

In the Ranks.



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The American House Manager is today a member of the army that is fighting to save democracy in the world. More than 11,000,000 managers of American homes have enlisted for the duration of the war and pledged themselves to support the fighting men by the way they buy, cook and serve food.

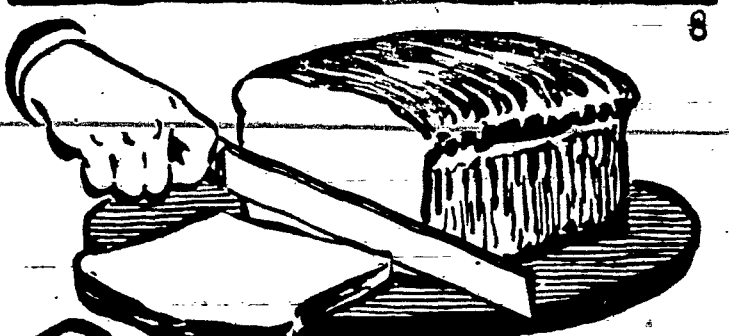
can be shipped—those that pack the most food value into the smallest shipping space. These foods are wheat, meat, fats, sugar. We cannot eat them and send them to others. We must send these foods and in order to do that we must eat other foods ourselves.

Food will win the war. He who wastes a crust of bread prolongs the war. don't waste it!

WHY WE MUST SAVE FOOD. HASTENED RUSSIAN COLLAPSE

The 1917 wheat crop in France was less than half normal, using the crop of 1913 as a basis of comparison. There was a shortage of 176,000,000 bushels, or 53.3 per cent. The potato crop was only within one-third of normal. The sugar beet crop showed a deficit of 67.9 per cent. Her meat herds in the early fall showed a shortage of 1,800,000 animals.

"We must not overlook the fact that Russia collapsed, not because of the Germans on her borders, but because she failed to organize and feed her own citizenship," the food administration announced.



Save a loaf a week help win the war

Smelling Old Friendships.

So far as men are concerned, the warmest friendship is that which exists between two fellows whose wives have never met. A friend that we have known and liked for years has drifted away from us, and we suppose he feels that we have drifted away from him.

Spanish Irishmen.

A recent writer draws attention to the connection which has long existed between Ireland and Spain. In the days of the "Wild Geese," when Irishmen were carving out futures for themselves as soldiers of fortune in many lands, they went in large numbers to Spain.

Cancer Not Hereditary.

That cancer is not inherited in man seems to be proved by statistics collected by Arthur Hunter and presented to the Association of Life Insurance Presidents. Mr. Hunter investigated the history of policy holders and found that when both of a man's parents had died of cancer only two grandchildren out of 234 had died of this disease.

Corn and Water.

To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance and of ten a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse and a further loss at date of final sale.

Says the Sun Didn't Stand Still.

Joshua's command to the sun and moon to "stand still" only meant that they should be "eclipsed," according to Dr. Thomas Dick Wilson, professor of Hebrew at Princeton Theological seminary. The word usually translated "stand still" in the Bible is the Hebrew "damm," said Dr. Wilson, which really means "eclipse."

Hopeless Case.

Mabel—I am sure he must have loved her very dearly. Maude—I should say so. He married her in spite of the fact that he had been out in the rain with her all one afternoon, was seasick with her and saw her unexpectedly at home the morning after a dance.—London Opinion

Business Courtesy.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is business courtesy? Pa—There are two kinds of business courtesy, my son. One is the kind extended to people who pay cash, and the other is extended to people who don't.—London Answers

She Takes the Rings.

Tom—I know a girl who accepts rings from men she doesn't know. Bessie—I don't believe it! How could she? Tom—Why, she can't help it—she's a telephone girl!

Her Strong Chin.

Dawson—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife were you governed by her chin? Spenlow—No, but I have been ever since we were married.

It is easy to decide without thinking; it is easy to think and not decide; but it is hard to think fairly and decide courageously.

Inspiration Miscellany

Perils of Middle Age

Middle age, whose date is suggested by Acts as being in and after the forties, is a neglected period from the sympathetic point of view. It is credited with full development of one's powers, with having won a place in the world, with mastery of some chosen calling. Its independence and strength are regarded as freeing it from need for and claim upon sympathy.

Yet middle age meets with temptations and perils peculiar to itself. Its round of routine and its settled state contain risks. It faces the danger which ruined Moab of old, that of settling down upon the lees. Israel kept alive because it was shaken to and fro and reacted vitally. But Moab stagnated and sank into the sleep that knew no waking.

The greatest danger of middle age is the closed mind or the petrified heart. Stereotyped standards of judgment and ruts of labor are fatal to the spiritual and intellectual growth of the middle aged. — Spokane Spokesman-Review

The Joy of Living.

Dear life, sweet moment, gracious opportunity, brief journey so well worth the taking, gentle exile so well worth enduring, thy bitterest sorrows anchored, thy sharpest pains are brought upon us by ourselves and even then are turned to warnings for our guidance, while above us, through us and around us radiates the Supreme Love, unalterably tender. —Marie Corelli

STUFF OF A MAN.

Physical courage is universally admired. The hero who exhibits intrepid courage in rescuing another is certain of applause. To win such admiration many become foolhardy. The man of real courage will not do this. He finds no need of exhibitions of false courage. He knows that moral courage is of a higher and finer quality than physical courage. True, it is not so soon of recognition. Moral courage is often shown in lives so unostentatious that no one realizes their nobility.

Our Better Nature.

The better nature in us exults over hardship and privation as a seal of its divinity. Men spring with a deeper joy to man a lifeboat in a raging sea than they feel at the thought of a pleasure voyage.—Henry Wilder Foote.

HAVE FAITH IN THE BOY

You've got to have faith in that boy And to show him the faith that you feel; That you know beneath all his alloy Is the metal that's honest and real. You've got to let him trust in you As you trust in him day by day. You've got to have faith in that boy If you want him to go the right way. You can't trust a boy to do right If you don't let him see that you trust. You can't be to him like a light If you hide all your faith in the dust. He needs such a faith as will shine, As will glow and make plain o'er his path That he'll win, that he's starting out fine, That he'll triumph o'er evil and wrath. —Baltic

A HEART STORY.

By WILLARD CHALLONER.

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed Warren Deane in a positive burst of ecstasy.

"Two hundred, my dear fellow," corrected Rupert Thrall, picture broker. "Why do you minimize a really pretentious streak of fortune?"

"Because I agreed to give you an even half of whatever 'The Masqueraders' sold for." "We will waive that in this instance," Thrall asserted. "I've got faith in you, in your ability and in your final fame and fortune, therefore I insist on financing you, to an extent, and making up for it when I am selling your pictures at thousands instead of hundreds. So I decline to take my commission, provided you follow my directions explicitly as to the investment of the money."

"And that is?" submitted Warren. "Take a vacation." Warren Deane had been a home boy, living a quiet life with his widowed mother until she died. Alone in the world, he followed the bent of his mind in the direction of art and literature.

The sale of "The Masqueraders" was his first streak of luck. He followed the advice of the only friend he had found in the great wilderness of the city, the picture broker, and two days later was established in a quiet village boarding house at Yrden, and roaming the hills with easel and color box, seeking subjects and studies.

One morning he was sketching out in crayon a dell outline upon the canvas, when a little miss of about five passed along a woodland path fringing the deep gully beyond. A great bushy dog tripped about her. Her charming face, her graceful bow attracted him and irresistibly his eyes followed her. Suddenly, appalled, he sprang to his feet from the camp stool. In switching about her, the dog brushed too close to the child—she toppled, and went out of sight over the edge of the cliff.

Shocked, half-stunned, shuddering, Warren ran to the ledge. A great sigh of hope rent his lips as, five feet down, he saw the child wedged against a slanting rock and crying with fright and clinging to a frail bush. Beneath yawned an abyss.

"Don't move! Don't let go!" cried Warren. He was trembling all over as he let himself over the ledge. He uttered a gasp of joy as his feet were anchored. Slowly lifting the child, he pushed her beyond the ledge, climbed up himself, and fell upon a log, breathless and exhausted.

Warren soothed her and carried her to where his easel stood, and placed her on the camp stool.

"Now you must rest, and then go right home, and don't ever get so near the ravine again," he said.

"And I'll tell Maude how good you are, and she'll just love you," prattled the innocent. "And—oh, my! I'll get some more doughnuts and bring them here, and it will be my picnic, and you are invited. Won't that be grand?" Warren resumed his work. Sure enough, at the end of two hours the little one reappeared. She carried a paper bag, which she placed carefully on the stool.

"I told Maude, and she said I must thank you, and bring you home with me, for her to thank you."

And then little Winnie questioned him about the easel, and his being there, and what was an artist man. He caught her pose with a true artist's eye, as, on tip-toe, she held one of the doughnuts above her head, the dog standing on his hind feet and reaching equal courage of whom the world has never known.

One must have something of moral courage to recognize it in another, while he sketched the presentation Children truly learn easily to see and rapidly. "I'll make a canvas of that. That will do." Warren tried to evade going home with little Winnie, though invited, but men of the highest character, the men most useful to neighborhood and state, men fit to be leaders of public affairs. It happens sometimes that a man's convictions are not founded on sound reason. Better so than that he should lack moral sense. In cultivating courage we should not neglect to cultivate a reasonable conscience which distinguishes between right and wrong.—Milwaukee Journal.

Don't Move—Keep that way!

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Bluffy certainly speeded some in his new automobile before the cops got him.

"Yes, I noticed a great many persons were struck by it."—Baltimore American.

Almost Unforgivable.

"I asked Arthur how old his thought I was, and he guessed right the very first time."

Have you made up yet?

—London Stray Stories.

Reduced to Nothing.

Boy—What is "slag," papa? Dad—The residuum of a man's iron will after he goes through the matrimonial process.—Town Topics.

Planting Potatoes.

Twelve to fifteen bushels of potatoes are required to plant an acre when the potatoes are cut two eyes to a piece. One learns from time an amiable latitude with regard to beliefs and tenets.—Justice Holmes.

The Length of Revolutions.

For its size and significance the French revolution was one of the greatest and least sanguinary of records. Six days practically saw the end of a monarch more than three years elapsed between the storming of the Bastille and the proclamation of the French republic. It took six days of heroic fighting in 1830 to persuade Charles X. to abdicate, but Louis Philippe had to abdicate after only two, though the subsequent state of siege lasted four months.

England was ten years in establishing a commonwealth, and five years sufficed to convince James II. that French soil was healthier for him than English. The Italian wars of Napoleon occupied most of 1800, and the insurrection in which the Greeks deposed King Otho in 1826 was over in fourteen days. The quickest revolution on record was that of Portugal in 1910, which was over in a day.—London Observer.

How the Horsefly Bites.

When it horsefly alights on a horse he walks around looking for a tender spot, and this he finds with his hairy feelers. Then he cuts a hole with the scissors on each side of his central tubular tongue. An ordinary lead pencil cannot be sharpened to a point without sharpening the lead. So it is with the tubular end of this tongue-like extension of the horsefly. Nature has provided it with barbed, piercing "derrick ropes." The fly inserts these sharp points into the horse and then pulls back on them. The barbs hold, and the fly's tongue is forced down into the horse's flesh, but if the hole has already been made then it is not necessary for these elaborate tools to be taken from the sheath in which they are placed within the tongue or proboscis. The blood is sucked up by the tongue in precisely the same way as by other forms of flies.

Inequality of Punishment by Fines.

An anomaly in our jurisprudence, limited, however, to the administration of criminal law, is the evil of allowing the purchase of immunity from punishment, writes Franklin Taylor in Our Comment. A penalty is imposed with the alternative of paying a fine. The rich man pays and goes free. The poor man is imprisoned for not having the money. And even among those who can afford to thus purchase immunity the result is most unfair, because the punishment, instead of being commensurate with the degree of the offense, meets its severity according to the size of the defendant's pocketbook. To one man the amount is of no consequence, is not even a punishment. To another, because of his lowly position, a similar amount may mean weeks of toil, hardship, pain, and suffering to himself and his dependents.

China and the Tartars.

The Manchur Tartars, who conquered the early Chinese, have left the impress of their former manner of life upon many styles seen today in Chinese fashions of clothing. For instance, the official coats, as seen in China at the present time, are made with very peculiar sleeves, shaped like a horse's leg and ending in what is an unmistakable hoof, completely covering the hand. These are known as horsehoof sleeves. This is owing to the intense love of the early Tartars for horses, from whom they were practically inseparable. Before their penetration of wild Manchuria they were settling down in China proper. The old one is also said to have been worn in imitation of the horse's tail and also as a useful barrier to the about the horse when the Tartar crouched up beside his beloved dumb friend in a sleep.

Walrus of Alaska.

The Alaska walrus are enormous. The average one is as big as an ox, and it often weighs more than a ton. A walrus was recently killed by some whalers near Point Barrow, whose head weighed eight pounds, and skin, including flippers, 600 pounds. The animal had a girth of fourteen feet, and its weight was over 2,000 pounds. The skin was from half an inch to three inches in thickness, and the flippers weighed 600 pounds.

Air in the Lungs.

In one minute, in a state of rest, the average man takes into his lungs about 45 cubic inches of air. In walking he needs 97.6 cubic inches; in climbing, 140.8 cubic inches; in riding at a trot, 201.3 cubic inches, and in long distance running, 347.7 cubic inches.

Enigmatical.

"Bluffy certainly speeded some in his new automobile before the cops got him. The machine attracted lots of attention."

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