

BURIAL NOW IS GIVEN SOLDIER WAR VICTIMS

Unmarked Graves are Thing of Past and Proper Interment is Ordered.

Old Battle Fields Strewn With Unmarked Crosses Over Unidentified.

London, Dec. 6.—In keeping with all other phases of the war, order has come at last in the care of the dead. Where all was topsy-turvy two years ago in the first pell-mell rush to battle, and where there was little time to bury men even where they fell, the British now have evolved an organization and a system of dealing with this evergrowing problem which will at least relieve the bereaved at home of the added torment and anxiety of the unknown grave.

At the beginning of the war men were buried near the trenches only to have their graves blown away by ex-

ploding shells the very next day. But many remained, and some have been identified as the Allies have fought their way slowly back over part of the ground once occupied by the Germans. Where there was hard fighting in France and Belgium, the eye of the traveler along the roads today is struck by many low crosses sticking out of the ground in the fields, in cottage gardens, in corners of farmyards and orchards, even on the roadside strips of grass. Where the ground has changed hands a good deal in the course of the war one can see, within a few hundred yards of each other, the gabled and caved cross of the Germans, the "Hier ruht in Gott" and a name painted white on a dark background; the bearded and winged figure of the Requisite or Mort pour la France; and the plain lined cross of the English, white or light brown, or just unpainted wood, in loving memory, "or one or more of these and men.

The very position of some of these isolated memorials is eloquent. Near Fricourt, on what used to be "No Man's Land" until the English won it the past summer, a number of English crosses stand to the memory of unknown French soldiers. This was part of the line turned over to the English by the French "à la baïonnette" in the trenches and our dead," they said. When the English offensive began last July and the first line German trenches were carried by storm, it was one of the first of the British Tommies to bury the bodies of their French comrades, some having lain in the fire-swept zone since late in the winter.

To some officers the idea of being buried where they fall, and have there erected even the modest little memorial of a roughly hewn cross, is an honor greater than the shelter of the trenches. The French bury their graves, and some part of the trenches near them, probably will be preserved forever by village communes or private owners of land.

But as the fighting has lingered, and there still is much stubborn fighting ahead—some say for years—the care of the dead has become a most important branch of war work—important as the care of the living. The British have organized a Commission of Graves Registration and Inquiries and under its direction registration units and sections have been sent to the front, and back to the front. Much of the work is done by non-combatants, but many of their tasks must be carried out under fire and some have been killed and others wounded.

When an officer or man is killed at the front, or dies of wounds, his burial is now at once reported to the registration units. If killed in action he may still be buried in the old way somewhere near the trench. If so, the chaplain or officer who buries him, reports the position of the grave, which is as soon as possible marked with a durable cross and an identification plate stamped in aluminum.

But this mode is becoming much less common. The army has been quick to realize the desirability of burying its dead in the nearest of the 300 or more recognized cemeteries behind the lines. The bodies are carried back by road or light railway to one of these little wooden, iron or canvas mortuaries which the registration units have set up in the cemeteries. There is nothing particularly about the funerals, everything is done as tenderly and reverently as if the dead were in an English churchyard.

Some of the cemeteries are great extensions of little village graveyards. Some were begun by special corps or divisions, which wished to bury their dead all together. In one is found separate plots, each with its special entrance, for Gurkhas, Sikhs and Punjabs. Under the great trees of another, where many of those who fell at Festubert lie, some Indian soldiers have followed the custom of their country and built brick tombs of extraordinary massiveness.

At Villers aux Bois the French buried 2,500 of those who were killed

BESIDE GIANT FRENCH CANNON AT VERDUN MEN LOOK LIKE PIGMIES

This giant French 240-mm. gun is one of many used in the defense of Verdun by the allies. An idea of the size of the cannon may be gained by comparison with one of the members of the gun crew alongside. The gun is moved on a specially constructed railroad.



SERBIA LOOTED BY GERMAN FORCE

Teutonic Invaders Said to Have Carried off all Crops and Supplies.

London, Dec. 6.—"Siberia is starving; tell our brothers at Salonica to make haste, for Serbia is at her last gasp." This message has been brought direct from Serbia by a special correspondent of the Paris Journal.

Greatly daring, he rowed across the Danube one night from the Rumanian shore and landed on the Serbian territory on the further shore occupied by the Austrians.

He and his companion found awaiting them a score of haggard figures in ragged uniforms, but all armed. These were Serbian officers and soldiers, the survivors of last year's Serbian army, a handful of the heroic 10,000 guerrilla troops who are fugitives in their own land.

They have taken to the mountains, whence they harry the Teutonic allies when the opportunity offers. On one occasion they made a descent upon an occupied town and put the Austrian garrison to flight. Fugitive expeditions of Austrians and Bulgarians have failed to intimidate these heroic Serbs, and the Teutons are said by the correspondent to have long since learned not to provoke them.

One day a Serbian general landed in their midst from a French airplane, and gave them encouragement. They are the soul of the surviving population, the oppressed country's one link with freedom.

With these phantoms of old Serbia grouped about, the correspondent conversed with one of their leaders, a captain wounded in the great retreat almost exactly twelve months ago.

He spoke of nameless atrocities committed by the Teutons in the early days of the occupation, of massacres and famine to which the country is succumbing. Stocks of food which it was estimated were enough to last the whole population two years were immediately seized with the most pitiless thoroughness. In particular thousands of pigs were driven off by the invaders.

The whole of the season's harvest has also been requisitioned, so that at the end of the year the people will be starving. The destitution is boundless. The children are dying wholesale for want of food. Conditions are worse in the towns than in the country. Many have committed suicide in order to end their sufferings.

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TEUTONIC SPIES VERY BUSY IN FRENCH CITIES

Artillery Attack Followed the Cabinet Members' Visit to Front.

Paris, Dec. 6.—The question of spies spying is always a live one in France, for many incidents can be recounted which show either that the Germans have close information on what happens in their enemy's lines or that chance is a wonderful thing. For instance, a number of cabinet members visited a town in the north a few days ago, being accompanied by the director of an important mining works near the town.

To suit the convenience of this gentleman the train that took the ministers away was started an hour earlier than had been arranged. An hour later, at the time the train was intended to leave, the station underwent a hot bombardment, and thanks to the change in the time table the ministers escaped a very bad quarter of an hour.

Almost every returned poilu can tell a story similar to the following: A division famous for its fighting qualities was suddenly moved to a new position so quickly that the men themselves did not know exactly where they were. Within an hour a board was hoisted above the nearest German trench bearing the inscription in large letters, "Welcome to the Gallant Division," and giving the exact divisional number.

The Cri de Paris gives another example that occurred during M. Clemenceau's recent visit to the front as chairman of the senate's army committee.

"Tiger" Saw Slain Soldier.

The section was very quiet, nothing had happened for days there. Earlier there had been some hot fighting and the "Tiger" could see the dead body of a French soldier still hanging on the barbed wire between the trenches.

M. Clemenceau gazed at the poor remains with admiration, sadness and then fury. His eyes clouded over and words of vengeance came indistinctly from his lips. At this moment an explosion was heard close by and then another. Clouds of smoke arose from near where M. Clemenceau stood and the explosions came nearer and nearer. He continued looking at the corpse of the poor soldier.

An officer hurried up. "Monsieur le President," said (a President of the Council or Premier remains "monsieur le President" all his life), "the major has sent me to warn you that it's a pretty bad place where you are, it is probable that they have sighted you. It's certain that a barring fire is beginning. The major begs you to get under shelter."

"And why so?" asked M. Clemenceau. "But, Monsieur le President, you may be wounded and then—" "Tiger," would it not be a fine death at my age; the finest a man could dream of?"

Apostrophizes Dead Here.

And he went on in that semi-sarcastic vein that he enjoys. "Just think, Monsieur, I no longer love women, and men disgust me; it would be a good time to make a fine finish!" Then turning toward the dead body he apostrophized it with:

"You were young, you had a long future before you; you had done ill

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to no one, women pleased you and you had faith in men. How much better it would be if you were alive here and an old body like mine were hanging out there in place of yours!" The artillery fire finished before M. Clemenceau moved on and the staff captain who accompanied him told the story afterward, declaring, "I tell you he was wonderful! wonderful!" repeating the word "epatant," which means so much in a Frenchman's mouth.

M. Clemenceau is 71 and was Mayor of the Montmartre district at the time of the last war with Germany.

Francesco Paolo Tosti, Famous Composer, Dead

Paris, Dec. 6.—The death in Rome of Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti, composer and song writer, is announced in a dispatch to the Havas Agency.

Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti was born April 9, 1846, at Ortona, Italy. Among the popular songs composed by him are "Amore," "That Day," "For Ever," "Farewell" and "At Vespers." He served as singing-master to the princess, who later became Queen Margherita, and in 1880 he was called to London to assume a similar position to the royal family of England. He was knighted in 1909 by King Edward.

Most men with swelled heads wear awfully small hats.

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BIRTH CONTROL WILL SOLVE FAMILY TROUBLES

So Declares Judge John Stelk After Sitting in Court of Domestic Relations.

Chicago, Dec. 6.—"I believe in birth control," declared Judge John Stelk yesterday at the close of his first day's service in the Court of Domestic Relations. "I think that will solve ninety per cent of these domestic difficulties. The biggest families have the most troubles, have sat in this court before during vacations and I have heard a lot of divorce cases, and from my observation during the last twenty-eight years I think birth control would be a solution.

"The poor man can afford only so many children and then twice that many come. He simply can't support them, and all kinds of miseries result. He needs it more, yet he is denied information his wealthy brother can obtain. The big families are in the little homes.

Serious causes of domestic difficulties" continued the judge, "are these hasty marriages, the extreme youth of couples, and most of all, their ignorance. They don't know what they are getting into, they have no idea of the responsibilities they are assuming.

"Once I had a young fellow about 22 or 23 years of age, the wife of trying to put pillows over the two babies' mouths to keep them from crying. I asked him why he behaved so and he said: 'Judge their crying simply drives me crazy. I can't help it. I'm built that way. If I had known what it meant I wouldn't have married for anything in the world.' That's a state a lot of young people are in, and they ought to be educated to see that marriage isn't a light thing.

"Another trouble is religion. Where young people are of opposite beliefs, if they are conscientious observers, they ought not to marry. Because when the babies come, trouble develops immediately. It begins earlier sometimes over the question of going to church.

Men seldom get more than a dime for a hard luck story.