

Through a Woman's Eyes

WALES AND THE WAR

By MAY CHRISTIE, M. A.

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A sunny morning on the lovely coast of Wales. Scents of roses and wild thyme were in the air, and the sea-pinks peeped out bravely from their gray-green tufts. Gulls were crying and calling to each other, and the sea splashed on the soft, stony rocks below the cliffs.

Down in the little village with the unpromising name, there was great excitement. Three fishing smacks had failed to return, and the ominous word "Submarine" was on every lip. "Cotton pawb" cried an old woman, running through the crowd and wringing her hands excitedly. "If no news come of my poor man, 'tis mad I shall go. Canst' thee do nothing?"

She wore the wide shawl of the Welsh costume and a high-frilled cap. Her white hair was loosened in the morning wind and her grief was most pitiable to behold. When evening came, the bad news was confirmed. The three fishing boats had all been submerged, and no one had been saved.

At night the little inn was crowded with gossipers, chiefly old men, for most of the young ones were off to the war. They sat on settles of black oak, drinking the home-brewed ale, while the peat fire sent its circling smoke up the wide chimney. A queer, old-fashioned place, the doors heavily coated with tar and everything reeking of the sea. "Hush!" cried the landlord. "Listen! And the rattle of glasses and the general murmur of the Welsh tongue ceased as the sound of singing rang down the valley. 'Well, indeed, 'tis the young girls practicing for the Eisteddfod,' cried someone, and 'Etto! Etto!' (again) again with shouts of applause.

For music stirs the Welsh heart as nothing else in this world can do. And the old men joined in the refrain with voices that still were harmonious in spite of age.

The inn door opened and a young soldier walked in. He was blind, and his left coat sleeve was empty. "Ah, druan bach, druan bach!" (Poor fellow, poor fellow) cried the old men, moving to make room for him.

But the "druan bach" seemed perfectly cheerful. And later in the evening he related his experiences. "I fought for eight months in France without receiving a scratch," he said, "and though the life was hard, we had many things to lighten it. For instance, sometimes we would have short truces with the enemy and our part of the line and hold our strange concert in the trench, too. There was an old ruin, and the Germans would occupy one side of it, well away from us, while we would be in the other. Our boys sang wonderfully, all in unison, and the Germans would cheer us to the skies. Their singing wasn't half so good as ours. The trenches were only 50 yards apart, too, and often when we sang there, answering music would come from the enemy trenches.

"One night the Prussian regiment we had occasionally had truces with was removed under cover of darkness and the Germans came to take their place. We didn't know of the change and got a fright when marching out to our ruined castle for a little evening sing-song, the new regiment poured a volley of fire at us.

"We were determined to pay them back. So, three nights later, we rushed their trenches in the dark. I spiked two German sentries for a start, stationed out in No Man's Land. They fell without a sound. The Celtic blood of the Welsh ran up, and we rushed straight ahead, that was a terrible sight in the Irish trenches. Such a mix-up of screaming, cursing, tramping and bayoneting each other, and the rain pouring down in torrents.

"The Germans were driven back. Just as the last one retreated, he shot me in the face. The bullet destroyed one eye, and I fell back in the mud. My companions didn't see me, and left me lying there. After I woke up to find myself a prisoner in a German camp! It seemed that the Germans had received the news that we were a few hours after their retreat, and bound me.

"What a dreary thing it was to be a prisoner of war! The sight of one eye was entirely gone, and I feared that the other was going, too. Then escape would be impossible. Oh, how I longed to be back with my old cheery Welsh regiment!

"And so we plotted together, the other prisoners and I. We slept in a farmhouse with barred windows, two guards at the front door and another stationed just outside our room. On Sunday nights the British Intelligence Service would send an extra supply of beer. So Sunday night, then, was our chosen time. 'We drilled a hole in the floor—it was

worm-eaten and the plaster of the ceiling went moldy—and dropped ceiling through. Silence in the hours we were only by the snoring of the guards at the front door. We had removed our boots and tiptoed gently down.

"Alas! alas! Just as we slipped past them, there was a roar from the one upstairs. Three men hurrying after us. Luckily for us, he tripped and fell over the two at the door, wakening them, and in the midst of much cursing and shooting we rushed out into the darkness.

"For two days we hid in the woods, without food, while bells were rung and volleys fired, and search parties pierced the bushes with their bayonets to within a few feet of where we lay! Then on we would creep through snow and ice, until we were too weak to continue and my arm began to freeze.

"My companions went ahead to reconnoiter, and it was then that a German cavalry woman named Poor soul, she was so terrified that she dropped her market basket and ran for dear life! No wonder, for it was a queer, hollow-eyed spectre of a man in a tattered coat and ice, and I had the contents of her basket were a godsend. There were a bottle of wine and some cold meat, and when my companions returned and told me that the frontier was only 200 yards ahead, we shared the wine and hurriedly together, then all crawled on into safety."

"But your arm—and your eyes?" queried the old Welshmen by the fire. "Ach y fi!" ejaculated the soldier. "I was shot in the eye, and the German woods that made me lose the arm—and, not long after, total blindness followed the loss of one eye and the weakness of the other. But after a long rest, the doctors tell me that some hope I may see again, although," he sighed, "always dimly."

Like all Celtic peoples, the Welsh are deeply religious. It was in a little country church the other day that I first heard the old pathetic hymns of the nation. The music was like the sound of the wind as it whistled over the bleak moors outside or sighed through the deep forests that were so close to us. The service following was in Welsh.

On the walls of the church were memorial tablets to officers fallen in the present war. There was one erected to the memory of one of eighteen soldiers who had died in France. Below ran the famous motto: "A ddiodeffws a orfu" (He who suffers, conquers). Another was erected by a widow to her only son, an officer of the South Wales Borderers, who was very greatly loved, was written in English—then below: "Hedd Duw a' dangnef." (God's peace, and His heavenly tranquility).

The voices of the congregation rose and blended in an old Welsh psalm. There was a fervor in their tones that was almost fanatical.

A strong belief in the supernatural is another Welsh characteristic. Journeying through Wales, we met it everywhere. In a small northern town there is a spring of water supposed to be endowed with miraculous properties. It was there that I saw an old woman with her head-cloth on. She had traveled quite a distance in the hope that the fountain—St. Winefred's Well, it is called—would restore him to health again. Poor boy! He was recovering from serious wounds and gazed sadly into vacancy, without one word to say. His mother urged him to drink the water, and he did as she asked, but in a bewildered way which showed that he understood nothing very clearly.

"Oh anwl, oh leuan fach!" she cried, using the old Welsh terms of endearment, "drink much, because this water has healing in it."

A peasant told me the history of the well—a history which all the people in the district believe to be true. Way back in the seventh century a beautiful damsel called Wynfrew was beloved by a neighboring chieftain, Caradoc. She was bashful and coy, however, refusing his oft-repeated proposals of marriage. So the much-increased youth pursued her head-cloth on, which he rolled down hill. From the spot where it rested, water immediately gushed forth, possessed of peculiar healing properties. St. Bruno then arrived on the scene, carried the slender body, replaced it on the lady's slender neck, the parts reunited and she lived happily ever after. But not with Caradoc. That bad young man was struck down dead for his sins.

"I know of St. Winefred's Well, then, are to be found quite a number of superstitious Welsh soldiers, seeking healing for their wounds. I noted the peculiar texture of the moss and the strong, sweet scent it gives out.

At Ebbw-ty-Cod there are wonderful waterfalls, but a spirit of evil is supposed to hang about them. For wailing sounds mingle with the noise that the spirit of a wicked baronet who had died 500 years ago was complaining to live below the waters of the lower fall. "Dost hear the shrieks and howlings?" he inquired eagerly. "His soul is still in torment down there."

It was in beautiful Llandudno that I saw the more direct effects of the war. Away in the rural districts the men have gone off to fight, or news has come back that they are killed or wounded. But Llandudno is the place where they come to recuperate after their wounds. It's a glorious town, the great cliffs hollowed into caverns by the action of the waves, and the sea birds circling in snowy patches against a gray sky.

Parties of convalescent soldiers drove past on their way to the big rocky promontory, Great Orme's Head. The orone-laden breezes had brought a healthy color to their cheeks, and they waved their hands to every passer-by.

"This kind of driving is very different from the sort I've done for the last six months," said a big, stalwart fellow who was recovering from blood-poisoning that had followed on a shattered hand. "I was attached to an ammunition park, and had to drive, full speed ahead, along the trenches. I dared not carry any lamps, although every now and then star-shells would illumine the road before me, then, falling, would plunge some hole I may see again, although," he sighed, "always dimly."

STRIKERS TO HEAR RESULT OF PROBE

Outcome of Investigation Into Terminal "Graft" Charges to Be Announced.

A mass meeting of the 450 striking employees of the Washington Terminal Company will be held this morning at Eighth and F streets northeast to consider questions of vital importance to the men. The meeting will be to announce results of an investigation which the strikers and the Terminal Company have been making into charges that employees were compelled to give cash "gratuities" to their bosses, an alleged condition which brought on the strike.

More than twenty affidavits supporting the charges were taken yesterday. The bybe money the men say they paid to hold their jobs or to gain promotions varied from \$1 to \$5, according to reports. The affidavits are being taken by Edmund Leigh, representing A. W. Thompson, president of the Terminal Company; George Nolte, vice president of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, and W. S. Goodhall, a labor man.

That the way for arbitration will have been paved with the completion of the taking of affidavits, is the opinion of Mr. Nolte, chief representative of the strikers. He believes the company is disposed to be fair, since it has detailed a representative to assist in investigating the strike. The strikers also will decide whether they will draw their pay today. If they decide to apply for their pay envelopes, they will be advised not to make any demonstrations at the pay offices and not to be seen about saloons later.

Southern Women Eulogized At Arlington Ceremonies

President Wilson and more than 1,000 Southerners of Washington and vicinity, in impressive ceremonies at Arlington Cemetery yesterday, paid tribute to the women who died for the South during the civil war. Through the announcement of his name brought cheers from hundreds, President Wilson sat merely as one of the spectators during the ceremony. Other prominent persons present were the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Joseph Daniels.

Senator James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi, the principal speaker, declared that while the men who died for the South were being honored, the people present were honoring themselves in paying tribute. "With all the heroism of the Confederate man and soldier," he said, "he pales into insignificance in comparison with the Confederate women."

The speaker portrayed the service of women rendered the South during the civil war and declared that the South would have been compelled to capitulate long before it did but for its women. "In traveling about the country," he said, "I see a great many monuments erected to the men of this country, but very few erected to its noble women."

Following this the Marine Band rendered "Rock of Ages."

The invocation was given by Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, chaplain of the Senate, and the benediction by Rev. Andrew R. Bird, Hillary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy, spoke on the acceptance by the Confederate Veterans of an invitation to hold their next reunion in Washington.

Those heads - the various committees were: Capt. John M. Hickey, Mrs. Jane Covington, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Fred, Mrs. John T. Callaghan, W. E. Brookman, W. L. Wilkerson, John T. Callaghan, and J. P. Altizer.

HONORS PAID TO JOAQUIN MILLER

Annual Memorial Services for California Poet Are Held at Rock Creek Park Cabin.

Annual memorial exercises for Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras," were conducted yesterday by the California State Association at the Joaquin Miller cabin in Rock Creek Park. The fourth anniversary of the removal of the cabin from Meridian Hill to the park also was celebrated.

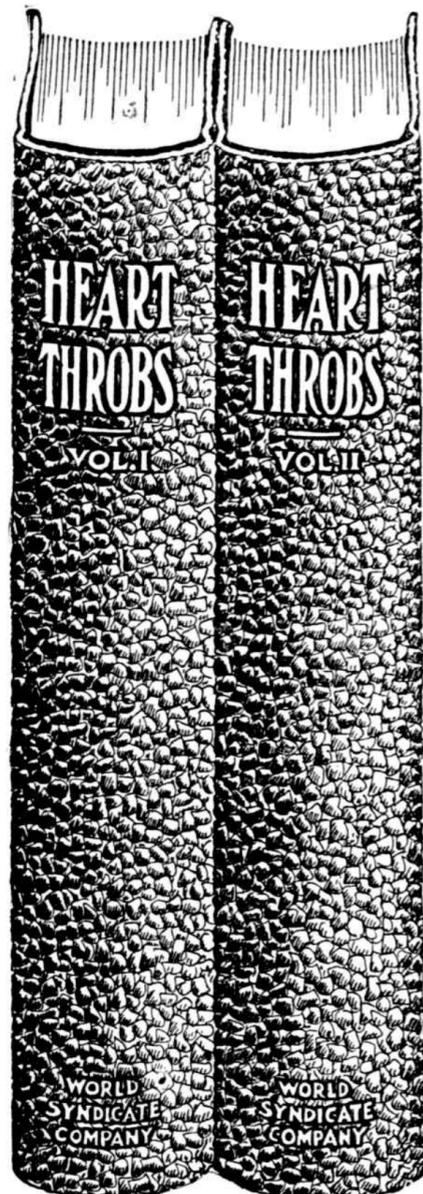
A feature of the ceremony was the unveiling of a nameplate, to be placed on the cabin. An announcement was made that the cabin would be covered with a large shed. Speakers at the ceremony were Representative John E. Raker, of California; M. F. O'Donoghue, president of the association; Representative Humphrey of Washington; A. J. Boyer, historian of the association, and Guy W. McCord.

Representative Raker touched upon the life of the poet and the inspirations of some of his poems. "When Joaquin Miller came West from his native State of Indiana," he said, "he was impressed with the wonderful scenery of the Sierras and with the heroic life of the pioneers. The great trees, mountains of surpassing grandeur, and entrancing lakes and streams inspired him to his great efforts."

Representative Humphrey made a brief address in which he spoke of Miller's participation in the gold rush to Alaska, and how, though an old man, Miller carried a pack on his back into the North. Miller's poem, "My Log Cabin Lower," supposed to be the last work from his pen, was read by Fred Woodward.

Ten thousand dollars

in prizes were awarded by Joe Mitchell Chapple to determine the most popular selections of the American people. 50,000 contributed and the result is "Heart Throbs," which is now offered to readers



of THE WASHINGTON HERALD

In sending his message to the people to help him make "Heart Throbs," Joe Mitchell Chapple said: "We want you to send us that favorite clipping, the one you have treasured as the choicest bit of literature you know. You have a very special favorite in your old scrap book or folded away carefully somewhere in your pocket-book. Perhaps it is underscored or margin-marked in some volume at home. That's it! It gripped your heart!" More than 50,000 of the plain people of America responded. It cannot be too strongly stated that what constituted the heart favorites of fifty thousand people would become the heart favorites of fifty million people. Human nature is the same all over the world. And it is this feature, possessed by no other book in the world, that is destined to make "Heart Throbs" the greatest two volumes ever published. We feel that we have performed a great service to our readers in affording them an opportunity to get these wonderful books almost free.

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