

The Christmas Kisselgraph

Edited and printed in Hartford by Hartford Boys in the Kissel Factory for Hartford Boys in cantonments and overseas, fighting the righteous fight for God and Country.

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KISSEL FILES
WAM-00000107

To Hartford's Sons

A Merry Christmas to you boys,
Wherever you may be
In trench, in camp, in hospital,
In battery, at sea.



THE WAR IS OVER!

There is Peace on Earth—Good Will towards Men. Boys, our hearts are overflowing. All we can say is—Merry Christmas—Happy New Year—God Bless You, and come home soon.



When we asked your wives, sisters, mothers, sweethearts, fathers and brothers, "Can we get up a 16 page Christmas Edition by November 15th so our boys will get it by Christmas," everybody shouted "You Bet We Can." So here it is, Boys.



"Now Kaye—"Can" the censorship pencil—throw it away—we all know it's in fun—nobody is going to get sore. How can we "let the ink run wild" when you work the blue pencil overtime." Telephone rings on Editor's desk, "Hello Ralph—the war is over. Say man—wait till the boys come home—I'll get so much loving I won't know whether I'm on foot or horseback for a month. Goodbye." Business of Editor throwing up his hands and tossing his blue pencil out the window. Chorus—"Atta Boy—Come on everybody—the lid is off—Let's Go—"



Christmas Theatrical Offerings.



CHRISTMAS MUSICALS

1. "I gave her Carbolic Acid when she asked for Ginger Ale"—sung by C. E. Jones.
 2. "When that Ripe Tomato Hit me on the Nose"—by George Fischer and Herman Komp.
 3. "Give me a Man who Smells of Gasoline instead of Bay Rum"—Ann Wiggins, accompanied by Anna Bannach and the Factory Whistle.
 4. "When the Limberger Jumped thru the Holes in the Swiss Cheese" Otto Wollner, assisted by the Sniffing Chorus.
 5. "If all the Nuts were on the Trees, My Job would be a Cinch"—Solo by Edith Turner, assisted by the Long Distance Operator.
 6. "What will you have Boys, this is on Me"—By Jac. Hilt, assisted by the Bar Hounds.
 7. "A Cigar is all the Same to Me, No Matter how it Tastes"—by Frank LeCount.
 8. "The Curse of Having Cold Feet"—by Kreihn.
 9. "Why the 7. o'clock Whistle Means Nothing to Me."—By Tarkington.
 10. "The Sweetest Story Ever Told"—By Elsie Meyers.
 11. "Just as Ollie Menzel Drove to Milwaukee, so will Boland Meet Him There"—By Beaudette's Anvil Chorus.
 13. "When you make a Noise like a Squirrel it Sounds like Home Sweet Home to Me"—By Percy Fredericks. A Nut Cracking Melody.
 14. "Where are My Wandering Boys Tonight?" Rendered by Joe Etzel. Illustrated by slides taken from her Dodge car.
 15. "I made a Wooden Whistle and it Wouldn't Whistle"—By Fred Werner, composer of the famous fireside masterpiece, "She put Sand in her Shoes so She Wouldn't Slip."
 16. "Give me a Quart of Red Eye and I'll Paint the Town Blue."—Whistled by John Gates.
 17. "When I Blow the Whistle it Means Get on the Job."—Played by H. Parfrey, boss of the Power House.
 18. "Don't Chew the Rag—Try Spearmint."—Rendered by Tug Wilson.
- Grand Finale—"When you Boys Wake up this Town, we'll help you Make the Noise"—By the Entire Community Chorus.



YULETIDE VAUDEVILLE

1. "The Beauty Trust"—Irene Upham, Mildred Hahn, Stella Leidiger, Molly Haupt and Marghrita Roberts. Exceptionally charming and well acted, effectively presented.
2. "The Rounders,"—"Muggy" Hollenstein, Pete Schwartz. Hilarious farce and amusing travesty of eugenics.
3. "The Lid Lifters"—Guy Chaplin, Ray Leach. A dazzling, sizzling scorching comedy in three rounds.
4. "Innocent Maids"—Ann Wiggins, Esther Menzel. Extremely clever and original mystery play.
5. "Mile-a-Minute Girls"—Gertrude Lieven, Lena Duerenberger, Edna Eckerdt. Tuneful and Gaily Colored Medley that is a real Novelty.
6. "The Tempters"—Art Eckerdt, Gus Kissel.—Highly laughable adventures of these two Male Cleopatras.
7. "The Sword Swallower"—Featuring Breity, Top Sergeant.—Movie-like a Melodrama that makes you Hold your Breath.
8. "The Gay Burlesquers"—Presenting Chas. Turner, Fred Jensen, J. Striegel and McConighen. A howling success—brings the house down.
9. "Hartford by Night"—Starring Ed. Russell, Hank Esser, Breity and Ed. Boland. Very realistic—stunning effects—a breezy, sneezy comedy.



MOVIE CALENDER

1. "Why I will not Marry"—Featuring Ollie Menzel (himself). Vigorously rendered but not sincerely interpreted.
2. "The She Devil"—Starring Juno Goetz—A Vampirous part that binds and ties the senses.
3. "I Won't Forget"—With Clara Rausch. Like the scent of Forget-me-nots and Old Rose, a spring rain.
4. "The Man Hunter"—Introducing Isabel Gourlie. A stirring play, with a new jazzy lock-step lilt.
5. "Treat 'Em Rough"—With the popular trio, Al. Schwefel, Ben Place and "Rusty". Makes you vividly imagine how crossing "No Man's Land" on crutches must feel.
6. "The Lure of the Filing Room"—Dora Sonnentag—A yearning drama that makes one want to leave home and Mother.
7. "The Chicken Raider"—Ed Boland & Co.—A sketch of the country by moonlight. Note the wail of the chicken thieves—very effective.
8. "Information, Please"—Doris Plank and Martha Pusch—A smart "peppy" number, including the March of the Dictionaries.
9. "Salome"—Who is it?—I don't know you "Sal" But any old time you're ready I'll fix it up—then I don't care whether school keeps or not.



Hartford's Community Chorus. Every Member a Star, Know Any of Them?

Christmas Day Specials.

CHRISTMAS DAY GAMES

No. 1—"Who's It?"— A quiet game for those people who dislike to jump around very much. Each fellow is equipped with a wooden club from which nails protrude. The players line up opposite each other, sitting on the floor. The first player on the right takes a swat at the guy opposite him. He is not supposed to dodge. Upon receiving the club he, in turn, should endeavor to hit the man on his left. It is not fair to attempt to dodge or yell if it hurts. The man who can say "fish" without sounding the "ish" is the winner.

No. 2—"Hitting the Ceiling"— The best time to play this quiet game is immediately after eating your Christmas dinner. A pulley is fastened to the ceiling on which a heavy wire cable is run through. A slip-noose is tied at one end and is placed around the ankles of one of the party. He then stands directly under the pulley and gazes down into a big saucepan of flour and water. Then everybody talks so as to make the man who is "it" laugh. The moment he laughs sufficiently to open his mouth wide all the others pull on the rope. What happens? The Victim describes a graceful half circle in the air, his head, with mouth open, striking the dishpan full of flour and water. The object of the game is to see how much of the flour and water one can swallow before he is pulled to the ceiling. The man who swallows the most, wins.

No. 3—"Hitting the Bull's Eye"— It is well, before starting this game, to collect one dozen bad eggs, one dozen over-ripe tomatoes and a half dozen custard pies. Lots are drawn by means of slips of paper with numbers on them, starting with 1, and running up to the number of the party. Those having the three lowest numbers stand at one end of the room, and it is the object of these three people to see how many of the eggs they can dodge. Being hit by the tomatoes and the custard pies does not count—these are merely incidental. It is the eggs which show which has the worst taste in the crowd.

No. 4—"Seeing the Point"— This is one of the most fascinating holidays games imported from Germany. Clothes pins, on the point of which several sharp-pointed tacks have been driven so that they protrude. Each player is equipped with one of these clothes pins. After forming a circle, everybody should get ready to

prod the party ahead of him or her. At a given signal, everybody prods at the same time. This causes the entire circle to bend backwards and the player who bends least, wins.

No. 5—"Bingo"—A charming pastime to indulge in around seven o'clock in the evening. A large clock should be secured, one that ticks loudly. It is understood that at every tick it is the same as if the clock said "Bingo". All players should be supplied with five packages of chewing gum. The object of this game is to see who can first chew his or her gum and place it in the hair of the one nearest, after which combs are supplied, and at the stroke of each tick of the clock they should comb the gum out of the hair. The one who finishes combing first should holler "Bingo." That denotes that he is the winner.

No. 6—"Blind Man's Stuff"—This game should be played in the cellar where there is a hot fire in the furnace and plenty of empty bottles, pieces of coal and wood and ashes on the floor. To select the party who will be "it" the first owner's name, according to the alphabet, is blind-folded, and roller skates are placed on his feet. The object of the game is for the blind-folded one to catch the others without bumping into any of the obstacles on the floor. Effort should be made at all times to lead him towards the furnace. The party who is burned the least, wins.

No. 7—"Lovey Dovey"— Only those fellows who have their girls with them should attempt to play this game as otherwise it might cause complications. First of all, the fellows change girls, and all the lights are put out, and the first girl who cries "don't do that" is arrested by other members, the lights are turned on, she has to stand on a chair and tell everybody what he was trying to do that made her cry out as she did. The last girl to cry out is the winner and does not have to tell what happened.



RECIPES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Lovers Delight—To one quart of milk, add two tablespoonfuls of chewing gum, and two tablespoonfuls of Lilac and Rose perfumery. half a teaspoonful of "I don't Care" half a cupful of honey and kisses, washed and dried. Bake in a large Morris chair, stirring only when your arm is asleep.

Custard Pudding— To one can of blue paint, add seasoning of hay and rain water, one tablespoonful of rat poison, three stones well beaten, one cupful and a half of asphalt, three tablespoonfuls of cement dissolved in a portion of gasoline. Cook in a greased muffler.

Licked Prune Whip— Wash one cupful of prunes; soak (by hitting on the nose) for several hours; drain stone and chop. Mix and sift two cupfuls and a half of fish hooks, a spoonful of melted radius rods, one quarter of a cup of glue, one table-spoonful of buckwheat and four teaspoonfuls of punk; add one cupful and a half of milk. Beat well. Add the prunes. Put into greased bread pans, allow to stand for twenty or twenty-five days in a warm place, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Darling Honey Custard Cake— Beat her slightly, taking care not to hit her in the eye or little finger. Add slowly a quarter of a cupful of honey, two cupfuls of milk scalded, one eighth of a teaspoonful of talcum powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of lip rouge.

Frozen Carburetor Pudding—Pare and core four good sized axles. Fill the centers with dirt and putty. Put into a baking dish and place in a hot oven; when nearly done, cover with hot metal made by boiling three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in three cupfuls of milk until clear. Add a little salt, sweeten to taste with molasses and add half a cupful of tires, cut into small pieces.

Stuffing for Roast Turkey— Boil and mash one pound of rubber tires, according to the size of your turkey. Season with Lake Kissel water. Add half a cupful of pig iron, one small shopped wheel spoke, one tablespoonful of sand and one cupful finely chopped seaweed.

Christmas Cake— Sift together two cupfuls of oil and two tablespoonfuls of blasting powder into a mixing bowl; add one teaspoonful of ground glass and a little axle packing. Rub in half a cupful of dynamite; add half a cupful of shoelaces, half a cupful of shoe blacking, two and half a cupful of honey; mix well together with a club, adding a little milk if necessary, and bake in a slow oven. This makes one cake; to make a three-tier cake use two times and a half the quantity, with one-half dozen rubber bands. Ice with boiled eggs.

The Kisselgraph

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RALPH KAYE, Editor

Assisted by 40 Factory Foremen,
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joined the Colors.

No Advertisements Accepted.

HARTFORD'S FIRST COMMUNITY TREE

CHRISTMAS TREE A TRIBUTE TO YOU BOYS

It was a wonderful sight. You would never have known Ol' Main Street. In place of the "iron policeman" with its signs "Keep to the Right" towered a mammoth Christmas tree with 326 stars upon it, one for each one of you boys in the service, and lighted by myriads of Red, White and Blue electric lights.

Everyone, old and young, from miles and miles around, came to join in the Community singing, and the strains were heard far, far away in the clear, cold night.

And oh, those proud mothers and fathers!—how their hearts swelled with pride as they gazed upon the tree and claimed one or more of those stars for their boys. There was Ed. Loos—he put on his best smile as he said "three of those stars are for my boys"; and there was Mrs. Mary Hahn, who claimed another three. Colonel Brink came way down from the north side to see the star for Morris Friday. Tom Walsh, Mart Monroe and many others drove in from the country to witness the wonderful sight. Little tots shivering and cold but not minding it in the least, came down to join in the glad song.

As the stars above shone down on the tree, we felt a nearness to you under the same stars which light your ways.

And as the last strains of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" rang through the night, we hoped that in some way this message could be given to you on this Christmas day with you boys away from us—"Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men"

HERBIE SHINNERS DIES IN FRANCE

FORMER KISSEL EMPLOYEE
VICTIM OF BRONCHIAL
PNEUMONIA.

The Fifth Star on the Kissel
Service Flag Turns to Gold.

Mrs. Patrick Shinners has received word from the War Department announcing the death of her son, Herbert Michael Shinners, in France, from bronchial pneumonia, on October 3rd. Not only has the fifth star in the Kissel Service Flag turned to gold, but also one of the three blue stars in Mrs. Shinners' service flag has likewise turned to gold. Verily Hartford, in offering its sons to the cause of world freedom, is feeling the weight of sorrow and sacrifice.

Herbert Shinners has many friends in Hartford. He was born July 29, 1889, and on leaving school entered the hardware store of L. Kissel & Sons before the modest automobile factory which has grown to the mammoth Kissel Motor Car company of today started. Herbert entered the auto factory at that time and was employed in the tin department for four years, after which he took up a homestead at Wynward, Sask., Canada. Upon the United States entering the war, he returned home, where he registered and was called in the draft before he was able to enlist.

He did not die in vain. He made the supreme sacrifice so that the world may be free.



ELECTION DOPE

The Republican ticket carried both state and county offices by a plurality ranging from 600 to 1600 votes. This is the largest majority ever given Republican candidates in Washington county. Following is the result for the county:—

Governor—E. L. Philipp. Plurality 1020.

Congress—Voigt's plurality 1010.
State Senator—Bilgrien defeated Lieven by 829 votes.

Member of Assembly—Becker's plurality 1891.

County Clerk—Kraemer's plurality was 1500.

County Treasurer—Kuhaupt's majority was 1611.

Sheriff—Peters' plurality over J. A. Courtney was 1553.

Coroner—Wittig's plurality was 1124.

Clerk of Court—Klessig's plurality 604.

District Attorney—Bucklin's plurality 118.

SGT. W. OLSON OF COMPANY B IS DEAD

WAS A POPULAR MAN OF
HARTFORD, IN FRANCE.

Was Employed in the Machine
Shop at the Kissel Factory

We regret to state that the Kissel Service Flag has now Six Gold Stars, the last one being in honor of Wallace Olson, whom practically everybody in Hartford knew and liked. He was born in Edgerton 26 years ago, where he spent his life up to the time he came to Hartford. He was a member of the machine shop corps in the Kissel factory for over a year. At the time Company D was organized, he enlisted with the first men and was made a sergeant. He was with the boys at Camp Douglas and Camp McArthur and accompanied them to France. It is understood that Sergeant Olson's death was caused by pneumonia. The news caused much sadness among his many friends here in Hartford.



HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PEACE CELEBRATION

The saloons were closed from nine to six—but as we got a good start we didn't worry.

Al Hemmy looked as he was enjoying himself—so did Mayor Lieven.

If it hadn't been for the State Guards being in uniform and acting in a police capacity, we would have probably had a good many accidents. We saw several members of Company D, who were not in their uniform. One man said that he thought it would be an insult to the army for him to put on an American uniform over what he was carrying. Do you know who that was?

Jac Hilt had a force of carpenters painters and contractors putting up his cafe. It is a total wreck due to the heavy barrage thrown by several leading Hartford men.

Al. Menzel and Otto Wollner fell off the water wagon. They tried to level several buildings in record time.

Sam Parent was having a beautiful time. You could tell that by the low tone of his voice when he spoke.

Grover Frey duly celebrated the day, even if his wife was in Milwaukee. He swiped Otto Wollner's car and drove to West Bend—with one hand on the wheel and the other holding Martha Pusch in the seat.



CHRISTMAS FASHIONS

You Can be Your Own Tailor
by Following the Directions
Given Below.

She that overcometh with the help of a new sneeze-coat, the Winter frock question does more than capture the Birdhouse of Fashion, and design 9594 is excellent for fishing, trapeze work, digging in the garden swimming or for general wear. As a separate coat it carries the counter-sign of usefulness and style. The big shallow cow-like cut of the sleeves gives a roomy, comfortable feeling that is equally agreeable when one slips it on over the night dress or B. V. D's. The large cape collar of blotters makes a becoming and graceful coat for the young girl of eighty, and crescent-shape pocket facings suggest a low tide of service.

The Winter Wardrobe should be well suited to every need. A street costume of ham and eggs and aluminum collar and cuffs, answers the call for all tailored wear. The arrangement of the pockets and sides is vertical and horizontal. It makes a pretty coat for a young girl also. The slip-noose through ends, make a new large collar, open or closed like a gunny sack, the line is different and attractive. The skirt is cut in 16 pieces with an inverted angle-worm at each side.

Shoe laces braided in gray forms the style of a smart coat dress for midnight wear. The long body of the over-dress follows the lines of the left ear softly around the nose, while the fullness of the upper-lower part falls in plaits that give the popular Chinese effect. A body lining is optional, but necessary.

A coat that is "strong for service" and smart enough for dress parade is shown in a new model of rubber and limburger wool velour. A soft box plait of sausage at each side, in front and in back gives the long youthful lines without wrinkles that are a feature of the fashionable straight silhouette. The coat is made with a large collar of sauerkraut and ham and it buttons up snugly over the little toe for hot weather. The sleeves are set into a concrete armhole cut with a slight depth and can be finished with boiler braiding. It is an extremely smart and useful type of coat for breakfast, that can be put to each and every daytime purpose. It is as good-looking and becoming for young girls as for young women.

Money talks and so does a gold-colored frock of soft pig iron. All-over braiding in moon color re-enforces the big pockets, and is also used to end off the long sash of potato peelings which is very much a part of the becoming surplice fronts of the suspended waist. The long elephant collar of wire is new and effective. The full-length sleeve is made with a robe of hot cakes which runs up to the chin and is finished with stewed prunes to match the butter. The skirt cut in 28 pieces, has just the right amount of fulness of five glasses of beer at the slightly raised waistline around the ankle, to give it graceful and slender lines and at the same time preserve the figure when going around corners. This is one of the smart, simple dresses, so popular at the present that is becoming to nearly every type of woman and to the young girl.

A smart trot-about coat of waffles bases its claim to distinction on unusual lines and a new type of convertible collar. A triple set of cigars below each hip brings out the good

points of the inside pocket. Oblong armholes pass unnoticed to the small of the back for itching but speak for themselves in interior comfort. Use bricks, talcum powder, alarm clocks and old shoes, and for a warmer country use mosquito netting, cobwebs and sheet metal.



Date Pudding (For Saturday Night)— Melt three teaspoonfuls of butter and add half a cupful of each of kerosene and sweet pepper. Mix one cupful and a half of dust with half a teaspoonful of cracked glass, and quarter teaspoonful each of salt, nutmeg, allspice and cloves, and stir into the gasoline, milk and fat. Last of all, add half a pound of springs, stoned and chopped.

Fresh Kisses—Place a "Flu" mask over your left ear. Put the whites of three eggs into a soup spoon and whisk them over the right eyebrow; then pour on her nose three-quarters of a cupful of maple sirup, boiled until it threads. Beat (not her, but the eggs) for ten minutes, then add half a cupful of seeded raisins. Then wait for a warm, moonlight night and help yourself, with both hands around her waist.



MERRY CHRISTMAS, OLD MAN

We miss you Old Man, life's not worth a damn since you left us to swing into step. It's a prosy old game, not a darned thing's the same and nothing has got any "pep." If you think it's a snap with you boys off the map, you're wrong Bo, just take it from me. All the girls pass us up, like a durned mongrel pup, for khaki is all they can see. So hurry up son and beat up the Hun, the Old Town is lonesome for you. Each day on the street, all the people I meet, send their love and Merry Christmas, boys, to you.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Santa Claus. 'After investigation find that there are only 15 good girls and boys in Hartford who are worthy of a gift. To these I will give the following:



To Wild Bill Conners, I will give a pony and cart, as he has had a fling at the chicken and dog business remember Bill, keep clear of its heels, and feed it apple pie and prunes.



To Frances Hundsorfer and Margherita Roberts, I will give a Merry go Round so they can ride together and not get very far from town. Maybe they will open up their hearts, and give Mac and Charley a ride when they return from over in France.



To Capt. Fred LeCount I will give a horse, so that he may lead his brave company to battle without getting his feet wet. The company will certainly admire the captain in this new outfit.



To Carrie Day I will give a cannon mounted on a motor truck, so that she will be ready to repel a German invasion, should such a time ever come.



To Jack Foote I will give a fine mahogany dresser, so that when the wedding bells ring, he will have at least one piece of furniture to start house-keeping on. There is nothing like having a good start and we are sure Atty. Foote will appreciate a gift of this kind.



THE KISSELGRAPH'S FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE



For Breity I have been very fortunate in getting the Big Fish that got Away on his last trip out to Mud lake Breity will now be able to silence those who scoffed at his story regarding that fish, by showing them the fish itself. We regret that owing to the demand for glass by the war department we were unable to supply a suitable aquarium, but may be Henry Esser will let him keep it behind the glass partitions at the bank.



For Mayor Lieven I have this cheering piece of statuary, emblematic of the people of Hartford— always admiring, at salute, you might say. The only difference is merely a matter of clothing. I feel assured that Mayor Lieven will appreciate my idea in presenting him with this statue. However, if Mrs. Mayor does not care for the nude,— some very estimable women do not— we would suggest that he have a drapery arranged around it, or it can be used in the new city park, which is so far sadly lacking in works of art. The name of the artist is famous, and I have no hesitancy in presenting to to our loyal American Mayor for it is distinctly marked on the base, "Not made in Germany."



To Guy Chaplin I am presenting this satisfactory device for reducing the weight. After he has been up and down this windmill about 50 times a day we are sure he will notice the reduction in his weight he so much desires. I have used this device for several years, and as it has proved very satisfactory, I recommend it highly. Mr. Chaplin's admirers will be simply wild over the improvement that they will soon notice in his figure.



To Bertha Brumm I will give a fast boat, so that when the Kaiser gets it in the neck, she can go after Lee without waiting for him to "come across." Bertha knows how to run a boat, too.



To John Russell I will give twins, as I understand he has only one boy, Jack Jr., who would like somebody to play with. I have not provided the clothing, but I am sure Mrs. John will enjoy making garments for the kids.



To Dr. Sachse I will give an automobile ambulance, not particularly for his patients, but to help him make the new hospital and its equipment up-to-date.



To Andrew Winterhalter, the Merchant Prince, I will give an ocean steamship so that he may see his "ship come in" loaded with pajamas, and night caps and—everything.



To H. M. Kendall of the "Hello" Company, I will give a Jackass and cart, so that he will not lose any time when there's trouble on the line at "Slinger" or Rubicon.



To Charlie Courtney I will give a bugle, so he can blow his own horn and make all the noise he wants to, especially over the wires. He has been too quite lately.



To Lillian Westenberger I will give a little monkey, as I know that is what "Lilly" has always wanted. Treat him gentle and feed him gasoline and carrots. I am sure if his diet does not agree with him, Clara may be able to advise you what to do.



TERROR OF FOX LAKE IS TRACKED

GRATEFUL NATIVES ARE TO REWARD CHAS. McCAUSLAND APRIL 1ST

Intrepid Hunter Slays Animal that Has Terrorized the Community

The lowering sun was casting its first red rays atop the wild rice, leaving in the rippling river the reflection of two fearless hunters in their trusty boat. At the oars—doing the heavy work as usual, was Cliff Williams, who occupies Charley Giltner's desk. At the bow, crouching low and camouflaged to look like a floating stump or one of Wollner's cheeses, was "Mac" the inner guard and "man Friday" to our President. Through his clenched teeth he hissed the orders to his puffing oar engineer, "Quiet now, sneak up on him easy. Make a noise like a muskrat on. It's either a muskrat or a sea cow."

Our tender, sensitive nature prevents our regaling our readers with the horrible carnage that followed as both barrels belched death upon the snarling, ferocious beast. Let us drop the curtain upon the scene. We shudder to think what might have been, and had the monster not previously been securely fastened to the spot by a huge steel trap.

Some trap-shooter Mac, some crap-shooter.



KISSEL TRUCKS AT THE FRONT

Harold Deming in France, writes to Ed. Schauer the following:

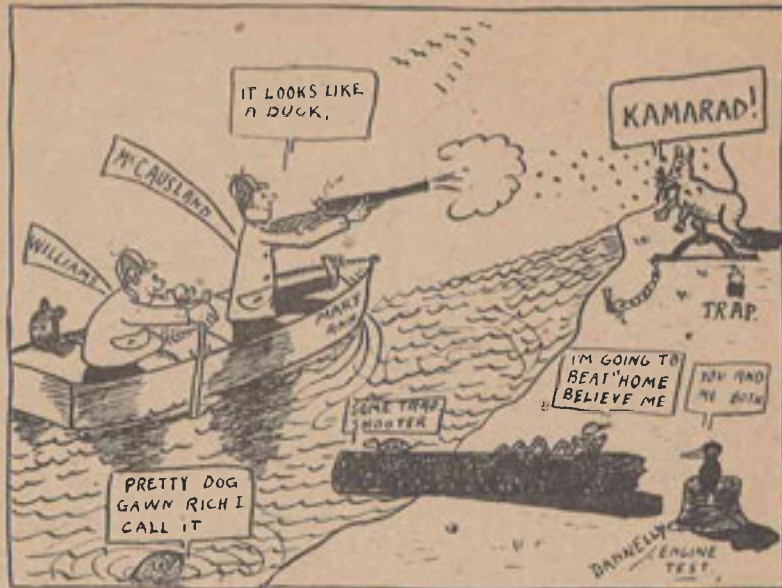
The Kissel truck is standing up fine at the front and all the boys are anxious to get one, for they know that they have a real truck that will stand the hardships of the Kaiser's war.



MORE HARTFORD SELECT-MEN HAVE BEEN CALLED

The following are selectmen from Hartford who left recently and represent part of Washington county's October quota:

Fred Black, Felix Doerfert, Harvey Sorenson, Edwin Loos, Wm. Raave, E J. Schumacher, John Monroe, Jos. Eiche, Chas. Kludt, Alex Wenninger, Nicholas Schnitzler and John Zurn.



Realizing His Danger "Mac" Held His Rifle Fire 'till he could see the Whites of the Beast's Eyes, and Then he Went to It.

PUTTING SOMETHING OVER

The editor of the Kiselgraph has been having some snap, playing up all the little happenings the people of Hartford have been trying to keep "under the rose" (also under the violet.) The printers have been thinking it wasn't quite fair that these folks didn't have a chance to come back, so when we accidentally pried a column of Kaye's hot stuff for the Xmas Kiselgraph, we hurriedly sent out a S. O. S. for Breity, Menzel and Wollner to quick fill up the space before Kaye found out what had happened. They were all glad to help us out. You should have heard Menzel when we offered him the chance! But when we continued to urge him to let the "ink run wild" on Ralph, as we understand they had been out together, Ollie grew less enthusiastic—he said he had better let well enough alone or Kaye would get even in the next issue. Apparently Ralph has something on him and it must be pretty bad, or else Ollie is easily bluffed. We thought he would like to express his deep feelings right in Kaye's own paper. But that, you can judge for yourself." Anyway you've got to hand it to Mr. Kaye for being a brave man. Heaven, Hell or Husbands have no terror for him.

Breity Introduces Mr. Kaye.

Most of you boys "Over There" don't know the little "Guy" that is responsible for the 'KISSELGRAPH,' keeping you informed of all the gossip around the old town and although he is "little," you know what they say about "All Good Things Come in Small Packages" and since you have never found any talk about him in the Kiselgraph, I suppose you believe it.

Well, there is a reason, for he

censors all the news and in that way looks out for himself, but we don't want you to receive the Christmas number of The Kiselgraph until you are better acquainted with its Editor.

To begin with, when he came here he made his home at the "Red Circle Inn," and went there so often that they had to burn down the place to get rid of him, so you can see what a sticker he is for anything. Gee! you should see the way he goes after his reporters to get him "news" and get it quick are his instructions and he sticks until he gets what he wants.

One day his duties called him to Milwaukee and away he went and while there was busy as usual and before he knew it the hour was six. So he stepped into his "gas buggy" and madly tore along the road toward Hartford and after several narrow escapes he arrived here, tore down Main street like the "Fire Truck" and finally halted at the Post Office corner at two minutes to seven, in he rushed, whispered something to the clerk, received a letter and out he came, all smiles, for the letter contained "a violet and a rose," at least that is what Menzel says. Can you beat it? Driving out here at such speed endangering other people's lives for such a thing, just because he was afraid the Post Office closed at seven he'd risk dozens of peoples' lives to get there on time. Judge for yourselves.

Wollner Has His Say

When it comes to walking or riding out to the cheese factory corners on moonlight nights, Ralph never misses out, as he prefers to spoon by the light of the moon—more than anyone else.

What is the reason Kaye is always asking some of the girls for their photos—Beware.

Oh you Ralph Kaye! Ollie Menzel

has nothing on you when it comes to the Fair Ones. He has not had to have a chaperone when dining at the popular hotels to keep the girls away—as yet.

The Violet and the Rose—A "Filler"

For some time everyone has been wondering why the editor of the Kisselgraph often lapses into dreamy silence, even though surrounded by his usual gay companions; why his hand so often rested caressingly above his inside coat pocket; why the fragrance of rose and violet floated faintly from the letters he occasionally removed from his pocket. The "why" is a most interesting, most delightful, most alluring "why."

Recently the Kisselgraph editor dropped into the print shop to look over some proofs. The while he waited he sat in the only easy chair the office affords. The air was warm, the purr of the Intertype's motor, the click of the keys soon lulled him into the arms of sleep. At work at our desk, we failed to note that the quiet mannered young man had lapsed into dreamland, until our subconscious mind informed us that he was speaking. No indeed!—not to us! but to a little dancing, flitting dream lady. The tones were caressing; each word filled with tenderness. "Yes I do mean it. The violets are fresh and sweet as your dreamy eyes. The color of the rose is in your soft cheek, the fragrance of the rose is in your hair. Their grace is embodied in your beautiful form that so expresses the beauty of your soul. Yes dear, that is why I send you roses and violets. The rose and the violet always remind me of you—they have ever since I first beheld your lovely form in gauzy spangled draperies, swaying to the October breezes." Just then the office door opened and closed with a bang! The Kisselgraph editor awoke with a start, jumped to his feet, and as he sprang from the chair, from his pocket dropped a letter, addressed in a dainty feminine hand. It floated towards our desk, and as we stooped to return it to the owner the fragrance of the rose and the violet floated to us above the scent of dried paste, of stale tobacco and ink, and gasoline. As we picked up the missive, from the envelope dropped a lovely pressed violet, a pressed rose delicately pink.

The man who had opened the door stepped quickly forward. "Aha! now I have got you! I'll teach you to send flowers and letters to my wife!"

Over the rest we draw the veil of secrecy. But—

As Breity says—"Judge for yourself." But we think he needn't have been so hard on Menzel.



Lillian Westenberger not only broke the City Hall bell rope which she was ringing, but she had a joy ride up and down Main street on top of a hearse. Inside was a coffin lettered "Kaiser Bill." The hearse was pulled by Al Jordan, George Fischer and others.



A Toast—Here's to the lads from old Hartford, The boys who have manhood and might, Who fight with a spirit that's willing, Defending the truth and the right.

Emil Semler has been transferred from the Sweeney Auto School, Kansas City, to the Medical Corps where he is to drive an ambulance and receive instruction in First Aid work.

The first letter has been received from Jay Wiggins since his arrival in France. He reports a pleasant trip and that Ray Courtney is with him.

Co. D Guards have located their firing targets on the farm of Martin Monroe, near Thompson. Two standard Aiken targets have been received. Firing will be done at 100, 200 and 300 yards, the targets automatically being raised and lowered when hit.

Fred Bergman received a letter from France, announcing the death of one of his sons, but the name is not given. This is certainly hard lines for the Bergman family as they are at a loss to know which of their boys have died in defense of his country. Not long ago, they received word that Ervin was first sick in a hospital in Tours, then that he was missing, and again that the Red Cross was searching for him in prison camps in Germany, but up to date had not located him. It is assumed that Reinhardt must be the son referred to as the letter stated that he had not been in battle, and belonged to the 342nd Infantry, the same infantry that Reinhardt wrote, before sailing was the regiment he was to join.

Ezra Rogers, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Rogers has entered the barracks of the State University, Wisconsin, for military training.

Letters have been received from "Over There" from Sergt. Edw. J. Jeffords, Sergt. Carl F. Richards, Herman J. Richards and Chief Mechanician M. T. Mason, all of which are full of "pep" and show that you boys are in the thick of it and giving a good account of yourselves. Everybody in Hartford is so glad to receive letters from you boys and feel mighty proud that Hartford is being so ably represented on the battlefields.

August Lenz, a former Kissel employee, is now with the colors, stationed at Camp Nicholls, Louisiana. We need wonder no more why Anna is wearing a service pin.

Letters from Dr. Buckley state he is in active service "Over There" with two of Hartford's prominent physicians in France. Hartford certainly has every reason to feel proud. Say boys, you don't know what good things we have in store for you when you come back.

No definite information has been received regarding Erwin Bergman, last reported as missing in action.

The Red Cross Christmas boxes, in which many surprises will be placed for you boys on Christmas morning, have arrived in Hartford. The only thing missing now are the printed labels or permits which you have to send us, so that the boxes will get through. We are not going to tell you about what these boxes contain. Wait till you open them up!

Lieut. Edward Gehl who has been seeing service in France for some time, has been promoted to Captain in the U. S. Army. Capt. Gehl sailed for France in February with the 32nd Division and saw action in some of the big battles, when he was gassed and laid up in a hospital for six weeks. He has been acting as Battalion Adjutant for the past month.

Ernest Turner has been recommended by his captain for a commission, on account of excellent service while with the American forces in France. He enlisted with the 107th Field Signal Battalion in Sept. 1917, and has been in France nearly a year.

Jos. Kreutz of the town of Hartford, died in France on Oct. 2nd, of influenza, complicated with bronchial pneumonia contracted in the line of duty. His body received a military funeral at Veterinary Hospital No. 40, Advance Section, Service of Supply, American E. F., Apo 720, according to his company Captain, John R. Stifer.

Cliff W. Smith has been transferred to the Diamond T Factory, Chicago, where he will continue his work as inspector in the Ordnance department, a position which he held here at the Kissel factory the past few months.

The Hartford Branch of the Red Cross society this week shipped to Milwaukee headquarters 23 boxes of old clothing for Belgian men, women and children and 2 large barrels of nut shells and fruit pits.



CHRISTMAS MORNING— SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

American Sentry—"Who goes there?"

Santa Claus—"A Friend."

"Halt friend, and give the counter-sign."

"Merry Christmas."

"Pass, friend—All's well."

FACTORY NEWS

On account of the war, the body force has been steadily decreasing. It looked for a time as if the "Help Win the War" slogan would entirely close up the body department—but the worst did not happen. Last spring many of the workers were transferred to other departments. They are trying their luck on F. W. D's now. One fellow, I withhold his name, because the boys Over There who have been employed here will well remember him, is the man who was always willing to give you a "snuff" for the asking, is trying I say trying, to put on the clutches for the F. W. D. Others are learning to read a micrometer. I myself, am waiting for the announcement "The remaining Woodworms shall be buried in some other Department." Am still here, and hope to stay here. Mr. F. Werner, the commander-in-chief, is still the same old happy, humorous Fritz. No wonder, his office is far more interesting now. Why? Well, there's a typewriter in there and somebody handles it. Oh, Boys, when you come back, better see yourself. I don't mean the typewriter, I mean the operator. Wish that long philosopher, Harry, could see who is sitting in his place now, but we all know that it is a matter of fact. When they started to nail the boxes one fellow told me they didn't even know which part of the nail needs the striking, the head or the point. Do you believe it? I do not. Besides they are wearing very becoming overalls. That old sweeper, Charlie, does most of the sweeping around that place. He might have been impressed by these overalls and has a desire to keep them free from dust. Isn't that right Charlie? Don't neglect us. There are other dusty places. Dear Emil L. Over There, do you still like Limberger? You remember the two fellows who, when you started to whistle, out-whistled you? Dear August R., How about Chelmahua? There is open season for skunks this year. How are you getting along? We all hope you boys will come back very soon. Best wish and regards from all.

Mr. Schaffer couldn't stand the smell of the wood any longer so he decided to go to a western department. Little Frank said the beer is too thin in Hartford—I go to Milwaukee—and he went. Mr. Wetzel invaded the former territory of Mr. Schaefer and Mr. Escherich and will hardly give it up when peace is declared. Mr. Pfragner cleans the rusty sheet metal, preserving it for the boom after the war. Mr. Feutz can't run all the machines alone. Therefore he works only on one machine at a time.

P. S. Did you ever dream that we should have some day, a working crew of the weaker sex? No. Well we have. Would you think it of us?

Clara has a new time sheet to tend to, as the Upholstering department has a coon to do the sweeping.

Capt. and Mrs. Malcom E. Parrott are to remain in Hartford, much to the delight of everybody. Capt. Parrott has had charge of the Government work here at the factory for nearly a year.

Elizabeth Manning has left us, boys. She has gone to Milwaukee where she has a nice position as clerk with the Western Union Telegraph Office.

Beg your pardon—Who ever said Wm. Orth was inspector in last week's issue is wrong—He is inter-rupter.

Upholstering Department—Good luck to Co. B, 107th Ammunition Train. Bill Zibell and Jack Van Lonen are working hard these days taking long walks to break in their new army shoes. Bug Perkins is on the sick list. Did you see the smile on Clara R's. face—a letter from France. Keep it up Fred, you're doing fine.

Mr. Jimmy sure is a good inspector—but he would rather flirt with the girls. Oh well Jim, everybody has their faults.

Anna Whelan loves to do clock checking. There must be a reason, Anna.

Don't ask Anna Potman any questions unless you want to be blown from your chair. It works like a sand-blast hose.

Richard Walraubenstein, who has been on the sick list, has now returned to work. Gee, Butch, but it seems good to see you back again.

Joe Wendell is now driving for W. L. Kissel. Beware, ye motorists of the road, as he is known as a Mile-a-Minute Wendell. Joe says he has only been driving cars 5 months. If it has only taken five months to earn that name, he ought to be Dario Resta in ten months.

Wanted—Someone to hold down the dignity of the Sheet Metal Dept. while the clerk works up in the Cost Office afternoons.



CHRISTMAS CHEER AT THE FRONT

"How can you act so blithe and gay," asks the comrade, "when this is Christmas eve, and we are away over here at the front?"

"Why not?" asks the philosophical one, "For once I am sure that no one can give me a smoking jacket, a parlor lamp, a pair of slippers or a padded covered volume of poetry."

Christmas Greetings from the Sheet Metal Department—Bonnie Whereatt has received word that her brother who has been in training at the Great Lakes Training Station, has left for Brest, France. One of our young ladies upon being asked her age, replied "I have seen twenty beautiful summers." As she turned to go, she overheard this remark, "But the Lord only knows, how many long, cold winters." Lost—The Kaiser's address. Anyone finding it please return same to Raymond Christmas, somewhere in France. He will consider it a very acceptable Xmas gift. Anyone wishing to give Mr. Riley a Xmas remembrance, will please give him a new temper, as he lost his between his farm and city residence, while drawing his pigs in Saturday night. Walter Miller, one of the most popular members of our Sheet Metal crew, has been confined to his home the past few days with pneumonia. Santa Claus will be a minor quantity this year, as we haven't time enough to make a host of presents. Trucks are more important this year, so we'll spend all of our time on them.

Inspector Ramsey found a cooling fan back of the radiator and he thought some one was trying to slip one over on Uncle Sam by sending over some windmills.

There is a fellow so tall, in the Main Office, that if he got his feet wet in September, he wouldn't catch cold in his head until January.

Alice Rhodes of the Cost Dept. has a new dress with peek-a-boo sleeves and a little service flag flying in the front. Very patriotic—Webster has never composed a word that would do it justice.

Why not devote a page of your valuable paper to something like "Overheard on the Dictaphone." For instance—A certain member of the Employment Department entertained the young ladies in the Stenographic Dept. by whistling several favorite selections in a most charming manner into the dictaphone. After dictating his letters, he evidently forgot to close the transmitter, and the girls as a result, were highly amused. We noticed very particularly that there was no indication whatever of the sound being broken while being expelled through some superfluous hair on his upper lip.

Wanted—A tutor in French, specializing facial appliances, such as mustaches, hair combs, etc. Address Purchasing department.

U. S. Stores Dept.—Louis Sager, our efficient stock room manager, came back to work Monday morning in good humor. Whats' the remedy, Louis?

Found—No. 951 in the girl's cloak room on second floor.

Why not give—Esther a book on "How to Cure Stuttering"; Anna Bannach—Latest News; Emma Maas—a parcel by post; Lena Walraubenstein—a pair of roller skates; Mr. Frey—a book on Office System; Ann Wiggins—a motor cycle; Miss Probst—a book on Latest Dances; Mary Manning—a new plush coat; Mr. Kehr—a pass; The Nurse—a few more cases; Ollie Menzel—a new cuss word; Mr. McCausland—Song entitled "Smiles"; Harland LeCount—Eats; Edgar Kaiser—Tips; Gus Kissel—a Better Temper; Margaret Persick—a roll of stamps; Mr. Brookman—Help; Thelma Haisler—a step ladder; Art Eckerdt—a new car; Herman Komp—another girl; George Fischer—a valet; Paul—a new broom; Elsie—a house with a fence around it; Mayme Hayes—a book on "How to Tell Fortunes" Dora—a song book minus "Dixie"; A. Jordan—More work; F. Shumway—a corner on Bunk; Beatrice—More mail.

Verna Schumacher followed the style of the girls in the Inspection Room. She got a Red Jersey at the Fire Sale and therefore is telling everybody the price. Ed, did she tell you the price?

Inspector Hyde wants all to notice him. He wears "Chocolate Brown English Walkers" and "Black Rimmed Goggles." Girls, take notice, as he is trying to play "hyde and seek."

Martin Mertes of the Stock Room is laid up with the "Flu" his second attack. We sure miss you some, Martin.

T. J. Philips, for the past two years employed in the Cost Department, has accepted a position as comptroller for the Porto Rico Sugar company and will leave for Porto Rico during December.

The head of our purchasing department refused to accept a commission as Colonel in the Ordnance Division saying the Eagle on his shoulders wouldn't be nearly as attractive as a "chicken" on his knees.

Carl Wodtke, one of the inspectors in the Machine Shop was seen walking around with a black eye. Where did you get it, Carl?

George Kletti, when changing gears on a machine, caught the index finger on his left hand in the machine, making it necessary to remove the nail.

Joe Hendel allowed a wrench he was using to come in contact with a 500-volt feed wire, throwing Hendel to the floor, dazed and with a burned hand.

Anna, the popular girl of the Cost Department has moved to the Machine Shop Office. What's the attraction, Anna?

Red Dunbeck was on his dying bed last Saturday night, but as luck happened he got up before he died.

Gertrude, our inspector, likes to flirt with the boys in the Milling Department. We don't blame you, for its hard to satisfy both the men and U. S. Briggs. What do you say Gertrude?

Harry Rhodes, special tester on Speedsters, is so used to them now that he tried to show Guse how to drive the red truck and stripped the gears. Harry, a little more practice wouldn't do you any harm. Earl Kreiser, Instructor on Driving cars, 100 and up an hour. Harry, there is your chance.

B. Guse, the Kissel Car Mail Truck Driver boards somewhere in a private home on North Street—but still he goes visiting most every night in the Commercial Hotel. What's the attraction, Guse?

Al Schwefel—Whenever Joe Wendell comes to our Department with W. L. Kissel's car, please wait on him immediately.

Shame on you, Carl Marklein! Why battle with your fair inspector Irene? Is it possible that you two have been quarreling? Now Irene, don't pick on Carl—he means well even if he is a woman hater.

John Burnetti, one of the testers of government trucks, suffered a severe accident when he cranked a F. W. D. truck while it was in second gear. The truck leaped forward, pushing him against another truck causing several ruptures and internal injuries. Reports from the office of Drs. Rogers & Lehman are that he stands a good chance of recovery. He is 19 years of age and comes from Berlin, Wis.

Did anyone ever notice that when there is no work in Internal Grinders, George Fleecheck get the "Flu." Wonder if he uses his glass car for a hospital.

What's the matter, Monahan, don't the young lady inspectors from Department I like you or your department? Why is it that Ralphine and Irene won't work for you? You can never sing "In My Harem."

Carl Kersten, foreman of the Milling Department had to remain home a few days last week on account of a game leg. Where did you get it, Carl?

How is your new invention, Koepke? Ask Eddy Boland.

Charles Grossman, an employee of the Kissel factory, in stepping backwards while working on the fender of a car, tripped on a second fender which was laying on the floor, and fractured several ribs.

If Gordon Kunz would quit chewing Copenhagen, Sam Parent could save some money.

Carl Kersten dropped a pin on his big toe on Monday. On Tuesday morning he was unable to report for work—but never mind, Carl is a great patriot after all. He was seen darning his own stockings on Tuesday. But Oh! he had to stay home all week because he forgot to take the darning needle out of his stocking. He is just learning the darning trade. He hasn't had enough experience to know enough to take the needle out. Take it out next time, Carl.

Body Factory News—August Rademan, our old body builder writes that his experiences while shooting rabbits helps him wonderfully. But how about the ones you always missed, August?

Harry Barndt wrote us a real nice letter, taking three hours to read. He knows I am always interested in soldier life. Harry writes that he has been made chief Time Checker. We hope he likes his job. By the way, Harry, you never write anything more about girls. How about it—have you turned over a new leaf?

Martha Janzer is sporting a pair of Army shoes. They are very attractive as her feet are so small. Give them oil, Martha, as they squeak too much. Machine oil is good for squeaky shoes. Leland, bring her some.

Jones, the set-up-man in the Machine Shop was absent all week. Where have you been, Jones? Lizzie is very lonesome without you, so you better hurry back.

All the inspectors were presented with a "bawling out." After the presents were all distributed, Mr. Briggs was seen dancing the Fox Trot. But he didn't have a partner. Gertie, you enjoy dancing, why didn't you join him.

Anna Hewitt is a baseball fan. She was seen in the Machine Shop and in the Assembly Room exhibiting 'white sox.'

There has been quite an attraction at Machine No. 319½. Why does everybody stop there? 160 must be a lucky number. I wouldn't mind if I had it.

Ethel had a thistle in her finger the other day. Ethel, you aren't inspecting thistles in the Assembly Room.

Joe Spagnolo has to order a gallon of cream extra each day now, because Fritzie Gehl is back on the job after being ill with the "Flu." Fritz must be sorry that he lost some pounds. Better tell Tub Courtney to help you out.



The Kissel boarding house on Grand Avenue and East Loos Street, will, on Nov. 15th, be opened as the Hartford General Hospital, and will be modern and complete in every detail. It will be in charge of Miss Helen Lohr of Hartford, and Miss Grace King of Milwaukee. Miss Lohr is an experienced nurse and a graduate of the Milwaukee Nurse's Training School. Miss King will have charge of the business end of the hospital, for which work she is thoroughly experienced.

320,000 more men were added to Wisconsin's military resources as the result of the registration of Sept. 12, which is more than the three previous registrations.

Members of the Second Truck company, formerly Co. D, of Hartford, recently presented Lieut. W. J. Velling with a watch as a remembrance from his company, on his being transferred to the Base Censorship Office in France.

John R. Young lost his life on board the Alaskan ship Sophia that was sunk near Skagway, Alaska, October 4th. Mr. Young who was the chief engineer on the Yukon river boat Dawson, was on his way to Hartford to spend the holidays with Mrs. Young, formerly Miss Anna Schwalbe, a well-known Hartford girl.

If you boys don't believe that the Old Town misses you, you should have been here on Hallowe'en. Absolutely nothing doing! It's true the old church bell tolled up to a late hour and some of the windows were soap-marked, but outside of that and a few Hallowe'en parties, it was as dead as Sunday night with the "Flu" ban on.

An Accident—Mrs. Markle, the landlady of the Phoenix Building accidentally scrubbed the halls last Friday. First time that accident happened for a long while.

The "Flu" ban has been lifted from Hartford and once more Main street puts to shame the Gay White Ways of other cities.

Hallowe'en was a "gasless and horseless" day for Verna Schumacher and Ruth Ferrick. Girls, how did you enjoy that horseless ride in the two-wheeled cart? Art thinks that Pike Lake is quite a distance from Hartford, and then came to the conclusion that horses are better for pulling carts. Girls, it was pretty cold walking back, wasn't it?

R. E. Barnard of the Purchasing Dept. believes The Kisselgraph is worth 60 cents a copy and gladly pays same to help swell the Mess Fund for you fellows "Over There."

Miss Elsie Shinnars, a student nurse from Mercy Hospital, Chicago, will spend the holidays with her mother Mrs. Patrick Shinnars.

Winter's come; The Summer's gone, it's time to put your heavies on.—Fuel Commission.

The Glee Club girls spent an enjoyable evening at Dora Sonnentag's. They did practical sewing instead of singing. Mildred what did you say you were sewing—Oh yes, isn't it pretty. Dora sure knows how to make good sandwiches—or was it her mother? Edith Turner imagined for a minute she was a baby again and tried to sit in the baby's chair. It took the whole crowd to help her out. Edee, will you ever grow up? Bee said she couldn't come. We sure missed the presence of her lil curly head. Martha presided at the organ. Pickles we had to carry her home. Elsie ate so many sandwiches and Oh well, when one's in love, pickles are good—

Frank Wienefelt read about the Austrians surrendering and about the way you fellows are beating them up "Over There," so he is preparing for your home coming. He was seen at the blacksmith shop talking to Jack Schwartz about putting boiler plate backs in the bowling alleys and wants prices on cast iron bowling balls. Gee, he must think you fellows are a hard lot, but "Safety First" is his motto. He's been under the weather for the past week. Says he's stiff and lame, and its not from pulling the fish either. He went out with Breity the other morning and outside of a boat ride they got nothing. Gee, we haven't heard a fish story all week.

You should see the new fancy vest Hank White sports around. While it fits him fine over the shoulders, the waist needs stretching. But that will all adjust itself by the time bowling season is over with.

Adolph Vogelsang with four friends and 8 hounds spent the opening day of the rabbit shooting season in the wilds and the results were wonderful. One fair sized rabbit was killed, wounded or captured, and six little ones, just big enough to give shelter to two fleas apiece were what they brought home with them. What they didn't bring home was two of the hounds. They claim they ran away, but how is it they were found shot by hunters the next day. Next time you go hunting, Adolph, take some salt along—its not so hard on the dogs and a whole lot cheaper.

Ray Leach says he's going out hunting nights. I wonder what, Ray?

LARGE REWARD OFFERED—Apprehension of following famous criminals—asleep or awake. A. L. Menzel, alias Ollie, wanted for stealing razor blades; Dora Sonnentag, charged with stealing affections; Edgar Kaiser, a pencil thief; John Brookman, a bottle of grape juice at Community Fair; Art Eckerdt, stealing time.

Advice Wanted—Dear Editor, will you please tell me why I am so popular? Is it my face or my fortune? Please answer at once—Yours truly, W. H. Kriehn.

Wanted—A good-looking young man with good habits to pick out work from Automatics—so poor little Irene won't get her hands dirty. Inquire at Ladies Rest Room, Kissel Car Co., between 12 and 1 o'clock.

Wanted—A few good cooking and cake recipes for our fair blonde in the mailing department, who will resign in the near future to take a permanent position in the domestic science course.

Wanted—Legal Advice—If your neighbor's chickens came into your yard and laid ½ dozen fresh eggs, who do they belong to? We had them for breakfast this morning and have invited the chickens again. Did I do right? Address Grover Frey.

Wanted—A leather seated rocker for Miss Eddy, as Mr. Shumway thinks a rocker is more comfortable than the iron seat which she occupies at present.

Wanted—The homeliest old maid in Erin (with blarney in her brogue and Egypt in her dreamy eyes) to watch Howard's flirtatious little side looks. Apply Cost Department.

Hotel Help Wanted!—Waitress, maids, cooks and bakers, etc., used to a northern climate. Also need an A No. 1 chauffeur who knows how to repair a row boat engine and must have experience to attach same on steam launch. Must wear sailor uniform to attract attention. Must be well posted on astronomy. Must have the ability to spear fish and pickle deer meat. Property owner will have a French type aeroplane by next spring, and this man will have chance to see some real flying. Must also be a well-driller and know how to take electricity out of the air to keep the hotel force lit up. Must be familiar with many languages. Man looking for a good home instead of good wages has the first chance. Also want an A. No. 1 fireman with license for my up to date Modern Hotel with pipe and heatless furnace. In order to get this job you must have a pair of skis and eye glasses.—Hotel Eskimo, Pike lake. Mgr. Gus. Kissel.

A locomotive went through Hartford last week with a snow plow on it.

Orville, Lester and Milton Kissel came home Saturday from Delafield where they are attending St. John's Military Academy, for a short visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Kissel.

Joseph Sonnentag is the "shine artist" at the Cigar store now-a-days. "You're next, shine 'em up, Joe."

The season for rabbit hunting opened on the 1st, and on the Sunday following everyone who had a hunting license went out after the poor cottontail. Hunting is just as good as ever, but the game is scarce.

"Pete" Westenberger was home last week on a nine-days' furlough from the naval training station at Newport News. He is the same old "Pete" only a little more so.

Larry Krupp came out from Milwaukee Saturday for a sojourn among his old time friends. Larry says: "I suppose if Bulo was here he would still call me the 'Russian spy.'"

Hattie Portz is trying to imitate Longfellow's style, but she can't get away with it. She has a style all her own. Oh the poems! It's a long drive to get them to France, but a short one to Mr. Kaye. He has a heart, and he wouldn't send anything so mild to our boys in France. They have enough to get on their nerves.

A certain lieutenant, who visits the plant often has made application for a new pair of trousers—he has worn his first pair out at the seat from going "over the top" (of the desks). Don't they have polished desks in Milwaukee, Lieut?

Joe Seidl is right there with his picture machine when it comes to snapping Kisselettes.

Indoor Sports—Shaking for cigars at the Wiley House and sticking Otto Wollner.

Marie Spagnolo wishes the war was over for reasons all her own.

Philip Spagnolo, what is the attraction at 16th and Fond du Lac, Milwaukee? You seem to be interested in that little Jane. How about it, Spag?

Too bad Joe had to work last night otherwise he would have been the lucky one to receive the letters at the party. How about it, Irma?

A surprise party was given at the home of Irma Eifert last evening. The party consisted of boys and girls. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing. Refreshments were served early the next morning. Everyone reported a wonderful time although Policeman Vincent didn't have to act as chaperone the next morning.

VICTORY NEWS SETS US UPSIDE DOWN

EVERYBODY WAS NOT ONLY CRAZY—BUT NUTTY

Even the Clocks Played "Victory Jazz" With Both Hands

Tick, Tick, Tick—went the Western Union Telegraph keys early last Monday morning. Upon its receipt Whitmore did a leap for life over the counter and landed in G. A.'s office on one ear. The message was to the effect that Germany had unconditionally surrendered. The moment the message was read was the only lucid moment we remembered that day. To spread the news, every whistle in town was tied down.

Every man, woman, girl and boy in the factory formed in line and marched down town, where everybody was awaiting us. From that time on Main street was a seething riot. Four Wheel Drive trucks that were built here at the factory, as well as the camouflaged Four Wheel Drive ammunition body trucks were packed with girls and boys, making 57 different kinds of noise. Around eleven o'clock the parade stopped in front of the City Hall where America and the Star Spangled Banner were sung, the music being rendered by Hartford's Liberty Band. Mayor Lieven, Elmo Sawyer, G. A. Kissel and Rev. Collinge gave short, pithy addresses, all of them winding up with the suggestion that the "lid was off" and for everybody to celebrate for all they were worth.

In the afternoon, about 1:30, a line of automobiles and Four Wheel Drive Trucks, loaded with men, women and children started out to show other towns that Hartford was celebrating. It is estimated that fully 75 to 100 cars were in line. The procession nearly a mile in length, led by G. A. Kissel and the Liberty Band with the State Guards back of them drove through Richfield, Jackson, Cedar Creek and West Bend, and we nearly made West Bend look like a full-sized city. Main street was literally packed with cars and people and you couldn't hear yourself talk or think. The parade got back to Hartford about seven o'clock where the band gave an open air concert the early part of the evening.

It was a day that will never be forgotten, and on every hand you heard people saying "this is great but wait until the boys get home—they had better bring their trench helmets and if possible a suit of armor for protection." So you can see what is in store for you.

We are all proud of you and the wonderful work you have done.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By
FEATRICE BAREFACTS

Dear Fea:—My "steady" takes me riding in the country in his Kissel two or three times a week. The blame thing has a chronic habit of quitting on some dark side road. My beaux gets awfully out of patience. He aint a bit persistent. He tinkers with it a minute and then climbs back into the car and insists on spooning. I'm a shy young thing and don't like to write the Kissel people about it. Don't you think they should fix it? —Doris.

Dear Doris:—Fix what? Fraid you will have to depend upon your "steady" for service. The guarantee don't cover cases like that. Defective parts should be returned or you get no credit. Sorry.—Miss Barefacts.

My Dear Miss Barefacts:—

I have been studying and thinking what kind of a reception a shy, demure young girl ought to give her soldier sweetheart when he comes marching home. To shake hands and say how glad you are to see him seems conventional and even cold. Yet to go further might result in my being misunderstood.

Hattie.

Say Hattie:

When your soldier boy hits Hartford after having parlez-voused with those French Maries he will "do zis for you" and demand that you do "zat for him" so fast and furiously that your plan of campaign will blow up like Hindenburg's did.

Miss Barefacts.

Miss Featrice:

Don't you think the temptations for us young girls are greater in a small town like Hartford than they are in a big town like Chicago where there are so many shows and such for a girl and a fellow to go. Aint it economical for the fellows too. Hadn't they ought to be glad to buy movie tickets and sodas and such.

Martha.

Dear Martha:

No. I fear I can't see your side of the question. The temptation is in exact relation to the strain on the fellow's constitution and the saving is in exact relation to the quality of the entertainment purchased.

Miss Barefacts.

Dear Miss Barefacts:—

I am employed in the front office at the Kissel plant a long ways from the Cost Dept. where there is a sweet little thing that I adore. In fact I worship every Plank on the floor of the Dept. Yet I hardly know her.

How shall I approach the subject.—
C. H. M.
Dear Chuck:

Sh! Lay off—Forget it. The big boss saw her first. Claims he recognized "the class" in this little lady before some of the younger bloods woke up. Peanuts are a splendid antidote for a bite like this.

Miss Barefacts.

Somewhere in France.
Nov. 1st, 1918.

My Dear Miss Barefacts:—

How in blazes can I lick the Kaiser when I get letters from home saying that every old "over the draft age" and bald-headed "exempt" in town is making eyes at my Doris.

Bunny.

Now Bunny:

They are kidding you. It is quite true that they all are casting eyes in her direction but she goes down the glass front line with chin erect, eyes front and an "over there" dream in her expression. You will know when you step off the train amid the biggest welcome Hartford ever gave.

Miss Barefacts.



\$59.41 MORE FOR THE MESS FUND

594 COPIES OF NUMBER 4
ISSUE SOLD IN STORES

	No. Sold	Amt.
Factory (Miss Turner)	174	\$17.41
Jones' Sweet Shop	142	14.20
Wiley House	91	9.10
Spagnolo's	90	9.00
Breity's Drug Store	84	8.40
LeCount Cigar Store	13	1.30

	594	\$59.41
Previous Sales	1119	\$112.01
Total	1713	\$171.42



George Bour is complaining of a swollen hand this morning. He probably forgot that he made a wonderful speech during the day and emphasized pertinent remarks by pounding on the bar.



THE HISTORY OF A MUSTACHE

Artie has a mustache, Oh Baby! but it's cute, all the girls are stuck on him, isn't he a beaut? When he comes to see her, he has it combed up so cute, that Helen simply stares at him and admits that he's a beaut. He looks just like a Frenchman, with eyes of such suggestion that Helen often wonders why he doesn't pop the question. When that little Charlie has grown to his full size, Arthur's going to leave our town for one of bigger size.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

What Some of the Men at the Kissel Factory Would Have Santa Bring Them.

Dear Santa:—You surely know who I am? If you don't, you never got around Hartford much, as everybody knows me here and they all call me "Mack." I am not in the Motor Department anymore, so don't look for me there, but I am chief surgeon in the hospital now. I don't want very much this Xmas but you can bring me a few things I may need this winter, providing you did not promise them all to Smith. You can bring me some Arctic socks, earlaps, over-shoes, wool mittens, chamois chest protector, wristlets, red wool underwear, gaiters, fur cap with fur lining, leather pants, reefer, long wool muffler that can be worn around the neck four or five times, and anything else that would help to keep a fellow warm. Be sure not to forget the Arctic socks and red underwear. If you have any wool mittens, bring me a pair. —Yours truly, "Mack" MacNamee.

My Dear Santa Claus:—I have never written to you before but I know you will be glad to hear from me. I am quite large for my age and try to be a good boy. Don't bring me any of those "Erecto" toys as I have lots of them now. You can bring me a speedometer, a pair of foot cycles, a coaster or anything that a boy who walks much would want. I will leave a box by the side of my bed for you to put the presents in. I can not hang up my stockings as there are holes in both ends of them and the presents would fall out and break. Your new friend, Freddie Jensen.

Dear Santa:—I have been a good little boy ever since you was here last Xmas. I studied just as hard as other boys but didn't learn anything new. I wish you would bring me an Instruction Book on Picking a Winner at Election Time. I will study it thoroughly and will try and not throw any more of my votes away. My stocking will be hanging in the attic so that you won't have to come all the way down our dirty chimney. As ever, your boy, Bobbie Albright.

Dear Santa Claus:—Do you know where my house is now? It is on Grand St. right next to the house next door. You can easily find the chimney as it is right on top of the house. I almost forgot to tell you what to bring me for Xmas. Nothing would surprise my friends more than if I had a nice big smile on Xmas morning, so I hope you will bring me one or two smiles. I will promise to smile every morning if you bring them to me. I will even smile once-in-a-while in the shop too. —Yours truly, Johnnie Kofel.

Dear Santa:—I hope your rein-deers will stop at mi house this Xrismas. I will go to bed at six o'clock Xrismas evening, so that you kin stop at mi house before you stop at somebodie elses house. You no got a pear of armie shoos and they have a regular little pig squeek in um someplace, so I want you to bring me a tinie little pig with lots of squeek in him. i want 1 small enuff ti put in mi Sundie cots pocket so that when i put on mi Sundie shoos mi frends will no me. Leave it at Squeek Hazen's—that is me.



Sayings of Famous Men

Sweet Shop Jones Says—Sneak thieves and burglars are respectable citizens compared to those who pick on a man because he has rubbed all the hair from his head.

Gordon Davey Says—It would seem that the women would know more about hair-curlers than Doyle, but it ain't no such thing.

Sam Parent Says—A new hair on a bald head is a very lonesome and sensitive thing—about as lonely as a cactus on a desert—and that is very likely to contract homesickness. Sam recommends that when one sprouts it should be watched, petted and made to feel at home as much as possible.

Fred Shumway Says—I am dead in love with my new briar—a pipe like my new briar shows that I have a dreamy nature, money to burn, and great powers of suction.

Jim Gates Says—Stealing another man's girl has many disadvantages, and that you can bet your last piece of change that when the boys "come marching home" the girls will want the original. The old bald-headed substitutes will be hung on the coat hooks for sure.

Carl Koepke Says—Jess Miller is the same sweet old lady as ever, and that Jess is not running a newspaper as many people think.

Jim Amos Says—I don't think it is right to serve eggs that have almost shivered themselves out of their shells from months of cold storage, but what I think don't help the matter any. I just can't help it.

Joe Rose Says—You would think I was a millionaire, if the way I have been receiving catalogues of double "Perams" hot water bottles, soothing syrups, teething rings, rattles, stocking-caps, baby ribbon, and prepared foods are any criterion.



TONIGHT—DON'T MISS IT

"The Hartford Revue"—featuring Messrs. Kofel, Albrecht, Diedrich and Haibe. Clever specialties and fancy stunts are numerous. The graceful gyrations of the above stars are noteworthy.

"Trifling With Fire"—starring Al Jordan, John Brookman and Harland LeCount. A vivid tale showing it is possible to play with matches without lighting them.



Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One pleasant smile that used to be seen wherever Bernard R. the owner, was seen.

The way some of the boys went to work last Monday morning, put one in mind of a convalescent hospital. Some were limping, others groaning at every step and some unable to straighten out, but it was nothing serious, only members of Co. D who had been out Sunday working with pick and shovel on the Rifle Range. Also plowing, scraping and hauling rocks until dark. That was work, not common among the most of them and was the reason why some squeaked like rusty hinges, but all are wearing a big smile as they accomplished quite a lot and feel satisfied that they helped, instead of doing like some who were afraid of the results upon their backs. Menzel didn't go—he had to stay home and read Jim Jam Jams. But you should see Esser work. Gee, he's a bear at carrying a shovel from one place to another dodging work—but at that Hank is there. John Eddy is the strong arm guy, and the way he horsed that scraper around all day made John Gould hustle, but John set them all a merry pace. George Hoehn and Harry Mueller are some teamsters. They'd push on the lines and holler "Oats", but Mueller would have been O. K. if Charley Lohr had not picked on him all the time. Just because Mueller is good natured Lohr won't let him alone. Lohr claims Mueller ate \$1.10 worth of veal loaf, so he wouldn't have to take it back with him and give credit for it, but that's not true. It was only 90 cents worth. That was Ed. Russell's fault. He burnt the coffee and that made Harry so hungry. You should see the waist-lines come down and the belts pulled in after the first couple of hours of work. Sergts. Nehf and Pfeiffer sure improved their figures some, to say nothing of Corporals Thiel and Kehr. More of the same "I say, I say." You're right Schroeder that's good for them. No wonder Spiker, Chaplin and Jake Hilt didn't show up. Afraid of their shapes, eh? Eggleston wasn't, and you should see the girls eye him up since he has his new shape. Louis Zimmerman had an awful job keeping his pipe going, but who could, with Breity driving over everybody. He drives like he handles his sword. Fred Cavill and Schwartz rolled so many big stones that one had to keep dodging all the time to keep from being squashed, but Capt. LeCount and Lieut. Benson were there to take care of the injured. They had so little to do that they kept warm by exercising the shovels with a vim.

Hazel Wojahn, Domestic Science expert at High School, enjoyed an automobile ride in Prof. Karch's car the night before the "Flu" lid was clamped on. It's all right Edgar, George Barrington and Ruby Cushman were along and 'tis said they make fine chaperones—when they are on the job—which is not often.

Bunny's letters must be different than all the rest—for they never reach home.

The boys here are all wondering why Emil Yagodzinski goes to Beaver Dam so regularly every Saturday, but they found out now that his dear little Blanche, the beautiful little saleslady has his goat. He claims she has got it all over the Hartford girls for looks and he really would not go to B. D. so regularly, but the Hartford girls are too drowsy for him.

Al Schwefel has a helmet made of leather to wear when he takes those long trips to Watertown.

Johnnie and Artie were seen near Skunkville on Sunday. And believe me, they surely got skunked. We didn't see them, but we smelled them. All the business places are opened up at that village, but Oh Boy, beware of that place.

Lilian Heppe was seen at the Library on Wednesday evening. Lilian, did you get a book to read on "Churchless Sunday?" Let us know the name of it by leaving it at the Chief Showcase at the Fire Sale Store.

Three boys were seen strolling around in the woods up north on Sunday. Hard luck must have been with them as they did not bring anything back with them. What were you hunting for boys? Janes, I suppose. Archie, where did you leave them all?

Mary Manning says she has no Jackie nor Johnnie, but a Tommy Johnnie.

All Mr. Jensen, our Millwright needs is some "soothing syrup." Cheer up Jensen, it may not be true.

Put in anything you please about me, I can't help being prominent—Ollie Menzel.

Yearly report to my friend Emil Zastrow—One year has passed and I am still on the job watching Lizzie, according to your orders before you left Hartford. I watch day and night, rain or shine and find L. the same true girl. We all hope to see you back son so you can do your own watching.

Joe Wendell ought to be made to wear a chauffeur's uniform, so that people won't think he owns the car he drives.

Martha Pusch went to Milwaukee last week to spend a few days. Better not take a trip like that very often, Martha, for Howard was seen in the bakery shop, a few hours later making eyes at a certain little blue-eyed baby.

Leona Parfrey said that her uncle promised her a house if she gets married—but she says he might as well promise her the moon because she hasn't anybody to get married to. Here's your chance boys, get in line but don't shove.

I don't use powder, I don't use paint, I am what I am, Not what I ain't.—Tibby of the Recaps.

Someone dubbed Ralph Kaye as "Our fussing editor." (Go ahead—don't mind me.)

Mat Mechnich, one of our young boys from Hartford got lost on his way home from Allenton the other night. We are wondering why.

George Nehm drove down our street occupying the front seat of his car alone—she sat behind. No doubt George still believes that distance lends enchantment.

Mildred Gergen doesn't walk home from work now. Why. Well, Russell's driving the Mail truck. Better than walking, isn't it Mildred?

Card of Thanks—I wish to thank the person or persons who so kindly advertised my crops for me in the last issue of The Kisselgraph—but as I have had no purchasers so far, I thought of letting the public know that my farm hours are from 4 A. M. to 6:30 A. M., and from 6:30 P. M. to 9:00 P. M.—A. E. Riley, Prop. Golden Stock Farm.

Seeing red paint is so popular in the Pheonix Flats, that all the ladies use it on their faces, I believe I'll use some on my house.

Walter—Edith says she is a true old widow woman.

Did anyone see "Casey" calling on his little dark-eyed friend on Branch street?

What was the attraction in Milwaukee Saturday, Florence?

Mildred Gergen and Mary Manning received rather "mysterious" looking post cards one day last week, and they are wondering who sent them. Ask Alice in Wonderland if he knows girls.

Somebody ought to ask Breity who has the most calls in for Watertown and hear what he says. Al Schwefel has been going down there frequently, but nobody knows who he is courting. Ask Breity. Some doll, Al, and Oh Boy, how she likes that little red car of yours.



Howard Weigand sure is a popular man. A nice young lady comes around with her Dad's Reo to keep him from being lonesome on Saturday afternoons. I'm afraid after the war it will be hard on you, Howard.

Thelma Heisler is missing all of her rides of late on account of the illness of Lester Compton. Hurry up Les. and get better as Thelma is getting lonesome.

Much happiness is reported in the Mailing Department. Russell Cooley drives the mail truck.

Did anyone see Casey out walking with the "dark-eyed friend" on Branch Street? Where was Miss O'Brien?

Has anybody noticed Art Eckerdt's face—he is again making an attempt at raising a moustache.

Recently Harry Mueller and Lee Kelly held an exciting meeting to fix the price of soup bones as a war measure. Harry claimed the soup bone an essential industry in winning the war as it carries the beef to market. Lee said if the price of soup bones goes up, the price of oxtails would come down. It was finally left to the decision of Gene O'Neil, who said "To He - - with soup bones. I prefer tongue."

If a few more of the Factory boys raise white eye-brows on their upper lips it will be necessary to enlarge the First Aid hospital—get me?

This is the conversation that took place in the girls' cloak room the other day. Dora to Elsie—"My, but your face is chapped, Elsie!" Elsie—"It has reason to be, chapped and I'm surprised it isn't any worse." That was the time you said a mouthful, Elsie!

Steve Breitensack and Fred Sacho went duck hunting at Oshkosh, but as much as we know the duck is still having the laugh on them—some trip for nothing. Eh, Steve, better luck five miles further.

The possibility of peace was heard Monday afternoon and Oh, Clarence, how Babe did Smile. "Smiles" is her favorite song.

Elsie Meyers and Mildred Stacy had quite an exciting experience coming home from the "Glee Club" the other evening. A man ran after them and scared the girls almost into hysterics. And men are so scarce now-a-days.

We wonder why Lena likes Joey so well. Is it the attraction of the car he is driving or -----?

Doris Plank had a poem handed to her entitled the "Woman who Understands". Doris could not quite make out why it was handed to her, but we know. She understands all right, Bunny, and will be waiting patiently for your return. We know she is with us in wishing you a Merry Christmas.

"Hello— Westenerger's? This is Art Huxen speaking. Remember the baby carriage Palmer picked out? No, a single seater, what the devil do you think, Well, duplicate the order for me. Goodbye."

We don't know whether Parent and McGinley tried to slip it over on us and marry their girls thru the mails or not—anyway they both received some suspicious looking rings from France last week.

I wonder who received that bright idea that Hartford could support a Kisselgraph, for in the Press and Times you'd always read of friends and things and this and that, but you can't go out at night, unless they put in the The Kisselgraph. And many a time it cheers the boys to make a Hun back up, but really—My Dear Censor, why don't you use your club. —A Victim. (Name, please!)

Speaking of Charlie Chaplin in the movies, he has nothing on our Charlie Chaplin of Hartford, especially when it comes to the shoes. How about it Runette?

Millie says Joe K. would be all right if he wouldn't go quite so fast. Joe says its the Ford's fault.

Alice Rhodes of the Cost Dept. has been wearing a big smile for some time. Won't you even tell us his name Alice?

Three girls went to the city, they said where nobody cared; of course, we know that they went all prepared, To buy nice things for Xmas for some sweetheart here or Over There. Elsie Meyer's parcel will go to the tool room in all haste. Because we know she will have no time to waste, Or she'll have to buy some little thing for the bungalow they have planned, and, It is much nicer to buy for a sweetheart than it is for your old man. Now Florence Turner never says much and we can't tell about such Girls, they do can't tell about their sweethearts "over there," But Corporal Geenty also wants a gift from Santa Claus or some lady fair, so That accounts for her. Last but not least there's Martha Punch who sits around day and night, And wonders what she'll get him now that he's begun to fight, For Uncle Sam sure expects her to do her share. We join them in sending greetings to our soldiers Over There.

Chief Ringmaster C. F. Cook, recently made a week-end trip to Oshkosh by auto. This trip proved such a grand success, he is contemplating making them regularly. Any parties wishing to accompany him should notify him at least one week in advance. By the way Charlie, where did you leave the auto?

No wonder Rose's eyes twinkle more than ever—Mattie M. is back on the job.

One of the girls wants to know how many skeins of yarn there are in Phil. Konrad's sweater.

Boys, you ought to hear Harry Rhodes sing. He keeps all the boys in the warehouse happy with his snappy tunes.

If you ever hear any terrifying screeches Saturday afternoons, don't be alarmed because its only the telephone and telegraph operators chasing a mouse.—Such brave girls.



Mrs. Santa Claus: Land Sakes! Claus, you look like a wreck. What's the matter—cyclone? Santa Claus: Worse—trying to keep with those Hartford Boys while crossing "No Man's Land" (Dec. 26, 1918.)

Monday is usually a very blue day, but not for Beatrice as she receives a letter early Monday morning from Ed. Bayer at Madison, who is serving for his country. Keep it up Ed—it makes it very pleasant for the rest of us—but beware of your big brother Bill.

Too bad, Mr. Louden the ice cream parlor was closed Sunday evening. Late hours are done away with, but just the same Mildred Stacy has a sweet tooth.

Lost—Five pennies. Finder please return to Bill Tesch.

It seems strange one of the mail clerks so often speaks of the cleanliness of Westphal's windows. Could the attraction really be the windows or is it Patricia's red dress?

If Charlie Cromer knew how Frances was flirting with that pretty boy on Union street, Gee he would be mad.

When Messrs. Stout and Hyde take their fair ones out for a walk they should avoid wire fences and cow pastures.

Billy Louden is practicing rock-a-bye baby—but Bill, after the war is over you will have plenty of time then to commence, as Mildred tells us—don't expect me Monday morn, the first Monday after peace is declared. Practice makes perfect (2 in the morn.)

Doc. Sachse has a remedy for the French temper. Go Anna, before its too late, someone else might catch it.

Al its all off. We got wise to you. Them trips to Watertown, Al, it must be pulling.

The Misses Martha Janzer and Emily Harp spent a few days in Milwaukee. What's the attraction, girls?

A New Sign—Edna Wells said "That smoke is going up straight tonight—that's a sign the war will end soon."

Mildred's latest is a strawberry blonde—but Clarence, cheer up as that brunette is still in her locket.

Gene Monroe decided he would take a trip to the photographer. "Now look pleasant and natural please," urged the photographer. "Can't be done," murmured the sitter's wife who accompanied him, "if he looked pleasant he wouldn't look natural."

Ada Krebs, commercial teacher at the High School, asked Johnnie Schroeder, the other day, if he knew where shingles were first used. Said Johnnie (modestly) "I'd rather not tell," and Ada did not press the question, as she says she is only 16 years old.

Beatrice is getting rather lonesome for the little blonde from Manitowoc. But how is it the machine never works, even though he works on it all day. Too bad it rained the last day he was here—but cheer up—sunshine will come after rain.

What's the matter, Edna, is Margaret mad or only peeved? She can't seem to hear you.

Arthur Merwin is quite a genius. Be careful boys, he may use his listening apparatus and learn some of your darkest secrets.

Lyle Leach had a furlough in Scotland some time ago, and he dressed in kilts for a picture. Imagine those dainty white knees of his, playing peek-a-boo with the Number Sixteens which he wears to protect his little pink tootsies.

We will probably remove Miss Lucilla Hunsdorfer's name from the bachelor girls list. Come Lucilla, let's see you wear that pretty little diamond.

Sam says to Alex: "What are you all smiles for?" "Oh, I'm just thinking about the book I've been reading 'Dere Mabel' a series of love letters by Private Joe. I say they are good. That's me all over, Mabel."

Say, Margaret, what happened at the marshmallow roast the other night. You stayed quite a while but you didn't open the marshmallow box.

Ask Wilmer B. what happened to the car on the way home from Cedar Lake Saturday night.

Oh Edna, who were the classy fellows out to see you? Did one of them happen to be Oliver?

Billy R., why didn't you escort the girls home Friday night? Were you too tired?

Jack Rockwite was over at Smith's jewelry store one day last week, looking over some diamonds. How about it, Jack?

It seems strange how Frances Nelson likes our new Express office so well. What's the attraction, Frances? Is it a case of the magnet drawing the needle or the needle drawing the magnet?

You are pale, Clara. What is the reason? Didn't Elmer write his weekly letter?

Cecelia and Elmer had quite a time last night. Too bad she isn't a little taller.

Roger, what is the reason it took you so long to get Vera? What is the attraction at Spag's? Was the swing soft and pleasant? It looks as if it was, as the swing was broken the next morning.

Was the walk pleasant, Marcella? Walter Putnam was bashful, but got lively at last when it was time to go home. What was the reason, Walter?

Oh, Clarice, what made you so peeved? Wasn't the right one there?

Russell the settee was rather small with a girl on each side—but after a little squeezing it was made comfortable. How about, Helen and Clara?

The Kissel Girls' Glee Club met at the home of Miss Dora Sonnentag last week. They quit singing and are all busy sewing pretty things, well—you know.

"Why can't we be alone together in a car once in a while", wails Dorothy Schmidt.—Ask the editor.

No, Clarice, we don't permit threshing machines on Main street. That's only the salesman's car negotiating Sumner Street hill to the Wiley house, on second gear.

Margaret Vincent, one of our most estimable young ladies, gave a Halloween party at Schauers' hall. Only the elite of the city were present. How about it, M. G.?

Little Leora, head waitress at the Wiley House, is saving prune pits for Uncle Sam. She requests all the boys at the Wiley House to eat prunes for breakfast—the more prunes, the more pits.



TONIGHT! HER FIRST AND ONLY APPEARANCE! SEE IT!

"Stolen Sweets"—with Mary Manning in the stellar role. She brings to her work that charm and irresistible humor that makes her wonderful.



OVERHEARD AT THE BOARDING HOUSE

Adolph—"Oh Goosey, want a Peach?" Goosey—"Gimme the stone. Fan yourself wid a brick, Adolph." Goosey broke his flashlight over Red's head Saturday at 12 P. M. "Red, what was the reason for this sudden outburst?" "Aw—they ate a bag of mixed candy and forgot to use a muffler." "Oh, but what about the pillow you confiscated from Goosey's bed?" "Heavy head—'Nuf Sed." Red has joined the marines. What will poor Margaret do when he leaves? How can you account for those cold sores, Red? And why are you going to visit Beaver Dam, West Bend, Iron Ridge, Husitaford and other neighboring cities? Oh well, there's safety in numbers—surely one fair dame will be true—Some attraction at Iron Mountain. I wonder who the little blonde is interested in. Is it Adolph or Goosey? Better ask Goosey—he can tell.