

Louisa Goes Over the Top

By GIDEON HOE
of The Vigilantes

Louisa is the school scrub woman. She has been connected with the school for years. She has been there with her brooms, her palls, her mops and her eternal thoroughness.

Louisa was German. She spoke German. She thought German. She dreamed German. She was in America only because she could not "earn so much as here." She had come here a generation ago with a young married sister. The sister had gone back to Germany, leaving her baby with Louisa. He grew up as most boys do whose mothers are not about and whose supporting aunts have to go out to work.

He was stoop-shouldered, he smoked. He spent his wages as he wished. Louisa would look at him grimly and mutter: "Ach, if only I had you in Chermany."

It was for the boy that she worked. It was of him and the Funderland that she talked as she rubbed, rubbed, rubbed. "Ach, what think? That boy he lends five dollars to a man on the block and he move away and we can't find him."

"Not so it is in Chermany. There he could not do this. Make bills and hide himself. There you have a little book. From school yet you have it. In it stands your name, your age, your hair, your eyes, and all what you do for a living."

"First thing you do if you move, you must go to the police and show your book, then again when you arrive you show your book to the police."

"No, no, in Chermany you cannot run away. There they have it much better. You are all bosses. Nein! Rrrp! Forward march!" and Louisa shouldering her brooms and mops marched down the corridor to the applause and laughter of the little children marching into school.

Louisa liked to mingle with the teachers. At the beginning of the war, when the teachers gathered in their little knots discussing the possibilities and speculating on the outcome of it all, Louisa made her contribution: "Ach, the discipline. Von Hindenburg, Von Hindenburg. He is for discipline. He is the soldier. Such a fine one never lived. You will see he will win. He is a Gottlike man."

"Oh, Louisa, have a heart. Don't scare us so early in the morning," scoffed Boy Teacher, reaching for the brief case that rested at his feet. But Louisa was before him and placed it in his hands.

"Oh, thank you, Louisa, but you mustn't do that. You'll spoil me. I'm not used to it."

"I should hope not," sniffed another young teacher, "I should hope not indeed. The idea of a woman waiting on a perfectly healthy, strong young man. I bet I wouldn't do it."

"Ach, no? In Chermany you would be better disciplined. You would save the man all."

"Why? Why?" stamped the young teacher. "Why should a woman save a man anything?"

"Because," Louisa banded. "Because he is a soldier. He fights for the Faderland. Without the man what are you? Nothing. It is for you to marry a fine soldier, mother a fine soldier, raise up a fine soldier. That is your duty. That you were placed in the world for. Now he," pointing to the Boy Teacher, "would make a fine—" But the young teacher had fled.

The teachers began to grumble. "Germany, Germany. Louisa is always cheering for Germany. Why don't these people go back and fight for the Faderland? No. They stay here and root for Germany."

The Lusitania was sunk. Then came the news of the sinking of the Lusitania. The teachers gathered and discussed the news angrily. "The devils. Our people. Hundreds of them. Frohman, Archie Butts, Hubbard. It's awful. It was full of women and little children. Shameful."

Wondering, Louisa poked her head inside the door. "What is? Is someone dead you cry so?"

"Yes, they're dead," and a teacher sprang forward and pushed the headlined paper full in Louisa's face. "Your lovely Germans killed them."

"Killed? What is?"

"The Lusitania was sunk by the Germans. She was carrying many Americans."

"So!" said Louisa coolly. "Well, they was told to stay off that boat. The fools. Served themselves well right."

"Keep still," screamed the young teacher. "We'll ask your precious kaiser whether we may sail over his ocean when he isn't using it, I suppose. Well, we won't." Then taking fresh umbrage at the other's stolid composure, she burst out: "What do you think you would be doing if you were in Germany now? Going about a building like this one, dressed as you are, mingling with the sort of people you meet here? Not for a minute. You'd be dressed in rags, your feet in wooden shoes, and you would be pulling a plow like an ox for your precious kaiser."

Louisa is for Uncle Sam. Louisa went out shaking her head. At last war was declared. We were "in it." Louisa paddled by the office with her palls and brushes. "Hurrah,

Frau von Hindenburg! We're going to Berlin to get your precious kaiser. "Ya, ya," said Louisa sadly. "Such things must be. It stands in the Bible. Purification by fire. If it's God's will we fight, then we fight."

When the teachers had gone to their rooms Louisa appeared in the office. "Hark," she whispered to the head teacher. "My boy has volunteered for the war. What you think of that? Isn't that fine? He says: 'Mother Louisa, I must go, and I tell him: 'Go. We live in America, we are Americans.'"

One morning when the teachers had gathered for the morning chat, Louisa came in, her face shining. "Look," she said to the young teacher, "here is my boy's picture. He is a soldier now. How grand he looks. He is a sergeant already."

Louisa gazed lovingly at the postcard picture of a fine looking soldier boy. "Ha, ha, my fine fellow. Now you don't turn over and sleep again while I call you five times more. Ta tata, Ta tata, Ta ta ta. Forward march. That is fine for you," she chuckled.

The Liberty Loan posters came. The big loan drive was on. Louisa fell in love with one of the posters. "Such a beautiful young lady. How strong she is waving the flag and leading the army. She is schoen, ya, ya, she calls for money for the soldiers. She shall have it. Ya, ya."

Glancing about to be sure she was not noticed, she slipped into the office. Once inside she drew from her pocket an envelope with the red triangle in the corner and laid it before the head teacher. "Look. This money my boy sends. It is the money they give him for being a good soldier. That money I never spend. Take it and buy a Liberty Bond." So Louisa went over the top for Uncle Sam.

THE TEST

By JOHN BROWN JEWETT
of the Vigilantes.

This is your crisis, this your hour;
Earth's oceans and its shores
Hold but one place of portent power,
One duty—it is yours.

Think not to hide amid the crowd
That covers land and sea;
The voice of Fate is calling loud;
"Look to him, world—'tis he!"

Yes, you—no other. None are born
To do what you must do;
No beaten captain waits such scorn
For failure, as must you.

It is the test, the fine one;
Shall king or people reign?
Who are the people? There are none
If one is called in vain.

On you the sorrow, blood and cost,
The glory or the shame,
If freedom's cause today is lost,
You only are to blame.

THOSE WHO CANNOT GO

By EDWARD A. G. HERMANN
of the Vigilantes.

Are you sorry? Or are you glad?
Perhaps you would go if you could,
but you must stay at home.

You cannot be a hero at the battle-front,
but you can live heroically wherever you are.

It takes five men at home to keep one man in the trenches.

YOU belong to one of those groups of five men.

The five men at home must stand together and do the things that count most for one man at the front. For any one man to fall is to play false to the cause for which we work and they fight.

You cannot fight, but you can work and pray; you can love and serve; you can save carefully and give sacrificially. Above all else you ought to worship in times of war.

We believe our cause is righteous. Our faith is justified. Our human instincts are not lying to us.

The lofty ideals for which our brave boys are fighting are the ideals for which pure Christianity has stood for 1,900 years. When the church has been blind to the vision of the ideals she has grown weak and unworthy of the great Leader. We stand with him today for the sanctity of womanhood and the protection of children; for justice and mercy, truth and righteousness; for industrial, political and social democracy; for international law and universal brotherhood; for the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth.

These are the great ideals which carry with them freedom, peace and happiness for all the future.

After all, true religion is the real conservator of civilization and the ultimate unifier of humanity. The future of democracy and civilization is bound up with Christianity.

THE FLAG SPEAKS

By THEODOSIA GARRISON
of the Vigilantes.

Great minds planned me,
High hearts made me,
Strong arms raised me
To fly while life endures;
Fine souls wrought for me,
Brave men fought for me,
Bound and broken sought for me—
Now—I am yours.

The wide world sees me,
The wild seas know me,
The four winds lift me
A signal and a flame;
Your youth and your age,
Your hope and heritage,
Your father's father's page
That bears your name.

Your hands uphold me,
Your strength sustains me,
Your service honors me
With every task it gives.
Hold me your word and worth,
Hold me your sword and hearth,
Hold me your sign to earth,
That Freedom lives.

HAVE QUEER PETS

Lonely Men in Signal Tower
Welcome All Sorts.

Cockroach That Likes Tobacco and
Drinks Ink Is One Visitor—Toad
Came Regularly for Its
Feast of Files.

A Boston and Maine railroad signal towerman tells this story of pets he has made in his lonely perch above the tracks:

At midnight nine months ago a cockroach crept out from under the telegraph desk and began to drink out of the inkwell; just about that time I laid my cigar down on the desk and began to work the telegraph key.

The cockroach crawled over to my cigar and sucked at the moist end for a second or so, then ran to the inkwell again and took a drink, then came back to the cigar; he repeated this performance several times and staggered away drunk as a lord.

Every night around midnight for the past nine months this cockroach has drunk from the inkwell on my desk and either sucked the moist end of my cigar or some moistened tobacco I place near the inkwell for him.

One of the boys found a tiny muskrat in the marsh back of the signal tower one day, and he brought it into the tower. The muskrat became very tame and proved a most affectionate pet. He slept on the desk near the telegraph instruments for over two years. Although he went out very often, he wouldn't stay long, and would scratch at the door until some of us would run downstairs and let him in. Unfortunately our pet was killed by a freight train while crossing the tracks near the tower one day.

After the muskrat died we brought in a tiny woodchuck that a trainman had captured out on the line, and he became very much attached to all of us, and, like the muskrat, he became a very clever and amusing pet. "Shuck" stayed with us two years, and finally he disappeared one day. Possibly some dog got him, or he may have been crushed by a train.

For the past 20 years an English sparrow has nested in the eaves of the tower, and this sparrow flies in and out of the tower at will, picks up bread crumbs on the floor and catches an occasional cockroach. What worries the tower men is that our pet sparrow may some day eat our pet cockroach.

Last year a toad hopped up on to the doorstep of the tower and sat there blinking. One of the boys fed him a fly and the toad gobbled it in an instant, and every afternoon all summer long that toad hopped up on to the step and ate flies as fast as the railroad men would feed them to him. The boys took turns and fed him in relays; the yardmaster said the boys were neglecting their work to feed the toad; but he became so fascinated watching the performance that he caught flies for an hour one day and fed the toad.

I'm afraid the toad will go hungry this summer if he shows up, for we're too busy moving war supplies to bother with feeding pets around a railroad yard.

Every stray dog that ever wandered into the yard has found a haven in the tower, and several litters of puppies have been born there.

We've had cats galore; one cat in particular was a snake catcher, and she brought in a snake nearly every day.

Stole Sugar by Bucketfuls.

Sugar thieves employed an ingenious method the other day at Launceston, Australia. A quantity of sugar had been bought for export but, ships not being immediately available, it was decided to store the stuff at the port. Accordingly huts were built on the wharves, but as the decking had shrunk somewhat, tarpaulins were first laid down, and then the sugar bags placed on this. The doors were locked, and a watchman placed in charge. When the time came to empty the sheds the bottom tier of bags were found flat and empty, with a slit in the under side. Each slit corresponded with one in the tarpaulin directly over spaces in the planking. The method of the sugar thieves was simple. When the tide was about half-way up the piles, a boat was taken under the wharves as near as possible to the stores, and then it was only a matter of crawling over the ties, knife and bucket in hand, until the right spot was reached.

Brave Act Rewarded.

Arthur G. Palmer, a water tender attached to the United States ship O'Brien was overboard and struggling in the water. A strong ebb tide was running and Palmer had all he could do to keep from going down. At the moment when he was near exhaustion David Goldman, a machinist's mate, second class, jumped overboard and, beating his way through the rough water, reached the man and brought him to safety. He has been commended by the secretary of the navy for this action. Goldman enlisted in the navy in 1911 at San Francisco.

Concrete Ship in Norway.

Commercial Agent Norman L. Anderson reports the launching of a 600-ton concrete ship from the Fougner yards at Moss, Norway. The ship has four water-tight compartments; the engine, a 220-horsepower Bolinder motor, is placed aft. The boat has two large holds and two hatches, each equipped with a two-ton motor winch.

ADVANCEMENT IN WESTERN CANADA FARM LAND PRICES

Stories of phenomenal advancement and prosperity in Western Canada have been told the reading public for some years past. The stories were told when there were hundreds of thousands of acres of splendid land adjacent to railways and projected lines, which could be had on the payment of a mere \$10 entry fee, and under cultivation and living conditions. As was prophesied then, the day has come when these are few. There are still available thousands of these; they are some distance now from the railways. The land is as good as ever, but pioneering conditions will have changed. A great many are still taking advantage of this free offer from the government. The story was told when good lands near lines of railway could be bought for from \$8 to \$10 per acre and the prophecy made that these prices would double in a few years, for the intrinsic value was far more than that. That day has come more quickly than expected. The immense crops of grain that could be raised has brought about the change, and the demand for low priced lands with maximum returns has prompted the keen purchaser as well as the owner of higher priced land from which no greater return could be looked for. Prices of land in Western Canada are still advancing, and will continue to advance until, of course, the limit is reached—when returns will warrant no further increase. That day is not far distant. But, in the meantime, there are large tracts of land owned by land companies and private individuals that have not felt the advance that has been shown in other districts. The opportunity to purchase these should not be lost sight of, and if there are those amongst the readers of this article, which is authorized by the Canadian government, who wish cheap land, such lands as produce from 25 to 40 bushels per acre, and will pay for themselves out of one year's crop, advantage should be taken of the present opportunity.

Coming to Alberta with his family thirteen years ago, his assets consisting of a small outfit and \$20 in cash, Mr. G. F. Malnberg has accumulated by farming and live stock raising assets to the value of more than \$300,000, and has a personal credit, worth on demand, \$100,000. He has not speculated in land, but bought only to farm. Near Blackie, Alberta, he operates 3,100 acres of wheat land. He has just purchased an additional 11,500 acres near Cardston, in Southern Alberta. His personal credit enabled him to finance this deal in Calgary in a little over three hours. The ranch just purchased is a fully equipped stock and grain ranch. At the present time it carries a thousand head of cattle and several hundred horses, and is fully equipped with buildings, machinery, corrals, sheep sheds, dipping vats, etc. That is a story from one district. Let us select one from a district some hundred or more miles from that.

Peter A. Klassen, who recently moved to Herbert, Sask., from Kansas, has purchased a section of prairie land in the Hillsboro district, about 24 miles northwest of Herbert, for which he paid \$12,000 cash. He is erecting temporary buildings to live in while putting the place in cultivation, and, this summer plans to erect good buildings on the farm and equip it for a home. Mr. Klassen recently sold his 80-acre farm in Kansas for \$15,000 and is investing the proceeds in Canada.

With the proceeds of the sale of his land in Kansas, this farmer purchased in Saskatchewan a piece eight times as large as he had previously been farming, and had a balance with which to

purchase equipment, stock, etc., of \$5,000. Moreover his land in Saskatchewan may be expected to yield twice as much grain per acre, he will be able to produce sixteen times as much as formerly.

The average value of farm land for the whole of Canada, including land improved and unimproved, together with dwelling houses, barns, stables and other farm buildings, is approximately \$44 per acre as compared with \$11 in 1916, according to the latest report of the Census and Statistics branch at Ottawa. The average value of land in the Prairie Provinces is as follows:

Manitoba\$31.00
Saskatchewan 26.00
Alberta 23.70

It is the low prices at which land can be obtained in Western Canada which is rendering this country such an important factor in the production of foodstuffs at the present time. It is enabling men who have been farming small areas in older districts to take up and farm with the same capital areas not only many times as great, but which are also capable of producing considerably larger crops to the acre.—Advertisement.

That Second Thought.

Head of the House (roaring with rage)—Who told you to put that paper on the wall?
Decorator—Your wife, sir.
Head of the House (subsiding)—Pretty, isn't it?

To Some Extent.

"Mrs. Gaddy claims that she made her husband." "So she did; she made a fool of him."

Girl students in New Brunswick are gathering sphagnum moss for use in surgical dressings.

KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This preparation is very effective, has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Some where.

Mrs. Flatbush—So your husband is "somewhere in France?"
Mrs. Bensonhurst—So I believe.
Mrs. Flatbush—But don't you know where?
Mrs. Bensonhurst—No.
Mrs. Flatbush—Don't you feel somewhat concerned?
Mrs. Bensonhurst—Why, no. When he was here I knew he was somewhere in America, but half of the time I didn't know where.

MILLIONS USE RED CROSS.
Millions of good housewives use Red Cross Ball Blue. Each year its sales increase. The old friends use it and tell others. Red Cross Ball Blue will make your old clothes look like new. Ask your grocer.—Adv.

One difference between a man and a woman is that a man grows to be fond of an old hat.

Experiments have shown that good paper can be made of grapevine.

Save the Babies

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. There can be no danger in the use of Castoria if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Hot Weather Hits Us Hardest in Stomach

Keep a close watch on your stomach this summer. We need all our fighting strength. War work—change of diet—will make us all easier prey to stomach and bowel trouble than ever before. It is so easy to become overheated on a blazing hot day, especially after eating a hearty meal. And then the excessive heat makes us flood our stomachs with all kinds of cold drinks. That's bad at any time; much worse—even dangerous—when there is the slightest feeling of stomach trouble.

Keep the stomach sweet and cool and free from too much acid—that's about all that is necessary. It's not so much the diet as to keep the poison from starting trouble. You can easily do this if you will just take a tablet or two of EATONIC after your meals.

EATONIC is the wonderful new compound that absorbs the harmful gases and juices and almost instantly drives away stomach misery.

Instead of sudden and painful attacks of indigestion, after you begin using EATONIC you'll forget you have a stomach. And there will be no more heartburn, food repeating, sour stomach, gas pains, or that lumpy, bloated feeling you have so often experienced after eating. Then your appetite—you know how hard it is to satisfy in hot weather—eat one or two EATONIC Tablets a half hour before meals—and you will enjoy the results and feel better in every way.

These are a few reasons why you should start using EATONIC today and fortify your stomach against the chance trouble this summer. It costs only 50c for a big package. Your druggist whom you know and can trust, will promptly refund your money if you are not more than satisfied.

Tired Nervous Mothers

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my household work."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.