

# A BRITISH BATTALION THAT'S STILL IN FRANCE

(By Victor Hyde, M.C., in Our Empire.)

A Battalion of Reserve A Battalion that will never, never come home. A battalion that stayed behind with the Dead, when the rest—the living—came home. A battalion that has no earthly counterpart in English history.

The military simile is justified, for I am writing of the Imperial War Graves Commission, born under another title and of a determination made behind the La Bassée front in 1915, and today the most human and sympathetic of all Government departments. Let me tell you its story—the story that so few know, the story that is ever green and ever beautiful.

The I.W.G.C. does its work beyond the floodlights of publicity. It receives no spectacular "press," nor seeks it. The last of its memorials is done and dedicated, built and unveiled. The unveiling, in April, 1931, of the Ploegsteert Memorial to Empire "Missing" by the Duke of Brabant (now King Leopold III of Belgium) completed the constructional work in Belgium, and the Thiepval and Arras Memorials, dedicated in 1927, brought to an end similar work in France.

## 800 CEMETERIES

If we think of the Commission at all, it is to take its labors for granted. Though, literally, it works in the open, it is as a closed book to the many. We make our pilgrimage to one special cemetery and know that his grave was made the simple, beautiful and permanent thing it is, that it is tended and kept up—and will always be tended and kept up—by the Imperial War Graves Commission. We know that his name in the cemetery register in the little box at the entrance gates was placed there by the same body, and that our children's children will read it, and the generation coming after them. But do we stop to think of over 800 other cemeteries—the other 800 Silent Cities and Hushed Hamlets in Flanders and Picardy—that contain, each, in every grave, to some one the dearest man in all the world? Five hundred thousand of them! That is the sum of our Empire Dead with known graves.

We go to his memorial because he hasn't a grave, and head straight to his name, carved on panels where more names, and more, in legion, are carved. But do we think of all those other memorials, with names—and not graves, that are all the world to each one of the relatives of another half million—for the Million Dead of the Empire divide into two almost equal groups, "missing with no known grave," and "identified dead" with a cemetery headstone?

Do you sense the magnitude of it all? Do you envisage the I.W.G.C. spread across the Seven Seas, wherever a shot was fired in the Great War, and wherever a man of British blood and blood paid the price?

Can you appreciate this organization for everlasting Rest, that has its London hub within the shadow cast by the Foch statue that faces Victoria Station and the old leave trains, for the truly Imperial being it is?

## 500 GARDENERS

Come back with me in memory to the battlefields and watch the 500 cemetery gardeners at work. You will watch no other gardeners quite like these. Out of a final and permanent Commission—personnel of 600 in all theatres when the last of the sowing is done (there were 2,800 in 1922) 500 alone will comprise these caretaker-gardeners. These veterans—the "old swags"—can be seen at their labors of the soil in almost any of the 314 cemeteries in Flanders and Picardy you care to enter, mowing the lawns on the old Somme plateau, or planting spring flowers away up North in the peace of the re-born Salient. An other, who fought alongside the comrades he now stoops over, will be trimming a hedge or pruning summer's roses. He, as all the others, is immersed in his work.

The man at the end of the next orthodox line of headstones—dressed as meticulously as ever, Guardsman dressed by the right, and covered off in death even as those who lie beneath them were of old told to "cover off there!"—this man is a true stone-mason, erecting the little grey-white memorial to a soldier recently buried in one of the few cemeteries—there is one in each main area—still left open for burials.

Yet, the dead are still being found, and it is the Battalion of Reserve that is taking them "home." Since 1921 over 22,000 bodies have been discovered; some 5,000 have been identified. In 1929, 1,800 were removed from isolated graves to the German War Cemeteries; two-thirds of these are only Kipling's beautiful epitaph, "A Soldier of the Great War. Known unto God," on their headstones; such is the inscription over the grave of every unidentified body. Out of 12,000 burials in the "Tree of Cemetery" beside the Passchendaele Ridge—Passchendaele—rot far short of half are the graves of unidentified soldiers!

As late as 1932, 872 bodies were found in France, and 45 in Belgium, and reburied by the Commission; 437 were found by metal searchers, 287 by farmers, 111 by the search parties recently organized by the French authorities for the clearing of their own battlefields, and 82 by other agencies. Of the 872 bodies found in France, 642 lay on the old Somme battlefields—a tragic reminder, if we want one, of the holocaust on this sector of the Front. The continuance of these finds so long after the Armistice is surprising only to those ignorant of the difficulties of

# Chinese Women Revolt At Ban on Bare Legs

Peiping, China.—The latest edict to emerge from the Mayor's office—that prohibiting women from appearing in public bare-legged or with bare feet—has raised a considerable amount of opposition in the various women's organizations of Peiping. The members of these organizations regard the prohibition as an attack on their personal rights.

Joint meetings of various women's clubs have been held and methods have been discussed whereby the Mayor can be persuaded to revoke this latest order. The measures adopted have been along the same line as a propaganda campaign in favor of bare legs and feet for women.

In the first place, it is pointed out, the practice is beneficial to health, the sun soon tanning the legs and placing those tanned in a better position to resist illness.

Secondly, a campaign in favor of bare and exposed legs would mean the deathblow to foot-binding—a practice that still lingers on in Peiping.

The third point brought up is one for moral consideration. Those in favor of bare legs declare that, if the Mayor is determined to raise public morals, he should start with bathing costume reform and mixed bathing in the public pools.

The Mayor of Peiping has long been noted for his "purity drive." During his tenure of office in Shanghai, many "moral" reforms were instituted and soon after assuming office in Peiping the Mayor closed all places where Chinese dancing girls and waitresses were employed.

# Household Trials Can Be Routed

When Moths Corrupt and Ants a Plague Here's a Cure.

Bugs and beetles and "creepy" things generally are not the most charming of subjects, we admit, but it is the knowledge of what to do when they invade your house is sometimes of vital necessity and since insect pests always increase in hot, dry weather, we have recently had a number of letters asking how to get rid of these horrible destroyers of peace in the home.

Of course, if you're the perfect housewife, you're not interested, but unfortunately so few of us are and sometimes when a careless lady returns to her town house after a summer in the country, she finds that other inhabitants of her quarters are there before her, unless she has taken precautions to discourage them when she took her house.

**MOTHS**  
The brown moth, or "miller," as some people call it, which flies around the house is practically harmless and does not damage clothes which are stored away. It is the little white moth, with the silvery wings, which is responsible for attacking our snuggest woollies which have been laid aside in storage. Although she does not do the actual hole-eating herself she creeps into the garments to deposit her eggs in her nest. The eggs have been laid some time now and are ready for hatching out. The minutest grubs are hatched from the eggs and it is these grubs which, in order to thrive, feed on the fabric of the garment, and in time the holes appear.

Moths hate newspapers (it is the smell of the printing ink which they really dislike), spirits of turpentine, pepper, household soap, carbon balls. Sprinkle woodwork of shelves, cupboard floors, inside of chest of drawers, trunks, etc., with spirits of turpentine (keep it away from an open flame), line with newspaper; or shake plenty of common pepper into the bottom of drawers, trunks, etc., before storage, line with newspaper, and add another liberal shake of pepper. Now fill up with the garments, placing a medium sized piece of common yellow household soap in the folds of each; or as many as possible, cover over with more newspaper and shake more pepper on top.

In this way blankets, etc., may be stored for years without damage from moths. Garments which are in use every now and again, you can sprinkle with camphor and wrap in newspaper.

**MOSQUITOES**  
To rebuff mosquito's try placing squares of camphor about the bedroom and on your pillow; at night, keep a sticky fly-paper near the window, or light, and this will trap a surprisingly large number.

Various strong-smelling oils are advocated for anointing yourself so that mosquitoes won't bite you, but who wants to go about smelling like a hospital disinfecting room?

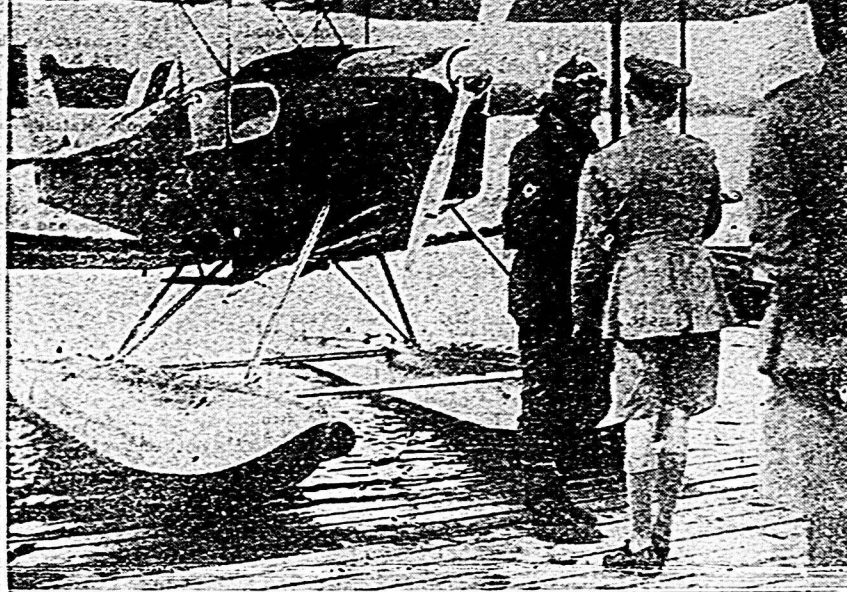
**BEETLES**  
Half-fill a shallow dish or beetle trap with old ale, and leave it near the haunts after dark. Keep watch before going to bed, and re-set when necessary.

**WASPS**  
Place a jam-jar in the kitchen window, smear a little jam, molasses, or condensed milk round the top and inside edges. Half-fill the jar with equal parts water and household ammonia, and as soon as the wasps creep into the jar trap them with a wooden spoon or knife, and they may easily be drowned.

**CRICKETS**  
Now is the time when crickets begin to infest hearth and drain-pipe. Sprinkle plenty of common household ammonia in and around their haunts as soon as ever the first "chirrup" is heard at dusk.

**BLACK ANTS**  
A plague of ants may be easily ended if the ants that are walking away from the food are followed un-

# As Grierson Reached Ottawa



Retracing from the European side Col. Chas. Lindbergh's west to east flight of last summer, John H. Grierson (left), of the Royal Air Force, is shown here being greeted upon his arrival in Ottawa to complete his flight over the Atlantic to North America by the shortest route possible. His first stop was at Reykjavik, Iceland, 1,000 miles from his starting point in England. He used a small Fox Moth seaplane.

til the hole leading to their home is discovered. Boiling water poured down the hole on two or three successive days will completely destroy the ants and their grubs. The water must not be poured in sparingly, for the ants' home is a large tract of honey-combed earth and if only a little water is used many ants will be untouched by it. If the ants enter the house by a window their visit may be brought to an end by smearing the window sill with paraffin.

A positive cure for the big black ants is the use of tartar emetic. It is a poison and is not to be set where children or animals may get at it. Mix the tartar emetic with powdered sugar in the proportion of a tablespoon of the poison to a large teaspoon of sugar, mixed with water enough to make the mass slightly liquid. Put this mixture in a deep saucer high in the place infested and soon all the ants will appear for a drink for they love it. It will not be necessary to repeat the dose but leave the saucer on the shelf for days to make of assurance doubly sure.

Place pieces of gum camphor on shelves and elsewhere as ants do not like its odor. Scrape places where ants walk with kerosene, disinfectant, or turpentine in the water. Go over place with turpentine with a cup and brush, then sprinkle insect powder or sulphur in all corners and on shelves. Keep very clean. Don't leave pans with grease or sugar about at night or ants are sure to collect.

**ANTS IN GARDEN**  
The only way to get rid of ants is to find their nests and destroy the queen. With the queen killed, no more eggs will be laid and the production of the worker ants will stop. Carbon bisulphide will kill the queen and get rid of the workers. It may be difficult to find the nest, and sometimes when the nest is found it will be hard to get at it, as in foundation ways. When the colony is located, however, pour an ounce or two of the liquid into each of several holes made in the nest with a sharpened stick, and then quickly stop up each hole with a clod of dirt. A heavy wet blanket thrown over the nest helps to retain the gas and to make fumigation more effective. The liquid evaporates quickly and the gas permeates the whole nest, destroying the colony.

Carbon bisulphide is highly inflammable and explosive and no form of fire or light should be brought near the place which is being fumigated.

**COCKROACHES**  
Fifteen cents worth of carbon bisulphide, a quart of coal oil and a small bottle of strong disinfectant. Mix carbon bisulphide with coal oil, shake well and then add disinfectant. Put in a bottle and keep well corked. When required for use, take out part of the mixture and add 10 parts water. Put water in a vessel first as it is important to add mixture to the water. Paint with small brush the wall and crevices where roaches are. This mixture suffocates the pests and one touch of it seems enough to kill them. Don't forget that carbon bisulphide is highly inflammable.

**FLIES**  
Oil of lavender—a few drops in a saucer of water—is said to be good for flies but most of us in these enlightened days of close-meshed screens, fly-swatters and strips of fly-paper are armed against the winged menace. If you put your baby outdoors, of course, you put mosquito netting over his "pram". Keep a fly-paper in any room where there is the remotest possibility of flies coming into contact with food and clean window-panes inside and out with household ammonia which keeps off flies and prevents fly-marks.

China's military budget for the fiscal year ending July, 1932, is about \$102,000,000.

# PARENTS HAVE BEEN "GOATS" FOR CHILD-TRAINING FADS

Here's a Psychologist Who Says We Pay Too Much Attention to Problem Youngster

Modern parents are scared to death of their own children and it's all the fault of the big, bad psychologists who have made a bugaboo of complexes and conditioning.

That's the opinion, anyway, of Grace Adams, Ph.D., and well-known child psychologist, who has taken up the cudgels for poor frightened parents.

"I don't think children are suppressed very much today—in fact I think lots of them are not suppressed enough," confesses Miss Adams, who has done a great deal of work with problem and abnormal children as well as normal ones. Incidentally, she is an attractive dark-eyed woman with a drawl, and looks much younger than her experience would lead you to expect.

"Certainly I feel we are handling the problem child thing all wrong," she went on. "The emphasis is too much on the child. What the problem boy or girl needs is to find a place for himself—to adopt himself as quickly as possible to a world in which he must sooner or later learn to take a slightly inferior position.

"Instead, we focus attention upon him and make him the centre of everything, thus giving him an entirely false idea of what his later life will be like."

Miss Adams thinks that perhaps it was necessary to swing too far to the left on this question since a few generations ago, parents swung just as far to the right; but she hopes the balance will be restored before greater damage is done.

**URGES PARENTAL FREEDOM**  
"I think it is high time parents stood up for their rights, specifically for the right to raise their own children exactly as they want to," she asserts, planting the banner of freedom of government for parents squarely in place.

"I would honestly say that for the past decade mothers of young children have been more and more the credulous and uncomplaining 'goats' for the child training experts. Goodness, even the names were enough to tighten an inexperienced parent out of several years' growth.

"There were psychologists, psychoanalysts, mental hygienists, mental testers, food experts and a lot of others, all talking lengthily and dolefully about subnormal undernourished, problem, badly conditioned

# Parents Have Been "Goats" for Child-Training Fads

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## RECIPE FOR PARENTS.

Here's Miss Adams' recipe for normal parenthood: "Forget the theories for a while and stop worrying. Understand that your child is a normal and ordinary human being, and try to train him to continue being one.

"Remember that unreasonable and selfishness are just as normal to childhood as baby teeth and tiny bones. Don't try to reason with a child, if he asks you a question, you give him an answer and he keeps on asking, that means he's learning to nag, so make him stop. And quit nagging yourself if it's from you he learned it, as it probably was!"

Discouragingly enough, Miss Adams insists that from her observation, the people children like best are the martinet, not the sweet, kind creatures who let them have their own way all the time. She made some notes over a long period once of the playful habits of children in a city away.

She discovered that the persons they imitated in their games were invariably the disciplinarians. They were always being the mother who slaps her baby, the teacher who says "Now you learn your lessons!" or the policeman who shoves everybody out of the way.

Miss Adams' theory about this preference of children for unmistakable authority is that they dislike uncertainty and yearn for the sense of security which the strict disciplinarian gives them.

# Lindbergh Is a "Folksy" Person

So His Wife Says in Telling Their Little Jokes to Each Other

Washington.—Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, temporarily damaged author, has undertaken in gay, intimate paragraphs to humanize her famous husband.

The ever-aloof Charles Lindbergh emerges as a friendly and folksy person, when pen-pictured by his wife in her first travel article, appearing in the National Geographic Magazine. In it she re-enacts their last summer swing by air around the north Atlantic.

In snatches, Anne depicts whole incidents, Lindy, by mistake, landed at an out of the way point rather than the one for which he aimed. A lonely Greenland asks as a favor that Lindbergh carry a letter for him, and adds to Anne when the favor is granted: "It is too bad that I did not think to send a goose by the flyer."

Half way across the fearsome Greenland ice-cap, Lindy hands back a note of comfort to his wife: "Every five minutes we save a day's walk." A foreword by Charles lets you in on the full meaning of this joke—the Lindberghs, in emergency equipment, had prepared to walk half way across that ice cap if necessary.

When the air-acc spends five hours going the 40 miles between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, his wife remembers it as a fine chance to poke a little fun, as follows:

"We were trying to reach Geneva through what I considered a very thick fog, but which my husband said 'wasn't bad at all.' Perhaps it wasn't bad. I only know, we spent a great deal of time circling small ponds under the mist. I thought we were about to make a forced landing, but my husband said he was looking at castles."

# DIVERSION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

1. IS HAVING A NICE CRY OUT ON THE GRASS, NOT BECAUSE ANYTHING'S THE MATTER BUT JUST BECAUSE HE WANTS TO

2. UNCLE GEORGE, WHO PRIDES HIMSELF ON HIS WAY WITH CHILDREN, COMES OUT TO CHEER HIM UP

3. UNCLE GEORGE DIVERTS HIM BY THROWING STONES INTO THE LAKE SO HE CAN SEE THE SPLASH

4. UNCLE GEORGE, HAVING THROWN A GREAT MANY STONES, SHOWS SIGNS OF WANTING TO STOP

5. UNCLE GEORGE MUTTERS HIS ARM IS GETTING TIRED AND SITS DOWN

6. UNCLE GEORGE SIGHS, GETS UP AND THROWS SOME MORE STONES

7. UNCLE GEORGE BEGINS TO GET VERY HOT, AND STARTS FOR THE HOUSE

8. UNCLE GEORGE MUTTERS WELL, JUST A FEW MORE AND GETS DOWN TO WORK AGAIN

9. AT LAST UNCLE GEORGE LEAVES, EXHAUSTED, DOES ON CRYING QUIETLY, WHICH IS WHAT HE WANTED TO DO ANYWAY

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## OR TRY TO

Those old married sages All set on one tack: They hand wife their wages, Then borrow 'em back.