

UNCLE SAM'S PARTNER



(Courtesy of Life and Charles Dana Gibson.)

Planting home gardens, producing more food, and saving food are all war-time efforts of this government in which the women of America have co-operated loyally. We are all in the home army; the home army here must help the fighting forces and home armies over there; 120 million Allies must eat.

HUNGER DRAWS THE MAP



A food map of Europe today shows not a single country in which the future does not hold threat of serious difficulties and only a small part which is not rapidly approaching the famine point. With the exception of the Ukraine only those countries which have maintained marine commerce have sufficient food supplies to meet actual needs until next harvest, and even in the Ukraine, with stores accumulated on the farms, there is famine in the large centers of population. Belgium and northern France, as well as Serbia, appear on the hunger map distinct from the rest of Europe because they stand in a different relation from the other nations to the people of the United States. America has for four years maintained the small war rations of Belgium and northern France and is already making special efforts to care for their increased after-the-war needs, which, with those of Serbia, must be included in this plan, are urgent in the extreme and must have immediate relief. The gratitude of the Belgian nation for the help America has extended to her during the war constitutes the strongest appeal for us to continue our work there. The moment the German armies withdrew from her soil and she was established once more in her own

seat of government the little nation's first thought was to express her gratitude to the Commission for Relief in Belgium for preserving the lives of millions of her citizens. Germany, on the other hand, need not figure in such a map for Americans because there is no present indication that we shall be called on at all to take thought for the food needs of Germany. Germany probably can care for her own food problem if she is given access to shipping and is enabled to distribute food to the cities with dense populations, which are the trouble centers. England, France, the Netherlands and Portugal, all of which have been maintained from American supplies, have sufficient food to meet immediate needs, but their future presents serious difficulties. The same is true of Spain and the northern neutral countries—Norway, Sweden and Denmark—whose ports have been open and who have been able to draw to some degree upon foreign supplies. Most of Russia is already in the throes of famine, and 40,000,000 people there are beyond the possibility of help. Before another spring thousands of them inevitably must die. This applies as well to Poland and practically throughout the Baltic re-

gions, with conditions most serious in Finland. Bohemia, Serbia, Roumania and Montenegro have already reached the famine point and are suffering a heavy toll of death. The Armenian population is falling each week as hunger takes its toll, and in Greece, Albania and Roumania so serious are the food shortages that famine is near. Although starvation is not yet imminent, Italy, Switzerland, Bulgaria and Turkey are in the throes of serious stringencies. In order to fulfill America's pledge in world relief we will have to export every ton of food which can be handled through our ports. This means at the very least a minimum of 20,000,000 tons compared with 6,000,000 tons pre-war exports and 11,820,000 tons exported last year, when we were bound by the ties of war to the European allies. If we fail to lighten the black spots on the hunger map or if we allow any portions to become darker the very peace for which we fought and die will be threatened. Revolt and anarchy inevitably follow famine. It is inevitable we will see the same happen in Europe as we have seen in the East. We must act now or we will have a worse world to live in.

NOW THAT WAR IS OVER, WE ARE APT TO SPEND UNWISELY

Need For Thrift Is Greater—War Saving Stamps Are Best Medium for Systematic Saving

Now that the war is over, what? Will the bonanza times for business keep up? Will we keep a-going along the high plane on which we have been sailing—wages up for the working man, prices up for the business man? The Saturday Evening Post in a recent editorial holds up a finger of warning to us. It says that it has been easier to do business at a profit in the United States these last few months than at any other period in this generation. "Pretty nearly from end to end it is a sellers' market," the editorial goes on; "whoever has goods finds a buyer at his elbow. All the haggling is to get goods, not to dispose of them. Rapid circulation of money makes collections easy. * * * "Now, no matter what else anybody may think about the future, it is certain that this condition cannot last. No tree ever does grow to the sky. Whatever else may happen, there must sometime come a period of stationary and declining prices and decreasing margins. "This is as certain as two times two makes four. It means an anchor to windward. Every person who does not take this time to lay up a surplus is inviting trouble." One of the surest, safest and most profitable ways to lay up that surplus is to get your money into government securities. We know these will be safe and we know that when we redeem them the money we take out of them will buy far more than that same amount of money would when we were putting it in. War Savings Stamps offer the ideal investment for all classes. The man who is able to put by only a mite at a time can start that mite to earning an income for him the minute he invests in the stamps. This county has not yet raised its quota in stamps. Must Uncle Sam argue with us to get us to do the thing we should be crowding each other for an opportunity to do? Must our neighbors and our fellows who have done their share be deprived of the right of the bronze tablet on our court house because we have slacked?

FATE—AND BILLY

By AGNES G. BROGAN.
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Some one had sent to Billy, a local town paper, and four thousand miles from home, incidents heretofore considered unworthy of attention, were read with absorbing interest. France, with its thousands of fighting comrades, its continued excitement and impending danger was a lonely place, lonelier than Bridgeburg had ever been. Seeming to stand out among the "personalities" was a familiar name, "Miss Elizabeth Brown," so the column announced, "was spending the summer with her aunt." "Elizabeth Brown," Billy wrinkled his brow perplexedly then memory came to him. "This was Betty Brown, of course, black-eyed Betty, his jolly companion of past vacations. Betty had come out from the city then to spend her summers with her aunt. To Billy "somewhere in France," came a vision of the town of his childhood, the white house with its flowers and vines, where saucy Betty had held sway. What sort of a young person had Miss Elizabeth Brown become? he wondered. With the acquirement of her first long skirt, her visits to Bridgeburg had ceased. Following a sudden impulse, Billy drew a card toward him. He would surprise her with a message from overseas. "Do you recall," he hastily wrote, "a youthful admirer, Billy West? Used to devote himself to you when you stopped in Bridgeburg. Well, this is from Bill. I'm fighting for Uncle Sam now, and a fairy has whispered your name to me over in France. Won't you send a line to cheer us along?" When the card was dispatched Billy wondered at his own temerity. "Oh, well, no harm done, she need not answer." But she did. "What do you know?" he murmured to himself, and perused the letter. Miss Brown honestly confessed that she couldn't recall exactly the identity of Bill West. But if he was the good-natured boy (handsome, slyly inserted Miss Brown) who used to let her tyrannize over him when she visited at Aunt Lucy's, she'd be glad now to make amends by adopting him in a certain way, as her soldier, forwarding to him little things which might add to his comfort, and being as desired, generally useful. "Of course," added Miss Elizabeth, "he must not consider her a foolishly romantic person or anything like that, for she was merely trying to help, in a spirit of pure patriotism. And if Mr. West knew of any other lonely soldier, her assistance could also be extended to him." Billy did not know of any. He hastened to tell her so. When he lay wounded in the hospital, his first thought, strangely enough, was of Betty Brown. There were many anxious letters awaiting response from near friends and dear, but Billy turned painfully to the nurse. "Please write to Miss Elizabeth Brown of Bridgeburg," he begged; "tell her I'm going back on sick leave and will see her soon." Billy's injuries were not serious, the doctor assured him, but his mending would be long and tedious. "Yes," he answered the eager question of the soldier's eyes, "you'll be back with us on the fighting line." Throughout his long homeward journey, Billy thought of the girl who had written him letters of inspiration and courage. "What a kind little soul she was!" Then Billy paused in his pleasant meditations. "Little?" How did he know? She might be tall, neither had Betty been prepossessing in appearance. His boyish respect, Billy realized, had been won by her sheer domination. He had fallen in love, yes, there was no doubt of it, with Elizabeth Brown, on paper. And she? She had confessed that romance dwelt not in her, she had been unable to honestly recall his identity. Billy sighed. "He would personally thank his bene-

factress for her letters, then perhaps, that would be the end." His own sister added to the quandary. "Elizabeth Brown who used to visit next door?" She answered his question. "Why she was married last week. They showed me the invitations!" White faced and more shaken in disappointment than he would have thought possible, Billy, the soldier, passed down the Bridgeburg street, then on, to his boyish haunt near the stream. A girl sat on the mossy bank. She was engaged in knitting, but she raised her blue eyes at Billy's approach, gravely regarding him; then she smiled. "I see you have followed me," said the girl. "I came away from home before you should call, in order to save you embarrassment. Last night only, I realized your mistake. When your return was mentioned, aunt referred to your boyish devotion to my cousin, Elizabeth, who has recently married." She laughed. "Probably my own visits escaped your notice, Mr. West, I was much of a child at that time. And so—" Elizabeth Brown arose to go, "we will consider the matter dismissed." Billy looked into the lovely face before him. It was of such a face he had dreamed, led on through nights of terrifying darkness, such a face, which had smiled promise through the light of his hospital window. "Fate sent to me the name of the woman I love," said Billy solemnly, and though Elizabeth Brown flushed scarlet, the glance she gave him was neither startled nor displeased.

Resurrection of Old Roman Port.

Ostia, the harbor of ancient Rome, is once more, by decision of the Italian government, to become a port, and Rome therefore once more a maritime city. To the harbor at Ostia, when Rome was mistress of the world, came the corn from Sicily and Sardinia, which, after Tibet silt and national indolence had let Ostia perish, was stored at Portus, the rival harbor, which also afterward fell into desuetude. It was the seizure of Rome's granary which enabled Alaric to impose his will on the Eternal city. Ostia began its existence in 640 B. C., and seems about to add another chapter to her history.

American Flyers.

This from Gen. William L. Kenly, United States director of military aeronautics: "There is no higher type of the aviator in the world than the American. The courage and the ability of the American flyer have won full recognition, and we may expect him to play a more and more prominent part in the war as it continues, because, after four years of fighting, the man power resources of our allies have been largely drawn on."

Food Lessons in Department Stores.

Department stores in many of the large cities have called on home demonstration agents to assist them in giving instruction in food conservation to their customers and employees. In some stores special rooms have been equipped where demonstrations are given and literature distributed. Attractive booths have been set in the aisles of others where exhibits of war cooking are shown and recipes are given out. The agents have window exhibits. In many places wheat substitutes have been featured in demonstrations, and each purchaser has been supplied with recipes and instructions for using them. Classes for employees after hours have been arranged.—Agricultural Department News Letter.

Wasting Money.

Corporal Joseph Cohen of New York and a platoon of men were in shallow trenches under heavy shell fire. A lieutenant ordered the men to keep under cover. Cohen stuck up his head and asked: "Say, lieutenant, how much does one of those shells cost?" "Several hundred dollars. Why?" "Well, I've been thinking about all the money the Boche is wasting that we could spend."

From the Court House the W. S. S. Tablet Speaks

No thundering voice is mine
To tell you of heroes dying
Up there in the firing line;
I tell of no Yanks' wild firing
O'er the Marne or Scheidt or Rhine.

No paean is mine to sing
To the eagle eye of the gunner;
No praise is it mine to ring
Of the death-defying runner
Who cheats death of her fling.

No gesture is mine to stress
The deeds of the clear-eyed sailor
Whose vigilance mothers bless—
The undersea captain's jailer
Who made the sea's dangers less.

Of the heroes at home I tell,
Those whom history has not reckoned—
The rear line that held so well
When its duty rose and beckoned,
And suffering the world befell.

I stand for this county's folk
Whose thrift kept the forces fighting.
The War Stamps they bought gave the stroke
That led to autocracy's blighting
And struck off the kaiser's yoke.

Hundreds Plan to Make Christmas Gifts of Stamps

Hundreds of persons in the county, according to the War Savings Stamps organization, are buying War Savings Stamps to send out along with their usual Christmas gifts. They are celebrating peace and victory by a double Christmas present—the usual gift to the recipient and the loan of their money to Uncle Sam. And it's making it possible for Uncle Sam to discharge his duty to the boys who made this double Christmas possible by bringing them safely home. Acceptable? Who wouldn't be glad to have a War Stamp for Christmas? Many who are signing the new pledge cards have told salesmen they plan to put whatever money gifts they receive into Uncle Sam's hands for five years.

Says Miss Speedy—
A word from our little Miss Speedy: "As long as our Uncle is needy Make War Stamps your present And shopping is pleasant." A hunch that you couldn't call speedy.



A Good Photograph will last much longer than the original. Have them taken at the GEM STUDIO 730 Phila. Street, - - Indiana, Pa. Opposite Moore Hotel