

FARMING IN GERMANY.

Corp. Ralph M. Musser Gives Glimpses of Life Over There.

Mrs. George Musser, of Boggs township, has received the following letter from her son, Corp. Ralph M. Musser, of Company F, 56th pioneer infantry with the army of occupation:

Coblentz, Germany, May 5.
Yesterday I went to church in the morning and the day being an ideal one Harry Hassinger and I in the afternoon walked eleven kilos down the Rhine to Bensdorf. We returned too late for mess so took coffee and doughnuts at the Salvation Army canteen. In the evening we both went to the regular "Y" service and heard Dr. Foster give a splendid address. Returning to our billets we played with the Deutch youngsters until time to make for bed.

You have no doubt read the poem of "The Calf Path." That must be the way the first residents of these little villages laid out their streets. And the atmosphere in many places could stand purging. The men who till the land live in the villages, as we see long stretches of land without the sight of a house. They have Bald Eagle valley beaten all hollow for farming little patches. For instance: On one of my rambles last week I saw a little plot about 18x15x12 feet in size, lying up alongside of a steep, rocky slope, and which was reached by a ladder.

If you have ever seen a community where the people were engaged in gardening for a livelihood you will have a good picture of much of the land I saw yesterday. The tillers of the soil must practice a very intense system of farming. In general the gardens are well tended and the crops flourish. The American soldiers scattered along say the Germans work their gardens day and night.

The trolley lines in this country are owned by the government and the fare is very reasonable. Yesterday I rode almost six miles for less than five and a half cents (80 pfennigs).

Today I have no regular duty assigned so am preparing to take the "Y" trip up the Rhine at 9.45. An hour ago the sun was out and gave every evidence of a fine day, but now the sky is overcast with clouds and maybe the weather will not be as fine as I had hoped it would.

Three Centre county boys turned their faces homeward last week, namely: John Bryan, Russell Witmer and Daniel Fetzer. Was sorry to see them go and hope we all may follow soon.

Gilbert Waite is not in the best of health just now. He has a very bad cold and sore throat. There is nothing alarming in his condition but the medical men have assigned him to special quarters apart for a few days. He has a nice, large, well-lighted room, with stove, and all he has to do is eat and sleep.

P. S.—Am now passing up the Rhine with Bingen as our destination, a six hour trip. The scenery consists of a delightful blend of meadows and water, vineyards and orchards. Numerous castles stand out in bold relief on the heights of land (or rather rock). Products are wine, cherries and oil from rape seed. The day turned out ideal and the assembled Yanks all seem happy, tho' far from home.

RALPH.

"Quit the Job."

"One of the most remarkable features of the world war was the anarchic manner in which the German people accepted the news of the final defeat and abdication of the Kaiser," remarked ex-Ambassador Gernsback. "In this respect they reminded me very much of Sven, the Swede."

"Sven had been nursing logs down the chute to the buzz saw for several hours, when the boss came along."

"This bane too much vark for one man," Sven told him.

"All right," said the boss. "I'll send John down to help you."

"An hour passed and the boss came past again. Sven made the same complaint: 'This bane too much vark for one man.'"

"But I sent John down to help you. Where is he?"

"Yohn, he ain't bane here some time. He vent down between two logs. I tank he quit his job."

Must Have Real Merit.

Anybody or anything to command confidence must deserve it. A medicine that has commanded the confidence of the public for half a century, as Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, has merit, real merit.

This is something for you to bear in mind when you are in need of a medicine for your blood, stomach, liver or kidneys, the ordinary diseases or ailments of which are cured or relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, as thousands of three generations have voluntarily testified.

When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla you buy a medicine that has outlived the formative period, in which there is more or less experiment, and has been fully developed for years, during which it has made a unique record by what it has accomplished for the sick and ailing, according to their own story.

Little Sinners Fare Worst.

"If dat Kaiser," said Uncle Eben, had gambled wif crap dice instead of a war, dar wouldn't have been no delay whatever 'bout bringin' 'im to trial."—Washington Star.

Those Girls.

"Jack complimented me on my complexion last night."
"Sort of a powder puff, eh?"—Boston Transcript.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

YANKES WON THE WAR SAYS BLUNT LUDENDORFF.

Berlin.—America won the war, according to Field Marshal Ludendorff, who expressed his authoritative opinion very explicitly to me as follows: "France and England would have been beaten in 1918 but for America."

General Ludendorff's keen logical analysis led to the laconic statement that "America proved to be the decisive military factor of the war. The American reserves swung the decision. They alone made it possible to pull the worn-out French and British divisions out of the line and to reorganize ever fresh offensive armies."

The loss of the war seemed a sensitively sore subject about which to question Ludendorff, but he stood the gauntlet without betraying a quiver of emotion. His attitude toward life appears to be to stand up and talk of the past with stoic dignity, as becomes an old soldier.

I gathered the distinct impression that Ludendorff has no special love for America or Americans, but, on the other hand, is honest enough not to affect a fake affection, preferring to regard America as a worthy foe unfortunately encountered on the battlefield.

I have no reason for wanting to flatter Americans," he said to me, "and neither have I any reason for withholding my just verdict of hate, either."

Bitter as the realization may be to him personally, he sees that Germany's sole salvation lies perhaps in regaining the friendship and in not encouraging the enmity of America. YANKS GOOD, BUT NOT WELL TRAINED.

"It is my wish that the two countries may find each other again," Ludendorff said.

It is understood that he deals exhaustively with America's part in the war in his forthcoming book, but he said in response to questions: "I won't say a word about my book. I don't want it to appear that I am trying to advertise it."

Of the American army he said briefly: "The soldiers were good. Their training, however, was not up to world war standards."

What Ludendorff considered shortcomings of training, due to a short time in which the Americans had to train, really made no difference, however. They were trained quite enough to win the war, because they arrived in time and in sufficient numbers.

Ludendorff does not hold that the war was won and lost at the Marne, and his view of the second battle of the Marne will come as a surprise to most American readers. He said: "Fighting in the Marne salient was in the nature of purely local engagements."

He regards the Argonne-Meuse offensive as the American army's greatest performance in actual fighting. "The Argonne-Meuse offensive was very uncomfortable to me," he said to me with a slight smile.

I said I had never understood just why the German specialists keep harping on August 8 as the decisive day on which the war was lost, or according to another popular version, the day on which the German highest leadership gave up the war for lost, or no longer possible to win.

"Foch is of the same opinion as I am," was Ludendorff's reply. "August 8 was the first day of the Franco-British offensive at Amiens. Nothing much happened on the day. Concretely, the break through the line was not very wide nor extraordinarily deep."

Then Ludendorff, in one illuminating flash explained why August 8 was the decisive day for him, although nothing much happened. "It was the ease with which the

enemy broke through our line on that day," he said.

Ludendorff did not say so in so many words, but I gathered that August 8 brought the revelation that the fighting value of Germany's first line troops—their morale—had sunk so low that Ludendorff knew by intuition they could not hold longer against attacks which normally would have been relatively easy to smash.

Ludendorff said he could not sin against the Fatherland by discussing the depreciation of the front line troops with an American. He did say: "From the ease with which the front line was breached on August 8 my intuition as a soldier told me that the enemy would keep up the attacks incessantly, uninterruptedly day after day from then on."

Military intuition therefore had told Ludendorff that August 8 was the beginning of the end. He is content to leave his military status to the verdict of history. His last words to me were:

"I did what I did for what I believed were the highest and best interests of my Fatherland."

Ludendorff lives the simple, retired life of a pensioned officer. He is at home every evening, spending much of his time at his desk writing. He occupies the apartment of friends on the first floor in Victoria strasse of the Tiergarten and said that he made the transition from the highest military to the lowest civilian life very easily. He does not expect to visit America.—By Cyril Brown.

Labor Shortage Forecast; Save Manpower, is Plea.

We venture the prediction that before next year the labor shortage will be so great that business men and farmers will be scrambling for men. To meet this condition labor-saving machinery should be brought into use everywhere and as rapidly as possible. Household work can be lessened by modern electric equipment. Work on the farm and in the factory still offers an almost limitless field for labor-saving equipment to supplement or supplement muscle power.

Every manufacturer should as quickly as possible improve his plant, and when necessary so equip it with labor saving devices of every kind as to be ready to meet the certainty of a great labor shortage.

With an enormous wheat crop assured, at high prices for the farmer; with general improvement in all agricultural conditions; with highway work getting under way on a very large scale; with a marked revival of general constructive activities; with a heavy emigration and but little immigration, the labor situation will soon become acute.

The wise man will be the one who now lays out his entire campaign to utilize to the fullest extent every labor-saving machine available for his factory, his farm or his home.—Manufacturers' Record.

"What's in a Name?"

"Our opponents have always got a flippant answer ready," said a Congressman in an argument. "They're like the waiter in the cafeteria."

"Waiter," said a patron, there's not a single oyster in this oyster soup."
"Well," said the waiter flippantly, "what about it? You had cabinet pudding yesterday, but you didn't find Josh Daniels or Newty Baker in it, did you?"

Mistaken Identity.

Lightning knocked over three men who were sitting on boxes in front of Sawyer's store yesterday. One of them was knocked senseless; the other two exclaimed, "Leggo! I'm comin' right home."—Milltown Banner.

RICH MEN URGED TO BUILD HOUSES.

A great opportunity presents itself today to men of wealth. The employment of thousands of men now out of work in the construction of housing which is so badly needed is the role which might very properly be filled by an institution similar to the Rockefeller Foundation. At the present time, according to Doctor Kirchway, there are 100,000 men unemployed in New York city, says the New York Times. We are faced with the aftermath of war. Private industry and enterprise are for the moment perplexed. So great has been the upset in price levels and in production to meet the general peace-time requirements that cautious men of business think it best to wait until prices come down, until conditions become more stabilized. Meanwhile, by this way process unemployment becomes greater, and that, too, in spite of the fact that there are not enough homes to shelter the city's population. Here is an opportunity for work of real beneficence.

To provide proper homes for the people is one of the worthiest objects of human endeavor. Proper housing conditions have been regarded as the basis upon which all other reforms and betterments must rest. Without decent home surroundings, light and air, proper sanitation, we do not have good citizens. All of this has been said many times before. The surprising thing is that in this country, at least, there has been comparatively little interest in it among well-to-do who desire to aid with their wealth the well-being of their fellowmen. Money expended now in building serves a double purpose, meets a coincident need, the need for employment and for housing.

The public clamor against the increase of rents was directed a month ago to the Legislature for laws to prevent undue increases. Today the demand is being made on the city government to provide homes for the people. Nothing of the kind will be necessary if the great leaders, the broad-visioned and far-seeing men of wealth, can be brought to see the pressing need for housing. Such men, so quick to apprehend the needs of industry and commerce in all parts of the world, should see the need, rapidly developing into a hardship, at their very doors. Perhaps it is because investments in real estate have heretofore been regarded as outside the scope of or beneath the notice of captains of industry and commerce. In the new world that is dawning, such fundamental matters as proper housing are assuming the importance they deserve.

One great corporation has built over 20,000 houses in the last ten years as a matter of business because it could not afford to depend upon the speculative builder properly to care for the employees. If this "enlightened selfishness" pays, we believe that enlightened unselfishness will pay also. The great achievements of American business enterprise and initiative in the past are a sound basis for the belief that a means will be found to provide necessary housing without calling upon the State or Municipality to engage in the building of houses.

A Perfect Ignoramus.

"Would you call Jones a well-informed man?"
"Jones?" Why I venture to say that Jones couldn't name six men on his home team."

The Main Point.

He—I never kissed any girl but you.
She—Never mind about your past performances. What's your intention in the future?

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No matter What You Pay we, (The Fauble Stores) are always back of the Wear.

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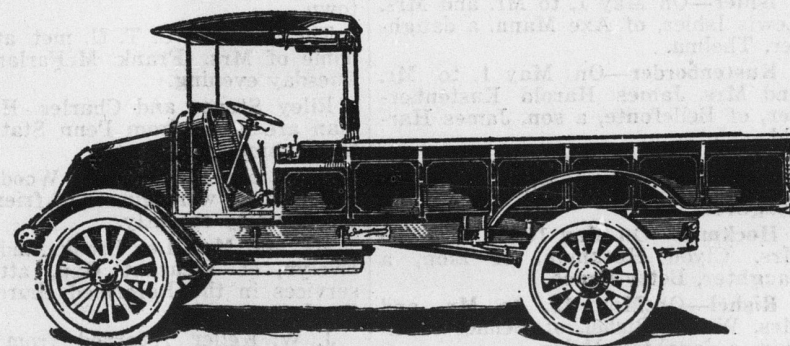
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With a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove, you can make doughnuts on a hot day without discomfort. The scratch of a match gives you a high searing flame under the pot—the kitchen remains cool.

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See the New Perfection Oven too, it bakes perfectly.

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