

THE WAR, THE FARM AND THE FARMER

By Herbert Quick
Member Federal Farm Loan Board

The farms of this country could carry the war to a victorious conclusion even if all the rest of the nations should quit. The rest will not quit; but we could win it without them if we had to do it. The farmers of the United States can whip Germany. We can whip them with guns. We can whip them with our products. We can whip them with our money.

Every farmer in the United States must remember that the war has a first mortgage on every cent he has. The last spare cent in the pockets of every farmer in America should be devoted to the war.

The Kaiser began foreclosing his mortgage on our farms when he declared ruthless submarine warfare. The war is our answer to his bill of foreclosure.

Our contribution is, first, our sons and brothers for the trenches; second, the last pound of food products which we can grow by mobilizing our scanty labor supply, utilizing the men, women and children and the townspeople about us; and third, money for Liberty Bonds.

This is the crucial year of the war. Our soldiers are at the front, hundreds of thousands of them in the trenches, and a million more ready to go. The whole burden of carrying on our own part in the war, and of aiding our sister nations in arms, rests on the United States Treasury.

If the treasury fails or falters or finds itself unable to respond to every call upon it, the war is lost. Do you realize that?

Your son, and all the nation's sons are relying on the United States Treasury to furnish things with which they may fight.

Their lives are lost if the treasury fails. Our country is lost if the treasury fails.

Germany wins if the treasury fails. Therefore every cent you can rake and scrape together belongs to the treasury, that our soldiers may come back to us alive and victorious. This is literally true. We can whip the Germans with our money; but not with the money in our pockets or bank accounts. It must go into the United States Treasury in subscriptions to Liberty Bonds.

(This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Quick.)

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FRENCH KEEP AMERICAN'S GRAVES GREEN AS TRIBUTE TO ARMY'S VALOR

Palm Sunday Brings Out Throngs to Cemeteries and "Buis" is Freely Scattered Over Resting Places of General Pershing's Heroes—Crowds Bare Heads in Silent Honor to Comrades in Arms.

Everywhere the Americans have remarked the tenderness of spirit of the French—the thoughtfulness they show to those Americans who are at rest in the French cemeteries. The graves of the Americans wherever I have been are cared for as carefully and tenderly as are those of the French, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald.

Private Albert — of the American army has had opportunities to see the people of this wonderful country in their homes. He is a native of New England, but of French ancestry, and through his ability to speak French gets perhaps in more intimate touch with the French than does the average American.

A university student when the war came to his own country, he enlisted and has been here ever since. In the few spare moments he has had he wrote a little article about the French and their thoughtfulness of the American soldiers. It is as follows:

All the morning I had seen people going past the office on their way to church carrying small branches of "buis," a plant which looks very much like our box elder. This was Palm Sunday, and the French—old men and women, boys and girls—were bringing their buis to church to be blessed.

Visit to Cemetery.

In the afternoon I did not work, so I met Mr. Duphand, a well-to-do lawyer of the town, and accepted his invitation to accompany him in a walk to his garden.

It was a treat to walk with such pleasant company on such a bright summer day after a solid week in the office from eight in the morning to nine or ten and sometimes even until eleven o'clock at night.

So at two in the afternoon a little party was formed in front of Monsieur Duphand's house and we started. In the party were Monsieur and Madame Duphand, with their two daughters, Mesdemoiselles Therese and Madeleine, Madame Revellon and Madame Tollet. All the ladies carried a bunch of buis. And as we started out Madame Duphand said we would first go to the cemetery, where we would visit the plots and place a branch of the blessed buis on the graves of their relatives. It is the custom of my country, Monsieur told me, to decorate the graves with buis every Palm Sunday.

All Graves Decorated.

As we passed through the ancient gate we entered a narrow aisle lined with tall pines whose boughs interlocked over our heads. Half way the aisle widened and in its center rose a tall stone crucifix, so tall the figure of Christ was lost among the green branches. There was no grass except that which lined the aisle beneath the trees. The little plots were covered with tiny pebbles, level and neatly kept.

As we came to the grave of one well-known of the party, it was remembered and a little twig placed upon it. We went from one plot to another, stopping only at those of the immediate relatives of the party or very close friends, until we had made the round of the cemetery.

From here we went to the Soldiers' cemetery. Here we entered under an arch, bearing in silver letters "Mort pour la Patrie." I paused in the gate to cast a glance over the field. There were hundreds of French graves marked by the French cocarde—three rings, red, white and blue, in a circle of about six inches.

Arabs Buried There.

At the right were several Arabian graves facing to Mecca, and in the far left hand corner some newer graves whose markings I could not distinguish from the distance. We had not gone very far when Mesdemoiselle Therese took a little branch of buis and placed it upon a French grave. It was that of a private in the French army, who had been killed at the beginning of the war.

"I knew him well before the war," said Mlle. Therese as she placed the little holy leaf in the ground over the body.

"What are you going to do with the rest of the buis?" I asked mesdemoiselle. "Those are for your comrades," she informed me.

"My comrades?" I asked in surprise. "Voilà," she said as we neared the graves that I had heretofore been unable to make out. Over the first one was a beautiful piece of floral work bearing the inscription, "A nos camarades les Américains." (To our comrades, the Americans.)

Twenty-Four American Dead.

Here in this little corner of the field were 24 American graves. No, not killed in action, nor, not buried

WITH AMERICAN TROOPS

More than 250 American Y. M. C. A. war work secretaries are under shall live in France serving the American troops.

with the croix de guerre, but nevertheless "Mort pour la Patrie." I inspected the names and the organization and found they were nearly all from my division. Mesdemoiselle knew this, too, and she gave me a little piece of buis and said:

"C'est pour votre camarade, s'il est ici." (This is for your comrade if he is here.)

I thanked her as best I could in a low voice, because somehow I could not trust myself to speak loud or long. I did not know any of the boys sleeping there, but on the crosses above them there was the name and organization of each of them and that was enough.

Somewhat I seemed to have been acquainted with them for a long time and I could almost picture how they had looked when they landed over here. So I read the names of them all and placed my little piece of buis upon the grave of one Arthur H. Peterson of the — Ambulance company.

Tribute to Americans.

Mlle. Therese decorated each of the others in the same silent way that I had done. For a few moments no one seemed to have anything to say, and a deep silence prevailed until mesdemoiselle had decorated the last, saying as she did so:

"Les pauvres garçons, ils sont venus si loin pour mourir." (The poor boys; they have come so far to die.)

"Mais ils ont fini de souffrir, seigneur, c'est leur pauvre mère que je pense, moi," said Mme. Revellon. (Their suffering is over; it is of their poor mothers that I am thinking.)

When I could trust myself to speak I tried to smile my appreciation of their generosity, and said:

"But there are hundreds of your Poles here."

"Ah, oui," said monsieur, "but we are very fortunate in having them here near us, while these parents back in America have not had the opportunity to even bid them goodbye."

Their sorrow, their respect and their sympathy were profound and sincere. It is beyond my capacity to describe it further. Here were mothers mourning the loss of other mothers whom they had never seen, did not know, nor would they ever know. It was not so much for the sons that lay buried there but those that were left behind to mourn. All these women had mourned the loss of some kin since 1914 and their sympathy was genuine.

All Pause in Silence.

There were other persons in the cemetery who had come to honor their dead in the same way and as I looked they all stooped and read "A nos camarades les Américains," paused and in silence gazed at the crosses and passed on.

This was Palm Sunday, but I had forgotten that and I found myself believing it Memorial day back home. We left the field and continued on to the garden on the outskirts of the town. Here some two hours later as we sat in front of the maisonnette at one end of the garden, mesdemoiselle, struggling through a sentence in English, was suddenly interrupted by a volley of rifle fire.

"Ecoutez!" (listen) she said. "Qu'est que c'est?" (what is that?) Another volley and then another. No one stirred. A bugle note struck the air. "Le clairon," said mesdemoiselle, and again complete silence.

From far away it came, but in the intense silence it was easily distinguishable, and when the last note had died away mesdemoiselle turned to me and said: "Qu'est que c'est?"

After a second I found my voice and was just about to explain when—"Ecoutez!"

Another volley, followed by two more. Again the clairon. And again mesdemoiselle said: "Qu'est que c'est?"

Final Sad Rites.

Well I knew what it was, and before I could tell her in my mind I could plainly see the open grave exposing for the moment its contents; the firing squad with rifles pointed over the opening; the corporal giving the words of command. The final note of "taps" added the last touch of sadness to the picture and I told mesdemoiselle as best I could the meaning of it all. She has been working in a hospital since the beginning of the war, so she understood very readily.

Monsieur was at the other end of the garden and had only stopped his work just long enough to look up at the firing, and, not understanding, went back to his work. Now he came up, declaring he was tired and did not feel like doing any more work that afternoon. Mme. Tollet insisted we visit her garden before we go home, so we put up the chairs and left.

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