Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton B. Williams

If I see in this the Liberator I is because Freedom is the supreme meaning of Salvation.

It would be impossible to conceive of the one here on God's Business with a right to man's attention, who would not be able to get off free, — give some power or idea or help by which he should come into the fullness of life's stature.

The religious idea of Jesus must react upon the individual, upon a community, upon a state, upon the human family in power for freedom.

The Cross, the Yoke, the Cup are symbols of powers that speed us on outward into enlarging human interest, and by God's grace up!

We should be very deliberate about turning over the gates of life to any one. There must be a supreme reason. Jesus is to be given lordship over us because He enlarges life, and thereby lifts us up to God.

His credential is a demonstration of power.

When we cease to be selfish, clannish, exclusionists, wall-builders, door-shutters; when we cease to think of human beings as lower than beasts and merchandise; when we cease to limit God, and cease to repudiate Friendship which is the only test of discipleship to Jesus—His own—we may know that we are becoming free from the shackles of false philosophy and primitive ignorance.

Jesus shall accomplish His triumph when His ideals are the controlling ideals of human life.

It will not be a clanking; it will come up to His throning with the lifting love. He will be King when His mind is templed in the heart of the race.

If we desire to be members of His kingdom there is a gate thru which we must enter. He built it. He stands beside it. It is service.

No use to be gazing into heaven. No avail to be reading catastrophic signs and portents. He comes into His Kingdom thru the gates of hearts that serve.

For the King Himself came to be among us as one who serves.

—WSS—

Your quarters and dollars SAVED and INVESTED in Thrift and War Savings Stamps will march to the fighting lines bearing arms, ammunition and supplies. EVERY ONE of your dollars will return to you when you want them SAFE AND SOUND and INCREASED in value by accumulated interest.

—WSS—

Jacob Wertheim, the financier, has offered prizes aggregating $5,000 for distribution to the schools of New York selling the largest amounts of War-Savings Stamps before May 31. This offer was accepted by the Board of Education, and the competition is now on.

—WSS—

The widow's mite waxes mighty—invested in War Savings Certificates.

—WSS—

Up-to-date printing at The News.

To The American People

There is no foundation for the alleged violations of law attributed to our Company by agents of the Federal Trade Commission and I want to say emphatically that Swift & Company is not a party to any conspiracy to defraud the Government. Nor has Swift & Company been guilty of improperly storing foods or of making false entries or reports.

Conferences of packers, where prices have been discussed, have been held at the urgent request and in the presence of representatives of either the Food Administration or the Council of National Defense. And yet the packers have been accused of committing a felony by acting in collusion on Government bids!

We have done our best, with other packers, large and small, to comply with the directions of the United States Food Administration in all particulars, including the furnishing of food supplies for the U. S. Army and Navy and the Allies, now being handled through the Food Administration.

We will continue to do our utmost, under Government direction, to increase our production and assist the Food Administration. We consider that the opportunity to co-operate whole-heartedly and to our fullest powers with this branch of the Government is our plain and most pressing duty.

The Trade Commission Attorney has, by false inference and misplaced emphasis, given to disconnected portions of the correspondence taken from our private files and read into the Record, a false and sinister meaning with the plain purpose of creating antagonistic public opinion.

The services of the packers of the United States are most urgently needed, and I regret exceedingly that we should at this time have to spend our efforts in defending ourselves against unfounded, unproved, and unfair assertions such as are being daily made public.

L. F. Swift, President

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

SAYS MR. BLUE TO MR. GLADD

By HARVEY THOMAS

"Everything's going out and nothing's coming in," wailed Mr. Blue, "and times are tougher than ever," declared Mr. Gladd.

"I'm not complaining, I understand," Mr. Blue went on, "only it does strike me that we're up against it good and strong as individuals. First, the Liberty bond call set me back a few hundred; then the second Liberty loan got to me for more; then the Red Cross drive and the Y. M. C. A. and the smoke fund. Now comes this Thrift Stamp agitation. I sure can't recommend, that's certain."

"What did you have salted for a rainy day when the government floated the first Liberty loan?" Mr. Gladd wanted to know.

"Nothing—not a red cent," Mr. Blue told him. "The wife wanted a lot of things for the house, and I needed a new overcoat, but neither of us got what was wanted—so far."

"How many of the first bonds did you subscribe for?" asked Mr. Gladd.

"Three $100 ones," answered Mr. Blue. "They took a good slice out of my salary every week until I finally got 'em cleaned up. Then along comes the second drive, and I was put right back in the hole again. A feller can't get ahead—not in war times, he can't."

"Did your three-and-a-halves registered, of course, and planted away?" Mr. Gladd suggested.

"Planted nothin'!" derided Mr. Blue. "How could I plant 'em when I had to have money to live on. Not much I didn't. I sold 'em and got my money and the wife got a new bedroom set and I got a new overcoat."

"How about the fours? Got those paid for yet?"

"No, I ain't. But I'm paying for 'em right along. I figure they'll be paid fo about the time vacation comes around, and then we'll sell 'em and have two weeks' good time in the country."

"And come back broke," charged Mr. Gladd.

"Money's not everything," Mr. Blue protested.

"'Tis these days, Blue," Mr. Gladd said, "we've got to win the war."

"The small change I got won't do a whole lot," said Mr. Blue. "Here's this Thrift Stamp Campaign. What's a person want a dinky little 25 cent stamp for? What good'll it do? Every quarter counts with me these panicky times."

"You said something then," declared Mr. Gladd.

"The trouble with us here in America," Mr. Gladd went on, "is we haven't the thrift idea clearly analyzed. Why did you subscribe for bonds at all?"

"Why," responded Mr. Blue, "everybody in the office took at least one, from the office boy to the chief, and I couldn't be a piker, could I? Just the same, I didn't feel like saddling myself with a three hundred dollar debt."

"You didn't, either. You became thrifty and didn't realize it; also, you became more or less independent. You got ahead a little in the world. You had to save money when you bought those bonds. Would you have tucked away $300 if it hadn't been compulsory?"

"Well, I dunno what I would have saved," hedged Mr. Blue.

"You've been earning a fairly decent salary for 20 years, haven't you?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Blue.

"How much did you save?"

"Not anything. But I've been up against a pretty stiff proposition."

"You just thought you had," said Mr. Gladd. "Here in a few months, however, you saved more than you did in 22 years. There's the answer.

"Now, let's talk of Thrift Stamps. You haven't bought any of those yet, and why? Simply because you thought people would get the notion you're hard up and squeezing the eagle.

"You just forget that—forget everything except that you've come into your own as a thrifty, sensible man—he realizes the value of a dollar—a dollar saved is a dollar earned.

"There's that good time in the country you spoke about. Every dollar spent for that purpose—provided, of course, you couldn't afford it—meant a dollar thrown away beyond recovery. It also meant four Thrift Stamps.

"Every time you save a quarter—two bits—actually save it by practicing economy, the true and not the false kind that deprives you of something you've got to have, you can buy a Thrift Stamp and become a partner of Uncle Sam in fighting and licking the Hun. Every time you save 16 stamps, $4 worth, you turn them over to the government with a few cents added and get a War Savings Stamp worth $5.

"That's my notion of being thrifty, Blue—cutting down on what you don't need and can get along without, buying what you ought to have, spending freely where it counts. You never miss those few quarters, but Uncle Sam does. All he asks you to do is lend him a quarter whenever you can. He'll pay it back with interest at 4 per cent, compounded as long as he keeps your money. In other words, putting it bluntly, Blue, he's paying you back a lot more than you lend him just for the privilege of fighting for you to make the world safe for democracy—for you, mind you, and yours."

"That all sounds good, Gladd," agreed Mr. Blue. "But here's the rub: Suppose Uncle Sam don't lick Germany. Where do I get off then—with my money in his pocket?"

"If Uncle Sam can't wallop Germany to a frazzle, Blue," Mr. Gladd assured him, "we'll all be where we won't need money!"

CANTEENS SERVE HOT FOOD TO MEN EN ROUTE

RED CROSS PROVIDES REFRESHMENTS TO SOLDIERS AT ALL HOURS OF DAY OR NIGHT.

Troop Trains Halt in Dismal Stations as Uniformed Women Distribute Fruit, Sandwiches and Coffee.

The Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross, which embraces New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, is covered with a network of canteens for the benefit of soldiers en route, according to a statement made public by John S. Ellsworth, division director of canteen service.

Canteen units are established at all principal points through New York, New Jersey and Connecticut where trains stop or are delayed. The chief point is naturally in New York city, with its terminals and ferries, where vast numbers of military men are passing to their camps.

The division canteen headquarters is a clearing house for information regarding troop movements, camps, etc. Confidential advice is supplied by the government and the direction of canteen service throughout the three states. The railroad companies also co-operate, holding trains over if possible until refreshments can be served to all the men.

The division canteen service director has two assistants and ten aides, all of them women in uniform. They are either at headquarters or on call by telephone during the "waking hours," which are from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m. These aides are ready to go to any of the nearby canteen stations and assist the local women in serving the soldiers during these hours.

In fact, the canteen is a twenty-four-hour service. If the Red Cross is informed that refreshments are needed at any time during the day or night they are on hand to meet the needs of the men. The hotels in New York city generously give coffee, cheese, etc., for the Red Cross canteens.

Soldiers Given "Smokes."

Sandwiches, fruit, sweet buns, chocolate and hot coffee comprise the usual fare. If the men are not actually hungry they are given chocolate and "smokes." If they are not in need of food of any kind they are always given the "emergency" service. The Red Cross supplies them with postal cards, attends to the censoring and posting of their mail, relieves any sickness and meets any need it can possibly alleviate.

The emergency nature of the canteen service, the out-of-the-way spots where it is often needed, the irregular hours when it is called for, the dark wharves and crowded ferry houses where the trains are held—all these features make the work a difficult one. In spite of these difficulties, however, the canteen is considered one of the most efficient branches of the Red Cross.

An example of this efficiency was in the service rendered the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry just before its recent parade in New York city. Fifty minutes before the men left the armory the Red Cross received word that they needed a canteen service before starting the parade. The Red Cross responded immediately. In less than an hour from the time they received the request they had served 2,500 men with sandwiches, sweet buns and coffee.

Soldiers Laud Canteen Service.

One of the many expressions of appreciation that came to the director was from the colonel of the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry, who concluded his letter of thanks with "I have never seen anything surpassing it or nearly as efficiently done."

Another letter from a first lieutenant says of "the delicious coffee and ham sandwiches" served on board a troop train to 300 men early one morning: "To say they were appreciated is only half expressing the feelings of the men, who spent the rest of the day praising the Red Cross from top to bottom."

From the postals of the men themselves, some less formal appreciations have been culled as follows:

"On our way south the Red Cross provided us with the dandiest lunch just when we were as hungry as wolves."

"Started to write pop, but made him a missus. Tell him to join the Red Cross or I will disown him."

"The Red Cross gave me this card and also a swell dinner. They are a bunch of angels."

"I am having a swell feed now. The Red Cross is giving it to all the boys. Thank God for the work they are carrying on, and may God bless them."

"The American Red Cross, through its women, is the most wonderful of organizations."

The Red Cross has thus found the way to a soldier's heart. Friendly faces, good food—above all, hot coffee—send thousands of homesick boys to their cantonments with stouter courage.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

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Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
God bless my brother gone to war
Across the seas, in France, so far.
Oh, may his fight for Liberty
Save millions more than little me
From cruel fates or ruthless blast—
And bring him safely home at last.

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The Arrival of the Little Stranger.

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