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Packers' Profits Are Regulated

The public should understand that the profits of the packers have been limited by the Food Administration since November 1, 1917. For this purpose, the business of Swift & Company is now divided into three classes:

Class 1 includes such products as beef, pork, mutton, oleomargarine and others that are essentially animal products. Profits are limited to 9 per cent of the capital employed in these departments, (including surplus and borrowed money), or not to exceed two and a half cents on each dollar of sales.

Class 2 includes the soap, glue, fertilizer, and other departments more or less associated with the meat business. Many of these departments are in competition with outside businesses whose profits are not limited. Profits in this class are restricted to 15 per cent of the capital employed.

Class 3 includes outside investments, such as those in stock yards, and the operation of packing plants in foreign countries. Profits in this class are not limited.

Total profits for all departments together in 1918 will probably be between three and four per cent on an increased volume of sales.

The restrictions absolutely guarantee a reasonable relation between live stock prices and wholesale meat prices, because the packer's profit cannot possibly average more than a fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Since the profits on meat (Class 1) are running only about 2 cents on each dollar of sales, we have to depend on the profits from soap, glue, fertilizer (Class 2, also limited) and other departments, (Class 3) to obtain reasonable earnings on capital.

Swift & Company is conducting its business so as to come within these limitations.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

WE ALL SPEAK IT

Young Gridley's Letter the Real "United States."

Expert in English Composition May Have Had Some Criticism to Make But She Could Not Misunderstand the Meaning.

The members of the English class had filed out of the recitation room, with the exception of Gridley, who, by special request, was now standing at the teacher's desk.

To the casual observer, Gridley was a boy of about fifteen, with a wiry frame, a well-shaped head thatched with straw-colored hair, a large mouth and gray-blue eyes.

"I am surprised that you should offer this as an exercise in English composition," Miss Stanhope said with a note of sarcasm in her voice, pointing to several sheets of paper that lay on her desk.

"You told me to take any subject that I was interested in, if it was worth while, and then put plenty of time into it, and I did. It took me more than two hours," protested Gridley.

"I should hardly call the subject worth while," began Miss Stanhope. "It was the best game there's been this season," said Gridley.

"We will let that pass," the teacher continued. "What I object to is the language that you have used. What am I to make of such expressions as these: 'The south paw artist,' 'a free ticket to the initial bag,' 'Duffy was nailed at the plate,' 'two of the visitors crossed the pan?' Really, Gridley, do you call that English?"

Gridley's mouth widened in a grin. "I don't know about English, Miss Stanhope, but I guess it's United States," he said.

Miss Stanhope smiled herself, although she would have preferred not to. She took her specialty, which was English, very seriously, and it pained her when her pupils did not.

"It might be Choctaw, as far as I am concerned," she said. "It conveys absolutely no meaning."

"Why, didn't you ever see a baseball game?" exclaimed Gridley.

"No, I believe not," she admitted, and she perceived at once that her confession of ignorance was far more interesting to Gridley than any display of her knowledge had ever been. The happy thought occurred to her to take advantage of the fact. "No," she repeated. "I know nothing about baseball, but I should like to learn. Suppose you try being the teacher and see if you can make this all clear to me. You will have to begin at the beginning and be very patient with me."

"Do you mean it?" said Gridley, with the joy of the enthusiast in his eyes. Then for more than an hour he expounded baseball, while the English teacher faithfully groped her way to an understanding.

"You must think me very stupid," she said more than once, and Gridley, although he did not dispute her, redoubled his efforts to express his meaning in words fitted to his pupil's capacity. At the end of the hour Miss Stanhope was pretty well versed in the rudiments of the game, and, incidentally, Gridley had gained a little in English and a good deal in his liking for the teacher.

"I'll hand in a better composition next time," he assured her as he finally went his way.

The promised composition was duly received, although after the lapse of some four years, and it came from "somewhere in France."

"Perhaps you have forgotten me," Gridley wrote, "but I haven't forgotten you, or the hour that we spent one Friday afternoon, going over my baseball 'piece.' I little thought that I should not see you again, but we moved from the city quite unexpectedly the next week. Now I am farther away than ever from the old school. But here is the composition that I promised to pass in, not about baseball this time, but about the big war over here. I'm in a harder school than Bayport High and there's no chance to play hooky. But I'm glad to be here and it's up to me to make good."

Miss Stanhope accepted the statement, not for its elegance but as evidence of the serious purpose of Gridley—little Gridley of the straw-colored hair and the contagious grin.

"There will be something doing when we fellows get into the game," wrote Gridley, "and, take it from me, we will—and the Kaiser his all right."

The thought was badly expressed but Miss Stanhope thrilled at the spirit behind the words.

"It won't be long now before it is all over and I am back in little old America again," the letter went on.

The tears came to Miss Stanhope's eyes. "Ah, soldier boy," she thought, "it is well that you over there have faith, while so many of us back here have only hope. Perhaps your faith will help to make your prophecy come true."

"I guess," said Gridley, at the end, "that this won't take a very high mark as English, but," and the teacher, although her own eyes were a little dim, could almost see the twinkle in his gray-blue ones as he wrote the words, "perhaps it will get by as 'United States.'"—Youth's Companion.

There Are Others.

"My husband is sure some paradox."

"How's that?"

"He's so tight with his loose change."—Florida Times-Union.

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