.

## IS HERO OF MANY STORIES

When Not Laying Mines He Pulls Pranks That Amuse American Seamen—Pays Two-Day's Visit at Dublin Hotel.

Base of American Flotilla in British Waters.—There is a German submarine commander who is known throughout the American flotilla as "Keely." His real name is something quite different, but the American sailors promptly dubbed him "Keely" because of his display on various occasions of a rich vein of quite un-German humor. He has become the hero of numberless stories told in forebore and back-quarter deck. Not all of these stories are true and probably most of them have grown in the telling.

**"Keely" Pranks Tantalizing.**  
"Keely" commands a mine-laying U-boat which pays frequent visits to the district patrolled by the American destroyers. When he has finished his appointed task of distributing his mines where they will do the most harm he generally devotes a few minutes to a prank of some kind. Sometimes he contrives himself with leaving a note flying from a buoy scrobled in schoolboy English and addressed to his American enemy. On other occasions he picks out a deserted bit of coast line at night and goes ashore with a squad of his men for a saunter on the beach, leaving behind a placard or a bit of German literature as a reminder of his presence.

His most audacious exploit, however—if the legends of the forebore are to be believed—is a tale which he made several months ago in Dublin, where he stayed two days at a leading hotel, afterward joining his boat.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

# "KEEL" IS B-O-A-T CHIEF IS OKER

Commander of German Submarine Shows Vein of Un-German Humor.

## IS HERO OF MANY STORIES

When Not Laying Mines He Pulls Pranks That Amuse American Seamen—Pays Two-Day's Visit at Dublin Hotel.

Base of American Flotilla in British Waters.—There is a German submarine commander who is known throughout the American flotilla as "Keely." His real name is something quite different, but the American sailors promptly dubbed him "Keely" because of his display on various occasions of a rich vein of quite un-German humor. He has become the hero of numberless stories told in forebore and back-quarter deck. Not all of these stories are true and probably most of them have grown in the telling.

**"Keely" Pranks Tantalizing.**  
"Keely" commands a mine-laying U-boat which pays frequent visits to the district patrolled by the American destroyers. When he has finished his appointed task of distributing his mines where they will do the most harm he generally devotes a few minutes to a prank of some kind. Sometimes he contrives himself with leaving a note flying from a buoy scrobled in schoolboy English and addressed to his American enemy. On other occasions he picks out a deserted bit of coast line at night and goes ashore with a squad of his men for a saunter on the beach, leaving behind a placard or a bit of German literature as a reminder of his presence.

His most audacious exploit, however—if the legends of the forebore are to be believed—is a tale which he made several months ago in Dublin, where he stayed two days at a leading hotel, afterward joining his boat.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

General Sibert, who has just completed a tour of the trenches, was asked how the morale of the American positions directly opposite on a hill could be seen across the barbed wire of No Man's land. Lights appeared in a little town to the left.

There is a sort of a gentleman's agreement in this sector that towns over the line are not to be shelled. If one side violates the agreement the other side promises to shell for shell into a hostile town.

# The Thrifty Housewife

Buys Her Meat at

## Our Cash Market

# A. R. WALTERS

110 South Woodward

## SIGN and DISPLAY LIGHTING

An order of the United States Fuel Administration, effective November 15, forbids the lighting of electric signs before 7:45 p. m., or after 11:00 p. m.

Excepting, that each business place or theatre may light a plain sign over its entrance, showing the name of the firm, or the name of the business, or the name of the theatre and the show, and keep it lighted until the regular closing time of the store, or until half an hour after the show begins.

**NOTICE.**—No signs may be lighted on any excuse whatever until half an hour after sunset, which is street-lighting time; nor after 11:00 o'clock at night. There is no limitation of lighting between 7:45 and 11:00 p. m., but we expect that later there will be limitation of excessive display.

The State Fuel Administrator is authorized to enforce this order. We invite all good citizens to conform to it at once.

The  
**Detroit Edison Company**

ALEXANDER DOW, President.

## DEMONSTRATING USE OF NEW "STORAGE VAULT"



Mrs. Schuyler F. Hornon, of Boston, showing how to bank away potatoes in the food conservation bureau's new "cold storage vault." The vault is built of layers of straw or rubbish and earth and covers the tubers safely from the frost.

## FREE AFTER 12 ATTEMPTS

**Russian War Prisoner Spent Many Weeks on the Road in Germany.**

Winterset, Netherlands.—The record of escape from war captivity would seem to be held by a Russian prisoner of war who has crossed the frontier near Winterset, Netherlands. This was the twelfth attempt at escape.

Three times he fled in the direction of Luxembourg, twice he made for

## Make Money on Empty Cans.

Bar Harbor, Me.—E. Kuster invested heavily in tin cans and tomato plants, and all his summer labor was rewarded by a short crop which left most of his 10,000 tin cans empty at the end of the season. Now cans which were worth \$22 per thousand have jumped to \$50 and \$60, and Kuster finds he has made more on the cans than he would have made if he had filled them with tomatoes.

# SANITARY BAKING CO.

BIRMINGHAM

Invites you to come down to 115 East Maple Avenue

Linger before our window—it's full of good things to eat

Then Come in and Inspect Our New Store and Shop

# BREAD

We have the good, brown, wholesome kind

# ROLLS

That are appetizing

# PIES

Cakes & Cookies

Of generous size and of first quality