Love and Uncle Sam

By KATHARINE EGGLESTON
Of The Vigilantes

Dear mothers of soldier boys, wives of soldier men, sweethearts of soldier lovers, with the arms of our love round each other, let us reason together. From some of us, surely, love's supreme sacrifice will be demanded. But it is not giving our best to death; it is seeing the soldier come home crippled or blind or deaf. Every heart among ours aches in the giant grasp of pain at the thought.

In the streets of London before this war began, there were crippled and blinded men, pitifully capitalizing their infirmity as they thrust their bit of green or bunch of lead pencils forward to cover the fact that they were beggars. In every other country where war has laid its devastating weight, there are such men. Even here, where we have pensioned the veterans of the Civil war, we have the tragic evidences consequent on men's knowing that they are not helping in the world's work.

These were the sons of mothers like you, the husbands of wives like you, the lovers of sweethearts. For a month or a year, the glory of their sacrifice burned brightly around them. They were heroes in love's eyes. They were petted and appreciated. Then, the routine of life swept on. The other men went back to business. Their wives and their mothers and their sweethearts went on with life accompanied by the agreeable support of their money-producing efforts. Perhaps the men tried to make places for the maimed companions.

But the dimming thoughts of the war were the mist that began to shut the maimed ones away from participation in the life where they could render no service. The women who loved and clung to them had to find work to support themselves and the heroes. And, even they grew less conscious of the heroism and more conscious of the strain of making ends meet.

Worse, yet, a deterioration set in within the mind and heart of the hero. It was not his fault that he could be of so little use. He had given more for his country than some of the men who were blessed with the favor and comfort resulting from active service and the accumulation of a competency. Bitter or discouraged or else just slipping without much resistance into the position of grocery-store loafer and courthouse lounger, the hero of a time forgotten became a kind of tolerated zero in the life of his community—or an actual nuisance.

Dear mothers, wives, sweethearts, this is not a picture too highly colored. You know of men far-fallen from the heroic days when they came home bearing the signs of their great giving. Then, what would I whisper to the deeps of your heart so sacred to your soldier-men? By the strength of the love you bear them, save their glory untarnished!

How? There is work that a man without a leg can do with his two hands. There is work that a man bereft of sight can do by the sense of touch. There is work that a man whose arms are gone can do with his feet. Our blessed heroes can be taught work that will, in some instances, make them even more able to earn than they were before the war. The government is looking after this.

Then what can we do, mothers, wives and sweethearts? We can—and we must—give our men to the government a bit longer, give them till they are equipped to take men's places in the active world. It means holding our hearts, that yearn so terribly to have them again, in the strong grip of our common sense.

Duty of Our Women.

When you ache to get them back, to have them right close to you, to make it all up to them, just remember that the mothers and wives and sweethearts of those men whom you now regard as cipters loved and yearned as you do. Just keep a tight hold on the thought that the shiftless, noncontributing member of society, who decorates a dry goods box or hunches up in a wooden chair at the courthouse, came home to hearts that blazed with fervor as yours is blazing now. And save your men from what your eyes convince you is their certain future.

Six months or more, under the wise hand of the government they have served, and they will be fitted for further service. Six months or more of loving waiting on your part will bring you home a hero whose glory never can be dimmed by the smudgy hand of circumstances. Six months or more of positive encouragement will keep him from falling a victim to the despair that will come when your loved one returns to the life he has left robbed of the arm or leg or eyes which have been so essential. It is really up to us, the women whose love is the great rock of shelter and comfort for our men, to encourage—even to insist upon their taking advantage of the opportunities which the government will provide. Up to the women! We have not failed our men yet! We never will, not though the way we tread is red with our own heart's blood!

OF WHAT ARE WE THINKING?

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
Of The Vigilantes

What is in the mind of the American citizen while "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being played?

Of what are we thinking?

Are we thinking of the flag and all that it stands for, or are our minds otherwise engaged?

Of course, it is reasonably certain that we are thinking of something, but have our thoughts the slightest connection with the message our flag is carrying to the enemy?

We obediently arise with the first sonorous note of the anthem and we remain standing till the end. We have learned, or we are learning, to "face the music" more or less at attention, and we are developing the conviction that it is an offense to chatter while the strains of our war song, perhaps our death song, fill our ears. But are we thinking of "The Star-Spangled Banner?"

Or are we silently urging the musicians to hurry up and be done with it so that we may resume an interrupted occupation? Are we impatiently waiting to take up a broken conversation; a game of bridge; the telling of a story; the reading of a newspaper; the liberal art of criticizing the war department, the navy or the administration; or, what is infinitely more incompatible, exploiting the hateful efficiency of the foe?

Pay Respect to the Flag.

We sit in public places, and we arise because we are in public places. We suspend for the moment our physical interests, and we look about us to see if other people are doing the same. Some of us get up grudgingly and stand as we happen to have been sitting, with our backs to the music; some of us go on knitting; others of us continue to keep our hands in our pockets and our cigars in our mouths; others think that nothing more is required of them than the lowering of the voice to an undertone; others consider a bland expression of resignation to be efficient; and some fall into an attitude of tolerant submissiveness. There is little or no evidence of exaltation, no sign of an inward thrill, no suggestion of a profound emotion. The beautiful, inspiring concentration of thought that attends the "Marseillaise" is lacking; the full-hearted sensation that glorifies "Rule Britannia" is absent; even the fervor of the Teuton as symbolized in guttural acclaim is sadly wanting. We, the most imaginative, the most alert people in the world, are totally devoid of imagination during the rendition of our war song.

Why should we not think, or even pray, as the French, the English and the Germans think and pray while their song of hope is being sounded?

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is our battle song. It goes into the thick of the fight with our flag and our boys. It emphasizes our hopes, our aims, our longings; and of what are we thinking—we who stay at home—while its strains are falling upon our ears? Are we, so to speak, playing the game?

Beginning of Our Prayer.

Why shouldn't we, one and all, great and small, think alike for as long as five minutes in each day? Let there be but one thought, one prayer, while the hymn is singing. From one end of this great land to the other let this be the beginning of our prayer the instant the band strikes up "The Star-Spangled Banner:"

"God be with our flag and our soldiers and our arms wherever they may be!"

And let this be the end of our devout, intensified prayer as the last note dies away:

"God give us victory!"

Not perfunctorily, not as a matter of duty, but with our hearts in it, our nerves aquiver, our eyes glowing with the fire of enthusiasm.

One thought, one prayer in a hundred million minds!

Every heart full, every mind intent as we face the enemy! For, after all, this Star-Spangled Banner of ours is facing the foe in a far-off land, and there is no other direction in which we may look.

Our men go with the banner to the music of guns; we stand at home and face, not the guns, but a group of fiddlers! Our thoughts, our prayers, nevertheless should be the same as theirs. Our silent prayer, however, brief, should be for victory. Let us always utter it, one and all, while "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being played.

"God give us victory!"

OVER HERE

By CLYDE B. WILSON,
of the Vigilantes.

What's that? Three thousand miles away?
God, man! Say softly, that, I pray.
For fear our friend who lives just down
The street—yes, right here in our town—
May hear this thoughtless thing you say.
That war's three thousand miles away,
I'd answer not for his reply
If he should hear. He'd pass the lie
To you so quick, hot blood you'd sweat
At words you speak but to regret.
For just a moment, come with me
A few steps only, you shall see
Right at your door this thing you say
Is full three thousand miles away.
The list of "Killed in Battle" gives
Our neighbor's son—yes, he who lives
Just down the street. Come see, I pray,
If war's three thousand miles away.

Their State.

"The Finns appear to have their political state in an appropriate condition."

"How so?"

"It is in a pretty kettle of fish."

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

THE WINE WAY TO DEGENERATION.

"Anybody who has ever traveled abroad and has gone into the wine-making countries will realize that there is no drunkenness there." This statement was made by Julius Kahn, representative in congress from California, at the hearing in the senate committee on the prohibition amendment to the agricultural bill.

And United States Senator James D. Phelan, from the same state, said that "in wine-making countries there is conspicuous sobriety." Hear what Vance Thompson, author and journalist and experienced traveler, says in reply to the claim that there is no drunkenness in southern Europe:

"He who makes that statement speaks out of deep ignorance. He has never dwelt in the villages of Provence, or wandered over the wide roads of Italy. You do not, I admit, see so wild and manifest a drunkenness as in the harsh, northern, spirit-drinking lands; but the southern drinker, making up in quantity what was wanting in the alcoholic strength of his beverage, reaches the same stage of physical impairment, begets the same poisoned offspring, dies in the same kind of alcoholic dissolution—to use the technical phrase. His moral corruption, as his physical degeneration, is slower in its progress, but statistics must be piled hospital-high to show it reaches the same end.

• • •

"It was in my horoscope to watch for 20 years the growth of the alcohol habit in France. I saw the nation weary of the too feeble intoxicant of wine and take to strong drink. During those years the drinking of absinthe alone rose from an annual consumption of 1,000,000 gallons to over 5,000,000 gallons. The French race, with dangerous deterioration, turned from the slow poison of wine to the fiercer and more active of alcohol poisons—to the wilder alcohol of amers and absinthes.

"With what fine spiritual energy, born of battle-peril, France drew herself back from the abyss of racial degeneration, you shall see, but assuredly she was going—even as the wine-boy is making for whisky drunkenness—toward the alcholic deterioration which is national deterioration, which is national death.

"Let there be no doubt about it; the wine way to drunkenness is a way like any other."

FRENCH ANTI-ALCOHOL POSTER.

The following poster has been used in some of the barracks of the French army in promoting an educational campaign against the use of alcohol:

One who uses alcohol
Gets ulcer of the stomach.
Gets phthisis.
Gets delirium tremens.
Gets a ward in an insane asylum.
Gets to prison.
Gets disgraced.
He further
Loses time.
Loses money.
Loses intelligence.
Loses will-power.
Loses self-respect.

TAMPERING WITH THE PERSONAL LIBERTY OF OUR FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS.

We tamper with their personal liberty when we draft them for the army. Take a man out of his home, make him change the style of his clothing, assign hours for his meals, drill him, work him, control his habits, put him on shipboard, send him to the firing line, and there make him fight and possibly die, and you are tampering with his personal liberty considerably.

ALCOHOL A DEADLY POISON.

Coroner Bauer of Cincinnati the other day returned a verdict to the effect that John Lewis, three years old, of that city, "came to his death from alcoholic poison accidentally administered." The examination in the case brought out the fact that John's brother Charles, eleven years old, gave him several spoonfuls of whisky to cure his cough. The child died an hour after he was admitted to the general hospital.

EVEN ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS!

"No, I don't believe in prohibition," said a leading capitalist and manufacturer in a great state which went dry at the last election. "But there was nothing to do but to destroy the saloon and the liquor business. It had grown so strong that no laws could be enforced against it. Its political powers were becoming so great and it was so bold and contemptuous that for the sake of life and liberty it had to be wiped out."

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION IN DETROIT.

S. S. Kresge of Detroit, Mich., told the senate committee on agriculture that there was not a single arrest for drunkenness or accident, or theft in Detroit, a city of 800,000, on one day after prohibition went into effect. Arrests for drunkenness during the month of May in Detroit went down from 1,692 in 1917 to 307 in 1918. Monday absences at the Ford plant were 2,620 on the last wet Monday, 1,628 on the first Monday, and 1,500 on the second dry Monday.

GOT THE WRONG IMPRESSION

Innocent Remark Misunderstood by Swedish Lady Came Very Near Severing Long Friendship.

No more do the once good neighbors speak over the able fence on one side of which is a fine Hoosier dame and on the other an equally fine woman who hails from Scandinavia.

The husbands, who are good friends, met the other evening at the street corner. "Your wife," said the Scandinavian husband, "insulted my wife, so they can never again be friends."

"Insulted your wife?" exclaimed the Hoosier husband. "How could she do that?"

"She did it. She came to her own back door and spoke out loud enough for everybody to hear her."

"What did she say?"

"She said: 'How these Swedes do smell!' And we are Swedes. It was meant for us."

"Oh, I know!" What she did say was about the weeds in our back yard. She said: 'How these weeds do smell!' And now I'm going to have them cut and burned."—Indianapolis News.

GIRLS! USE LEMONS FOR SUNBURN, TAN

Try it! Make this lemon lotion to whiten your tanned or freckled skin.

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whitener at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how quickly the freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

Stopped.

He—I have—er—something to ask you—er—something very close to my heart, and—er—er—

She—I'll bet I can guess what it is!

He—Ah! You have divined! You know!

She—Yes, you want to ask me where I put your hat when you came in.—London Answers.

It is true that women squeeze their feet into small shoes—but their heads never get too large for their hats.

BITES—STINGS
Wash the parts with warm, salt water—then apply—
VICK'S VAPORUB
NEW PRICES 30¢—60¢—$1.20

You're Foolish To Suffer With Kidney Trouble

No one need be subject to constant pain and sickness from this cause.

Dodd's Kidney Pills
A REMEDY

Save yourself from constant aches and pains, from long-continued debility, from eventual Bright's Disease and possible death. Don't despair. Don't neglect the warnings found in backache, pain in loins, stiffness, swollen joints, dizziness, scanty or too frequent or painful urination. They indicate surely the ATTACKS OF DISEASE.

Get immediately the great Kidney and Bladder Remedy, DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Start now to check the ravages of the enemies to health. Be one of the thousands who relish in regained strength, vigor and happiness. But be sure to get the genuine—the box with DODD'S on the cover—the name with three D's.

Every Druggist Sells Them Under a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back GUARANTEE.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Fall Run of Distemper
MAY BE WHOLLY AVOIDED BY USING
"SPOHN'S" A small outlay of money brings very great results. It is a sure cure and a preventive. If you use it as per directions. Simple, safe and sure. The large size is twice the quantity and on some cases more than the small size. Get your horses in fine condition for late fall and winter. All drug stores, harness dealers or manufacturers.
Spohn Medical Co. Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION
IS A CRIME AGAINST NATURE
Stop it or you never can keep well. If you wake with a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, perhaps headache, your liver is torpid. A torpid liver deranges the whole system, produces dyspepsia, costiveness and piles. There is no better remedy for these disorders than DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS. Try them just once and be eternally convinced. For sale by all druggists.
Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

Hard on Clothing.

Private Alfred Shorman of West Point, who is fighting in France, went into his first battle late in July. After the fight, Private Shorman wrote home to a friend he went to the quartermaster with a request for a new pair of khaki breeches.

"What's the trouble?" asked the Q. M.

"A Hun shell had exploded behind me and had taken the seat out of my breeches," Private Shorman explained. In fact, he illustrated by showing the breeches.

Especially These Days.

June—He got married on his nerve.

Bob—Wise guy; that's the only safe thing to get married on.

When a widower begins to tell his troubles to a widow she knows he is going to ask her to share them.

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. Sold by all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxtine Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Are You Bloated After Eating
With that gassy, puffy feeling, and hurting near your heart? For Quick Relief—Take ONE

EATONIC
FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE
You can fairly feel it work. • It drives the GAS out of your body and the Bloat goes with it.
Removes Quickly—Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, etc.
Get EATONIC from your Druggist with the DOUBLE GUARANTEE
EATONIC Costs a Cent or Two a Day

Eloquent Speeches.

War Correspondent Raymond G. Carroll, at a German prison camp in France, nodded towards a group of emaciated German prisoners.

"Each one of those cut-off legs," he said, "is a speech against the kaiser and militarism."

"A speech," said an English correspondent, puzzled.

"Yes," said Mr. Carroll. "A stump speech."

The Englishman is still puzzled.

The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak
Old people who are feeble and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the depressing heat of summer by taking GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating effect. 60c.

Gee Whiz!

Douglas Fairbanks is passing around a story that has to do with the five-year-old daughter of a near neighbor. According to "Doug," Helen's mother had tried to impress her with the necessity of conserving everything to help to do their bit to win the war. Recently the stork brought twins to her home. Upon receiving the news Helen exclaimed:

"Oh! daddy, two babies! What will Mr. Hoover say?"

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Good News.

"You're always getting up benefits for other people; when are you going to have one for yourself?" a friend asked Charlie Murray of Mack Sennett Comedies.

"I've already had one," retorted Murray. "The other day I got so much for a dollar at the grocer's that I couldn't help saying: 'You're giving me good weight this morning.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'this is cheatless day.'"

The time to be an optimist is when the many are doubters.

Why is it that a man always gives better advice than he gets?

His Species.

"There goes a man who is very exacting in his attachments."

"One of the wearing kind of friends, eh?"

"No; he's a sheriff."

It is almost as easy to make a girl believe she can sing as it is to make her believe she is handsome.

Spasmodic Sermon.

No matter how anxious a girl may be to get married quietly she'll find that it can't be done without ceremony.—Indianapolis Star.

SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil seeks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue the treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.—Adv.

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INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH
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OR MONEY REFUNDED ASK ANY DRUGGIST