

Why Boys Grow Discouraged And Leave the Home Farm

(From Wallace's Farmer.)

On the day that "Uncle Henry" Wallace died, a boy on a farm in the corn belt wrote him a letter. "Uncle Henry" never saw this letter. It came the day after he went away. But it is a letter in which he would have been greatly interested. And it is a letter in which every man who stands for the things that are really worth while on the farm, should be interested. We shall not tell the boy's name, nor where he lives. But we think he has expressed the thoughts and the troubles of many other boys. Here is his letter:

"Dear Uncle Henry: I have been neglecting to write to you for about four weeks; well, in fact, ever since we, or rather my father, received your book, 'Letters to the Farm Folk.' I have read the most of this book and I think the letters have done me lots of good. I am writing you for advice for one in my condition. I am discouraged almost to the last point. Several years ago, my father gave me some young stock. I gave it the very best care I could, and it grew well, but when it was sold, my father kept the money, and nearly broke my heart. Then, two years afterward, my father gave me some more stock. I took good care of this, but when it was sold, he kept the money again. And this has happened every year. My father buys my clothes, and when I go to town, he gives me 15 or 20 cents as spending money; but I get to go to town only four or five times a year, and my clothes do not cost very much for the last a long time. Truly, I am not lazy. I work in the fields in the summer, and I help with the chores and in the house in the winter. Now I want your advice, Uncle Henry. Is it right for me to consider as mine the stock my father gives me? What shall I do?"

This is the letter as the boy wrote it, except that we have omitted his age, his mention of the kind of stock, and his reference to other members of the family, which might reveal his identity. This boy may be any one of a hundred, yes of a thousand, boys in the corn belt. In fact, he may be your boy, dear reader, and we wish you may have this thought in mind when reading further.

Do you remember the happy days when you were courting the girl who became your wife? And do you remember, as the day for the wedding approached, what your thoughts were as you went home after spending the evening with her? Do you remember how you felt when for the first time the thought came to you that after while you might become the father of a boy, and the castles you built as that thought grew on you?

And then, do you remember when your dreams came true, and you actually were the happy father of a boy? What a bright world it was as the boy grew and thrived. What a satisfaction it was to take him in your arms in the evening, and let him pull your hair, and wrap his little fingers around your big ones. The long days in the fields were shortened by the happy thoughts of the time when that little fellow in the house would be big enough to come out and help. And how proud you both felt that evening when he ran to meet you as you came from the barn, dressed in a pair of little overalls that his mother had made for him. Your thoughts were full of the boy in those earlier days when he was a little shaver, and was learning to help with the chores. And you guarded him carefully while teaching him to be fearless about the stock. And as he grew, you taught him to hitch and drive a team, and finally the eventful day came when you hitched up your team and he hitched up his, and together you made your way to the field. How well the work went that day, and how proud the mother was that night when her "two men" drew up to the table.

We know that you love that boy just as much today as you ever did. You don't show it as much now, but the love is there. As the boys grow up and take their natural part in the activities of the home and farm, gradually we take them as a matter of course. The days are full of work in which each much do his part, and when evening comes, the tired

muscles demand rest and sleep. Without realizing it, we get out of the habit of expressing affection, and usually it is not until the first time the boy "answers back," that it comes to us all at once that the boy is no longer a baby, but has in him a man to be considered and reckoned with.

That first "answer back" marks the crisis between father and son. We may be very sure that the thought of it has smoldered in the boy's mind for years possibly before it found expression in words. A deep seated sense of injustice suffered from growing on him. He had been driven to feel that he did not count for much except to work. He had been humiliated many times by harsh reproofs for slight mistakes—sometimes administered in the presence of strangers, and therefore cutting all the deeper. And so, when the time came, the feelings which had been burning within him, all at once burst into flame, just as does the haymow when, all unknown, spontaneous combustion has been going on within.

The story this boy has told illustrates one kind of fuel which all too often feeds this inner fire. And what a fine letter it is. There is no complaint there against the father—just a deep feeling of disappointment, and a sense of injustice suffered. He is a boy to be proud of. And we feel sure that the feelings he experiences are typical of the feelings of thousands of other boys.

Is it surprising that the boy felt almost heart broken when his father sold the stock and kept the money for himself? That was his stock. His father had given it to him. He had cared for it faithfully. He loved the young things. The pride of possession swelled with him. He suffered a heart pang when the stock was sold. And when the father kept his money he felt as one who has no friends. No wonder, after going through this experience several times, the boy appeals to someone for help and advice.

We can see the father's side, in part at least. He did not think. Perhaps he needed the money to pay bills that were very pressing. If he considered the matter at all, no doubt he reflected that he could make better use of the money than the boy could. And after all, would not everything go to the children after he was gone? This may be a partial explanation, but it is not an excuse. The point is that the father has not been honest with the boy. He deceived him, not once, but several times. And if a boy can not trust his father, whom can he trust?

It was not necessary to give the boy the stock in the first place; but, in having given it, it belonged to the boy. It would have been quite proper to say to the boy: You must keep careful account of all the feed the stock eats, and when it is sold, you must pay for that out of the money received. That would have been teaching the boy a valuable lesson. But to tell the boy the stock was his, and to permit him to continue to think so, and then deliberately to put the money in your own pocket, that was—well, what shall we call it?

What are we living for? Is it simply to accumulate money. Or is it to bring up our children to be fine, clean, honest men and women, and to be of service to those with whom they come in contact? And when we pass on, do we want our boys to think of us as hard parents, whose chief thought was to work us as hard as possible, and give us as little as possible? The man who does not live before his boys in a way to win their love, respect and confidence, is poor indeed, no matter what he may have in worldly possessions.

We hope fathers of boys will ask themselves whether this boy might be theirs, or whether, perhaps, their sons have experienced similar disappointments and heart burnings. Not all fathers have been guilty of the particular injustice which this boy tells about, although it is all too common. But very many of us can convict ourselves of thoughtlessness at times in dealing with our children.

Take notice of that boy of yours. He and his mother and brothers and sisters are, of all your possessions, the most to be treasured and loved.

delegates out of Wisconsin's 26, and that "the sure way" would be to have "a quarter to a third of distinguished German-Americans" in the republican convention. National organization was planned to deliver all the German votes behind the candidate there named. Roosevelt and Kead were, of course, to be barred as republican candidates.

As a sort of backfire, former Representative Barthold, of St. Louis, suggested that a Champ Clark boom be started in New York by "non-German democrats." Shortly afterward the Champ Clark boom was revived in Washington. Altogether, the efforts of "German diplomacy" seemed to have been fairly comprehensive. They included making all possible trouble for Mr. Wilson in his own party, but mainly relied on getting control of the republican national convention, with the selection there of a candidate more or less pledged to the German view of the world, and the defeat of Wilson by a wholesale delivery of the "German vote."

The Herald does not believe that even a large minority of citizens of German extraction could have been deceived. But the activity of the conspirators and the progress made in congress shows that were the forces against which the president has been contending. That is what makes the vote in the House more than a personal victory for Woodrow Wilson. That is what makes it a victory for the American people's freedom to run their own country without dictation from a foreign capital and without corruption and intimidation by the agents of a foreign government.

Automobiles vs. Schools.
From the New York Evening Post.

North Carolina is spending more upon automobile tires than upon buildings and improvements for public schools. Her schools are older than motor cars, but the difference between her investment in school buildings and in automobiles is only the difference between \$5,000,000 and \$5,000,000. Her teachers and superintendents cost her \$3,525,000 last year; the upkeep of her automobiles cost her \$3,725,000. Her educational leaders are not proud of these figures. More horsepower is represented in North Carolina's automobiles than she had in all her factories half a dozen years ago. But one can not jump to the conclusion that this development is an indication of unduly growing luxury; how many of these cars are motor trucks? Far graver, as Congressman Gardner would assure the good people of North Carolina, is the fact that we spend more upon automobile tires than we spend upon the navy. Two of our states have more chauffeurs within their borders than all the soldiers and sailors of the nation. Oh, for a Kipling to stir us with a word about the people who go on with the spark plug and the muddied cogs at the wheel.

FREAKISH STUNTS OF BULLETS AND SHELLS

Here Is a Grist of Freak Stories Fresh From the Scenes of Battle.

London—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—Many interesting stories are told of the idiosyncrasies of shot and shell in land and sea fighting since the beginning of the war. Second Officer Harper of the British ship *Harpallion*, torpedoed by a German submarine off Beachy Head, describes the attack on his ship while it was proceeding down the Channel at a rate of about 11 knots. "We had just sat down to tea," he said, "and the chief engineer was saying grace according to our custom. He had just uttered the words, 'For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful,' when there came an awful crash. It was the torpedo."

A photograph from the front in France shows a man who had his hair neatly parted by a bullet in the center, with the art and exactitude of a hair dresser.

A Red Cross surgeon describes a man named Williams, who had his initial "W" plainly outlined upon his back by a fragment of shrapnel which finally settled in his back. The man was very proud of his wound, and declared he wouldn't have missed the distinction for a five pound bank note.

A king's messenger serving with the British troops in France is authority for a remarkable account of a piece of shell which hit a trooper as the latter was mounting his horse. It cut round the top of his trousers like a pair of scissors, dividing the leg part neatly from the body.

At Hartlepool a 12-inch shell went clean through a house, and continued its career up the street, eventually going through another house. Each dwelling was occupied by a family of the same name.

The signalman who was on the bridge of the British ship which sank the *Emden*, writes: "A shot cut away the port signal halyards, bounded through the range finder—about six feet of brass—blew off the range taker's leg, cut a rail in two, came through the hammocks lining the inside of the bridge, through the screen and through the ship's awning, which was tied out aside the screen, and then burst. One lump of shell hit the deck only a foot away from me, missing my head by inches—have the piece. Another piece hit the deck and glanced up through the bridge screen, taking exactly half of the captain's binoculars with it. Not bad for one shot, was it?"

A wounded man returned from northern France to London exhibiting to his friends his coat, cut into a fantastic shape by shrapnel splinters. He was wounded in 19 different places.

Many soldiers tell of prayer books, watches, buttons, lockets or other souvenirs which they treasure as saviors of their lives. A dent in a cigarette case or a hole through a pocket book seems to give rise generally to graver thoughts than do actual wounds.

RUSSIAN LOSSES AND BUREAUCRATIC GRAFT

Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post.

The reason why Russia lost so much ground she had taken earlier in the war was lack of ammunition.

Often Russian soldiers, without rifles, were held in readiness; and when a soldier with a rifle was killed or wounded that rifle was given to a man who stood in the gap. Men they had millions of rifles, but they did not have millions of rifles.

And in that condition you find the reason for the insistent question: What of Russian artillery, many of them, honest Russian soldiers, are quibbling over details in contracts, demanding percentages for themselves, holding off on pretexts of one kind or another—quibbling, uncertain, changing their minds, delaying—delaying. If you mention any munition or any medical supply, any item of transportation or equipment, you will find that the Russians have not enough. Of course, it is beyond human resources that, in this short time, they should have enough, for they did not begin to prepare until after the war began.

That is not the point. The point is that they have not the efficiency or worse, they have not nearly so much as they might have. Everybody on the face of the earth, save Germany and her allies, is trying to help the Russians.

Why, the best artillery they have is Japanese artillery, many of them, by Japanese gunners, men who fought them to the death 10 years ago—and Japanese experts in all lines are assisting them. Precious munitions and medical supplies lie in cartons in the Archangel and Vladivostok while contracts for the same are being over by grafting officials. The Russian bureaucracy is making its last stand, and the singing soldiers are rereating and being slaughtered by thousands because of it.

The older generals in this war have been largely failures—not all, but in big proportion. Many a Russian private was killed unnecessarily because that position was lost that might have been held; but far over and above all causes for these disasters was the lack of ammunition.

The Russian army organization, per se, is right. It is the Russian administrative organization that is wrong. If you give the Russian army an adequate supply of munitions there is no army in the world that will give a better account of itself; for no army has better potential raw material. And no other army I know of has added incentive of such intense religious fervor—unless it is the Turkish army.

Armies in the field can not make shells or guns or powder; nor can armies in the field secure their leaders—make arrangements for securing these needs. That must be done by the administrators; and there the lapse in Russia has come. If the Russians were forced to retreat from their advanced positions—if they lost Przemysl and Lemberg, and other places, their valor had won—not all the credit for the victories can be given to the German force of arms, or all the blame be laid on the Russians in the field who lost. A good share of it, laid with the chattering, huckstering, grafting, procrastinating, incompetent officials in Petrograd; with the bureaucrats; with the survivors of the old Russian system of corruption and bribe taking and bribe soliciting.

Proved Her Secrecy.
From Life.

ASTONISHED MOTHER—Why, Tottie, you never told me you had invited so many children to the party about the goose! Small Hostess—That's 'cause you said that I could never keep a secret.

Second Winter in Trenches Finds Slaughter a Science

Special Associated Press Correspondence.

The second winter campaign along the Franco-Belgian front has thus far differed little from the first, excepting in the greater efficiency that experience has given to tactics between the trenches. The two armies at close quarters are, as last year, like two wrestlers gathering their forces, each seeking a solid foothold and on the lookout for the chance to grip the other by the neck.

Most of the activity between the artillery positions is with flying machines overhead or with the sappers and miners underground; in the trenches themselves it is largely a matter of vigilance, mud and water, with a frequent variation in repairs of defense works after a heavy bombardment. The mud is a more serious problem than at the same season last year on account of heavy rains.

Ditching has been done on a large scale all along the front, excepting in the dunes of Flanders, where the trenches are mostly above ground—composed of millions of sacks of sand; and water there is too near the surface to make drainage possible. Elsewhere drainage has been effective in dry weather, but the rain toys with the genius of the engineer and turns the ditches into canals.

Men Are Warmly Clad in Trenches.

The men are well armed against cold with sheepskin coats, mufflers, sweaters, boots, and are quite comfortable in the Vosges, where the water runs off readily. In the plains of the Woevre, though, where an entire brigade worked four days to execute of drainage admirably conceived and theoretically perfect that was found insufficient during the first storm, there is no protection possible against mud and water.

The bottoms of trenches are covered with fagots, but in vain; they disappear in the mud after a storm. A week of rain causes as much damage as a violent bombardment, according to an officer who has seen nearly every sector of the front this winter.

In certain parts of the Woevre, Artois and Flanders the ground all around the lines, belabored by shells of all calibers, covered with excavations that rain has transformed into miniature lakes, resembles a marsh of interminable length and a mile or so wide; the communicating trenches themselves, sometimes several miles long, are like cesspools. The men obliged to tramp through them to get to the front line are tired out when they arrive. One relief detachment was a whole night making the four miles from their quarters to the trenches; during the passage many left their shoes in the heavy, sticky mud.

Men often prefer to risk the enemy's shells and make their way to their post on the surface, but even this route is scarcely better in many places on account of the pitfalls dug by artillery fire. It is over such ground that the soldiers must plod with backs bent under loads of materials required to maintain the inviolability of the first line; no other means of transportation is possible.

Rations Cure Exhaustion.

"They reach their posts as a rule ready to drop from exhaustion," an officer said, "but the smoking 'rata,' as the trench slang has named the rations, and the hot cup of coffee, restore them quickly; in different to swollen and bilsted feet, they set to work under the heavy rains, throwing up earth that has caved in from the parapets, repairing the fagot supports, raising the parapets, with never a flinch and never a sign that their courage may have suffered from those trying tramps through the mud."

There are parts of the front where it is possible for the men to carry to the front a primitive foot warmer in the shape of a stone heated by a brasier at the quarters in the rear; the heat endures long enough to afford a real comfort, but, of course, the trench must be dry. For other comforts the men must wait for their turn to go to the rear.

A head ventures above a parapet and is greeted with a volley of bullets; the adversary replies and the fire intensifies from both sides. As the men at work drop their picks and shovels for the rifle and the fusillade becomes general. The bomb slingers join in and generally the six-inch guns follow, covering the lines

SPEND FOR THE HOUSE.

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Not long ago a letter truly full of food for thought came under the writer's eye. It was from a young wife who complained that, although her husband loved her and was devoted to her, he would not give her money enough to buy anything for their house. Even decent table linen was lacking, she said. He thought that a growing bank account ought to take the place of a well furnished house, in her mind as it did in his.

There are two ways of spending money for one's house: one is extravagant, the other is economical, in the best sense. And the husband who thinks that a bank account can take the place of sufficient and attractive furnishings is mistaken.

Women have to live most of their time in their houses. For most women do the bulk of their own household work. Therefore, they are entitled to a pleasant place to work, a pleasant place to entertain. The young housekeeper who does not even have enough spending money for decent table linen, is most decidedly under a disadvantage.

The wise housekeeper is the one who makes a budget for household expenses. This should be founded on ex-

perience and on budgets of professional budget makers—such as one can get hold of through various woman's magazines and clubs. The man of the house, too, should understand the value of such a budget and should agree to try one out for a year. Of course any given budget will need slight variation according to any given family's wants.

With a budget as a basis, the housekeeper will know how much she can afford to spend on each department of housekeeping—wages for service, heat, fuel, light, feed, clothing, etc. And part of the money she spends will go for equipment. This includes things bought for the upkeep of the house. It is her interesting task to apportion this given sum into certain amounts for each room in the house.

True economy consists in never letting the house get run down. Buy when you can get good values, and when you will never have to pay the price for quick shopping. The woman who has a linen closet always sufficiently stocked will not, when two trained nurses come to take charge of an unexpected illness, have to rush to the telephone to order half a dozen sheets and some new towels at whatever price the shopkeeper happens to be asking that day.

lose our husbands, fathers, sweethearts and brothers, so be it—but let us fight it out at any cost, even that of national destruction.

The story may or may not be true actually, but such a spirit is evident; so there is, after all, little wonder that Frenchwomen have rallied to the state as they have.

Farming Is Fundamental.

From Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's "The Lure of the Land."

Personally I believe that agriculture is the fundamental profession, that it is one in which a man can have the greater opportunities for development, have broader views of life and render more efficient service than in any other activity in which man engages.

I cannot escape from the belief that the man who lives in closest touch with Nature, other things being equal, will be the best man and have the broadest view of human life and human activity and human destiny.

"Our soldiers have developed the instincts of a trapper," said an officer, "from living so long in close contact with the enemy they are able by imperceptible signs to detect the stroke in preparation by the adversary, or a weakness that it is necessary to put to profit without delay."

"The trench is a daily school of bravery and heroic patience," added the officer, "with no recess, but a little vacation every four days. 'See all that goes on, but don't be seen,' that is the watchword all along the line; it is unquestionably the same on the other side of the wire entanglements, for every rise of ground that gives a vantage point of observation is bitterly contested."

The slightest elevation occupied on one side obliges the adversary to burrow deeper into the earth. At some points the adversaries have renounced heights that have cost too much and have dug in on the slopes; they push out little listening or observation posts armed with machine guns, for the possession or destruction of which all imaginable expedients are employed.

At certain points, the listening post is within two yards of the enemy's trench, and in some cases the two adversaries occupy the same trench separated only by a barricade of sacks of earth. The tension there is at the maximum in the incessant guard against a surprise. It is in such spots so many soldiers succumb or are blinded for life by the hand grenade which in hands become expert by a year's training, has become a more terrible engine of war than ever before.

"The struggle never ceases, though it may not every day give copy for the communique," said an officer. "It takes on all hitherto known and some hitherto unknown methods. Each detachment makes war in the way in which the lay of the ground and the position of the troops impose it. Where barbed wire can't be used, spiked defenses, called 'chevaux de frise,' with sharp-pointed stakes of steel sticking up to the height of a man, are rolled over the parapet of the trench."

Where the lines are so close artillery can not be used against the adversary, the trench mortar, called the "capouillot," comes into play. Where the trench is such that even the mortar can not be utilized, we fall back on the hand grenade, or the aerial torpedo. It is the torpedo that, according to the evidence of prisoners, causes most terror as well as most havoc in the German trenches. It may be used at close range, and its explosive force is extraordinary."

French Women and the War. In France a story, seemingly well authenticated, has been current for a year. It is said that when England was about to join the allies, Germany offered the lost provinces to France if she would guarantee to remain out of the struggle. The recovery of Alsace and Lorraine has been dear to the heart of France; the offer was tempting. According to the Scientific American the tale goes that those in authority hesitated, appreciating how much blood and treasure might be saved, yet realizing that it was the right of the French people, particularly the women, to have a voice in the decision; and it was unofficially submitted them.

"No," they replied, according to the story, "while we want Alsace and Lorraine, we are not fighting for them alone. We are fighting for our children and our children's children; that war may be abolished forever. If we must