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CORPUS CHRISTI SOCIETY...

MISS JEANETTE GUNST, Society Editor. Phone 205.

Social Affairs Today.

W. C. T. U. to meet at four o'clock at Beach Hall.

Wednesday Bridge Club to meet at the home of Mrs. R. H. Miles.

City Federation of Women will meet at the Nueces Hotel.

Social Calendar Tomorrow.

Athenaeum Club will meet with Mrs. M. Rigsby.

First Aid Class to meet at 3:45 at the Nueces Hotel.

Harmony Club will meet at the Nueces Hotel at three o'clock.

PERSONALS

Mrs. A. J. Hafer left Tuesday for her home in Austin, after a pleasant visit with her daughter, Mrs. Jonas Wolf.

Mrs. John A. Carnie and daughter of New York, who are visiting Mrs. Lackey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Kleberg, of Santa Gertrudis, spent Tuesday in the city.

Tuesday Auction Club.

Mrs. David Lesher entertained the Tuesday Auction Club yesterday at her residence on North Beach.

Mrs. P. D. Spohn won the club trophy, for Mrs. H. J. Lackey, and Mrs. Spohn received a guest favor.

A salad course was served.

Those who enjoyed Mrs. Lesher's hospitality were: Mesdames P. D. Spohn, L. C. Wells, G. G. Tomlinson, Hazel Fullerton, Glover Junius, Harry Rogers, B. F. Brown, A. H. Chaplin, Roy Holley, L. H. Hamik, and Miss Jeanette Gunst.

Mrs. Miller will entertain the club next Tuesday afternoon.

Coleman Party.

Mrs. J. H. Griffin entertained a number of children with a Coleman Party Tuesday afternoon at the J. H. C. Wells home, on Water Street, in honor of the fifth birthday of her son, J. M. Griffin.

Games were played on the lawn of the White home.

The children who attended the party were: J. M. Griffin, Moser, Harold Wolf, Ted Holland, Fritz and Harry Miller, Sarah Reed, Mary Margaret Gossett, Frances Clark, Mozart Welch, Harold Gaffin, Alden Lanham, Jr., Elizabeth and Frances Clark, Robert Buck and Alex Wolf, Jr.

What Small Folks Will Wear to School

THE PROUD ONE.

Tulgrey green serge is too pretty to be put into boys' school suits. The effect over the girls pointed side waist is quite simple indeed. Italian gray felt hat, but West gives the lemon chic on the collar and cuffs of mus edged with chiffon lace.

AMERICANS COMMAND REMARKABLE TUNNEL ON VERDUN FRONT

UNDERGROUND PASSAGE LEADS TO WITHIN 300 YARDS OF GERMAN TRENCHES

SAFE FROM SHELL FIRE

VERDUN, Oct. 2. Just west of here, in the forest of Aramont, there is a remarkable military tunnel, 40 feet underground, running right up to within 300 yards of the German trenches. It is one of the most hard-pressed points around Verdun, but through this tunnel reinforcements move forward without danger, relieving every two hours the men on the firing line.

There was a very amusing discussion about this tunnel when The Associated Press correspondent visited it for the curious fact developed that the two officers in command were American soldiers, one a stock-raiser in Alberta, Canada, and the other a night official of the Franco-American Bank at Los Angeles. Col. Dodd was born in France and when the war broke out left Chicago business to come home and fight. And now they are in full charge of this underground highway, leading up to one of the most desperate positions along the front. They are so American that they speak English instead of French, and the Commandant's headquarters, a little room in the city, has a big picture of Uncle Sam hanging on the wall.

Creeping through this tunnel toward the front line, the moisture of the earthy parts surround their steel helmets or the roof and dripped down the water underfoot. Col. Crocker, the New York engineer, a man of large build, 6 feet 4 inches tall, was semi-double in the struggle through the tunnel. Along the way they passed an electric point throbbing with energy and supplying the fresh air which keeps the tunnel habitable. Further on in a large dry hole, a kitchen was in full operation, with soldiers eating bowls of goulash.

"Let me introduce you to our chef," said the Commandant as a young soldier came down forward. "He is now the cook for this tunnel, and he would be no good cook for before the war he was chef to the French Ambassador at home."

Emerging from the tunnel into the front line French trenches, the German trenches were plainly visible on the crest only 300 yards away. The intervening space was every clear as through to a crchard, instead of the beautiful groves of the forest. That was left at the rear and of its tumed, here the whole outlook was gray and desolate. The ground heaved and rose as in seventh pleasure, and a vastness of stone or rubble, and the few sadly broken of trees stripped of their foliage and looking like so much scattered sticks.

"This has been a rather quiet day—only two more casualties," said the Commandant. "We shell pretty, one in the trenches and one in the tunnel. That is little. Yesterday we have to go so much effort in repairing in these mine explosions which are so customary as the Germans try to mine under our trenches and we try to mine under theirs."

Even beyond the front line French trenches the French soldiers had built an outer defensive zone into the first village, Malancourt, 500 yards wide. Some of the houses during two months had stood up to the fire which the Germans fire rage. They were reduced to several heaps of shattered stone walls.

"Those mines are only ten yards from the Germans," said the Commandant.

"As he spoke, Mr. Crocker, of New York, said:

"I see a German; there is one in the crest, you can see his uniform with the round cap."

"And he saw you, too," said the Commandant. "You have been under fire," he added as he led Mr. Crocker and the others to a more secure position.

"It seed that German didn't fire," remarked Crocker. "It might have been an international incident. Think of it—killing an American visitor to the French trenches."

Coming back from the front line trenches, one had a view of the many peerless activities in carrying on this great battle. At one point soldiers in fatigue were digging graves in an improvised cemetery along the forest path. The cemetery was very large and had been given a name, "Maison Forestier," or Forest Home. Every grave had a wooden cross above it with the name and regiment of the dead soldier.

The shells kept whistling and bursting as the party moved along, and it was to be a pleasant pastime to note the long s-s-s-s as the shells flew overhead. One of them struck a few hundred feet away, throwing up trees, earth and clouds of smoke.

To those who wanted souvenirs there were big fragments of shrapnel lying at every turn. It was pleasant at first to pick them up, but after three or four of these heavy chunks of steel were carried half a mile the task was abandoned.

The ingenuity of some of the trench quarters along the way is shown in the use of empty glass bottles for windows. One officer pointed with pride to the very artistic effect he had secured with these empty wine bottles. A triple row extended all across the front of his log shack, giving light within and having rather a cathedral window effect without. The bottles are of white glass, used for storing the white wine of Jurdeaux.

The headquarters of General Neville, in command of the operations at Verdun, are quite a way outside the city, at a little cross-road hamlet, which cannot be named for military reasons. The general's officers are in the town court-house, a two-story structure. It was in this same building that General Petain, who preceded Neville, and General de Castelnau, quickly made the plans on the first rush of the Germans which held them until reinforcements could be brought up.

General Neville goes to Verdun and along the French front frequently. But most of his time is at headquarters, in telegraph and telephone touch with the whole circle of defenses, and in touch, too, with the other army corps and masses of supplies ready to be

BELGIUM ORGANIZING GREAT SHIPPING LINE FOR OVERSEAS TRADE

(Continued from Page 1.)

under foreign influence. Belgian exports and imports are guaranteed as favorable treatment as is given to foreign products. Coastal rates are to be reduced one half on samples of Belgian commerce and industry sent abroad in soliciting trade.

The decree also provides that Belgian sailors shall be employed as far as available. Belgian passengers shall have the fullest facilities, and Belgian ports favored as far as possible in traffic arrangements. The foreign agencies are to be run by Belgians, and two government commissioners are to watch over this Belgian character of the organization. Without the consent of these government officers, the society is specifically forbidden from taking a subsidy from a foreign government.

At a meeting held later at La Panne, the organizers above named were chosen directors and auditors of the company. The shins acquired at the outset included a number of "tramps," particularly useful just now when regular trade routes are interrupted. The purpose, however, is to secure liners for competition in the regular transatlantic service, which is expected to take on large dimensions as soon as the war reopens the old trade routes and ports. With thirty-nine steamers already secured and three planned for only building, this new Belgian government steamship service is making a good start to accomplish its end of having a Belgian merchant fleet representing 100,000 tonnage, which will compare favorably with some of the oldest and best known shipping organizations.

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Freaks of Big Shells at Verdun

VERDUN, France, Oct. 3.—While its shelling of Verdun has done a tremendous amount of damage, yet there is one remarkable incident in which a German bombshell has actually performed a very useful piece of military engineering.

General Debeau, commander of the citadel, pointed out to The Associated Press this curious freak wrought by a German shell.

"I calculate," said the General, "that that one shell has done for me the hard work of fifty men working steadily for eight days."

The net result of the shell's work was to tear a hole through the rear fortifications, and thus opening the way for a tunnel which was much needed. Besides that, the same shell knocked down two large trees at the end of the tunnel, which fell across the river in such a way that they formed the foundation of a bridge.

After the smoke had cleared away and the wreckage had been inspected, General Debeau concluded that the path of the shell would be turned to useful account. The jagged hole thru the fortifications was properly cleared up and cemented, and now it represents the appearance of rather good-looking archway. The trees, lying across the river, were properly anchored at either end, and a solid upper structure with ornamental side railings was constructed. Then a narrow-gauge railway was run from the citadel through this shell hole, and over this bridge lying on the blown-up trees, so that a direct railway connection was established between the citadel and the rear. This railway performs a very useful service, and the whole thing is the outgrowth of the big German shell which fell just back of the citadel.

Going along the streets of Verdun one sees at every hand signs of the terrible which spread over the poor villagers when the bombardment drove them away. The Rue St. Pierre and the Rue Belle Vierge showed long lines of small shops and middle-class houses which had been so hastily deserted that many of the belongings had been left behind. A barber shop has been left with a list of the perfumery bottles still standing in front of the empty chairs. A carpenter shop showed the usual litter of shavings and long benches as though the men had just gone off work. Mattresses and pieces of furniture were tossed around in a manner which had its front lore all to a shell, and nearby were pails, cans and a dismantled baby carriage. An upper story where a shell had torn off the front, showed an artist's studio with an easel standing against the wall and the place littered with prints. Hardly a house or shop was without some such evidence of the disorder caused by that bad boy yonder.

A rather well-known series of photos of dancing girls, which have been for a long time in the military cafes of Verdun, has escaped the ravage of the bombardment, although everything alongside these paintings is a mass of ruins. The club has lost one of its walls torn off by a shell and the interior is in a state of ruin. Most of the rooms are filled with wreckage, but the dancing girls continue to look down on all this desolation and there is hardly a mark on any one of the pictures. They show the characteristic dances of the various nations, one of them shows a Spanish dancer with castanets in hand, doing a cachucha; another shows a Russian peasant dancer, another a French ballet dancer, and another a American Kentucky dancer. The pictures are 7 or 8 feet square, in heavy mahogany frames which have also escaped the havoc of the bombardment.

At the entrance to the citadel of Verdun, there are two old-fashioned cannon captured by the French in one of the struggles of former days. One of the staff officers, accompanying The Associated Press on its rounds in the city, pointed out these cannon and said:

"These remind me of two curious cannon shown me at the United States Military Academy at West Point when I was making an official visit there. The cannon here are in shining. They had been cast in France, but at Lexington the United States had seized and had a war I was curious to know how they had come into the possession of the United States. It seems that when France was at war with Spain the cannon were taken by the Spaniards. Then when Mexico was under the Spanish influence, Spain turned over these French cannon to Mexico. Then when the United States had a war with Mexico, our American army captured the French cannon. So they have made the rounds of four governments and are now in the hands of the United States."

This officer was one of the Franco-American exchange lecturers some years ago, and attended conferences at Yale and Harvard, and in Boston, New York, Chicago and many other cities out to the Pacific coast.

From a military standpoint Verdun has come through the ordeal much better than was expected. While the most inhabitants have suffered greatly in the loss of homes and belongings, yet the military people point out that everything contributing to the military defense of the town is about as good as ever. The Citadel is the center of the town, where the last stand was to be made, is untouched except for shell holes in the heavy masonry walls. These are big enough to smash an ordinary dwelling to pieces but on these massive walls, twenty feet thick, they are only pinpricks which can be repaired.

The bridges, also, have all escaped damage, and bridges from the military standpoint are very important for the ready transfer of troops, supplies, and refugees from one side of the Meuse to the other. The main bridge, linking the principal business street, is thronged along the river by shops and houses, and by people by night and daylight, but the bridge never does not show a scratch. Life goes on with as the river flows.

But on the whole, said one of the officers, we feel that after six months bombardment, Verdun has really suffered very little in comparison, so that the demoralizing effect made by Germany has not come to them a common military failure.

The bombardment of Clermont, Marshal of Verdun, has gone through the bombardment unscathed, which we regard as a proclamation of pride. The old general, in spite enough courage, still determined he cannot go to Atlanta or Paris to the assault of Verdun. Verdun has always been proud of its marshal, who was born here in 1811 and became a marshal under Louis XV.

A visit to one of the fortresses in the inner circle of Verdun defenses showed practically a duplicate of Fort Douaumont and Vaux, now complete weeks after being captured by the Germans. It has the same massive walls, twenty feet thick and the height of a three story row of houses. Within this wall is a wide moat, and then a second circle of heavy walls, with small loopholes and windows for the soldiers to shoot down on others and.

This was no mere story shelling, when one of our crack officers came on the scene and taking his rifle he shot to pieces the ropes and after the other, letting the baskets and bundles crash to the foot of the wall.

For six days this work went on, but never once did a bomb explode near our windows, so our sharpshooters undoubtedly cut the ropes as fast as the baskets were lowered.