

INTEREST INCREASES IN FOOD CAMP

President Wilson And Food Administrator Hoover Back Movement To Utilize State Fairs And Expositions As Food Training Camps—People To Be Taught To Produce And Conserve.

The Food Training Camp to be conducted in connection with the Minnesota State Fair, Sept. 3 to 8, is expected to prove one of the strongest cards in the government's food conservation campaign in this section of the country.

The food training camp movement is gathering force every day; public interest is becoming aroused; practically every organization in this state taking part in the food conservation work is co-operating to make the camp a success; the government has endorsed and is now helping to direct the movement and the exhibitors at the fair are offering to do their share in making it a success.

Practically every department at the fair will take a part in the work of food training. Virtually all of the exhibitors will, in their displays, lay emphasis upon the necessity of conserving our food supplies. Lecturers and demonstrators will be on hand to explain the food problems which now confront the American people, the plan being, not only to impress upon all visitors to the fair the necessity of making an economical use of food, but to show specific ways in which every man, woman and child may do a share.

Government Enthusiastic.

The government, particularly, is enthusiastic over the possibilities the food training camp offers for teaching food efficiency. Not only Mr. Hoover, food administrator, but President Wilson, himself, and the Department of Agriculture have endorsed the camp. It is the plan of the government to make the most of the opportunities offered by sending out lecturers and demonstrators to speak at the fair, and by arranging a series of exhibits by the different government departments, including the Army, Navy, Agricultural and Mr. Hoover's food department.

The government sees in the food training camp, for one thing, the possibility of reaching, in a result-getting manner, the men and women of the rural districts and from the farm. This has been one of the government's big problems in its food conservation campaign.

The people of the cities it is not so

difficult to reach because of the many clubs and other organizations which already exist and which have taken up the food conservation work. As a large part of the attendance at the Minnesota State Fair comes from the rural districts, the food training camp, the government believes, offers a good opportunity to reach them with a direct appeal.

For, it is necessary that they be reached if the fruits and other food products, grown in abundance, are to be saved and prevented from going to waste.

The livestock exhibits and the exhibits and demonstrations to be put on by the dairy department of the University Farm are other departments in which valuable food efficiency work will be done. The directors of the fair are urging a greater production of meat by working for large exhibits of livestock so that the farmer may study the different types and breeds and decide as to which is best for the purpose.

To Develop Herds.

Much of the effort of the University Farm will be directed to the development of more efficient dairy herds and to the utilization of all possible dairy products. Much milk, especially skim milk, goes to waste in this state every year, and the dairy exhibits will point out the way to make use of all this food which is now being wasted.

In order to make the food training camp the greatest possible success in order that both the government and the people may derive the maximum benefit from it, the Minnesota State Fair directors are endeavoring to make the exposition a record breaker in all departments this year.

As one way of encouraging attendance, plans have been outlined for materially increasing the exhibits, and a greater variety of amusement and entertainment features have been secured.

Auto races, aviation, vaudeville, and a number of big spectacles, including the "War of the Nations," a gigantic display in which the famous British tanks and the other great forces of modern warfare are seen in action, are some of the entertainment features.

rarily insane. The bulk of these persons who were in doubt were southern born men who had been educated at West Point or Annapolis. Cases like that of Harry Sheffield, a southern man with nothing that could be interpreted as an obligation either way, were more rare. But Harry had an additional reason for fighting against his own people, in his sweetheart. He felt that his duty called upon him to fight with the north, but he must not only fight against his own people, but his doing so would separate him from the southern girl he loved.

Harry Sheffield's state, Tennessee, was divided. East Tennessee was all for the Union, while middle and west Tennessee sympathized with the Confederacy. The Sheffield plantation was in middle Tennessee, not far from Nashville. When the struggle between the north and the south came Harry walked the floor all one night struggling with himself to do what he considered his duty. His heart was for the south, but he believed that his duty lay with the north. When morning came without submitting himself to endure a goodbye with those he loved he started for east Tennessee and enlisted in a federal regiment organizing at Knoxville.

One morning in the spring of 1865 Major Sheffield, having been mustered out of the United States service, mounted his horse in Nashville and took a road leading southward. Reaching a rise in the ground, he shaded his eyes with his hand and peered down upon the place where he had been born and raised.

The homestead was there, but it was a sorry looking structure. The row of negro huts were still standing, and here and there a negro was seen moving about in the general ruins. By the proclamation of emancipation issued during the war they were all free, but evidently some of them clung to their old home. The owner had been killed commanding a regiment of Confederate troops during the war, and Harry Sheffield was now the owner of what was left of a fine estate. His mother had gone north to her people, taking with her the younger children. "Thank heaven," muttered Sheffield, "my interests are in no better condition than those of my neighbors."

Riding on, he pulled up between two posts that had supported the gate to the plantation and surveyed the scene at closer view. An old negro came tottering toward him.

"Hello, Ben!" said Sheffield.

The man looked at him scrutinizingly, then exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd, it's Mars Harry!"

The major asked what had become of Colonel Archibald and was told that he had been one of the first to succumb to the storm that had swept over the south. His oldest son had died of camp fever. His wife and Alma and the children had gone south to Louisiana to her people, who lived there.

"I suppose, Ben," said Sheffield, "the Archibald plantation is in as bad shape as this, isn't it?"

"Wo'se, Mars Harry, wo'se. Yo' see, dere was fightin' over dar, and de plantation house war riddled."

Sheffield cast his eyes about him, taking in the forlorn appearance of his once happy home, then turned his horse's head and started toward the Archibald plantation.

When he reached it he saw a woman on the veranda giving instructions to some negroes who were carrying baggage into the house. It was Alma, who with her mother had returned to their ruined home. Harry rode up to the veranda, dismounted and stood face to face with the girl he had left without even a goodbye four years before. She looked at him for some time, without a word, then, influenced by what had occurred since their last meeting, put her hands to her face and wept. Tears had checked reproaches. Sheffield moved toward her, put his arms about her, and her head sank upon his breast.

This scene was typical of thousands of others. The struggle was over, and the system that had caused it, a system that no person living had been responsible for, had died a violent death.

Sheffield resolved that his first task should be to bind up the wounds of this stricken family before he attended to his own affairs. A college chum wrote him offering pecuniary assistance, which he accepted for himself and used for the necessities of the Archibald family. As soon as he could get workmen he sent them to patch up the holes left by cannon balls in the homestead and rebuilt fences with his own hands. Not till he had got the property into fair shape did he begin work on his own premises.

Sheffield married Alma Archibald and took her to his plantation, the other property being left to Mrs. Archibald and those of her family who had survived the struggle. The major was one of the first to adapt himself to the new labor systems and in time got his property in working order. He was also one of the first men sent to the federal congress after the reign of carpet bag law had ceased. Though he had fought on the side of the north, he was one of the most trusted of southern men. Since then there is no question asked as to which a man supported in that unfortunate struggle. When he died, there being no cemetery for Union soldiers in which to place his body, it was laid to rest beside Confederates.

Love and Strife.

Of a truth love and strife were aforesaid and shall be, nor ever, methinks, will boundless time be emptied of that pair. And they prevail in turn as the circle comes round and pass away before one another and increase in their appointed time.—Empedocles.

THE CHURCHES

Swedish Lutheran Church. Morning service 11 o'clock. Evening service 8 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. when all the children who have attended the parochial and Sunday school are requested to be present to practice for the Sunday school program.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet next Friday, Aug. 3, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Hjelle on Wednesday, August 8th. All are cordially invited.

Swedish Lutheran Church of Vega. A Sunday school picnic will be held at the home of Aaron Johnson next Sunday. The program will commence at 1:30 p. m.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Nelson, Wednesday, Aug. 8. All are cordially invited.

Scandinavian M. E. Church. K. WINBERG, Pastor. Sunday, August 5th. No services. Sunday school 2 p. m. The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Christ Hjelle on Wednesday, August 8th. All are welcome.

Presbyterian Church. DAVID SAMSON, Minister. There will be no services in the Presbyterian church, except Sunday school, during the month of August, as the pastor will then be on a vacation. Sunday school will be held each Sunday at 11 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church. C. W. OLSON, Pastor. Sunday, August 5. Services 10:30 a. m. Sunday school 11:45 a. m. Evening service 8 o'clock.

Tuesday, Bible class meets at 8 p. m. The Young Peoples' Society will meet at the home of Iver Shelstad, Friday, Aug. 3, at 8 p. m.

United Norw. Luth. Church. N. G. W. KNUDSEN, Pastor. Services Sunday, Aug. 5th. Warren 10:30 a. m. Melo 2 p. m. Confirmation. All are welcome.

Swedish Lutheran Sunday School Picnic. The Swedish Lutheran Sunday school picnic will be held at the Mrs. Nels August Johnson farm two and one-half miles northeast of Warren on Sunday, August 12. All the members of the congregation are heartily welcome to participate and as many others as wish to come. Bring your picnic dinner. Lemonade, ice cream and coffee will be furnished free of charge. Those who have no automobile will please meet at the church at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, where free transportation will be given. A Reformation program will be rendered in the afternoon by the children. We hope to have a large gathering and invite you all to come. Come and make things merry for the children. Do not forget the date, Sunday, August 12th.

C. E. SJOSTRAND, Superintendent.

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YOUR COUNTRY CALLS YOU.

The Minnesota State Fair Food Training Camp, Sept. 3 to 8, is in the service of the Government to help solve the nation's food problems. It is striving to create greater interest in live stock; for more and better live stock is one of our crying needs. Do your bit to help this work along. Attend the Minnesota State Fair.

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A Choice Of Sides

The Cloud That Came Between the Lovers.

By ELINOR MARSH

Something more than half a century ago there occurred in America a great convulsion pertaining to human liberty.

Up to that time it was the most stupendous of its kind that ever had occurred. In that great clash father was set against son, brother against brother, friend against friend.

Northern men in the south and southern men in the north found themselves called upon to make decisions of vital importance.

No one, except aged persons, has seen the palmy antebellum days in the southern states, when the patriarchal system was in vogue, when the planter was considered a sort of sovereign, when his family were elevated by virtue and restrained from vice by a sense of noblesse oblige. All this has given place to what we call progress. But progress is liable to take a step backward in putting on new apparel, and the south today has new vigor in her veins.

Colonel Joseph Archibald was a typical southern planter. In 1850 he had lived half a century and had not kept pace with the times. He wore a ruffled shirt, brass buttons on his coat and a hat of real beaver—that is, in winter. In summer he wore an expensive panama straw. The colonel had no real right to his title. Any southern man of prominence in those days was likely to be dubbed general, colonel or major, to distinguish him from the commoner or the man who did not own many acres and many negroes.

Colonel Archibald's family consisted of his wife, his oldest child, a son—when this story begins a man of twenty-three—a daughter of twenty and four other children, boys and girls, all under sixteen years of age. Not one of these young persons but had been trained never to do anything unbecoming to his or her station. The planter of that period was misjudged because there were persons in the south who were too ready to talk about their honor and too hot in its defense. But the real southern gentleman of the nineteenth century was an inheritance of those splendid men who brought about the birth of a nation.

Not far from the Archibald plantation dwelt another planter named Sheffield. He had married a northern woman, and her children were taught by her that the system of making slaves of human beings was totally wrong.

Her doctrine made no difference in the plantation over which she presided as mistress unless it tended to bring about a better treatment of the negroes. Be that as it may, those on the Sheffield plantation were happy and quite content with their lot, there being no runaways among them.

Harry Sheffield was the only son and heir to this estate. He was educated at a New England university, where his mother's prejudice against the labor system then in vogue in the south was stimulated. He was used to defend it to his fellow students on the ground that it had been planted in the south not by the southern people; that they had inherited it and were not responsible for it. The only thing they could do in the premises was to make it as wholesome as possible.

Young Sheffield returned from college to his plantation home a couple of years before the outbreak of the war which was destined to effect so marked a change in the labor system of the southern states. He and Alma Archibald were of an age to mate, and it was not long before Harry went to Colonel Archibald and asked for his daughter's hand. Before the colonel would consent he told Harry that he had heard that his views upon the question that was agitating the country were singular and he would like to know what they were. Harry was too conscientious to win the girl he loved by a false statement and told the truth.

"I honor you, sir," said the colonel, "for your frankness in acknowledging what will make you unpopular among the people of the south, but in view of the importance of your opinions I do not think it best either for you or for my daughter that you should wed. We are on the eve of a great issue in the south, and a house divided against itself will surely fall. With your views acted upon conscientiously, your place is or soon will be in the north instead of the south."

While Harry Sheffield was obliged to admit the truth of the argument, he was not willing to subscribe to it, for true love subscribes to no argument that separates lovers. But he did not consider it honorable for him to take Alma surreptitiously under the circumstances. He was much troubled about the impending crisis and the part he should take when the storm broke, fearing greatly that if forced to take sides he could not conscientiously enter upon the defense of a system that he condemned. Under the circumstances he bade adieu to Alma, the lovers agreeing to wait for the approaching gale to blow itself out, after which perhaps her father might reconsider the matter.

One of the great strains of the war between the states at its opening was the decision of so many persons as to

which side they would take. There were men in both armies, men who became the principal leaders, who had a hard struggle to decide on which side they would fight. The regular army was full of such cases. In one instance a young officer who felt that his duty lay in one direction, while his sympathies lay in the other, became tempo-