

# CLARK VISITS SCENE OF ONE OF MOST DESPERATE BATTLES OF WAR

### Correspondent Describes Plain of Vaux-Marie, the Last Spot Contested by the German Crown Prince in His Retreat After the First Advance on Paris—Shell-Torn and Fire-Scathed Villages on Every Side—Spirit of French is Undaunted.



Edward B. Clark.

By EDWARD B. CLARK, Staff Correspondent of the Western Newspaper Union.

Near St. Mihiel, France—It is at St. Mihiel that the German fifth army, commanded by the crown prince, is holding a salient, shaped like a spear point, and which cuts into the valley of the Meuse. Ever since last September when the Germans retreated to this place after their first advance, and which they had already prepared for defense, the men of the crown prince's forces have succeeded in keeping their grip on the spear handle against all the efforts of the French to wrest it from them.

On the plain from which I am looking at the light smoke wreathing over the batteries there was fought one of the most desperate battles of the present war. This field is called the plain of Vaux-Marie. It marks the last spot contested by the crown prince in the retreat which he was forced to make to keep his lines in touch with the retreating armies on his right flank, armies which occupied a long front extending from this place almost to the gates of Paris.

**Dotted With Graves.**  
This plain, with its dotted graves of German and Frenchmen, newly dug, and with its great gaping holes made by the falling shells, marks the present high tide in this section of the French advance from the Marne. The fighting, cigarette-smoking, almost debonair soldiers of the republic on this battle front are still on the offensive and are throwing themselves forward daily under the cover of a screen of shell fire in desperate endeavor to drive their enemy from the

written something of my military companion. His mother was an American. He stands six feet three in his campaign socks. He is dressed today as always, in his "horizon blue." This color melts into the sky screen, and as my eyes seek the captain out when he is at a distance, I feel that no ambitious artillery man can make an adequate mark of him, loomingly big though he is.

There are so many shell-made cavities in this plain that I wonder it was necessary for either French or German to pause here to use the spade for grave-making for their dead. The fallen here are in great numbers. Many of the burials have been made within a few days. The survivors of the battle lay their comrades away tenderly. At the head of one long, mounded trench there is an inscription which says that within rest 67 soldiers of France. On a cross at the head of the trench, roughly written by some kindly hand which in the battle time must make haste with its task, are the words, "Honneur aux Heros."

**Supplies Constantly Arriving.**  
From bases which I must not name and lying well to our rear, supplies constantly are being brought up in gray motors and in heavy army wagons for the French armies battling along this line from St. Mihiel to the Argonne forest. I know that the last French official report has reported gains in the region of the Argonne forest, which lies only a few miles to my left and from which every few minutes I can hear the howling of heavy guns. It seems from what I hear that the high hope of every trooper in the forces of General Langle de Carri and Sarrail is that the effort and the success along this line will be in keeping with the marked advances, which, rumor at least has it, the French and the British armies are making in the far northwest, where flank on flank as we hear it here, they are well into the first stage of the long-heralded spring drive.

There are no motor buses left in Paris. Today I know why. They have been pressed into the service for supply transport purposes all along this part of the rear of the French

France is high-heartedly hopeful today that the line of this fighting will continue to recede northward and north-eastward, and that the recession will become quicker paced day by day as the spring and the summer advance. As it is the fragments of villages within this triangle, and which are still shaken by the gunfire, feel seemingly that their future safety is as assured as if they were removed a thousand leagues from the clashing armies in the valleys of the Aisne and the Meuse. The few villagers who have come back have full confidence in the prowess of the French soldiers who are bulwarking the land.

**More Desolate Villages.**  
Near this field of the fighting there are several desolate places which I have seen, but of which I have not written, so like is their condition to that of scores of other villages which I have visited and whose paths are opened. Pretz and Vassincourt are gone. Loppuy le Chateau is a pile of ruins. At Revigny nothing is left but the walls of the church and one saint's statue, from which destruction in some way or another was warded off. We see these places as we pass from the battlefield to a village still standing, at least in part, and where we may rest, and where we might forget war were it not for the distant rolling of the guns along the line where men are killing men. We are going back to Paris and from there later I hope to go under the same guidance to another part of France, where, as along this line, the armies are at death grips.

**Find Miser's Hidden Pile.**  
Raleigh, N. C.—When the little iron safe in the home of T. R. Lamm was opened at Wilson, near here, more than \$50,000 in cash was found. Lamm died recently and it was supposed that he was worth \$100,000, but now it appears he was worth three times that amount. An old homemade sack in the safe contained \$34,832 in gold certificates and thirteen envelopes held \$16,000 in cash.

**Pigeons as News Carriers.**  
Chicago—Frank Waltenberg, who eloped with Miss Bertha Shaeck from Kankakee, Ill., and was married in Chicago, released three carrier pigeons in front of the Grant hotel recently. The birds headed for Pa Shaeck's pigeon loft at Kankakee. Each bird bore the message, "Bertha and I were married today." "I hope pa won't take it out on the pigeons," said Mrs. Waltenberg.

**Hears Infant Across Continent.**  
Albany, N. Y.—Governor Whitman, while visiting the fair in San Francisco recently, heard his infant son cry over the telephone. Young Whitman was held close to the transmitter and induced to wail.

**Pastor Shot Eagle.**  
Alexandria, Ind.—The Rev. Isaac Cox, when snipe hunting, shot a gray eagle that sniped seven feet from tip to tip of wings and weighed eight and one-half pounds. It was sitting in a high tree when shot. The bird was not dead when it fell to the ground and put up a vigorous fight until it died from loss of blood.

**Coyotes at Work.**  
Cordon, Ore.—Rabbit coyotes have lately been doing much damage to

compelled to call a halt on the cultivating ambitions of the French peasants. They admired the spirit which prompted the aged ones and the women and the children to dare death in order to make a full crop possible, but they did not think that a few extra bushels of wheat or of potatoes would compensate France for further losses among its peasantry. It was necessary, therefore, to call a halt on this fine but dangerous farming endeavor. The farmers did not mind the hell of shell fire any more than the soldiers did, but there are some sacrifices which are needless. So it is that the present toll of today must manifest itself only up to the inside limit of danger from dropping projectiles. Thus it is that the plain on which I am standing has not yet been turned by the plow.

Nature has been at work here ever since it felt the first warming touch of spring's sun. This battlefield today is covered with flowers, dandelions, daisies, forget-me-nots and violets. The deep pits dug by the earlier fallen shells are now sunken gardens. White and gold, yellow and blue and crimson enter into the color scheme of the battlefield. I never knew before the knife-like sharpness of contrast. War and death are in the valley, and peace and life are on the commanding hill. The guns are pounding while over my head two skylarks are soaring and singing. The fast growing grass affords the birds shelter for their nests, and above them always is the sky against whose foundations artillery is vainly used.

**Reminders of the Battle.**  
All along the edges of this plateau the trenches are deeply cut. They are used for shelter by the men of both armies during the sweeping fire on this open plain. Today they are somewhat back of the rear-most trenches of the present fighting line. It is easily learned how savage was the fight in this place where today one picks flowers and listens to the larks singing in defiance of the noise of the cannon. Reminders of the battle that has moved on apace are everywhere. German shells and French shells expended either vainly or to awful purpose are an incumbrance to one's footsteps. When one follows the track of modern war he wonders that any man engaged in it can live, to write its history.

It is hard to turn away from this field near St. Mihiel. There have been horrors enough along the line of the way to make one hate war for all time, but yet there is something about it which grips the interest and the imagination. This battlefield of Vaux-Marie is one point of two meeting lines of a triangle, within whose compass the fighting has been at its fiercest and whose edge is still fanned by the hot breath of battle. I have said that this triangle is out of the present fighting, but one cannot so sense it while the ground shakes with the roar of artillery.

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# ZWILLING IS LEADER OF WHALES AT BAT



"Dutch" Zwilling of whales at bat.

Where does "Dutch" Zwilling get the force behind his bat that enables the Whale center fielder to bag so many home runs? Is a question the North side fans frequently ask. The only explanation is the powerful shoulders of the outfielder and his easy swing of the body which goes with the bat. Zwilling stands five feet six inches and a trifle over and weighs only 160 pounds. He is probably the most feared hitter in the Federal league, with the possible exception of Bennie Kauff of the Brooklyn Tiptops. Pitchers would rather give Zwilling a free ticket to first base than to see him lean on the ball in the last few innings with his home team one run behind, writes John O. Seys in Chicago News.

# BASEBALL STORIES

George Kahler of Cleveland has been sold to Portland. Hank O'Day may be added to the Fed staff of umpires. Cy Williams is putting up a marvelous game in the field. Charlie Herzog continues to ignore Empire Rigger when he meets him on the ball field. Jimmy Callahan still is connected with the Chicago White Sox, despite denials of the fact.

Bob Bescher, the former Giant who is now with the Cardinals, is laid up with a broken finger. Beals Becker is out after the long-distance hitting championship of the National league this season. Both Boston teams are the favorites in their respective leagues for the pennants among the betting men.

Charlie Doolin was presented with two large bouquets of flowers by admiring friends when the Reds played in Philadelphia. Guy Merton is a great young pitcher—but he has a lot to learn. For instance, that he must not judge the hitting of pitchers by his own.

Rowdiness is to be downed this year in the National league. It is possible to eliminate some of the best features of the game by being too strict, though. The great work of Red Faber these days for the White Sox makes Fred Clarke of the Pirates feel sad. The Pittsburgh club once had an option on Red's services.

Some writer in the Baseball Magazine says that the lack of patronage in baseball last year was due to the development of the pitchers. That is about the farthest fetched of any excuse made yet.

**HORROR IS RIGHT**  
Cy Pieh was pitching for New York and the Sox fans were having fun with his name. "Mince is pitching," yelled one joker. "Lemon Pieh," howled a bleacherite. "He's a huckleberry," shouted a third. Pieh stopped to object to a decision on a ball. "He's cussed ball," yelled a punster. "Awful crust he has, trying to beat the Sox." "Don't mince matters," screamed another. "Three strikes," howled the ump.

"Got his desserts," yelled a New York fan, and the horror was over.

**Eight Double Plays Made.**  
The Detroit-St. Louis game of April 27 at Detroit was remarkable for eight double plays being made. Lowerdunk, pitching for the Browns, gave nine bases on balls and hit a man, and only twenty Tigers were officially at bat in the home team's eight innings. The Browns had twenty-four assists. Three Tigers struck out, but every other play required at least one assist and one play called for three.

**Would Hurry 'Em Up.**  
President Johnson kept tab on loafing players in the White Sox-Indian series and as a result issued a notice to umpires that unless the players speeded up they would hear something drop. Eleven times in one game, says Johnson, the pitcher was waiting to catch the ball and the batter had no left the coop.

grounds, and occasionally he would lift the sphere over the top of the big sign. Frank does not swing hard at a ball, at least he does not appear to have any unusual amount of speed, but he can hit 'em as far as anyone in the game. The same may be said of Zwilling. He moves forward with his swing and has tremendous driving power in those broad shoulders. Zwilling led the Federal league last year with 16 home runs and was awarded a silver bat and ball for leading the Chicago team in batting with an average of .308. One feature about Zwilling's hard hitting is the fact that he is just as effective against left-handed pitchers as against right and he bats left handed.

Zwilling is also a wonderful fielder, being able to cover a lot of ground. He is not a fast base runner, as he is a slow starter, but when he gets going he takes a big stride and covers ground fast.

# EARL MOORE WITH AMATEURS

Former Buffalo Pitcher to Join Cleveland Aggregation—Refused to Stand Salary Cut.

Earl Moore, formerly of the Phillies, Cleveland and other clubs, is going to turn "amateur." The quotation marks are used advisedly, for amateur ball players in Cleveland get the money just the same. Earl's home is in Cleveland. He signed with the Buffalo Federals last year, but refused to stand for a cut in salary this season and quit the Feds. Now that Earl has an opportunity to play with the Telling-Strollers of the Cleveland Amateur Baseball association, there is some question as to his eligibility and the commission which has charge of the games will have to stretch the



Earl Moore.

eligibility rules to permit Earl to take part in the games. According to the Cleveland Press, the managers in the league have a hunch that the commission will "permit them to use any players not under contract to professional clubs and are scrambling to sign several stars who are now temporarily out of work.

**How to Live.**  
It is the hardest thing to live just the right way on this green earth. For instance, here is one of Thomas Davidson's twenty maxims. "Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven;" that is, be without a flaw. But if it were possible, and one saw wherever he went what is good because he himself is good, this old world would change to heaven immediately to him. So the way for one to be happy, rich, noble, pure, honest, brave, true, calm and all the other virtues is just to start at a little heaven on his own account and fill it full of his own beautiful life. People will laugh at this idea, but it is all as practical as picking up a stone or breaking a stick. The great sin of this world is putting off to heaven what can be done on earth.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

**Had No Faith in Lawyers.**  
"Do I believe in lawyers?" said the little man, bitterly. "No, sir; I do not." "Why not?" asked his companion. "Because a lawyer never says light out what he means," retorted the

# IN DARK LIBERIA

THE very name of Africa has been a subject of much discussion. It is believed that the name is derived from the Latin word "aprica" (meaning sunny), or from the Greek word "aphrika" (without cold). The nickname "Dark Continent" has lost much of its significance. The Bible long ago called Africa "the Land Shadowed with Wings." Mr. Henry M. Stanley stamped it as the Dark Continent. Another man called it the Land of Blinding Sunshine. As I have traversed its jungles and pathways, many times I have called it the Land of Winding Ways, writes James R. Morris in the Christian Herald. When the perspiration has flowed down over my face and body until every thread upon me has been drenched in the warm, moist climate, I have named the country "the Land of Natural Baths."

Africa is a remarkably beautiful country. Its coast lines are picturesque, graceful, fascinating, alluring. Its seaport towns and cities are usually clean, pretty and reasonably healthful. Equatorial Africa has, until the last two decades, been called the White Man's Graveyard, but clean living, quinine, mosquito netting, sobriety and sanitary improvements have made Africa a place where one cannot only exist, but live in as much comfort, take it all in all during the year, as in the city of New York, and



AT CAPE PALMAS, LIBERIA

with some advantages in favor of Africa. Life is simple, placid, calm, and not so complex. The work life is not strenuous. The people do not rush and drive as they do here at home. If you try to hurry a man who is working for you, he will calmly tell you: "One day be not all de days, daddy!" And you stand rebuked, for you know he is telling you the truth.

**Liberia Most Attractive.**  
Four and a half years ago the New York Colonization society sent me to the west coast of Africa to study the conditions of life in America's little colored child over the sea, Liberia. Morocco, Algiers, Senegal, Bathurst, Konakry, Sierra Leone, Togoland, Nigeria, Kamerun, East and South Africa are beautiful and attractive, but the little struggling republic of Liberia is to me the most attractive spot in Africa.

Monrovia, the capital city of the republic, is picturesquely situated on Cape Mesurado, and is a city with about 15,000 inhabitants, many of whom live in beautiful homes, some very costly. Liberia has a number of fine settlements, peopled by either colored Americans or their descendants, who have done a remarkable work in planting farms, building homes and establishing a civilized community and a decent government on the west coast of Africa. They have been greatly condemned by both Europeans and some short-sighted Americans, whose actual knowledge of Liberia could eas-

ily be printed on one single sheet of paper. The rivers of Liberia abound with fish, and were it not for the series of fine falls or rapids, from fifteen to twenty miles back from the sea, the rivers might be navigable for hundreds of miles. The woods abound with game of many varieties—the vicuña, bush-cow, deer, leopards, elephants, civet cats, golden cats, monkeys in almost endless varieties, and other game. In the far interior lions and other big game abound. On a recent trip to the hinterland, where I had been invited by King Mombah, son of the powerful King Pomorah, as we sailed up the river in the little boat, with our serious friend, Solomon Hill, the owner and captain, a clerical and solemn-looking little man in a frock coat so long that it reached to the tops of his shoes, and whose collar and garb stamp him as a preacher, came to me and introduced himself as a presiding elder, having a large number of churches under him.

He asks very cordially: "What might your name be?" "My name is Morris." "Where you be from?" "The United States," I answered. "I live at Louisiana." "Where is that?" I ask. "On the St. Paul river." Just then everybody jumped up at the report of a gun and a heavy splash was heard

as a large alligator, badly wounded, flopped into the water. Rev. Presiding Elder borrows my fountain pen and begins to write vigorously. But only for a few moments, when he gets into a theological boxing match with several men, who I learn are "Revs." also. This title has a peculiar fascination for many in Africa. Everybody loves a title, and it one who has "Rev." to his name can raise eight dollars and send to Texas or some other place and get a "D. D.," he adds six inches to his coat-tails, and his importance and egotism grow to the proportion of a foot to the inch.

**In a Revival Meeting.**  
Friends meet me at the headquarters of the river, and an invitation is extended to attend a revival meeting in a little church near by at night. A serious young man was preaching from the text, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," etc. We were late, and missed part of his eloquent sermon, but we heard him say: "What fo' you dun cum heah? Why yo' gwine cum to dis meetin'? Is yo' gwine wanderin' feets in de way dat leads to distraction? Is yo' feets on de Rock ob Ages? What is yo' gwine to lib to ebb'er? In de place whar de Good Book say de saints am gwine? Or is yo' gwine to be shut up in de fire an' de flames?" "Yo' must git all cumbed together and seek de Lawd wid all yo' hearts, an' bring yo' piccan (children) an' yo' frens to de Lawd. Do it one time (at once) befo' it am eberlastin' too late."

**To Make Bandages.**  
Bandages can be prepared from the good parts of worn sheets or pillow slips if perfectly clean. Roll six to eight yards in length are most convenient—one inch wide for fingers, two inches for feet, two and one-half to three inches for head and arms and four inches for legs. A good way of keeping them in condition for use is to seal the rolls in a perfectly clean glass fruit jar.