TWELVE FIGHTS IN ONE NIGHT FOR TREE STUMP

Hartmannsweiler-Kopf in the Vosges Is Scene of Constant Fighting.

TRENCHES FIVE YARDS APART

Character of Warfare That Has Engaged Armies in Alsace for Seventeen Months—Capture of Cemetery Costs More Dead Than Were Ever Buried in It.

London.—The following is published in the London Daily Express from its correspondent in Paris:

"When the snow-laden wind comes roaring over the Alsatian hills, its icy blast chilling the body to the bone, the 'poilus,' huddled together, many feet below the ground, draw their blankets closer around them, for the blizzard creeps down every nook and cranny, and the men, now experiencing their second winter campaign in the Vosges, mumur: 'How cold the Boches must feel!'

"This note of cheerfulness prevails throughout the French lines, and nowhere more than in this sector of the front. I have chatted with Turcos, who now see snow for the first time, and with men whose extremities were frost bitten last winter, but everyone is happy with the idea that, no matter how much he feels the cold, the plight of the Germans must be much worse.

"Here we are in German territory; there is no gainsaying that aid to cheerfulness. How far we have progressed I am forbidden to state, but I can affirm that no fewer than twenty Alsatian towns are now within the penny postal rate of France. Every yard gained is a step nearer the Rhine, but for every foot of ground conceded by the enemy there is bloody fighting. Hartmannsweiler-Kopf has become a symbol of the conflict in Alsace; in no other sector of the front, so the French general staff say, has the fighting been so severe, but the importance of its loss or gain must not be exaggerated.

"The summit, it is true, commands a great portion of the plains of Alsace, but ever since the French first reached the foot of the hill the whole of Hartmannsweiler-Kopf has never been wholly in the possession of either French or German.

Warfare in Black and White.

"Here is warfare in black and white. The black uniforms of the Chasseurs Alpins are silhouetted against a background of snow. From an observation post one sees columns of sure-footed mules carrying parts of guns, and companies of men, like myriads of ants, crawling through the mountain passes; or again, patches of black, vague smudges, whirling over the snow. More Chasseurs Alpins rushing on skis over hill and dale, stopping, twisting, firing and rushing on again; agile little men who are the terror of the Germans' lives in this sector.

"Tales of their daring are legion. It is not so long ago that a handful of them crawled through the German lines and brought back a munition train! It was in the early hours of a winter's morning. They found the train with steam up; the engine was started, the enemy was taken completely by surprise, and the train was brought to a spot near enough to the French lines for the men to remove the munitions and destroy the train.

"The Chasseurs, or 'blue devils' as they are called, were concerned in the taking of Sudel farm, which opened up the road to the Reinbach valley. After some skirmishing between outposts the French established themselves on the River Sutz. The snow was falling thickly when the French began their advance in the teeth of a hurricane of shells that came from the German batteries on the hills behind Cernay, but nothing daunted the "devils," although they were two days on the way, sleeping in the snow.

"At dawn on the third day the French outposts heard the sound of firing. It was caused by the skiers, who had been out all night looking for the enemy. They returned, bringing back with them two wounded German officers and six men.

"The ruins of the Chateau Freudstein concealed the guns, and massed in neighboring valleys were the Germans. Enemy airmen had been hovering over the column since it set out, and undoubtedly the enemy was trying to draw the French into a trap, but Teuton slyness went astray. Soon the enemy found he had no chance of ambushing the French, and he changed his tactics and sent out one company from a Bavarian regiment to wipe out the 'blue devils.' The speed of the men on skis was too great, however for the heavy-footed Boches and they were soon outdistanced. A French battery of heavy artillery received a telephone message giving them the approximate range, and after a period of bombardment the guns in the ruins of the chateau were silenced.

Storming Sudel Farm.

"Then came the opportunity sought by the 'devils;' they began their attack against the center of the German position, which was Sudel farm. They advanced under cover to within about three hundred yards of the position they had to storm, but the last stretch was across open ground.

"After a brief but sanguinary action the position was carried, enabling the Chasseurs to open a murderous fire on their front and right.

"Without the expected support of their artillery in the chateau, the Germans were powerless against the human waves that swept over them, and they withdrew, but in good order, fighting a rear-guard action until the 'blue devils' charged with the bayonet. The action terminated in a complete rout of the enemy and about 300 unwounded prisoners remained in the hands of the French.

"A recent German communique spoke of a repulse of a French attack 'near Metzeral,' but omitted to mention that Metzeral is in the hands of the French, and has been so ever since our gallant allies won one of the most brilliant battles of this war. When the French advance approached Metzeral the Germans began to make a fortress of this little Alsatian town, and the streets were barricaded with barbed wire, and overturned carts masked machine guns. The battle began by an attack launched against the forest. Trees were uprooted in hundreds by the French guns, and gradually the enemy was pushed out of the forest, but it was only then that a fresh surprise was sprung on the French.

"The enemy had dug trenches in the forest, which he filled with barrels of tar; these were connected by electricity with a point behind the German lines, and as the French rushed through the forest the barrels were ignited. Nevertheless, this did not stop the advance. They reached the outskirts of Metzeral, and here the fighting became furious. A number of factories were defended by the enemy, and each had to be carried separately by the attacking party.

"From windows machine guns poured a hail of lead on the heads of the French. The men had to break down the doors and fight their way up, story by story. South of the town the enemy defended the cemetery, which held up the attack for a whole night. The tombs were already torn away by the French shells, but the vaults were the scene of fighting of the grimmest description. The handles of coffins were wrenched off and used as knuckle-dusters by the enemy, who made a most stubborn defense; every vault sheltered a small battle, and the vaults themselves had previously been mined by the enemy; when they became no longer tenable they were blown up.

Capture Metzeral Cemetery.

"The cemetery was carried in the early hours of the morning, but not before it held more dead than ever were buried in it.

"The taking of this salient did not complete the task set to the French Practically every house in the town was defended, and from cellar to the top story the French had to fight their way before Metzeral was finally in their hands. Truly, the enemy has not cause to make much mention of Metzeral in his official communications.

"At the same time that the French were attacking in this sector, a second successful offensive movement was being carried out along both banks of the Fecht. Two important hills, Nos. 665 and 698, were stormed, and eventually Sillackerwasen was taken. From this point Munster was bombarded, which led to the evacuation of this town.

"The progress along the crest of Linge, about five miles north of Munster, led to the withdrawal of the German troops here, although strong re-enforcements had only arrived three days previously, but the terrible fire of the French artillery paralyzed the men fresh from the drive in Russia. They were, neverthless, put in to garrison the town, and there they probably remain, still bombarded by the French, who are slowly but surely creeping along the Munster valley

"Altkirch was evacuated by the Germans two weeks ago, and not for the reasons put forward by the Basel newspapers. The Germans have insinuated that the civil population was withdrawn because of the arrival of fresh troops to undertake an offensive in this sector, but the truth is that the lower part of the town is flooded, as it usually is at this period of the year, and the French advance towards Altkirch has made the town unhealthy for the civil population.

"Hartmannsweiler-Kopf is likely to figure in the French communiques for some time to come, for the Germans will never give up their counter-attacks until they are driven away from their side of the hill. Surprise attacks here are always to be expected, for both sides now know every inch of the ground, and on the summit of the hill the German and French trenches are only about five yards apart. This seems impossible, but it must be remembered that it is the individuality of the soldier that counts for everything.

Twelve Battles a Night.

"Very often a battle lasting some hours will take place for the possession of a mere stump of a tree, and a tree stump has been known to change hands twelve times during the course of a night. An account given to me by a French soldier of a recent French offensive on Hartmannsweiler-Kopf is dramatic in its simplicity. This man has taken part in no fewer than fifteen battles for the hill.

"'The crest of the hill was white with smoke,' he says. 'For two days both sides had left the top of the hill, because both our guns and theirs were raking the ground. We had buried the German dead the first time the crest came into our possession, but their big shells, from a battery of Austrian guns, 305's, disinterred their dead, so that when we charged we stumbled over arms and legs and limbless trunks.

"Our attack was launched from three sides; the first charge only took us forward about 150 yards, and then we had to return to our original positions; it was heartbreaking. Before we could attack again the enemy sent up re-enforcements, but something must have gone wrong, for hundreds of their men were cut down by their own artillery firing from the ruins of the Hitzstein chateau.

"We ceased our attack when night fell, but our artillery redoubled its furious bombardment of the enemy's trenches. Their guns fired at ours, and ours fired at theirs and at their trenches. Thirty feet below the ground, snug in our dugouts, we could feel the earth trembling. The Germans kept their men in the trenches because they never knew when our artillery would cease firing and our infantry attack begin again. That is why we captured more than thirteen hundred prisoners. They were haggard and shaking when they were marched into our lines, for no soldiers on earth could stand what our artillery gave them.

"We had very slight losses, comparatively, when we stormed the positions the next day, and if it had not been that the enemy had a few machine guns undestroyed by our fire our losses would have been very much smaller.

"I have been here in Alsace for sixteen months," he added. "I have been wounded three times, and always on the slopes of 'Vieil Armand.' Terrible? Not at all. Think what an awful time the Boches must be having!'"

WIFE OF SWISS AVIATOR

Mme. Juan Domenjos, the wife of the Swiss aviator, who recently has startled Washington with his daring flights over the White House, has been entertained at several charming affairs by national capital society.

HOODOO SHIP MAKES MONEY

The Old Freighter Algoa Has More Than Paid Her Purchase Price.

San Francisco.—The old Algoa, formerly hoodoo freighter of the former Pacific Mail, has blossomed out as a real war baby.

This steamer, which in times of peace used to be tied up in the lower bay with cold boilers for long periods, has earned $300,000 that was paid for her when she was rechristened the California. Also she has earned $90,000 more.

Furthermore, the California—nee Algoa—has now been chartered to a powder company at $1,700 a day, or $51,000 a month, or $612,000 a year, or more than twice as much as her owners paid for her.

It is stipulated in this last charter that she shall ply only between neutral ports, which is taken to mean that she will become a nitrate carrier between South America and the Du Pont powder mills in the United States.

SELLS AN EGG FOR $1,000

Mrs. Gilfort Sends One, Laid by Fabled Roc, to Denver Museum.

Orange, N. J.—Thrifty housewives who blame their grocers for demanding 60 cents a dozen for eggs may congratulate themselves that they are not compelled to make their purchases from Mrs. Robert Gilfort. Yesterday she disposed of her egg supply at the very satisfactory rate of $12,000 a dozen.

The transaction was not as extensive as Mrs. Gilfort may have desired, however, since it involved but one egg, that of the fabled roc, of Arabian Nights' fame, and the purchaser was the Denver museum. Technically, it is the egg of the Aepyornis, the fossil bird of Madagascar, but three of which are to be found in this country.

Bulldog Kills Three Deer.

Aberdeen, S. D.—Wylie park and the city of Aberdeen are out three deer. A bulldog got into the inclosure where the deer were kept at Wylie park and when the caretaker went to feed the animals the next day he found all three deer dead. The old buck deer had made a valiant fight for life, but had been worn out by the tenacity of the dog.

American Tree in Europe.

The locust tree was one of the first American trees to be taken to Europe.

FALLS IN LOVE WITH PHOTO

Then Man Meets Girl When She Goes West on Visit and She Stays.

Denver.—A photograph of a pretty girl displayed on the mantlepiece in the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Sewell at Chama, N. M., a year ago, resulted in the marriage here of Miss Blanche Kauffman of Mechanicsburg, Pa., and Miguel A. Gonzales, a wealthy cattleman of Abiquiu, N. M.

"If I should meet that girl I know I should fall in love with her," said Gonzales when he first saw the photograph.

Last fall Miss Kauffman went to Chama to visit her sister, Mrs. Sewell. She never returned East, but stayed in the West to marry the man who fell in love with her picture.

Original Hornpipe.

Hornpipes are so called from their having been performed originally to the Welsh pib-corn, or hornpipe.

KNIFE AND PISTOL

Effective Combination to Be Carried in Pocket.

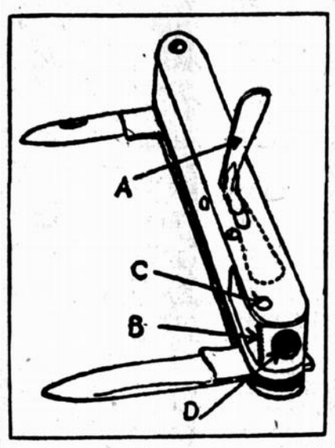
Discharges Small Cartridge, but One Capable of Inflicting Damage at Close Range—Useful Defense Against Burglars.

The smallest breech-loading cannon in the world is now being made for pocket use. It is not a toy, but takes a 22-caliber rim-fire cartridge.

Of course, it is not easy to hit anything at a distance with it, on account of there being no sights and the barrel being only half an inch long and concealed, but a 22-caliber bullet is useless except at very close range. The special use of this "cannon" is for scaring off burglars, as when fired with a blank cartridge it makes a tremendous bang, and fires a bullet that would inflict a nasty wound at close range.

Its inventor is Edmund C. Moore of New York, who is also the patentee of a rifle grenade.

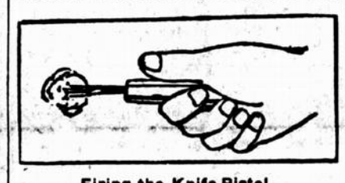
It is in the form of a pocket knife no larger than the usual knife and has



Knife which is a small pistol. A, trigger; B, barrel; C, pivot on which barrel swings to open; D, muzzle.

two blades of fine steel. But at one end is a hole. Anyone asked to examine the article and say what it is will be most likely to guess that it is some new-fangled pencil sharpener or cigar cutter.

In the end of the knife is a steel block that turns out on a swivel, being held by a spring that is released with the thumbnail and reveals a hole straight through the block. The cartridge is inscrted at the base of this



Firing the Knife-Pistol.

hole, the block is swung back into place, the trigger on the side is opened, thus cocking the pistol, which is now ready to fire. It is held in the hand and the trigger pressed down with the thumb.—New York World Sunday Magazine.

Survival Among Birds.

The struggle of life among the birds and other wild creatures is so severe that the feeble and malformed, or the handicapped in any way, quickly drop out, writes John Burroughs in Harper's Magazine. Probably none of them ever die from old age. They are cut off in their prime. A weeding out process goes on from the time they leave the nest. A full measure of life, the perfection of every quill and feather, and unerring instinct, carry them along. They are always in the enemy's country; they are always on the firing line; eternal vigilance and ceaseless activity are the price of life with them. The natural length of life of our smaller birds is calculated to be eight or ten years, but probably not one in a thousand reaches that age. Not half a dozen times in my life have I found the body of a dead bird that did not show some marks of violence.

Mules Now Kerchoo-ing.

Even the mules in the mines here are suffering from the ravages of the grippe epidemic and stable horses and hostlers are kept busy caring for the sick animals. Many miners declare that they have caught the infection from the mules, who sneeze in the limited air supply in the underground workings and spread the germs all over.

The local veterinarians have thus far vainly sought to find a remedy to combat the disease. In some cases quinine and whisky appeared to help the animals temporarily.—Hazleton (Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Inquirer.

War Unkind to the Lawyer.

The war, while having a pretty depressing influence upon litigation, is having a still larger effect upon calls to the bar. Only 30 students have donned wig and gown this term, and half of them bear oriental names, indicating that they belong to distant parts of the empire.—London Mail.

A Suspicious Document.

"All this here business education among women is tough on us cooks."

"How so?"

"The last lady I worked for gimme a reference written in shortland. What did she say about me I wonder.

Cool Headed.

"I must say that is cool," said the sweet young thing as the young man laid his head on her shoulder."

"Yes," replied the young man, "I always had the reputation of being cool headed."

Made No Difference.

Passenger — Say, conductor, that man on the back platform just fell off.

Street Car Conductor—That's all right. He's paid his fare.

MADE TREE SERVE AS TOWER

California Farmer Solved Windmill Problem in a Peculiar but Satisfactory Fashion.

A growing eucalyptus, partially cleared of leaves and branches, has been used as a windmill tower by a California farmer. In search of good running water, the farmer found a spring underneath a grove of eucalyptus trees. It was found that in order to erect a windmill stand ard over the spring it would be necessary to sacrifice the beautiful trees. Finally solving the problem of building the windmill without destroying the trees, he mounted the fan on one of the central trees. Clearing away much of the foliage on the nearest trees, he ran braces to the windmill and secured a machine which has given him entire satisfaction. — Popular Science Monthly.

ONCE A GREAT STRONGHOLD

Kaminiets Polish Fortress That Protected Europe Against the Barbarians of Asia.

Kaminiets Podolsk, the city upon which the latest large-scale Russian offensive was based, that against the Austro-German lines in eastern Galicia and Bukowina, was at one time the greatest fortress in the kingdom of Poland, the stronghold that held back the wild hordes of Asia through many years of battle, says a war geography statement given out by the National Geographic society. The Tartars struck time after time against its high, rocky bluff in vain, and many skirmishing parties of Poles and Russians left the fortress to carry terror into the steppe around the southern Dnieper.

The town lies but a few miles from the Austrian frontier, and is built over a peninsula formed by the Smotritch river, an affluent of the Dniester. Odessa is 235 miles in the southeast and Kief about an equal distance in the northeast. Kaminiets is the seat of administration of the Podolian government, and, since the war, it has become important as one of the larger supply depots just back of the Russian front. It is divided into two parts, one, the old town, spreading over the hills, while the other nestles around the base. Across the river, the ancient castle still frowns defiance upon the country, though its war-worn walls could offer but little resistance before the power of modern guns.

"Batu, the cruel leader of one of the waves of Mongol buccaneering against Europe, laid Kaminiets waste in 1240. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, storm after storm of Tartar, Turk and Moldavian invasion broke upon its walls, and the principal industry of the people of this outpost became that of fighting and weapon forging. The adventurers some from all parts of Europe found their way into garrison there, and took part in the great drama in which the East was finally turned back upon itself. The city passed to Russia in 1795."

USE FOR POCKET FLASHLIGHT

May Be Made to Serve the Purpose of the X-Ray When Minor Operation Is in Question.

James M. Kane of Doylestown, Pa. sends to Popular Mechanics Magazine an account of how a splinter may be found under the finger nail. To remove a splinter in that position is usually a matter of guesswork, for it cannot be seen unless its end projects.

Putting the finger over a pocket flashlight in a dark room makes the

splinter show up as if it were under the X-rays. Many surgeons use the flashlights now for illuminating the throat, pharynx and mouth.

Want Kisses Sterilized.

The New York health board is out for the sterilized kiss. "You've got to stop kissing while the present grippe epidemic is on," says the director of the bureau of public health education "The deadly grippe bacilli love nothing better than to spring from the depths of a lover's throat, speed across the bridge made by a kiss and jump with clutching tentacles down the throat at the other end of the kiss. If you kiss when you have grippe you are almost certain to transmit the malady with your affection." Grippe or no grippe, Broadway celebrated the New Year with promiscuous kissing. Five minutes before midnight every glimmer in the restaurants were put out, and the order was "let kissing be unconfined." And it was.

Just So.

"Your work must be rather annoying."

"Why so?" asked the man who published a city directory.

"No sooner do you get an issue completed than somebody in town goes and moves."

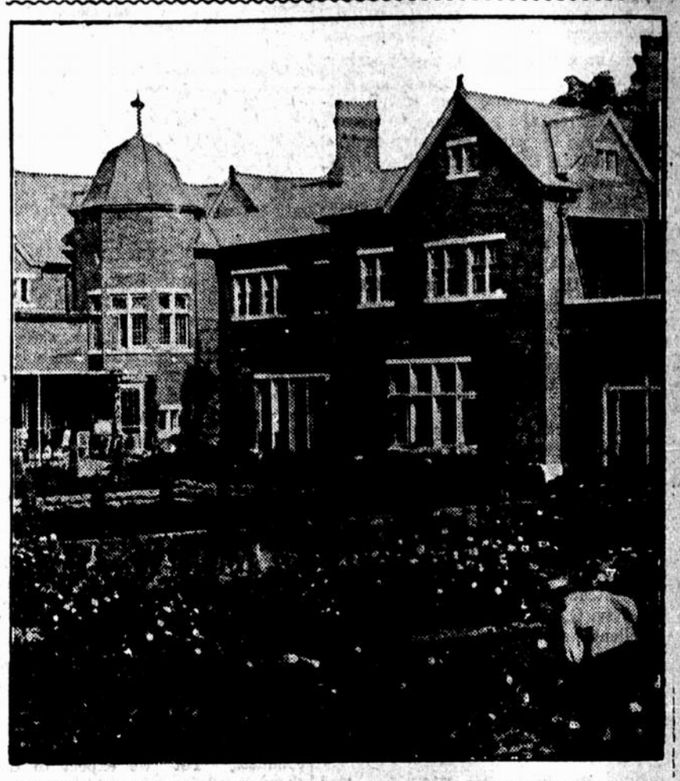
Gentle Hint.

Tom—I kissed her just as I was leaving.

Dick—What did she say?

Tom—Better late than never.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL
Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation



A Famous Rose Garden on Long Island. Note the Interesting Planting of Firs and Spruce and the Careful Use of Vines on the House.

WORK IN THE ROSE GARDEN

By HUGO ERICHSEN.

Nothing can be said in praise of the rose that has not been said before. Universally recognized as the most beautiful flower, it is the one child of Flora around which a wealth of sentiment, history and poetry clusters.

The beauty of the rose is so widely appreciated that the popularity it now enjoys and the demand for hardy garden roses are annually increasing No garden is complete without roses, and every family ought to grow them in abundance, for never have roses been so cheap and beautiful as now.

Moreover, the cultivation of the flower is so simple that no excuse can be offered for its neglect.

The first requisite for success in rose growing is the selection of good, healthy plants. Weak, sickly roses are dear at any price. Many of these plants lack vigor because they are stunted by remaining too long in the cutting bed or in small pots before they are set out.

In order to obtain the best results, therefore, it is advisable to restrict one's patronage to first-class nurserymen only, firms that are prepared to furnish strong, well-rooted plants, such as will make a showing the first season and develop into vigorous specimens.

In selecting roses for the garden, it is well to know that those plants are grown in two ways, that is to say, on their own roots or budded low on the Manetti, a brier rose that has largely superseded the dog-rose and other stocks in this country, as it is one of the most desirable for our country and climate.

Experts are divided on the question as to which should receive the preference, and the beginner is liable to be in a quandary, because growers are apt to argue for their own method of propagation.

We find many varieties of roses grown on this stock (Manetti) adapt themselves to a greater range of climate and soil, bloom more profusely, endure better the heat of the summer and make far stronger plants than if grown from their own roots.

Many object to budded roses on account of the suckers they sometimes throw out; but if proper attention is paid to the planting this will rarely be an annoyance.

Budded roses should be planted sufficiently deep, so that the junction of the bud with the stock is from two to three inches below the surface of the earth. If despite this precaution, a wild shoot should happen to start from the base, the growth and foliage of the stock are so distinct that it is readily recognized by the most inexperienced amateur and is easily removed.

When the rose plants are received from the nurserymen they should be unpacked as soon as they come to hand. Thereupon the tops and roots should be well sprinkled with water, after which they should be covered with bagging and placed in a shaded spot until ready to plant.

If the ground is not prepared when the plants arrive it is advisable to put them in a shallow trench and cover the roots with loose soil until the ground can be put into a proper condition.

The enrichment of the soil, however, should not only be made at the time of the preparation of the bed before planting, but in the spring of every year, for with such attention a bountiful supply of flowers may be expected every season.

When planting, spread the roots out carefully and do not cross them or crowd them. They should be placed well below the surface of the soil and arranged, as far as possible, in their natural position.

When the roots are covered, the earth should be firmly pressed down upon them, particularly around the stem. If manure is put in the bottom of the hole, it should not be allowed to come in contact with the roots.

After planting, the roses should be well cut back to a few buds, freely watered and protected for a few days if the sun is strong. After that they become thoroughly established.

If the ground is wet when the plants are received it is better to postpone the planting, as the soil is liable to become caked and the safety of the plants may be thus endangered.

Roses may be grown to perfection in ordinary garden soil, provided they are planted in a sunny, sheltered location, away from the roots of large trees, for these will absorb all the life-sustaining nutrition of the soil, whereas young trees and dwarf shrubbery do no harm. If the soil is naturally poor, however, it is advisable to lay a substantial foundation for future good results.

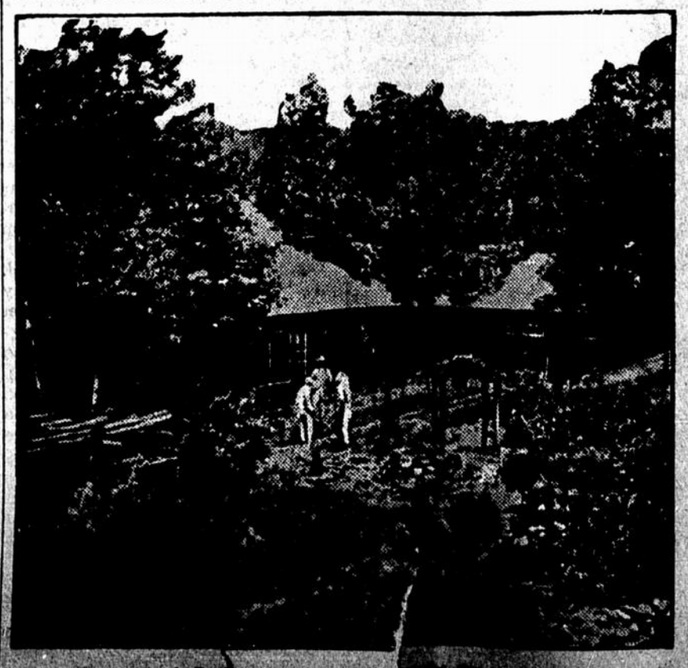
The question naturally presents itself as to which is the best time to plant roses, but the broad extent of our country precludes a definite reply. Generally speaking, however, midspring should receive the preference, and it is better to be a little early than too late; in a mild season, indeed, planting may even be done in March.

Dormant roses, in fact, should be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground and the soil can be worked. But it is advisable not to set out tea roses until the weather is thoroughly settled and they should, of course, only be planted in the spring.

Unless a cold, wet or late spring prevails, pruning may be done in March or April. Old and decayed branches and unripened wood should be removed annually, leaving only the strong and well matured.

CHINESE PRIMROSE

The Chinese primrose has few and small roots and does not require a large pot. In potting this flower, see that its crown is set well above the soil. Slope the earth away from the crown of the plant toward the sides of the pot. If water stands in or about the crown of the primrose, it will decay it. When foliage turns brown, it indicates ill health, caused by too dry atmosphere, too little fresh air, by the red spider or possibly defective drainage.



A Rose Garden With F[illegible]