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## GAS ATTACK

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### CLACKERS AND SLACKERS.

The slacker we know. Whatever his camouflage may be, he can't fool us. We are on to his little game, even though he declare, "The wheels of business must be kept going. I am one of the wheels. I will carry on my wonted peace-time work, until the Government sends for me. If Uncle Sam wants me, he can have me. But until he does want me, who am I to be thrusting my services on him? He is wiser than I. If he needs me, he will send for me. I will stay at my desk, keeping the wheels of business revolving." And so he sticks at his job of selling pickle jars, marketing non-skid shaving soap or whatever branch of BIG BUSINESS he happens to be engaged in. This is probably the commonest type of slacker, who makes his case worse by trying to justify it.

Then there is the man, recently married, perhaps, who suddenly discovers that his wife or family or both are absolutely dependent on him. His wife may have been

drawing a comfortable allowance from her parents. Her parents may be perfectly able to support her, or she may be perfectly able to support herself—as any woman, worthy of the name—should. But technically she serves as an excuse for the man to say, registering noble regret, "I wish I could be in khaki! But how can I leave my wife and little ones?" They are always "little ones."

We know of one such slacker who made this speech to his wife's father, who happened to be a gruff old soul with the right stuff in him. "Hell," remarked father-in-law, "I supported my daughter for twenty years before you ever knew her, so I guess it won't be such a hardship to support her again for awhile."

Very often, we regret to record, the woman is to blame for this type of slacker. "You don't love me, or you wouldn't leave me," she says. Of course, most women have responded nobly, and have given those they loved and themselves to the cause without a whimper. But there are still many, too many, who play upon the sentiment of a man to keep him from doing a man's work.

Then there are the "clackers." Clacking is grouching. It is spreading bear stories.

"The Huns can't be beaten. They are too efficient."

"Do you know, Mrs. Harris, thousands, yes, thousands of our boys started for France and they NEVER GOT THERE! Yes, submarined! Of course, the papers don't say anything."

"Let us pray for an early peace, dear brethren. Are a few acres of Belgian and French soil worth millions of precious lives? Let us make peace now at the most favorable terms possible. In a few months, IT MAY BE TOO LATE!"

So speaks the clacker. He is a repeater of stray bits. Obviously, he doesn't think for himself. And the bits he repeats were all made in Germany and sown here by paid propagandists. This has been proved.

Once again women are in a large measure to blame, for their credulity, misinformation, and their fondness for gossip make them easy victims of the wily Teuton rumor-spreader. Sometimes the papers fall for this type of clacking, as "Life" did in its little Hun-made article "Yaphank vs. Spartanburg."

Of course there is no more place in these times for the clacker than there is for the slacker. None of us are slackers, to be sure, but some of us do a little clacking now and then. We can't afford to—not for a second. We must click, not clack. To gain victory in this struggle, we must believe, think, talk, dream, live victory.

R. E. C.