

DOUBLE THE CROP TO WIN THE WAR

Food is Now America's Most Important Asset and Weapon.

COMB OUT THE IDLE MEN

Draft the Exempted Men in an Agricultural Army—Put a Million Men at the Disposal of the Farmer

By MARK SWAN, of the Vigilantes.

We Americans like to look at ourselves the most and to make people in the world. We like to see our own and we glory in it. When the American is in a hurry, he is in a hurry with a job, or an emergency, we are sure up a mental picture of an average determined individual with a fine frenzy of conduct flowing in his eyes, rolling up his sleeves and doing things. We feel in such a condition of ourselves. It is very complimentary and very comforting. There is one slight flaw in the picture. It isn't true. Naturally, when a spectacular opportunity arises like the declaration of war last April, we do wake up a bit and do things. We buy bonds, and (and drill) we join defense leagues, and knit, and make bandages, and all the rest of it—feverishly, sincerely, taking great credit to ourselves, much while, for our unalloyed patriotism and forgetting by the way that all the things we are doing, and mean to do, should have been foreseen, and done long ago, quietly, thoughtfully, and as a matter of course.

We Are Asleep.

We were waked over and over again. But we were asleep. And we are asleep now. We're facing the most tremendous emergency that has ever confronted us, the kind, cold fact that the United States is not going to raise as much food as we raised last year, that we are not going to raise nearly enough to supply ourselves and our allies with food—and we're sound asleep!

The lack of result, when the widely advertised and justly popular Mother Hubbard sought a bone for her dog, is known to all readers of juvenile history, and goes to prove that the lady lacked foresight. She had a food problem, and she didn't meet it.

Take the case of our old Mother Hubbard and the Van Winkle who stand asleep at the switch, and apparently we will never start to take action until the cupboard is bare. Then, it will be too late.

This year we have had heatless days and weatherless days and needless days. Next year we will have heatless days, but nobody seems to be unduly distressed.

If a French army were landing on Long Island our iron world would vanish. We would stop discussing what's going on in Russia and worrying about who's going to pitch for the Glaxos—we might even cut out the movies of the cabarets for a night or two. We'd drill and shout and work and very likely fight and die.

The situation confronting us is just as serious, though not as dramatic, as if Hindenburg were advancing on Bayshore. Hunger is just as deadly an enemy as the Hun.

Best Asset and Weapon.

Food is our most important asset and weapon. The only way we can get food is to plant it, cultivate it and harvest it. But the farmer states he can't get labor to do this work.

To any mind capable of comprehending the startling news that two and two are four, it would seem that the vital thing to do is to get labor to the farmer, and get it to him quickly so he can plant his crops. If he doesn't plant soon he can't plant at all.

Now we can't do this as individuals, but we can get together and ask the government to do it. It is the only way to do it. It is the only way to do it. It is the only way to do it.

Dr. E. H. Tamm, chief of the army's draft commission, has estimated that twenty-one, not subject to military service, comb out the idle men. Put a million men at the disposal of the farmer. It won't hurt any man to work outdoors from March to September, and if now and then we find one too proud to work, the chances are the experience will do him good.

Will we see it in time? Will the national alarm clock go off, and will we realize that each one of us must take hold and help—or will we join that large and imposing band whose philosophy of life may be briefly summed up in the trenchant phrase, "Let George do it"?

If we dawdle on, next winter we will have an excellent chance for repentance at leisure, while we dine on snowballs à la Russe.

Jail War Garden.

Bartlesville, Okla.—The Bartlesville county jail is to have a war garden. The jailer, under sheriff and deputy sheriff have arranged for the garden. They will take their turns in tending the garden, which will furnish peas, beans, radishes, onions and other vegetables for the prison table.

Patriotic Thief.

Philadelphia.—William Boyer wanted to buy Liberty bonds the worst way. That was his excuse when charged with the theft of 90 pounds of brass fittings from a United States battleship.

HE CAPTURES 17 HUNS UNKNOWN HERO

Sergeant, Single-Handed, Performs Remarkable Feat.

Gets Distinguished Conduct Medal for Heroic Deed at Battle of Sanctuary Wood.

REFUSES TO SAVE HIMSELF

With Pipe in Mouth He Tranquilly Picks Off German After German Until He Falls, Riddled With Bullets.

Chicago.—Sergeant Francis T. Fraser, who single-handed captured 17 Germans in Sanctuary Wood where now there is better fighting, called recently to see officers of the British Canadian Expeditionary Force. Fraser, who is now a sergeant in the Black Watch, says he was one of the boys who have been awarded the D. C. M. Fraser was one of the "lucky ones" who, without a rifle and with several bullets through his body, was able to take captive 17 Huns. Fraser was told by one of the officers of the mission, "He is a hero." Fraser, who is now a sergeant in the Black Watch, says he was one of the boys who have been awarded the D. C. M. Fraser was one of the "lucky ones" who, without a rifle and with several bullets through his body, was able to take captive 17 Huns. Fraser was told by one of the officers of the mission, "He is a hero."

DIRECTS WORTHY CAMPAIGN



Dr. Emily Dunsmuir Barringer, the first of her sex to serve as an ambulance surgeon is directing the campaign to raise funds for the establishment of a chain of hospitals and clinics in the allied countries, each to be in charge of American women physicians. The purpose of the hospitals will be to care for the women and children of the war-stricken countries. Many of these unfortunate people of northern France were without medical attendance for the three years of German occupancy. Several hospitals have already been established, four in France and one on the Greek frontier. The campaign is being carried on under the auspices of the war service committee of the Medical Women's National Association, of which Doctor Barringer is chairman.

HOUSE STANDS 300 YEARS

Fairbanks Home in Dedham, Mass., Is Oldest Frame Building in Country.

Boston.—The enduring strength of wood is evidenced in the Fairbanks house in Dedham, Mass., built in 1635. It is the oldest frame building in the United States, where, some time ago, members of the Fairbanks family gathered for a reunion from all over the country.

The famous house is open as a historical museum, but many builders, contractors and lumber men have visited the structure and examined it for something more than a historic interest.

The oak timbers used in the old house were brought from England in about the year 1635. They are still solid and strong and supporting. The bricks came at that time as ballast. Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Fairbanks came from Sowerby, Yorkshire, in 1623 and built the house in 1636.

Writes to Replace His Dead Brother in Draft

Camp Lee, Va.—"Is there any possible chance for me to join your company in my brother Milton's place? If so, I will report within two weeks." The officers of this camp are endeavoring to make it possible for the full-blooded American, Paul Bergison, who wrote this appeal, to join the division. Young Bergison's brother, a Pittsburgh draftee, died here recently.

Now Use Electricity.

Lyons, Kan.—Electricity will replace the old hand drills and the miners' lamps in the Bevis salt mine near this city, after the mine has been operated for years in the old-style way. The mine has been wired for electric lights, and the drills will be replaced by electric drills. The output is expected to be almost doubled by the new methods.

Trees as Service Flags.

East St. Louis, Ill.—This city in the near future will probably have a new kind of service flag, a tree for each local boy in the fighting service. Plans are now being made by the Woman's Civic Federation and the woman's committee of the council of national defense to plant these trees near the homes of the enlisted men. The trees will bear the names of the soldiers or sailors they represent.

Wrens Valuable in the Garden.

The examination of 88 stomachs of house wrens showed that 98 per cent of their contents was composed of insects or their allies, and only 2 per cent of vegetable matter, made up of bits of grass and other vegetation evidently taken in catching the insects. As the wren often raises in a season 12 to 16 young, all of which become mature enough to forage for themselves very soon after they are able to leave the nest, it is evident that a pair of these lively little birds are very desirable tenants in garden or orchard.—People's Home Journal.

INSECT VICTIMS OF "BOOZE"

Scientists Familiar With Many Varieties That Indulge in a Sort of Bacchanalian Festival.

There would seem to be no particular reason from the human standpoint why the fly should be called the plant of Bacchus, since no wine is made from its berries. Entomologists, however, have found that the fly does provide a veritable bacchanalian festival for a number of insects. Men of science are wont to set forth their facts with figures to confirm the general truths they are promulgating.

WINS CITATION

French Unable to Learn Identity of Soldier Who Gave Life for Country.

The story of this "unknown soldier" is unquestionably the story of thousands of other French heroes in the early days of the war before means of identification of the dead had been established and when regiments were hurriedly formed, thrown into action and decimated before a soldier knew the name of the comrade fighting at his side. The only difference is that this "unknown soldier" received a citation for his life's sacrifice and the others did not. This is the story: On August 24, 1914, during the forenoon, the First battalion of the Seventy-ninth regiment of infantry, which had been decimated at Morlange, was lastly reformed in the vicinity of the forests of Any-Salines from a contingent of survivors which had been rushed up. That evening before the original members of the battalion had had time to get acquainted with their new comrades, the battalion was engaged by the Germans in a violent surprise attack on the heights of the farm of Saint-Epvre near Luneville. About five in the afternoon the advance line of the battalion took shelter back of a little ridge which projected from the Germans, who were only 100 yards ahead. A veritable storm of rifle and artillery fire, which was directed against the heads of the sheltered French, burst upon them. Suddenly from out of the ranks of the Third company, an unknown hero stepped forward, brandishing a rifle and shouting to the men to follow him. He was the first to fall, but he had done his duty. The officers recovering from their surprise, loudly ordered the man back into ranks. Refused to Save Self. But the latter, without ceasing for an instant his firing and without even dropping his rifle from his mouth, belatedly fell. "Leave me alone. I'm an expert marksman and I want to do something for my country while I have such a fine chance to do it." From the very first instant of his appearance on the summit of the ridge the rifle fire of the entire regiment of Germans was centered on him. Yet for a full five minutes he continued tranquilly to fire with sure aim into their ranks before he finally fell riddled with bullets, the stock of his rifle shattered into splinters and his pipe knocked from his mouth as he rolled over on the ground. A moment afterward the Seventy-ninth regiment again to the summit and drove the Germans down the ridge. That night the Seventy-ninth buried their hero on the summit of the ridge where he had fallen. There was nothing about his person to indicate his identity. His deed of heroism was signaled to the ministry of war. The ministry of war did everything in its power to identify the soldier, but without results. Unwilling that the sacrifice should go unrecorded, the citation was granted in the name of "An Unknown Soldier."

Story of Heroism.

The only difference is that this "unknown soldier" received a citation for his life's sacrifice and the others did not.

LENT INSPIRATION TO ARTIST

How Glint in Eye of Model Led Painter to Alter the Spirit of His Masterpiece.

"The Spirit of Seventy-six"—the famous drum and fife trio—came from the brush and genius of Archibald M. Willard. The artist emerged from overalls and a Wellington, O. wagon shop. A picture called "Pluck No. 1" displayed in a Cleveland art dealer's window, attracted the attention of the discriminating and paved the way to a kind of partnership with James H. Ryder, through whose suggestion the "Seventy-six" picture was begun. In its early stages this painting was called "Yankee Doodle" and it was first planned along serio-comic lines. "But one day," declares Mr. Willard, "I caught a glint in the eye of the old man who posed for the center figure, and in a flash it revealed itself to me what all this stood for, and I could go no further. The real picture pushed everything else aside and went ahead and painted itself." The old man whose flashing eyes inspired this change of conception was the artist's father, Rev. Daniel Willard, a man of revolutionary stock. Thus ironically it was only by the merest switch of an inherited sentiment that this symbol was prevented from becoming a fanciful burlesque to live only for the brief day of its creation.—Everybody's Magazine.

Crow at Home on the Earth.

"I have seen no bird walk the ground with just the same air the crow does," writes John Burroughs in "An Idyll of the Honey Bee." "It is not exactly pride; there is no strut or swagger in it, though perhaps just a little complacency; it is the contented and self-possessed gait of a lord over his domains. All these acres are mine, he says, and all these crows; men plow and sow for me, and I stay here or go there and find life sweet and good wherever I am."

Opprobrious Epithets.

A correspondent informs us that a woman defendant in a Brittany police court has been fined 50 francs for calling another woman "an old tank." The offense presumably lay in the unusual, as in the case of the fishwife whom O'Connell silenced by calling a "paral-leloped." Psychology has never yet solved the problem why a comparatively innocuous phrase may cause more offense than the vilest abuse. For instance, "mort aux vaches" does not strike the Englishman as so very terrible, yet, to tell a French gentleman of your desire for an increase in the mortality rate among cows is a surer way of asking for trouble than to slander the Pope in a Home Rule stronghold.—London Globe.

Expecting Too Much.

"Rankin—if I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a perspective." Phyle—Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near. "Are they only to look through?" "Yes. What did you think they were for?" "Geel! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."

Sudden Retreat of an Army Is Often Reduced to Chaos

And the Resultant Disorder

"Moving a great army is an affair of time-tables. There is room for only a certain amount of men and material on the roads and railways at one time, and every man and every wagon above that maximum becomes a factor of confusion and retards the movement of the whole mass to a dangerous degree," writes G. Ward Price in the Century. "The sudden retreat of an army is often reduced to chaos, first, because a thoroughly worked out plan of general retirement exists but rarely in the strongboxes of any general staff, and, secondly, because in the absence of a time-table drawn up in detail and strictly enforced, the elementary principle of self-preservation leads every unit of the army to put itself on the road just as quickly as it can get transportation. This is not to say that confusion is an inevitable indication of personal panic; but it is very natural, and even very proper, that every battery commander, the director of every military store and depot, and the leader of every body of troops, which is not definitely ordered to remain, should have the individual determination that his particular command shall not fall into the hands of the enemy. The artillery officer firmly resolves that he will save his guns at all costs; the heads of the supply departments are in charge of valuable stores which their army needs for its very existence and which would be of great value to the enemy if captured, and the troop leader naturally argues that it would be futile to allow his men to be cut off when a general retreat has been ordered. So if the organization of withdrawal is left to the discretion of the people involved in it, as it has to be when the whole thing has not been deliberately arranged beforehand, confusion is almost inevitable."

Take Tip From Old Mother Nature When in Doubt About Time to Plant Your Garden

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.) By watching the processes of mother nature and taking a tip from her, the home gardener who is not certain when he should plant his seeds may get some valuable information. Garden specialists divide vegetables into two classes—"warm temperature" and "cold temperature" vegetables. When peach and plum trees are in blossom, they say, it is time to sow in the open ground such seeds as lettuce, radish, parsley, beets, turnips, cabbage, carrots, peas, and onions. The wrinkled peas should not be planted until later, as they are more likely to rot in cool ground than are the smooth varieties. When the apple blossoms fall it is time to plant the heat-loving vegetables, such as cucumbers, beans, sweet corn, pumpkin, and squash. This is said to be an old, but excellent rule.

FOR A LAUGH

Twenty-One Meals, However. Her Dad—Why, ha! ha! girl, the fellow only earns fifteen a week. Himself—I know, papa, but a week passes so quickly when you're fond of each other.

A Practical Orator.

"That's just speech of yours was a classic." "I'm afraid so," replied Sena-tor Sorghum. "You don't seem gratified." "I feel complimented, but apprehensive. As a rule a classic is something that people admire but don't understand."

Critics' Opinions.

"How did the critics treat you, dear?" asked the wife of the man who had just had a play produced. "Treat me? They didn't. I treated them."

Nonsense to Her.

"She failed to laugh at one of his alleged jokes." "My dear, I fear you have no sense of humor." "There's no sense to it," declared his wife.

Expecting Too Much.

"Rankin—if I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a perspective." Phyle—Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near. "Are they only to look through?" "Yes. What did you think they were for?" "Geel! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."

Wrens Valuable in the Garden.

The examination of 88 stomachs of house wrens showed that 98 per cent of their contents was composed of insects or their allies, and only 2 per cent of vegetable matter, made up of bits of grass and other vegetation evidently taken in catching the insects. As the wren often raises in a season 12 to 16 young, all of which become mature enough to forage for themselves very soon after they are able to leave the nest, it is evident that a pair of these lively little birds are very desirable tenants in garden or orchard.—People's Home Journal.

'WHO'S LOONEY NOW?'

Mystery at Psychiatric Unit at Great Lakes.

Blocks and Puzzles Appear and Disappear by Magic When Rookie Is Examined.

Great Lakes, Ill.—'Who's looney now?'

This is the big question over at the psychiatric unit at the naval training station. A few days ago Ensign John Sharpe discovered an ex-sight-of-hand performer among the recruits in detention. Mr. Sharpe seized the opportunity for some fun. He called the psychiatric unit, asked for Chief Yeoman Dadds and said: "I have a loon I am going to send over. He is as crazy as a but, so watch out for him."

"Then turning to the sleight-of-hand man he remarked: 'Go over and show them a good time.' When the 'loon' appeared at the unit, Dadds showed him to a seat, brought out the various blocks and puzzles and started to find out whether his patient was born crazy or attained it later.

"Take these blocks"—Dadds began. But the blocks had disappeared. Bustiness of something high and low, but no blocks. Dadds registered consternation, excitement, perplexity—but still no blocks. "I think you will find them in your right coat pocket," said the man being examined. And sure enough, there they were.

Dadds tried again: "Now here is a picture, look at it ten seconds and tell me about it." "Where is the picture? This is only a piece of paper," said the mystery man.

Dadds replied, "I gave you a picture." "Here is what you gave me, sir." The picture was gone. Dadds was certain he handed it to the sleight-of-hand man.

"Did you look in the chair, sir?" asked the "loon." Dadds found he was sitting on the very picture he had just handed the actor. Several things disappeared in like manner until it was suggested that some one certainly did need an examination—but not necessarily the sleight-of-hand man.

When he left Dadds was counting blocks. "GUGGENHEIM WITH COLORS

Robert Guggenheim is the eldest son of Daniel Guggenheim, the mining and smelting king.

CARRY, CARRY ON

By LITTELL M'CLUNG, of the Vigilantes.

With a smile that's ever cheering A heart attuned to song. And a vision ever clearing, To light the path ahead. With a faith that He is hearing Our prayer to right the wrong— With face aglow, For weary or woe, We'll carry on, carry on.

With a courage that is hiding Whatever pain we feel; And determination guiding Our sacrifice and zeal; With a trust that's ever abiding In him who hears appeal;— For righteous peace We'll never cease To carry on, carry on.

With endurance ever abiding A hope forever bright; And a soul that is unyielding In battling for the right; With a will forever wielding New valor in the fight; With Spartan heart We'll do our part To carry on, carry on.

Patriotic Austrian. Pittsburgh, Pa.—In order that his three sons who are serving in the United States army may not be weakened out as alien enemies and that his fourth son may serve the flag when called in the next draft, John Kohn, a native of Austria-Hungary, but intensely American, appeared before federal officers here and asked to be allowed to take out citizenship papers.

Granite contains nearly all food necessary for many plants. Therefore, freshly ground granite is a good fertilizer.

Expecting Too Much. "Rankin—if I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a perspective." Phyle—Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near. "Are they only to look through?" "Yes. What did you think they were for?" "Geel! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."

Wrens Valuable in the Garden. The examination of 88 stomachs of house wrens showed that 98 per cent of their contents was composed of insects or their allies, and only 2 per cent of vegetable matter, made up of bits of grass and other vegetation evidently taken in catching the insects. As the wren often raises in a season 12 to 16 young, all of which become mature enough to forage for themselves very soon after they are able to leave the nest, it is evident that a pair of these lively little birds are very desirable tenants in garden or orchard.—People's Home Journal.

FOR A LAUGH. Twenty-One Meals, However. Her Dad—Why, ha! ha! girl, the fellow only earns fifteen a week. Himself—I know, papa, but a week passes so quickly when you're fond of each other.

A Practical Orator. "That's just speech of yours was a classic." "I'm afraid so," replied Senator Sorghum. "You don't seem gratified." "I feel complimented, but apprehensive. As a rule a classic is something that people admire but don't understand."

Critics' Opinions. "How did the critics treat you, dear?" asked the wife of the man who had just had a play produced. "Treat me? They didn't. I treated them."

Nonsense to Her. "She failed to laugh at one of his alleged jokes." "My dear, I fear you have no sense of humor." "There's no sense to it," declared his wife.

Expecting Too Much. "Rankin—if I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a perspective." Phyle—Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near. "Are they only to look through?" "Yes. What did you think they were for?" "Geel! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."

Wrens Valuable in the Garden. The examination of 88 stomachs of house wrens showed that 98 per cent of their contents was composed of insects or their allies, and only 2 per cent of vegetable matter, made up of bits of grass and other vegetation evidently taken in catching the insects. As the wren often raises in a season 12 to 16 young, all of which become mature enough to forage for themselves very soon after they are able to leave the nest, it is evident that a pair of these lively little birds are very desirable tenants in garden or orchard.—People's Home Journal.

Expecting Too Much. "Rankin—if I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a perspective." Phyle—Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near. "Are they only to look through?" "Yes. What did you think they were for?" "Geel! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."