

GRATEFUL NOYON READY TO SHARE GOOD FORTUNE

French Town That Washingtonians Are Reconstructing Now Center of Relief

RIVALRY IN GOOD DEEDS

Baron de Rothschild and American Woman Competitors in Carrying Aid to War Sufferers

NOYON, France, July 26 (By mail). Noyon, which has been adopted by the citizens of Washington, who will undertake its reconstruction, is not in the least bit selfish about its good luck, and has constituted itself into a center for all of the various activities looking toward the restoration of the 243 villages destroyed in the immediate vicinity. This does not mean that the inhabitants of Noyon itself are helping the outside villages, as that is quite impossible. While Noyon as a city suffered less from the German destruction than any of the surrounding towns and villages, the inhabitants suffered all the distress, cruelty and privations which the Germans were able to inflict.

Now that their immediate and future waste have been guaranteed, they are quite happy to allow all of the various charities to do their best to help Noyon, to extend their help to the more devastated towns and districts for a score of miles around.

On one side of the principal street of Noyon, Baron de Rothschild has opened a warehouse and stocked it at his own expense with all the articles the war-torn inhabitants are likely to need.

On the opposite side of the same street, the American ladies have opened a warehouse and stocked it with almost the same lines of necessities. The competition between the two establishments is the keener of any kind that exists at Noyon—even those that the proverbial competition between the military and the civil authorities.

The American ladies have their own motortruck and personally carry their supplies into the little homes to which they are destined. Baron de Rothschild does not possess a motortruck and his distribution has to be made by the military automobiles.

Just as Washington adopted Noyon and will undertake its reconstruction, other towns and villages are having the good luck to find godmothers and godfathers. The town of Mauront, near Ham, which is under an extreme degree, has been adopted by Countess de Chahannes la Pallée. She has erected temporary barracks in which the inhabitants will live until their homes can be rebuilt. Then she will furnish the homes with all the furniture and utensils that the Germans either carried away or destroyed.

Just at present one of the most interesting questions is: "Who's going to adopt Chauny?" Chauny was an unusually large and prosperous city, the center of the famous St. Gobain glass industry. The degree of destructiveness inflicted here by the Germans exceeds that of any other town or city. In fact it is so great that American cities less than the size of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis or Cleveland are advised to keep it off as a godson. Any one of these cities, however, could find in the restoration of Chauny a task worthy of itself.

The English Quakers, who ever since the first invasion of France have made a specialty of the reconstruction of destroyed homes, are also now working out of Noyon. One of the interesting problems involved in the recultivation of the soil is that of the unexploded grenades and shells which now lie everywhere beneath the surface. A single hand grenade struck by a plow or harrow is sufficient to kill the horses and farmer, as well as to destroy the machinery. One which exploded recently underneath a steam plow in the vicinity of Noyon completely destroyed the machine.

Army officers who are studying the problem frankly confess their hope that American inventive genius will find some mechanical way of discovering these unexploded projectiles in the soil. Otherwise thousands and thousands of acres of French soil will not be cultivatable.

THE WORLD'S WAR Through Woman's Eyes

By ELLEN ADAIR

Germany and America

LONDON, June 26. All the Allies have welcomed Brazil's steps toward war with the utmost heartiness and pride. It only needed the momentous step taken by the American Congress on April 6 to show the full business of the policy and character of the United States upon her South American neighbors.



ELLEN ADAIR

And yet this rally of South American Republics was not exactly expected by Great Britain. It is true that many of them suffered from German piracy—yet not in any spirit of revenge are they showing sympathy for the Allies. It is because the United States has set them the example, because they appreciate her disinterestedness as well as her power.

The German prisoner laughed heartily. "You can't make me believe that," said he. "Also," he continued earnestly, "what does the co-operation of America signify? I ask you, what does it signify?"

The answer from the Frenchman came quickly. "It signifies that a hundred million men, with all the resources for work and manufacture at their command, willingly impose conscription upon themselves in order to kill Germany!"

A wounded British officer whom I have met to whom a German prisoner (newly captured) rendered the service of carrying him to the dressing station behind the lines—told me some facts which the German had communicated to him—facts which he declared to be typical of hundreds of thousands of other Germans at the front.

The German soldier had spent a good deal of his time both in America and England. GERMANY A VAST PRISON "If your armies could reach Germany itself," he told the British officer, "the slavery might end suddenly. But Germany today is one vast prison, full of starving slaves who cannot help themselves, and that will remain while William the Murderer can go on buying a daily reprieve for his blood of ten thousand of his slaves. Thank God I am out of it!"

"The Central Powers' casualties now must be 100,000 a week. This war is the greatest crime the world has ever seen," continued the German. "The crimes that made the French Revolution are nothing to it. If you compare them with the crimes of the beasts who are running Germany today and keeping this awful war going."

"They know perfectly well they've lost the war. They've known for months that the last chance they ever had have gone. But they are too frightened of their own miserable skins to admit it and call a halt-killed like flies. Your British artillery kills them in bunches. There isn't a minute of the day but legs and arms are being blown off. Our men would gladly give themselves up to end it, but you know they cannot. When there seems to be a chance, there is always an officer or some N. C. O.'s about."

"It is not only your guns that kill. Many Germans fall every day with German bullets in them. They are driven like dogs to the fighting. "The others, there in Germany, they are slaves. Starving, starving quietly! Never daring to say a word. The few who do speak soon find themselves hustled into the front line, and no more is heard of them." It appears that in Germany at the present moment there is a considerable amount of waiting over the opportunity lost for striking a decisive blow against Russia when the crisis of the revolution was at its height.

"We have given the Russians valuable time to arrange their domestic affairs as they liked," laments a high dignitary. "We have let slip unusually favorable opportunities to exploit the confusion in the East in order to achieve a final military decision. We have officially and semi-officially offered the Russians a separate peace, in vain. We have waited three months, but it is possible to wait too long."

(Copyright.) Inspectors After Insanitary Stores Volunteer inspectors under the direction of the co-operative committee for the termination today began a round-up of food dealers who fail to obey the orders of the Board of Health governing the protection of foodstuffs from flies and dirt germs. The inspectors have been supplied with lists of eatables that are required to be covered by glass or netting, and today went out with the intention of making food dealers obey the law.

FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

DOING DOUBLE DUTY

Dear Everybody—I am glad so many grown-ups read these tales, because it shows that they are willing to be children again, and I HOPE it makes them kinder to children.

Heaven is composed of children, therefore, all children go to heaven when they die. All grown-ups have to become children stopping the great war. Now, I do not flatter myself that I can do it alone, but I do flatter myself that IF everybody in the world would do the same as I am trying to do, the war would soon end. It would bring about that BROTHERHOOD which is bound to come after the war is over.

Help yourself by being cheerful. Help mother by washing the dishes. Help father by bringing his slippers when he comes home. Help your little friends. Help every one. It will make you happier to be busy.

Your loving editor, FARMER SMITH.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BUMPUS

By Farmer Smith

When Billy Bumpus reached the front yard of the general's house he was surprised to see a lot of toys and other things which told his keen eyes that there were children there. They must have come lately, for Billy was very fond of children and he missed them when he was with the infantry, and now that he was with the artillery he had missed them still more, for it seemed that he was forever on the march.

"I guess we are going to stay here for a time and that the general has had his children come to play with me," thought Billy. At that moment there were sounds of laughter and merry little voices in the direction of the kitchen. Billy trotted back behind the house. There, sure enough, were two children.

"Look, look, Buster! There is our goat!" said the sweetest voice Billy had ever heard. "Oh, Daisy!" exclaimed the boy. "Daddy has a little wagon for me and that goat is going to pull it, too. We will make him pull our great big cannon, won't we?"

Billy trotted over to where the children were and put his head up close to the boy. Buster began to scratch the goat's head. "This is heaven at last," said Billy to himself. "I know it must be like this. Nothing to do now but make these two dears happy. What a kind little boy. Oh, look!"

Right in front of Billy's nose there was a shiny little button on Buster's white coat and while the boy was scratching Billy's head, that button was nibbling at the button and soon it disappeared down Billy's throat. No one, not even the child's mother, knew where on earth that button had gone, but it was missing, while Billy Bumpus was always on the lookout for another button to eat.

Billy liked buttons. It happened at that moment that the general's wife came after the children to take them into the house. She had in her hand some worsted which she was using to make a sweater for the soldier, and as she went away with the children, she dropped the ball on which it was wound and went on into the house leaving a train of worsted behind her. The ball was quite large at first, but as Billy watched it it grew smaller as it bobbed up and down on the grass.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Billy. "There was nothing for him to do but start and eat that worsted string. He started slowly at first and then kept going faster and faster until at length he came to the kitchen door. On he went into the sitting room and then on into the dining room where the family were at dinner. No one saw him, strange to say, so under the table he went, winding in and out among the chairs until finally he came out beside Buster's chair.

"Whoop!" shouted Buster. "Look where my goat is!" "Everybody got up at once, while Jimmy, the general's man, made a dive for Billy and missed him, falling over the side table and mashing a lot of dishes. "Po' de Lawd sakes! Kill dat perverse goat!" shouted Jimmy, getting up, at the same time trying to wipe the soup from his face.

During all the racket, Billy had slipped out the side door and was running hurriedly toward the barn. He was in such a hurry that he did not see one of the artillerymen coming toward him with a pail of water. Billy hit the pail, head down, before he knew it, and before the soldier realized what happened Billy was safely inside the barn.

"How sweet to rest on the hay," he said to himself, as he lay down, but his rest was soon to be broken.

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Advertisement for Edison Diamond-Disc Phonograph. Text: "Don't Use a Needle On Your Phonograph Use a Diamond". Includes details about the diamond disc and N. Stetson & Co. address.



Large advertisement for "Art Supplement Free with Next Sunday's Ledger". Text: "Uniforms of the French Army and Navy". Includes details about the supplement and where to obtain it.

Advertisement for Clicquot Club GINGER ALE. Features a bottle of the beverage and text: "Bright golden and sparkling, leaping in the glass, impatient to quench thirst and delight the throat—that is Clicquot Club Ginger Ale." Includes the company name: "The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass., U.S.A."