

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!! Harvest the Crops - Save the Yields

On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Department of Labor and Agriculture of the United States.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED !!!

Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of its 13,000,000 Acre Wheat Field.

One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the International Boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War".

W. J. Johnston, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.; R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents.

IMPRESSIVE IN HIS SPEECH

Old Soldier Endeavored to Make Vocabulary Fit the Responsibilities of His Position.

An old soldier was for a long time curator of a certain public educational institution. In accordance with the duties of his responsible position it sometimes fell to his lot to remind the students of forgotten regulations.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, on one occasion, when a game of lenfrog was going on in a somewhat shaky gallery, "why this violent disturbance?"

"Gentlemen," he responded indignantly, displaying his full height, "do you know that I am placed here by the governors of this college to conserve this building?"

At another time the prank was played upon him of being simultaneously summoned by two students from different ends of the corridor.

"Gentlemen," he cried out, "I really cannot be unidentical!"

On another occasion, after heavy rains, there was dire disaster of moldorous food in the cellars.

"Sir," reported Thomas, to the principal, "the rain has permeated the soil and has resuscitated all the drains to overflowing!"

SOOTHES ITCHING SCALPS

And Prevents Falling Hair Do Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

On retiring, gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water using plenty of Soap.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Presumptive Proof.

"Did I snore last night?" "You gave us sound reasons to suppose it was you."

When a young man flatters a girl she decides later that he really meant it.

Our surest prospect in life is death.

Back Given Out? Housework is too hard for a woman who is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover.

A South Dakota Case Mrs. F. Mann, "Every Picture Tells a Story" says: "I had pain in my back over my kidneys irregular; if you have 'blue spells', sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness and rheumatic pains, use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have done wonders for thousands of worn out women."

Every Woman Wants Parline ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years.

RICE BROTHERS PATENTS Live Stock Commission Merchants at SIOUX CITY, Chicago or Kansas City.

From a Menagerie.

A noncommissioned officer was reading the names of a number of recruits. "Your name!" he snapped to the first. "Fox."

Wasted Energy. Two business men were dining and the talk had turned to business efficiency.

Why He Came Home.

Roscoe Boone went home late the other afternoon to find Mrs. Boone entertaining a company of women at cards.

Time to Change Subjects. "But, my dear, unless you put some of your allowance in the bank, you will never have any money left for an emergency."

Proving His Innocence.

"Believe me, Grace, when I am away, I am always thinking every instant of your blue eyes and of your lovely fair hair."

Milk an Economical Food. Milk is a fairly economical food as prices now stand. It contains no refuse and the food nutrients it furnishes are completely digested.

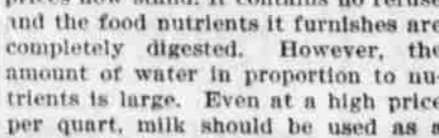
To Be Sure.

"I owe him a grudge." "In cases of that kind it is better to suspend payment."

Make War on the Rat.

There are more rats than human beings in the United States, and every rat is a food waster.

It isn't so difficult for one fool to convince another that he is a wise guy.



I'm glad there's such a big corn crop - says Bobbly

MORE POST TOASTIES FOR ME!

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued. —19—

Blaze took the speaker by the shoulder and faced him about. "Look here," said he, "I'm beginnin' to get wise to you. I believe you're—the man in the case."

"Because I want you to know the whole inside of this thing so that you can get busy when I'm gone; because I want to borrow what money you have—"

"What you almin' to pull off?" Blaze inquired, suspiciously.

"I'm going to find her and bring her out."

"You? Why, Dave, you can't get through. This is a job for the soldiers."

But Dave hardly seemed to hear him. "You must start things moving at once," he said, urgently.

"By rail from Pueblo, yes. But it's barely a hundred, straight from here."

"You ain't got a chance, single-handed. You're crazy to try it."

"I tell you," said one, "there is nothing in all the world that is of more advantage to a man in business than a good memory. I'm taking a course in memory training and in just two weeks I've learned a string of 125 figures, the names of all the presidents of the United States and the names of 47 different kinds of soup. I tell you it's great stuff."

"Sounds pretty good," admitted the other. "Who originated the system?"

"Er—I don't remember."

"The two men shook hands lingeringly, awkwardly; then Blaze lingered to wish his friend luck."

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"Oh, Mr. Boone," said one of the guests as he stumbled upon the room filled with women, "did you come home to supper?"

"Oh, no; not at all," he replied gallantly, even if somewhat confusedly. "I just came home to see what time it was."—Indianapolis News.

There are men who carry an air more potent than a bodyguard, and Dave Law was one of these. Before the village had thoroughly awakened to his coming he was gone, without a glance to the right or left, without a word to anyone.

When Romero was at his back he rode for a mile or two through a region of tiny scattered farms and neglected garden patches, after which he came out into the mesquite. For all the signs he saw, he might then have been in the heart of a foreign country. Mexico had swallowed him.

As the afternoon heat subsided, Montrosa let herself out into a freer gait and began to cover the distance rapidly, heading due west through a land of cactus and dagger, of thorn and barb and bramble.

The roads were unfenced, the meadows desolate; the huts were frequently unattended. Ahead the sky burned splendidly, and the sunset grew more brilliant, more dazzling, until it glorified the whole mean, thirsty, cruel countryside.

Dave's eyes were set upon that riot of blazing colors, but for the time it failed to thrill him. In that welter of changing hues and tints he saw only red. Red! That was the color of blood; it stood for passion, lust, violence; and it was a fitting badge of color for this land of revolutions and alarms. At first he saw little else—except the hint of black despair to follow. But there was gold in the sunset, too—the yellow gold of ransom! That was Mexico—red and yellow, blood and gold, lust and license. Once the rider's fancy began to work in this fashion, it would not rest, and as the sunset grew in splendor he found in it richer meanings. Red was the color of a woman's lips—yes, and a woman's hair. The deepening blue of the high sky overhead was the hue of a certain woman's eyes. A warm, soft breeze out of the west beat into his face, and he remembered how warm and soft Alaire's breath had been upon his cheek.

The woman of his desires was yonder, where those colors warred, and she was mantled in red and gold and purple for his coming. The thought aroused him; he felt only a throbbing eagerness to see her and to take her in his arms once more before the end.

CHAPTER XX. La FERIA.

"What's this I hear about war?" Dolores inquired of her mistress, a few days after their arrival at La FERIA.

"They tell me that Mexico is invaded and that the American soldiers have already killed more than a thousand women and children."

"Who tells you this?" Alaire asked.

"The men—everybody," Dolores waved a hand in the direction of the other ranch buildings.

"This morning the word came that the revolution is ended and that the soldiers of both parties are uniting to fight for their liberties. They say the gringos are killing all the old people—everyone, in fact, except the girls, whom they take with them. Already they have begun the most horrible practices. Why, at Espinal—Dolores' eyes were Yankee soldiers ate a baby! They roasted the little dear like a cabrito and ate it! I tell you, it makes wild talk among the peladros."

"Do you believe such stories?" Alaire inquired, with some amusement.

"Um—um—not altogether. But, all the same, I think it is time we were going home."

"This is home, for me, Dolores." "Yes, but now that war—"

"There isn't any war, and there won't be any. However, if you are nervous I'll send you back to Las Palmas at once."

"Glory of God! It would be the end of me. These Mexicans would recognize me instantly as an American, for I have the appearance and the culture. You can imagine what would happen to me. It was nothing except General Longorio's soldiers that brought us safely through from Nuevo Pueblo."

"Then I'm glad that he insisted upon sending them with us. Now tell the ranch-hands to put no faith in these ridiculous stories. If they wish the truth let them ask General Longorio; he will be here today and quiet their fears."

"You think he intends to pay us for our cattle?"

"Dolores pondered a moment. 'Well, perhaps he does—it is not his money. For that matter, he would give all Mexico if you asked it. Tse! His love consumes him like a fever.'"

Alaire stirred uneasily; then she rose and went to an open window, which looked out into the tiny patio with its trickling fountain and its rank, untended plants. "Why do you insist

a thousand things to tell you, things of the greatest importance. They have been upon my tongue for hours, but now that I behold you I grow drunk with delight and my lips find nothing but words of admiration for your beauty. So! I feast my eyes." He retained his warm clasp of her fingers, seeming to envelop her uncomfortably with his ardor.

"What is it you have to tell me?" she asked him, withdrawing her hand.

"Well, I hardly know where to begin—events have moved so swiftly, and such incredible things have happened. Even now I am in a daze, for history is being made every hour—history for Mexico, for you, and for me. I bring you good news and bad news; something to startle you and set your brain in a whirl. I planned to send a messenger ahead of me, and then I said: 'No, this is a crisis; therefore no tongue but mine shall apprise her. Only a coward shrinks from the unpleasant; I shall lighten her distress and awaken in her breast new hope, new happiness!'"

"What do you mean?" Alaire inquired, sharply. "You say you bring bad news?"

The general nodded. "In a way, terrible, shocking! And yet I look beyond the immediate and see in it a blessing. So must you. To me it spells the promise of my unspoken longings, my whispered prayers." Noting his hearer's growing bewilderment, he laid a hand familiarly upon her arm. "No matter how I tell you, it will be a blow, for death is always sudden; it always finds us unprepared."

"Death? Who—is dead?"

"Restrain yourself. Allow for my clumsiness."

"Who? Please tell me!"

"Someone very close to you and very dear to you at one time. My knowledge of your long unhappiness alone gives me courage to speak."

Alaire raised her fluttering fingers to her throat; her eyes were wide as she said: "You don't mean—Mr. Austin?"

"Yes," Longorio scrutinized her closely, as if to measure the effect of his disclosure. "Senora, you are free!"

Alaire uttered a breathless exclamation; then, feeling his gaze burning into her, turned away, but not before he had noted her sudden pallor, the blanching of her lips.

This unexpected announcement dazed her; it scattered her thoughts and robbed her of words, but just what her dominant emotion was at the moment she could not tell. Once her first giddiness had passed, however, once the truth had borne in upon her, she found that she felt no keen anguish, and certainly no impulse to weep. Rather she experienced a vague horror, such as the death of an acquaintance or of a familiar relative might evoke. Ed had been anything but a true husband, and her feeling now was more for the memory of the man he had been, than for the man whose name she bore.

So he was gone and, Longorio said, she was free. It meant much. She realized dimly that in this one moment her whole life had changed. She had never thought of this way out of her embarrassments; she had been prepared, in fact, for anything except this. Dead! It was deplorable, for Ed was young. Once the first shock had passed away, she became conscious of a deep pity for the man, and a complete forgiveness for the misery he had caused her. After a time she faced the news-bearer, and in a strained voice inquired:

"How did it happen? Was it because of me?"

"No, no! Rest your mind on that score. See! I understand your concern and I share your intimate thoughts. No, it was an accident, ordained by God. His end was the result of his own folly, a gunshot wound while he was drunk, I believe. Now you will understand why I said that I bore tidings both good and evil, and why I, of all people, should be the one to impart them."

Alaire turned questioning eyes upon him, as if to fathom his meaning, and he answered her with his brilliant smile. Failing to evoke a response, he went on:

"Ever since I heard of it I have repeated over and over again, 'It is a miracle; it is the will of God.' Come, then, we know each other so well that we may speak frankly. Let us be honest and pretend to no counterfeit emotions. Let us recognize in this only your deliverance and the certainty of that blessed happiness which divine providence offers us both."

"Both?" she repeated, dully.

"Need I be plainer? You know my heart. You have read me. You understand how I have throttled my longings and remained mute while all my being called to you."

Alaire withdrew a step, and her cheeks colored with anger. "General!" she exclaimed, with some difficulty, "I am amazed. This is no time—" Her indignation rose with the sound of her own voice, causing her to stammer.

Taking advantage of her loss of

words, he hurried on: "You must pardon my impetuosity, but I am a man of tremendous force, and my life moves swiftly. I am not shackled by conventions—they are less than nothing to me. If it seems to you that my eagerness carries me away, remember that war is upon us and that affairs of moment press me so that I am compelled to move like the lightning. With me, senora, a day is a year. The past is gone, the present is here, the future rushes forward to meet us."

"Indeed, you forget yourself," she said, warmly. Then, changing her tone: "I too must act quickly. I must go back at once."

"Oh, but I have told you only a part of what I came to say."

"Surely the rest can wait." Her voice was vibrant with contempt. "I'm



"Death? Who—is Dead?"

in no condition to listen to anything else."

But Longorio insisted. "Wait! It is impossible for you to leave here."

Alaire stared at him incredulously. "It is true, Mexico is a seething caldron of hate; the country is convulsed. It would be unsafe for you."

"Do you mean to say that war has been declared?"

"Practically."

"What—? You are telling me the truth?" A moment, then Alaire continued, more calmly. "If that is so, there is all the more reason why I should lose no time."

"Listen!" The general was deeply in earnest. "You have no conception of the chaos out there." He waved a comprehensive gesture. "If the explosion has not come, it will come within a few hours. That is why I flew to your side. Battleships are hurrying toward our coast, troops are massing against our border, and Mexico has risen like one man. The people are in a frenzy; they are out of bounds; there is sack and pillage in the cities. Americans are objects of violence everywhere and the peons are frantic." He paused impressively. "We face the greatest upheaval of history."

"Then why are you here?" Alaire demanded. "This is no place for you at such a moment."

Longorio came closer to her, and his voice trembled as he said: "Angel of my soul, my place is at your side. Again she recoiled, but with a fervor he had never dared display he rushed on heedlessly. "I have told you I harken only to my heart; that for one smile from you I would behead myself; that for your favor I would betray my fatherland; that for your kiss I would face damnation. Well, I am here at your side. The deluge comes, but you shall be unharmed." He would not permit her to check him, crying: "Wait! You must hear me through, senora, so that you may comprehend fully why I am forced to speak at this time. Out of this coming struggle I shall emerge a heroic figure. Now that Mexico unites, she will triumph, and of all her victorious sons the name of Luis Longorio will be sung the loudest, for upon him more than upon any other depends the republic's salvation. I do not boast. I merely state facts, for I have made all my plans, and tomorrow I put them into effect. That is why I cannot wait to speak. The struggle will be long, but you shall be my guiding star in the hours of darkness."

Under other circumstances the man's magnificent egotism might have provoked a smile. And yet, for all its grandiloquence, there was something in his speech that rang hard and true. Unquestionably Longorio was dangerous—a real personality, and no mere swaggering pretender. Alaire felt a certain reluctant respect for him, and at the same time a touch of chilling fear such as she had hardly experienced before. She faced him silently, for a moment; then she said:

"Am I to understand that you forbid me to leave my own house?"

"For the time being, exactly."

"What? Then I am your prisoner!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Three crops a year may be grown in the Canal zone.