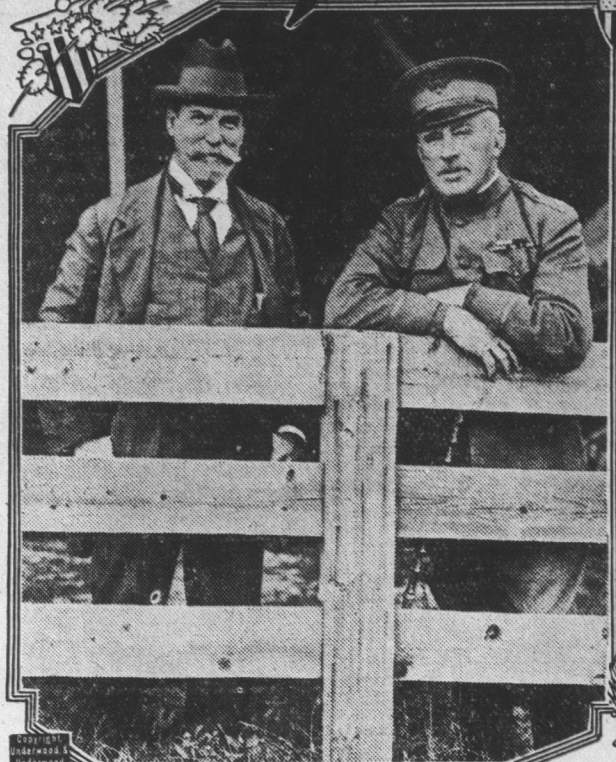


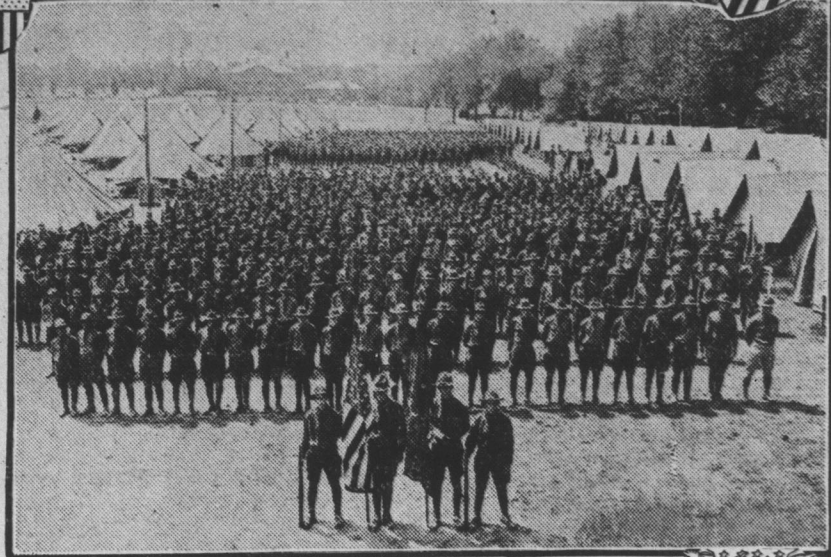
Guardians of "Free and Independent States"



SECRETARY HUGHES AND GENERAL WOOD AT FIRST PLATTSBURGH CAMP



MORNING INSPECTION



ON PARADE



ON THE RANGE

United States broke off relations with Germany and entered the World war.

weight; volley ball, pushball and fencing are equally popular. Each year an increasing number of high school, normal school and college football teams, sometimes with their own coaches, find in the summer camps a fine opportunity for preliminary practice for their regular schedules.

In the daily program they find means to greater physical vigor and control. Military drill brings proper carriage, quickness of response and exact co-ordination of nerve and muscle. Mass calisthenics emphasize these qualities through rhythmic movement. Adequate, varied, nutritious and appetizing diet for thirty days contribute its share to a bodily growth, measured by inches of height and chest expansion and many pounds of weight. Regular hours establish a proper habit of life. Systematic medical inspection wards off any danger of undue exertion and it is supplemented by hospital care in case of need.

Academic credit and rewards are a definite incentive for thousands of high school and college students who always make up a large percentage of the enrollment. Boards of education in many states have authorized high school credit for camp enrollment and a considerable number of higher institutions have recognized this training toward graduation. In addition, many military schools, public secondary schools, colleges and universities offer for competition in the citizens' military training camp of the various corps areas scholarships bearing free tuition. Most of these are renewable, on the basis of good scholastic record. The successful winners throughout the course. Sixty or more institutions have united in this patriotic plan with a forecast of a total annual value of fifty thousand dollars in these scholarships within the next two or three years.

Economic considerations lead many young men to the summer training. A large and increasing percentage is made up of young men from offices, stores and factories, who go to the camps under the expressed approval of their employers and with the sound conviction that a good record in the training center will be a factor in future pay and advancement. Some companies grant an extra two weeks' vacation without wages; most give the full month with pay and a few allow attendance for four weeks with pay in addition to the usual two weeks' vacation.

Six years have demonstrated the value of the citizens' military training camps, for which there is no better proof than the increasing desire of young men to return for a second year, coupled with the unanimous approval of parents.

The government stands today firm in its definite policy of voluntary training—physical, civic and military—of young men. It offers in the citizens' military training camp no vacation in the sense of purposeless squandering of time in idle pursuits or useless diversions, such as indifferent youth may fancy. The camp schedule is not arduous, but for every hour there is a definite aim and occupation. Military drill fills the mornings with short intervals for rest and for the ever-welcome milk period, wisely ordained for those still fast-growing youths. Afternoons are devoted to a wide variety of sports and games, in one or more of which each candidate must take his part. After a long day of outdoor work and play, men welcome eagerly the recreation of the evening hours. The hostess house, under the direction of sympathetic and experienced women, affords the comforts and quiet enjoyment of a home or club. Chess and checkers, billiards and card games fill many a happy hour. Dances are organized at every training center with partners furnished by committees and clubs of neighboring communities. The Liberty theater offers moving pictures with professional and amateur concerts and plays. Most camps have their own citizens' military training camp band and sometimes their own orchestra and dramatic and debating clubs. From reveille to taps the program is full of earnest work and wholesome recreation, inciting each candidate to full performance of duty through the day in order better to enjoy the resulting leisure of the evening. What was a dream in the mind of Leonard Wood in the days before the great war and an experiment in the citizens' military training camp of 1921 is now a reality in the citizens' military training camps, the call of which is written large in the history of the past six years.

Athletics, no doubt, bring a large part of the enrollment, for one of the features of the camps is a chance to participate in a large variety of sports and games under skilled instructors. The government furnishes much necessary equipment and this is supplemented by donations from the Military Training Camps association and other patriotic societies and civic committees. Many of the training camps are located on the seashore or on inland lakes and rivers with ample opportunity for bathing and water sports. At other camps the War department has established adequate, hygienic and attractive swimming tanks. The Red Cross arranges systematic courses of instruction, leading successful candidates to final credit as life guards.

Baseball diamonds and equipment are provided for all men who seek to qualify for the company teams and to take part in intercompany and regimental games. Tennis courts are to be found everywhere; boxing is taught for men of every

beach to take in the new night club. "And after that?" "Oh, home I suppose," said the wife despairingly. —Los Angeles Times.

Irish Sprigging Passing
Sprigging, once popular, but now so out of date that even many in the industry do not know what it is, is deemed to pass. Sprigging is a form of lake making peculiar to Donegal and some parts of the southern and western parts of Ireland, where lake

making is prominent. With the resignation recently of Miss M. Menamin, sprigging instructress at the County Donegal Technical school, it was reported that because of new customs duties the art was passing out to such an extent that pupils were few and an instructor was unnecessary.

Home of the Potato
South America is named by some authorities as the original home of the potato.

UNCLE ANDY'S WAY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"H EAVEN," quoted Uncle Andy thoughtfully, "is for him that overcometh—not him that is pushed there in a wheel-chair."

"I'm afraid then," his niece Mary said lugubriously, "that I'll never get there! Want me to plump your pillow up for you again?"

"Who's wheeling you to heaven, Mary?" inquired the sick man.

"Nobody—it's the overcoming part of it Uncle Andy. If you can't overcome little things, how are you to overcome as big a thing as Satan?"

"Satan, at his deadliest is sometimes in the form of little things, Mary."

"I'd as soon fight Satan as some of them I've met up with," said Mary. "Take this notion I've always had to fix up my beds—you know what nice beds my mother had, Uncle Andy. But since I've been a married woman I've not had a decent sheet—not a pair of blankets—not even a spread that I wasn't ashamed of—to say nothing of the bedsteads and the old cheap mattresses that don't hold their shape. Henry says nobody sees them back in the bedrooms, so why should I worry? But I tell him we spend one-third of our lives lying in them."

"Henry spends a good deal more'n a third—"

"But Henry's not lazy, Uncle Andy!"

"No? Who said he was?"

"Of course, I know that I wouldn't want linen sheets and all-wood blankets—and everything like that. Poor people like us don't expect them. But that's long for them—to feel them, to iron the sheets, to fold the lovely, soft, wooden plaid blankets; to look at the snowy spreads—I remember how mother would turn her head to one side in pride and satisfaction when she made her beds! Mother came to see me once and went back home and sold the last lot she had left in Grandview and sent me money to fix up my beds with, but Henry took it—I mean we got a good second-hand car with it."

"The one you never would ride in?"

"I guess I did act a little bit like it—but I hated for mother to know we'd do such a thing. And once I remember Henry told me that I could have the egg money to buy my clothes with, so he'd never have to hear the complaint when we started to go somewhere of not having anything to wear. Well, I stayed at home for two years and saved that money to buy blankets with. There was a big August blanket sale going on in Bradley and on the very day I'd planned to go, Henry's brother came in from one of his wild-goose chases and he was broke. They had three children to get ready for school in less than a month—so I had to get busy and buy up my clothes with the egg money."

"I suppose you were good and discouraged by then?" snorted Uncle Andy, jerking the covers angrily.

"Yes, I was discouraged; but I didn't give up, I had to save the egg money again for my clothes—for after doing without two or three years I was sorely in need of them. But I struck upon another plan. I started in sewing for people. And in one winter I saved up a surprising little sum. But when spring came the Thompsons, who live there by us, painted their house. Henry said it made ours look worse than mud and if I'd take my sewing machine and paint ours it would save the surface, you know. Does your head ache worse, Uncle Andy? Maybe I'm talking too much—"

"No? Well, as I was saying Henry always told me I was lucky—and maybe I am. Anyway, the fair association offered a prize of \$250 for the best collection of farm products and canned, preserved and pickled stuff, you know. Well, Henry decided we'd try for it. He didn't have time to help, though, for his pa was feeble that year and he had to stay down there a lot. But I thought of all that \$250 would buy for those beds—and I got up the collection. I was mighty nigh tucked out afterward. But we got that prize!"

"But the beds—did you get the beds?" demanded Uncle Andy peevishly.

"No, I didn't. Henry decided that as the money had been produced by the farm it was nothing but right that it should be used on the farm. He needed new sets of harness for the teams—he got the nicest looking ones with stars and tassels—and the barn needed painting that year, and the pump had to be repaired for the barn well. Hadn't you better take one of those quieting tablets, Uncle Andy?"

"Did you try again?" asked Uncle Andy unkindly of Mary's query.

"Oh, yes! Almost the hardest I ever worked was when the daily newspaper there in Bradley put on a six

weeks' subscription campaign. I got a lovely string of pearls for my work. But just as I was going to sell them to Old Man Briggs for Erna Mae's graduating present—he offered me a fine price for them—Henry decided that Christine, his sister, you know, would feel hurt, knowing I had them, if I didn't give them to her—she graduated, too, that year.

"But do you know Uncle Andy, I still have a chance at some money, and if I should happen to get it I'm going to use it myself this time. The Hastings confectionery in Bradley—there on the corner by Green's House Furnishing company—has offered a prize for the best name for their new candy and a slogan to use in advertising it. Henry says as I've always been kind of mushy and sentimental, my suggestion ought to win it—my goodness, there's the postman—I didn't know it was that late!

"Here's a letter from Henry—and a check! Surely the check's not from Henry. It's signed by John Hastings—why, Uncle Andy, I did win the candy-store prize! Let's see what Henry says about it—he's sending it to me to endorse—they wouldn't cash it at the bank without my name on it. And he's got a chance to trade his old car in on another with a little to boot—a good one that he'll not have to spend all his time working on. He says it isn't as if I had to work hard for this money (but I did wrack my brain for a week, Uncle Andy!) and he hopes you are better by now so that I can come on home—all the dishes on the place are dirty and he's run out of clean shirts. And if I can't come, be sure to send the endorsed check back by return mail—"

"But Mary, listen here—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say, Uncle Andy! That's why I said I was afraid I'd never get there—to heaven, you know! For if I can't overcome—"

"Listen here, Mary! I'm in need of a little money myself. As you've got this here handy you wouldn't mind lending it to me to help me out, would you? I'll pay you back, Mary, as soon as—"

"Of course, you will, Uncle Andy! But Henry would be mad—what on earth would I tell Henry?"

"Tell him you couldn't refuse your old sick uncle the loan of a few dollars that would probably mean the saving of his life—"

"Why, Uncle Andy! Of course you may have it if it means all that!"

Mary Stephens found herself extremely despondent on her way home. She had grown accustomed to Henry's "borrowing"—but she's not expected it of Uncle Andy! She had felt hopeless enough combating with Henry in this cherished longing of her domestic homemaking heart—but now that Uncle Andy had joined forces with him—tears swam in Mary's eyes, the sting of them suddenly arousing her, grasping her handkerchief, she sopped her eyes determinedly.

"I won't give up!" she vowed. "I won't! I'll work my fingers off, first! Not that I care so much after all these years—only for the principle of it—for I won't lie in defeat on those old beds the rest of my life! I'll find a way somehow—I will! I will! I will!"

A week later Mary, leaving the telephone, exclaimed excitedly:

"It was Green's House Furnishing company in Bradley, Henry! They said they had just received a large check from Andy Miller, the amount to be taken up by Mary Stephens in beds and bed furnishings only. . . . What's that you have Henry?"

"Borrowing your money," Mary read, "saved my life—for if you had turned it over to Henry as you have always done, I would have been to bury. I tried to add enough to it to repay you for nursing me through my sick spell. You know my motto, 'Heaven is for him that overcometh—not him that is pushed there in a wheel chair'—but I've discovered that some folks have so darn much to overcome that they deserve a little wheeling up the last hill—So I don't begrudge giving you a little lift by helping you to overcome Henry Stephens. Give Henry my regards, and tell him I hope he enjoys sleeping in a real bed—and that he must take his medicine like a good little boy. With love, Uncle Andy."

Interesting Relics

A London woman says she has in her possession the first pair of rubber gossamer ever made in that country. They could never have been worn by anyone, however, for each shoe is only two inches long. They were made for the great exhibition of 1851 to show the possibilities of rubber as a waterproof material.

Astronomical

The Naval observatory says that according to the parallaxes adopted in our latest star catalogues, the distance between the two stars forming the bottom of the bowl of the Dipper in Ursa Major is about 650 trillion miles. This should be regarded as only a rough approximation.

Giant Trees of India Magnificent in Leaf

Some of the mightiest trees in India are to be found near the tiny hamlet of Khenkurranpur, in the United Provinces.

In a shaded valley stand two especially enormous trees. Their respective trunks, three feet above the ground, says a writer in the Times of India, measure respectively, 47 feet 4 inches and 40 feet 3 inches and are of a queer quadrilateral shape, going straight up some 12 feet, before they ramify into great branches, each branch as massive as a thick tree.

They stand stark naked, in the winter, as do English trees, but they are magnificent in full leaf. The leaves are bright green and glossy, and grow in thick bunches, each on a long fine stalk. They are pentaphyllous, and beautifully symmetrical, the center leaflet being about four inches long, and two inches wide across the middle. The seedpod, which dangles like a large mango from a stalk along with each bunch of leaves, has a hard wooden case, covered with green plush, containing cotton wool as well

as seeds. The seeds are taken from the pods, hollowed out and used by the villagers for snuff boxes!

The trees are called Gujarati Imli (the tamarind of Gujarat) although neither leaf nor seedpod resemble the tamarind at all, but are reminiscent of the leaf and seedpod of the Semal.

The Skin Game

A naturalist says that there are sharks enough in the sea to serve all the world's demand for leather—and it is fine leather at that. Skinning a shark sounds like a meritorious task and we are in favor of using the visible supply, of sharks as the scientist suggests. We might save a few calves and wear out more sharks.

Montreal's Early Names

Montreal, Canada, was founded in 1642 as "Villa Marie," on the site of an Indian village known as Hochelaga. A trading post had been established there by Champlain in 1611, and in 1635 it was visited by Jacques Cartier.



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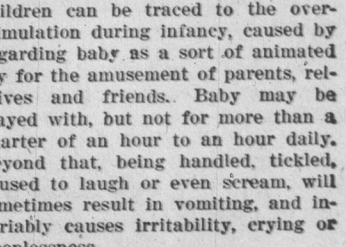
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If we studied this world we live in ardent enough we wouldn't be bored.

Don't Make a Toy Out of Baby

Babies Have Nerves
By Ruth Brittain



Much of the nervousness in older children can be traced to the overstimulation during infancy, caused by regarding baby as a sort of animated toy for the amusement of parents, relatives and friends. Baby may be played with, but not for more than a quarter of an hour to an hour daily. Beyond that, being handled, tickled, caused to laugh or even scream, will sometimes result in vomiting, and invariably causes irritability, crying or sleeplessness.

Fretfulness, crying and sleeplessness from this cause can easily be avoided by treating baby with more consideration, but when you just can't see what is making baby restless or upset, better give him a few drops of pure, harmless Castoria. It's amazing to see how quickly it calms baby's nerves and soothes him to sleep; yet it contains no drugs or opiates. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper. Leading physicians prescribe it for colic, cholera, diarrhea, constipation, gas on stomach and bowels, feverishness, loss of sleep and all other "upsets" of babyhood. Over 25 million bottles used a year shows its overwhelming popularity.

With each bottle of Castoria, you get a book on Motherhood, worth its weight in gold. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package so you'll get genuine Castoria. There are many imitations.



Home Seems to Figure Last on the Program

"I wonder what has become of that charming old motto 'God Bless Our Home?'" asked Bishop Mathews of his congregation. "It is a sign of the times, that one has difficulty in finding it, or similar ones, in most of the book stores. Indeed, to many people, home seems to be scarce more than a name. Like the Bannings.

"Mr. Banning came home from work

very tired and exclaimed: 'Isn't it grand that we can stay at home to night!'

"But we're not," stated Mrs. Banning. "The Grahams have invited us over to their place for dinner and after that we're going down to the show."

"And after that?" asked Mr. Banning hopefully.

"After that we're going down to the