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Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.	Macon Telegraph	W. T. Anderson
Charleston Naval Station	Charleston News and Courier	R. C. Stieglitz
Buffalo Military District, embracing Ten Camps	Buffalo Evening News	Edward H. Butler

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NOT AS GERMANS SEE US

It is gratifying to find that among leaders of German public opinion there is not complete unanimity in backing up the government's programme of misrepresenting and underestimating the Americans. Here and there is a German editor intelligent enough to understand the motives which led this country to enter the war, and courageous enough to set them forth, even though this course aligns him against the policy of officialdom there.

Such an editor is Maximilian Harden, who conducts the weekly Die Zukunft. Completely in accord with his government's course at the beginning of the war, approving the violation of Belgian neutrality, and advocating with all other Teutons the rule of might, Harden more recently has seen a light. He is now the German government's bitterest critic. In the last few months he has praised President Wilson highly and told his countrymen that Germany could not hope for a military victory in this war.

"You think that the British and Americans are such as the conservative papers represent them," he said in a recent issue of his publication. "They proved themselves to be very different on the Yser, at Arras, at Dormans. They have shed the best of their blood, spent hundreds of thousands without dreams of conquest, simply for their ideals. Does this correspond in any way to the picture that you have drawn of them?"

The conventional German picture of an American is that of a money-grubber, who does not desire to fight and cannot fight when he has to. Yet, as Harden pointed out, this country is shedding the best of its blood and spending hundreds of thousands—vastly more than that, in fact, simply for its ideals.

The United States is raising an army of 5,000,000. It has raised and spent three big Liberty Loans, and is preparing to issue a Fourth Loan, far bigger than any of the others, to back up the huge army with which it in-

tends to end the war. It is devoting all of its resources, giving all its strength, to the tasks of war. Why? For its ideals—so that democracy may not perish from the earth, so that weak nations may not be overrun by strong ones, so that property and lives may be safe and treaties and international law may be binding on their signatories, not mere scraps of paper.

This is a high and noble cause. It is not complicated for America by questions of territorial gain or financial advantage. Nothing in the way of material benefit which may come out of victory could compensate this country for the money which will have to be spent to bring the war to an end, or the American blood which must flow before the Hun is driven back across the Rhine.

America is not fighting to win dollars, as the German people have been led to believe. America is spending billions of dollars to fight, and to keep on fighting must spend billions more. That is why the Government needs our money now for the Fourth Liberty Loan. The brave men who are being sent to France in ever-increasing numbers must be backed up with food and clothes and ammunition and supplies of every sort, ships must be built to carry the material, railways must be built or enlarged there to get it to the troops.

The nation which has not refused its men will not refuse its money to support them. What Harden knows about the Americans and their spirit all the other Germans must be taught. Apparently the only argument which will make any impression on them is their own favorite one—force. Force of men and force of money will complete their education to a point where they never again will undertake to feed their greed by forcing war on others.

While our men in khaki are being sent Over There to battle, let those who stay here send their dollars to the Treasury to fight also. Let the rousing triumphant campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan carry the word to Berlin that the Americans intend to conquer, whatever the cost.

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

A great new army of men soon will be flowing in an almost unceasing stream into the country's cantonments and camps. They will compose the divisions of the Second Draft, men outside of the previous draft ages and representing either the younger or older men of the nation.

How soon these new men fit themselves for military service, how heartily in accord with all military principles they become, depends in large measure upon you, soldiers of the First Draft, men of the old Regular Army. By the time the incoming host is comfortably quartered, most of the present barracks incumbents will be battling for Democracy in France—and, probably, elsewhere. But there will be many who will remain here, non-commissioned officers and privates by the thousand, as instructors—commanders, also. Their reception to the new men will count considerably in building up a fine morale. This means more than simply the cordial but impersonal welcome of civilian life.

For, remember, these men of the

Second Draft in most instances will either be younger or older men than the soldiers now reading this. If older, many will find it so much the harder to cast away in a few days the routine of civilian life which years of labor and habit have fastened in their thought.

If younger, they will come to the cantonments with youthful exuberance and impressionable minds.

The strong hand of real friendship extended by all to these men will fuse in their minds quickly the spirit of the ARMY. Patience and courtesy will go a long way with men thirty-five or forty years old. Sympathy and manliness will create a deep impression in the younger men's minds, and will meet with ready response.

America, calling upon her manpower to settle once and for all the destiny of the world on the shell-ripped areas of Europe, looks to her soldiers to attune the minds of her novices to the stern work in hand. It is an important, sacred responsibility which no true fighting man will neglect.

A CONTEMPTIBLE LIAR

A man who stands four square to the world and handles his problem uprightly, hates a lie. A liar stands in the same relation to him as shadow to sunlight. In the picturesque language of the fire-eating editors of a bygone Western period, a liar is "a pusillanimous skunk who would sell the gold from his grandmother's false teeth." He has the heart of a chicken and the nerve of a coyote.

Germany's discovery now that it has been entertaining an official liar since war began will not cheer the sinking spirits of what honest men that benighted domain of Kultur may yet contain. The Cologne Gazette, itself generally regarded as an inspired organ, has ripped the mask from the liar. It is the Hun's official news agency—the Wolf Bureau. The Gazette complains the Wolf Bureau (rightly named) issued false reports of bounteous harvests, inflated all stories of German success, and described in detail the complete exhaustion of the very forces which are now tumbling Prussianism into the seething Hell of damnation it would have created for its opponents.

A Wolf Bureau dispatch, on April

16 last, told of enormous supplies of clothing captured in Russia, Italy and France. Copper booty, it said, was sufficient to supply the German Army for a year.

Hark now to the mournful wail of the Gazette in reference to these Wolfish rainbows, distributed so lavishly amid April's showers:

"It is not to be wondered," the newspaper says, "that there would be disappointment and mistrust when we are asked to part with our clothes and door handles. Even the thickest thread of patience would get worn out by such methods."

Such patience is indeed thick-skinned. It is the plodding, heavy type of unoriginal mentality which must be heavily hammered to impress even the slightest hint of what more highly sensitive minds can grasp at first faint blush.

Much bread and wine was held forth in its rose-colored dispatches by the Wolf Bureau. In German hands, however, all its lying promises have become but bitter mucks. Good men hate liars. How long will it take rousing German hate to find the real object of its wrath?

FOCH'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

Marshal Ferdinand Foch, supreme commander of the Allied forces in France, is more than a great general. He is a great man, a deep student of humanity as well as tactics, of psychology as well as of strategy.

The armies of France and her allies have ten commandments handed down by Marshal Foch. They are the dictates of a genius who has proved their worth on many hard fought battlefields. In their order, they follow:

1. Keep your eyes and ears ready and your mouth in the safety notch, for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly, but as a rule you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenges or the charging cheer.
2. Obey orders first, and if still alive, kick afterward if you have been wronged.
3. Keep your arms and equipment clean and in good order; treat your animals fairly and kindly and your motor or other machine as though it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.
4. Never try to fire an empty gun nor at an empty trench, but when you shoot, shoot to kill, and

forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.

5. Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier won't lie, he doesn't sulk and is no squealer.

6. Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man; pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.

7. Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother or fellow soldier beaten or ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.

8. Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable, and your feet in good condition, for you think with your head, fight with your body, and march with your feet.

9. Be of good cheer and high courage; shirk neither work or danger; suffer in silence, and cheer the comrades at your side with a smile.

10. Dread defeat, but not wounds; fear dishonor, but not death, and die game, and whatever the task, remember the motto of the division, "It Shall Be Done."

Nail Him Down!



BUY THE BONDS THAT BIND HIM