



THEY WERE OUT IN THEIR CARS BY FOUR IN THE MORNING, PICKING UP THE WORKERS.

*THIS is the record of one community's patriotism. To the country's need Norway, Maine, responded—with money, men, grain, Red Cross work, pigs! We do not claim that Norway is the banner community of the country. What we do claim is that if every other community will do as well as Norway, we need have no fear about our war. We are going to tell you, from month to month, about other towns and counties that have made similar records of patriotism. But we want your help. If your town, district, county—community—is proud of itself along any line of war work, let us know.*

## NORWAY, AMERICA!

*By William Almon Wolff*

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

**N**ORWAY, Maine, is at war with the German empire. That statement holds equally true, of course, of the rest of the United States, and of her territories, and insular possessions, and —and especially— of the District of Columbia. But there are ways and ways of being at war. There is

the way of some towns and villages and cities and counties, which is to become rather excited and demonstratively patriotic at the outbreak of war, and to hang out flags, and buy more newspapers, and to have a comfortable feeling when troops march by, and to buy a few Liberty Bonds and let the administration at Washington make war. And then there is Norway's way —

which, if this war is to be won, must be the way of all the rest of the country.

Norway's part in this war has not been passive or simply acquiescent. It has been definite, self-conscious, dynamic, pervasive. Ever since last April Norway has been doing things that all America must do, with ever-increasing energy, to bring victory. Norway, a tiny place, tucked away in a Maine valley, connected with the outside world only by a trolley and a line to the Grand Trunk railway a mile and a half away from the center of the village, has gone to war in a fashion that makes it an object lesson, and an inspiration for all America. Norway has done nothing that any other community can not do. It has done nothing in the first war summer of 1917 that it can not do again next year—and do better. Some communities have, undoubtedly already matched Norway's effort. *All* must do so. About Norway there is nothing remarkable. It isn't populated by supermen. Norway people are just folks, just as Norway, itself, is only the village center of a farming community, with a population of three thousand, one bank, a moving picture theatre that shows films twice a week, a shoe factory, a sizable lumber-yard, one hotel, and the other usual appurtenances of village life.

When Congress declared, last April, that a state of war existed with the German empire, Norway's reaction was a normal one. A few more flags appeared; there was a somewhat brisker demand for the Portland newspapers, with their big headlines. A recruiting tent was set up; posters flamed on walls and trees, calling for enlistment in Army and Navy.

But the war didn't come home to Norway at once, any more than it did to most other American towns and villages. There was no immediate, instinctive realization that Norway could, and

should, play a definite, direct part in the making of war. Norway regarded war as something to be attended to by the Government—and the Government as a vague, distant abstraction, moving, more or less mysteriously about its business in Washington, nearly a thousand miles away.

As soon as war was declared, the Governor of Maine appointed public safety committees in counties and towns throughout the state. Norway got its public safety committee, which met, and organized, and met again, and talked things over, but failed, for some reason, to get things started. Neither Norway nor the committee was fully aroused. But—there were men on the committee who were not easily discouraged. One of them was Talbot Mundy, the novelist, who had forsworn his allegiance to King George V of England, a few weeks before, and become an American citizen.

Mundy attended the first uninteresting, footless meetings of the Public Safety Committee. He isn't the Englishman of tradition—few Englishmen are, when you come down to it. He is an alert, impatient chap, who chafes under inactivity, and is unhappy when he knows there are things to be done that aren't being done. He grew restless, and pretty soon he picked up Fred Cummings, who used to be in the lumber business, but has retired, and Hugh Pendexter, whose short stories appear in most of the magazines, and Vivian Akers, Norway's famous landscape photographer. The three of them dropped into Henry Foster's clothing store, on Main Street, and went back to talk to Foster.

Mundy started the talking. He said harsh things about the Public Safety Committee—of which all four were members.

"This war can't be fought and won by sitting around and talking about it!" he said. "There are things to be done—and done at once. Crops, for instance—we've got to get after the farmers and make them plant more stuff. And we've got to get to work on enlistments. Posters aren't enough to make men enlist—they found that out in England, early in the war. You have to get after men personally. And there's going to be a big bond issue. We'll have to do our part in that."

"I don't know about the farmers," said Foster. "They don't like us much—there's always been a little bad feeling between the people here in Norway and

the farmers. And they'll say they can't get help, if they do plant more—and that their crops will be ruined because they can't take care of them after they're planted."

"Well, we'll have to get around that," said Mundy. "We've got to raise more food."

"Talk to Yeaton," suggested Cummings. So they called in Professor George A. Yeaton, the agricultural expert from the Maine College of Agriculture, at Orono, who is in charge of agricultural extension work in Oxford County, with headquarters in Norway. He smiled, rather sadly, when they told him what they wanted.



VIVIAN AKERS, WHO ORGANIZED THE BOY SCOUTS TO ACHIEVE NORWAY'S GREAT LIBERTY LOAN OVER-SUBSCRIPTION



F.H. CUMMINGS, ONE OF THE PLAIN CITIZENS WHO HELPED LEAD NORWAY RIGHT INTO THE WAR



TALBOT MUNDY, NOVELIST, AND INSPIRER OF THE PLAIN, TO-THE-POINT PATRIOTISM OF NORWAY

"Of course we can raise more food crops!" he said. "They can come to me for all the seed they want. And they've got the land—acres of it, going to waste every summer. But—how about help? It's easy to plant the crops, and get the plowing done. But how about hoeing? And getting in the hay? That's what every farmer will ask you! And he'll be

right. He'll be talking out of experience. Getting help is the greatest problem the Maine farmer has."

"I think we can fix that," said Foster, quietly. Foster always is quiet—until he catches someone, usually Mundy, trying to give him credit for what was done after that. "There are a lot of men and boys, right here in Norway, who could do

a few days work on farms. How about making a canvass and seeing how many we can get to pledge themselves to help out as a matter of patriotism? We can get automobiles enough to distribute them and take them home at night, can't we?"

"We can get mine!" said Mundy, at once. "And mine!" said Cummings. "And Mr. Carroll will help out." They reckoned up at once the car owners who could be counted upon. Foster got up a card, of the sort that can be filed in a card index. It is shown on this page in concise form.

**NORWAY COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY  
SECTION OF FOOD SUPPLY**

WHEREAS, The government of the United States of America has been compelled to take up arms in the defense of the common rights of mankind; and

WHEREAS, the President of the United States has called upon every citizen to help in this crisis, and

WHEREAS, the food supply of the United States must be maintained:

THEREFORE, I do hereby pledge myself to serve my country by my own labor in the production and conservation of food for the people of the United States.

This committee is pledged to convey all volunteer laborers to and from work in autos free of all expense to the laborers, and to see that the agreed wage is promptly paid.

.....  
Name.....Address.....  
.....  
Age.....(10 to 15).....(15 to 20).....(Over 20) Tel.....  
I will work on a farm the following time:.....  
.....  
Have you had farm experience?.....  
In view of the urgency, are you willing for patriotic reasons to work Sundays?..... With pay for Sunday work? .....  
Without pay for Sunday work? ..... Have you a team to work? ..... Will you raise a pig? .....  
Will you raise a calf? ..... Will you raise more chickens than last year?.....

Everyone contributed something to the framing of those questions on that card—the one about pigs being Mundy's. Of that more will be said later.

As soon as the index cards were printed, the sub-committee, or whatever it may be called -it never did formally organize itself or depart from the formal Public

Safety Committee, probably because it was too busy!— went to work on a canvass of Norway. Mundy and the rest went around, from house to house. They wouldn't take "no" for an answer. Men who hadn't dreamed of working on a farm, who didn't know how, and were sure they couldn't learn, were convinced, and signed that pledge with something like enthusiasm.

"Man alive!" Mundy would say. "We're not asking much! All we want you to do is to promise work, or as many days as you can to Uncle Sam. Some farmer will pay you—but you'll be working for the country and against the Kaiser just as much and just as hard as you would be in a trench in Flanders!

"The Army's got to be fed, hasn't it? And the food's got to come from here. We've got to help feed France and England, too. Their men can't work on farms – they're in the trenches. Here's your chance to do your bit. "

It was up-hill work. But there was determination behind it and it was accomplished. Yeaton agreed, at last, that Mundy and the rest had enough pledges to justify them in going to the farmers. And then began an entirely new phase of the campaign.

The farmers were not responsive— not at first. They didn't visualize the War. They didn't see the part that they could play in fighting it and ending it. They rather resented the attempt of the townspeople to dictate to them about their crops. Mundy was the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, so to speak.

Mundy eats breakfast, from choice, at about six o'clock. On the first day, after breakfast, he set out, driving his big black car, hatless, with his chestnut hair blowing about and his face all on fire with enthusiasm. He had a route mapped out and he knew, already, a

good many of the farmers he wanted to see.

"Yo-ho!" he shouted at his first stopping-place - arousing the curiosity and interest of every one within half a mile. "Mr. Freeman around?" (The name Freeman being fictitious, as they say in legal documents.) And then, when he found Freeman, wherever he might happen to be:

"Good morning, Mr. Freeman! You look fine! We want you to help lick the Kaiser by raiding more crops this summer!"

Mr. Freeman allowed he didn't know about doing that. He guessed he was raising about all he could handle as it was. Fact was, he was thinking about cutting down some. What with this war, and all the young chaps going off to fight, it looked to him as if help would be scarcer than ever this year.

"That's where you're wrong!" said Mundy. "Look at this!"

And he produced his list of pledges, and explained the plan he and Foster and the others had worked out.

"We'll guarantee you all the help you want." he said. "All you'll have to do will be to tell us how many men you need, and the day you want them. Well do the rest—bring them right here in an automobile and take them home again at night."

Mr. Freeman was interested -but skeptical. He had his doubts about the quality of the work he could look for from soft-handed townspeople.

"Use more help, then—you'll find they'll make good!"

Mr. Freeman scratched his head.

"The more you plant, the more money you'll make!"

Bang! That nearly wrecked the whole program. Mundy says that line was the worst he could have followed. The statement aroused Mr. Freeman. In his judgment he knew more in a minute

about the money that could or couldn't be made on a (arm than any novelist from Norway could learn in a year! He wasn't unpleasant about it, but he was mighty firm. And his suspicions were aroused.

"Well, it isn't a question of money, of course," said Mundy, rather desperately. "It's sheer patriotism! You've read what the President has said, haven't you? To win this war we've all got to pitch in. We've got to raise more crops—and then more. Even when the war ends we've got to keep the world from starving. It's up to you to help Uncle Sam, Mr. Freeman. I'm speaking for him."

### **An American Response**

It was the beginning of the end for Mr. Freeman. Mundy hadn't allowed for a certain intangible, abstract thing; a memory, a heritage; a deep-lying spiritual asset that Mr. Freeman shares with a good many other Freemans and Allens and Timpsons and owners of other New England names. Mr. Freeman could have told Talbot Mundy, late of England, sometime administrator and fighter for the British Empire in far-flung colonial dominions of India and Africa, certain things—but nothing could have induced him to talk about them.

He could have told Mundy that a Freeman had been among those present at the storming of Ticonderoga in the Revolution, that another had fought at Lundy's Lane; that still another had died in Mexico; that several Freemans had answered Abraham Lincoln's call to arms; that the very latest Freeman grave had been filled by a Spanish bullet in 1898. But, of course, he told Mundy nothing of the sort! What he did was to scratch his head again.

"Well, I don't take much stock in this help you're promising me," he said. "But I'll see how much planting I can do and take a chance."

So it went. Often Mundy and the others had to combat the state of mind created by a subtle and far-reaching pro-German propaganda. There were farmers, among those he saw, who still cherished an enmity toward England that had its roots in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812. They fairly bristled at Mundy's accent, which is the most British thing about him. Sometimes Cummings or Foster had to relieve Mundy, in an obstinate case, and wind things up.

But always they drove home the same points. Mundy's first day taught him not to appeal to the farmers with talk of the financial gain for themselves. The problem was to convince those farmers that by increasing their acreage under cultivation they would, actually, aid in the war. *And that same problem confronts every farming district in the United States in the next few weeks.*

The farmers of America may settle the fate of the world and the course of its history for generations to come in the next few months. They will be months as truly critical as any months have ever been or ever will be since the beginning of time. For—America must feed the allied world in arms. It must feed its own armies. It must feed itself. It must do its part; in feeding France and England and Belgium and Italy, and their fighting men. Even if the war should end tomorrow the crisis will continue; the farmers of America will still have their part to play. Every crop is important; vitally important. And it is in these next months that decision must be made. It is upon what American farmers do now, upon the plowing and harvesting that they undertake, that the harvest of 1918,

upon which the fate of the world depends, hangs!

What Norway did, by cooperation between town and farm, did in 1917, all America must do, in fuller measure, in 1918. In 1916, Norway had five thousand acres under cultivation; in 1917 ten thousand. In 1918 there will be – I don't know yet, how many acres. But I do know that there will be more than ten thousand— and I know that all through New England communities will be pursuing the Norway plan – communities that have heard, by word of mouth, what Norway did, and have written to Norway to ask for explanations of the methods used, and for suggestions for local application of those methods.

Yeaton, studying the weather and all the crop conditions, grew nervous after the crops were planted. He was the man who knew; the one man of them all who wasn't working simply on patriotic fervor. And as June wore on he grew more and more anxious.

"I'll tell you what's going to happen!" he said. Something that's possible in any year but that it's mighty hard lines to have to deal with this year. The hay will have to be got in practically at the same time that the hoeing is done. And you can't postpone either without losing your crops –Nature's a lot more autocratic about such things than the Kaiser ever had a chance to be about anything!"

### **The Battle of the Hayfields**

Mundy and Cummings just gritted their teeth and rounded up a few more volunteer workers for Foster to organize. They saw to it that all the cars they meant to use were in good repair. And then they waited for the call from the farmers.

The rush began slowly and fairly easily. A few men were distributed. They made good, they weren't working just for the wages they were to get, they were doing a patriotic service. With them, as with the farmers, that had been the ruling motive. And they amazed the farmers by the quality of their work. Labor for which a farmer had allowed two full days was done in one. The news spread. Farmers who hadn't planned to call on the committee at all did so. And day by day the pace grew faster.

Yeaton's prophecy about the haying was fulfilled. Mundy and Cummings, needing more men, went to L. M. Carroll, Norway's one manufacturer, who makes shoes on a big scale. The factory was behind with its orders; Carroll needed every man he had. But he consulted with his foremen, and a man or two was released from each department and sent to the fields.

### **The Poilus of the Pitchfork**

'THE farmers were growing demonstrative in their delight. They were not only getting sufficient help - they were getting help of a quality they had never dreamed of. They did all sorts of unprecedented things to mark their appreciation. A lot of those volunteer farmhands actually got ice-cream for dinner! And more than one of them received more money than the farmer had agreed to pay! You know the tradition about the New England farmer? You wouldn't expect him to do anything like that, would you?

Mundy and the rest of the committee were working like beavers. They were up at three o'clock in the morning, and out in their cars by four, picking up the workers. And they took them home by moonlight from the distant farms.

It wasn't only the men of Norway who helped the farmers. The women were ready and willing to help, too. On the farms there were women who knew something about farm work — who could, at a pinch, help with some of the machines, or supervise the labor of eager but unskilled townsmen. But they couldn't leave their kitchens. So women went from the homes of Norway into farm kitchens, and cooked, and did other work that they could do as well as the women of the farms, who were thus freed, during the critical days, for such work as they could do in the fields. All this had a moral value, aside from the actual good it did. There is no longer any of that lurking ill feeling between farm-folk and town-folk in Norway that worried Foster in the beginning. Farm and town have come to know one another and to like and trust one another.

But Yeaton was still anxious. He could foresee things that others lacked the experience to anticipate. Lighting companies, trolley companies, talk about "peaks." They mean the hour when the maximum demand for current comes—at dinner-time for the lighting companies, perhaps, at the height of the rush hours, morning and evening, in the case of transportation. A sudden thunderstorm in the afternoon, causing thousands of people to switch on lights at a moment when they wouldn't normally be in use, an accident, crippling one line and causing extra demands upon others—such things play havoc with peak calculations.

So it was around Norway in the first week in July. The peak came—and it was a higher peak than had been looked for. Farmers in all directions were calling for men. And Foster and Mundy, sitting up nights to pore over lists of men available and requests for hands, couldn't make

the two sets of figures tally. There simply weren't men enough to go round! There was a day when they almost despaired. It looked as if they weren't going to be able to make good their promise. As if they would have to say, "no," to some of the farmers who had trusted them, placed utter dependence upon them.

Once more they went to Carroll. They laid the situation before him in all its stark tragedy—for, make no mistake, the idea of failure was tragic to them!

"Look here!" said Carroll. He held up a sheaf of letters and telegrams from Boston. "These are kicks about delayed and unfilled orders. We're a way behind now. But—the factory closes down to-morrow! You can use every man I've got left!"

That released thirty-five more men. And Blücher's fresh battalions at Waterloo weren't more welcome to Wellington than that reenforcement was to Mundy and Foster! It turned the tide. After that there was no more anxiety. One week more of fevered, frantic work saved the imperiled crops —and Norway was assured of doing its part on the agricultural battle-line!

So much for the crops. This story can not be told in chronological order. It would take a moving-picture film, with its ability to flash back and forth, to do that. Because, of course, all sorts of other activities had been going on all this time. At the very start, Hugh Pendexter had taken over the matter of recruiting. Oxford County was represented in the National Guard by D company of the Second Maine—one of the regiments which had gone to Texas at the time of the Mexican scare. It had come back to lose a great part of its strength through necessary weeding out. Pendexter undertook to bring D company up to its full strength of two hundred and fifty

men—and had to get one hundred and forty recruits to succeed.



HUGH PENDEXTER, A NORWAY STORY WRITER, WHO GOT ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ENLISTMENTS FOR THE MAINE NATIONAL GUARD—AND THEN SOME BESIDES.

The Government had begun recruiting, of course, with the outbreak of war, for the Regular Army, the Navy and the Marines. In Norway, and in South Paris, and other villages, there were recruiting tents, such as have become familiar sights all over the country. The postmasters, stimulated by the government bonus of five dollars for every accepted recruit, were at work. Pendexter didn't interfere with all that. But he rather distrusted posters and general appeals, himself. His idea of the way to get a man into the Army was to go to the man he had in mind, and talk to him. He listed the available young men, and worked up the special arguments likely to appeal to each of them. Now, it's fairly easy to put up a convincing argument against a poster's request to do something, no matter how

good a poster it may be. It's an entirely different thing to make an earnest, loquacious person like Hugh Pendexter or Talbot Mundy agree with you that some one else ought to go to France before you do! So Norway and its environs found. And everyone knew that Pendexter was over age himself and frail, as well, and that Mundy had tried for a commission and failed to get it.

Pendexter got his hundred and forty men. He really got a lot more than that. But some of his best recruits weren't content with the Second Maine, before they were done, and slipped into the Regular Army instead. Pendexter didn't keep exact tally of such cases; he didn't try to make a record. He was much too busy, for one thing, and, for another, he didn't care. His job was to fill D company, at as small a cost as possible. He did it, and it cost a dollar a man—and less than that, if you could include the Regular Army enlistments for which Pendexter was really to be credited.

Norway registered on June fifth, of course, under the Selective Draft Law. But, thanks to Pendexter, it turned out that that was, so far as the first draft is concerned, an empty formality. There has been no draft in Oxford County—a distinction which the county shares with Cumberland and Penobscot Counties in Maine. The reason is that voluntary enlistments more than made up the quota required of the county.

### *The Loan Drive*

NORWAY, financially, is represented by the Norway National Bank, which serves the village of Norway and the farming district round about. For the first Liberty Loan that bank's quota of the quota apportioned to the First Federal Reserve District was set at sixty-five thousand dollars. When the state committee on

the loan approached President Smith and asked him if his bank could get subscriptions to that amount he said: "We'll do well to get half that!" He wasn't reckoning with Messrs. Foster, Cummings, Mundy and Akers! What he was figuring on was that Norway didn't have any millionaires to swell the total of its subscriptions; didn't have great corporations which could subscribe large sums and never miss the cash outlay. Such considerations didn't deter Mundy and his associates, who had worked together long enough, and hard enough, by now, to function like a smooth-running machine.

They started, again, on the basis of a direct, personal appeal. In Norway people do know, without being necessarily of a prying disposition, a good deal about the affairs of their neighbors. That is true of all small places. You may, if you live in such a town, tell an earnest man like Mundy or Foster that you can't afford to buy a bond. But— you'll find it pretty hard to look him in the eye when you do it! And you'll find it hard to persist in your assertion, if it happens to be straining the truth a little, under his quiet skepticism. And so a lot of people right in Norway decided that after all, they'd rather have a bond or two than put new shingles on the roof—which could just as well wait a little longer!—or than the new furniture for the parlor.

### *The Bond Harvest*

BUT Norway itself, the village of Norway, couldn't be expected to make up the quota of the loan. So far as the Norway district, the district served by the Norway National Bank, was concerned, the success or failure of the Liberty Loan hinged upon the farmers. Mundy and the rest of the working

committee were too busy to make a thorough canvass of the farmers. So that work was turned over to the Boy Scouts, who were in charge of Vivian Akers, their scout-master.

The Government supplied application-blanks and posters—did anyone in America fail to see the literature the Boy Scouts carried around last June?

But Akers gave them a good deal more before he sent them out. He made them understand the loan. He taught them what a government bond was; made them realize its supreme character as a security. And he filled them with his own enthusiasm and conviction. Then he sent them, broadcast, through the district, in small groups, carrying bugles as well as application blanks. Those boys did more than make good. They smashed all sorts of Maine traditions to bits. They were working in prepared soil, of course; the farmers knew a good deal more about the war as a result of Mundy's crusade. But, even so, the results were astonishing. The boys weren't supposed to collect money, except the small preliminary payments. But farmer after farmer insisted on paying them in full for his bonds — even though they weren't provided with proper receipts! Cracked tea-pots, all sorts of receptacles were denuded of the money that had been hoarded in them. Night after night the boys came into Norway and the bank, their pockets and haversacks bulging with old stained bills, that hadn't seen the light of day for years—money brought out by the nation's need.

It wasn't just the way those farmers subscribed that was remarkable. It was their willingness to pay money over to those boys without doubt or question—and, perhaps, even more, their readiness to sign their names! And these were New England farmers—men whom

generations of tricky canvassers and agents have taught not to sign their names as witnesses to the wills of friends without legal advice! But this time, you see, they were being asked to do something for Uncle Sam, and the request came from boys in khaki.



THE FARMERS WERE BEING ASKED TO DO SOMETHING FOR UNCLE SAM, AND THE REQUEST CAME FROM BOYS IN KHAKI

So when the last day came and President Smith, in the bank, reckoned up the total subscription, it came to an even hundred thousand dollars. For the second loan the same tactics have been adopted—and this time Norway lent Uncle Sam one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars. Here again Norway has pointed the way to victory and peace. The total figures are impressive enough—but that impressiveness is infinitely enhanced when they are taken apart. Small subscriptions under ten thousand dollars made up half of the first Liberty Loan—a billion dollars. All of Norway's subscription came from small investors.

If the rest of the United States had done as well, man for man, woman for woman, child for child, there would have been a subscription of three and a third billion dollars to the first Liberty Loan, without a single million or five-million-dollar bid from the great banks, the trust companies, the insurance companies, the railways, the trusts, the multi-millionaires!

Norway caught its breath, like the rest of America, after the closing rush of the first Liberty Loan campaign. And at once the cry of the Red Cross arose. Norway answered that, too. It gave three thousand dollars, in cash, its full share, to the hundred million dollar fund the Red Cross, defying all prophets of failure, set out to raise in a single week. And ever since the beginning of the war Norway has been playing its part in the work of mercy the Red Cross is doing.

Here, too, cooperation had been brought into play. The Red Cross work was systematized. New England headquarters in Boston gave general instructions—pretty specific instructions, too. Supplies for making bandages were to be bought from certain specified concerns. There was a reason for that; standardization is highly important in the making of such things. But Norway possesses Miss Prince, who has done most of the buying for the nearest equivalent Norway has to a city department store.

### *A Red Cross Record*

MISS PRINCE was extremely thoughtful after she had looked over samples and prices. Thought led to action. And the result was that Norway, disregarding instructions, bought its supplies in the open market—and was able to buy twice as much material, with the money in hand, as it could have done by following

instructions to the letter. Norway still chuckles over what was regarded, at the time, as rather a daring cutting of red tape. For Red Cross headquarters wrote to the Norway chapter that the supplies it turned in were the best in New England!



MRS. WILLIAM F. JONES, WHO MARSHALLED THE RED CROSS WORK OF NORWAY

Early in the spring some Bostonians did a thing that still rankles sorely with Mundy and Foster. They came into the Norway district and made what amounted to a clean sweep of the calves. Veal is a tender and delicious meat: people are pardonably fond of it, and they are willing to pay good prices for it. Farmers can be tempted, rather easily, to sell their calves, because it costs a good deal to raise beef cattle, with the present prices of feed, and because—well, most people have always regarded a bird in the hand as worth two in the bush.

But, good food though veal is, it is a luxury a country at war has no right to indulge in, as Mr. Hoover has said with a good deal of emphasis. Calves should be allowed to grow until they can be killed for beef, instead of veal, because that means more food, in the proportion in which a steer outweighs a calf.

## Patriotism and Pigs

THAT fact hadn't been hammered home, last spring, as it has by this time—the United States Food Administration, of course, was still a thing of the future. So the Boston dealers got their chance to ravish Norway of its calves. They weren't content with that. They came back for more—in the shape of suckling pigs. But by that time Mundy was awake. He didn't mean to let the pigs share the fate of the calves. Norway pigs weren't going to furnish tidbits for rich men's tables—not if T. Mundy knew it! They were going to grow up into fine, big two-hundred-pound swine, representing bacon, and ham, and salt pork—all of which are going to be needed, in enormous quantities, for the army in France. Why, if we have half a million men in France next spring, which we probably shall, they'll eat three million three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds of bacon a month! And every suckling pig that is served, brown and dainty and appetizing at a Lucullian feast this winter will reduce the available supply of bacon by about ninety pounds. Mundy heard that the Bostonian was in town, looking for young pigs. He went after him as fast as his car would take him.

"Look here!" he said, "this is all wrong!" And he explained matters—anticipating Hoover's bulletins.

"Business is business, I reckon," said the Bostonian. "There's money in young pigs, mister. I reckon I've got a right to buy and sell. This is a free country, ain't it?"

"It won't be long—if there are many people like you in it!" said Mundy.

Mundy won his opening skirmish, but he had no illusions about future engagements. Also, he is essentially, constructive, not destructive. He was at

work, already, upon a plan for the salvation of Norway's pigs—or, at least, for the postponement of their demise.

A pig is a singularly easy animal to raise. He isn't fond of exercise, and he doesn't graze, so he doesn't need room for development and growth, as cattle do, or sheep. And, notoriously, he isn't particular about his food. He wants lots of it, but the housewife who is entertaining a pig over the week end needn't go into executive session with her cook over the problem of tempting his appetite. He will accept, with as much gratitude as it is his nature to display, anything left over from your own table. He likes things no other living creature, with the possible exception of a jackal, would eat.

A few years ago the habit of keeping a pig was much more general in rural and semi-rural sections than it is now. You could find a pig-pen behind any house that had a bit of land, in the outskirts of villages; you didn't have to go to farms. But, for various reasons, that habit has been a dying one. The family pig has ceased to be an institution. The high cost of food, the poor articulation of the system of distribution, involving low prices for pork or swine on the hoof—if that is the right phrase—all sorts of things have contributed to that result, and to the concentration of pig-raising in the hands of specialists, who do it on a large scale.

You can buy a very young pig for five dollars—or could, last spring, in Norway. So Mundy evolved this plan: He got a good many small farmers and families who had a little ground around their houses, to agree to keep a pig — if the pig were furnished. Again he worked along cooperative lines. Most of the people he approached either couldn't, or wouldn't, spend five dollars for a pig. And they were disposed to balk, too, at the

prospective cost of upkeep—because even a pig costs something for feed.

"If I get you the pig," said Mundy, "will you pay half the cost of feeding and keeping him if I find someone to pay the other half? You look after the pig and pay half the cost—and own a half interest in the pig. The person who buys him and pays the other half of the cost owns the other half—and you divide the proceeds when he's sold. How's that?"

It was all right. So Mundy, with his pledges tabulated, set out to find sponsors and godfathers for pigs. There are people all over New England, in New York, in Chicago, in Philadelphia, who own half a pig in Norway now! They clamor for pictures of them, too — Mundy has sent dozens of snapshots he has taken of pigs in various stages of growth, which now are being proudly shown by their vicarious owners.



DOZENS OF SNAPSHOTS OF PIGS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF GROWTH ARE NOW BEING PROUDLY EXHIBITED BY THEIR VICARIOUS OWNERS

And—a hundred and thirty-eight pigs were raised in and around Norway last summer on Mundy's cooperative plan!

Next summer there will be more, many more. He has a waiting list of people who want to own half a pig. And the few people around Norway who wouldn't

accept a gift pig last spring are determined to have one next year. Again the force of example! This piggy patriotism paid. The average investment of the man or woman who placed a pig in a Norway pen was about nine dollars, including feed; the average profit, about five. Over fifty per cent, on the investment!

It's easy to see only amusement in this matter of the pigs. But unless America follows Norway's example, unless some such plan as Mundy's is generally adopted—as it is already in the way of being adopted all over Maine and New Hampshire—there is going to be a dangerous shortage of bacon and pork next summer. Half a million American soldiers in France will eat three million three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds of bacon a month! Remember that! And bacon is one of an army's essential foods, for which there is no adequate substitute.

Norway has shown the way. Perhaps pigs aren't beautiful. But a tin plate filled with sizzling bacon will rouse more joy in Private Kelly of the 165th New York, somewhere in France next spring, than a nasturtium bed will ever give any one!

### ***Norway's Way the Only Way***

SO THAT is how Norway has gone to war with the German empire. And as Norway has gone to war, so must America go, if the war is to be a victorious one, if it is not to end in defeat and all that may mean.

Norway did not make its record by chance, or because of exceptional local conditions, or because it was especially favored by location, or climate, or any adventitious circumstance. It made it because certain men made themselves responsible for a big job and saw it through.

There are such men in every community. Mundy and Cummings, Foster and Pendexter, Akers and Carroll, have their counterparts in every community in America. And it is those men who must go to work in these next few weeks, everywhere. They must arouse their neighbors; they must emulate those men in Norway. The raw material to equal and excel Norway's accomplishment is abundant. Let farmers and people everywhere understand the meaning of this war, and that it is *their* war—theirs to fight, and win—or lose!—and there need be no fear of the outcome.