



**These Men Are  
Doing Their Part—**

**Let Us  
Do Ours**

If the free peoples of the earth are not to become toiling millions for the Prussian Junkers and the Prussian Krupps, if they are not to be terror-ridden slaves at the mercy of a German Kaiser's will, Prussianism must be driven back within its own borders and kept there.

That is why the war must be fought on European soil. We are fighting in Europe now that we may not have to fight in

America, on the very thresholds of our own homes later.

We are fighting for the safety and liberty of our children, our homes, our country. No price is too great to pay for Victory.

Americans, you are called upon to back our armies in France, to furnish them the guns and shells and ships and airplanes, the enormous quantities of every sort of supplies that they must have to defeat the Prussian armies and drive them back across the Rhine.

Call at any Bank  
or Liberty Loan  
Headquarters.  
Details cheerfully  
given by men who  
know all about  
Bonds.

**The War Is Being Fought in Europe.**

**But It Must Be WON Right Here at Home**

**Invest to-day in Liberty Bonds, ALL the bonds you can**

**Liberty Loan Committee, 87 Main St. East**

**"Established  
1776"**

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)  
Old Anthony Wayne, pottering at a loak, looked up with manifest interest as his only daughter, Millicent, came in at the door of the old shop, bright as a ray of sunlight with her wild rose face and neatly fitting gingham dress. Her eyes were clouded with a certain gravity, but she smiled cheerily.  
"Any letter?" inquired her father eagerly.  
"Not in this mail, dear"—responded Millicent.  
"Don't try to look happy when you probably feel more like crying," almost roughly interrupted the old man. "Hector has forgotten us, I reckon. He has probably made his fortune and has come back to spend it royally on him-

self."  
"That isn't like Hector," said Millicent, but her voice was low and unsteady. Then her faint lips puckered and she passed into the living room.  
What a dingy old structure it was—one story, low celled, with old fashioned windows and doorway! Out side a swinging sign formed in the shape of a pullock bore the inscription: "Israel Greene, Locksmith, Established 1770."  
Israel Greene, patriot colonel, had started in business at the close of the Revolutionary war. Two generations had taken up the business in turn. There was now one living direct descendant, Hector Greene, and it was over him that the old Anthony was worrying.  
When the father of Hector had died, Anthony, who had worked with him boy and man for half a century, had stepped into his shoes. Hector did not take to the humdrum, worn out business. The returns from the business, and Anthony's honest saving and scrapping supported himself and his child, and afforded Hector an education. His

ambition was to be a mechanical expert, and two years previous he had become one of a corps of young engineers engaged upon the construction of an aerial railroad in the Andes.  
He had kissed Millicent good-by, then a blushing lass of sixteen, and had whispered in her ear, "Wait for me, darling!" and later had earnestly remarked to her father: "I love Millicent and I do not ask that we become engaged for she is young and may change her mind, but when I return I shall ask you to give her to me as my wife."  
Old Anthony and his daughter lived comfortably, if sparingly. The first year that Hector was in South America he wrote to Millicent regularly once a month. Then he advised her that a great opportunity in some Ecuador silver mines had been afforded him and he was inclined to risk all upon the speculation.  
Only twice they heard from Hector during the ensuing six months. Then the United States declared war against its European enemies and Anthony sent a cablegram to Hector, urging

with the profound patriotism of his intense nature. It read: "Your country needs you, as it did the Greenes in the days of Washington. Come home and do your duty."  
There was no reply, Millicent feared that the mandatory message had offended Hector. Two months went by and the absent one sent no word. She concurred with her father in the sentiment that record, tradition, duty should inspire the last of a loyal race with ardor and courage to enter the lists, as his forefathers had done.  
Anthony and Millicent were seated in the doorway of the little shop a few evenings later. The old man had heard that Hector had been seen off and on for a month in a neighboring city. He felt himself and Millicent unjustly neglected. Further, he could not understand why Hector was wasting his time, when every young man who felt the patriotic impulse was rushing to the defense of his country. Suddenly Millicent sprang to her feet with a wild, ringing cry.  
"Oh, father—he has come!"  
Yes, the street lamp showed a tall,

athletic figure wearing a long overcoat and approaching them. It was Hector. "You dear old hero!" he cried to Anthony. "Prettier than ever!" he declared to Millicent, as in turn he grasped the hands of each. How erect and manly he looked! But a serious gloom shadowed the face of Anthony.  
"Hector," he said, "before we welcome you home, let me show you something," and he pointed to the swinging sign. "Established 1776" by your great grandfather, who was a colonel in the Revolutionary army. His son won his laurels in the war of 1812. Your father led a forlorn hope at the battle of Pea Ridge in the Civil war. Son of battle that you are, facing a new conflict where your country calls, what have you to say?"  
"Why, this!" cried Hector, with shining eyes, and, divesting himself of the enveloping coat, he stood, proud and valiant, in the uniform of a captain in the new American army.  
"I have been a month arranging for my commission. It takes me away from you and Millicent—"  
"Oh, my hero!" she whispered, and,

clung to him as he enclosed her in his arms.  
A Difference.  
He—Is your mother in? I have a proposition I'd like to talk over with her.  
She—Ma's a widow, you know, and she's open to proposals.  
Zero of Sport.  
Of course we may be wrong about it, but personally we never could have much fun with a goldfish.—Galveston News.  
Improvement on Old Advice.  
If at first you don't succeed, try, try again, but be sure to try a little harder than you did before, and just a little differently, too.  
Foolish Borrowers of Trouble.  
The more some people have the more they want, which may explain the secret of borrowing trouble.