

His Daddy Has Gone To War



POOR LITTLE KID! He has played hard all day with the toy soldiers his father brought home to him the day he left for France. And he's been keeping his spirits up because his father said to him—"Boy, take care of your little mother—and keep her happy till I come home again." And he has been trying very hard to back up that soldier in France. As his head sinks

down on his arm he sees that big soldier—his gun in hand, his face set towards Victory.

And as the soldier goes "Over the Top" he turns his head and smiles—smiles at the boy who means so much to him—who stands to him for home, country, love, happiness, success—all he holds most dear.

Look well at this Child! He represents the future of America—the future of Liberty—do your share to help his father win the great fight for all the children of the world.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

and give your child the opportunity of growing up in a clean and splendid world

This space is made available to the Government for the advertising of Liberty Bonds by the

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

on behalf of the holders of over eighteen million of its policies amounting to approximately four billions of dollars of insurance for whose protection this company is holding almost six hundred and fifty millions of reserves besides other assets. This company has subscribed for \$25,500,000 of the new Liberty Bonds and recommends them with its qualification as the safest investment in the world. Its agents are at the same time in a campaign to sell \$65,000,000 of W. S. S.



LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
Second Liberty Reserve District
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Over the Top

MRS. BLACK AND MRS. BROWN DISCUSS LIBERTY BONDS.

By Mrs. Nellie Kedzie Jones.

Mrs. Brown's phone rings. Hello! This is Mrs. Black talking. Oh, Mrs. Brown, can't you join us in a trip to the lake? We'll take both families and make a week of it. You know we have both stayed home all winter. Mrs. Brown: "That does tempt me, you don't know how much, but I can't do it. I have got out all the family woollens, and there is a lot of work to do on them before I can get them mended and put away for the summer. Mrs. Black: "Oh, bother the woollens! I have heard you say dozens of times it does not pay to put so much work on worn garments. Life is so short. You just chuck that old underwear into the rag bag and come along for a jolly time."

Mrs. Brown: "Oh, I do so want to go to the lake, but I cannot do it with this world wide woolen famine. Every strand of wool must be saved so that our boys will not have to shiver in the trenches. I want to buy another Liberty Bond when the third issue is offered, and so I am killing two birds with one stone, saving wool and money at the same time."

Mrs. Black: "Botheration on the bonds! Let the banks and the millionaires buy them. Our boy is at the front, and that is our share anyway. We are not going to buy another bond."

Mrs. Brown: "Our boy is in France, too, and because we want to get him home again as soon as possible we are raking and scraping in every way we can, saving every cent to put into Liberty Bonds."

Mrs. Black: "What's this bond buying got to do with getting our boys home soon? It seems I shall die if I do not see my boy pretty soon. Just show me how buying Liberty Bonds will bring him back sooner and I'll go barefooted to buy bonds, I'll eat my bread unbuttered and work my fingers to the bone."

about the bonds, after all, I can see now the quickest way for Uncle Sam to get the money to push this war to victory is for every one to march up on the double quick and put it right into his hand."

Mrs. Brown: "Yes, indeed! We can get our money to the front in a hurry by buying bonds, or, in other words, lending Uncle Sam and taking his note. Money talks just as readily in the trenches as anywhere else, my husband says. He and I are running a race this summer seeing who can save in the most ways."

Mrs. Black: "Sarah Brown, I'll race you for the first bond of the new issue. You will have to hurry if you get one before I do. Oh, yes, about that trip to the lake? We'll call that off."

Mrs. Brown: "Turning the Deaf Ear. There are worse afflictions than the impairment of one's sense of hearing. Much depends on one's environment. In John Morley's recollections he recalls a dinner at Herbert Spencer's where the host wore ear stoppers so adjusted that he could hear, or close them as he pleased, to the sound of conversation that went on around the table. When Mr. Roosevelt is afflicted with horsemanship talk he can turn his left ear in the salutary direction and thus escape what might otherwise detract from the joy of life.—Boston Globe.

Ghost Photographs. Those who are looking for novelty in photography may find it interesting to take a photograph of a ghost. Of course it will be a "fake" ghost. Get a friend to pose as the "ghost" and expose your negative allowing one-third of the proper time. Then let the "ghost" leave the room and expose the negative for the remaining two-thirds of the proper exposure. Of course the camera must not be moved and the "ghost" may be draped in white.

Spanish Cedar Sawdust. Some curious uses are found for the better kinds of sawdust. One of these pertains to the Spanish cedar sawdust, which is of extreme lightness. It is employed for packing cheap chemicals contained in glass and shipped for long distances. In this relation there must be taken into consideration the question of weight and freight charges, and so Spanish cedar sawdust enters the equation.

Philadelphia is urged to "post letters early" to facilitate collection of mail.

Mrs. Black: "Perhaps I am wrong

MATTER HE HAD FORGOTTEN

Now Mr. Jones Knows That Others Besides Women May Be Possessed of Faulty Memories.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska referred to the beauty of having a good memory, and fittingly related this story:

"At eight o'clock in the morning one day last summer the Joneses took trunks, grips and suit cases, and hustled for the railroad station. Twenty minutes later a taxicab dashed up to the Jones house and out jumped Jones.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked a kindly disposed neighbor. "Forget your railroad tickets?"

"No," answered Jones, showing symptoms of peevishness. "My wife left a kettle of water boiling on the gas stove. Didn't think of it until we reached the station. I can always depend on a woman to have a memory like that."

So saying, Jones unlocked the door and hastened into the house. In about two minutes he came out again with his features puckered into a peculiar twist.

"What did you find it?" cheerfully asked the neighbor. "Sizzling hot as a locomotive, I suppose."

"No," guiltily answered Jones. "I had forgotten that I had turned the gas off at the meter."—Anon.

ARMY WASTE MADE TO PAY

Refuse From Military Kitchens Pur chased and Made Use Of by the British Government.

British war efficiency is such that it is now able to save something out of army waste.

When it was found that thousands of tons of waste fats were being thrown away with other garbage from military kitchens investigations were made to determine whether some use could be made of these things. Now drippings, bones, butchers' fat and greases are being daily used in England in the making of soap, candles, fertilizers and also in supplying the explosives for 17,000,000 shells annually.

The government pays the army camps for the waste products taken. During the first month of the experiment the British committee on the purchase of army camp refuse bought £7,500 worth of fats, and this figure has soared until at the present time about £90,000 is paid to the camps each month.

The most recent development of this scheme is the extension of the plan to the naval forces and to troops "over there," whether that be France or Palestine or Africa.

The Mystery

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

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Her heart was throbbing with happiness, her eyes suffused with tears from sheer joy. There had come into the life of artless, humble Elsa Drury all that a true woman cares for—love.

She had just left Adrian Noble, the man who had brought her all this radiance of emotion, his kiss was still warm upon her cheek. Elsa sank down upon the velvet sward amid a cluster of bushes to be alone, to shut out all the world and try to realize the great delight that seemed to be some vision of glory.

She was an orphan, living with her married sister, until the Doanes invited her to their home. Mr. Doane was old and feeble, Mrs. Doane was blind. It became Elsa's mission to act as companion for the latter, her constant attendant, and this duty became a cheerful one, for her slightest charge was one of those sweet-souled beings whose patience and gentleness with affection and loyalty.

Mr. Doane died, leaving his widow only one living relative in the world. This was Adrian Noble, her dead sister's only child. Once only, when he was ten years old, she had seen him. Then his parents went to Canada. Five years later Mrs. Doane learned that his parents had died. A few years after that she received a letter from Noble. He told her that he had lost his position and asked for a loan of several hundred dollars. She had gladly sent the money, but did not hear from him again.

Her heart went out to this last of her kin after her husband died; she hungered to have near her one of her own flesh and blood. She had the address of Adrian and it was Elsa to whom she dictated a long letter, reciting her wishes and hopes. She asked her nephew to come to her and cheer her declining days with his presence. And one day a stalwart, clear-eyed young man, full of life and vim, Adrian Noble announced himself.

There was something about him as Elsa first glanced at him that attracted her. The same magnetic influence seemed to arouse a new spirit in Mrs. Doane. The handsome young fellow appeared to possess the qualification of charming every one with whom he came in contact. And Elsa—within a month she knew that she loved this newcomer, and now, at the end of two more, she had just been told that he loved her in return, and the joyousness of it all fairly overwhelmed the fair, innocent girl as she pressed her lips to a rose Adrian had plucked for her.

As Elsa later entered the room here Mrs. Doane sat, she noticed her charge with concern. A change had come over the worn, wrinkled face. It bore a new pallor and the hands, tightly clenched, told of some wild emotion.

"Come here, Elsa," spoke Mrs. Doane. "Mr. Noble has gone to the city?"

"Mr. Noble—Adrian?" uttered Elsa bewilderedly. "How strangely you speak. Has anything happened?"

"Yes, Elsa," replied Mrs. Doane. "The man we have called Adrian Noble is an imposter."

"Oh, Mrs. Doane!" gasped Elsa. "He shall not enter this house again," spoke Mrs. Doane bitterly. "Elsa, this man is not my nephew. To-day he changed to give me his right hand to guide me across the room. Suddenly I remembered an accident that happened to him when my sister visited us. Adrian told across a cythe and three fingers were severed at the first joint. This man has no such disfigurement."

Elsa sat like one stunned. "You shall be my eyes, my helper, to solve this mystery. We do not know but that this interloper has murdered Adrian to secure his place. Sightless, helpless myself, I rely upon you to see that this wretch is unmasked. He will be absent until tomorrow. You must visit his room and see if you can discover among his papers a clue to his identity."

Elsa shrank from the ordeal. Suddenly Mrs. Doane, nervously awaiting her return from upstairs, heard a cry of delight and Elsa came rushing down the stairs and into her presence, some letters in her hand, her eyes shining with rare excitement and hopefulness.

"Oh, Mrs. Doane!" she cried, "perhaps we have done wrong in prying into the most secret affairs of Roy Walden, for that is the name of the imposter. Dear, good friend, you must know all."

And then Elsa was able from some letters she had found to explain the mystery. Adrian Noble had gone wrong. His devoted friend, Roy Walden, had sought him out and had prevailed on him to change his reckless career. He had induced Adrian to go like a man and accept a prison sentence for engaging in a public riot when under the influence of liquor. Then came the letter from Mrs. Doane. Because, from its tenor Adrian believed that she needed his business advice and help and that it would make her happy to have him with her, he had influenced Roy Walden to assume his place until he was free to appear in person as a redeemed way.

"Mr. Walden is all that is loyal and good!" sobbed Elsa, and Mrs. Doane said gently:

"He shall be to me, like Adrian, as an own son."

STRIVE TO WIN HONOR FLAGS

Communities All Over Country Buying Liberty Bonds to Get Coveted Emblem.

MANY PLACES EXCEED QUOTA

Representatives of Towns Wait All Night at Banks and Loan Headquarters to Be First to Record Over-purchase.

Scores of towns all over the country oversubscribed their quotas of the Third Liberty Loan before the bonds were placed officially on sale. Hundreds of other towns completed their quotas in the first few days. While the campaign has quite some time yet to go, the whole country is striving not merely to complete quotas but to double them as many times as possible. This rush to subscribe to the Third Liberty Loan has been caused chiefly by a desire to win Honor Flags. Each town that oversubscribes the amount allotted to it is awarded the official flag of the third loan, an emblem similar to the service flag in idea and design. A broad red border surrounds a white field on which three blue bars signify "Third Liberty Loan." For each hundred per cent, over the quota a blue star is added to the flag.

When it was announced the Honor Flags would be awarded, a race to secure the first flag immediately started. Towns pledged the subscription of their full quota days before the campaign started. To insure that all would have a fair and equal chance in filing claims the Liberty Loan authorities were forced to rule that subscriptions could not be accepted before the campaign opened at 9 o'clock in the morning of April 6. This resulted in representatives of the towns waiting all night at banks and Liberty Loan headquarters in order that they might be first to record a quota oversubscribed.

Rush for First Honors.

So many towns filed these first minute claims it was necessary to declare a tie for first honors. It was impossible to decide which town was first in the Second Federal Reserve District for the same reason. Eighteen towns in New York state were tied for the honor.

The announcement of first awards has never stopped the rush for a moment. Towns are striving with might and main to win the Honor Flags. If they cannot be first in the nation or in their own state, they want to be first in their own county. If they cannot be first in any special race they at least want to be among those to complete the course. When they get the Honor Flag they immediately start a fight to win stars for it. The slow starters have their big chance in this long race, for the town with a large number of stars for a many times over-subscribed quota is going to boast even more loudly of its patriotism than the fortunate town that secured its quota quickly.

RECOVER DEAD UNDER FIRE.

French Show Dauntless Spirit Before Verdun.

In front of Camleres, on the west bank of the Meuse, in the Verdun sector, the French and German trenches were 200 yards apart. There was a local fight, and the French charged the German trenches. They were driven off and had to leave two of their men hanging on the German barbed wire. The Germans would not take the wounded men into their lines and to their hospitals nor would they let the French recover their wounded. Every time a French detail tried to rescue the men hanging on the barbed wire they were driven off by the German fire. Five French soldiers were killed trying to rescue their comrades. The French in their trenches had to see their wounded comrades die hanging on the German barbed wire.

The French began a systematic approach to the German lines. For two months they fought their way forward, foot by foot. The prize they fought for was the two bodies hanging on the wire. They worked their way to within 80 feet of the German lines and then one dark night rushed the trench and recovered their dead.

This is the spirit that wins the war. It is worth while buying Liberty Loan Bonds when we are fighting beside soldiers with that spirit.

LIBERTY BONDS FOIL TYRANTS

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS HELP.

A hoarded dollar represents idle power; a wasted dollar represents wasted power; a dollar invested in the United States Government represents power saved, labor saved, and materials saved—it represents power, labor and material in action, on the firing line, over the top—and more, it represents reserve power, energy stored, purchasing power conserved and for its owner to use later on. From an address urging purchases of Liberty Bonds by Mr. T. D. Macveger, author of "The Book of Thrift."

Just a Little Smile



A Mistake. An impetuous inspector who was visiting a provincial school was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the next room. At length, unable to bear the uproar any longer, he opened the door and burst upon the class seeing one boy taller than the others talking a frent deal, he caught him by the collar, hustled him to the next room, and placed him in a chair, saying: "Now sit there and be quiet!" Ten minutes later a small head appeared round the door and a weak voice said: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher!"

Thorough Anyhow. Fair One—I hear your sister gave up manicuring to be a carpenter engaged in war work. The Kid—Yes, but she was so slow they fired her. Fair One—You don't say? The Kid—She thought she had her old job—and tried to manure every nail.

Bright Prospects. "An optimistic young man asked me the other day for permission to marry my daughter," said Mr. Graboan. "Yes?" "When I told him she spent ten thousand dollars a year on clothes about he said he figured that her trousseau would last until he could work up to a salary of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year."

MORE THAN ONE.



Her Dad—No, sir; I won't have my daughter tied down for life to a stupid fool. Her Sultor—Then don't you think you'd better let me take her off your hands.

Summer Travel.

A man once took a holiday. He worked like mad to get away; and then was kept on the rack in terror of the journey back.

Civil Service Examination.

Wife—How did Mr. Billkins manage to pass that examination which you failed in? Husband—Billkins took his two little boys with him, and the boys coached him. They had only left school a few weeks.—Pearson's.

Speaking of Religion.

Hilda—Well, there's one thing I can say—I never made a cloak of my religion.

Bertha—No, dear, there's not enough of it for that. Might be enough, perhaps, to make a pocket handkerchief.

Plankville Society.

"Do you want a bit of society news?" "I gesso." "You know the lady you stated was coming to visit me last week?" "Yes, madam." "She's gone."

A Success Indeed.

"Were your wife's new clothes a success?" "I should say so. Made her look as most as fine as the girl who tried them on for us in the store."

Tripping Her.

Sra—You interest me strangely—no other man ever has. Officer on Leave—You sprang that on me last night. She—Oh, was it you?

Terrors of the Scottish Lass.

Housemaid in Glasgow's Hotel—Ye came gang in the bathroom the noon. Sennach—Why not? Housemaid—There's a body in the bath.—Punch.

Nothing to Say. "Hilda, tell the cook not to burn the steak the way she does." "I wouldn't dare to, Harold. She likes it that way."