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The Circulation of The Bulletin

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100 and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and sixty rural free delivery routes.

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CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,412
1905, average	5,920
April 24	10,230

FIGHTING THE GYPSY MOTH.

From the action which was taken by the legislature in providing for a state campaign against the gypsy moth in cooperation with the various towns there is indicated a recognition of the menace which this pest has proved in certain sections and which it threatens in others unless there is a determined effort to stamp it out.

Not only does the presence of the moth mean damage to vegetation and no small loss as the result, but it brings with it the necessary measures for preventing its spread through a quarantine which is not only an embarrassment but a serious check to certain lines of business. This means that the shipment of lumber, telephone and telegraph poles, ties, nursery stock and similar products must pass inspection by a federal official before they can be sent out of a quarantined district.

The spread of the pest has steadily continued despite the fact that state and federal opposition has been thrown against it. It has progressed from one small section of New England until it affects some portion at least of all the half dozen states and though Connecticut has not as a state made any great outlay in fighting it, it has come to the realization of the fact that it ought not to be delayed any longer. Whatever efforts have been made in the past should not be relaxed because of this action. Rather should it be increased for with that and the work of the state and government combined can the best results be obtained and they certainly cannot be secured any too soon.

ROOT'S ECONOMY.

The state of New York appropriated the sum of $300,000 for its constitutional convention. Elihu Root was chosen president of that convention and as might be expected he is being criticised for doing his utmost to keep the expenses of that important gathering within the prescribed limit.

It is a case of having fault found because of what isn't done as well as for what is done, but the former United States senator is to be commended for the stand which he has taken. It is to be noted, however, that the complaint over the economy program comes from the members of the convention who are disappointed over the fact that each member has not been provided with individual stationery, knick knacks of various kinds upon which considerable amounts can be easily and uselessly expended and because there is no provision made for postage, clerks and stenographers. In fact, some of the avenues whereby the large expenditures of such gatherings are rolled up have been eliminated.

In other words it would appear that it is to be a work convention instead of a general good time at the expense of the Empire state. Less attention is given to the personal gain than to what can be done for the state, and it is time that such a policy was adopted. It is the business method of handling such a problem, and there is no reason to believe that the results of the gathering will suffer in the least therefrom. Wasteful expenditure of money, when it concerns nation, state or city, has been going on long enough and President Root sets a magnificent example in cutting it down. His economy is cause for praise, not criticism.

UNITED ACTION FOR HEALTH.

The necessity of communities working together for the attainment of the best results has been demonstrated time and again. Cooperation not only does things, but it does them more quickly and better than by action which is not uniform and ineffective.

It can thus be appreciated that the bringing together of the representatives of the health departments of the cities and towns of Massachusetts by the head of the reorganized state health department means that an initial move of much value has been made, for the future activity concerning health conditions in that state. It is highly important that all sections of the state should work together, that each city and town should know what the others are doing in the handling of their many problems and that there should be a full understanding by all of the general principles which are necessary in fighting disease.

This is what such gatherings are aimed at and what they should result in. It is a get together plan which seeks to broaden the movement for the prevention of disease and the insurance of better health, through the mobilization of a large instead of a small corps of directors to operate along similar lines for the defeat of a common terror. Combined harmonious action in the upholding of sanitary requirements and in the education of the people therein as well as the enforcement of the laws means much to every state though no more than what should be expected. This apparently is the idea under which the new head of the Massachusetts health department is operating.

CHIEF OF OPERATIONS.

The appointment of Captain William S. Benson commandant at the League Island navy yard at Philadelphia to the new office of chief of naval operations comes as a surprise only because of the fact that his name had not been mentioned in connection therewith. That he has the ability to fill the office and that he is being advanced in rank, only a few months ahead of the time to which he would be entitled to it, is thoroughly understood. Though it is probable that Admiral Fletcher, or Rear Admiral Winslow could have received the appointment had they so desired, it is no reflection upon the new appointee that he is third choice, for his record fully discloses his ability to administer the office.

The change which resulted in the establishment of this office instead of that of aide for operations provides a real naval head. There has been experienced from time to time the need of such an official for while there is a civil head of the department, his experience in the practical field of operations is of necessity limited and the mistaken policy of being guided by such alone has been repeatedly revealed. The new official will have charge of the operations of the fleet and the preparation of plans which will have to do with its operations in case of war. He will be over all the navy bureaus for the promotion of greater efficiency in the navy. It will centralize responsibility at a needed point which should overcome much of the difficulty which has existed in the past. The new official will be in touch with all branches and next in power to the secretary of the navy.

FORCING THE DARDANELLES.

Operations have been commenced for the forcing of the Dardanelles which experience shows should have been undertaken in the first place. Whatever may have been the purpose in sending the navy of the allies, large and powerful though it was against that narrow and strongly fortified channel, the results thus far prove that it was a mistake to have considered that it was a job for the navy alone. It quickly developed that the opposition that could be brought to bear from the forts and by the use of mines and torpedoes was too great for the warships to overcome alone, and that land operations in connection therewith were needed. Nothing prevented the Turks from bringing up reinforcements and more big guns to replace any which might be put out of business and they made the most of their opportunities.

The landing of troops on both sides of the Dardanelles, to be covered by the guns of the fleet gives promise of different results. It means that the allies are going at it in the right way to get results, though from the size of the forces the Turks possess an advantage. They have also had the benefit of the warning which was given by the attempt to make the navy do all the work and the time to bring up necessary field artillery to overcome the handicap under which the forts operate since their guns are trained upon the straits and are thus virtually unprotected at the back. The distribution of the armies along both sides of the straits shows consideration for the fortifications which line both banks. From the campaign as now outlined the fall of that strategic point can be expected if such a thing is possible.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The weather man has an effective way of cooling off the prophets of a warm summer.

Something to worry about: Human hair exportations from China have decreased because of the war.

It has proved that torpedoes rightly placed have the same effect upon French as upon British warships.

The man on the corner says: Possibly the dust that fills the air is that kicked up by the prosperity parade.

If the reports are to be believed there will be nothing left of either army operating around the Dardanelles.

Neither side in the war has expressed any nervousness over the fact that Spain has decided not to enter the contest.

Harvard's tuition fee has been advanced to secure needed income. Another indication of the tendency of the times.

Austria has stopped its operations against Servia, but the latter country has enough to handle with the typhus epidemic.

A resumption of the trolley strike in Springfield is threatened, although it was supposed better judgment had gained control there.

After the advice from the graduation day platforms there ought not to be any further delay in adjusting Europe's difficulties.

The season appears to be well advanced in many respects, but when it comes to licensing the dogs it has been just as backward as ever.

The superstitious have nothing to complain of at the Duke-Biddle wedding, since what would have been pews 13 and 23 were numbered 12B and 22B.

The name of Culebra cut has been changed to Gaillard cut, in honor of Col. Gaillard. Fortunate would it be if they could get the slide out of the cut as easily.

Japan is willing to yield a little in its demands of China. It has probably asked enough so that it can let up on many of them and still get what it wants, or should have.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

Once in a while we meet a person voyaging through life with a face on which seems to say: "I wish I never had been born!" And those who can interpret expressions think it a pity he ever was born, for he is making a persistent misuse of life. Such a person, like the jam in the pot all covered with mold, is a doubtful proposition. He is sour and the acidity of his own thoughts seem to him unbearable. Many a sweet-faced soul passes such a person every day while they are battling life's embarrassments and expect to triumph. Perhaps their inheritance was the sugar of life instead of the vinegar. It is more than likely that we are all born sweet or sour; and it is evidence of superiority to overcome the frowns in us and put on the smiles. A poor face is a sign of weakness and invites distrust. Light, sound and health are all the vibratory blessings of life, and we should strive to catch on to the right vibrations. We must not develop into scare-crows when we were designed to be sons and daughters of God.

Those who do not talk too much seldom have to eat their own words; and this is one of the best of reasons for keeping still when conversation is free and general. It is a good rule never to talk unless you know what you are talking about. False pretence is most common in the utterances of men, and women, too, who are misled by their thoughts and put into a sad plight by their tongues. Silence may confuse a foe when words would fail utterly. The owl is a wise bird because he looks it—the parrot because he became aware he could talk too much. Silence may be the defence of the ignorant, but it is also said to be the way to hear the whispers of the gods. It was once said of a great general that he could hold his tongue in ten languages. He could never have been in danger of eating his own words. The man who has to must have a good digestion. The greatest preacher in nature is said to be the ant and it says nothing.

We have to control our ideas or they may make worse than slaves of us. Ideas of economy persistently enforced have brought about queer results. It is excessive prudence which produces the miser. A mania for saving has made of many monomaniacs. An English titled lady felt so poor she did not take nourishment enough to sustain life, and while the evidence was that she starved to death, it is a matter of record that her estate exceeded two millions. An English miser who would not have his clothes brushed because it took off the nap, or his shoes brushed because of the wear and tear, who never allowed himself but two meals a day, and but two hard boiled eggs at his best meal; who went with scant fire in winter and slept upon a plank, left to Queen Victoria a million and a half. What good is money to people who live in squalor to hoard it, and who worship it and live in want for the remainder of their days? They just prove the saying: "Money is a good servant, but a poor master." A balancing rule in the affairs of life is this: "Make all the money you can, save all you can, and give all you can!"

If no one thought they were sick until they had some manifest physical impairment the doctors would lose one-third of their patients and some of their best patrons. One of the artistic practices of physicians is their skillful humoring of patients who think they are sick when the doctors know there is nothing the matter with them that calls for drugs. A story is told of a titled English woman who could not get a night's sleep without a hypodermic injection. A wrong doctor who took her case while the regular physician was away injected a few drops of pure water nightly to quiet her nerves and she slept well. One night he forgot to call and administer the dose, and the next morning he met a sleepless maniac who could not excuse his neglect of her. The young doctor ventured to tell her he had never given her a narcotic; simply pure water and in her rage she boxed his ears. This kind of a patient is always more or less dangerous. Doctors could never keep popular and prosperous by telling patients the truth—they must soothe them with words as well as with soothing syrup. They earn their fees.

What do you admire in a good sermon? The beautiful periods or the stimulating truth. Some people so adore scholarship and ability that they miss the point of good sermons. The only thing to cherish in any sermon is the truth which makes us see that we have been blind, and which prompts us to live in the new light better lives before our fellow men. The thing to love is the truth whether it hits us or not, and the one to honor is the truth-teller. Beautiful language does not make a beautiful sermon. What the average man regards as eloquence is froth not power. The power of God lies in Divine precepts. Truth makes man free because it is a living force. Many a so-called fine sermon is made up of mortal conclusions and well-dressed errors. The sermon that touches the heart is different from the polished discourse we read and admire in books. The man who really makes his heart the sanctuary of the Lord is a man of power. The Saviour did not call to his work the great and the pure—the true and brave were good enough for Him.

No, William, I do not endorse Billy Sunday. All I endorse is his individualism and his up-to-date figures of speech. I like the fire that is in him. He doesn't give thought enough to the counsel: "Judge not lest ye be judged!" I wish his religion was so good to him that he couldn't find any mean language to abuse those who do not view religion as he does. No man can fathom the deserts of his neighbor, or the judgments of God. Nobody is likely to be found with Lucifer because Billy Sunday says he is or will be there. Billy Sunday knows just as much about the future disposition of those he classes as wicked as he knows about the future of himself. Billy Sunday's aims are right, but his judgments are open to question. The sensationalism of the Saviour consisted of his calmness and self-possession and unfaltering example of faith under all circumstances; and this is where he was so different from other sensationalists. There is room for all with their eccentricies — their mistakes may be pardoned.

The demand for false legs, arms, and other parts of the human frame are in as much demand now as ammunition, and although the factories are running night and day there is no danger of an over supply. The great European war is making cripples faster than it is filling graves or making heroes. What difference does it make who is maimed or killed when royal issues are to be settled The greater liberty for men is not the aim, but greater power for tyrants. Contrast this selfish strife for power with the unselfish sacrifices of Christ for the supremacy of the holy spirit—of love. Is there any wonder the Turk taunts Christians with slaying one another, and tells us Moslems never do! What a loss must the nations sustain in the hundreds of thousands dead—what an abiding burden in the millions impaired for life! Germany must have elbow room, Russia a seaport, England supremacy, poor Belgium the help she deserves. May the American legs and arms and eyes not only carry a balm to the crippled, but a baptism of the spirit which recognizes the sovereignty of the individual and the right of men to rule themselves.

If fewer women had nerves it is more than likely fewer men would have drunks, not because they belong in pairs, but because disgust and despair must express themselves. The woman who weeps and the woman who nags, and the man who swears and the man who jags, have considerable to answer for. A woman who yields to nerves and the man who surrenders to the worst that is in him, are both making havoc of life. They are both inviting adversity for themselves and their progeny—they are exposing themselves to the very perils all who live well-ordered lives shun. Perhaps they are well-matched, for an hysterical woman has no sense, and a drunk cannot see the use of having any. They are poor-afflicted creatures you say. Verily, poor because of their folly, and afflicted by their own miserable habits. The world likes a woman who fights better than the woman who faints; and the man who struggles to overcome the burdens which stagger him instead of crooking his elbow with Despair. Womanhood and manhood call for true conceptions of life and loyalty to the best standards.

Sunday Morning Talk

SPRING DAYS.

I doubt whether even the sourest pessimist wholly misses the appeal of spring. There is a charm about this season that none can escape. The verriest clodhopper becomes something of a poet and sends in sonnets to the editor. Who can blame him? If autumn stands for thoughtful melancholy, spring stands for exuberance and hope and cheer. That man may be still alive but he is at least getting ready for the undertaker who can gaze unmoved on the faint green film flung like a veil over the tops of trees, on the delicate coloring of woodland flowers, on the fields growing vivid in the sunlight.

The words of Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launfal" are so beautiful and so true, withal, of May as well as June that today they must be quoted.

Now is the high-tide of the year
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living.

This yearly renewal of life cannot be lost on anyone of thoughtful mind. There is more to be observed than swelling buds and freshening landscapes

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms
She speaks a various language.

She speaks of power. Who can view all this order and design without conviction of a mighty Worker behind it? Who can observe all his evidence of thought without conceding the presence of a Supreme Thinker? The commonest phenomena of nature are wrapped in mystery. Study a single leaf or a single blade of grass. How can earth and air and water combine to produce this wondrous thing? The science of the world can only hint at the answer.

Nature in the springtime speaks of spiritual renewal. That which goes on in the world natural is a parable of what goes on in the souls of men. A few weeks ago the earth was frost-bound. The fields how bursting into bloom were hard and barren. The warm breath of spring is the miracle worker. And not otherwise the breath of God's spirit wakes to new life the hearts dead in trespasses and sins. It is the old yet ever new miracle of grace that helps us to believe that things are not always as bad as they seem and that there is a better day coming for ourselves and for the world.

As a prophecy of something yet to be spring speaks of immortality. It is a time, not of fulfilment, but of immense promise. Not yet do we see the golden sheaves of grain, nor the red applesc on the trees. The coming harvest is only foreshadowed. Is it not so as regards our human careers. "Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Our present state is prophetic. We are made for something better than is now apparent. These years are the spring time of humanity. We come to perfect flower and fruitage in the experiences of a world that lies beyond.

THE PARSON.

AS TO EFFICIENCY

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

It was Bulwer Lytton, I believe, who said that that is the most useful life which touches the greatest number of other lives at the greatest number of points. We can understand what he meant when we stop to consider the wonderful amount of good which it is permitted some mortals to do.

In the realm of invention, for instance; Clever Ones have thought out some device or aid which has meant untold saving of time and money and labor for those who have adopted it.

All the common implements and tools and household articles represent the practical ideas of somebody somewhere. In other words, they stand for someone's efficiency.

It may be a churn dasher, a patented plow, a planter or harvester, a new style egg-beater, some twist in the barbed wire of the fence, an economical kind of paint, a way of preserving pictures from books or magazines or papers so as to increase their mission of usefulness and beauty, even a recipe which will make palatable and nourishing some coarse portion of the grain or vegetable or fruit—in any case it spells the brains and thought and practical usefulness of some human.

Measures of efficiency differ with individuals and are as different. Not alone in practical, that is material affairs is efficiency shown, but in what we are pleased to call the lighter side of living.

He is a highly efficient and worthy member of society who, by a few strokes of the pencil can evolve a sketch which will make half the world laugh. Even more so is the mortal who, by a witty quip or line, can produce the same effect. For in this sordid, work-a-day world the value of mirth cannot be overestimated, even if we regard it merely from the standpoint of the physiologist who assures us that each hearty laugh pulls a nail out of one's coffin.

So, too, with the songs. The man who can utter the inspiring words, or write the lilting tune to which millions of feet will keep time, which can cheer either the soldier marching to battle in the defence of right or the heart saddened by the evryday cares of life, manifests one of the highest forms of efficiency. His, if we may believe Longfellow, is a divine mission.

God sends His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness or of mirth.
He gives a varying gift to each—
To charm, to strengthen, or to teach.

The world acknowledges the marvelous efficiency of the printed page; in the book, the pamphlet or the periodical or the daily paper.

The word goes forth concerning some action, achievement, discovery, accident, abuse, local, national or international, and like wildfire its influence spreads, until within a few hours it is the topic on every tongue. If the news has been told in terse, telling, effective—in another word in an efficient way, it has worked the miracle of moulding all men's minds to one line of thinking, almost miraculously.

It is only of late years that efficiency has been brought into prominence as a potent factor and a valuable asset in business life, although of course the man or woman of ability has been ever recognized as a leader.

Now the Efficiency Expert is entrusted with many odd and strange commissions. For instance, only yesterday the papers stated that, in London, an efficiency expert had been assigned to special duty at the front, studying possible economies in equipment and supplies. Already he has reported to the government that there are endless opportunities for preventing waste. He claims that these opportunities would be fully as profitable to the sum total of production as a ten or twenty per cent. speeding-up of the overworked factory hands in Manchester or Liverpool.

As a result of his inevtigations and the checks which he hopes to put upon the waste which seems synonymous with war, it is expected to save untold millions to the nation.

While the English efficiency expert is thus trying to save for his nation, across the channel in France another kind of efficiency is making an effort for national profit. There the industrial experts are combatting the manufacturing inefficiency which results from drink.

One of these experts, Prof. Joseph Reinach, has published a program of the average daily labor of a dock workman in a typical French port, demonstrating, what many industrial experts have long urged, that excessive drinking among the manufacturing populace in France is chargeable with a heavy toll of inefficiency. Everything is working toward an anti-drink crusade such as that which is gaining ground in England.

As a matter of course, every person cannot be an efficiency expert in the wide sense of these English and French authorities; but each one can be animated by the highest ideals of efficiency in his own little sphere.

Milton tells us of the heavenly host,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Again we are told,

Who sweeps a floor as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

We have heard much of late about the favorite hymn sung at the Billy Sunday meetings, "Brighten The Corner Where You Are." When it is said by an employer of his workman, "I never have to watch Blank—I am sure he will never slight anything!" when a farmer says about his hired man, "John takes as much interest in raising good crops as I do myself!" when the housemother remarks, "Jane has been with us so long that she is one of the family! She wouldn't waste a grain of salt!" they are speaking of efficiency experts, just as truly as are we who refer to the great English and French leaders who are working for the betterment of their nations.

For back of all efficiency is conscience—the desire to do one's best; to work with a jealous care for the interests of one's employer even more than for one's own.

And such conscientious work is certain to be recognized in the long run—and not always in Heaven alone, which most of us expect to have to reach before receiving our crown!

No person, be his state ever so lowly, need feel discouraged in the present age of the world. For there never was a time when there was such a demand for ideas—something new, something which nobody else has thought of, or which he has failed to carry to success because he has not quite attained the real finishing touch which it needed.

Invention, Science, Literature, Art, Industry, are simply crying out, appealing, for some new idea. Often the possessor of such fails to make his ideas paying and profitable because he is unwilling to work them to the pitch which renders him an efficiency expert; or he is disconcerted by ridicule, or discouraged by failure. Often the one who originates an idea has not the money to push it to success; but in these days, when promoters are willing to take any chance which seems to promise ultimate success, a new idea need not wait long for substantial backing.

THE DICTAGRAPH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

What May Has in Store.

Mr. Editor: In response to more than a hundred kind letters from Bulletin readers I wish to say, no, the Cloud Digger is not dead; neither is he sleeping, and after a record of nearly a quarter of a century in weather predictions equalled by no one in Southern New England for accuracy, has not gone out of business. Am still at the old stand.

One or two correspondents like the person who signed "Bulletin Reader," appear to think it a crime to make a mistake as I did in March weather.

If that same Bulletin reader had been as careful to read the weather predictions printed in The Bulletin day by day from the New York Herald, greatest weather bureau in the world, and also the U. S. paid bureau he would have found that they made just as big mistakes as I and did it from day to day, whereas I game him a month to study on.

My April predictions I haven't heard much kicking about as the Cloud Digger was the only one that gave the snow storm for Easter. Now as to May weather. May is to be entirely different from April. Cold, disagreeable. Many showers but not much heavy stormy weather. Frosts from 8 to 16. Again the last of the month. All vegetation backward and unless all signs fail when June 1st arrives we will be in the midst of a destructive drouth that is liable to continue through July and August. The prevailing winds of May should be west, northwest, with several days of cold northeasterly breeze. All berry crops will be short this year except swamp whortleberries.

The dry April has been a regular breeder for bug and worm pests, and they will be with us this year with a vengeance. Cut worms, striped squash bugs and old "stink" bugs as they are commonly called, will do more than usual damage. Rose bugs will come early and stay late, and in fact every pest of the insect kind except potato bugs will have its inning this year.

THE CLOUD DIGGER.

April 30, 1915.

Stories of the War

Devastation of Eastern Prussia.

The devastation and destruction that have been visited upon all of eastern East Prussia cannot be more strikingly appreciated than by a trip from this little town to Crajevo, a few miles across the border.

The trip supplies a remarkable series of contrasts that are fundamental and far-reaching. Black is no more like white than this part of Germany is like far western Russia from the standpoint of population, customs, and the general appearance of the country.

From Lyck to the border every house, without exception it is said, has been rifled and partly or entirely torn down. The broad, well-paved road is practically lined with the remnants of substantial buildings that in some cases, particularly in the border town of Prosiken were once attractive.

Along the road, as along virtually every road of its kind in Germany are shade trees—except where they have been cut down to allow of artillery fire. They are so universal that one gets used to them quite unconsciously, and immediately feels the lack when they disappear.

The peasants, largely of the Polish type, appear to be self-respecting and pleasant. They greet the casual passerby much as the farmer in America says how do you do to the stranger along the road, but with the same tings of equality in the greeting.

The once pleasant and prosperous country-side from Lyck to the border has been turned into a desert waste. In village after village there stand only the firm, substantial chimneys that even fire will not level to the ground. Almost without exception the remnants of the houses are of brick.

Then one comes to the line and almost in the time it takes to close one's eyes and open them again the scene changes so materially that one might be a hundred miles away.

First of all the devastation has ceased. Not a house has been levelled and not a building damaged. But in their very character the houses proclaim the marked contrast. The brick has given way to thatched huts, low, one-story affairs that fairly reek with filth and grime.

In the doorways stood, as an Associated Press correspondent made the trip recently, smirking, grovelling peasants, who bowed almost to the ground again and again, as long as the automobile was in sight. They showed the same servility to the military everywhere in command of the situation, and were quite oblivious of the scornful reception of their abject salutations.

As quickly as the character of the houses had changed, so had the trees vanished, and for thousands of yards stretched a bare, black road, cosy and treacherous over which the automobiles made their way with difficulty.

Lyck, Staggrabova and other little towns on the German side of the border but near the Russian line had left much to be desired in the way of cleanliness and general attractiveness, but as compared to Grajevo, when it finally was reached, they were models of beauty and sanitation.

The nearest approach to similarity was the inevitable market square, almost as big in size as all the rest of the town together. But in place of the familiar brick buildings, often of handsome construction, there lined the market nothing more pretentious than dirty hovels.

The desperateness with which the Russians had combatted the Germans for every foot of the territory was plainly evident in rows upon rows of trenches, always when possible built at the top of rising ground, covered over with evergreen or other branches and made with cunningly constructed loopholes. Rarely one saw a trench facing the other way—one that the Germans had had time to build hastily in the night. For the most part the advance had been possible only by storming each separate height and by driving the Russians out of their strongholds.

Operations Around St. Mihiel.

"The rupture of Saint Mihiel" is the soldier's characterization of the wedge, at an angle of about 40 degrees, that the Germans have held in the French line since September. It is in the Woeuvre and it's point rests at Saint Mihiel upon the lower extremity of the Heights of the Meuse. Near the point are the Bois Brule the Bois d'Ailly and the suburb of Chauvoncourt, all of which have had their days of glory in the war. Along the lower angle about 20 miles long which runs toward Pont-a-Mousson are the Bois de Mort Mare, the Bois le Pretre and Flirey.

The upper part of the angle about the same length ran west of Les Eparges until the recent engagements there that made the French masters of the eastern extremity of the Heights of the Meuse. From Les Eparges it runs northeast and rejoins the broken battle line near Etain. This position was particularly strong for the Germans as it had the frontier of Metz directly at its back. In fact it may be imagined to represent the head of an immense arrow that Metz launched with all its might at Verdun, and which glancing off from the greatest French fortress, lodged in the Heights of the Meuse at Saint Mihiel. All round it there has been heavy fighting since the first German advance and at Troyon, Dieulouard and the Saint German Hill some of the bloodiest work of the war.

It was the Crown Prince's army in its attempt to get at Verdun that indented the French line there by a mighty rush while its artillery was demolishing the interval fort of Troyon. It required 80,000 men to hold it and a simple glance at the map, and a reference to the communiques shows what the French are trying to do to it.

At Les Eparges and toward Etain on one side of the angle, and in the Mort Mare Woods and Le Pretre Woods on the other, they are gradually closing in and making the angle sharper. This work is slow and costly to both sides. Nowhere on the battle front has the art of digging in and the art of digging out been more highly developed. The German earthworks here were first-class underground fortifications and from them the French learned what they had to do. Weeks of sapping and mining from both directions at the same time were required to get at these subterranean fortresses.

The question was generally which would get there first; sometimes they met in their burrowing, like woodchucks come together by chance. If the Germans were masters in this sort of warfare at the outset, the French were apt pupils. Their facility of improvisation and remarkable initiative soon enabled them to do better than their teachers—with their teachers' tools—otherwise the "rupture of Saint Mihiel" would be today what it was in September.

General R——, a specialist in the engineering arm of the service, was entrusted by Joffre with the work of ferreting the Germans out of their burrows into the Woeuvre. His task is not finished but it is so well begun that the Germans at Saint Mihiel are somewhat in the position of the man who had the bear by the tail; they can't let go without grave danger of being captured, especially since the taking of Les Eparges gives the French possession of the heights that command the plains to the east inside the angle.

In the Woeuvre, not far from the point of the angle, General R.— organized a school of sapping and mining, where men at rest were exercised in the construction and destruction of underground fortifications. There he had reconstituted for their benefit an exact model of the best specimen of German intrenchment. "You must improve on this," he told them. "And, above all" he added, "you must know how to make it useless."

A veritable museum of underground warfare developed from this school and it was visited by officers from all sections of the battle front. It has now been abandoned because General R.— and his ferreting troops have narrowed the wedge and left behind them line after line of German trenches, most of them blown up before being captured. Now on both sides of the angle they are finding trenches already made for them. All they have to do is to repair the blown up sections and throw the bank of dirt from their side to that of the Germans.

Behind and in front of the battle front, and between the many lines of trenches that have hashed the landscape of the Woeuvre, little mounds, some of them surmounted by crosses, show how dearly each gain was bought and how desperately opposed. In many places they are so thick as to assume the importance of a town graveyard. In the Mont-Mare Woods, where the Germans resisted the slow French advance most vigorously, every foot of ground has seen bloodshed.

Under a continual storm of shot and shell for seven months, the forest presents a fantastic aspect. The trees seem to have been hacked with a sort of delirious rags. The destruction is everywhere, but not uniform. Many tree trunks are split as by a stroke of lighting, some have been pierced through and through by shells. In places the tree tops look as if they had suffered from a cyclone that didn't reach quite to the earth; in others careless pruners seem to have left unfinished a job badly begun. Everywhere the grown is strewn with the awful debris of war. It is in the trees also, hanging on jagged, broken branches in the form of legs, arms, other parts of human bodies, haversacks, blankets, uniforms, shreded and hurled through the air by the high explosives of the French 3-inch shells.

THE WAR PRIMER

By National Geographic Society

Enos—Telling of Enos, where the Allies recently landed troops to co-operate with their fleet in connection with their attack upon the Dardanelles, the National Geographic Society says:

"The rocky ridge of Enos is a back-door way to the ancient city on the Golden Horn. It lies about 155 miles west of Constantinople, upon the Gulf of Enos, in the northeast Aegean Sea. Thirty miles away is the northern shore of the Gallipoli peninsula, around which the Allied fleet has been conducting operations for months.

"Enos, insignificant, built on a rock ledge, and surrounded by broad marshes, becomes of unusual interest to the world in its new character as a base of land operations against the physical heart of the Ottoman Empire. The respectable antiquity of the town is attested by mention in Homer's Illiad. Formerly, Enos was a trading port of some importance, but it has lately lost much of its export to the adjacent seaport of Dedeagatch. The city's harbor is roomy and well-formed, but so neglected that it is too shallow for the larger sea-going vessels. Its export which it retains today is due to its position on the Maritza River, the great water highway from Adrianople, 80 miles inland, to the sea.

"The population of Enos is largely Greek seafarers, commission dealers, and merchants. It numbered in 1905 about 8,000. Its climate is supposed to be very unhealthy, malaria and swamp-damp being as great obstacles to the city's commercial growth as the drifting sand bars that have filled its harbor. The first part of the way from Enos toward Constantinople is through a level country, but the broken, mountainous regions begin long before the Bosphorous is reached."

"Archangel, the oldest port of the Russian Empire, in a few weeks more will awaken to vital war importance; for, when the arctic ice clears from the White Sea, Russia will be able to communicate with her allies through a free Western port and to receive much needed war supplies and other manufactures over a route thousands of miles shorter than that via Vladivostock. Archangel is situated at the head of the Dvina delta, as far north as the northernmost shores of Hudson Bay. It is the largest and most important city in the world placed so near the Arctic Circle.

"The harbor of Archangel is optimistically said to be open from May to October. However, it is only entirely free from ice during the months of July and August, although, in the average year, it is free for navigating purposes for a period some weeks longer. The city lies on the Dvina River, 26 miles from the White Sea. It is 740 miles northeast of St. Petersburg, and is connected with the distributing centers of the interior by railway and canal.

"Not only is Archangel interesting as a city in the extreme Far North, but it is still more interesting as one of the most ancient cities built upon the fringe of eternal arctic whiteness. Before the year 900, the Norsemen came here and traded. They laid the foundations of the present city, a city that has grown slowly but almost without halt, preserved in peace by its isolated position in the North. The city has achieved its present-day importance as an outlet for the products of the far northern and western parts of the Russian Empire.

"During its short season for navigation, Archangel is the busiest point in all the North. Between 800 and 1,000 vessels call here through the brief season. The total value of imports and exports amounts to about $5,000,000, and, this year under war conditions, should amount to much more. The chief articles of traffic in peace times are fish, skins, furs, timber, wax, iron, tallow, bristles and caviar."

OTHER VIEW POINTS

Post office department efficiency is again brought to the attention of this city by the discovery that boxes ordered for local use nearly a year ago have not yet been delivered. Is it possible that they have been sent to the dead letter office or to the war zone for the use of men in the trenches.—Waterbury Republican.

When it is remembered that 25 per cent. of the deaths registered in Connecticut are of children under five, the importance of taking steps to conserve child life may readily be realized. The plan evolved by Miss Julia C. Lathrop, chief of the children's bureau, for promoting child welfare by commencing with a study of the conditions against which infants so frequently battle for life, is of the most practical and constructive nature. A thorough understanding of the causes of excessive infant mortality is the first step toward eliminating them.—Bridgeport Standard.

The new law states flatly that standing trolley cars shall not be passed while in the act of discharging passengers, until after the motor vehicle shall have come to a full stop, not less than ten feet away from the trolley car. The trolley car may be passed when it has resumed motion, or when the street is "reasonably clear." This is a big improvement to the automobile law and will clarify the situation by making the law uniform. Automobiles ought to stop behind trolley cars discharging passengers, and the state law ought to say so distinctly, so that there can be no question about it.—Bridgeport Telegram.

While Connecticut is earning millions of dollars by manufacturing armaments, it cannot be expected to run its legs off for the cause of "limited armaments." It may even be excused if it watches through different goggles than usual the proceedings of a meeting in progress in Boston today, which has for its slogan: "Cripple war by curbing its creator—armament." The league back of this movement is not primarily organized to throttle industry, it is claimed, or does the fact that it has acquired branches in numerous cities of the United States make it appear either very formidable or very promising.—Hartford Times.

There will be a fight. The people of the state of Conecticut will call the members of both houses to answer for the unopposed passage of a bill which is the most rankly disregardful of the principles of economy of anything that has been done at Hartford this year. We can't have a farm for inebriates, because we haven't the money. We can't properly care for our insane, because we haven't the money. We can't advance the life-saving work of anti-tuberculosis as we ought, because we haven't the money. But we can employ seven hungry lawyers at $5,000 per on the job of revising the statutes, whether we have the money or not. There ought to be a fight.—New Haven Register.

One can have an overdose of even such an interesting thing as party secrets and party skeletons. The way they are dragging them forth at Albany one might imagine that there will soon be a shortage in the market for articulated bones and dirty linen. And the worst of it all is that most of the secrets that are being brought forth are no secrets at all. We knew all of the substantial facts before both as to Barnes and Roosevelt. It has been commonplace for long that the doughty colonel hobnobbed with the bosses and liked the sensation when he was young in politics. It has been long known that, when he got into his stride, he was considerable in the boss line himself, always of course for purely altruistic purposes. The public tires of the rehearsing of ancient scandal.—Ansonia Sentinel.

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