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THE REAL DIFFERENCE

WHAT is the real lesson of the atrocities Germany has committed in the war?

Do they prove that Germans are a different species of human beings?

This would do violence to the observations which nearly all broad minded men have reached, who have come into contact with many breeds of men.

Scientists, travelers and just plain folk are pretty well agreed that in his own home, in normal surroundings the average man of one clime or race is very much like the man of any other breed. Certainly the war has proved that in the primitive qualities of courage, endurance and loyalty the rank and file of the combatant races are very much alike.

Relying on these facts the defenders of German crime have continued to whisper. "Oh, all soldiers are alike, if the allies had been on German soil they would have done just as badly."

This is a slander on the living heroes of every army except the German. Even the Turkish fighting man has a better record. It is also a slander on the dead of our American armies of the revolution and the civil war.

No such outrages as the German crimes were recorded in any American war, by either side.

Even in the track of Sherman's march across Georgia today there is not a tradition of anything like the hellish things which marked the German tide through Belgium. In the South African war there was not one instance of a British soldier even insulting a black or white woman.

The Germans in 1870 did not do such things in France. To match the atrocities of 1914-1917 one must travel back to the massacres and rapine of the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The answer to the whole anomaly is very simple and doubly damning to the ruling caste in Prussia today.

All soldiers are very much alike, but ARMIES and OFFICERS are not.

Any army contains a percentage of men who will, if not held by rigid discipline, perpetrate outrages of the blackest kind.

Every city, every village, every countryside has individuals of the same sort.

But every army in the world today and for 300 years back, except the German army, has been controlled by a set of officers and a system of discipline, which held such troops in check and kept them under the control of the decent majority.

The fact that the German army, with its iron discipline, did not do so, proves that the German crimes were DELIBERATELY ENCOURAGED, and ORDERED by the government through its officer class.

That is the real lesson of the German atrocities. They teach that the German government, and its military system, are different from all other governments and all other military systems. FOR ENDURING SUCH A SYSTEM the German people and the German private soldiers must bear full blame.

In that sense all soldiers are not alike. We can hardly imagine the clean minded and independent young fellows now gathered in our training camps committing any such acts as the loot of Louvain, even if their officers told them to. Military discipline in the American, French and British armies has well defined limits, because Americans and their allies are not reared to believe that any set of men on God's earth has any divine rights.

And that is the real difference between the soldiers of the fighting armies—a difference which explains atrocities and everything else.

WHATCHAMA COLUMN

PEPS

Whenever the mourning paper doesn't slam the city, let's all join in singing: "The Knockless Day."

—o—

In equipping himself for a run from the senate, Bob La Follette didn't overlook the self starter.

—o—

Hope the telephone girls don't take to knitting on duty. Imagine getting this: "Yarn's tangled," instead of "line's busy!"

—o—

Some prominent people who are always worrying about their kidneys simply have bright disease in the head.

—o—

When the bankers and farmers get through rolling the prices around, maybe the common consumer will take a hand.

—o—

None of the conservationists have yet suggested that we save the banana peels and send them to Europe as slippers.

—o—

With skirts so short, how can so many slackers hide behind them?

—o—

Mother Goose outdone! The cow has actually jumped over the moon, and so has the steer.

—o—

The thirteenth child was born to an Idaho couple the other day. Suggest that the parents call her Cornucopia, meaning plenty.

GOOD REASON.

Though Jane would make a poet sigh,
Though Kate is coy and cute and canny,
Though Norma's titillates the eye,
I spurn them all and turn to Annie.

Though Myrtle is a wondrous peach,
And so is Gladys, Lill or Carrie,
I turn a scornful back to each
For Annie is the one I'll marry.

The others all have wealthy pas,
And lovely wives I know, they'd make me,
Yet Annie is my choice because
She is the only one who'll take me!

—M. M.

SEEING IT THROUGH.

If all the headlines that we read
Are true, as they are writ,
We're out of everything we need,
There is no doubt of it.
"Our Greatest Need," screams one big head,
"Is Known to Be Hard Coal."
One says: "Our Greatest Need Is Bread."
Another: "We Need Soul."
As they line up our greatest needs,
According to their whims,
They mention everything that feeds
Or flies or grows or swims.
Efficiency experts have got
The figures all down pat
And they are daily on the spot
With needs hot off the bat.
If all these rumors we withstand,
Defying gloomy gents,
The greatest real need in this land
Is common sense.

POOR DOPE.

We asked a well-known editorial writer to tell us what the war is about and he said:

"The war is about over."

He may be right. Editorial writers sometimes are, but we would hate to make arrangements for a pleasure trip through Europe on his bet.

TO ESCAPE THE DRAFT, MANY A MAN WILL DECLARE THAT HE IS THE HEAD OF A FAMILY, WHEN HE KNOWS RIGHT DOWN IN HIS HEART THAT HE IS NO SUCH THING. AND HE WOULDN'T DARE TO SAY IT IF SHE WERE AROUND.

THE MOVIE CHILD.

Oh, villain of the movie show, I hold
no brief for you;
In point of fact I disapprove most
everything you do;
But let me give you this advice, when,
with your baleful eyes,
You look about to pick the prey whom
you would victimize,
Select that simp, the hero—he is
thatched with four-inch bone—
But if you've got good sense you'll let
the Movie Child alone.

I saw a Villain just last night who
caught a Child off guard
And locked him in a prison cell, with
railroad iron barred.
The Child, with not a qualm of fear,
performed a close-up smile,
Dug in his little pinafore, produced a
rat-tail file,
Sawed through the bars like so much
cheese, departed from the jail,
And set a Central Office man upon the
Villain's trail.

I saw another Movie Child a Villain
just had tossed
Head foremost off a ferryboat, and
gave him up for lost.
But no; the Child appeared above the
foam-encrusted brine
And clambered on a rusty tramp,
straight up the anchor line.
And later, when the Villain sneaked
across an alley dim,
The Child waked up a Cop and cried,
"Hi, officer, that's him!"

I've seen no end of Villains try with
all their blackguard arts
To win the simple trustfulness of
Movie Children's hearts.
But never mind how smart they were,
no matter what they did,
The one that finished second was the
Villain—not the kid.
The hero's never quite all there—he's
easily beguiled,
But not a Villain can outguess a little
Movie Child.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY

A CLEVER SERIAL STORY.

By E. J. RATH.

Author of "When the Devil Was Sick," "One-Cylinder Sam," etc.

CHAPTER IV (Continued.)

"YOU are on apt pupil," he said. "The suggestion is excellent. When it is necessary for me to obtain new cards I shall do so. Thank you."

Somehow Constance did not feel that she had achieved an effective retort. She did not want to be an apt pupil; she did not in the least intend to be of any assistance in promoting economy and efficiency.

Mr. Hedge sought to pursue his advantage.

"You children must understand," he said in a friendly tone, "that while I have certain fixed ideas and standards, and that while my profession proceeds along certain well-defined lines, it is not necessarily a complete science. I shall always be glad to receive suggestions, provided that they conform to the general theory and principles of scientific management. I want you to feel free to come to me at any time on such matters.

"And in all matters, so far as that is concerned, I expect, of course, that you children will make me your confidant and adviser.

"You children!" The expression caused the three Brookes to writhe in their chairs. Why, this interloper was scarcely older than Billy Brooke!

To disguise his confusion the latter person lighted a cigarette. Unknown to Billy, Hedge was watching the proceeding narrowly.

"Will you kindly explain to me," he said suddenly, "why you wave a match eight times in order to extinguish it?"

Billy gaped at him.

"You waved it eight times—so," declared Hedge, illustrating. "Waste energy. An unnecessary physical effort that might better be employed. I extinguish a match—so."

He lighted one, waited until the flame had firmly caught the wood, then held it a few inches from his lips and puffed gently.

"Waste of wind!" exclaimed Billy triumphantly.

"Not at all. It was necessary for me to expel my breath. I merely took advantage of an inevitable by-product."

The Hedge person was thus far impervious. He had an annoying faculty of turning a thrust to his own advantage.

"Now, as to this room," he remarked, glancing about. "I take it that, under normal conditions, it is utilized but three times a day, during meals, and then only by four persons."

"Sometimes three," amended Constance. "Father is never home at luncheon."

"Exactly," nodded Hedge; "and the room is large enough for forty, instead of four persons. It represents an intolerable waste—an investment which yields no return."

"What would you suggest?" inquired Billy frigidly.

"It is a problem I shall study. I merely call your attention to it as an evidence of unscientific extravagance. It represents an idea that I want you to think about."

Alice brightened.

"We might take boarders," she said.

There was an awful silence, during which Constance and Billy eyed their substitute father furtively. But again he was impervious, although this time he did not twist the suggestion into a text for a lecture. He ignored it. Glancing at his watch with a quick movement he looked across the table at Constance.

"We will rise, if you please," he said.

The Brooks rose mechanically, as though it were quite useless to offer resistance. Besides, dinner was over.

"I should like to examine the other apartments on this floor," announced Hedge.

Constance, naturally assuming the lead, headed the procession out of the dining-room. She touched a button at the entrance to an apartment across the hall from the library and flooded it with light. The efficiency men examined its rich furniture critically.

From a pocket he had produced a small note-book and pencil in which he proceeded to make a few brief entries.

"What do you call this room?" he asked.

"Nothing particular," answered Constance; "it is used to receive guests, occasionally for dances or other entertainments."

"Parlor," observed Hedge, making a note.

"It is not a parlor," retorted Constance coldly. "Parlors are vulgar."

Nevertheless, the maker of notes made no erasure. Instead, he stepped across the room and paused on the threshold of a smaller apartment.

"A music room," explained Constance. "Beyond is a conservatory."

Mr. Hedge made additional notes.

"I wish to see the library again," he said.

The procession retraced in its steps, Mr. Hedge pausing at the hallway to extinguish the lights.

"It is customary to leave them burning," said Constance.

"Evidently." But he did not turn them on again.

The library, that apartment into which the efficiency man had made his original entrance, afforded him an extended opportunity for study. He inspected it more minutely than the rooms on the other side of the hall. He walked from end to end and side to side, stopping occasionally to examine a shelf of books.

He took note of the great table in the center and of two writing-desks that stood near a window.

He observed with a slight frown an innumerable number of electric bulbs, all glowing softly through their translucent glass. Several of them he turned out as he passed.

A Circassian walnut phonograph arrested his attention.

"It plays tunes," explained Alice sweetly.

"You have music here?" asked Mr. Hedge.

"When we desire it," replied Constance.

"And in the music room also?"

"Certainly. I also have a piano upstairs."

He made another note.

"I suppose that's too much music," growled Billy, with a glance at his sisters.

"Exactly," said Mr. Hedge evenly.

He continued his exploration and presently arrived at a button, let into the wall.

"What is that for?" he inquired.

"It calls the butler."

The efficiency man pressed it, then took out his watch and kept his eye on the dial. He looked up as Horace entered the library and stood at attention.

"Thirty-two seconds," he observed. "Where did you come from, Horace?"

"I was in the dining-room, sir."

"A distance of some twenty or twenty-five yards. You occupied thirty-two seconds in walking that distance. Now, while I do not require you to run, hereafter I shall expect you to cut

(Continued on page seven.)

WILHELM: "COME, BELGIUM, LOOK YOUR PRETTIEST, WE ARE GOING TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE."

Uncle Walt Has for You This Evening

A SAD BUSINESS.

I SHOOT my Germans sadly; I do not butcher gladly, but with with a poignant grief; I hate to meet a stranger, and, while my life's in danger, convert him into beef. I don't enjoy my slaying; much rather I'd be haying, or milking brindled cows; but forth I go a-scooting to kill the foes by shooting and leave some widowed fraus. In tales of blood and thunder the hero is a wonder who fairly lusts for gore; in every shilling thriller the soldier is a killer who seeks for victims more. But is there any mortal this side the red hot portal who truly loves the fray, who does not shrink and shiver when shooting lights or liver from some unlucky jay? If any gent is killing because he's glad and willing to leave dead men behind, he may be some one's hero; with me he's down to zero—I do not like his kind. Not gayly, but with sorrow some rusty nails I borrow and load my ancient gun, not smilingly, but weeping, I am to ambush creeping to pot the passing Hun.

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YOUR HEALTH

By JOHN B. HUBER, A. M., M. D.

To be a good animal is the first requisite for success in life.—Spencer.

What To Do for Diabetes

Most adult diabetics would do well if they would obey their doctor's orders. But it is a very considerable medical experience that such patients are hard to control; they are very prone to do as they please as soon as they get beyond the doctor's observation. Every diabetic must be under a doctor's constant care. Each must be treated according to his own peculiar constitution. Worry, excess, great exertion, exposure must in all cases be avoided. Tea, coffee, and, indeed, all food must be sweetened with saccharin (to be had in 100 tablet bottles of the druggist) instead of sugar. The bowels must move once a day. There are medicines appropriate to the individual case which the family doctor must prescribe. And the diabetic dietary must be faithfully adhered to. Such an one is the following:

Soups or broths of beef, chicken, mutton, veal, oysters, clams, terrapin or turtle (not thickened with any farinaceous substances) beef-tea.

Shell fish and all kinds of fish, fresh, salted, dried, pickled, or otherwise preserved (no dressing containing flour).

Eggs in any way most acceptable.

Fat beef, mutton, ham or bacon, poultry, sweetbreads, calf's head, sausage, kidneys, pig's feet, tongue, tripe (all cooked free of flour, potatoes, bread, or crackers).

True glutens—gum gluten, for instance, gluten foods of known gluten percentage, whole wheat containing gluten beyond that of ordinary farinaceous foods (so-called gluten breads sometimes contain quite as much starch as ordinary bread), oatmeal, almond bread or cakes.

String beans, spinach, beet-tops, chicory, kale, lettuce plain or dressed with oil and vinegar, cucumbers, onions, tomatoes, mushrooms, asparagus, oyster plant, celery, dandelions, cresses, radishes, pickles, olives.

Custards, junkets, jellies, creams (all without sugar), walnuts, almonds, filberts, Brazil nuts, cocoanuts, pecans.

Tea or coffee (without sugar), pure water, peptonized milk, Bulgarian sour milk, lemonade, seltzer water with lemon juice (no sugar).

Avoid: liver, sugars, sweets or starches of any kind, wheaten bread or biscuits, corn bread, barley, rice, rye bread, arrowroot, sago, macaroni, tapioca, vermicelli, potatoes, parsnips, beets, turnips, peas, carrots, melons, fruits, puddings, pastry, pies, ices, honey, jams, sweet or sparkling wines, cordials, cider porter, lagos, chestnuts, peanuts.

Questions and Answers.

SYSTEMIC INFECTION.

I have been troubled the past year with my nerves. Have headache quite frequently, with pains just back of my ears. And my ears run wax more than ever in the last few months. My eyelids become puffy and my ankles swell. I seem to sweat very easily and lack my usual ambition.

Answer—Ears never run waxy there is a purulent discharge, something more than nerves. There is an infectious process going on in your system. See a doctor at once, lest you come to a serious pass. You have neglected the signs of ear trouble, probably also of the mastoid process behind the ear.

Dr. Huber will answer all signed letters pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Huber will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address Dr. John B. Huber, care of this newspaper.

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