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HORRORS OF WAR TOLD BY FRED LOCKLEY

Says In the Journal Some Day the Teaching of Sermon On the Mount Will Be Tried

Recently I dropped into a quaint little inn at Bristol, England, for lunch. A young woman in her early twenties waited on me. Just as I was finishing lunch a postman brought in the mail. One of the letters, an official document, was for her. She took it and left the room. I finished my lunch. I noticed on the menu that I still had fruit tart due me, so I decided to wait for it. I waited for five minutes, and still the waitress did not return. Finally I said to the red-cheeked, gray-haired woman who dished out the diminutive portion of roast beef in exchange for the meat coupons, "What has become of the waitress? Has she gone on a strike, or found a new job?" "Attie, what's keepin' you?" the old woman called. "The gentleman is ready for his puddin'." "And did you say tart, sir?" she asked, as she turned toward me. "Urry, 'Attie," she called. Then turning to me again, she said: "I can't think where she should have gone to. It isn't like her at all, sir."

Hattie came in, her face like a waxen mask. "It ain't like you to leave your customers half served. What took you away?" said the older woman. "My man is dead. I just got the letter from the war office," said the younger woman. "Killed, is he? I am sorry for thee, dear girl. It's a cruel blow. It comes to all of us. We're winning, but we won't have any sons or husbands left when it is over," said the older woman. Dry-eyed and with twitching lips, Hattie brought me my dessert, but I had lost my appetite, and I pushed my chair back and left so Hattie could be alone with her grief. Poor Hattie! As one goes along the streets of Paris or London and sees thousands upon thousands of women dressed in mourning, or as one sees thousands of fine, manly lads in the hospitals or on the streets mutilated or crippled, one cannot help wondering if the Kaiser and his Pan-German friends have any remorse of conscience for starting such a holocaust of horror. Some things recently have seized upon my imagination and I cannot banish them. The train I was on recently slowed down for a moment near a graveyard. A young woman dressed in black stood by a partially filled grave. An old man was shoveling the earth into the grave. Three little girls, poorly dressed, clung to the young mother's skirts. She held a baby in her arms. A drizzling rain was falling. Evidently her husband had been wounded, had been sent to a hospital in England, and had died there. I saw the woman's face for only a moment, but I awake at night and see the little group, the partially filled grave, the sticky red earth on the old man's shovel, the little girls looking uncertain and frightened, clinging to their mother's skirts, the fatherless baby in her arms and the stricken look of hopeless despair on the mother's face.

Another thing I am trying to forget is a boy, 19 years old, at one of the hospitals. He came from America to England, had gone to France, had been there less than two weeks, had been sent to the front, and had been in action less than twenty minutes when a shell mangled both legs and his right arm. They took his legs off above the knee and his right arm off at the shoulder.

The other thing I can shut my eyes and see is the illustration of an aluminum mask and the words under it: "If your face is so disfigured that you are a horror to your friends, let us fit you with an aluminum mask." Acid and liquid fire, gas and flesh-tearing shrapnel—and we are the temples of the living God, made in the image of our creator! I wonder. I wonder.

Some day humanity, sickened by the ghastliness of lust and greed and slaughter, will really try the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. They have never yet been tried. If men by the million can die for a belief, they can live for one. Some day heartless humanity will turn in horror from the blood stained, tear washed way of war into the paths of peace and righteousness.

I talked with a British officer not long ago. He said, "The glory of war! Men with their eyes shot out, shaking like leaves in a gale; men with their lower jaws shot off, muzzling incoherent words and begging to put out of their misery; men in living hell with mustard gas; men, or what were once men, bloated, foul and horrible, an offense to the eye and a pollution to

the air! Glory or war! I never want to see a uniform again. I am sick of slaughter. I wouldn't kill a rabbit nor step on a beetle. I want to lie on the banks of some mountain stream, where the air is clean, and clean woods are all around. Hate the Germans? No, I don't hate the poor driven creatures, driven to the slaughter with nothing to gain and all to lose. I hate with all my soul the system that puts in the hands of an ambitious madman or a group of arrogant, blood-thirsty knaves the power to sacrifice not only the lives of millions of their own people but the lives of millions of the flower of our youth who seek to prevent them from imposing their will on the world. We have got to wipe out the whole system and inaugurate the brotherhood of man. We have got to do something to wipe out commercial wars and national jealousy. Murder is murder, whether you hit a man you never saw with a sandbag in a dark alley, or whether you hit him with a shell when he is fourteen miles away. The man attacked has a right to defend himself, so if it is any satisfaction to us when we make out our casualty lists to know that we are resisting red-handed murderers, we have that satisfaction."

"What is the remedy right now? What can we do but fight on till we have won the war?" I asked.

"It's what we will have to do," he replied. "We can't put the fire out, though it consumes us all, but those who are left must make a new world to live in and they must start in their own hearts, wiping out injustice, oppression and inequality. There must be greater equality of opportunity. No longer must laws be framed to favor the powerful for the exploitation of their fellow men. Children must come into their own. Education, sanitation, drink, health, prostitution—all these things must be studied and remedies found for the present evils. Wipe out drink and hunger and the profit in crime, and you will wipe out prostitution and disease to a large extent. We have drifted along in the old evil ways. We have got to lift, not lean; to build, not tear down; to realize that we are responsible—personally responsible—for our brother's welfare. In other words, we are going to realize that we are our brother's keeper. Me a preacher? Hell, no. I am a civil engineer, or I was before the war. My job was constructive, not destructive as it has been for the past four years. Out of this welter of blood I hope to see sunrise of a better day."

PRUNE COMES INTO ITS OWN

Has Won Official Recognition as Confection Worthy of Being Served to Fighting Men.

In the piping times of peace the prune was the butt of cheap wits and the bane of the border. Now when the acid test of utility and palatability is applied the despoiled prune steps into the preferred class—at least on the American army bill of fare. It has won its way solely on its own merit. The counts in its favor are food value, tonic value and value as a confection. It nourishes, stimulates, and delights.

The surgeon general of the army himself testifies to the loyal and helpful support of the once belittled fruit. He has added his recommendation to the approving report of the subsistence division. This report tells us that out of the 1917 crop 20,000,000 pounds of prunes have been consumed by our fighting men. Based on size fifty-five, which is the trade designation of the average prune, the total number consumed would be 1,100,000,000. Placed side by side it is quite possible that this total of prunes wouldn't reach from the American trenches to Berlin, but such prune, no doubt, is doing its best to help the Yankee fighters cover the distance.

There would be a sort of poetical justice in the circumstance if the cheerful idiot and the other borders whose table wit fingered longest about the patient prune could meet it over there in Flanders and in Picardy and find it honored and extolled as the food of fighting men.

Cyclist in Spectacular Feat

An army motorcyclist at one of the training camps recently averted the death of a young lieutenant by a most extraordinary feat of heroism, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Racing at high speed across rough ground, he drove his machine into a runaway parachute that was dragging the officer to his death. The latter had made a practice parachute jump of 2,000 feet from an observation balloon. A high wind had carried him a considerable distance, and in landing he became hopelessly entangled in the cordage. The parachute was caught by a strong air current and blown at terrific speed across the field, pulling its helpless prisoner with it. At the same instant the cyclist, passing along a nearby motor road, saw the officer's plight. He averted his machine into the field and raced at top speed squarely into the middle of the belittled parachute. The ropes fouled the machine and the weight of the latter anchored the dervish against further movement.

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FIVE POPULAR STORES

WAGE WAR ON GRASSHOPPERS

California Authorities Devising Ways and Means to Protect Agricultural Lands From Pest.

County horticultural commissioners throughout California have been asked to forward information on the grasshopper pest reported prevalent in a number of districts, particularly in northern California, to George H. Hecke, state horticultural commissioner.

Fragmentary reports received at Hecke's office have indicated that large swarms of grasshoppers have infested agricultural districts in Sutter, Modoc, Lassen, Butte and other counties and have caused considerable damage to crops.

One of the best methods of extermination, an official said, is the spreading of poisoned bran mash, which the hoppers devour quickly. Burning of the grass also is an effective means, but the fire menace at this season necessitates the exercise of greatest caution.

Harrowing, by which means the eggs of the hoppers are brought to the surface to be eaten by ants or other insects and flooding the ground also are advocated to prevent hatching.

The enforcement of laws for the curbing of pests is vested in the county horticultural commissioners, but in cases where the menace to crops is extensive the state commission co-operates in a concerted campaign of extermination, as was done this spring when the state-wide rodent drive was conducted.

King Salmon Ran Late

Big king salmon, which run in millions up the Yukon river every summer, were about four weeks late in making their appearance this year. As a result white residents and natives along the river who depend on the run for their winter food talked of salmon famine and the horrors of a fishless winter.

Delayed winter ice in the Bering sea at the mouth of the Yukon, it is believed here, made it impossible for the fish to enter the stream. Bering sea ice, this year, according to reports, moved later than at any time in the last decade. The fish are taken from the river in nets and wheel traps and are cured in camps along the shores.

Peculiar Cause for Divorce

In a divorce case at London, England, the petitioner, a lance corporal in the Gordon Highlanders, said his wife, an Englishwoman, refused to be seen with him on the street because she did not like him in a kilt. When he was on leave later she greeted him with "Oh, those d— kilt!" The husband was granted a decree.

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