

## IN PARTNERSHIP WITH UNCLE SAM

Buying Liberty Bonds Aids Our War, Our Army, Our Boys.

### HOW WORKMEN DO THEIR BIT

Investment Brings Good Returns, in Addition to Giving Financial Assistance Every Loyal Citizen Owes His Government.

(By EVA DEAN of the Vigilantes.)  
It was just another day in the factory. There was nothing prophetic in the hum of the machines; it was quite the everyday hum. The workmen talked loudly to be heard; they always talked while they worked; they liked the sound of their own voices. It mattered not much what they said—the same joke will do day after day in a factory; an old one is almost as good as a new one to break the mental monotony. When one's habitual activity is with one's fingers one isn't very critical of mental efforts.

Still, were you to ask them, any of the men would have said they preferred an argument to all other kinds of brain exercise. Argument is what they would have called any of the verbal volleys they fired back and forth at one another from their inexpert mental batteries, while their expert fingers moved ceaselessly at their tasks. And nowadays there is always enough to argue about—the war! The only trouble—though no one really seemed to mind that—was that there was no one around to uphold the government in these controversies.

Of the hundred men employed—for it was a small factory—there was but one with an American-born parent, though a considerable number were themselves born in America. The one hundred were all here by choice, however, and hardly one ever really expected to live anywhere else. But they talked as though they might; and one could imagine they expected the United States to immediately offer them inducements to stay when it heard of their intended leaving.

They Discuss Liberty Bonds.  
Charles, in the lightest corner—a few years ago he would have been Karl—was always talking about the price of food: "I take a Liberty bond? Indeed I'll not! If the government had kept prices down, and protected the working man, and kept the rich man from making war profits, why, I might. There is going to be trouble in this country some day and the government deserves all that is coming to them. The government ought to do everything it can to keep the good will of the people. Why—hear—?" (Charles can never talk long without mentioning beer.)

Jo—whose early training was in a protectorate—was a born financier. He had actually been talking about a bond on the dollar-a-week plan, but no one in the workrooms seemed to think it a good investment. It would be better to buy sugar or whisky and keep it for a higher price. So Jo had simply talked for the past two weeks; he had not decided. One might get 4 1/2 per cent, or even 5 per cent later! It would be better to wait.

"The government don't feed the boys in camp!" shouted the porter.  
"Of course it don't," yelled the thin man by the window. "We don't know what goes on there. No wonder lots of them commit suicide!"

"Well—I'd like to buy a bond," broke in Old Bailey, courageously. Old Bailey was born among the Pennsylvania Dutch. "But, with sixteen dollars a week, and a family, I don't see how I can."

"Nor do I," said the tall young man of whom the men said, "His mother was born here."

All Are Buying Bonds.

The machines hummed on, the voices rising and falling in opposition, when suddenly the eager face of Jo—the news gatherer—was thrust through the door: "There's an Italian banker in the second room talking to the wops about Liberty bonds," he informed. The voices ceased. Everybody wished he could hear.

"He's still talking! All the wops are in there," spread the news to every corner of the building; and then close upon that: "They're buying them; every one of the wops are buying them!"

In a shorter time than it could have taken a man to walk through the building, every one in it knew that the wops—the lowest-paid men of them all—were buying Liberty bonds.

Presently all the workmen who could understand English were assembled in one room. They looked about curiously at one another; never before had they seen themselves en masse. It was a strange assembly, with its dirty aprons, its rough, lined faces and quiet tongues. It must have seemed such to the salesman; his mouth set perceptibly as he looked about at his audience.

The Italian orator had gesticulated grandly; and there had been much of "Italia! Italia!" But this man, after his first look at the faces before him, decided not to talk patriotism. So he simply stated that our government was at war. Very clearly he explained what that meant financially; he acknowledged that living was high and hard, but nevertheless everyone who did not help was a slacker. And, in convincing conclusion: "If we don't give our money, the government is go-

ing to take it anyhow. It has to have it. It will make us pay it in taxes; and then we not only will not have any interest, but we'll have nothing to show for the money. In the second room they all helped. How many of you are going to help? How many here want bonds?"

Partnership With Government.  
Evidently the factory considered it a "good argument." And then the wops, with their despised salaries, had subscribed; everyone was thinking about that. The hands began to go up, and a line of applicants was quickly formed.

The tall young man (whose mother was an American) had stood, hesitating, until he saw Old Bailey's gray head bend over the signature bench; and then, smiling, he slipped in behind him, muttering, "If he can, I can."

Now the machines were humming again and argument began once more.

The thin man by the window was the first to speak. "Well," he commented, "we've got to do something for the boys!"

"When I get this paid, maybe they'll have a 5 per cent bond," said Jo, the financier.

"America and Italy; we gotta make kill alla de kings—alla no good!" nodded one of the contributors from the second room, with approval.

It was the same everyday hum of the machines, but the factory was different. It was no longer a critical, skeptical spectator of the struggle of civilization, bitterly suspicious of its own government. It and the government were now partners. The war no longer the government's war; it was our war, our army, our boys, and the factory was doing its bit!

The bond salesman, perhaps, added up the result of his work with some satisfaction; but by far the greater and most important part of it he knows nothing about.

### WOMEN TO THE FORE

Wives and Mothers Know Value of Liberty Bonds.

War Behind the Lines Is Being Prosecuted on a Tremendous Scale—Every Woman Can Help Do Something.

(By ALBERT W. ATWOOD, Financial Writer for the Saturday Evening Post.)

The day seems to have passed when woman's education consisted of piano lessons and a little polite French. Now she studies biology, psychology, and all the otherologies. In this great and radical change in the position of woman it will not do to overlook the change in her relation to money matters. It is no longer unwomanly to know something about money. Feminine charm is not diminished by knowing the difference between a bond and a share of stock.

Millions of women earn their living today. Hundreds of thousands have independent means and must decide for themselves in affairs financial. More and more of the wives, mothers, and sisters not only spend the household money, but are consulted by the men when an investment is to be made. It matters not whether the investment consists of a victrola, an automobile, or a bond. It is said men do not take their wives into their confidence when they gamble or take a flyer, but it is also said that deception in these matters does not pay.

So there is every material reason why women should do their part and more in floating the Liberty bonds. Indeed a woman recognizes a gold dollar just as quick as a man, and when it pays good interest in addition she is not going to turn it down. But there is more than a purely business and selfish side to the women of this country. They have surprised even themselves with their executive ability and powers of business organization. The Red Cross and every other variety of relief work has been in its detail largely the result of woman's effort.

Behind the lines women are prosecuting the war on a tremendous scale. There are millions of men as well as women who cannot fight in the trenches, who cannot even drive motor-trucks or work in munition factories. There are some people who cannot even successfully raise a vegetable garden, but there is not an adult man or woman outside the poorhouse and the hospital who cannot either buy or help to sell a Liberty bond. It is the least they can do.

#### Don't Buy Too Big a Bond.

Here is a word of advice for the farmer bond purchaser. Don't bite off more than you can chew. Your government doesn't want you to "strap" yourself or run into financial difficulties trying to pay for a bond. Buy one small enough so you will be able to pay for it in the allotted time without having to borrow money to meet the obligation. Its value will represent your savings for that period of time. If your circumstances won't permit of you purchasing a \$1,000 bond, buy only a \$500 one. Don't complicate our already complicated financial problem by assuming a debt you can't pay.

#### He Wants to Win This War. Do You?

A father in a little Illinois town received a cablegram the other day from General Pershing, announcing the death of his two sons over there, "killed in action." He went out and sold his home and bought Liberty Bonds. "I'm the only one left now and I'll rent a room for myself," was his only comment.

### NOT IN "SKYSCRAPER" CLASS

Famous Tower of Babel Would Not Be Considered in the Nature of a Wonder Today.

The tower of Babel was only 140 feet high, but as it was built upon an elevated foundation it was the loftiest object in Babylon, a city of low buildings, spread over a flat plain, says the New York Evening World. This description of the most famous structure of ancient times has been obtained from recent translations of old Assyrian records, some inscribed on tablets of burnt clay.

The tower was a temple and the architectural pride of Babylon. The lowest of its seven stories was 272 feet square, and it was constructed of the only available material, sun-dried brick, faced with burned brick. It was probably topped with an astronomical observatory, or rather one for the use of astrologists, a calling followed by many priests of Babylon. Babylon, with a population of 2,000,000, was then the metropolis of the world, and its great area, twice that of London, was encircled by a wall 55 miles in length. The tower of Babel was a temple, containing wonderful golden statues and other treasures, and it was in attempting to describe these that the tongues of men were confused.

#### Past History.

Elsie's mother held the opinion that instruction should be given to children incidentally whenever possible. Therefore on different occasions at the table Elsie learned that veal is cut from a little calf, that slices of bacon once helped to make a pig, and so on. One morning at breakfast she looked up from her plate with a puzzled expression.

"Mamma," she inquired, "what was hash when it was alive?"

### Lemons Whiten and Beautify the Skin! Make Cheap Lotion

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quart pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, smootheners and beautifier.

Just try it! Make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It should naturally help to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the hidden roses and beauty of any skin. It is wonderful for rough, red hands.

Red hands. Your druggist will sell three ounces of orchard white at little cost, and any grocer will supply the lemons. Adv.

#### The Reason.

"I saw a woman when I entered the parlor, but she swept out the room in a way that impressed me."  
"Did she sweep out with great dignity?"  
"No, with a broom."

#### In Keeping.

"He talks with a burr."  
"Tells a good many chestnuts, too."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### BODY MERE TOOL OF SOUL

Spiritual Part of Humanity Believed in the East to Be an Unwilling Prisoner.

In the East it is supposed that dreams are the actual happenings to the soul when it leaves our body while we are asleep. They believe that the soul is an unwilling prisoner within us, and the moment we relax our vigil in sleep it leaves the body to attend to its own affairs and some of us possess the faculty of commanding the soul at a given hour when we wish to awake.

From this originates the theory of heaven and hell. When the long sleep comes at last and the soul is bodiless it must find some sort of lodging, and this lodging is meted out according to the conduct of the body in which the soul was a tenant. The body is not taken into consideration, since it is only the tool of the soul. Therefore the soul is held accountable.—Exchange.

#### Sniff Rebuked.

The late Maj. Augustus P. Gardner, whose death at Camp Wheeler shocked his fellow congressmen and the nation, used to go in for yachting.

A rich and snobbish Bostonian once came to pass the week-end on Mr. Gardner's yacht. The yacht was modest, and the rich man, looking at it, sniffed:

"Humph," he said, "I thought it was bigger than it is."  
"No," said Mr. Gardner, "it's no bigger than it is."

#### Force of Habit.

Page Boy—Your wife wishes to speak to you on the telephone, sir.  
Bon Vivant—Goo! Lor! Fetch me a clove, boy—quick!—Boston Transcript.

Ignorance may not be bliss, but it generates a lot of contentment.

## Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GORDON, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISELIA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.



In Such Cases

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

### Put a Stop to all Distemper

CURES THE SICK

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses.

Spohn Medical Co., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.



## Scenes of Prosperity

Are Common in Western Canada

The thousands of U.S. farmers who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops of wheat and other grains.

Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre—get \$2 a bushel for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre you are bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta you can get a

#### HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES FREE

and other land at very low prices.

During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley, and Flax. Mixed Farming is as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, churches; markets convenient, climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

W. V. BENNETT  
Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.  
Canadian Government Agent



Reason for His Question.  
William went with his mother to visit a baby. After being left alone in the room a little while he came out and said: "Isn't she christened?"  
His mother said: "Why?"  
He said: "Because I called her Katherine and she didn't answer me."

Quite the Part.  
"What did that young fellow do when his mother called him her larab?"  
"He looked sheepish."

Meatless Days.  
"I guess I'll go fishing pretty soon."  
"What's the object—sport or economy?"  
The detective's salary is spot cash.

Send for

## Swift & Company's 1918 Year Book

It shows that Swift & Company sells the meat from a steer for less money than the live steer cost!

Proceeds from the sale of the hide, fat, and other by-products covered all expense of dressing, refrigeration, freight, selling expense and the profit of \$1.29 per steer as shown by Swift & Company's 1917 figures as follows:

Average price paid for live cattle per steer	\$84.45
Average price received for meat	68.97
Average price received for by-products	24.09
Total received	93.06
This leaves for expenses and profit	8.61
Of which the profit per steer was	1.29

There are many other interesting and instructive facts and figures in the Year Book.

We want to send our 1918 Year Book, to anyone, anywhere—free for the asking. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

