



# Every Mother! Every Father! Have You a Boy in Khaki?

THE day he left for camp and you came home to a house that seemed strangely empty—the day you got his first homesick letter—the day he came home on furlough—the day he sailed for France—how every one of these days is burned into your brain! How they blur before your eyes on the pages of the book you are reading and weave themselves into the stitches of your knitting!

Here is a mother whose only son joined the colors, although he was barely nineteen—a mother who tells of the struggle that goes on deep within her—the struggle between love of her son and duty to her country. All her thoughts are your thoughts—her memories of her boy are your memories of your boy—her very heart-beats are your heart-beats.

And the mother found out her boy—brave, manly, humorous—full of youth and homesickness and love and enthusiasm. And there is the Girl—a fine, sweet American girl—and a quick wedding and then the parting—and two women left to be brave and to wait.

**“Keep on being a sport, Mom, and don’t you cry!”**

“Gee, Mom, you were a dandy sport yesterday! It bucked me up, the last minute, to see you sending out a smile. Keep on being a sport, and don’t you cry!”

If you have a boy in khaki—a son—a husband—a brother—a sweetheart—you will sympathize with this mother when she wishes for her son’s honorable discharge because of the defect in his eyes—and then, with her finer nature coming to the surface, she fights that wish and puts her loyalty to her country even above her love for her son. Be proud, with her, of that boy in khaki!

## Pancakes for Courage

“Please have beefsteak and onions, and plenty of bread and butter, and pancakes and syrup, and coffee—real coffee, with sugar in it, and cream.”

He was coming home from camp, and those were the things he wrote he wanted—partly because he really wanted them and partly because he didn’t want her to think of the serious things—for the furlough meant that he was soon to go over.

But, of course, she *did* think of the serious things, for she was his mother—and he was all she had in the world.

This is a brave, sad-glad book—a book of which the New York Evening Post says: “Not a mother who has seen her boy go out from home, volunteering or drafted, but will derive comfort and courage and inspiration from this story. The book is one to be sent to all mothers whose boys have gone or are to go.”

If you would be cheered and comforted in spirit, get this book to-day at the nearest bookstore. You will put it down at the end with a clearer vision of life as it is to-day—with a finer patriotism, a bigger spirit and a lighter heart than you have had for many a day.

\$1.00

# MY BOY IN KHAKI

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

Editor of “American Motherhood.”

HARPER & BROTHERS

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# “Hey, Tom!”

Do you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn’t find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning.

But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black thread instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.



# MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

Novels—Boys’ Stories—Humor—Essays—Travel—History

While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had not time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to

laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—yes, he’s the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow—than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the greatest of the earth—the Homer of this land—a prince of men—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

## The Great American

He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in “Huckleberry Finn” to the sublime of “Joan of Arc”—the most

spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty, as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as “Huckleberry Finn” and “Joan of Arc” was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

## The Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted every one in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that every one might own one. He said, “Don’t make fine editions. Don’t make editions to sell for \$200 and \$300 and \$1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read and make their price low.” So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

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