

RUIN IN WAKE OF HUN IN FRANCE

Nothing But Desolation Where Prosperous Villages Smiled.

FLATTEN OUT EVEN SCRAPS

One Can Motor for Hours in Region Now Known as British Front and See Nothing But Ruins of What Used to Be Human Habitations—People Hide in Cellars Lest Boche Shells Find Them Out.

By **FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE** of the Vigilantes.

"Somewhere in France"—I never imagined in the wildest flights of fancy about war that to gain an objective under modern battle conditions an army has not to lay waste a position or a village but practically a countryside. You can motor nowadays for hours in the region generally known as the British front, sweep the landscape for miles in every direction, and see nothing but ruins of what used to be human habitations. Your guides point to a scattered dump of brick, mortar, twisted timbers, indiscriminate rubbish of all sorts, lining either side of the roadway along which you are spinning. Here and there at irregular intervals the bare, charred remains of what once were trees stick up from amid the debris and the chaos. There is not a suggestion of a standing wall anywhere, nor even of a door or window-frame, and, of course, no semblance of a roof. There are only cellars into which houses, shops, churches, stores, schools—everything—have been thrown into a crazy hold-all of a town-wide grave.

"We are now going through —," remarks our military chaperone, ironically, and we recognize the name of a place prominent in the fighting during some important "push" weeks or months ago—now wiped from the face of the earth as effectually as if honest French peasants and villagers had never striven through the generations to make a comfortable abode for themselves and theirs. One hopes that the ministering angels permitted them to evacuate the town before their homes were splintered and crushed by 15-inch death-dealers. One wonders how many human remains may still lie buried beneath the wreckage of beams and sandstone. One speculates whether men, women and children who contrived to escape the shells will ever again be able to start life with their dwellings, places of business and cultivated fields mangled and devastated. One is persuaded that stupendous as is the work of destruction wrought by twentieth century warfare, the task of reconstruction will be enormously more gigantic still. Towns that took years to make have been shot to pieces in an hour.

Last Word in Perforation.

I have heard of towns in our own wild and woolly West that have been "shot-up." But — is surely the last word in complete and scientific perforation. In July, 1914, it was a happy, thriving community of 35,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, a smiling town, with a wonderful Grand place and a picturesque Petit place, a noble Gothic cathedral and a splendid town hall. Round the Grand place ran a quadrangle of colonnaded houses of surpassing architectural beauty. For the rest, the town was typically French, by which I mean a complex of neat stores and dwelling houses, churches and factories, schools and estaminets (cafes). Today there is not a solitary building of any kind in the whole town that is not entirely or partially wrecked. There is not a single thing of wood, brick or stone that is intact. Not more than 1,500 or 2,000 people live there now, and they must hide in cellars most of the time, lest Boche shells search them out. Death lurks in every street, even though the British have held it for more than two years and have extended their lines beyond it considerably during the past few months. Though they have long since turned the town into scraps of its former self, the Germans seem filled with an insatiable lust to flatten out even the scraps. You walk through the Grand place, hugging close to the walls by order of your army guide, in perpetual danger that a souvenir from Krupp's mill will land at your feet and send fragments of you flying into the ethereal eternal. But you are only living the life that the British garrison and indomitable little civilian rear-guard of 1,500 or 2,000 people—mostly old men and women too fragile to seek a safer abode further behind the lines—are living day in and day out.

Museum of German Savagery.

This thought occurred to me while surveying the tumble-down cathedral and mince-meated town hall and the limitless field of desolation and devastation lying all around them at every turning: Why not keep it just as it is today, a pile of glorious ruins, as a world museum of German savagery? Why not leave it, stricken, battered and maimed in its every structural limb, just as we saw it this day three years after, for the admonition, horror and instruction of a universe which has rushed to arms for the overthrow of liberty's foe? There will be vast libraries of documentary evidence of the Hun's atrocities to educate and terrify posterity. But what are books and descriptions and documentary proofs compared to such an ocular dem-

onstrator as threatened to loose the tear-ducts of five prosaic American observers today?

I was born and raised in an Indiana town very much like dozens of French towns which have been crushed beneath the merciless heel of the German army. There are Illinois and Iowa and Michigan and Wisconsin towns just like them, too. I thought of those towns this afternoon. I said to myself that if Essen's 17-inch murder-guns could ever be planted within range of our own smiling Western communities, the Kaiser and his Germans would splinter them as gladly, as ruthlessly, as completely, as they have demolished this beautiful town.

Pershing's men are here to help save France. But with every blow they strike to that noble end they are striking to save our own Arrases, Bapaumes and Perennes from the fate which has overtaken France's La-portes, Rockfords, Kenoshas, Davenport and Battle Creeks.

STARVED TOTS CARED FOR BY RED CROSS

Story of Tragedy and Pathos in Struggle of Child Life in the War Arena.

A cablegram received at the headquarters of the American Red Cross in Washington brought another human interest story of tragedy and pathos in the child life of the French and Belgian war areas.

"Six hundred and fifty underfed children, travel-worn after three days in a closed train coming from Belgian provinces," says the cablegram, "crossed the frontier last night and reached Evian at dawn. The morning blare of French trumpets met the children who, some too young to know their age, had traveled motherless and unaccompanied. They poured into the street crying 'Vive la France' and 'Vive la Belgique,' shaking hands with every bystander.

"Trumpeters, like six Pied Pipers of Hamelin, led the dancing, shouting throng to the casino—all except a few sick children who were carried in American Red Cross ambulances. At the casino all received food; flags were distributed and songs were sung. Welcoming words were spoken by the mayor. Even the small children knew the words of 'Brabanconne' and the 'Marseillaise,' but some of them were so tired that they slept right through the music.

"Next came baths, examination by an American Red Cross doctor; and then lunch and sleep. Tomorrow these children start for Longlandier, where the American Red Cross will house thousands of them—some orphans, others pre-tubercular or needing better nourishment than was possible under the German rule from which they had come.

"One little girl in the throng disembarking at Evian clutched four franc pieces in a pudgy fist. 'What are you going to do with them?' she was asked. 'Buy paper to write to mamma,' was the reply."

Another cablegram received at Red Cross headquarters says that in a speech to the last trainload of repatriates, the mayor of Evian called particular attention to their gratitude to the American Red Cross for the splendid work it is doing in hospital care of sick children. The speech was instantly responded to with shouts of "L'Amérique vive nos allies."

MEMENTO OF WORK IN SERBIAN HOSPITAL



Miss Elizabeth Shelley of Washington has a memento of many months' work conducting with Mme. Slavko Grouitch a children's hospital in a little Serbian town in the early stage of the war. His name is Bogaljub, which is Slav for God's love, and his chief ambition is to be a Boy Scout and an American citizen. Bogaljub is four years old, one of the few Serbian orphans allowed to depart from Serbia after the Austrian occupation.

Clothing Is Needed.

The Red Cross society is informed that great quantities of clothing will be needed by the civilian population of war-stricken countries of Europe. Women who are not able because of home duties or physical disability to take up clerical work, are urged to make garments for the noncombatant peoples of Belgium, France and Poland.

WAR LEAVES MAN SIGHTLESS AND ARMLESS

Another Hero Brings to Victim Priceless Reward.

ROMANCE OF THE TRENCHES

Village Belle on Hearing of the Maiming of Farmer Boy Acquaintance Offers to Marry Him—Care of Sightless and Armless Husband Splendid Example of the Spirit of the Women of France.

A "Metro" train pulled into the Alma station on the Champs Elysees line. It was nearly six o'clock and every seat was taken and the aisles were crowded. The crowd, as in the New York subway during rush hours, packed itself tightly around the side doors of the cars.

A slender, fair-haired, well-dressed girl—not more than twenty years old—managed to burst through the knot of officers, fashionably gowned women and civilians who were jammed at the center side door of the first-class car. Behind her trailed a man wearing the uniform of a French soldier.

She held his sleeve clutched tightly in her hand, and he followed her with fumbling steps.

No sooner had they entered than the train started, and the girl, still pulling the soldier after, edged away from the door and to the nearest seats—there are cross seats like in railway cars in the Paris underground system.

Two young women—clad in furs and silks, their blackened eyes, scarlet lips and crimsoned cheeks proclaiming them of the demi-monde, were occupying the nearest seat.

"Will you please give your place to a mutille of the war?" said the fair-haired girl, the soldier always at her heels.

Instantly, as the crowded train started with curious eyes, both women arose. The girl pushed her companion forward from out of the crowd and he sat down. She sat beside him.

When the soldier sat down one could understand why the girl led him, and why he stumbled uncertainly. He was sightless, and the blue powder marks still staining his cheeks and forehead showed what had blinded him.

And as he sat there one could see why the fair-haired girl had led him by the sleeve. He had no hands! Both arms had been amputated just below the elbow.

Sorrows of Their Own.

The crowd stared as crowds will stare—some curiously, some feelingly, some dispassionately, for they had undergone their own sorrows in this war, others critically as they wondered who the beautiful, fair-haired girl might be and what was the name of the soldier hero.

Nearly all had thought, when the girl entered the car with her companion, that she was an American, one of those engaged in war relief work and attached to a hospital or home for the blind, taking out a sightless man. Such sights are common in Paris; American girls and women take blinded and crippled soldiers walking in the Bois de Boulogne, in the Champs Elysees, in the Tuileries gardens. And they take them to the outdoor terraces of the cafes along the grande boulevards and to theaters, too.

But the perfect French uttered by the fair-haired girl when she requested the seat for her companion indicated clearly enough she was no American. She was French, born and bred. The soldier, a young, rugged, black-haired figure, clad in the familiar horizon-blue uniform of the French line regiments, wore the Croix de Guerre, with two palms and a star, the Medaille Militaire and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, pinned to his tunic. France has no other medals.

He sat half facing her and the girl sat half facing toward him. He nudged her with the stump of the arm nearer her and she took it under her own arm. The soldier was plainly greatly fatigued and he leaned toward her, whispering something.

Soldier and Bride.

Apparently in answer to his request, she removed the horizon-blue kepi, with the gold numerals, "107," indicating the number of his regiment, on the front, and smoothed his shock of raven black hair. When his hat was removed one could see a great V-shaped scar in the front of his scalp, where trepanning had been resorted to for a fractured skull.

The girl kept the kepi in her lap and the tired soldier leaned his head on her shoulder. His eyesless face was close to her milky white throat. Then she turned her head toward him and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

Not even the most brazenly curious dared stare for a while after that, but the kiss had shown plainly enough that the couple were married. Then it came back to most of the passengers in the car who the soldier was and who his bride was. It was only a fortnight ago that the daily newspapers told of a beautiful girl proposing to and marrying a soldier who was sightless, armless and had undergone a trepanning operation for a fractured skull.

The girl and the soldier had both been born and brought up in the same little town in Normandy. They had scarcely known one another except in

school; for while he was the son of a poor farmer, she was the daughter of a shopkeeper in the town, and, moreover, she was the prettiest girl in the locality. Prosperous youths from the surrounding villages paid court to her; the farmer boy had never dared to aspire to her hand.

Then the war came, and the farmer put on his uniform, took up his rifle and went to the front. He was wounded three times, but each time was able to go back. Then, at the Aisne, in the summer of 1916, he was mutilated by a hand grenade when on a night raiding party headed for the German lines. He lay in No Man's Land for 26 hours, until the following night, when his comrades crept out to the shell hole just in front of the enemy barbed wire entanglements where he lay, and carried him back to the French lines.

Surprised the Surgeons.

He lived through it, to the surprise of the surgeons who attended him. News of his mutilation reached his home town, and a few weeks ago he received a letter from Mlle. Marguerite Lavenue, just twenty years old and the belle of the village, telling him that she had heard of his misfortune, that his duty for France was finished, but that hers had just begun, if he would consent to marry her.

Sergeant Georges Roy, himself only twenty-three, was stunned at the proposal. He could not believe it was true until she came to Paris, to the great hospital located in the Grand Palais on the Champs Elysees, and told him she meant it. They were married soon afterward in the church of St. Pierre de Chailbot, and then took a honeymoon trip to the south of France.

George Kessler, the champagne manufacturer, and Mrs. Valentine Webster, widow of an English officer killed early in the war, are carrying on relief work for blinded French, Belgian and British soldiers. And it is from their fund that Sergeant Roy and his bride went on their honeymoon. And from the same fund Mr. Kessler has purchased a home in Normandy for the blind, armless soldier and his bride. They are going down to the country in a few days.

Mr. Kessler and Mrs. Webster are going to continue to look after the couple and already Roy has been granted a pension of 1,500 francs a year. But there are 3,000 other blinded Frenchmen who must be looked after, and it takes money for them, too.

WOMEN ARE URGED TO TRAIN AS NURSES

Needs of Our Army and Navy Must Be Met to Utmost Extent.

"In the United States today is found a large proportion of the available nursing service of the world. Our allies in this war are looking to us to supplement their nursing service. If the women of America fail to realize their duty at this time the American men who have been called upon to offer their lives for their country may suffer accordingly."

This was a statement recently made by Miss Jane A. Delano, director of the American Red Cross nursing service.

"If this war goes on we shall be compelled to extract aid to the last fraction of trained nursing material available in the United States," said Miss Delano. "The men on the fighting fronts must be nursed back to health. They are relying in large measure upon the American nurses for this service; the nurses must not fail them."

"The problem confronting us is to meet to the utmost extent, with the trained nursing personnel available in the United States, the needs of our army and navy and the armies of our allies, protecting as best we may the welfare of our civilian population."

"Several thousand American nurses are now in France assigned to duty in the various branches of the military service and almost as many more are needed for our own cantonment hospitals. If we are to continue to meet the demands made upon us, the women of the country must be willing to accept equal sacrifices with the men. The public, too, must be willing to sacrifice the service of nurses who are required for military purposes."

"For many years to come, the demand for women trained for nursing, including woman welfare work and health service, will increase tremendously, and to meet this need women of ability and education can do no better than to take seriously the work of training as nurses believing that they are not only qualifying themselves for most important service on the completion of their course, but that even during the period of training they are helping to solve the nursing problems confronting us."

TOBACCO "NECESSARY"

Lord Rhondda, British Food Controller, Says It Is Not a Luxury.

Tobacco is a necessity not a luxury, declares Lord Rhondda, the food controller, in a statement published here. "We must have tobacco," he says. "I believe that its loss would be a national misfortune. It means much both to the manual laborer and to him who works with his brains. Men would eat a great deal more if they did not have tobacco. I hold that the deprivation of it would work great discomfort."

Some system of "rationing" tobacco, however, is forecast by the newspapers.

WEST TO SUPPLY NEEDED SULPHUR

Comes From Gases Evolved in Smelting of Zinc.

NO NEW PROCESS NECESSARY

Development of Large Zinc Fields Recently Discovered, Will Insure Supply of Sulphur for Sulphuric Acid That Will More Than Meet the Demands in the United States During the War.

Eastern manufacturers will have to turn to Kansas City and the middle West for their supply of sulphuric acid during the war. Prof. Erasmus Haworth, dean of the Mining school, has made a survey of reports of producers in various portions of the country, and finds that the West will soon be depended upon entirely for the supply of sulphur and sulphuric acid.

The main supply of this acid will come from the zinc district around Baxter Springs, Kan., and Miami, Okla., and in part around the Joplin (Mo.) zinc district. The Joplin district was always known as one of the largest zinc fields in America, but the discovery of the field around Baxter Springs, the extent of which is unknown, makes it the largest in the world. With this field being properly developed the output of zinc will be enormous, and as this zinc is smelted the sulphur can be collected from the gases, making a supply of sulphur for sulphuric acid that will more than meet the demands in the United States during the war.

No New Process Necessary.

At the present time only about 10 per cent of the sulphur is saved at these smelters. To save the entire supply no new process or invention is necessary, as the process has been in use in some places for 35 years. The United Zinc and Chemical company of Kansas is already one of the largest sulphuric acid producers in the Missouri valley. This company uses the ores in the Joplin district. With the eastern concerns closed on account of the high cost of transporting minerals to the East, the western firms will enlarge their smelters and amply supply the entire United States, Professor Haworth points out.

The question of adequate sulphuric acid supply came before the chemists of the country at the recent convention of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in St. Louis. The eastern companies reported that the United States was threatened with a shortage of sulphuric acid, since the supply of pyrite, which had been imported, was cut off. Geologists in the West and South are now asking the eastern chemists and manufacturing companies to turn to the West for the supply. Sulphur is being mined in Louisiana and Texas in vast quantities now as fast as the market will consume it. Near the mouth of the Brazos river, in Texas, sulphur is in high piles awaiting transportation.

POET DECORATED MANY TIMES FOR BRAVERY



Gabriel D'Annunzio, eminent poet, author and playwright, has won great distinction as a member of the Italian aviation corps. He has been cited for bravery several times and has frequently inspired the Italian army to greater efforts by his valor. Recently he was given the military cross by King George of Great Britain and a silver medal by the king of Montenegro. D'Annunzio entered the service as a lieutenant, but was promoted rapidly. He lost the sight of one eye in an airplane accident last year.

GIRLS MAY BE CONSCRIPTED

Germany Considers Training to Match Boys' Military Service.

Plans for general conscription of women after the war are being made in Germany, and there is a general feeling that girls, as well as boys, will be compelled to undergo a regular period of training corresponding to the German youth's service in the army. The service proposed for girls is not military but civil. It is proposed that all women should, preferably at the age of seventeen, be taken from their homes and compulsorily "trained" either in a profession, a trade or in household duties.

The characteristic German division between rich and poor is maintained in the project. Girls of the upper classes are to be trained in special institutions; poor girls will go to factories or be placed in private households, where their employers will give them a trifle of pocket money and make a contribution to the state.

The idea meets with wide commendation in the German newspapers, but one English critic notes that "there is some difference between male conscription, which puts a man into a regiment run by and for the state, and a female conscription, which makes a girl work without wage for the profit of private individuals. The latter cannot with accuracy be called anything but slavery."



SHOT IN HIS CELL

Man Who Denounced America and Killed Marshal, Himself Killed.

A man who told the police of Malden, Mo., he was L. H. Wissmann of Havana, Ill., was captured in a swamp near there by a posse of several hundred men after he had shot and killed City Marshal R. S. St. Clair when the marshal tried to arrest him for uttering disloyal sentiments. A member of the posse that captured Wissmann shot and probably mortally wounded him in his cell in the jail here after his capture.

Members of the posse say Wissmann was heard to remark a few days ago: "To — with the Red Cross, the government and Wilson!"

Maps showing the farms of this part of the country with the names of the owners and a list of their principal products were found in Wissmann's possession.

BASUTOS SING PSALMS

Africans Surprise Congregation of Noted Church in Paris.

An odd spectacle was seen at the Oratoire in Paris recently. Twelve Basuto laborers stood before the altar and sang several Psalms in their own language. They are part of the contingent brought to France last January by the British authorities to work behind the front and were paying a visit to Paris, in charge of Lieutenant Mabillo, son of a Swiss Protestant pastor, and a naturalized African.

Pastor Shristol, who was a missionary in Basutoland for 25 years, welcomed them at the Oratoire, and two of them replied in Basuto.

NEW CAMOUFLAGE DISH

"Aginomoto," Noted Japanese Chemist Calls His Invention.

War prices for foodstuffs will have no terrors for citizens of the United States if they adopt the "meat camouflage" invented by Dr. K. Ikeda, a Japanese chemist of note.

"Aginomoto," or "taste creation," the brown men call it.

Yutaka Tanaka, a Japanese commercial agent visiting in Denver, describes "aginomoto" as a preparation made mostly from the humble turnip. It is manufactured in powder form and when spread on any article of food it imparts a delicious meat flavor.

"This Judge Had a Heart.

"She told me and the court clerk she was just eighteen years old, and I signed here," explained Peter P. Swartz of Colony, Okla., charged by his father-in-law, E. V. Upchurch, of perjury in securing a license to marry the pretty daughter of Upchurch. The judge took a look at the pretty bride and her young husband and decided their defense was enough to dismiss the case.

Beavers Use Scarecrow.

So troublesome have beavers become to the farmers along the Walla Walla river in Washington that one rancher erected a beaver "scarecrow," which was effective the first night. On the second night the beavers cut down the scarecrow and used it in their dam.