# 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. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

#### 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 Departments of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, der which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Oklama, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move rinto Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the sited States have been conserved, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that e will be ready for harvesting.

#### HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED !!! Canada Wants 40,000 Harv st 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 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 seighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to routes, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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

"Fox."

"Next!"

at the third.

laughter.

asked a tall youth.

"Bear," was the reply.

From a Menagerie.

A noncommissioned officer was read-

"Your name!" he snapped to the

The seargeant sniffed, and glanced

"Wolf," said the recruit, and his in-

"And what do you call yourself?" he

"Lyon," the recruit responded,

"Go and order some cages to be

built!" he roared to a private. "We've

been recruiting from a menagerie!"

Wasted Energy.

the talk had turned to business effi-

Two business men were dining and

"I tell you," said one, "there is noth-

ing 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 presi-

dents of the United States and the

names of 47 different kinds of soup.

"Sounds pretty good," admitted the

other. "Who originated the system?"

Why He Came Home.

Roscoe Boone went home late the

other afternoon to find Mrs. Boone

entertaining a company of women at

filled with women, "did you come home

"Oh, no; not at all," he replied gal-

lantly, even if somewhat confusedly.

Time to Change Subjects.

never have any money left for an

"But, my dear, unless you put some

"Haven't we a telephone in the

"And is there anything to prevent

Proving His Innocence.

"Tut, tut! I am sure you said the

same thing to another girl before

"Grace, don't be cruel. I swear sol-

emply that you are wrong. The girl

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. However, the

amount of water in proportion to nu-

per quart, milk should be used as a

To Be Sure.

Make War on the Rat.

ings in the United States, and every

There are more rats than human be-

It isn't so difficult for one fool to

convince another that he is a wise

I'm glad there's such

a big corn crop - says

POST TOASTIES

FOR ME!

before you was dark."-Puck.

staple article of diet.

suspend payment."

rat is a food waster.

guy.

"I owe him a grudge."

I tell you it's great stuff."

"Er-I don't remember."

about the evening meal.

was."-Indianapolis News.

o supper?

emergency."

hair."

"Certainly."

whereat the noncom threw down his

pen and shouted with good-natured

terrogator gave him a sharp look.

ng the names of a number of recruits.

#### IMPRESSIVE IN HIS SPEECH

Dld 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 satudents of forgotten regulations.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, on one oc--casion, when a game of leapfrog was going on in a somewhat shaky gallery, "why this violent disturbance?"

"Well," was the reply, "what business is it of yours?"

"Gentlemen," he responded, indigmantly, 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 uniquitous!"

On another occasion, after heavy rains, there was dire disaster of malo--dorous flood 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 party and besides it was the usual · Cuticura Soap and hot water using period of the day for him to remember plenty of Soap. Cultivate the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment for every--day tollet purposes.

Free sample each by mail with Book, Address pestcard, 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 smeant it.

Our surest prospect in life is death.

# Back Given Out?

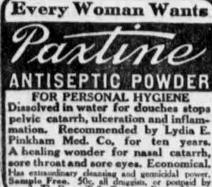
Housework is too hard for a woman tho is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover. If weak kidneys no time to recover. If your back is lame and achy and your kidneys irregular; if you have "blue spells," sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness and rheumatic pains, use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have done wonders for thousands of worn out

A South Dakota Case

Vermillion Vermillion, S. D., says: "I had pains in my back over my kidneys. Sometimes I couldn't straighten for a minute or two when I bent over and nights a steady ache in my back kept me from resting. Mornings I felt tired and worn

resting. Mornings I felt tired and worn out. I had inflammation of the bladder and kept getting worse. I lost quite a little weight and became run down. Doan's Kidney Pills

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-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 eagerness to see her and to take her but words of admiration for your me. If it seems to you that my eagercase." When Dave nodded, he vented in his arms once more before the end. | beauty. So! I feast my eyes." He re- ness carries me away, remember that his amazement in a long whistle, After a moment he asked, "Well, why did you want me to come here alone, ahead of the others?"

CHAPTER XIX .- Continued.

"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 aimin' to pull off?" Blaze inquired, suspiciously.

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

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

But Dave hardly seemed to hear him. notify the authorities. Get every in- the Americans are coming." fluence at work, from here to headquarters; get your senator and the governor of the state at work. Ellsworth will help you. And now give me your last dollar."

Blaze emptied his pockets, shaking his shaggy head the while. "La Feria is a hundred and fifty miles in," he re-

"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."

his friend. "They'll carve a stone for Longorio if I do get through." He wild talk among the peladors." called to Montrosa, and the mare came to him, holding her head to one side so as not to tread upon her dragging reins.

"I'm 'most tempted to go with you," Blaze stammered uncertainly.

"No. Somebody has to stay here and stir things up. If we had twenty men like you we might cut our way in and out, but there's no time to organize, and, anyhow, the government would probably stop us. I've got a hunch that I'll make it. If I don't-why, it's all right."

The two men shook hands lingeringcards. He had forgotten about the wish his friend luck. "If you don't catch in his voice, "I reckon there's "Oh, Mr. Boone," sald one of the enough good Texans left to follow your guests as he stumbled upon the room | trail. I'll sure look forward to it."

Dave took the river bank to Sangre lapidated ferry, he gained the Mexican ridiculous stories. If they wish the side. Once across, he rode straight up truth let them ask General Longorio; "I just came home to see what time it toward the village of Romero. When he will be here today and quiet their challenged by an undersized soldier he merely spurred Montrosa forward, eying the sentry so grimly that the man did no more than finger his rifle of your allowance in the bank, you will uncertainly, cursing under his breath the overbearing airs of all gringos. Nor did the rider trouble to make the slightest detour, but cantered the full length of Romero's dusty street, the target of more than one pair of hostile eyes. To those who saw him, soldiers and civilians alike, it was evident that this stranger had business, and no one felt called upon to question its nature. 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 your blue eyes and of your lovely fair 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 galt and began to cover the distance rapidly, heading due west through a land of cactus and dagger, of thorn and

trients is large. Even at a high price | barb and bramble. The roads were unfenced, the meadows desolate; the huts were frequently untenanted. Ahead the sky burned splendidly, and the sunset grew more brilliant, more dazzling, until it glori-"In cases of that kind it is better to fied 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 that he loves me?" she asked. "All red. Red! That was the color of ience; and it was a fitting badge of too-the yellow gold of ransom! That took those cattle." was Mexico-red and yellow, blood and gold, just and license. Once the rider's lores agreed, hastily, "or we'd never fancy began to work in this fashion, it leave Mexico alive." With which cheerin splender he found in it richer mean- heaved a deep sigh and went about her ings. Red was the color of a woman's duties with a gloomy face. lips-yes, and a woman's hair. The deepening blue of the high sky overhead was the hue of a certain woman's living room of the hacienda, with her eyes. A warm, soft breeze out of the west beat into his face, and he remembered how warm and soft Alaire's his fervor. breath had been upon his cheek.

heart of the sunset. CHAPTER XX.

La Feria.

"What's this I hear about war?" Dofores inquired of her mistress, a few Even now I am in a daze, for history days after their arrival at La Feria. is being made every hour-history for "They tell me that Mexico is invaded Mexico, for you, and for me I bring and that the American soldiers have you good news and bad news; somealready killed more than a thousand thing to startle you and set your brain women and children."

"Who tells you this?" Alaire asked. "The men-everybody," Dolores "You must start things moving at other ranch buildings. "Our people are hand but mine shall comfort her. Only once," he said, urgently. "Spread the buzzing like bees with the news, and, a coward shrinks from the unpleasant; news, get the story into the papers, of course, no one cares to work when I shall lighten her distress and awaken

> "I shall have to put an end to such ness'-" talk.

"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 peopleeveryone, in fact, except the girls, whom they take with them. Already they have begun the most horrible practices. Why, at Espinal"-Dolores' eyes were round-"would you believe it?—those Yankee soldiers ate a baby! Dave turned a sick, colorless face to They roasted the little dear like a cabrito and ate it! I tell you, it makes "Do you believe such stories?"

Alaire inquired, with some amusement, "Um-m-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. ly, awkwardly; then Blaze managed to You can imagine what would happen to me. They would tear me from the come back," he said, with a peculiar train. It was nothing except General Longorio's soldiers that brought us

safely through from Neuvo Pueblo." de Cristo, where, by means of the di- ranch-hands to put no faith in these fears."

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

"Yes." 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 ose 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



"What's This I Hear About War?"

Mexicans are gallant and pay absurd blood; it stood for passion, lust, vio- compliments. It's just a way they have. He has never spoken a word that could color for this land of revolutions and give offense." As Dolores said nothalarms. At first he saw little else- ing, she went on, hesitatingly, "I can't except the hint of black despair to fol- very well refuse to see him, for I don't low. But there was gold in the sunset, possess even a receipt to show that he

"Oh, you must not offend him," Dowould not rest, and as the sunset grew ing announcement the housekeeper

Longorio arrived that afternoon, and Alaire received him in the great naked

"Senora," he cried, eagerly, "I have Taking advantage of her loss of in the Canal zone.

The woman of his desires was yon- | a thousand things to tell you, things of | words, he hurried on: "You must past with his ardor.

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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

"Well, I hardly know where to begin -events have moved se swiftly, and such incredible things have happened. in a whirl. I planned to send a messenger ahead of me, and then I stid: 'No, this is a crisis; therefore po waved a hand in the direction of the tongue but mine shall apprise her, no in her breast new hope, new happi-

> "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 "Then I'm glad that he insisted up. dazed her; it scattered her thoughts 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 Rather she experienced a vague horror. 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 loved, than for the man whose name

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 newsbearer, 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 withcrew a step, and her cheeks colored with anger. "General!" she exclaimed, with some difficulty, "I best attempt at formality. But her am amazed. This is no time-" Her coolness served not in the least to chili indignation rose with the sound of her own voice, causing her to stammer.

der, where those colors warred, and the greatest importance. They have don my impetuosity, but I am a man of she was mantled in red and gold and been upon my tongue for hours, but tremendous force, and my life moves purple for his coming. The thought now that I behold you I grow drunk swiftly. I am not shackled by convenaroused him; he felt only a throbbing with delight and my lips frame nothing tions-they are less than nothing to With his head high and his face tained his warm clasp of her fingers, war is upon us and that affairs of moagleam, he rode into the west, into the seeming to envelop her uncomfortably ment 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 conon sending them with us. Now tell the and robbed her of words, but just what tinued, more calmly, "If that is so, there is all the more reason why should lose no time."

> "Listen!" The general was deeply in earnest. "You have no conception found that she felt no keen angulsh, of the chaos out there." He waved a and certainly no impulse to weep. comprehensive gesture. "If the explosion has not come, it will come within such as the death of an acquaintance 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 been, for the boy she had known and 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 Longorlo 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

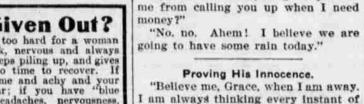
hours of darkness." Under other circumstances the man's magnificent egotism might have provoked a smile. And yet, for all its grandiloquence, there was something in his speech that rang hard and true, Unquestionably Longorio was dangerous-a real personality, and no mere swaggering pretender. Alaire felt 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.)

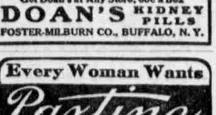
Three crops a year may be grown



Mrs. F. L. Mann. "Every Picture Tells a Story



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