ROAR OF CANNON FOR NINE MONTHS

Hundredth Bombardment of Pont-a-Mousson About to Commence, but People Are Unconcerned.

IGNORE SHOT AND SHELL

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)

PONT-A-MOUSSON, May 24.—Pont-a-Mousson is approaching its hundredth bombardment. It has heard cannon continuously for nine months, been shelled intermittently during the whole of that period, and daily part of it; it shows some ugly scars here and there, but life goes on as usual. Those merchants not serving customers are sunning themselves in their doorways. Boys playing marbles on the Place Duroc stop only to salute gravely a detachment of infantry marching through to take its position in the Bois le Pretre. A group of women on the cathedral steps, surrounded by their children, are knitting and chatting calmly.

Meanwhile the cannon roars to the east toward Nomeny, to the southeast toward Chateau Salins, to the north toward Metz, to the northwest in the Boise le Pretre, and to the west toward St. Mihiel.

In one day eighty shells fell in the town, adding one more to the fresh graves in the cemetery and increasing the devastation. The villagers have distinguished a new note in the formidable concert playing all about them. It is the voice of the big French guns that have commenced pounding the southern forts of the fortified camp of Metz. They know where they are, but no one mentions the name of the spot, for every inhabitant of Pont-a-Mousson has acquired military discretion.

Each in His Turn.

"Each one in his turn," said a non-commissioned officer, dining off a half demolished table in a characteristic old provincial auberge, across the bridge in the suburb of St. Michel. "Now they are going to get theirs—and how they are going to get it, though!"

"Tit for tat," he added to the landlady coming in from the kitchen to serve him. Through the door she opened the kitchen was seen to be open to the sky. "It doesn't matter a bit when the weather's good," said the landlady. "In fact, that old range seems to work better than ever in the open air, but when it rains it kicks like sixty."

The kitchen in question had been visited by a twelve-inch shell, and all that was left of it was the range and chimney. The partitions separating the dining room and the bar were riddled by fragments. The bar itself had had its back broken and the tables and chairs were in various stages of demolition.

"What a fright you must have had," said the sergeant.

"Yes," replied the simple old woman. "I was afraid the range was busted."

Spirit of Frontier.

Such is the spirit of these frontier folks who have been bombarded for nine months and have witnessed some of the momentous developments of the gigantic duel between the principal opposing fortresses of Metz and Verdun. Metz delivered the first blow; Verdun is now countering.

The German armies invading France were unable to use their forces to the best advantage over so short a front as the boundary between France and Germany. That is one of the reasons given by military experts for the violation of the neutrality of Belgium by Germany. This strategical movement enabled them to pivot on Metz and wheel around through Belgium into France over a vast front.

The German left resting on Metz was at once engaged with the French center resting on Verdun. The crown prince's army, coming into France by way of Longwy, attacked Verdun on two sides. It succeeded in demolishing Troyon, an interval fort between Verdun and Toul, but the only fort around Verdun they were able to attack was Douaumont, and the French claim not a shell struck home.

This bombardment was effected from a sort of neutral zone to the north, which neither side has occupied—consisting of two small plateaus called Les Jumelles de Ornes. The Germans constructed a railroad behind these plateaus, brought up guns by train, fired a few shots, then drew the guns away without waiting for Verdun to reply. The battle of the Marne put an end to this desultory attack and since then the pressure on Verdun has gradually turned upon Metz.

Wait for Heavy Mortars.

Students of the military operations declare that the French have been within long range of the Sommy and Wagner forts for several weeks and could have attacked them with heavy artillery at the time they began bombarding the railroad line at Arnaville. The entire distance between Verdun and Metz is only thirty-seven miles. It is supposed that they were waiting for the new heavy English mortars, from which great things are expected.

The fortress of Metz, like that of Verdun, is surrounded by heights affording admirable protection and commanding long distances of approaching ground. In the time of the French possession of Alsace-Lorraine it was supposed to be the strongest fortified place on the frontier. The Germans began to strengthen it immediately after 1871. The work was finished in 1890. Another transformation, during which a number of new forts were built, began in 1900 and was not yet completed at the outbreak of the war.

The place is now defended by twenty-five modern forts with many intervening redoubts and secret field works. The southernmost forts are the Sommy and Haesler, which adjoin each other on the right bank of the Moselle and the left bank of the Seille, and Wagner on the right bank of the Seille. It is supposed to be the forts of Sommy and Haesler that are now being attacked. The former is one of the most recently constructed forts of the fortress; it is only three and three-quarters miles from Arnaville, the frontier railroad town that has been bombarded since December.

It is not supposed that the French have in view an assault upon Metz. They are simply improving the opportunity afforded by the progress of their lines to inflict all the damage possible in anticipation of a siege later on.

Louisville Club Elects Officers.

LOUISVILLE, Neb., June 5.—(Special.)—The Commercial club met last night and elected officers for the ensuing year. Paul Fitzgerald was elected president, W. F. Diers, vice president; H. L. Arends, second vice president; Fred H. Gasenkop, secretary; Walter Blake, treasurer.

Attention, All You Swimmers, Water Base Ball Game is Here

To the base ball fan who has been watching the signs of "rain" and "wet grounds" on the scoreboards for the last five weeks the term of water base ball will not excite much enthusiasm, for he has had enough of that sport, but to the swimmer and aquatic performer that title should instantly arouse interest. And water base ball is here. It is a new sport and no games have yet been played, but enthusiasm among natators has already reached the highest pitch, and a game between the Omaha Aquatic club, a newly organized swimming club, and a team from the Council Bluffs Young Men's Christian association has been carded.

The first two water base ball games will be played at the Council Bluffs Rowing association June 12 and 13. Tomorrow the Omaha club will have its men out for practice, and a big crowd of swimmers are planning to attend to see just how the game is played.

Platforms six feet square are placed in the water in the nine positions. The pitcher's platform and the catcher's platform are larger so that the umpire can stand on the former and the batter on the latter. The game is played just exactly like base ball except that a cork ball is used. The game is said to be not only exciting, but extremely funny to the spectators. Coach Tommy Mills of the high school will umpire the first game.

Pete Wendell, formerly swimming instructor at the Carter Lake club and at the Central Young Men's Christian association in Chicago, has been engaged by the Omaha Aquatic club to coach the Omaha squad. Wendell is an expert swimmer and a good ball player, and declares he will have his team in good enough shape to lick the spots off the Bluffs boys.

He has chosen the following lineup to represent the local club: Olgar Rensengren, William Westlund, Willard Hays, Harold Hubner, Earl Bullock, Arthur Douglas, Earnest Cathro, Walter Bastian and Pete Wendell.

After the first games are played two teams will be formed by the Omaha club. In addition to the above nine the following are members of the Omaha club who play the game: Swede Anderson, Ajax Anderson, Harry Wanberg, Bill Brockmiller, Harry Trustin, Wes Williams, Harry Williams, Win Schrum, Claud Schrum, Ray Denell and Warren Fitch.

If the club makes a success of the game efforts will be made to play teams in Kansas City, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Sioux City, Lincoln and other cities.

CANADIANS PLEASE EUROPE

Different View of North America Aroused on Continent by Brave Soldiers.

FRENCH ARISTOCRATS AT WORK

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)

OTTAWA, Ont., May 26.—Word that the resolution of Canadian soldiers has given in Europe rather a different view of North America to many people who before had not the occasion to consider this continent was brought to Ottawa by Dr. R. J. Manion of Fort William, Ont.

Dr. Manion had an unusual experience. Three months ago he paid his way across the Atlantic, bought his uniform, offered his services as surgeon to the British Red Cross in Paris and found there was no opening. He was proffered a place in one of the Anglo-French hospitals and accepted. He found himself a member of the surgical staff of a hospital established in the historic Chateau de Rimberlieu, the property of Count de Berthune, seven miles north of Compiegne and but four miles back of the French line.

"We had a telephone connection with the trenches and we could see the flash of bursting shells from our windows, and it was said that of all the hospitals this was the nearest to the lines," said Dr. Manion. "There were sixty beds in the hospital. It was maintained under French military direction largely by English money. The nurses and orderlies, almost without exception, were persons of wealth, of prominent French and English families, and many of them were titled. Two of the nurses were daughters of the Count de Berthune, the owner of the chateau; another was the Countess de Pange, another the Marquise de Chabannes, another Miss Neville, grand niece of Lord Beaconsfield; another a niece of Casimir Perrier, late president of France. No one on the staff receives remuneration; instead they contribute from $60 to $200 a month for the privilege of doing the tedious, exacting and often unpleasant work which is required of nurses and orderlies in every hospital. The ambulances were motors belonging to these nurses and orderlies. The domestics of the institution were chiefly their maids or servants or chauffeurs.

"There may have been a few paid domestics, but certainly no one on the staff from the chief surgeon down received a wage.

Admires Aristocrats.

"I left Canada a good democrat and return as I left, but I must confess feelings of admiration and respect for the aristocrats I met in this hospital doing what they conceived to be their duty all these terrible times. In the hospital women who had been waited upon all their lives cheerfully performed tasks they would not require of their maids. They accepted the hospital routine of night and day watches and faithfully administered to the needs of the wounded soldiers of all ranks. Among others who served were Mr. and Mrs. Gray of Cambridge. He acted as an orderly and she as a nurse. They paid the hospital $200 a month; they gave it the service of a motor and their chauffeur, and they persistently bought all sorts of things for the institution. One of the finest characters and one of the most useful persons about the place was Rev. Mr. Gedge, a Church of England clergyman from York cathedral. He performed the dual duties of orderly and chauffeur, driving as an ambulance a car given by his congregation for that purpose. Only on Sunday was he the clergyman, and I shall always remember with admiration the calm reverence with which he conducted service one Sunday through the din of a terrific bombardment.

"Just ten miles away, at Fayel, was another of these Anglo-French hospitals where master and man, mistress and maid worked side by side, humbly and faithfully. The Fayel hospital is run by Countess Helena Gleichen, a cousin of King George of England, and by Lady Wemys, daughter of the British ambassador at Paris. Dr. Lapthorn Smith of Montreal is one of the surgeons at Fayel. Our chief surgeon, or medicine chef, at Chateau de Rimberlieu was Dr. Merlin, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and the surgeons under him were an English-Spaniard from Jamaica, a Scotchman and myself, a Canadian. Those who came to us were French soldiers of every rank, and all of them patient and cheerful. Their one idea was to mend and get back to active service. That they would return to the lines they took as a matter of course."

CASH BOX OF MAHARAJAH IS STOLEN AT SALT LAKE CITY

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The Maharajah of Kapurtkala, Indian prince, has asked the State department to help the Salt Lake police recover his cash box and important papers, which, he says, were stolen from the room of his secretary in a hotel in Salt Lake City last Thursday.

The Maharajah, now in Pasadena, asked the British ambassador to enlist the aid of the State department and his request was presented today.

Bailey service ranks supreme.