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Right is More Precious than Peace"

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

It is not strange mortal man in ch a dog-day stress of heat as we ve been having should inquire Where Heaven is?"

Do you know this has been the bestion of hope for uncounted and countable ages.

As it is not within the realm of ographical knowledge, no one has en able to fix its latitude or longide. Some are sure it is up among e stars; and others are just as sure is down among contrite human arts.

Three great religions have been unded in India and yet the three cestial destinations of man were disct pictures of as many dreams of pe.

He who spoke as no man ever spake fore said: "Heaven is within you!" is more than a condition of hope, r it is a spiritual condition of harony.

Where Heaven is, is of less consetance than whether we ourselves are purpose and mood heavenly.

No subject has been given more ought by the minds of men than is, not one has so perpetually refled them.

The spiritual treasures of the heart hich endure through eternal life are arity, piety, temperance and soberss.

It is very generally agreed that e are as near to heaven as we are r from self, and far from the love a sinful world."

We shall find it much easier loting ourselves than locating the y of God.

SOLDIERS' MAIL.

Every properly written letter sent a soldier is a force for victory.

For this reason the military mail rvice should be the most dependand sure.

There is some difficulty on both les of the sea. At home we should sure that the indefinite directions made full and legible. Abroad re is trouble in times like these tracing the troops; but the troop' mail should be kept on the move possible.

The soldier whose mail has not ched him, who has not had one ter since he crossed the Atlantic, been caused unnecessary pain ough the carelessness or blunder some one.

The home letter to the soldier is re than a joy—it is a vision of all holds dear; and it is an inspiration him to dare and to do to the it.

Care on the part of every one conned should be taken in having the ldiers' letters correctly directed d as speedily forwarded as possi-

SUNDAY DRESSING.

Until Sunday was made a day of t for man it could not have become day for dress.

s God's day it became a blest day as man's day a dressy day, and in s age everybody plans to have ir "Sunday go-to-meeting clothes." is a good thing for the tailor and all mankind.

Now there rises a prophet who tells that the well Sunday-dressed buss window is an object of cheer to d women who have worked all the k and go out to see the sights, ce the stores should all have their nday-go-to-meeting dress, too!

This idea will prove shocking to ny devout and serious people, but thless all would become as actomed to it as the Sunday automobile, and possibly it is no more ridiy or condemnable than Sunday seball!

The flowers bloom, the birds sing the heavens gleam with color on nday and why should not the Sun- shop window glint and glow to ase the eye and cheer the soul?

OUR EDUCATIONAL NEEDS.

The most intelligent people of all ntries recognize that in our religs and civic education we are not lly meeting the requirements of people.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., when he s there is too much formality in church and not enough spiritual- that the quality the people need should be more abundant, touches thousands of hearts.

And Sir H. Rider Haggard, of England, says: "True education, if it is to prove really helpful to a man or woman, and therefore to the nation, must have a moral side, something that strengthens the character as well as stores the mind with the details of various sorts of learning."

Millions of people are recognizing thought as a restoring and redeeming force—the foundation of character, the inspiration of all business and good government, the elixir of efficiency to meet every human and governmental exigency.

The moral capacity as well as the mental should be developed by our educational systems.

TO KNOW THE BIRDS.

Many people who cannot find time to go to the woods to know the birds by a little tact bring the birds to their homes.

It is too late to plant flowers to lure them by their seeds; but it is not too late to put out in a safe and shady place a large pan of fresh water for them to drink or to bathe in.

The fact that birds find these conveniences and sources of food in back yards and on lawns shows what keen detectives they are of friendly human aid.

Wherever a bit of ever fresh water can be established in a quiet place a great variety of birds will come to enjoy it because it saves them a longer flight. Convenience is appreciated by birds as well as by other creatures.

There is no flower like the sunflower to attract native birds, and the birds of passage between now and September; and the cornflower is a goldfinch flower as really as the snap dragon is a bumble-bee flower, or the petunia a moth flower.

If you like birds try this.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

This war is giving us a good opinion even of the swine.

The Huns spare no one—why should they be spared?

Pat Riot can always trace his lineage back to the Emerald Isle.

String beans grown on Boston Common must be something of a rarity.

What Kaiser Karl needs is Pep! He might borrow some from the Bohemians.

The reconstruction period which is sure to follow the war will be no mean problem.

Only one-sixth as many people are taking booze in England today as took it in 1914.

The August cricket as a herald is prompt and shrill. He says: "Six weeks to frost!"

Sensible people go slow on meats and stimulants of all kinds when a hot wave is on.

Dandelion roots are 23 cents a pound. This makes some lawns look like a gold mine.

The call for five million American soldiers is a bugle-blast sure to be heard in Germany.

The forces of evil have often put up a mighty front in this world, but have always failed.

As a political figure Mr. Hearst seems to be more appreciated in Berlin than in America.

More ships were launched in July than were ever launched before in a year in this country.

The K. of C. slogan: "Everybody welcome and everything free" is hearty enough for anybody.

Oklahoma has twelve candidates in the list for the governorship. The war spirit manifests there.

Germany is suffering from dementia for which blood-letting is good. Uncle Sam will perform the heroic operation.

The Marne has proved to be a dead line to the Kaiser's forces. Wonder if three times and then out will be the record?

An officer of a British warship complains that Boston girls are too shy and uncompanionable. They do not take chances.

For eight and a half dollars a week a young woman in Washington, D. C., may get a bed in a tent and two meals a day!

Those who petition God to be with them should be sure they are right. It is a safer and higher ambition to try to be with Him.

Candy dealers have been requested to sell but one pound of candy at a time. The five-pound box is a departure from patriotism.

A Massachusetts man has tried vacuum suction upon potato bugs and it gathered them in superbly. Easier and safer than poison.

Ten thousand postmasters have been added to the civil service list. If 10,000 were tested by it the service might be greatly improved.

A Haverhill, Mass., coal dealer wants to collect 100,000 tons of coal for an emergency. Says he'll land the coal by Sept. 1st if he is given the order.

Those who still think woman's sphere is the kitchen should be notified that four women have been arrested as part of a gang holding up a train in Missouri.

John McCormick says "No man can hate Germany as I do and stay out of the war." The government orders him to sing rather than fight for victory because in that way he can do most.

Only one flag is allowed to float above the American flag—the flag of the church during the times of divine service. This is a symbol of respect for religion. God isn't open to flattery.

Dr. Davis, the Kaiser's American dentist, says that one of the Kaiser's sons was actually wounded, Prince Joachim, the youngest. He was slightly wounded in the thigh, but it will enable him to limp through history. "See what one of your damned American bullets did to me," he exclaimed to Dr. Davis, referring to the complaint that America manufactured Russia's fire arms. —Waterbury American.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

It is possible to note pleasing incidents from the window of a trolley car. It is not so long ago that I saw a pretty, neat, well-dressed little girl from a trolley car window whose dress and dark hair and olive complexion indicated that she was of Italian parentage, approaching a carriage left upon the walk with an infant therein with a ruffled cap enveloping its head, and bright face and angelic eyes, and it may have been "goo-ing," as speechless infants do. She gently lifted the ruffle about the forehead of the baby, spoke a word and smiled. There could have been no reply. The little maid gracefully stepped back from the carriage and curtsied to this strange baby as though she was conscious that it was of angelic origin, or that it might have come from Heaven; and then went on her way. This was a pretty sight, innocence greeting innocence so finely and formally on a city street prompted apparently by love, and as unconscious of the strolling vagrants and lumbering noises of the street as if they had no existence.

Do not be a stone around the neck of that boy of yours at the front. The government expects you to be brave. Sherman said "War is hell!" It is, and always will be, to mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts at home, as well as to the loved ones at the front. The brave are not only those who do and dare, but those who grieve and bear. Stout hearts have always backed up our American boys—hearts that love them, and dream of them here and follow them "Over there;" and the heroism of these home letters equals the heroism of our fighting men at the front. When you write, tell them of the cheerful things and let them gather the confidence and hope and faith which makes them strong—which makes secure the morale of the American army. What a force is represented by the true hearts of these women at home, firm for right, true to honor, loyal to the flag, and strong in counsel! The women behind the men must be right if we expect the men behind the guns to be.

It is being noted that there is a scarcity of English sparrows in all parts of New England not to be explained by the human campaign against them, nor wholly attributable to the severity of the winter of 1917-1918. I have not seen an English sparrow upon my premises the past summer although they have found protection and food there for the past ten years. They have deserted the old swamp-maple tree hole in which they have had two or three broods a year, and the old bluebird house which they drove the bluebirds from several years ago, and have since occupied summer and winter. No single pair of English sparrows can drive a pair of our native bluebirds from their home. The bluebirds battled for a week against every English sparrow combination. They are the Huns among small birds and fight for one another. We have not had upon the premises one-half the number of starlings which visited us the previous year. There is something strange about the disappearance of the sparrows and it is likely to be quite difficult to account for it.

It was in June that I became interested in a group of boys of foreign parents on the outskirts of the city were wearing wild roses—a single rose—in their hat bands. They were not well dressed, were barefooted, and in city parlance were likely to be referred to as urchins; but any boy who loves a rose for its fragrance or its decorative beauty has a quality of soul that is worth having. I recognized that this was not an American habit; but the habit of boys in the valleys of Italy or on the highways of France where wild flowers are abundant and the fancy for color and adornment is prevalent among the common people. Somehow that one wild rose in the hat band of each boy made me feel akin to them, made me sense that deep within them abode a love of beauty, which to them might be a joy forever. The Anglo-Saxon race is inclined to regard anything of this sort as being effminate, and in its disregard for beautiful trifles it has lost a quality of everlasting value.

We have divided the people of the earth into good and bad people Dr. W. T. McElvelin affirmed recently: "You can no more educate a bad man into a good man than you can educate a buttercup into a butterfly." This does not mean that bad men are beyond redemption, but that mental change is not the thing, yet a change of heart is. Perhaps the best symbol of a good man and a bad man is light and darkness, or intelligence and ignorance. There is very much less willful sin in the world than most of us imagine. "It is not only what we do," says Moliere, "but also what we do not do, for which we are accountable." Our sins of commission are nothing compared to our sins of omission which crush spiritual impulses and make us negative to good, when we should be positive for it. Most of the woes of mankind are traceable direct to ignorance. It is the appeal to the heart which stirs men's souls, not the appeal direct to the intellect.

What shallow stuff ordinary talk is. Perhaps man's talk about the weather and woman's talk upon the styles are good average samples. What do we know about the weather, anyhow. We do not know what the earth needs for weather, or seem to realize what the earth needs may be good for us whether we enjoy it or not. We complain when it is too cold, too dry, or too wet, and grumble because it does not meet our wants instead of our necessities. If it did what do you suppose would happen? Thoughtless chat is all he go, and talking about things worth while instead of our neighbors makes us popularly known as "nuts" or "cranks." Man is guilty of saying a thousand things every day that are not so for the sake of sustaining his pretenses and hearing himself talk. We enjoy the sound of our own voices and do not think as seriously as we should of the quality or effect of our utterances.

It was Hiene who expressed the opinion that Judaism is not a religion but a misfortune; and in the face of the present claim of the Germans that through Luther and Lutheranism that nation has become like the Israelites a chosen people to do the will of God, the same thing may be said of it. We must either stop teaching "God is the same yesterday, today and forever," or else we must decline to accept that theory that Jehovah is a partial God. It is and always will be folly for Christians to quarrel about the character of God, for it is up to them to glorify the divine truths which have been revealed to man, and to prove that the Christ in all his promises promulgated truth. He was all He claimed to be, or He was nothing but an imposter. He cannot be fashioned to suit us, because the divine decree is that we must become like unto Him. God is not like unto us because the infinite doesn't need finite qualities.—We need His spiritual illumination! We need His truth, and when we obey the Golden Rule war will be at an end.

If you are not feeling well and wish to be worse let your condition prey upon your mind and your tongue convey to your friends how miserable you feel! And the more attention you give to your "feelings" the worse you will get. It is good medicine to pay little attention to slight indispositions and to give one's whole attention to things which need it. There is no bore worse than the invalid who insists upon constantly talking about how he feels to his friends; and it is because the talk makes them sick that they lose sympathy for him. More people have become chronic invalids by exploiting their disordered feelings than the world realizes. The person who is wearing friends out by a recital of their woes are wearing themselves out, too. Suppression of thoughts concerning things disagreeable is both wise and profitable. Many an invalid who has stopped talking of self has been surprised by getting well.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

About That Town Team.

Mr. Editor: I chanced to be near at hand when Selectman James Gorman broke all established precedents by discharging the town team.

I happen to know that Mr. Gorman did not (do as many say he did) use rough language; he simply told the driver that his team must work nine hours a day in order that the town farm get $7 for it. He most strenuously objected to paying a day's pay to a man and team for six hours' work.

One word brought on another until Gorman sent the team off the road and told his men to go home until he could secure a team that would give the taxpayers full value for their money.

There was no profanity, no abusive language, simply the man was asked to work, not loaf; and, refusing to put in full nine hours, he was discharged.

"No other selectman ever dared to do such a thing," has been heard quite often for a few days past, but that is wrong. There was once a selectman by the name of Briggs, Hon. B. R. Briggs, to be more accurate, who did the same trick. Work or no pay was his order, just as in the case of Mr. Gorman.

Such deeds show why nearly 300 people use a pencil at a town election to write the name of a man not nominated on the republic and democratic tickets.

CITIZEN.

Plainfield, Aug. 8, 1918.

A LITTLE PET

By A. G. L ias.

We found her during the Great Retreat. It was Private Manning who brought her to me and proposed to adopt her for the company.

"Certainly we'll take care of her," said I, "till we can find a proper home for her."

"Yew see, sir," he went on, "she 'on't eat much in t' way o' rations, an she'll ride werry comf-rable on t' top o' my pack. I reck'n 't 'd be crool t' leave her t' Boche, an' her on'y two or three months owld, an' all."

"Where did you find her?" I asked.

Private Manning pointed with the bowl of his inevitable pipe back towards the village from which we had just started after a short halt for something to eat.

"Dost tha see that hoose wi' t' little rick aside yu, sir?" he said. "She were a settin' there just agin t' rick, an' cryin' like a wild thing. She seem quieter like now, t' little pet, doan' she, sir?"

When the retreat at last came to an end I had lost half my company and my battalion into the bargain. Instead I had amassed some two score Labor men, a handful of Engineers, a dozen artillerymen, and an assortment of other infantry, including two stray pistoons belonging to different companies of my own battalion, the remainder of which began to turn up some six hours later.

Private Manning was almost the last of my men to make his appearance. He turned up some three days afterwards, when we had quite given up hope of ever seeing him again. Those who have welcomed in the stragglers after a heavy spell of fighting will know how we greeted him—when men have much to mourn they are very glad of an opportunity for rejoicing.

After a while I asked him about his pretegee.

"Dead, sir," he said. "Do yew think I'd'a' coom back wi'oot her?"

"Tell me about it," I urged; "and begin at the beginning."

"Right yew be, sir," said Manning. "Yew remember them cross-roads by that 'ere dead tank?"

"Shall I ever forget them?" I answered. "Where that Boche 'plane dropped those bombs and stampeded the horses, you mean?"

"That werry same, sir," said Mannings. "Well, I caught a hold o' two o' they hosses an' cut 'em loose from t' wag'n, which had both t' hinder wheels in t' ditch, an' whin I looked round arter yew, I couldn' see nothin' but a line o' wag'ns. Howsomedever, they were all a-goin' one way like so I went with 'em, hopin' to coom oop wi' yew later on in t' neeght. I went straight ahid till I coom to a little village, where I reck'ned to hev a sleep, I was that aweary. So I watered t' hosses an' give 'em a feed I'd a-brought from t' wag'n, an' tied 'em to a gate. There won't no Frenchies in t' hosses, so I jest borrered a bed an' had a right good sleep. . . . ."

"Well, never mind," I said; "get on."

"An' I wouldn' say I didn' scrounge a little owd hin, f'r supper, neither," he continued. "Dost tha not mind that neither, sir?"

"Not in the least, Manning," I said valiantly; "only perhaps you'd better not tell me about it."

"I 'on't then," said he with a grin; "nor aboot t' breakfast, though it wor a doonright good un. A dom good feed we had—all six on us. An A.S.C. lad what'd lost his wan, two artilleries, a couple o' pigtails an' me, not forgettin' t' little pet who didn' take nothin' but a drop o' milk."

"What! Chinamen?" I asked.

"That's them sir," said Manning. "I couldn' remember t' name. Cooh, they could cook, they two. . . ."

"What did you do with only two horses among the six of you?" I asked.

"Some un had a-took they hosses durin' t' neeght, sir," explained Manning. "So us had to goo afoot. Cooh, the wrackage along that 'ere road! I never did see 't' like. There was wag'ns in t'ditch," he went on to say; "an wagns in t' road, an' dead hosses, an' men, an' rifles, an' ammynition.

. . I give them two pigtails a rifle apiece, an' larnt 'em how t' fire 'em. They worn't so slow, neither. But they wouldn' hev no fixin'; said t' baynit were better like a knife, an' I ain't so sartain sure they hain't right. . . . Well, sir, we hadn' gone a matter of a coople o' hoondred yard afore I found I left my little pet behind, so I had t' goo an' fetch her. As I wor a-coomin' back arterwards, I jest happened t' look around an' I seed a gret party o' Boches a-ridin' doon t' road, like as if it belonged to 'em. Well, sir, I run back to my pals an' we got t' arth an' waited till they coom roond t' corner. Then we opened cot on 'em. My owd Lewis worked a fair treat an' t' other lads fired rapid manful. Fritz, he soon had enow an' went a'gollopin' f'r Berlin—some on 'em. T' rest couldn'. So we went on agin, an' I took t' little leddy oot o' t' pack where she'd been a-scrichin' ter'ble durin' t' firin,' an' she goed asleep in my arms wonnerful contented. Nothin' more happened that arternoon"—he saw me looking puzzled, and added, "Yew see, sir, we was that awearied we slep' rayther late i' t' mornin'," and then went on:

"I seed a main o' Boches away ahid on us about six o'clock, so we struck off t' road ontil we coom to a little owd lane a-leading westerly. Coom t' neeght, we found a bit village an' slep there. . . . I reck'n I' d better say nowt aboot t' supper, had I sir?"

"Perhaps not," I replied; "But I've no doubt you over-ate yourselves."

"I doubt we did, sir," said Manning; "an' slep' fit t' match t' eatin', all 'cept t' little pet, who'd had nowt but her ration o' milk—a drop o' Nestle's Ah foond in t' estaminet. She didn' seem t' hanker arter t' bit o' chich'n I give her: went t' sleep astead, she did. So when she wook me oop wi' her scrichin' in t' middle o' t' neeght, I reck'ned she must be hungry, an' got oop t' give her a sup o' suthnn to eat. Lordamussy, will yew believe it, there was a gret Boche a-standin' at t' door. Ah doobt he didn' know if I weren' Boche myself, but I reck'n I soon larnt him when I let oot a holler to wekken t' other lads in t' nex' room. Then he hollered too, an' I hard his pals holler back from t' road. I reck'n I wor a bit scared like them, an' I couldn' see no more, f'r t' moon went ahind a clood. I hadn' got ma goon, neither, an' I misremembered where t' was in t' dark. Sarchin' f'r it, my hand hit t' little un, an' she set up scrichin' louderer 'an ever. Then t' Boche an' I started playin' 'touch 'round that owd room—me a-lookin' f'r t' goon an' him f'r me, an' all t' whiles t' scrichin' goin' on suthun ter'ble. I reck'n t' Boche must ha' follered t' scrichin' fust of all, an' he foond t' poor little pet jest as one o' his pals coom along with a torch. Then I seed un catch her oop in 's hand an' throw her doon an' tread on her. Ah seed ma goon too, an' I reck'n he didn' live long arter, t' black-hearted villain. I wor that mad I c'd ha' killed un wi'oot ma goon. Then t' other lads coom along, an' we had t' purtiest scrap ever yew did see, a-gettin' oot o' that 'ere hoose—them there thingummies were a fair treat wi't' bay'nit—

"Well, I doobt there ain't nothin' more to tell yew, sir," he went on after a pause to relight his pipe, which had gone out during the story. "Arterwards we coom along peaceful, seein' nowt but a stray Boche here an' there, till we happened on t' Frenchies t' day afore yesterday. They give us a good feed, a wash an' a sleep, an' here Ah be, sir."

"But what happened to your five pads?" I asked.

"They coom along o' me in t' wan, an' went on t' their own hoams, I reck'n," said Manning.

"Do you know what units they belonged to?" I inquired. "And what were their names?"

"I doan't know t' units, sir," said Manning; "but I reck'n we called them two thingummies Chink an' Wink. I doobt they' worn't t' right names, somehow, though. An' t' other lads, let me see, now," he went on, taking off his cap and scratching his head thoughtfully. "There was Bill, him what'd lost his wan. An' t' two artilleries; blast it if one o' them worn't Bill too an' t' otherun mebbe it were Sandy an' mebbe it were Andry —I can't rightly remember. He wor a Scotch, anyway. . . . . But t' kitten, I called her Em'ly, arter my owd 'ooman'."—Westminster Gazette.

STORIES OF THE WAR

How Women Distribute Supplies.

Taken from Peggy Shippens in the Philadelphia Ledger:

We were off early the next morning with an immense load for Crepy-en- Valois, then from that point to Pierrefonds, and further, to Cruise-la-Motte, leaving supplies everywhere —the director going ahead in his touring car.

The roads are worn almost past the point of travel, and there is now no time to mend them. The congestion is beyond words and cannot be imagined by any one who has not seen these military roads. Thence we are told to go to a place called Montigny, and we went the direct road, which was a most unfortunate mistake, as it took us right into gunfire; the control thinking that we were an ambulance did not stop us.

I can assure you I turned that car with alacrity and dispatch. I quickly started up another road, only to see those nasty black shells coming after us again. So we turned once more and made a wide circuit. Finally we got to the dugouts for which we were looking. These are full of soldiers and such a nice "Foyer," underground lighted by candles. We received a warm welcome, as we always do; but the colonel advised me, if we would not stay to dinner, which must entail returning in the dark, to leave at once, as the shelling usually began about that time. Therefore, feeling that we had had about as much shelling as we could stand for one day, we started back.

But I imagine that our truck must have been spotted for the last, shell sounded as though it had landed on our tailboard. Mrs. Work was great. She never said a word, but looked too funny in her resolute expression, and I could not help laughing.

We thought we would pass the night at Pierrefonds, and the Major de Cantonnement gave us the key of the hotel. We found it quite nice and made ourselves comfortable. Then we went up to the chateau, where there is an American ambulance section and begged for some dinner, as we were famished. The boys were so nice and so glad to see us, and we dined and breakfasted in the courtyard of that exquisite chateau. Next morning we went to Crepy for another load, and in the woods there we passed that day around Villers-Cotterets, running back to Paris late that evening, tired, but knowing that we really had done much to cheer up many of our troops. As the poilu says: "On est si content de savoir que quelqu'un s'occupe de nous." ("One is so glad to know that some one thinks and works for us.")

Mrs. Rodgers adds they had a call for help that morning, stating the new offensive was on and they were needed. It was too late to do anything profitable that day; but on the morrow Mrs. Swan and Mrs. Rodgers were to start for—where? They knew not. They were helping others to the limit of their possibilities, as we all feel here and over there that this is no time to stand on nice distinctions or rules. One must meet the need in what ever shape it presents itself.

The Austrian navy has built the largest floating crane in the world, mounted on a self-propelled barge and with a lifting capacity of 240 tons.

DAVIS THEATRE
4—SHOWS TODAY—4
1.30, 3.15, 6 and 8 P. M.
The Big Super Mystery Play
DOROTHY DALTON
IN
THE KAISER'S SHADOW
A 5 Part Ince Production Dealing with the German Spy Propaganda in this Country and the Splendid Work of Our Own U. S. SECRET SERVICE
J. BARNEY SHERRY
In the 5 Part Triangle Drama
"HIGH STAKES"
CURRENT EVENTS
LATEST ISSUE—LATEST NEWS

OTHER VIEW POINTS

The kaiser assures his people that the U-boats will preserve the American soldier from reaching France in force. The kaiser knows by now that, despite the U-boats, the Americans already in France number over 1,000,000 men. More than 200,000 Americans participated in the second victory at the Marne. When it is necessary for the kaiser to deny the known truth in this inescapable manner, it must signify that he is making a desperate effort to remove a widespread depression already existing in Germany over the threat of more American military power coming.—Waterbury Republican.

The country will put 200,000 men in military training in September and 150,000 each month from October to December. This drain upon our agriculture and industry will now be ready as long as the war lasts. Not only must wastage be replaced but the army must be built up as rapidly as possible to the 5,000,000 total which it is now estimated will measure our minimum need for troops.

We can find the men and those who are left behind must work harder and faster to make up for their loss and to keep them fed and supplied.

By the summer of 1919, vacations will become unpopular, and idlers will be under close scrutiny.—Waterbury Republican.

Hot Weather Rules For Horses.

1. Load lightly, and drive slowly.
2. Stop in the shade if possible.
3. Water your horse as often as possible. So long as a horse is working, water in small quantities will not hurt him. But let him drink only a few swallows if he is going to stand still. Do not fail to water him at night after he has eaten his hay.
4. When he comes in after work, sponge off the harness marks and sweat, his eyes, his nose and mouth, and the dock. Wash his feet but not his legs.
5. If the thermometer is 75 degrees or higher, wipe him all over with a damp sponge, using vinegar water if possible. Do not wash the horse at night.
6. Saturday night, give a bran mash, lukewarm; and add a tablespoonful of saltpetre.
7. Do not use a horse-hat, unless it is a canopy-top hat. The ordinary bell-shaped hat does more harm than good.
8. A sponge on top of the head, or even a cloth, is good if kept wet. If dry it is worse than nothing.
9. If the horse is overcome by heat, get him into the shade, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs, and give him two ounces of armatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water; or give him a pint of coffee warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water, or, if necessary, chopped ice, wrapped in a cloth.
10. If the horse is off his feed, try him with two quarts of oats mixed with bran, and a little water; and add a little salt or sugar. Or give him oatmeal gruel or barley water to drink.
11. Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sun stroke and needs attention at once.
12. If it is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, tie him outside, with bedding under him. Unless he cools off during the night, he cannot well stand the next day's heat.

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