

BAYONET SAVES AMERICAN LIVES

Escape German Shell When One of Party Stops to Dig Up Relic.

SEE SCENES OF DESOLATION

Once Richly Cultivated Valleys Speckled With Happy Villages, Now But a Sordid Panorama of Churned-Up Soil.

With the French Armies in the Field. —If one of the party hadn't stopped to dig up a Boche bayonet from the roadside, this piece wouldn't have been written.

The French officer-chaperone and his charges had tarried on the way back to Verdun from one of the outlying forts to chat with a bunch of Red Cross men, and incidentally to watch the antics of a flock of German airplanes as they dodged in and out among the feathery puffs of shrapnel. The usual daily artillery strafe had been on for some hours. Hundreds of tons of metal had been bowling above our heads from both sides, far up and down the line. At times there was a shot for every second. But so far the Boche targets had been located a comfortable distance away.

Our officer had given the word to resume the journey, and the chauffeurs were cranking up, when the opportunity of gathering in another battlefield souvenir intervened. It is still there.

Careful figuring, conducted very shortly thereafter in one of the Red Cross dugouts nearby, convinced the whole party that if it hadn't been for the bayonet episode our cars would have collided with the big Boche shell just at the moment of its explosion about a block down the road.

The experience had merely supplied a vivid final touch to impressions already acquired—of what the soldiers of Verdun have been undergoing in the last eighteen months. In this region Nature has been given no opportunity, as she has, for example, on the battlefield of the Somme, to repair as best she can the ravages of war. From the top of one of the battered forts that now forms an unbreakable ring about Verdun—recaptured from the Germans with a valor and at a sacrifice of life that will make its name immortal in history—stretches out, as far as ten-ply, made-in-Germany binoculars can reach, a vista of utter devastation.

Scene of Desolation.

Once thickly forested hills and richly cultivated valleys speckled with happy villages; now a sordid, grayish, monotonous panorama of churned-up soil, criss-crossed here and there with trenches, and only an occasional stump or pile of crumpled stones to evidence its former beauty. It's like Notre Dame de Lorette, Vimy, Wytchete, Messines and Passchendaele Ridge all scrambled together.

All the forces of nature—fire, flood,

hurricane and earthquake—could not have wrought such havoc. Only man could do it. Even looking backward, the only discernible color is the green of the distant hills, the shattered red-tiled roofs of the fortress city, and the clusters of purple-wreathed graves where sleep the men who made the motto of Verdun—"On ne passe pas" (No trespassers allowed!)—a reality.

The Germans now occupy much the same line as that from which the crown prince launched his costly but futile attack upon this stronghold. Previously we had traversed the valley of the Marne whose landscape bears ample testimony to the characteristic French traits of dash, mobility and resourcefulness; just as Verdun's pitifully harrowed hillside will always be a monument to the hitherto less familiarly known French qualities of tireless energy and dogged stubbornness.

Land Grimly Held by French.

Then on through the forest of the Vosges down to where France in the early days of the war plucked, and still tightly clutches, a bit of what used to be hers. It's only a few square miles—just about equal to the plot of

FLYERS BREAK ALL AERIAL RECORDS

Allied Aviators Perform Sensational Speed and Distance Feats.

GO FROM ENGLAND TO ITALY

Cadorna's Call for Airplanes and Pilots Is Answered by Great Britain and France—Few Accidents Are Reported.

Paris.—So many speed and distance records have been shattered and set and then surpassed again by allied aviators that it is doubtful if the best performances will ever be straightened out and set down on the official books.

But aviators have been flying from points in England and in France to the Italian front every day, as the British and French war offices have outdone themselves in their efforts to re-enforce the French aviation service. Pilots just breveted—and there were a certain number of Americans among them—soared into the air, and following the lead of an instructor or some veteran aviator, set their course for Italy.

Youths who had not sat in an airplane two months before, duplicated the feat of Roland Garros which startled the world a few years ago; the traversing of the Italian Alps. Flights of 400, 500 and 600 miles without stop were common occurrences. And in all cases the average speed maintained was considerably more than 100 miles an hour.

One of General Cadorna's first re-

quests to the French and British was for re-enforcements in airplanes and pilots. The Germans had assembled several score of their best fighting and bombing squadrons on the Italian front and had struck suddenly in a body. In one day the German formations had practically cleared the air of Italian fighting aircraft, and they followed up this advantage by sending over into the Italian lines squadron after squadron of bombing machines. Incendiary bombs and aerial torpedoes were rained on the Italian aviation fields and the hangars and Italian aircraft burned together.

Both the French and British general staffs realized that without its "eyes" the Italian army might wander into traps and pitfalls. And they gave the order at once to re-enforce the Italian aviation service with their own squadrons. The order went out to all the aviation camps and schools in England and France. Within a few hours the orders were being executed.

Pilots having passed their brevets were mustered out on the fields. They were told to wear two leather and rubber union suits instead of the single garment they usually wear. The gasoline tanks were filled and they were instructed to follow the leader. Then they soared off in long covers, all headed toward the Italian Alps.

Some of the British machines went clear across England, traversed the channel, then soared over France and sealed the Alps and proceeded straight on to the Tagliamento line without ever descending. French machines flew from remote corners of the republic over the great mountain range and across the plains of Lombardy to Udine, arriving there before the Italians were forced to retreat from that strategic railway center.

I may not even vaguely indicate the number of airplanes that were sent from France and England, but I can state that the number of accidents was as low as the average total for a day at any of the big aviation schools.

Gold Nuggets Worth \$1,155.

Coffey Creek, Cal.—Three gold nuggets, with a total valuation of \$1,155, were portions of a cleanup made recently by Patrick Holland in his placer mine near here. One of the nuggets was valued at \$900, another \$400 and the third \$155. These are the largest nuggets found in the county for several years. The remainder of the cleanup, which amounted to \$990, was in small gold, several pieces of which were valued at \$5 each.

Seek Help of Children.

Washington.—Plans for enlisting the services of the children of the country in the campaign to save coal are being cut by the conservation division of the federal fuel administration. Boy scouts and school children generally are in a position to aid in the coal conservation campaign, by making use of waste products which can be utilized as fuel.

Capital Officials Discourage Meat "Camouflage"

CAMOUFLAGING meat is the latest war-time diversion of unscrupulous local market men, according to Health Officer Wm. C. Woodward, who, in an official statement, gave warning of the infliction of drastic punishment upon all offenders. Goat meat and horse steaks, Mr. Woodward admits are reliable articles of food which may lawfully be sold in Washington to all who care to purchase. But substitution of these two products for lamb or mutton or beef is a gross infraction of health regulations and is punishable.

Washingtonians who in the course of their bargain forays about the meat stands have tested and found goat meat good are encouraged by the health department to enjoy the edible.

To eat goat meat as goat meat, or horseflesh when knowing its origin, has the official O. K. of the health department. But for dealers to pawn off these commodities upon innocent buyers under false pretenses will not be tolerated in the national capital. Immediate apprehension of all who make this a practice is now the object of a number of officials whose attention has been called to such rife methods.

Official notice of this is phrased as follows: "The fraudulent sale of goat meat for lamb and mutton is practically an established fact in the District, and the health department is postponing prosecution only in order that the evidence already in hand may be re-enforced by laboratory findings."

HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

Uncle Sam's Pay Roll in Washington Gets Bulge

WASHINGTON.—Approximately 20,000 employees have been added to the government's pay roll in Washington since the war began. It is estimated that the population of the national capital has increased more than 40,000. The great expansion of the government's operations, not only in Washington but throughout the country, is revealed in the certification of the civil service commission.

Since the outbreak of the war the commission has certified for appointment, in the field and departmental services, between 120,000 and 125,000 persons.

While the number of appointments is far behind the number of certifications, the figures indicate the preparations made for the extraordinary demands of war. Appointments are made daily from this list and the civil service commission continues to hold examinations. Civil service certifications for the service in and out of Washington embrace all classes from watchmen and messengers to expert accountants and chemists.

The war department leads in the additions to clerical forces since the beginning of the war. Since April 6 the war department has added approximately 5,200 names to the roster of Washington employees.

The clerical force of the navy department is today substantially double that at the beginning of the war. About 2,500 employees have been added, this number including around 800 "yeo-women" who have enlisted in the navy and are now assigned to clerical duties.

Independent bureaus have employed many hundred clerks, typists and stenographers. The food administration now uses a force of nearly 1,000. The war trade board employs more than 700; the fuel administration now employs about 100 clerks, and the council of national defense and the Red Cross have approximately 1,400 persons who are divided about equally between the two organizations. War-time printing has added materially to the large force of the government printing office, and it is estimated that additions to other departments will run the total number of new government workers to 20,000.

Good Reason for Investment in Silk Stockings

SHE had just bought a pair of fine black silk stockings—and she didn't look like a silk-stockings woman, either. Another woman who had joined her as the clerk was taking the purchase to be wrapped, smiled surprise at the woman who had bought the silk stockings.

"Getting giddy, Jen?" Jen resented the charge. "If I was, I wouldn't be buying one pair at a time. But I only need one pair to be killed in."

To the friend's smiling surprise was added a friend's solicitude for details.

"Oh, nothing to be alarmed at; no operation or anything like that—only, well, you see, I'm going on a long trip, and I get them to wear on the train."

"But, my soul and body, Jen, your everyday stockings are all right to travel in!"

"That's what I thought until a friend put me wise. She read about it—wreck, don't you know, in which two unidentified women were injured. One was shabby and the other wore fine clothes and silk stockings. The poor woman had good enough treatment, of course, but Silk Stockings had the best room in the village where the accident had occurred, with the doctor popping in every hour and everybody running around to help out in the nursing so that when relatives in keeping with the stockings could be located those who had been kind would be properly rewarded. Both women died before regaining consciousness, poor things, and while the shabby one got some little old corner in the churchyard, Silk Stockings had a choice grave in the middle of everything—and I sure do want a choice grave! I will wash them as soon as I get there and put them aside until I'm ready to come home, and—you just ought to see my longy-ree!"

Players in the Enchanted Land of Make-Believe

THEY looked like small girls wheeling doll carriages in the park. And it seemed to the naked eye that their caps and aprons were made of tissue paper, but—

"If the matham don't walth my wagh I'm going to get another thervith plath—wouldn't you, Thuthie?"

"My name isn't Susie. If you can't call me mamselle, you needn't speak to me because I don't understand a word you say. I thank you to know I'm a French bun—an' you are nothin' but a maid."

"You oughter be thamed yourthef to tell a thtory like that, mamthell, when you know my name ith Mith Rothabel. Yeth, indeedy, I'd leavth the houth thith inthant, thep I love the baby the muth that I jutht can't go"

"Oh, mone Jew, you know you mean the sho-feer. Say, Rosabel, I could tell you somethin' nawful bout how he flirts only you don't unnerstan French—"

"I do the mean the baby, then. I don't thee how the matham can wunner wound an' negleth the thweett little fellow the way she dooth."

"Oh, mone Jew! You don't catch me worryin' ceptin' when they eat all the turkey an' ice cream at the first table—"

Leaves danced down from trees to sun-flicked gravel, but the small girls did not notice, and everywhere around were other children at noisy play, but the small girls did not hear.

For they were not little girls at all, but two real nurses named Mamselle and Rosabel. And they were trundling real babies in real perambulators along the glamorous high road of Make-Believe, which, geographically, is situated in the Kingdom of Childhood—that lost Atlantis, neighbors, which was once our home, but which we can never go back to, because there is a high, high wall. And we are on the outside.

CONQUEST AND KULTUR

From all this it appears that the Monroe doctrine cannot be justified. . . . So it remains only what we Europeans have described as an inspiration. And so it remains only what we Europeans almost universally consider it, an impertinence. With a noisy cry they try to make an impression on the world and succeed, especially with the stupid. The inviolability of the American soil is invoked without there being at hand the slightest means of warding off the attack of a respectable European power.—Johannes Volpert, Aildeutsche Blatter, Jan. 17, 1903.

WORK FOR MAIMED

Plan for Re-Education of Disabled American Soldiers.

To Be Helped to Rehabilitate Themselves as Useful Citizens of the Republic.

Washington.—Now that our troops have begun to actually take part in the great war, a great problem will soon have to be faced. It will soon have to be faced. It will have to do with the re-education of disabled soldiers. It will not be enough for the government to place those who are permanently disabled in soldiers' homes and allow them to complete their existence in material comfort, but those who are partially disabled so as to make them unable to return to the occupations and trades which they left to serve their country will have to be re-educated in some employment which will enable them to re-



To eat goat meat as goat meat, or horseflesh when knowing its origin, has the official O. K. of the health department. But for dealers to pawn off these commodities upon innocent buyers under false pretenses will not be tolerated in the national capital. Immediate apprehension of all who make this a practice is now the object of a number of officials whose attention has been called to such rife methods.

Official notice of this is phrased as follows: "The fraudulent sale of goat meat for lamb and mutton is practically an established fact in the District, and the health department is postponing prosecution only in order that the evidence already in hand may be re-enforced by laboratory findings."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SKYLARK.

"I've always been extremely thankful," said the skylark to his mate, "that I was not an earth worm."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Skylark, "you couldn't have been more different if you had tried for years and centuries and forever and a day!"

"That sounds like a mighty long time," said the skylark. "But I am so glad that I am not an earth worm. To be sure an earth worm is very different, but I always feel especially sorry for one."

"And why?" asked Mrs. Skylark. "I never judged you felt sorry for them before this."

"Perhaps not," said the skylark, "but it is their name—their family name. I feel so sorry for them because of it. It must make them very sad, and it must always keep them down on the earth. They can never rise to great heights of happiness."

"You know folks never talk about happiness as being something down low—it's always something high—something above them that they reach for and then, when they get it—when they are happy, how glorious it is!"

"You talk just like a skylark, and you don't know at all what the earth worm may think," said Mrs. Skylark. "Do you suppose they could think differently?" asked Mr. Skylark.

"To be sure," said his mate. "They would be very much afraid of going up in the air so high—as we do. They would hate to leave the earth. The earth is so solid and they are so sure it won't give way."

"Neither will the air," said Mr. Skylark.

"That's because we have wings," said his mate.

"Right you are," said Mr. Skylark. "You are a very wise bird."

"And they probably do not mind their name of earth worm because they have always had it."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Skylark. "It does seem so strange to think of creatures liking the earth when there is the sky—the great and glorious sky. How I would hate to have been named earth worm—no matter what you may say, Mrs. Skylark."

"It would have been too terrible. Yes, it would have made me sad indeed. I simply could not have stood it. I would have flown away and never have wanted to see a soul."

"If you had been an earth worm you couldn't have flown away," said his mate. "And you would have crawled along through life quite happily."

"I don't see how I could have," said the skylark. "I am sure I would have died of grief."

"Well, well," said the sky fairies who were flying around visiting the cloud fairies, "why are you making yourself so miserable over something that has not happened and will never happen?"

"That is so," said the skylark. "I was feeling sorry for the earth worm and then I began to think how dreadful it would be to live as an earth worm instead of as a skylark. That made me sad. It was the thought of it."

"Yes," said the sky fairies, "it was the thought of it, for it couldn't ever really happen. And don't spend your time thinking and worrying about the things that will never happen. Think of all the joys you have!"

"Ah, yes," said the skylark. "For we fly so high and we are called after the sky." And Mr. and Mrs. Skylark soared far up in the sky singing as they flew:

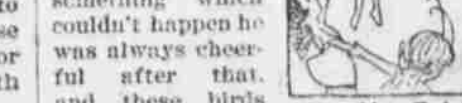
We fly so high,
Right up in the sky.
And hark! Hark!
Our name is Skylark.
It's because we can sing.
When right on the wing,
Beigh-ho, beigh-ho, up, up, up we go!

For the skylark family can sing as they fly and they go far up in the air. They are relations of the meadow larks, the pipits, the field larks and different species, or families of skylarks.

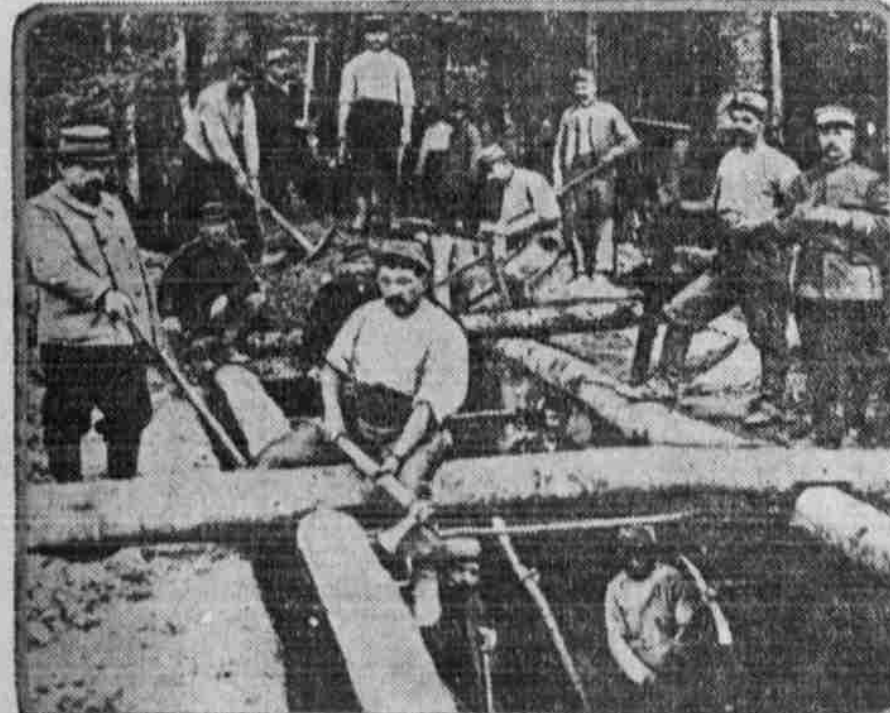
And as the sky fairies had told the skylark never to feel sad about something which couldn't happen he was always cheerful after that, and these birds are noted for singing so happily and gaily as they fly up in the air. For they are all so glad they are not earth worms! Skylarks are so very, very different!

Think Pleasant Things.

The source of agreeableness or disagreeableness is in the thought-life we lead. It is in thought that the social climate is made. Think pleasantly and you will act pleasantly, and this is tremendously vital, for it affects not only your own character, but also the characters of those around you.—Giri's Companion.



The Sky Fairies.



That service to one's country recognizes no age limit is evident from this photograph showing Frenchmen too old to fight constructing trenches and dugouts behind the battle lines. Each man, a volunteer, has released a younger man for duty at the front. Many of these men served France in 1870.

CONQUEST AND KULTUR

From all this it appears that the Monroe doctrine cannot be justified. . . . So it remains only what we Europeans have described as an inspiration. And so it remains only what we Europeans almost universally consider it, an impertinence. With a noisy cry they try to make an impression on the world and succeed, especially with the stupid. The inviolability of the American soil is invoked without there being at hand the slightest means of warding off the attack of a respectable European power.—Johannes Volpert, Aildeutsche Blatter, Jan. 17, 1903.

Usually regarded as a modern disease, appendicitis was known in Egypt more than 5,000 years ago and was accurately described in records that still exist.