

REPARATION

By DR. FRANK CRANE

We have said that the men who made this war must make reparation. There are some losses that can be repaired, but some that cannot.

You can redeem the bomb-ploughed fields, bury the festering corpses, gather up the shell-shards, and plant again the corn and vine. Cities can be rebuilt, cottages and barns set up again, and new panes be found for shattered windows. New governments can replace the old, lines of trade be re-established, and the customary arts of peace be resumed.

But some things have been broken that cannot be mended, loss that can never be found again. No powers of repentance nor willingness of restitution can equal the awful potency of destruction.

Can you give back, oh ravishers of life, the spent souls of them that went down in the red flames of battle?

Have you some surgery that can mend the broken hearts of a myriad mothers, some physis draught that can cool the despair of the young wife left desolate?

Can you pick up on the shotted field the broken hopes, or piece up the fragments of blasted dreams?

Faith is dead, faith in human nobleness, faith in the pledged word, faith in chivalry and fair play. Can you bring this to life again, when it has been done to death by spies and lies?

Can you undo the sinking of the Lusitania, or breathe life once more into the bloated flesh of unoffending women and children that float among the seaweed?

Can you restore the admiration the world once held for your learning, when your intellectuals have turned prostitutes to the altar of Moloch?

Can you repair the wrong you have done to Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven, and Wagner, whose noble blood you have sullied in the foulest orgy of national lust?

Can you take the stain from the good name that centuries of German piety and intelligence have made lustrous?

When you tore your pledge to Belgium as "a scrap of paper," did you realize that you tore the faith of nations? Can that be mended easily?

Such things are gone, consumed as fire consumes, torn as wolves tear, smirched as blood smirches, corroded as acid corrodes, uprooted as trees are uprooted, wrecked as lost argosies, crushed as precious porcelain.

Humanity's voice is heard in wailing as once "In Rama, there was a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

You have sunk more than ships with your submarines; you have sunk much of the world's spiritual treasures, and

As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,
Lie deeper than the sea."

Copyright, 1918, by Frank Crane.

Strenuous Athletics Revive Exhausted French Soldiers

It would naturally be supposed, that soldiers on returning, plastered with mud, chilled and exhausted, from a period of trench duty, would be allowed to turn and sleep until they could sleep no longer. But it has been found that the fatigue of this type of warfare is more mental than physical, and that strained nerves made restful slumber impossible when the men went into the trenches to a rest camp for several days of idleness.

A remarkably successful method of getting the soldiers back into condition again has been devised by Lieut. Hebert of the French navy. Without pausing to rest, they are marched from the trenches into the open country back of the line. There they are put through a course of strenuous physical exercise.

Stripped to the waist, the men set out for a cross-country run, over fences and ditches, up hill and down, and along winding forest paths. They jump, climb trees, crawl like snakes through grassy places, all the while shouting and singing at the tops of their voices. It is said that the poets are amazed and startled at the first sight of half-naked warriors, coming at top speed from a bit of woodland. Each period of violent exercise is followed by one of quiet, easy movements. At the end, in a

fine glow and with mind diverted, sound, refreshing sleep is easy.

While one object of the new system is to bring back to top form men gone stale from trench life, the fact that they are soldiers is always the first consideration, and each of the exercises prescribed is carefully planned to increase their fighting ability. A man who, through practice in crawling, has acquired agility while lying prostrate, has a better chance of life in a sudden encounter at night in No Man's Land, and running, jumping and climbing make him a more dangerous opponent in a bayonet duel.

The new method has entirely displaced the old system of training recruits just called to the colors. The French soldier is now taught only movements that will be of actual value in battle, including thorough instruction in throwing hand grenades and the use of the bayonet. The open air exercise toughens the muscles, hardens the skin and fits a man to withstand exposure to all weather.

The great benefits of such training were shown when troops drilled under the new system met in sham battle an equal number developed by the old method. The umpire's decision was that they had lost four "dead" and a few "wounded," against 300 "dead" for their opponents.

FIVE MILLION PRISONERS

In the prison camps in Europe, Asia and Africa there are now 5,000,000 prisoners, more than ever participated in any previous war in the world's history. Among the prisoners are many babies, born within the barbed-wire enclosures.

WRONG SHOOTER USED

"Hindenburg has not the face to which justice can be done by a photographer," says a writer.

Photographers do not shoot with the right weapon. Full justice can be done by an American soldier.

CAMOUFLAGE

Over-Eager Sub—There's something rummy going on over there. Wish I could think of some dodge to slip over without being observed.

The Wit—Why not cover yourself with cotton and go over as a cloud of smoke?—Passing Show.

THE ONE REQUISITE

Tommy (watching the trained animals): "E's a wonder an' no mistake. I can't teach my old dawg at home to do anything."

Pal: "Ah, but yer see, matey, you 'ave to know more'n a dawg, or yer can't learn 'im nuthin'."—Punch.

Al Hears About "Armie Inspeckshun"

BY OUR OWN RING W. LARDNER



well at all there is a few things in this armie that is a good deal simillar to what you do day in & day out at yr deske in the ofis one of them bean inspeckshun. when the boss comes over to you guys at the ofis wear you worked at yr desks and looks you over like as though you was a new kind of a hostlet for meedlud day witch he dont approve of that is something like what inspeckshun is in the armie only it is a good deal diffront & worst witch is sane a good deal becaus I know what it is to have the boss ther come over & hand sumthing at you and say jim is this hear your miskeed of coarse it is & if you say it isnt of coarse its your move.

The focteur of inspeckshun in the armie all to the nite befor witch is sum nite belev me al who have gone through a no. of them. nobuddy cares for nuthing but whats libel to happin the necks mornin if the loitnint dont like the way you look & its a sure safe bet you wont thats what loitnints are four to see the things about you witch shoob of ben diffront & some times it is enhaureing becaus it is not yr falt it is if you were made I weigh & wood like to be another of the loitnint wood like four you to be a nother weigh.

I of found the best weigh is to let them find as much falt with you as possible it pleases them & dont do you no harm mar than getting sum detale witch you wood probly get ennywech & I never pick no fums with none of them as the thing four a guy as strong as me to do in nover to get mad becaus their is no telling what you mite be tempt it to do with yr strength if you ever becam a rowed. well all you spend all nite befor inspeckshun washing out legging and cleaning up yr gun & ekwip mant & getting out yr suet of clean undwear if some I hessent pinch it on you witch is probly the case & ever after you of went & did all that when you get out in the front of yr bare ftz lioned up with everybuddy elts in yr compy in the sain fitz their will be 1/2 doz or moar things witch you of neglet it to do the nite befor.

some how or another they always picking on me moar then enny I elts becaus I suppose I am prominent among all the boys & the loitnints figyur well whatever we give jim will get to everybuddy elts as they all know him you know me al.

their you are all lioned up at I mene not you but me & the rest of them & of coarse you wood be their if you was hear & the other comot dem & of coarse you wood be their if you was hear & the other comot dem like a bald head for the cooshin. the ofiser talks one look at me & axe as though he had got news of a friends death when he sees me good hevans what is the matter with yr hat he says & talks a poke at it with his fat witch nicks it off of coarse. I ced nothink is the matter with it witch it is on the ground in the stead of bean on my head wear it shoob be. pick it up he ses witch I do & then he turns to the sarjant & ced put privyat jim down four hat not brushed when it is necked off hay al. then the loitnint looks you over sum moar & dosent see what you of did to your leggings only what you havent & I ced put him down for leggings & then he keeps looking you all over including the undershirt witch shoob of ben your other I but isent on the a/c of bunkiey having took it.

& the rifle is the worst part of it all take it from yr old pal al you of spent several days rubing a rag over it and polishing it up so as that you cant find a piece of dirt or no dust on it with I of thesere mikerskopes & when the ofiser runs his eye up & down the barrel the rifle looks as if you had just dropt it into the mud.

but this inspeckshun is grate stuff al becaus it helps put in the time & lots of guys have to wash and brush up who mrobe woodent never do it unless they had to do for those & other reasons it certinly does a lot of good & it gives a lots of fun to the guys not raising muntashes when the ofiser havis out a guy for not shaving who is only trying to get sum hair out on his lip. I have confest to aggie that among those guys in.

OLD FRIEND JIM.

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM"

A facetious remark by an idle workman is said to have originated the name by which our government is known throughout the world, "Uncle Sam." During the war of 1812, Samuel Wilets, a meat inspector, of Troy, N. Y., and generally called "Uncle Sam," acted as purchasing agent for the government. On each barrel of pork and beef accepted he marked the letters "U. S.," for United States. Some one inquired what they stood for and one of Wilets's workmen replied, "Uncle Sam." From this feeble beginning the joke spread over the whole country and before the end of the war "Uncle Sam" was in common use.

French Alsatian-Lorrainers Not Listed as Enemy Aliens

Since the close of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 Alsace and Lorraine have been known geographically as German territory. Under ordinary circumstances an Alsatian or Lorrainer registering for the draft in this country would be listed as an "enemy alien," but an exception was made in the case of men born in Alsace or Lorraine of French parentage. But for this exception, the unique situation of a loyal Frenchman being considered an enemy of the United States, allied with France in the war, would have been presented.

The exception was made, however, only when the registrant presented an identification card issued by the "Societe des Ames de l'Alsace-Lorraine," Society of Friends of Alsace-Lorraine, or its successor, "Association Generale des Alsaciens Lorrains d'Amerique," General Association of Alsatian-Lorrainers of America. These identifications were countersigned by a consul general or consul of France.

KAISER HASN'T CHANGED MUCH IN THIRTEEN YEARS

Since the war started many cartoons, stories and poems published prior to 1914 have been reprinted to emphasize their prophecy. None of the "I told you so's" appears to be any better than the poem written by Wallace Irwin and published in Collier's Weekly on July 8, 1905, in which the writer pictured the strutting Kaiser. The poem follows:

Man wants put beards here below
And states dot beedie Dutch
Der vinters sich I know I know
Are what so fer, much
(Chant Europe, Asia, Africa,
Der Vinters, Hemisphere
A coasting station in Japan—
Dut vill go all dis year.

Hitler, hi lo, der vinds der show
(Chant like Die Waet on Elkhorn;
Und vat es north belongs to Me,
Und what es yours is to Me.

Jah also, when I staid around
Mittin mein eygal jah!
I see so much vol in nichl Dutch
Dot burk, do hinkin dot
It if me such a strange dattress
I gannot understand
Der volks gait, if it applies
Mittin me Lorrainer!

Hitler, hi lo, der vinds der show
I will round, I will
To gift der Nations good widdes
Und saunzer, und kraut.

Each hour I change mein uniform,
But I never change mein mind,
Und every day I make ein speech
Zu jennich mannkint,
Herr Monseigneur, Herr Nations Pride,
Divorce and Public Sin—
I talk so much like Roosevelt
I dink you must be twin.

Hitler, hi lo, der vinds der show
Der makin Hile or staid
You gannot weerk our symkinties
Ven Gott hi in der Trast

Being ein kviet Neutral Power,
I know mein Omb, you see,
Und keep der Deare, you see, for War
I know mein powder well,
But ven I see modern nations do
Put sthandt around und shot
Der der fight I dink I can shoot more
Than military hat.

Hitler, hi lo, der vinds der show
Und softly sleeper die,
"Der Kaiser he has more as yet
Und all his light tot fa."

