

Treatment of Smut.

Commissioner Clark writing in the Agricultural War Book on "Treatment for Smut Prevention" says that in Eastern Canada there is considerable smut in the grain crops each year, but that it has not been sufficiently prevalent to make treatment for its prevention general. The losses, however, are much greater than is commonly realized, and the value of the crop could be considerably increased if treatment for smut prevention were more generally practiced. Over half the samples of fall wheat collected in Ontario contain smut, and it is also very common in the spring crops, especially oats. Reports on the samples treated indicated that formalin one pound in forty gallons of water, is much more popular than bluestone as a preventive.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE TOLEDO, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Another German Submarine Sunk

London, March 10.—The German submarine U 20 has been sent to the bottom, according to a statement issued to-day by the British Admiralty.

The submarine U-20 was built in 1913. She had a displacement of 840 tons, and a speed of 17 knots on the surface and 12 knots submerged. She was equipped with four torpedo tubes.

A submarine, according to the official announcement, was rammed to-day by the British torpedo boat destroyer Ariel. It went to the bottom. The members of the submarine's crew surrendered and were saved.

The location of the sinking of the submarine is not disclosed in the Admiralty announcement.

The captured crew will be deprived of a special privilege, as was done in the case of the men on board the U-8, and they will be held for trial in connection with the sinking of merchant vessels.

The U 20 probably is the submarine which yesterday sunk the British steamer Blackwood.

Equipped with four torpedo tubes, two in the bow and two in the stern, comparatively she was one of the larger of the German submarines, the U-8 and the U-9 having a tonnage of only 300 and a submerged speed of not more than eight knots. The maximum radius of boats of the U 20 type has been given in Marine authorities at 2,000 miles.

The loss of the U-20 makes the seventh German submarine to be destroyed since the beginning of the war, according to statements given out officially in London. These boats are U-15, sunk by the

British cruiser Birmingham in August, U-18, rammed and sunk by a British patrol boat November 23, and three unidentified submarines officially declared lost on October 26, October 30 and February 29.

The sixth submarine to be destroyed was the U-9 which was sunk off Dover March 4.

German Auxiliary Cruiser at Newport.

Newport News Va March 10th—The German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich arrived here to-day, presumably for coal and supplies. She is also said to be in need of repairs and may intern here. She is reported to have 326 French and Russian prisoners of war aboard.

Newport News, Va., March 10—Prinz Eitel Friedrich arrived off the Virginia coast last night but did not enter Hampton Roads until this morning, when she steamed up the old point and after complying with quarantine regulations proceeded to the city, where she dropped anchor shortly before ten o'clock.

Much secrecy covered her movements, and further than that she was in urgent need of coal and provisions and also repairs. Nothing could be learned as to the cause of her stopping here. One report which was unconfirmed, has it that the big steamer was chased to the mouth of Chesapeake Bay by a British cruiser.

The Prinz Eitel Friedrich has three eight-inch guns and ten five-inch guns. She carries a crew of 350 men and 13 officers.

Where the 326 Russian and France prisoners were taken aboard was not known here.

While at sea the German cruiser has been painted white on one side and black on the other.

With the Prinz Eitel Friedrich definitely located in an American port, there remain at large on the high seas only three ships of war flying the German flag. These are the Kronprinz Wilhelm and auxiliary cruiser, last reported off the coast of Brazil; the cruiser Dresden, last reported after the battle off the Falkland Islands, in Chilean waters, and the cruiser Karlsruhe, last reported as operating in the West Indies. One report said that the Karlsruhe had been successful in reaching home waters.

The Cause of the War.

(From the Bartlesville Okla., Daily Enterprise.)

We don't like to take the space here for such a lengthy item, but recently this department was asked what the present war in Europe started about. Now comes a leader that asks this department the same question, remarking that "as you are so darned smart in other things, perhaps you can answer the question yourself." We can. We will be as brief as possible.

In the first place a Serbian Socialist got drunk and killed an Austrian nobleman and his escort (or maybe it was his consort.) Anyway it was some sort. Austria then got hot under the collar over the incident and said to Serbia: 'See here, now, we don't want any of that rough stuff, I want to be a father to you. Come into the wood shed.' Russia was peeping through the fence when he heard

the conversation, and seeing what was going on, said to Austria, 'Don't you dare touch that child he's my kid, and, anyhow, you'd make a hell of a looking daddy.' You've got another think coming, answered Austria. 'I don't like the color of your eye, anyhow, and your feet don't track beside me and I can lick you with one hand.' 'Bully boy,' says Wilhelm to Austria. 'If you can't lick me, I can, and by gosh I'll do it. I can lick anybody; I can lick everybody. We'll take him on together.' So Germany steps up France when she's looking at lands with both feet in the mud of Belgium. 'Gee, oh my belly,' says Belgium, 'or I'd hit you with my log.' 'Ouch,' says Germany, 'but I'll get off when I get ready.' 'That's not fair,' says France. 'Take that, you sloth,' handing Germany a hot one on the snout. 'I hate a scrap,' says England, 'but I can smash the jaw of the guy that slams my friend.' 'You don't hate it worse than I do,' say Japan as she squares off for a haul in the game. 'Well, I guess you started it anyhow,' says Wilhelm to Nich. Just then everybody begins to yell: 'You started it yourself' and each one sticks out his tongue at the other fellow and they all elench and the little fellows begin to dance around watching for a chance to get in a punch and run. And there you are.

How Germany Prepared for War

A private in the German army thus described to Ivan S. Cobb how Germany prepared for war.

I reach the barrack of my regiment. I go at once to a certain room and unlock a certain locker, the number of which corresponds to the number on a key I carry with me always, and which I have now on a string about my neck under this shirt that I am wearing. In that locker I find a field uniform made to fit me and a pair of boots of my proper size. I find an army shirt and a suit of underwear. I find everything I need to clothe me from the skin out, including a leather bag to go about my neck and hold my money, and a brass tag giving my name, my command and my company number. Only socks are missing—the German soldier furnishes his own socks.

In that locker, also, I find my rifle, oiled and in order. I find my knapsack packed according to the regulations; I find a spare pair of military shoes; I find my canteen—and it contains fresh water. It always contains fresh water for it is emptied and refilled daily.

I take off my civilian garb and put on my uniform and my equipment; and I am in heavy marching order. My cartridge belts are already loaded with so many clips containing so many cartridges—somebody else attended to that detail before I came. I know that in one small pocket in the skirt of my coat are two first-aid packages; and that in another pocket, a trifle larger, is a stated quantity of emergency rations consisting of compressed soup-bean soup, pea soup, or lentil soup—which becomes ready for use if I pour a pinch of the powdered meal into a cup of water and stir it while it comes to a boil. Those emergency rations may be one year old, or two or three—it makes no difference. They will keep in almost any climate for an indefinite length of time.

Now then for the final touch: On the floor of my locker is a sheet of tough paper of a certain size and color and, with it, a string of a certain length and a blank tag of a certain design. Following a routine which I have practiced many times in the past, I fold up my civilian clothes in the paper, tie the string round the bundle, write my name and my residence address on the tag, affix the tag to the bundle and go away leaving it there. I know that it will be taken up by a man detailed for that purpose and sent back to my home carriage-free.

Within twenty-four hours—or at most forty-eight hours—after the summons came my regiment will be assembled, fit and prepared to entrain or march or to go on garrison duty. The officers will be there, and the men, and the band, and the hospital corps. The supply train will be waiting to follow behind us. And what is true of my case is true of all the able-bodied male adults in Germany subject to military duty.

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"Martha," he cried, "and I'm not!" "I'm not," I cried, delighted. "On the contrary. Yesterday a great crowd of war was held. We are ready on an hour's notice to send out 500,000 men, and I tell you my dear, I think it was whenever we were."

"On your side?" I groaned, "and this collection came upon us once again? Who can be so devoted of themselves that far greed and ambition?"

And my father, deeming that it was great or ambition, only justice and patriotic order which pressed for war, besought on the subject in his logical manner, jumbling his arguments together, proving that all wished for peace, but if war came it must be met—and I was quite frantic, and said, besides myself with emotion:

"You know well, that not only you, but the whole council want war, then why not say it out frankly? Why all this falsehood? Why tell the people they hope for peace when they are madly arming? Show your teeth and your closed fists, but do not the while whisper soft, false words of reassurance. If you are wildly eager to draw the sword, do not pretend that you are only caressing the hilt."

He rose to the height of passion, and finally I burst into exhausting tears. My father was so amazed that he did not utter a word.

Now came a time of hopes and fears, ringing the changes on "Peace is secure," "War is certain." But once the word "war," this little seed of thought, finds its way to the front, it seems inevitably to produce war.

News came that Prussia was arming the Silesian fortresses. Austria disclaimed any intention of attacking Prussia and demanded that the latter should disarm. Prussia declared herself innocent of warlike intentions, but strengthened her standing army, hence Austria felt compelled to continue her preparations. So the dual game continued, and became a triple game as Italy armed herself with haste.

The excitement became universal and more violent every day. Every newspaper and speech announced that war was in sight. Bismarck was hated and reviled on every side. Letters from Aunt Cornelia in Prussia telling that the war was anything but wished, and that Bismarck was no less hated in his own country. She said the army was reported as refusing to go out in a war against brothers; that Queen Augusta had thrown herself at her husband's feet to pray for peace. Had perhaps our beautiful Emperor also done the same and with tears begged for disarmament who knows? Perhaps the Emperor himself wished for peace, but it seemed that not even the throne could stand against the pressure and strain on every side.

On June 1 Prussia declared to the Assembly that she would disarm if Austria and Saxony would. Vienna responded accusing Prussia of planning an attack in concert with Italy. Austria would call the German Allies to arms and decide the case of the Duchies. Holstein should separate. Prussia declared that this broke the treaty, and they moved into Holstein. Bismarck issued a circular letter. The press cried for war and predicted a victory to strengthen the national confidence.

On June 11 Austria proposed that the Alliance should take a hand against Prussia for helping herself to Holstein. On June 14 the vote stood nine to six—accepted. Oh, those three terrible votes! All was over. Ambassadors are dismissed. The Alliance requests Austria and Bavaria to go to the rescue of Hanover and Saxony, who have already attacked the Prussians.

On the 18th, Prussia's war manifesto appeared. On the same date Austria's troops marched out, and on the 22nd Prussia issued her first army orders.

King William said:

To the last I have worked for peace with Austria, but it was refused.

Kaiser Francis Joseph announced: Prussia shows her desire to set right the wrong of German against German cannot be avoided. Before the judgment seat of history and Almighty God I summon him who has brought this misery down upon our children and country.

The war is always the desire of the other side. It is always the other one who chooses to overcome battles with might, "German against German makes an unholy war"; quite right to step beyond Prussia and Austria and appeal to Germany. But why not in every war reach to the higher plane, and recognize it as a war of humanity against humanity? and regard every battle as an unholy contest?

BOOK IV. 1866. CHAPTER I.

The greatest of all human misfortunes was again upon us, and, as usual, the public was jubilant. Regiments marched out (how would they march?) with blessing and good

will, and followed by the shouting rabble of excited soldiers.

Frederick had been ordered to march before the declaration of hostilities, when I was still confident that matters would blow over, so I was somewhat spared the agony of parting. When my father came triumphantly with the news, "Now the war is begun," I had been alone a fortnight, and I had made up my mind for the worst, as does a doomed man in his cell when he knows that the death-sentence must come.

I raised my hand imploringly: "Father, one wish! Leave me to myself."

Not being fond of pathetic scenes he hastily retired, and I, crushed in spirit, wrote in my red journal:

The death-sentence! A hundred thousand men will be executed. Will Frederick be among them? And for that matter, who am I that I should not perish with them? Oh that I were already dead!

On the same day I received from Frederick these hasty lines:

My wife! Be brave and do not lose heart. We have been happy. That past no one can take from us even if to-day the decree "it is finished" should be issued for us as for many others. Today we meet the enemy. Perhaps I shall recognise some of the old Prussian comrades—even my Cousin Gottfried. We march upon Liebenau, with the advance guard of Count Clam-Gallas. There will be no leisure for letters—at most a line to assure you of my safety. But on this leaflet—in case it be the last—I wish I could put into one single word all the love I bear you. I can find only this: "Martha!" You know what that means to me.

Conrad had also been ordered to march. He was full of ardor and felt enough hatred of the Prussians to make his start a pleasure. Still, parting with Lili was hard, for the marriage license had arrived just two days before.

"Oh, Lili, Lili, why have you put me off so long? Who knows if I shall ever return?"

Upon his departure her remorse was pitiful, and she wept bitterly in my arms. I consoled her with the thought that had she been his wife it would have made the parting even harder.

The family now removed to Gränitz, and I joined them, oppressed with the premonition of widowhood. Occasionally in the midst of my dull grief would come the bright thought: "He is alive. He will come back." Then the horror of agony that he might be wounded, perishing for water, or that heavy wagons were rolling over his torn limbs, or that flies were in his open wounds, or worse yet, that they were throwing him into the trench while yet he lived!

I would spring up with a shriek at this thought.

"Shame, Martha," my father would remonstrate, "you will become insane if you brood in this way. Drive such wicked fears from your mind."

Again he would say, "Your husband is a staff officer, and will not be neglected as a common soldier. Besides you should think about the grandeur of the result of the war, and not about your own petty nervous feelings."

"Yes, not to think about it. That is always the way we treat human misery. All kinds of barbarity exist because we are trained not to think about it."

The Red Cross was a new organization. I read Donant's pamphlet, which urged its necessity. The tract was a heart-rending appeal. He had hurried to the field of Solferino, and told the world what he saw. Hosts of wounded lying five and six days without help. What could a single man do to save this mass of misery? Many needed only a drop of water or a bite of bread; others were buried still breathing. He spoke out, and for the first time—the world echoed the cry. The Geneva Convention was called and the Red Cross was founded.

Why had not Austria sent delegates? Why was everything new met either with opposition or indifference? The law of mental inertia and the sanctified custom are to blame. My father argued: "The idea is all right, but impracticable! How could military authority allow private services on the field? And then there were appeals! And the expense! Is not war costly enough without it? Voluntary service was an unnecessary burden. Tactics came before friendly offices. It was even argued that this unnecessary burden would increase the cost of supplies and bring a rise in prices.

Such is official wisdom! so learned, so prudent, so heartless, and so immeasurably stupid!

The first engagement took place in Bohemia at Liebenau, June 25.

"It is a magnificent beginning," said my father. "Heaven is with us. Our Iron Brigade will reduce these wind-bags. They will punish these fellows well."

(However, the next news showed that, after five hours of fighting, this

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Another Zeppelin, the L-9, has been reported destroyed in the North Sea.

Half a million war-poems were written in Germany in the days immediately following the outbreak of hostilities.