



The Western World

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SLACKERS ARE SLACKERS

Here and there throughout the
United States during the final efforts
of the recent Liberty Loan campaign
is noticed a city-dweller impression
that the farmers are laboring under
the delusion that the war is a rich
man's war and for that reason were
reluctant to buy bonds.

The farmers are just as intelligent
as the townspeople who sometimes
get the idea that because the man of
the soil does not always wear his
best clothes on all occasions, he is
lacking in comprehension, and forth-
with become virtuous missionaries to
instruct him. Rot!

The farmers have read the news-
papers and other sources of infor-
mation as carefully as the towns-
people and know about the causes
of this war and how President Wil-
son used all honorable means to keep
us out of it; and how the United
States only went into it when forced
to do so for the preservation of the
lives and property of American citi-
zens and to preserve the national
honor.

Any farmer who says this is a
rich man's war is the same man who
said the same thing when we expected
war with Mexico, and would say
it no matter what country we might
go to war with or what the provoca-
tion. Any man who makes that
statement is a slacker and is using
that as an excuse to cover up his
own lack of patriotism. It is no
more true of farmers than any other
class of citizens. Slackers are
slackers without reference to their
occupation in life and, unfortunately
there are some in every class.

WRITE A LETTER SUNDAY

There are two things the soldier
boy wants more than anything else
in the world—a letter from his
home folks and a copy of his old
home newspaper. The first brings
him the love he craves, the other the
news he longs for. Sunday, Novem-
ber 11, has been set aside as a day
when everyone is asked to write a
letter to their soldier relative and to
send him a copy of the home paper.

The home tie is the strongest that
the soldier knows. Keep it intact.
Help the army and navy Y. M. C. A.
in this respect. It is established in
every camp, at every cantonment
and follows or greets the soldier
wherever he goes. It is the nearest
thing to home he knows. A great
national drive for \$35,000,000 to
secure funds to continue and ex-
tend this work will be made between
November 11 and 19. Let the soldier
know that you are helping in this for
it means a great deal to him.

THE RIGHT IDEA

Here's a little good sound sense
coming from a high army official
at one of the big training camps:

"It is about time that people (es-
pecially females) wake up to the
fact that officers are down here for
the very serious purpose of learning
how to whip Germany, not for the
purpose of adorning parlors at pink
teas, or maintaining foolish corres-
pondence with sentimental members
of the feminine gender. A great
many good men failed to get con-

War Must Go On Until Liberties of the Future Are Guaranteed

By Senator P. J. McCumber of North Dakota

We cannot, we must not, emerge from this conflict
until the great nations of the earth have entered into
binding and solemn international obligation, signed
and sealed by each of them, defining and proclaiming
the inherent and inalienable rights of every nation,
great and small—the right of each to live and work
out its own destiny, free from the shadow of impend-
ing war or the danger of annihilation by some mighty
military neighbor; and that no nation shall rob a
weaker nation of its territory; that it shall not murder
its people; that it shall not deprive another of its inde-
pendence or infringe upon its sovereign rights. We must provide for
a court in which every international dispute must be settled and obliging
the world-family of nations to jointly enforce the decrees of such a court,
and thereby forever prevent the recurrence of such a holocaust of blood
as now incrimines Europe.

Unless this war is fought to such a finish, this conflict will have been
worse than in vain. Unless we are prepared to fight it to this finish,
we have committed a grievous crime against humanity and our own people
in ever entering it. We are battling for the liberty and happiness of
future generations. This generation is suffering that the next may live
under the reign of peace and justice.

If we allow this war to close leaving the situation just as it was
before the war, then we can rest assured that the same causes will bring
about the same result, and that our children must meet that which we
were unable, through inability or lack of courage, to settle. That we
must not do.

"Business as Usual" Not Good Slogan for United States in This Great War

By Frank A. Vanderlip, President National City Bank of New York

The sooner the public gets over the idea that we want "business as
usual," or can have "business as usual" during this great war, the better
for all.

We want to stop all unnecessary work and unnecessary expenditures
short off, and concentrate on the immense volume of work which has
to be done. Business men should get rid of any foolish fears that economy
will bring on a general paralysis of industry or trade.

The country should immediately awake to the fact that it has a
great task in hand, and that it cannot carry on a war like this with one
hand and continue to do all the business it did before with the other.

missions at Fort Blank because their
superiors noticed that they were
paying more attention to girls than
they were to army matters. The
young lieutenants should not be en-
couraged to bother about girls at
this stage of the game. They have
much more important work on hand.
"Perhaps the greatest scandal in
this connection is the number of
young girls still in their teens who
are allowed to come here and visit,
even at the hotels, with young army
men, without so much as a pretense
of chaperoning.

"The best service the women folks
can do for their country is to keep
their silly daughters at home, and
leave these men, officers and priv-
ates, alone so they may keep their
minds on the serious work of learn-
ing how to lick the Kaiser."

The sultan of Turkey has gra-
ciously conferred on the German
kaiser the diamond star of the 11th
Order, Turkey's highest war
decoration, and the Kaiser has de-
corated the Sultan with the star and
chain of the Hohenzollern order with
diamonds. The honors are even—
the hero of the Belgian and Lusitania
murders honors and is honored by
the hero of Armenian massacres. No
one will question the deserving of
the honors or the respective fitness
of the mutual donors and recipients.

The women and children of our al-
lies in Europe know hunger in its
most bitter forms. There is no need
that the women and children of
America should be hungry. They
may eat abundantly—but wisely and
without waste—and still save the wo-
men and children of our allies from
the extremes of hunger. That's why
every woman is urged to enroll as a
member of the Food Administration.

Your plans for dinner, Mrs. House-
wife, are just as important in their
way as General Haig's plans for a
night attack. Haig aims to get the
maximum of results with the mini-
mum of material. He uses plenty,
but he doesn't waste any. So should
you. That's the way you and Haig
will win this war.

That boy of yours who has march-
ed away to the war is going to face
poison gas and deadly flame. He
will endure all the terrors of modern
battle. That's his bit. Your bit,
perhaps, is to save one slice of bread
a day in order that he may not fight
in vain.

If American women fail to do their
part in this war, it will be their first
failure. President Wilson says the
most vital part they can play is to
enroll as members of the Food Ad-
ministration and "cheerfully accept
its direction and advice."

Refusal to sign the food conserva-
tion pledge can be attributed only
to ignorance or disloyalty. Normal
minded persons can find no other
excuse and still maintain a standing
as a good American citizen.

The woman who fails to aid the
Red Cross because she doesn't believe
in war, is as consistent as the one
who would refuse to call a physician
if her child were suffering from a
deadly disease.

The Moore mill has just acquired
forty million more feet of spruce.
That ought to build a few airplanes.

The military spirit seems to pre-
vail in everything these days.

What has happened to Jupe?

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

By LOUISE OLIVER.

Mrs. Irons, lingering over her cup
of coffee after her husband had left
for the office, sighed unconsciously sev-
eral times as the warm blossom-laden
breeze gently blew in the dining room
window.

Finally she shook herself free from
her reverie. Time was going and dishes
were to be cleaned up and she had
a full day's work ahead. She had been
so busy with emergency classes and
sewing for the soldiers that the spring
cleaning had had to wait. Now she re-
alized that if she wished to finish be-
fore very hot weather, she would have
to begin at once. The attic was
scheduled for today. Being a model
wife and housekeeper, it shocked her
immeasurably to think that so much
dirt should accumulate in her house.
And for several hours her broom flew,
her scrubbing brush rattled, and
chamols whined over the window
panes.

At last the dirt was "out," except
what had adhered to her, and she came
to the sorting-out process.

Reserve bed clothing had to be shak-
en out of its moth-ball coma, summer
garments ousted from trunks to make
room for furs, and accumulated "junk"
sorted for the ragman, keepsakes gone
over, laughed over or cried over and
replaced in their pasteboard boxes.

Mrs. Irons had come down as far as
the keepsake process.

On the floor in front of an old bu-
reau with yawning drawers, she sorted
letters and pictures of a time gone by
—carefree, mad, happy time of her
girlhood, when as Flora Fleming, she
had hearts strung aquiver, pierced by
the arrow of her charms. The hearts
had offered homage by the usual vari-
ous tokens that youth in love gener-
ally sends his lady, and Mrs. Irons now
fingered tenderly bunches of faded
flowers, strings of candy spoons, rep-
resenting on an average five pounds of
bon-bons apiece, photographs, etc.

And as the blossom-sweet breeze
blew languorously in she suddenly
found herself with a dry bunch of vio-
lets in one hand and a photograph of
Fred Mapleton in the other.

Why hadn't she married Fred? She
picked up the photograph again and
looked thoughtfully into the intense
eyes, and glanced rather fondly at the
dark hair waving back romantically
from the forehead. "If I had married
Fred," she reflected, "I wouldn't be
cleaning Emery Irons' attic. I'd be
roaming hand in hand with him 'mid
the 'blossoms of Normandy,' as he used
to say. Fred, I mean," and her heart
stirred uneasily. "I wonder why I did
marry Emery? Just because—well, be-
cause he insisted so, I guess. He's
that kind—makes everybody do just as
he wants. And, besides, Emery was
nice before he got so deep in business
and gray-haired and stout. But
Fred—" she sighed softly again and
shook her head. "I'm afraid I've mis-
sed something in life. I wonder where he
is and if—if he is married," she said,
tenderly laying the flowers and photo-
graph back in their box and closing
the drawer.

The bell rang and Mrs. Irons went
down, forgetting that she much re-
sembled a blue-checked beetle in a
night cap.

Looking through the net curtains on
the glass door, she identified her visitor
as an agent, and opening it rather
belligerently, armed with a round of
copper-tipped refusal, she suddenly
found herself voiceless and unable to
move with chagrin and astonishment.
Her caller was no other than her for-
mer sweetheart, of whom she had just
been so fondly reminiscing. Fred Ma-
pleton. Fred of the curly hair, pas-
ionate eyes and supple, graceful con-
tour, but now partly bald, eyes faded
and embedded in puffs of fat, a figure
rotund, but not portly, and clothes that
if they bespoke that their wearer had
taken the advice of Polonius, and that
his raiment was as rich as his purse
could buy, certainly attested to a short
bank account.

But it was neither the clothes, the
baldness nor the agent's case he car-
ried that fairly stupefied Mrs. Irons.
It was the eyes—eyes that spoke of in-
dulgence, soft living and decline, eyes
that had lost their temper—their man-
hood. She drew back involuntarily,
and he caught the motion.

"Is—the lady of the house in?"
he asked, hurriedly.

"N—no!" said Mrs. Irons faintly,
starting to shut the door. "I—I'm
sorry!" she added, rather compassion-
ately before the latch clicked.

The telephone rang three times be-
fore she answered. It was Mr. Irons.
"That you, Flo?"

"Yes, dear."

"What you doing?"

"Cleaning house."

"Oh, it's too nice—cut it out and get
somebody to do it. I've sort of got
spring fever—feel as moony as a two-
year-old. Let's get the car and run out
to Mayfair inn for dinner, just us two."
His voice was as firm and snappy as
fine steel. And Mrs. Irons knew the
clear, fearless look in his eyes. She
put her arm tenderly around the tele-
phone.

"All right, dear, I'd love it. I think
I've got spring fever, too. I'll get ready
right away. It's nice of you to think
of it."

After all, the world was just right.
Tomorrow she would finish the attic—
and there were some other things to
go to the rubbish man.

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A Wisconsin man has invented a
cane that folds into a stool.

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