

The words "truce" and "peace" became contagious, and one could almost find upon their coming true, in the same way as war threats gave rise to war. My father admitted that the needle-gun had exhausted our ranks. He did not wish to contemplate a march on Vienna, which meant the destruction of his estate in Grumitz. That would have been too much for even his bellicose spirit. His confidence in Austria's invincibility was sadly shaken, and in common with the rest of mortals he felt it was best to put a stop to the run of luck, for no doubt some day the tide would turn with an opportunity for vengeance. Vengeance follows vengeance! Every war leaves one side defeated with the belief that the next war will give them satisfaction! And so one struggle invites and demands the next—where will it end? How can justice ever be established if in punishing an old wrong another is committed? Can one obliterate ink-stains with ink, or oil spots with oil? Yet they say nothing but blood can wash out blood.

At Grumitz a gloom settled over every one. The villagers prepared for the coming of the Prussians, hiding their possessions. Even our family silver was secreted. We read and talked of nothing but the war. I had heard nothing from Conrad for days. My father's patriotism was deeply wounded, and though Frederick and I were blissfully happy in our reunion, yet the unhappiness of the rest affected us painfully. Over a letter from Aunt Cornelia we shed bitter tears for she had not yet learned of her only son's death.

As we sat all together in the evening there was no music or cheerful chatter, no jokes or games, only the repetition of stories of woe and death. Another possibility of the prolongation of the war filled my brother Otto with enthusiasm, for in that event the seniors of the military academy had been promised to be called into the service. He longed for the privilege—straight from the military school into the battle-field. Just as a girl graduate longs for her first ball, for which she has been taught to dance, and the light and music, so the young cadet welcomes his first engagement in the great artillery dance for which he has been learning to shoot.

Frederick and I had decided that in the declaration of Peace he would resign from the army and that under no circumstances would our son be educated at school where the whole education was bent upon awakening in boys the thirst for military glory. I questioned my brother Otto, and found that in the schools they taught that war was a necessary evil (at least acknowledging, in the spirit of the age, that it is an evil), at the same time the chief incentive to all the noblest manly virtues—courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice. Through war comes the highest glory to men and the greatest progress to civilization. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, conquerors and empire builders, were to be regarded as the supreme types of human exaltation. War's successes and benefits were described in high colors, but its wretched results were piously ignored. There was complete silence as to the barbarity, degeneration, and ruin which it brought.

I remembered my own girlish enthusiasm for war, and could hardly blame my brother that he looked upon a possible call to battle with impatience. I offered one day to read the report of a retreat of our army, and Otto impatiently said, "I would rather not hear it. If it were the enemy retreating that would be different." "Retreats are generally passed over in silence," remarked Frederick. But my father hastily added, "A well-ordered retreat is not a flight. Why, in '49—"

But I knew the old story of '49, and headed it off by beginning to read: About four o'clock our troops began to retreat. We surgeons were caring for several hundred wounded, when suddenly the cavalry broke in on us. A general rush brought on tremendous confusion of artillery, cavalry, infantry, and baggage, all joining in the flight. Men, horses and wagons were mingled together. We were swept from our work. They shouted to us, "Save yourselves!" as the shell burst overhead. We were carried forward by the surging mass, we knew not whither—

"Enough! enough!" cried the two girls. "The censor of the press, should stop such stuff from appearing," exclaimed my father angrily. "It takes away all pride in the profession of war."

"Yes, if they should destroy all joy in war it would be such a pity," I said in an undertone. "At least," continued my father, "those who take part in a flight ought to be quiet about it—it is no honor. The rascal who shouted 'Save yourselves!' ought to be shot. A coward raises a yell and thousands of brave men are demoralized and run with him."

"And in the same way," responded Frederick, "when some brave fellow shouts 'Forward!' a thousand cowards sweep after him, inspired with his courage. Men cannot be called either cowardly or brave for every one has his moments of strength and weakness. When crowded together we move as a herd, dependent upon the mind of our fellows. One man rushes, shouting, 'Hurrah!' and the rest follow, and the rest follow. In each case it is the same impulse, yet in the one case they are praised for courage and in the other blamed for cowardice. Bravery and fear are not fixed qualities, neither are joy and sorrow; they are merely different states of mind. In my first campaign I was drawn into such a wild confusion of flight. The official reports called it a well-ordered retreat, but it was, in fact, a complete riot. We rushed madly on, without orders, panting and shrieking with despair, the enemy goading us with bullets. This is one of the most horrible phases of war, when men are no longer gallant soldiers but beasts, and hunt each other as prey; the pursuer becomes a blood-drunk, savage and the pursued is filled with the delirium of terror like a poor animal at bay. All the sentiments of patriotism, ambition, and noble deeds with which he has been educated for the battle are forgotten—he is merely possessed with the instinct for self-preservation and filled with the wildest paroxysms of terror."

Frederick's recovery progressed, even as the feverishness of the outer world lessened, and daily we heard more of peace. The Prussians advanced without obstacle, and surely and slowly approached Vienna, passing through the City of Brunn, where they had already been given the keys. But their march was more like a military promenade than an activity of war, and by July 26 the preliminaries of peace were announced.

Another political event of the day was that Austria had, at last, joined the Geneva Convention of the Red Cross.

"Does that satisfy you?" asked my father as he read the news aloud. "You call war barbarism, but you see it progresses with civilization and becomes more humane. I am in favor of all these efforts to relieve the wounded. Even from the standpoint of statesmanship it is wiser, for it is well that the sick should be made fit for service again."

"You are right, papa. The important thing is that they be made useful material for future battles. But no Red Cross can alleviate the agonies I have witnessed. With multiplied men and means they could not conjure away the results of one battle."

"Not conjure it away, but mitigate it—what we cannot prevent we should seek to mitigate."

"For what I have seen there is no mitigation. We should turn the rule about: what we cannot mitigate we ought to prevent."

That war must cease was daily becoming a fixed idea with me—and that every human being should work to this end. The scenes I had witnessed after the great battle haunted me, especially at night, when I would awake with the most terrible oppression of heart and pricking of conscience just as if I were being commanded to stop it. And only when fully awake would I realize my entire incapacity to stem such a tide—as well might I face the swelling waves of the sea, and command them to dry up.

Frederick and I had made very definite plans for the future. At the close of the war he was to resign and

everywhere for their own consumption, but will be compelled to purchase largely from neutral countries. Great Britain above all, will have to be fed and clad, and Canada being her argest, nearest and absolute ally, will have in great measure to furnish the necessities. Nor will Great Britain be the only member of our Empire that will need what we can produce. New Zealand and Australia will also be importers. Thus then, the markets are assured for years to come, practically for all time, and not only for grain, but also for live stock, for, as the seasons pass, the latter bid fair to become scarcer and scarcer. Cattle cannot be bred, raised and placed on the market in one season; nor can horses; nor can sheep, hence the demand for action

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TIME FOR FULFILLMENT.
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FIGURES THAT CARRY A LESSON.
Great Britain imported 51,786,915 bushels of wheat from Canada in 1913. She also imported 9,360,400 bushels from Russia, 2,050,987 from Germany, 804,533 from France, 201,653 from Roumania, 265,843 from Austria-Hungary, and 76,533 bushels from Bulgaria, a total of 12,759,949 bushels that will have to be made up. There was a decrease in Russia's exportation to Britain 7,000,000 bushels in 1913 compared with 1912 and of 24,000,000 compared with 1911. In 1913, the United States supplied the United Kingdom with 80,013,870 bushels, an increase of 32,000,000 bushels over 1912 and 43,000,000 bushels over 1911, while Canada's increase in 1913 over 1912 was only 1,177,000 bushels, Great Britain's total importations reached 229,580,865 bushels.

Great Britain imported 14,245,000 bushels of barley from Russia in 1913, 3,240,533 bushels from Roumania, 5,208,700 bushels from Turkey in Asia, 832,067 from Germany and 622,533 bushels from Austria-Hungary; a total of 24,148,833 bushels. Canada supplied 5,977,539 bushels and the United States 10,355,567 bushels. Great Britain's total importations amounted to 52,358,245 bushels.

BACON AND HAMS.
In 1913, Great Britain imported 5,440,387 hundredweight of bacon. Canada supplied 272,745 hundredweight, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and the Netherlands furnished 3,129,570, and the United States 2,019,776 hundredweight.

In 1913, Britain imported 957,595 hundredweight of hams, of which Canada supplied 100,892 hundredweight and the United States 851,835. In 1910 Canada only supplied 42,136 hundredweight. There is some improvement in hams, but a sad falling off in bacon. Britain took 689,704 hundredweight of the latter commodity from this country in 1911, but as previously stated, only 272,745 hundredweight in 1913, a decrease of 416,959 hundredweight in two years.

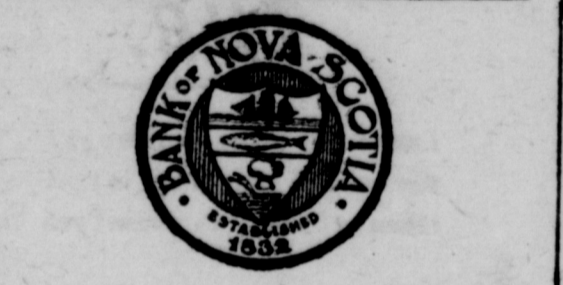
Nervous Diseases In The Spring

Cured by Toning the Blood and Strengthening the Nerves

It is the opinion of the best medical authorities, after long observation that nervous diseases are more common and more serious in the spring than at any other time of the year. Vital changes in the system, after long winter months, may cause much more trouble than the familiar spring weakness and weariness from which most people suffer as the result of indoor life, in poorly ventilated and often overheated buildings. Official records prove that in April and May neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy and other forms of nerve troubles are at their worst, and that then, more than any other time, a blood-making, nerve-restoring tonic is needed.

The antiquated custom of taking purgatives in the spring is useless, for the system really needs strengthening, while purgatives only gallop through the bowels, leaving you weaker. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine, for they actually make the new, rich, red blood that feeds the starved nerves, and thus cure the many forms of nervous disorders. They cure also such other forms of spring troubles as headaches, poor appetite, weakness in the limbs, as well as remove unsightly pimples and eruptions. In fact they usually bring new health and strength to weak, tired and depressed men and children.

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Italy's Bribe

Germany, through her master diplomat, Count von Buelow, proposed she had succeeded in inducing Austria to give up to Trentino a bribe to Italy to keep out of the war. It is of Italy that Germany most stand, as she is the one Great Power on the horizon. Italy came into the League of Nations, which Austria hates, and will be happy to shake hands with them. Trentino is an Alpine valley on the Italian slope, peopled by discontented Italians which Austria could very well part with, she is moving the frontier to resist. On the other hand, Trieste, although also Italian, is people, as Austria's front door upon the sea. Germany is prepared to hand that over also, but Austria very naturally is not.

She does not see why Germany should dive into her pockets for the means to pay Italy off. From Germany's point of view, the more Italians Austria loses, the more of Austria will be to become a part of Germany. There was a time when the Allies would have greatly valued the assistance of Italy, Greece, Bulgaria and Rumania. It is a question now whether they want them at all. It has been made clear that their policy has been to let the Allies do the fighting and then come in for a share of the spoils, and thus to introduce a purely predatory note into the final councils of settlement. Every day makes their assistance the less welcome.

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