

FRENCH GUNNERS FIGHT UNTIL THEIR LAST SHOT, THEN BLOW UP PIECES

Save Last Shell to Disable Their Gun When Germans Are Upon Them and Delay Means Death or Capture—One Hero Stays With His "90" for Forty-Eight Hours and Then Loses His Life.

Paris.—How the French field artillery, and in particular the batteries of the famous "75's," were handled during the opening phases of the Verdun battle is detailed in a letter to the Figaro. The letter, written by an officer of field artillery who was in the thick of the fighting, tells in simple style of the superhuman efforts made by the French gunners to stem the tide of the German advance while they were themselves under the fire of heavy artillery.

"On the twenty-first," he writes, "the Germans commenced their preparations for the attack, with a fury that let us know something serious was on foot."

"Our group (a group of 75's is composed of three batteries of four guns each) was in position to the south-east of the Haumont woods. One battery was split up as flanking pieces in three positions—one with two guns to the east of Haumont woods, one to the south and the third to the north of Samogneux, with one gun each. The other two batteries were to the south of hill No. 312. We were supported by a battery of six 90 mm. guns.

"Naturally we responded at once to the German attack with a barrier fire to stop, so far as possible, the enemy infantry from making its way to our lines. The two guns at the east of the Haumont Woods were pushed into position in the Caures ravine and opened fire at 700 meters.

"But the Germans, despite the sacrifice of great numbers of their men, began to arrive in hordes. They appeared through the Caures Woods along the crests running between the Haumont and Caures woods and established themselves there. The two guns here reduced their range and with sweeping fire cut down entire ranks, but new waves appeared to take the places of the fallen men in front of the blazing guns. Still just as their ammunition was falling the enemy infantry appeared through the Haumont Woods almost in their rear. The gunners then blew up their guns and retreated, taking their wounded with them.

Thirteen Men Fall.

"A battery of 90 mm. guns established upon the Haumont crest, although enveloped by an infernal fire, kept quietly about its business. Shells of 305 mm. caliber were falling all about it. In less than a minute fifteen of the servants fell and the fire began to slacken. Then appeared a first sergeant of a 58 mm. battery, Pierrard, of the 17th field artillery, who reported to the commandant of our group:

"Mon commandant," he said, simply, "my battery no longer exists; give me something else to do."

"Very good," was the answer, "report to that battery of 90's."

"Pierrard rallied the remaining men of his battery, they reported to the 90's and in a moment the battery reopened its fire with terrific vigor. For forty-eight hours Pierrard stuck to the 90's, taking charge as the commissioned officers were killed or wounded. He kept in close touch with the commandant and for a time was able to receive from the combat trains extra supplies of ammunition for his duel—against the "Boches." But it was at last impossible to send more ammunition to him.

"Fire every shot you have," he was told; "then blow up your guns and retire."

"The Germans redoubled their efforts to take this battery that barred their way. Again and again they came surging to the crest. At last they got so close that Pierrard and his men opened fire with their carbines and drove them back. Then they returned to their guns and reopened fire. But their situation was untenable. With their last shots they destroyed the guns by firing them after disabling the recoil mechanism. Then the brave fellows came back. But, alas, in their retreat, Pierrard, the bravest of the brave, was probably killed. When they arrived in safety he was not with them, and has not been seen since. He was not the only one to die valiantly for his country.

Hail of "305" Shells.

"Here is another proof of the tranquil audacity of our gunners. One battery was under a terrific fire of heavy projectiles. A 305 shell burst in its midst, killing the captain, the first sergeant, a chief of section and five cannoniers. Did the others blench? Not they; they only tore off their blouses, and, working in their shirt sleeves, redoubled their efforts to intensify their fire and avenge their chiefs and their comrades.

"During the day of the 22d we received an incalculable number of 305 shells on the Mormont farm and its vicinity. Our situation was all the more difficult because of the difficulty we experienced in getting more ammunition. Hardly one caisson in three of ammunition reached its destination. The road from Ville to Vacherauville was swept by a hellish fire.

"The gun established at Samogneux

under a bombardment of all calibers kept up its work of destruction without cessation, except when, on four occasions, the servants had to cease fire and wash the bore to cool it. Finally, pressed by the enemy, they pulled out the clavettes (keys that bolt the piece to the top carriage and whose withdrawal disables it) and retreated. "Chagrined at being unable to take their guns with them, the men of the section came back in the night to pull it out by hand. They were driven back and the chief of piece wounded. Once more they returned to the charge, this time carrying bombs to blow it up. They got there only to find it already destroyed; a 210 shell had struck it.

Courage and Devotion.

"The same scenes occurred on the 23d. Our men rivaled themselves in courage and devotion. In the evening, after reciprocal bombardments of awful violence, our batteries were ordered to Cote du Poivre (Pepper Hill), where they arrived, miraculously, without accident. The next day, the 24th, was a great day! What a massacre of Boches! This was when the French and German troops were fighting for Hill No. 344.

"We played our fire on the German masses. Their infantry advanced and receded time and time again, and each time our shrapnel played on them, as we lengthened and shortened the range to follow their movements. How many victims did we make? I do not know. All that I can affirm is that we left them there on the hillsides in heaps without number.

"One regiment, moving from the shelter of the Haumont woods, and another from Samogneux, near les Cotelettes, found itself directly in our line of fire and was literally

DR. MARY WALKER



Her quaint figure in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat and in men's trousers has for many years been one of the sights of Washington. She expects to be stared at as she makes her way serenely through congressional corridors or about the street. She is a suffragist, of course, and is perfectly at home after she has laid her silk tulle on a congressman's desk and has begun to argue the cause. A special act of congress gave her permission to wear trousers.

cut to pieces. I assure you that those of ours whom we left behind were amply avenged. "All that we wish for are similar occasions when we are advancing. Our field artillery at Verdun has shown that it has kept up its reputation; it will speak as it should when still more decisive hours sound."

USE SWISS SCHOOL SYSTEM



Mrs. Heinrich Arnold will install the Swiss school system at the new colony in Lower California. This system of public education, admittedly one of the best in the world, will be adopted for the settlers who are soon to arrive in Lower California under the auspices of the Swiss Colonization society.

COLLIE HALTS A MAD BULL

Effort of a Dog Saves the Lives of Two Men on Farm in Illinois.

St. Louis.—Fannie, a Scotch collie, saved the life of John C. Shafer, a farmer and the dog's owner, and John Shafer, father of the dog's owner, on two different occasions last week, when the men were attacked by an infuriated bull, according to a story told in Marine, Ill.

When the father went to the barn to feed, the bull attacked him. In trying to get away he fell several times and was bruised. His granddaughter, Nellie Shafer, arrived home from school at that time, and she sent the collie into the lot. The dog halted the bull and permitted the old man to escape.

The next morning, when the son went to the barn to feed, the bull attacked him. His cries attracted Mrs. Shafer, who went to the lot in her night clothes, taking the dog with her, for the second rescue.

SOLDIERS TO DO FARM WORK

Canadian Government Will Give Militiamen Leave of Absence for One Month.

Winnipeg.—The serious problem of western Canada to find help to put in the crop has been practically solved by an official order from the militia department allowing every non-commissioned officer and man on active service in Canada leave of absence not exceeding one month, to go out on the farms.

The soldiers will receive full pay and allowances as usual, and in addition what they earn from the farmers. The government will provide free transportation for the round trip from camp to farm not exceeding a distance of 300 miles.

CARE OF THE BABY

CHILDREN'S BUREAU GIVES SOME ADVICE OF MOMENT.

Excellent Work Being Done by Federal Department Which Has at Its Disposal the Services of the Most Skilled Nurses.

(Prepared by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.)

In many respects those parents who are raising their children in the rural districts have an advantage over the city family. Fresh air, sunshine, and plenty of space to play, which are the birthright of the country baby, are often sadly lacking in the life of the city baby. It is not, however, always the case that the country baby is allowed to enjoy all the advantages he should have. Farm homes are often overcrowded and badly ventilated—conditions which are generally supposed to be chargeable chiefly to city life. It is often true also that the city baby is better protected from the annoyances and actual dangers he is exposed to from flies and mosquitoes in the city than in unscrubbed, insect-infested houses in the country. It is not impossible, also, that both the milk supply and the water supply furnished to city babies are safer than those of the country, on account of the rigid inspection of the sources of supply of both commodities in all large cities. But these disadvantages of the country are all quite capable of remedy and are, indeed, already being remedied, to a large extent, in many places.

With the growing knowledge of rural sanitation has come practical systems of water supply and drainage for farmhouses; of disposal of sewage and refuse, and of fly prevention. Even when an outdoor privy must be used, it is quite possible to have a sanitary building with a vault screened from flies. In such ways and many others the country constantly is being made safer for babies and children. A new source of help, directly applicable to the mother's problems, is the rural visiting nurse. These visiting nurses, who travel about the farming communities with a horse or an automobile, are employed by the families in her district, who contribute to pay her salary. The town and country nursing service maintained by the American Red Cross, with headquarters at 1624 H street, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send literature and answer questions about the establishment of such a service.

With the help of the rural visiting nurse small towns may enjoy something in the nature of an infant welfare station, such as is at the disposal of mothers in many larger cities.

In many small places a rest room is provided and maintained by a women's club, or church, or other organization, where women coming into town from the surrounding country may rest. The nurse may often be able to meet with a number of mothers at this room, to talk with them about their babies, giving advice as to the bathing, clothing, and feeding, and to answer questions. In addition to this instructive work in the towns, the nurse rides over her district, calling at every home where her assistance is needed. She works under the direction of a doctor, help-



ing the family to carry out his instructions in cases of illness or accident. Thus the nurse does dressings, gives baths, takes temperatures, or whatever may be required in the case. If there is a baby she advises the mother as to his care, shows her how to give him a bath and how to prepare his food, if he is already weaned. But in addition to giving bedside nursing and home care, the rural nurse does many other things. If typhoid makes its appearance she may look about for a polluted water supply, or trace back the milk the family used to its origin, to see whether this is the source of infection, and urge methods which will prevent further spread of the disease. She stops at the country schools and looks over the children, and sometimes detects beginnings of cases of infectious disease in time to prevent an epidemic. She also notes cases of probable adenoids, deafness, or weak eyes, and calls the attention of the child's family to the need for care by a physician.

In all this she carries on a continual campaign of education toward a better standard of community life, by showing the mothers how flies can be exterminated, or at least, may be kept out of the house; how to take care of the milk and the baby's bottles; how to clean up the premises, dispose of the refuse and how to keep the streams of the community pure. Such a nurse is, therefore, if she is as useful as she may be, far more than a nurse. She is a teacher, hygienist,

dietist as well, and her salary will be saved many times over in the course of years by the illness and suffering her work prevents.

Rural women's clubs may be the nucleus from which the movement for a community nurse starts. Clubs of this sort interested in such a movement, will find many suggestions in a bulletin published by the children's bureau on work of this sort which is carried on in New Zealand. This pamphlet is called the New Zealand Society for the Health of Women and Children, and is sent free by the children's bureau to all who ask for it. Another pamphlet which may be of assistance to the country mother is "Infant Care," also published by the children's bureau and sent free upon request.

Rabbits Eat Haystacks.

So hungry did rabbits become during the week or ten days that the ice and snow covered the ground here, preventing them from obtaining their usual food from wheat and alfalfa fields, according to the Cottonwood Falls (Kan.) correspondent of the New York Sun, that they could be shot by the dozens as they gathered around alfalfa stacks at nighttime to eat the alfalfa.

During one moonlight night Tom Mercer, a homestead farmer, shot 12 large jackrabbits in less than half an hour as they came from all directions to an alfalfa stack close to his barnyard. He says that with the moonlight shining on the snow-covered ground it was possible to see the rabbits as they came for the alfalfa while they were still a long distance away. Many farmers found great holes eaten in the sides and tops of their alfalfa stacks where the starving rabbits fed nightly. The alfalfa stacks were about the only food supply the rabbits could find uncovered by the thick coating of ice and snow.

Highest Dam in World.

Arrowrock dam in Idaho is the key to an irrigation system that is transforming 231,000 acres of barren sagebrush desert—adjacent to Boise, the state capital—into fruitful gardens, orchards and farms.

By throwing a dam across a gorge in the canyon 22 miles above the city the channel of the river is converted into a reservoir running back 18 miles into the mountains.

It holds, when full, 244,000 acre feet of water, enough to cover 331 square miles to the depth of one foot. It will reclaim 234,000 rich acres in the Boise valley.

Arrowrock is the highest dam in the world today, 384.5 feet from the low point in the foundation of the 16-foot driveway over the top. It is 200 feet thick at the base and 1,060 feet long. The great mass is below the bed of the river; it was necessary to go down 91.5 feet through volcanic rock to reach a solid foundation in granite. In its construction 530,000 cubic yards of concrete were used.

Mirror Routs Wild Hogs.

Sanford Phillips, Jr., two years old, owes his life to the fear of wild hogs for their own likeness when reflected from a mirror.

Wild hogs, which exist in the mountains of Randolph county, came down into the foothills and charged into the home of Sanford Phillips, upsetting furniture and attacking Phillips' two-year-old son.

The animals had torn nearly all the clothing from the child when he ran into a corner where a big mirror hung. The hogs followed, but soon stopped when they beheld their likeness in the big glass. Only a second did they hesitate, however, then turned, plunging from the house back up the mountain side. The child was only slightly injured.—Elkins (W. Va.) Dispatch to Philadelphia North American.

Selling Lettuce in Wrappers.

The individual fruit and vegetable wrapper is a comparatively recent innovation, but its uses are already numerous and are constantly increasing, according to the Country Gentleman. Last year one shipper used individual wrappers in shipping lettuce from the South to northern markets, with excellent results. Waxed paper in pieces 18 inches square was used to wrap each head separately, and the wrapped lettuce was packed in hampers in the usual manner.

The wrappers kept the heads in shape, checked wilting and prevented the spread of decay. The wrappers preserved the freshness of the lettuce so well and added so much to its general appearance that the shipments sold for \$1 more a hamper than shipments of unwrapped lettuce of similar quality made at the same time. The cost of paper and extra labor was only about five cents a hamper.

A Soldiers' Joke.

A wounded British soldier who has been at the front since the days of Mons tells of one little incident which has caused much amusement to many regiments. At Givenchy Keep there is a moat, and under the battalion orders the regiment stationed there must clean out the moat every fortnight. Every regiment which has been there has discovered in the moat a safe. With eager faces the soldiers have gathered round as the safe has been hauled out of the moat, and with great expectancy they watched the efforts to force it open. Once it is opened, the words "Drop it in again, old fool," meet the eye. And it is religiously dropped in again for the next regiment to fish out.

The Hardship of Penury.

"All our friends seem to be getting rich," his wife complained. "I can't understand why that should make you unhappy. You have plenty of good clothes and a comfortable home, haven't you?" "Yes, but I never get a chance to be named in the society columns as a patroness of anything."

Horses Scent Poison Gas.

The power of the horses to detect the approach of the poisonous gas is quite remarkable. They seem to become conscious of the deadly menace before the men have any apprehension of it, and they cry out loudly as though in terror and pain.

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

With the view to making useful and better citizens the entire school forces of the Tuskegee institute are laboring vigorously, and the result will certainly reflect credit on the country conditions. Warren Logan, acting principal, has proved himself equal to the emergency and perfect co-operation prevails among the teachers. The wife and brother of Booker T. Washington are actively in the work, and their services and kindly touch are noticed in every department. From Tuskegee to the rural schools is spreading the growth of home improvement, and marks of a greater civilization is evidenced in the school-rooms for miles around, and in many counties of the state; in fact, with the Rosenwald fund in circulation for school buildings, there have been built many civic centers for the farm neighborhood. These schools have inaugurated an alternate system of work and study, hence the kitchen, the garden, barnyard and home are the annex to the schoolhouse, and here the teacher lives.

There were many white guests for this occasion among them Doctor Hyde of Auburn, who gave a most helpful lecture on sanitary conditions in farm homes, and also in towns and cities, and told of the danger to health of the fly. He told of the danger to children, especially, and the death rate of 6,000 children under two years old in the last 12 months, he thought traceable to insanitary treatment. Also of the 4,000 cases of tuberculosis, of typhoid fever, and of pellagra, and the enormous death rate from preventable diseases.

Doctor Holberger of the United States Marine hospital service told of the cause and treatment of pellagra. One statement he made will set many minds at ease. He says it is "no more contagious than an ingrowing toe nail." Also he stated that it was more a condition from lack of proper food and that the disease had never been cured by medicine. After a close study of conditions and scientific analysis, he finds a diet of simple food and a plenty of it, composed especially of good, lean meat, peas, cornbread, with plenty of milk taken regularly will cure almost invariably any case. Of course, sanitary conditions make conditions worse or better.

These two lectures were delivered in such simple language, yet were so forceful, that every man and woman present received a valuable lesson. If nothing more had been said, they were worth the cost of transportation. These diseases are very prevalent among the Negroes.

The schools, the industries, the lectures were all full of interest, but there was a great human interest on my mind—that is, how closely these students were linked with the history of a wonderful past. They are the descendants of old colored families we have, many, known before, and among the teachers many were from Virginia and the Carolinas who have been in touch with the old families and their traditions.

Your editorial on the editorial of W. E. B. du Bois on Booker T. Washington is very suggestive and forceful. Chicago is as caste bound in social decorum as Mississippi. Write a correspondent of the Chicago Post.

Some years ago a Negro, a graduate of Fisk university and of Oberlin college, visited me while on his way to Zululand as a missionary. In com-

pany with him I tried to obtain service at a restaurant and we were refused. We tried the barber shops, and were denied a shave. Together we then went to a number of hotels with similar experiences.

Booker T. Washington unquestionably did the greatest work for the Negro, in the South, in the three R's and for industrial education—"the bond of politics and the deeper foundations of human training."

In January, 1907, I was at Minster City, 125 miles south of Memphis. There I met a prosiding elder, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, who told me the following story. I vouch for him as a man of truth.

"My friend," he said, "you in the North do not understand Booker T. Washington as we understand him here in the South. Some months ago, by invitation, I sat on the platform at the Normal school at Tuskegee, and made an address to the students present—some 400 in number. I noticed that there was not a coal-black or full-blooded Negro among the students, and I asked Mr. Washington for the reason. He replied: 'I have found that the full-blooded or pure Negroes do not advance beyond a certain point in their education. I have, by experience, tested and proven that only Negroes who have white blood in their veins comprehend the higher mathematics and sciences, and are the only ones who can become abstruse metaphysical thinkers. So I diplomatically guide the others into other channels of education.' These facts may explain some things not generally understood in the educational system of the late Booker T. Washington.

Assuming that the basis of what is termed national music is found in folk-song, it may be urged that American music, so far as it is peculiarly American, is based on Negro melodies. This finds support, for example, in Dvorak's "Symphony From the New York World," which abounds in melodies strikingly suggestive of our plantation tunes. True, it is contended that none of these melodies is to be found in Negro music, in the form in which Dvorak wrote them, but the influence of the plantation song is apparent. Of Indian music, as it survives to us, there is much to be said, but the scope of Negro folk-song is of more immediate importance, since its effect is more widely felt.

But the Negro is not confined in music to melodies crooned in the field or wailed in meetings or chanted on decks. The musician is becoming less essentially Negro, and more widely musical. In other words, here and there Negroes are writing music; not merely repeating traditional tunes from generation to generation, but composing music that has no racial qualities to set it apart. In churches all over the English-speaking world, choirs are singing the works of Coleridge-Taylor, a Negro whose death a few years ago was regretted by all the world of music, and choral societies are singing his beautiful setting of "Hiawatha." And only last week, Amato, the great Italian baritone, sang in a concert in New York a song of warring Italy, which was composed by Harry G. Burrell, a modern American Negro, whose music has been played in Richmond frequently, notably by that remarkable Negro organization, the Clef Club orchestra.

The first American ancestor of Major Moton, the newly-elected principal of Tuskegee, was brought from the West Coast of Africa in 1735 and was the son of the chief of a powerful tribe. He had been entrusted by his father with a dozen or more slaves, captured in battle from a neighboring tribe, and he brought them down to the coast to sell to the American slave traders. The young African chief delivered these men to the captain of the ship and received his pay in trinkets. He was then asked to go out to see this wonderful sailing vessel. After he had inspected the ship, he was asked by the captain to dine. He said that they gave him some nice things to drink, all of which he enjoyed so much that he fell asleep. When he awoke he was chained to one of the creatures he himself had sold, and the vessel was headed toward the United States.—World's Work.

The Paris board of health has forbidden the sale and use of hair lotions containing tetra-chloride of carbon as dangerous to the heart, head and stomach.

The tortuous Alaskan coast has so many indentations and promontories that its actual length is greater than that of the United States seaboard proper, all told more than 26,000 miles.

A remarkable photograph of the trail of a meteor in flight recently was made by an English soldier in India.

The British meteorological office has established a station for furnishing weather information and forecasts to aviators and aeronauts.

New York city's net revenue from saloon licenses amounts to more than \$12,000,000 a year.

Elimination by the war of Belgian competition has brought unprecedented prosperity to Sweden's matchmaking industry.

The annual mineral output of British Columbia aggregates about \$30,000,000.

The true shape of the earth still awaits accurate determination.

Nearly two billion dollars are deposited in the savings banks of New York State.

Gold is being mined at a depth of more than 5,000 feet in South Africa, and it is believed that the shafts can be sunk 3,000 feet more.

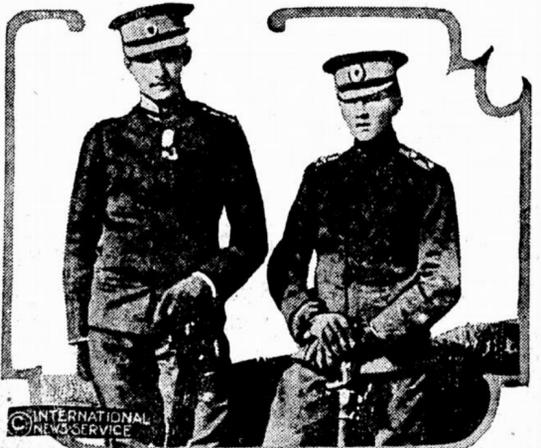
The power of the horses to detect the approach of the poisonous gas is quite remarkable. They seem to become conscious of the deadly menace before the men have any apprehension of it, and they cry out loudly as though in terror and pain.

HEROISM WINS HIM BRIDE

Youth Who Furnished Skin for Grafting Upon Little Girl Weds the Nurse.

Denver.—A romance—like those you read about in novels—culminated recently when Miss Lillah Alma Peck, a nurse at the County hospital, formerly of Madison, Ind., was married to Vincent Brunner, Jr. of Mishawaka, Ind. Several months ago Brunner read

SONS OF THE KING OF BULGARIA



This picture shows the sons of the king of Bulgaria in the service uniform of the army, taken just before they left for the front. They are Crown Prince Boris and Prince Cyril.

Oh, Piffel!

Heiny—I dropped my watch in the river one time and didn't recover it for three days. It kept right on running, though.

Omar—Pshaw! A watch won't run for three days.

Every Time a Woman Sees a Doer

marked "private" she has a curiosity to know what is on the other side of a homestead for their future home.