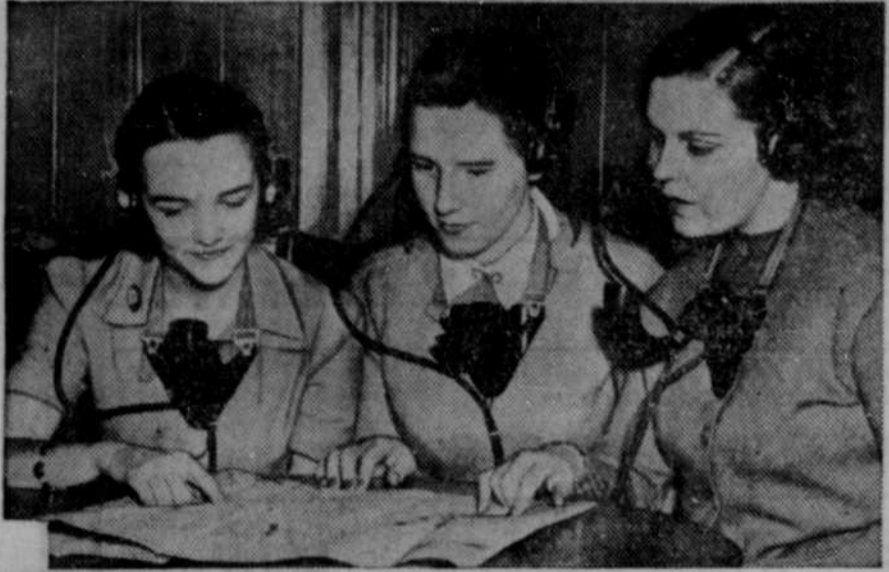


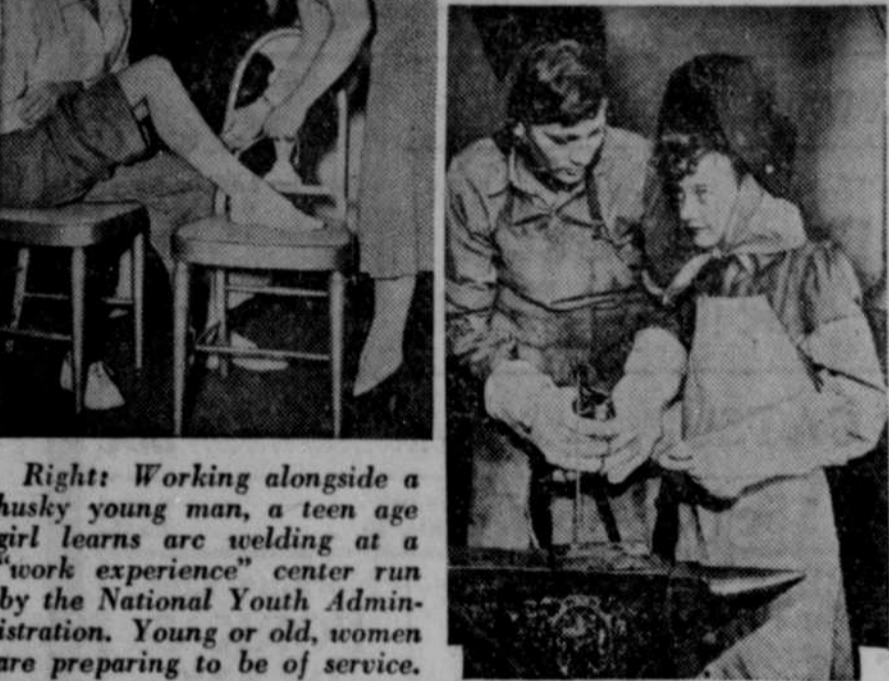
Ladies on the Defense Front



Following the example of 11 million British women who are engaged in war effort, Uncle Sam's nieces are rushing to volunteer. A Gallup poll reports 27,500,000 women are eager to devote at least an hour a day to defense effort. Women are at work in defense industries. Here is one operating a shaper-machine in a munition factory.



Above: Members of an aircraft warning corps scan maps. Left: A trio of Washington official's wives learn Red Cross first-aid procedure in the capital's preparedness program.



Right: Working alongside a husky young man, a teen age girl learns arc welding at a "work experience" center run by the National Youth Administration. Young or old, women are preparing to be of service.



Sewing uniforms at an army quartermaster depot.

Historical Highlights

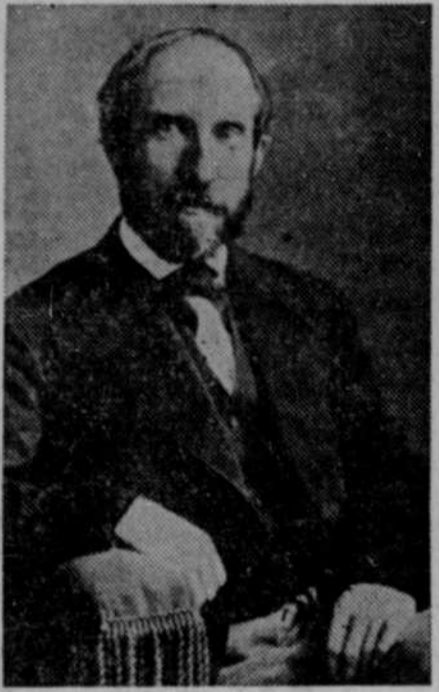
by Edna Scott Watson

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

His Songs Helped Win a War
EIGHTY years ago the United States was about to plunge into the greatest civil war in history. Not only was it a nation divided against itself, but even in the North there was a division of opinion as to how to deal with the seceding Southern states.

Then a Massachusetts-born music teacher and composer, who had set himself up in the song publishing business in Chicago, wrote the words and music of a stirring song. First sung at a great patriotic rally in Union square in New York city by the then-famous brothers and sisters of the Hutchinson Family of New Hampshire, this song soon swept the country. It was "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," or, as it is sometimes known from one of the phrases in the chorus, "Rally 'Round the Flag." The man who wrote it was George Frederick Root.

Northern boys, responding to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, sang it as they marched to camp and its words poured from their parched throats and powder-blackened lips as they went into battle. As the war settled down to its dreary, bloody course and the first flush of patriotic fervor wore off, there was another song by Root which became immensely popular with the soldiers, both North and South. It was the mournful "Just



GEORGE F. ROOT
(From a photograph by Carbutt, 1868.)

Before the Battle, Mother," sung in many a camp on the eve of many a battle during the four years of the war.

Equally mournful and equally popular among the "folks back home," as the casualty lists mounted, was another of Root's songs—"The Vacant Chair." By 1864, which found the North grimly determined to fight through to victory despite the terrible loss of life resulting from Grant's campaign in the Wilderness and around Richmond, they were singing another of Root's stirring songs that was almost as popular as his "Battle Cry of Freedom." It was "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

Altogether Root composed 56 war songs during these four years and, as a recent writer says, "If the War Between the States had its music barons, it also had its music barons. Song writing was a big business and the three outstanding tycoons of the melodic industry were George F. Root, Charles Carroll Sawyer and Henry Clay Work. The latter's "Marching Through Georgia" sold 500,000 copies in two years and recalling that Root also had among his 'hits' the 'Battle Cry of Freedom,' the 'Vacant Chair' and 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' his income was doubtless of large proportions."

Root was born in Sheffield, Mass., August 30, 1820, and from 1840 to 1859 had a successful career as a choir director, music teacher and composer in Boston and New York city. His first song, "Hazel Dell" appeared in 1853 and was very popular, as were his "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," and "There's Music in the Air." In 1859 he moved to Chicago where he established the publishing house of Root and Cady. There came the great conflict of 1861-65 and he began writing the war songs which not only did a great deal to inspire the North and help make it victorious, but also made him rich. Evidence of that is shown by the fact that when the Chicago fire of 1871 wiped out the firm its losses were more than a quarter of a million dollars. After that Root sold out to John Church and Company of Cincinnati but continued to write songs of all kinds—cantatas, religious music, etc.—until his death on August 6, 1895.

Concerning "The Battle Cry of Freedom" a contemporary writer says: "Dashed off when the iron was at white heat and sent forth in a crisis of the nation, it carried with it the power of a battalion of strong arms. It aroused the drooped spirits of the people. It was the rallying cry of all patriotic gatherings. It was sung everywhere from Maine to Oregon. Its power was irresistible. Its influence was immense. He touched with his finger the paralyzed public spirit and it sprang into resistless activity."

SHORT STORY

Promise Kept

By KARL GRAYSON

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

YOUTH disillusioned is tragedy. Austin Temple had been disillusioned. He thought about it bitterly, slumping down in the seat of the train that was carrying him back to Seabrook. Two weeks ago Austin, just out of college, ambitious to become a great advertising man, had submitted some of his best copy to a famous New York agency. Three days later he had visited the agency offices and talked with Mr. McDonald, the manager.

Mr. McDonald chewed a long and fat cigar and pivoted back and forth in his swivel chair. "Why, yes," he said, "we liked your copy in here, Temple. First rate, it was. I guess we can take you on all right. How would fifty a week do for a starter?" "Fine," Austin said eagerly. "When would you want me to start?"

"Why, not right away. Things are pretty slack now. Suppose you drop in in a couple of weeks? Let you know then."

"Why that'll be great! A two weeks' rest won't hurt me, I guess. I worked pretty hard last year at school. Hoped I'd get a chance like this."

And so Austin rushed out home and told the folks the good news,



But the things he and Della talked about were more or less private.

and spent that evening at Della Colton's house. But the things he and Della talked about were more or less private.

Two weeks later, completely rested up, eager, enthusiastic, filled with boyish aspirations, Austin journeyed again to the agency offices, and asked for Mr. McDonald.

"He's busy just now. Won't you sit down and wait?" "Oh, sure. Glad to."

Austin waited an hour. Finally he got into Mr. McDonald's office. Mr. McDonald looked up impatiently from his desk. "Well?"

"Here I am again, Mr. McDonald. All rested up and eager to get going."

"Get going at what?"

"Why, that job you promised me—writing copy."

"Promised you?" Mr. McDonald's eyes grew black. "Say, look here, young man, I'm not in the habit of making idle promises. I do have a hazy recollection of you coming in here. Wanted a job, didn't you? Well, we're filled up. And now—I'm pretty busy."

Austin's jaw dropped. "But—" "Filled up, son. Some other day, perhaps," Mr. McDonald pressed a button on his desk . . .

Austin was roused from his bitter thoughts by a slap on the shoulder. He looked up. It was George Morrill, grinning, leaning over his seat.

"Hello, Austin. Been looking for you. We're running a charity racket next month. Wondered if we could shake you down for ten bucks and get you to work with us?"

Austin's laugh was rather disconcerting, but he said: "Sure. Make it fifteen. I like charity rackets."

"Good! Fine!" George got out a notebook and jotted something into it. "Thanks, Austin." He passed on, disappeared into the car ahead.

Austin looked after him and grinned sourly. Great stuff, this promising without the least intention of fulfilling the promise. He rather liked the idea. McDonald wasn't the only person who could play the game. Made you feel important.

Austin stared glumly out of the window, became conscious that somebody had sat down beside him and was staring at his profile. He turned irritably. It was Judge Olney.

Austin interrupted his thoughts to note that the judge was watching him gravely. Judge Olney had helped to put Austin through college.

"Didn't get that advertising job, eh?" the magistrate asked abruptly. "Turned you down without excuses?"

In spite of himself Austin grinned at the old man's power of discernment. "That's the story," he said, "in a nutshell."

"No," said the judge, "that's only part of the story. The rest is that you've lost your faith in mankind."

Austin stared. "Have I?" he asked. Then: "I guess you would, I guess anyone would, under the circumstances."

"Well, if a man were a coward he would. If he were a poor loser

he would. That licks him right from the start."

"You're wrong there, Judge. Kidding folks along gets you places. Look at Mr. McDonald."

"Never heard of him," Judge Olney said. "And I've never heard of anyone else who's lost faith in mankind. They never make a name." He turned to face Austin squarely. "Losing your faith, Austin, handicaps a man from the start. He can't concentrate or do his best work when he's wondering whether or not he can trust men to whom he's given responsible jobs. That's what the world needs, Austin, men who won't be licked, men who can fill responsible positions because they have faith."

"Suppose," he went on, "suppose I didn't trust men with whom I came in contact daily? Suppose you were brought before me at the bar of justice, charged with a serious crime? Would you rather know that I had faith in you, or would you like to believe I thought you a liar?"

"Austin, if you let this thing lick you, you're done for. If you're not going to be a responsible person, others are not going to invest you, with responsible jobs. Think it over, son. Perhaps you've reached your crossroads."

Judge Olney got up and rocked up the aisle. Austin stared glumly from the window once more. It was all right, he thought, for Judge Olney to talk like that. He'd made his start and got somewhere. He could afford to preach.

Of course, that stuff about being brought before the bar of justice sounded good. May be something to it. But being a criminal and kidding folks along were two different things. But were they? Well, anyway Austin didn't plan on becoming a criminal.

Too bad there weren't more men like Judge Olney, though. Fewer promises and more truths. Well, some day maybe he'd be a big shot and could act like McDonald. Maybe. Seemed a long ways off, though. Long hill to climb.

The train jerked to a stop and Austin realized suddenly they had reached Seabrook. Conscious of a little pang at facing the folks and Della, he followed other passengers up the aisle and swung to the platform. George Morrill jostled against him, and Austin grasped George's arm. "Say," he said, "I might as well give you that fifteen now, while I have it." Austin reached into his pocket and produced the money. Minus the fifteen his roll of bills was pretty slim.

"Why, thanks, Austin. That's fine of you. Lots of these birds promise all outdoors, and then forget all about it."

Austin grinned and swung away. As he walked up the street toward home, he began to whistle.

Large Appetite Normal For Teen Age Youngsters

Youngsters, as they reach their teens, often develop an extraordinary capacity for food. Many a puzzled mother has said, "I don't know where he puts it!" It is important for parents to realize that, in the majority of cases, such an appetite is normal and should be encouraged. One important exception, of course, is the child who shows a tendency to obesity—and in such a case a doctor should be consulted.

During the teen age, a normal child is exceptionally active. Each year he is adding two or three inches to his height and as much as 10 pounds or more to his weight. Therefore, a youngster has to eat a large amount. Too little food, or the wrong kind, can hinder normal development at this time just as truly as in infancy.

Your doctor will tell you that an adolescent child's activities can be as strenuous as a manual laborer's—sometimes requiring from 50 to 75 per cent more food than is needed by the average adult. That's why it may be perfectly proper for Junior to tuck away lots more dinner than his office-working Dad!

Three generous meals a day should include milk, cereals, vegetables, fruits, meat, and eggs—all so necessary for growth and good health. Furthermore, these meals should include wholesome desserts to satisfy the "sweet tooth" that boys and girls usually develop.

This doesn't mean, of course, that the youngster should be free to gobble anything at any time. Simple, sensible snacks may be given to the child at appropriate times if they do not affect the child's appetite at regular meals. Good, satisfying foods like milk, bread and butter, and fruits are usually easy to keep on hand for the hungry young one.

In between times—right after school, for instance, but not too close to the next regular meal—such wholesome foods tend to discourage round-the-clock "nibbling."

They Learn Early

In Japan, girls only four years old frequently carry younger brothers and sisters strapped to their backs while at play. Their training is started when they begin to walk, by having dolls in this position for several hours daily.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Is the American flag ever officially flown after sunset?
2. What "First Lady of the Land" was born in England?
3. What is surrounded by the chromosphere?
4. The minimum age for representatives in the congress of the United States is what?
5. What is the population of Iceland?
6. In the navy, a captain's boat is called what? An admiral's?
7. Is a congressman, judge or lawyer subject to charges of libel?
8. How many men did Napoleon have in the Grande Armee which invaded Russia in 1812?

The Answers

1. Yes, but only on the Capitol, the House and Senate Office buildings, in Washington.
2. Mrs. John Quincy Adams was born in London of an American father.
3. The sun (a mass of incandescent gases).
4. U. S. representatives must be 25 years of age.
5. The last census (December 31, 1938) gave 118,888.
6. A gig. A barge.
7. While performing official duties, a congressman, judge, or lawyer may say or write malicious and untrue things about a person without being subject to charges of libel.
8. About 400,000.

Using Our Abilities

The art of being able to make a good use of modern abilities wins esteem, and often confers more reputation than greater real merit. —Rochefoucauld.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

OPPORTUNITY

GROCERY STORE FOR SALE in town of about 3,000. Saw mill and good farming country in heart of Willamette Valley in Oregon. Town has good churches and schools. Is very good Saturday night town. Stock and fixtures at invoice price. Must be cash. Address all communications to M. & E. GROCERY, Silverton, Oregon.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry; irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood. You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feeling constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination. Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Easing the Load That load becomes light which is cheerfully borne.—Ovid.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE MOST OUTSTANDING BLADE VALUE

KENT BLADES Single Edge 7 for 10c Double Edge 30 for 10c

"TAKING THE COUNTRY BY STORM" KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST

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It's A GOOD AMERICAN CUSTOM

THE HUSKING BEE with the right to kiss any girl you choose when you find a red ear of corn has been a harvest-time custom since Colonial days.

RELAXING with a good King Edward cigar is a pleasant custom enjoyed by millions of smokers all over America. Try King Edward today and learn why it's the nation's most popular cigar.

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KING EDWARD CIGARS

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER

Spare Moments The art of wisely using the spare five minutes, the casual vacancies or intervals of life, is one of the most valuable we can acquire.—W. E. Lecky.

Dignity and Proportion Remember this—that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Marcus Aurelius.

"You can't loaf in the race for news..." says BEVERLY HEPBURN, Newspaper Reporter

"That's why I like the Self-Starter Breakfast!"

THE "Self-Starter BREAKFAST"

A big bowlful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of milk and sugar.

It gives you FOOD ENERGY! VITAMINS! MINERALS! PROTEINS!

plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that tastes so good it sharpens your appetite, makes you want to eat.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

THE ORIGINAL K.F.L.

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YOU ARE AN INFLUENTIAL PERSON

The merchant who advertises must treat you better than the merchant who does not. He must treat you as though you were the most influential person in town. As a matter of cold fact you are. You hold the destiny of his business in your hands. He knows it. He shows it. And you benefit by good service, by courteous treatment, by good value—and by lower prices.