THAT IS AMERICA!

Splendid Work in France Typical of Country.

Returned Soldier Tella Samething of Wonderful Doings in Which Every Citizen of Our Great Republic May Have Pride.

A soldier of the expeditionary force conversed with us the other night. He had been shot half to pieces. Never again will be be the same lad of swinging gait and vibrant life who went out for us. Yet the spirit of him was untouched.

As he talked he suddenly iffted the vell between us and far-off coasts-

From a port that had no docks of importance before the war we saw extend the new American-built wharves; mile on mile. Great ships were swinging in on hurrying tides. Thousands of men, many of them black giants from the South, the physical equals of any that ever bowed to labor, swarmed around them. Mountains of supplies towered on every side.

From those great docks ran a four-track railroad; heavy steel rails, heavy-timbered roadhed, rock ballast, steel clamped, graded perfectly, 400 miles across France to the roaring guns. Half way across that land the tracks were only two. Na pager station on that line—only the American highway for fighting millions, going up to battle, and their supply depots.

Every ounce of that metal, made in America, dug out of our hills by menlike those of New Hampshire, was smelted and forged and rolled had beaten to our uses and set down by the million tons in far-off places.

On that road ran cars upon which could have been laid two or three of the lesser cars of the Enropean lands. On it ran locomotives such as the world never saw, save in America. Their monstrous forms towered above the heads of the peoples of all the earth, who stopped, half in terror, as the great machines rolled by their ponderous drive wheels dwarfing the engineers that worked about them when they rested.

As he talked, this broken-bodied, whole-spirited soldier told of his return from the field. How he was rattled and bumped, and wrenched and farred as he went over the lightly built railway in the hospital train! Then there was a change. He felt the bump and pull of an American locomotive, felt the solidity of rock under his tortured body, the smooth rolling of wheels not to be mistaken; the localized, incarnated soul of America in unbending rails beneath the mighty engine and the swiftly running cars. The landscepe began to flash by as by magic. "Then." he said, "I knew I was all right. Something had

got ho'd of me."

That is America. The soldier that no wounds could dismay; the solid rock, the wonderful creation that made not only the highway for our power but the foundation of our free

republic As this shettered but strong-spirited lad told of the tranquillity that came with the bump and pull of an American locomotive, our hearts stirred. Who of us has not waited with bat poixed, the pitcher fumbling the ball meanwhile, to see one of our mighty locomotives go thundering past our improvised diamond? It was more than a locomotive-it was a symbol. Perhaps we did not fathern the symbolism of it, but we felt it. Here, at lest, is the interpretation, brought home by a soldier of the Union that in no small part has been made great by the vision, the daring, and the downwright work that conquered the wilderness, crossed the eastern mountains, swept over the prairies, mastered other and mightier mountains, linked the sunrise const to that of the sunset of steel, and converted a continent into a neighborhood by the American locomotive, brother of the one that picked up our wounded soldier and made him feel that "something had got hold of him." That "something" had got hold of the world. -Manchester Union.

Future Air Travel.

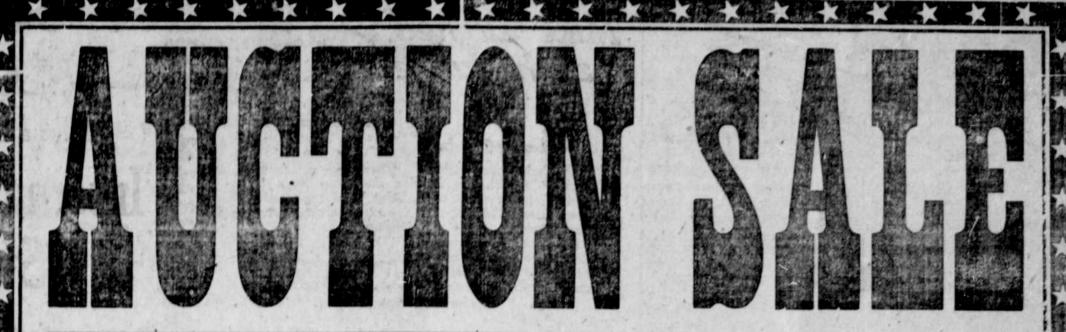
It is predicted that in ten-maybe five-years from now, the sky will be marked out in regular lines of air travel, as the earth now is handed with steel rails. Stations and earing houses probably will be established high in the air, where the big limiteds will draw up alongside captive dining balloons for the usual 25 minutes for dinner. Aerated water will be served. and even the prices will be infinted. In this vision is seen but one feature which harks back to 1918: The dining-room girls will still be wearing those solemn, ugly black dresses, radiafing the same old gloom even to the last table furthest back in the farthest

Why Didn't They Think of That?
Officer — The ground was simply shocking after the rain; we thought the battle would have to be post-

Lady — Well, do you know, we were in the same predicament the day of our Red Cross festival, but we had the foresight to cover the ground with straw.—London Opinion.

Two Ways

"Wasn't she opposed when she started out as a professional whistler?"
"Yes, but now she can crow ove:



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Three heifers

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Nine two months old pigs

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Fifty-five Leghorn Pullets

Seven shoats, averaging 125 pounds

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Fourteen head of sheep Fifteen head of goats

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