Victory Liberty Loan Medal

This is an official photographic reproduction of the Victory Liberty Loan medal which will be given by the United States Treasury Department to all members of local committees who render conspicuous service in the loan campaign which will be launched April 21. The medals will be about the size of a half-dollar. They are made from German cannon captured by American troops at Chateau Thierry. On one side of the medal is a reproduction of the United States Treasury building with the inscription, "Victory Liberty Loan." On the other side, with a space left blank for the owner's name, is the certification of participation in the bond campaign.

NOT AS BIG AS BRITIAN'S BILL

Cost of War to America Not Nearly Equal to What English Ally Must Pay.

Twenty-one months of our war with Germany cost the United States $26,856,000,000, the treasury department calculates. Huge munitions and other contracts have been cancelled. Manufacturers are now presenting their bills and receiving payments for materials delivered months ago in the heat of the struggle.

Included in the enormous total of $26,356,000,000 is the sum of $7,875,000,000 loaned to the Allies. When we began lending to the Allies, the government contemplated turning over to them about $500,000,000 a month but actual loans ordinarily ran around $380,000,000 monthly.

Of the total war bill about $18,000,000,000 has been raised so far by the Liberty Loans. The fact that we have not covered our war debt is the reason for the Victory Liberty Loan. In other words we haven't paid for the job.

The cost of the war to Great Britain was $40,640,000,000. Germany is out $38,750,000,000 exclusive of indemnities the Allies may impose.

FOX TROTS ON LIBERTY LEGS

Limbs Blown Off by Shell, But This Man Continues to Trip Light, Fantastic Toe to Jazz Accompaniment.

Lillard Evans is a colored soldier boy who had both legs blown off in action. He lives for the present at Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio in San Francisco. He can and does dance fox trots and one steps. How? Why?

Of course to dance a fox trot or a one-step a fellow has to have legs—good legs. Well, Evans has them—not his own legs of flesh and bone, but his own willow legs with joints and everything. He is going to leave Letterman pretty soon and go back to work and make his living and probably get married and raise children. That's the how.

The why of it is—the government of the United States has gone in for leg and arm making. It is giving a specially built leg or arm or hand or a pair of legs or arms or hands to every soldier who lost his legs or arms in the war. At Letterman in particular they are making Liberty legs and arms and hands in their own workshop. They are making them because they have hit upon a better artificial limb than some manufacturers were turning out.

This is one phase of the reconstruction work that Uncle Sam is quietly carrying on. It is one of the least expensive, but it is costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. Remember that when Uncle Sam comes a-knocking at your door with the Victory Liberty Loan. Much of the money you will lend is going to regenerate these men who gave of their flesh and blood for their country.

VICTORY CROPS GOOD

When you have a chance to lay in a few more government bonds as a good investment for your family, by no means neglect the opportunity.

There cannot be a better investment than a Victory Liberty Bond, with first call on all the resources of the United States. The crops of "Victory Year," as reported by the government, added about $17,000,000,000 to our wealth. Here are just a few of the principal items:

Corn—2,582,814,000 bushels, $3,528,313,000.

Wheat—917,100,000 bushels, $1,874,623,000.

Oats—1,538,359,000 bushels, $1,032,423,000.

Barley—256,375,000 bushels, $235,269,000.

Rye—89,103,000 bushels, $134,947,000.

Potatoes—397,676,000 bushels, $475,731,000.

Hay—75,459,000 tons, $1,522,473,000

Tobacco — 1,340,019,000 pounds, $374,318,000.

Apples—173,632,000 barrels, $229,890,000.

FARMERS ASKED TO TAKE BONDS

Special Appeal on Behalf of Liberty Loan Issue is Sent Out by Washington Representative of National Grange.

Every farmer in America is expected to support the Victory Liberty Loan, says Thomas C. Atkeson, the Washington representative of the National Grange Patrons of Husbandry who has sent the following letter to the officers of every farm grange in the United States:

"'Victory Liberty' is the slogan for the new loan. The drive is to begin April 21, for the sale of six billion dollars in Victory Liberty Bonds. These two words visualize all that is best in American spirit. American farmers must respond to this appeal.

"What the farmers of America did in sacrifice and in accomplishment, in food production and in bond buying during the war is a part of the record. It is a war record of which any class may be proud. It must be made good now by meeting the obligations which result from the outpouring of American strength which conquered the enemies of Liberty and civilization.

Time to Get Ready.

"It is time to get into this Victory Liberty Bond campaign. No appeal of the war has gone unanswered to the full limit when brought to the attention of the farmers. Men, money, wheat, other food—no matter what the obstacles or the difficulties—the answer has been full and certain. The answer must be the same in this coming drive.

"Millions of soldiers must be brought home; thousands of sick must be cared for; thousands of wounded and mutilated must be made ready for future usefulness. We armed a nation and mobilized its resources into a war machine of such tremendous potential power that our enemies surrendered rather than face it, and thereby months or years of fighting and thousands of lives, were saved. Now we must pay the obligations created by this effort. Who can neglect to pay his just part for that which prevented so great a sacrifice of life and blood.

World Wants Products.

"There lies just outside the doors of the American farmer a hungry world, a world which needs all our products. American farming rests on the safe basis of need and service. The investment of the hard earned dollars of American farmers in Victory Liberty Bonds is a safe investment with a certainty of fair return, and the money will come back into circulation making more business, increasing the market and the demand for farm products, and increasing prosperity. Buying Victory Liberty Bonds will make farmers Victory-Liberty-Prosperity-men. Do your part to put the Victory Liberty Loan over the top.

"Make your investment in Victory Liberty Bonds the measure of your confidence in American institutions and that democracy for which your sons offered the supreme sacrifice; a symbol of your determination that the war shall not have been fought in vain; an offering of thanksgiving for peace."

SAVING BEATS EARNING: TOO BAD ESAU DIDN'T LIVE TO ENJOY IT ALL.

If Esau and Jacob who lived some six thousand years ago, were still alive, and if Esau had earned $10 every day, and had saved it all, he would have $21,900,000. On the other hand, if Jacob had deposited $1 at 1 per cent. interest, compounded every 100 years, he would have today $576,460,752,303,423,488. Can anyone figure out how much Jacob would have had had he purchased one $5 War Saving Stamp then, which pays interest at the rate of 4 per cent., compounded four times every year? There is an idea in all this: How much would every child have if its parents should start it out with a $5 stamp, and then encourage the youngsters to save?

DO YOUR BIT WILLINGLY.

By spending lavishly the United States ended the war, saved billions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives. Pay your share of the bills thankfully.

LET UNCLE SAM BE YOUR BANKER

Offers Far Better Opportunities Than Those Enjoyed by Thrifty People in France Who Claim Leadership.

France has been called the thriftiest nation in the world. It claims to be. If we do not watch out she will prove it conclusively. America is the richest country on earth. Our per capita savings increased approximately 4[illegible] per cent in the last four years—the period of the war. Last year, for instance, the per capita savings in the South alone was $26.73. That sounds like we have the money, and we certainly have the will to make more.

Uncle Sam is out to show you how. He wants to be your savings banker. He offers you not only 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly, but the government as security. There could not be a better incentive for thrift than that. The French people have far less, yet they save more. They have no way to put their savings into small government securities, the popular denomination being that of five hundred francs, or $100.

It would not be very convenient to save if we had to put our pennies into an old stocking until we had accumulated $100 as the French do, would it. And the stocking doesn't pay any interest. So let Uncle Sam take care of your pennies—twenty-five of them buy a Thrift Stamp and sixteen Thrift Stamps converted into a War Saving Stamp begin earning compound interest for you immediately. Are we going to let the French beat us in thrift?

DARED GERMANS TO SHOW HEADS

Sergeant of Marines Hurled Pointed Query at Boches When Fire Was Most Terrific in Belleau Wood.

It isn't nice to swear in type. Neither is war nice. This is a war story. It was told by Brigadier General Catlin in his book, "With the Help of God and a Few Marines." Belleau Wood is the setting.

The General had given his troops the order to advance. His last words were, as they started across the wheat fields under a withering fire, "Give 'em hell, boys."

"Some one has reported," the General continues, "that they advanced on those woods crying, 'Remember the Lusitania.' If they did I failed to hear it.

"Somehow that doesn't sound like the sort of things the Marines say under the conditions."

Then General Catlin tells what they did say. When the lines were wavering under the terrific German fire, a sergeant cried out:

"Come on you —— —— ——, do you want to live forever?"

Tell the marines that you are not going to take your share of the coming Victory Liberty Loan.

CHINESE YOUTH WINS WAR MEDAL

General Pershing Pins Award on Breast of Sing Kee, Who Braved German Fire.

Here is a text book on Americanism written in Chinese character and translated for use when a Victory Liberty Loan salesman tackles you to do your duty. It is an official American communique:

"Pvt. Sing Kee, Infantry. Chung Kee, father, 604 North Fourth street San Jose Calif. For extraordinary heroism in action at Mont Notre Dame, west of Fismes, France, August 14, 15, 1918. Pvt. Kee, although seriously gassed during shelling by high explosive and gas shells, refused to be evacuated, and continued, practically single-handed, by his own initiative to operate the regimental message center relay station at Mont Notre Dame. Throughout the critical period Pvt. Kee showed extraordinary heroism, high courage, and persistent devotion to duty and totally disregarded all personal danger. By his determination he materially aided his regimental commander in communication with the front line."

Sing Kee wears the Distinguished Service Medal of the United States of America.

Sing Kee is for America—for he enough to lay down his life. Are you for America? Are you as good a man as Sing Kee?

Then buy of the Victory Loan to the limit.

THIS KIND OF SPIRIT WON THE WAR.

The following letter has been received by the War Loan Organization at Richmond, Va., from Mr. A. W. Hall, manager of the Sykesville (Md.) Herald. Who could ask more?

"The Herald will go to the War Loan Organization without charge. Moreover, we invite you to use its columns in any way you see fit for the Victory Loan. It has freely given service and space for all war activities and will not stop now. Please accept the free copy.

IT'S A WOMAN'S WAY

They Are Sometimes Puzzling, but She Usually Knows How to Manage Man.

Bessie Thurston had two lovers, and therefore two rivals, practically enemies. It had come about through a rude disturbing influence in a clear field for Rodney Thorne. He had fondly considered Bessie his own until Willis Gould appeared upon the scene. Given a bewitching young lady and a newcomer, the latter good-looking, with superior prospects, and feted and petted by all the other young ladies in the town, and naturally all that was vivacious in Bessie's nature was aroused.

Gould was "a jackanapes," according to Rodney's prejudiced ideas. He was the scion of a wealthy family, had never worked a day in his life, and was shortly to go abroad as secretary of a consulate. This gave Gould "high diplomatic ideas," and the apparent right to wear a semi-military coat with two gilt buttons on the neckband, which some of his girl admirers designated as "too cute for anything!"

"It's got to come to an end," said Rodney, definitely, one balmy evening. "And now's my chance to end it," he added, as he reached the Thurston home to find Bessie alone in the garden.

If Rodney had appeared as the placid, contented suitor of ante-Gould

Clinging to Either Side of the Craft.

days he might have won his way. He made the jealous lover's mistake, however, of preluding his suit with his own peculiar ideas of his rival. Then he ridiculed and censured Bessie's indulgence for "the spoiled society pet," as he denominated Gould.

"I won't hear a word against my friends!" declared the aroused Bessie.

"A fine friend for nobody to claim, that jackanapes!" snapped out the irritated Rodney.

"I think we had better meet later, when you are more rational," suggested Bessie.

"No, you shall hear me now," declared Rodney, determinedly, choosing the very worst moment to appeal to an offended deity, and putting his plea more in the form of a complaint than a true and tender confession of love.

He managed to get hold of her hand, and she was more than interested. A proposal of marriage was a serious, solemn thing to Bessie. Just then some girl friends came into the garden. She feared ridicule and drew her hand away. Rodney's brow darkened.

"I must have my answer—yes or no?" he persevered.

"Later in the evening."

At that moment Gould came sauntering up the walk.

"No—now!"

"Then—no!"

Rejected! Rodney was positively rude as he brushed by the newcomers. He made no allowance for his own faulty impetuosity. He had made an honorable offer of marriage to the woman he loved, and she had refused him.

After that he evaded Bessie, and her friends as well. One evening he made a wide detour to evade Gould, and Bessie, who were idly drifting in a frail rowboat and, Rodney fancied, looking serene and happy.

It was a rapid, torturing flight. Rodney finally seated himself on the banks of the river three miles down the stream. The moon came out brightly, the night was full of sweet sounds, the soft drone of the rapids further along would have lured a sentimentalist to sleep. Rodney, however, cherished only bitter, gloomy thoughts.

Perhaps an hour went by when a cry caused him to look up. The river was broad and deep at this point, and its center held patches of little islands. The wider part of the stream lay beyond these. Suddenly he saw a boat skim through the channel separating two islands and bear down directly to the spot where he was.

It seemed as if some giant force nerved him to mighty strength as he saw in the approaching boat, tossed like a frail feather from side to side, a female form. And then—

"Bessie!"

He saw her shapely hands clinging to either side of the craft. Her terrorful eyes were fixed tensely ahead. Rodney threw off his coat, kicked off his shoes. A wayward streak in an eddy whirled the boat around. It tipped, and with a gurgling shriek Bessie disappeared beneath the waters forty feet distant, but near to the edge of the island.

The fierce, strong current handied Rodney about as he made a direct plunge. It was a wild, desperate fight with the battling waves. How he made it he never knew, but he caught at a limp body swayed along by the undertow, dragged Bessie ashore and sat down beside her, breathless, exhausted.

What a woeful sight she was—all the daintiness of the witchery of lace and jewels and form and features bedraggled, the fair hands cold as ice as he chafed them. He trembled with direful agony until he felt the faint, fluttering pulse. Then he could do no more save watch and wait, gazing down at the white face so dear to him, the moonlight flooding the scene with a cold, steely brilliancy that seemed ominous.

At length Bessie stirred. There was a faint moan, she sat up, shuddered and met his gaze.

"You!" she voiced in hollow accents—and his clinging garments told her intuitively how she had been saved. Then she turned her face away. Strange juncture—to be here, isolated, with the man she had rejected!

He read her thoughts. He noted her lashes fall in humbled pride, in shame. He realized that her escort must have acted the coward's part, he recalled her mother, with a weak heart, unable to stand any shock. Rodney arose to his feet.

"Miss Thurston," he said quietly, "we must lose no time. Your mother and your friends—you will not have to stay here for long."

"Come back!" It was a wild, pleading shriek, a call of anguish, of love, as she saw him plunge into the flood, as life and death fought a desperate battle within her sight. But he reached the shore, though nearly stunned and his head bruised and bleeding at contact with a rock, and staggered away out of sight.

She sat moaning, her head buried in her hands, as a slow hour went by. Then a shout from the shore from the midst of friends—a weighted rope cast across the chasm. A strong boatman clasped her and carried her thus to the mainland. Bessie in one swift glance swept the group. Rodney was not there.

"My dear Bessie—" for the first time began Gould, hastening to her side. She turned to him, her eyes blazing contempt.

"I despise you!" she cried out. "Oh, if anything has happened to him I shall hate you!"

Her sister put her arm around her and whispered in her ear:

"He is safe, dear. Only a slight hurt, and the shock, and—"

"Take me to him!" cried Bessie. "You are deceiving me. Oh, my hero! my love! If you should die, then I shall die, too!"

She would have her willful way. When they reached home they pointed to the library room, where Rodney lay upon a couch, his head bandaged, pale, weak, but not seriously injured. She knelt at his side, with no thought of her bedraggled attire.

"Last week," she choked out, and burst into a sob—"I did not know my own mind, but, oh! tonight—"

She pillowed her lips upon his cheek. Her arms stole around him—oh, so pitifully!—as she whispered words of love.

"Never mind the yesterdays," he said, with a smile of ineffable peace. "Forget everything except the golden Tomorrow!"

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Tick-tock—

It isn't much of a clock as clocks go. Just an ordinary, everyday affair, such as one sees on the wall of almost any office. Perhaps you'd never glance up at it unless you happened to be late for luncheon.

It hangs in the counting-room of one of the biggest banks in New York, and there's nothing unusual about it except that it was put up the same day an Austrian princeling got himself killed at Sarajevo—and started the war.

It used to keep pretty good time.

After we got into the war and got to going good, some one put a little red sign across the face of it so that whenever you looked up to see what time it was you saw the little sign staring at you impertinently;

"TIME TO BUY LIBERTY BONDS."

Tick-tock—

That clock was ticking off the minutes when the guns were booming along the Somme and while the Crown Prince was battering vainly at the gates of Verdun. It was ticking when the Lusitania went down—when Bernstorff went back—when Pershing went over. It was ticking when there wasn't an American soldier on the Western Front, and when there were two million, with more on the way.

Tick-tock—

It was ticking that day four months ago when the German Armistice Commissioner took out his fountain pen and signed his name on the dotted line—ticking at the rate of $555 a second.

Tick-tock—

$555.

Sixty seconds make a minute—sixty minutes make an hour—$50,000,000 a day.

That's what the war was costing America when the Armistice was signed.

Quick! Some one! Stop the clock!

Well, some one did.

That day of our first Peace Celebration when we all went crazy and tore loose, some wag in the bank did stop the clock. Took out the pendulum and tied a big piece of black crepe on the clock itself. And everybody laughed and yelled their heads off—because the war was over.

That was the end of it. The war was over—the clock was stopped and everything.

Well—almost everything.

Other clocks still went on ticking—at $555 a second! They're still ticking. Not at $555, to be sure—but it will run far into millions before next June.

We still have a job to finish. We still have war-bills to pay. And Americans always pay their bills.

We still have an army at the bridgeheads of the Rhine, and we've got to keep it there for a while—if we're going to get a real peace in place of an armistice.

And then there are the soldiers to bring back and the wounded to care for and the crippled to make over and jobs to find—before our job is finished—before we can turn all our energies to making plows and automobiles again.

It's going to take money. And we've got to raise it. That's part of our job—yours and mine and the people's next door.

The bank with the clock can't do it—all the banks in the country can't do it—if we are going to go ahead afterward making plows and automobiles and opening up new mines and planting more wheat fields.

We've got to have credit, if we are going to get back on a prosperous business basis. And we can't have credit, if the banks have all their money tied up in Liberty Loans.

Whenever one thinks of the prosperity and happiness we can have in this country, if we make good use of the opportunities that lie just ahead, he should think of that clock in the bank with its streamer of crepe and its little red sign:

And of the millions of other clocks that were ticking off the minutes during the war just as that clock in the bank did and—well—

Tick-tock—

Those clocks are still ticking. There's another liberty loan coming.

Tick-tock—

What time will it be by your clock next month when the Victory Liberty Bonds are offered?

ROMAN INVASION OF BRITAIN

Good Reasons for Setting August 27 as the Date on Which Julius Caesar Landed on the Island.

The 27th day of August, 55 B. C., may, upon good grounds, be set down as the day on which Caesar invaded the Island of Britain. It is interesting to learn the method by which a painstaking and ingenious inquirer determined the date as given—Caesar himself tells that he proceeded on his expedition when little of the summer remained—when the people of the south of Britain were engaged in their harvest—and we learn that he returned before the equinox. Thus, the day must have been in August. He further tells us that the full moon occurred on the fourth day after his landing. The full moon of August in that year, as given by astronomical tables, occurred at 3 a. m. of the 31st. Hence, Caesar landed on the 27th.

It is well known that Caesar met with greater difficulty in landing and making good his first footing on the island than he expected. The southern Britons were a people well advanced in civilization at the time. It was only about a century after this that London, by its present name, was a city crowded with merchants and of world-wide celebrity.

History repeats itself. England, even in those early days when Caesar made war on the Veniti, to the west of Gaul, the Britons sent a fleet of ships to their assistance.

Qualified as a Bargain Hunter.

It has been said of women that few of them can resist anything having a family resemblance to a bargain, but a young woman of independent means living in the northeast district has reached the extremity of bargain-grabbing, says the Kansas City Star. Her habits along this line have long been a joke among those who know her, and when she attended her club meeting recently the others began to twit her about it.

"But I certainly found a bargain yesterday, girls," she said with an air of satisfaction, and they all wanted to know all about it right away.

"Well," she told them eagerly, "I went down to attend a suit sale I read of in the paper, and I was passing a place on Main street where they sell monuments, and they were all marked down, and I bought the loveliest granite monument you ever saw for $50, and it is worth three times that much if it is worth a cent!"

Do Your Part

There are three parties in every telephone conversation—the person calling, the operator and the person who answers. All three share the responsibility for quick and accurate service.

The person calling should give the number in a distinct voice, speaking directly into the mouthpiece, and wait at the telephone until the called person answers or the operator reports. The person called should answer promptly.

Care and promptness on the part of both telephone user and telephone operator are essential to good service.

The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company

TREAT INSANE LIKE BRUTES

Damascus Authorities Keep Men of Deranged Mind in Chains in Full View of Passers-By.

"Other sights and sounds, by no means so agreeable, meet the modern traveler, and doubtless those who journeyed through Damascus in Paul's time as well," writes Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. "Never have I seen more hideous objects than the insane men of Damascus. Some of them, probably those who are particularly violent, are fastened with a heavy chain to a ring in the wall of some house or public building. There they sit upon the sidewalk day and night, covered, if at all, from the blistering rays of the sun or the dews of evening, by a little awning of burlap, almost naked, gnashing their teeth, or perhaps with a stupid, dull indifference in their eyes, depending upon the charity of the passers-by."

"The last spot we can visit," Doctor Clark says in concluding the chapter, "is the ancient wall through whose windows it is said that Saint Paul escaped. Here is his brief account of this adventure: 'In Damascus, the governor, under Aretas the king, put guards about the city of the Damascus, thinking to arrest me, and through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall and escaped his hands.'

"We looked with interest and reverence upon the ancient wall, which very likely was standing in the apostle's time, and at the window, from which it is possible, but by no means certain, that he was lowered in a basket."

MARBLE STONES ABOVE PETS

Grieving Owners Erect Costly Monuments in Dog Cemetery Near Center of London, England.

It may not be known to everybody that in London there exists an exceedingly pretty cemetery devoted principally to man's best friend—the faithful dog. Near the Victoria Gate, Hyde Park West, stands the gatekeeper's lodge, attached to which there is a fair-sized garden, the last resting place of many a favorite pet.

Several years ago a favorite dog ("Poor Little Prince"), which belonged to the duke of Cambridge, was run over in the park, brought to the lodge and afterward buried in the garden. A marble stone shows the place where he lies. After this many who had heard of the event requested to have their dogs laid to rest in the same plot of ground, and thus it came about that the permission of the duke and the deputy ranger was obtained to allow the garden to become a cemetery for dogs.

It has now been in existence many years, and there are several hundred graves, all beautifully kept. Some people pay a certain amount per annum to have the little graves properly attended to; some only pay when the dog is buried; many call regularly. The tombstones are pretty nearly all of the same size and mostly of marble.—London Graphic.

South Africa's Tobacco Industry.

South Africa has grown considerably during the few years in which serious efforts have been made to establish it. Its success is sufficiently striking to afford a reasonable prospect of better things to come. The 1907 crop amounted to 26,644 pounds, which sold for an average of about 18 cents per pound. The 1908 crop was 96,058 pounds and realized an average of 22½ cents per pound. In 1909 an average of 29 cents per pound was secured for 120,800 pounds. In 1910 the average price advanced to 34 cents for 123,210 pounds. In 1911 the average price fell to 30½ cents, but the crop advanced to 407,402 pounds. The crop for 1912 is known to be over 1,000,000 pounds, but the average price is not yet ascertained. Next season's crop is confidently expected to be over 2,000,000 pounds.

Little Loss by Delay.

Indians at the Haskell institute, Lawrence, debated last week on the subject, "Resolved, That the Indian Should Be Exterminated," and the affirmative won.—Kansas City Journal.

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