

Every American Must Do His Part in Providing Essentials for War

By CLARENCE OUSLEY, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture



American farmers will not need outside help to feed themselves, and it is time for city consumers in the United States to take some concern for their own sustenance.

The time has come when by public opinion or by local law, state and municipal, but most important of all by the example of men of affairs who are the leaders in their communities, every able-bodied man must be persuaded to cease doing things that women can do as well or things that are unnecessary from the standpoint of war and needful business activities. In a

time like this no man has a moral right, whatever his fortune may be, to employ another man to render any service of mere comfort or convenience when the finest young men of the United States are in France digging ditches, sawing timber, laying rails and playing with death, and when the finest young women of the United States are scrubbing floors in hospitals, and it is a sin that almost approaches the unpardonable offense against civilization for any man or woman in the United States to engage in a wasteful or unnecessary service.

Nor can we afford to hope for the starvation of the central powers. While the German conquest of Russia and the Balkan states has interrupted agriculture, which will not recover its normal activity this year, it cannot be doubted that the central powers will gain from these conquered lands enough food to sustain them another year, and unless there is counter-revolution beyond any present prospect the supplement of food from these countries will increase from time to time. Unless Germany has lost her genius for agricultural efficiency her experts are right behind her armies in the conquered territory furnishing expert information and stimulation and holding out to the impoverished peasants promises of high prices and prosperity beyond anything they ever experienced.

Responding to the appeals of the government and accepting the advice of the department and the land-grant colleges as to the crops needed, and giving the least concern to the crops that seemed to the individual farmer to promise the greatest profit, the farmers of the United States have put under the plow this year more land than was under the plow last year, and if the weather continues favorable but one thing can prevent the continuance of food efficiency. That one thing is farm labor.

The farmers have planted the crops. God has sent the sunshine and the rain to make them grow. The farmers alone cannot harvest the crops. We must have the crops. What are we going to do about it?

We have got to strip for war as England, France, Italy and Belgium have stripped. We cannot win the war and maintain peace-time habits and conveniences. We cannot win it by depending upon the men, women and children who are now on the farms and who are working from daylight to black dark.

Last year in many agricultural regions where ordinary farm labor was not available on call the people of the towns and cities closed their stores and shops and offices for a day at a time or for such a time as was necessary and saved the crops. By concert this can be done anywhere without material loss to any business or any industry.

Unselfish service is the imperative demand of the hour.

HAD NOT FULLY UNDERSTOOD FIRST RECORDED AIR FIGHT

But Officer Realized That Henceforth Young Austrian in His Command Was an American.

The Second Indiana artillery is responsible for this story: In one of its companies there is a young Austrian, who loves America with a greater intensity than he hates the despotism "back home." He was one of the first men from his home town to enlist in that regiment.

A superior officer had come to inspect the company. He gave directions as to the way he was to be saluted, etc. "Now, we'll try you out and see if you've got all my directions," he ended. "We'll begin by calling the roll.

"As your names are called advance two steps, salute your superior officer and answer 'Here.'"

The clerk took up the list of names and began calling. And lo, the Austrian's name, like "Abou Ben Adhem's," led all the rest. For a few minutes the young fellow stood hesitating, because he had not understood much of what the officer had said.

Encouragingly the officer started to raise his hand. A broad smile of relief spread over the Austrian's face. A few rapid steps—he was across the room, seized his superior officer's hand and gave it a hearty American shake.

Amid roars of laughter the officer ruefully examined his crushed fingers. "He's an American now, all right," he said sagely.

Shakespeare "Overrated."

Mr. Justice Darling has admitted that he knows "a bit about racing." He certainly knows more about literature, however, and therein differs from one of his predecessors on the bench, Baron Martin. Mr. Adolphus Liddell, who acted as the baron's marshal in 1872, states that he "had a prodigious acquaintance with racing history, and knew the winners of all the chief events for many years back." "In history, literature and art he seemed to take no interest whatever, and if ever he had any education in these he had discarded it. Many stories were current illustrative of this peculiar condition of his mind, such as his remark that 'Shakespeare is an enormously overrated man.'"—London Chronicle.

World's Languages.

It has been estimated that the one billion people of the world speak 3,064 languages. The number of men and women in the world is said to be about equal.

Frenchmen, Rivals in Love, Had Strange and Fatal Duel More Than One Hundred Years Ago.

The first battle in the air and the strangest duel in the long history of the field of honor was fought 110 years ago near Paris. Two Frenchmen were ardent rivals for the affections of a woman, and so bitter did their quarrel become that only blood could wipe it out. Ordinary methods were too tame for these fiery spirits, so it was agreed that the duel should be fought from balloons. The cause of the trouble agreed to marry the victor.

When the selected day arrived the two fighters and their seconds repaired to the meeting place, only to find a great crowd assembled, for word of the strange encounter had spread broadcast. The principals, however, were undeterred. Two balloons, precisely alike, had been prepared, and into these they stepped. To each was handed a carefully loaded blunderbuss.

The word was given and the moorings cast off. Slowly the balloons ascended almost side by side. At the height of about half a mile, when the great bags were but 80 yards apart, the signal was given and both men opened fire. Soon one of the balloons collapsed and crashed to the earth. The record says the woman kept her promise and married the victor of the aerial battle.

Dog Recognizes Portrait.

In his reminiscences "Spy" sketches my credulity. He had painted a full-length portrait of his host at a country house. When it was just finished he came down early one morning to inspect it—and found his host's dog sitting up begging before the portrait of his master.

It was Apelles, the ancient painter, I think, who depicted grapes so realistically that the very birds pecked at them. But in a long association with dogs I have never found one who could recognize a figure or a landscape in a picture.

The nearest approach to such intelligence is when I have set a looking glass on the floor and confronted a dog with his own likeness. He grows suspiciously, uncomfortably, until he walks behind to find the other dog—and it isn't there!—London Chronicle.

Kerosene.

To remove paint from the hands or wearing apparel wet in kerosene and wash at once.

MODERN WARFARE FINDS YANKEES COVERING THEMSELVES WITH GLORY

Dash and Courage in Second Battle of the Marne Add New Luster to Old Glory—Remarkable Description of the Arts, Devices and Camouflage Employed in Present-Day War—Spectacular Features Are Missing.

Modern war has knocked spots out of the spectacular features of battle, because it is chiefly machine made.

The scenes of popular fancy—the kind one reads about in history and which have been perpetuated in poetry and on canvas—are relics of the past. Seldom, if ever, anything approaching them occurs on the western front, in spite of the staggering amount of men and war equipment used.

War has been revolutionized and the second battle of the Marne proved it—the battle in which the American expeditionary forces by their dash and courage added luster to the folds of Old Glory.

There were no snapping flags or martial music to thrill our men in olive drab. They did not march into the fray en masse nor to the front in anything resembling the average civilian's conception of the entry of troops into battle.

They arrived in French trucks driven by Hindu-Chinese chauffeurs in clouds of dust, tumbled off, scurried to cover and took up the camouflaged positions made necessary by the severest open fighting of the war. They became in a jiffy part of the army invisible.

Feature of Modern Warfare.

And right there develops a feature that is one of the most curious of all modern warfare—the successful concealment of whole divisions and corps. Nobody who has not been privileged to go to the front and travel back of the lines can begin to appreciate the marvel. It is a case of doing a Kellars-the-Great with an army—by modern military legerdemain, making thousands of men, horses, mules, guns, great and small, disappear as if the earth had swallowed them.

You can motor along country highways through the most delightful farming country and scarcely catch a glimpse of the army as you go, save the truck and ambulance trains in the rear, the sentries and staff and regimental headquarters. The fighting units are strung out over country plowed and seeded for this season's crops, but you don't see enough of them to conclude that there is even a good-sized regiment on the job.

Thus has the art of camouflage been developed—a new and interesting science of modern warfare still in its primary stages in spite of all that has been done.

As you motor well within the zone of high explosives, shrapnel and gas, you catch fleeting glimpses of men and animals and chow-guns between the foliage, and batteries ingeniously screened from the eagle eyes and the lenses of enemy aviators and balloon observers. You are astounded to note how cleverly the topography and the beauties of nature have been pressed into use in the scheme of concealment and deception known as camouflage.

Army Sleight-of-Hand.

The army sleight-of-hand has become such a big and necessary feature of war that every army post has its annex of war scenery which reminds you of a visit back to the stage between theatrical performances. The most skilled artists are doing their bit in this respect, nor are camouflage effects confined to them. It is amusing to see how army cooks and buck privates shield themselves and their kitchens and their animals. Camouflage certainly offers opportunity for development limited only by the skill and cleverness of the individual and materials offered by nature.

When our men were rushed into the flood of strife on the Marne and relieved French units fagged by days and nights of incessant fighting, hurried back the Germans with heavy losses, and held the highway to Paris, they passed thousands of refugees who had hurriedly evacuated farms and hamlets and towns.

These refugees were exhausted by fright and travel and loss of sleep. They were pushing wheelbarrows or baby carriages containing all the household treasures that they had been able to save, while others with more warning and greater facilities, rode on carts great and small, piled high with chairs and bedding and mirrors and pictures.

Little tots slept in the eddies of these loads. I saw one huge load drawn by six oxen the color of milk. The head of the house was driving and his wife and four children were perched on the load. Dangling from the back was a bicycle, a doll's carriage, and in the latter were tucked a toy gun and sword and a French doll with one eye. The owner in her mother's lap on high had her favorite dolly clutched to her little breast.

Anywhere for Safety.

The child was crying and so was her mother. Most of the refugees were solemn-faced, stunned, stoic. They were rattling over the roads anywhere for safety, away from the Hun shells and poisonous vapors, when clouds of dust appeared and there creened past them hundreds of huge army trucks and in them were American soldiers, faces tanned the color of leather and

very lad of them smiling or grinning. They were coming to fight for the rights and safety of these old men and women and little children who crowded the free side of the road in their flight. They were coming to strike for democracy and humanity and they were glad of the chance, impatient for battle.

Their cheers and their laughter and their snatches of songs had a wonderful effect on the sorrowful refugees, who forgot their discomforts, losses and dangers and cheered and threw kisses to their defenders from over-seas—From beloved America. Said a French officer at my side: "The spirit and exuberance of your men are overpowering. Our people have been fighting four years. Our men on the Marne have had no time to sleep or eat. In loading us these American troops at this time your commanders and your country show they are heart and soul in this fight. You have given new life and courage to the refugees. You have given new life to our fighting forces. You are coming fresh and strong with what do you call it? Oul, the punch. It is wonderful. It is superb. It has welded our people more closely than ever."

Show Their Gratitude.

And the French populace showed their gratitude in divers ways, by the eloquent ovation to our wounded on their way to Paris in ambulances, in speeches and public prints and in streets and highways wherever an American uniform showed itself. With all due respect to the traditional ties that bind France and the United States, there had been periods when the populace wavered and doubted. Four months ago when I reached the theater of war it was not uncommon as French troops passed Americans, to hear shouts in French which conveyed the sally that American troops were all right for training camps, but had not felt the gaff of the front line. Then came the fights in Apremont Woods and Seicheprey and the carrying and holding of the village of Cantigny against a series of savage but futile German counter-attacks, and the biggest and most brilliant American performance of all in stopping the drive on Paris, which molded a new public sentiment and a fervor of enthusiasm everywhere apparent. The Yanks had come and made good. Apremont Woods, Seicheprey, Cantigny and the Marne were indexes of greater American achievements.

The concentration of sufficient American forces at this critical pivot was a big feather in the cap of the American commanders. Thousands of men, ample supplies and ammunition and the impedimenta that goes with a modern army were thrown into the gap and the German tide was stemmed. As we rode over the dusty hill at daybreak we saw hundreds of colored Moroccans in their red turbans lying exhausted along the road and under the trees. We saw French artillery and infantry leave positions that had been filled by our men during the night. And, oh! the spectacle of our fellows going in with their trim chins, their broad backs and their fearless eyes—going into hell.

Had to Leave Quickly.

American officers bivouacked in a schoolhouse and converted the rooms into offices where maps were unfurled and strung. The ink was still in the little wells in the pupils' desks and there were chalk examples and sentences on the blackboards. We brewed coffee and breakfasted on war bread and confiture in a little white cement house where everything was in place. The owners had to leave quickly, saving only a few family effects. The quaint family clock was ticking on the mantel.

Poultry cackled in the yard and two cows munched under a shelter. Couriers on motorcycles as white as if they emerged from flour barrels, dashed back and forth. More artillery rattled into place and more trucks filled with American brawn rumbled over the hill. There was a brief period of deliberation, and, without sleep or food, our men attacked, with what success the world already knows. It was worse than going over the top. It was a case of advancing through wheat fields and woods in the face of nests of enemy machine guns.

There were no trenches or dugouts. German prisoners said that our rifle fire was so heavy and true they mistook it for machine guns. Massing of machine guns and light artillery, pending the arrival of the guns of larger caliber, destroyed many mass play. Our men took their objectives in little crouching groups which extended into skirmish lines when foliage enabled. But, open as it was, the fighting lacked the battle-field spectacle of wars of old one sees in pictures. Even those engaged saw little of the operations.

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