

Amid War's Alarms

By MABEL WORTHINGTON

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A bomb burst fifty feet away from the street. A woman screamed and even a municipal officer lost his head and dashed helter-skelter from the spot. A young man, well dressed, composed, rather interested than aroused, lit a fresh cigarette and viewed the scampering residents, a slightly amused expression upon his handsome face.

A new philosophy had been born in him during recent critical hours. He was one of many refugees driven to the little Belgian town, at first a seeming sanctuary from war's alarms, but now practically invested by the enemy. In one direction it was open country, but there was a desolate waste to cross scarcely having roads before a railroad was to be reached. That leaving the town was torn up for ten miles and blockaded beyond.

Driven closer and closer to the border, some fifty tourists had been finally grouped at the little town. They had rapidly separated in various directions. Those of the permanent inhabitants who could find food. That morning Adrian Noble had arrived in an old-time diligence attached to a tired and worn-out horse. At Mansie it had picked up a young lady passenger. She, too, had come to Elion to find herself there with no guaranteed egress from the place.

Noble was a man of leisure. This much he learned of Miss Violet Moore: She was of an artistic temperament and the war had interfered with her plans for a long-continued hegira. Her uncle, a wealthy man, was awaiting her in Paris. Her beauty had captivated Noble at the first. Her courage and fearlessness of a situation that would have thrown most women into



A Bomb Burst Fifty Feet Away.

hysterics aroused his admiration. Just now he saw her coming down the street, calm, untroubled by the peril and panic on the street. She halted to reassure a frightened child, rushing to her skirts for protection. Noble lifted his hat as he approached, with the words:

"I do not imagine that these stray shells are anything worse than a reminder, or a threat, to scare the natives, but you should not court the risk of the open street."

"But you?" she challenged him, with a friendly smile.

He shrugged his shoulders. It was not in disdain or braggart indifference. Everything was enanti to him at the present moment.

"I have a mission," she continued, her face instantly becoming grave.

"The priest at the old hospice down the street yonder sent a messenger to the hotel to learn if some arrival there bound for France could call upon him on a matter of vital importance. I was the only one there answering the description, so—"

"You risked your life!" interposed Noble. "Miss Moore, I shall insist upon being your escort. We are companions of voyage and it is my province to protect you."

"As you like, and thanks," she laughed lightly, but with an entire absence of affectation or coquetry. "I fear some new situation and misery impels the appeal."

That was true. As they rushed to the old, dilapidated shell of a building they were greeted at the door by a serious but kindly-faced old man in the garb of a priest.

He led them into a room where a dozen young children were playing on the floor with some building blocks. He motioned his visitors to be seated.

"You are truly kind," he said. "I am placed in a position where my heart nearly fails me. You see these poor little ones? They are orphans, all of them, brought from along the line of war devastation, without friends, without a shelter save my poor home here."

Noble viewed the little group pitifully, a tear stood in the eye of Miss Moore.

"They are in new danger now," continued the priest. "and my duty calls me to the hospital at Mansie, where a score are dying daily. Madam, sir, you will certainly find some way to reach safety. These little ones—I would save them. If they could be got to Paris the aid societies there would take charge of them."

"But I scarcely know how I shall get there myself," explained the young lady.

The priest regarded Noble wistfully. The latter had been roused out of his

self by the pathetic incident of the hour.

"There are no trains," he said, "no body here of the inhabitants seems to think of anything but his own escape. I doubt if I could find a conveyance in the town, but—there may be a way. I will see."

A queer sensation of interest thrilled Adrian Noble as the beautiful girl directed toward him an approving and appreciative glance. He made his departure, strangely anxious to continue her favorable opinion of him.

It was an hour later when Noble reappeared at the old hospices. He drove a sorry nag, attached to a hay rack. This was piled knee-deep with hay, and over it some ragged but thick blankets lay.

"It is the best I could do," he explained to the priest. "A refugee was anxious to get rid of his surplus and, under the present conditions, worthless belongings. I struck a bargain for cash."

"But who will drive?" inquired the innocent-faced priest.

"Why, myself," replied Noble, with a careless laugh. Then he caught a merry gleam in the eyes of Miss Moore. She had read him aright as a fastidious idler, used to the equipages of luxury, rather than this slatternly outfit, and the vivid contrast momentarily amused her.

The priest helped them to pack the little ones into the vehicle. He added to their equipment all the cabbies he had in the house. As they drove off Noble lifted his hat reverently and the eyes of Miss Moore were full of tears. Their recent host had his hands raised in benediction. Then he turned to face new duties amid carnage and suffering.

The blind route the refugees took led them a good many more than forty miles ere they reached safety. It was pitiful to view the orphaned little ones leaving their native land forever. Miss Moore was tender and attentive. Noble made them comfortable and buoyant. This was decidedly a new experience and its winning phase was the presence of the lovely girl, who took up the care of the children as though it was her life work.

When they reached Paris their charges were taken to a hotel by Noble. There appeared Miss Moore and her father a little later. He thanked Noble for his protecting escort. He looked over the children speculatively.

"I think I'll adopt them," he said finally. "I say, Violet, we can get the people at the home farm to take them in and ourselves keep track of their progress in life."

"I shall be interested to see them permanently housed," remarked Noble. "As I am going also to return to the United States—"

"We can't spare you from the party, of course," declared Violet's uncle.

And one beautiful moonlight night, steaming homeward bound, Adrian Noble told his love to the girl who had roused him to a new and truer interest in humanity.

"Our little wards," spoke Noble tenderly, when Violet had said yes. "We will see them grow into men and women together."

MAKE THEIR MEANING PLAIN

Masters of Literature Have Always Refrained From What Might Be Called "Highbrow" Writing.

It is quite generally assumed that the great and the true are intrinsically too difficult for common understandings. I believe the assumption to be nonsense, Henry Sydnor Harrison writes in the Atlantic. If a man thinks he has a story to tell and deliberately sets to work to tell it in such a manner that only extraordinary and brilliant persons can hope to follow him, that man is a dreary fool.

But great novelists, whatever else they are, are never dreary fools; and their unapproachableness, when they are unapproachable, is never willful, I suppose, and never the proof of their greatness. To employ a manner and a narrative method which ordinary readers find quite impenetrable and even the most cultivated persons at times find irritating to the last degree—this is no mark of the good, but the limp in a great man's gait.

To baffle, bewilder, frustrate and "lock up" the reader—this is a novelist's crime, no matter who commits it. And the fixed truth seems to be that the biggest episodes, characters, conflicts, morals and meanings are not at all beyond the mental grasp of ordinary persons; and the greatest novelists have commonly and without effort, lodged their intentions in the minds of great masses of plain people.

Serb Footwear Praised.

"Opauken," the ordinary footwear of the Serbs, men and women, work-a-day and holiday, have again proved their efficiency for soldiering in this war, the London Chronicle observes. Flat feet, perspiring feet, sores and similar complaints are unknown where "opauken" are worn, and the surgeon in charge of the Dutch ambulance, who went through last autumn's campaign, as well as two earlier Balkan wars with the Serbian army, has declared that he never had a single case of foot trouble to deal with. These sandals—for such they are—are composed simply of a piece of hard leather, bent, loosely plaited and open across the foot, and fastened by a hook at the tip. There is thus no pressure—everything is wide and open to the air.

Movement of Martian Canals.

With regard to the alleged shifting of the canals of Mars over the face of the planet, Professor Lowell states in Popular Astronomy that this phenomenon was detected at his observatory 19 years ago, and is therefore no novelty. He believes that there is not an actual displacement of the canals, but that there are, in each case, several canals that become successively visible.

Concoited.

"He's as concoited a youth as I ever met."

"What's the matter now?"

"He says he is sure he can make Elizabeth happy if we let them marry. As if any man could be sure of making a woman happy!"

GREAT RECLAMATION PROJECT

In the valley of the Rio Grande river, on the border between the United States and Mexico, engineers of the United States have almost finished the greatest reclamation project ever attempted. At a cost of \$10,000,000 the Elephant Butte dam in New Mexico which will turn 180 square miles of almost worthless desert into fertile farms, has been constructed. For three years from the time the water was turned into the gigantic reservoir, the entire flow of the Rio Grande will be required to fill it. This artificial lake is forty miles long and from three to six miles wide. It will hold 650,000,000 gallons, or enough to cover 2,000,000 acres of land with water to a depth of one foot.

The work on the dam was started in the spring of 1911, and more than one thousand workmen have been employed on the construction ever since that time. When the project is finally completed 110,000 acres of land in New Mexico, 45,000 acres in Texas and 25,000 acres in old Mexico will be irrigated. Five hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards of solid masonry will have been put in place. This masonry forms a mass, which, if placed on a tract of land of the dimensions of an ordinary city block, would cover the tract to a height equal to that of a 13 story building. This masonry has been placed at the rate of 1,225 cubic yards daily.

All the gates of the dam have been put in place and the water in the reservoir stands at 37 feet above the old river bed. When it is filled it will have an average depth of approximately 66 feet.

The Elephant Butte dam project far surpasses in magnitude the Assuan dam on the Nile in Egypt, which has in the past been regarded as the climax of possibilities in irrigation. As a matter of actual figures, the Nile dam holds only half as much water as will be contained back of Elephant Butte dam.

The dam itself is 1,200 feet long and will be 304 feet high at the highest point. A permanent roadway 26 feet high is being constructed on top. The dam gradually widens to the base, forming a concrete foundation, against which the raging torrents from the streams of the Rocky mountains will beat for centuries without effect.

In the construction of the reservoir it was necessary to wipe out three small towns; and although the population was not large, the property values, which were made good by the government, represented in the aggregate a considerable sum. Another town sprang up for the army of workmen. A railroad 15 miles long was built to haul material to the place where the dam was erected. In fact, the preliminary work was not a small part of the undertaking. Plants for the manufacture of cement, buildings for the housing of the workmen, a store, power station, transmission lines and a great embankment at a gap in the hills northwest of the dam proper had to be provided.

Construction of main flumes, cofferdams, excavation in the river bed and the building of roads were among the preliminary tasks presented to the engineers. The cost, with the exception of \$1,000,000, will eventually be paid back to the government reclamation fund by land owners who will benefit by the dam, and will again be used by the government for reclamation work in some other section of the country.

The \$1,000,000 was appropriated outright and is being used for that portion of the work which will benefit farmers in old Mexico. The appropriation was made to furnish this water in settlement of several million dollars in claims which the Mexican government had presented to the United States for damages to land on the Mexican side, as a result of the water from the river being used in small irrigation projects on the American side, thus robbing Mexican farmers of water which naturally would have gone to them.

Something of what is to be expected as a result of the work is demonstrated by the small tracts that have been irrigated by private irrigation systems. The great dam will connect two division dams already completed. One of these, at Leasburg, waters 25,000 acres in what is known as the rich Mesilla valley. It has been wonderfully productive. Farmers in this section have received a profit of \$500 an acre from truck in a single year. At other points along the Rio Grande in both Texas and New Mexico, small dams have brought tracts of land under irrigation and made it possible to raise bounteous crops.

The same fertility will be found on the 155,000 acres around the new dam in New Mexico and Texas. Great valleys which have hitherto produced only during the infrequent years that nature was kind enough to send more than the average rainfall, will be reached by the water from the irrigation canals and large yields will be assured.

The statement that the reservoir will hold three years' flow of the Rio Grande river shows the greatness of the project. The Rio Grande is one of the longest rivers in the United States. It forms far up in Colorado and is fed by rivers and streams extending much farther to the north. It flows through a portion of Colorado, across New Mexico and forms the border between Texas and Mexico, finally reaching the Gulf.

Extensive irrigation from the river without the aid of a great dam and reservoir is impossible, because of the rapidity with which the stream changes from a raging torrent to a bed of dry sand.

With the completion of the dam and other irrigation projects which will follow a great future for New Mexico is assured. New Mexico lies in the heart of the arid section of America. She has 122,460 square miles of broad plains, rugged mountains, sage brush deserts; greater in extent than all New England, with New York and New

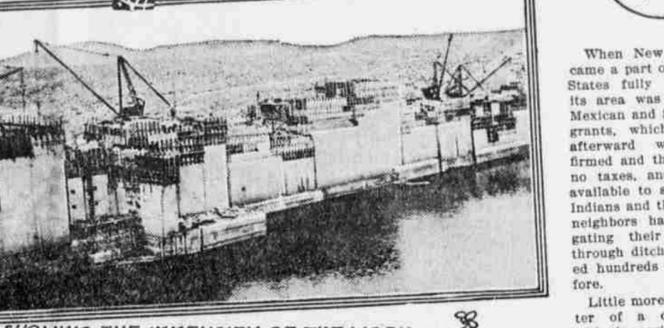
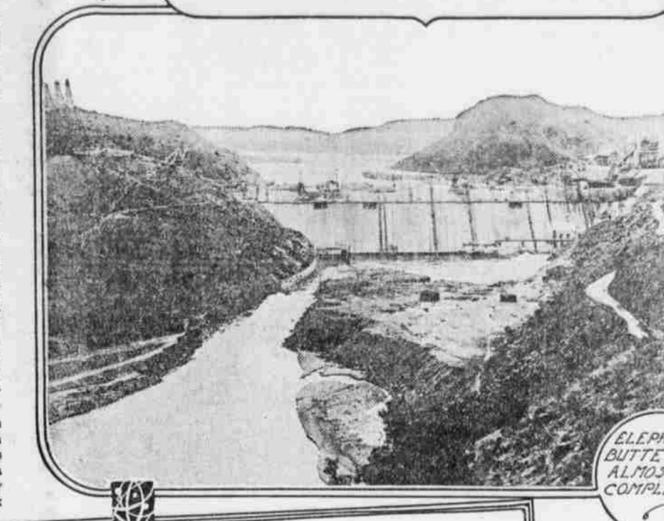
GATHERED INFORMATION

An artificial coffee has been invented in Japan which is said to have the right flavor and a large percentage of nourishment.

A woman is the patentee of appliances with which fruit and vegetables can be canned in jars in ordinary wash boilers.

The discovery of a gas having the same relation to hydrogen that ozone has to oxygen is claimed by an English scientist.

U.S. GOVERNMENT ENGINEERS HAVE JUST FINISHED DAM THAT WILL TURN 180 SQUARE MILES OF DESERT INTO FERTILE FARMS IN SOUTHWEST.



SHOWING THE IMMENSITY OF THE WORK

Jersey thrown in, but with a population of only about 500,000.

So many generations ago that no records are left, a mighty civilization is said to have flourished in this territory. When Coronado sailed up the Rio Grande, Indians were leading the waters of the river over their fields and blossoming gardens. But with the coming of civilization, led by the Spaniards, who sought only gold, the ancient irrigation system was abandoned, and for many generations this land which will now be made fertile was left idle.

A Military Surgeon's Experience in Berlin

By PROF. CARL LUDWIG SCHLEICH.

They who return from the field of battle are changed men, with a peculiar expression of the face which has become characteristic of those who are fighting for their country. Though there is a uniformity of desire to serve the fatherland further after as speedy a recovery as may be possible, on the features of all these members of the giant organism lies the stamp of the horrors of war which they have witnessed, and this expression is in direct relation to the culture of the individual.

Notwithstanding their iron purpose to return when their injuries shall have healed, these fighters are all, psychologically speaking, not quite intact. A tragic look in the deep-set eyes, an almost stony rigidity of face are characteristic, especially of the officers who come under observation. It seems as if all the horrors of conflict had impressed themselves upon the vision and had given an expression first of astonishment at the enormities of destruction witnessed. Then gradually as the eyes became weary and accustomed to the sights of slaughter they mirrored the full picture of the horrible.

This condition is followed by one of unbecoming calm and fixity of expression, which, viselike, retains its demonic hold upon the face, causing the eyes to sink deeper into the head, to become dimmed and the lower lid marked, with the shadow and weariness within. The eyes lie deep in their bony sockets as in those suffering from insomnia or those who have been deeply touched by life's miseries. This expression of the face we find even where the individual returns to his home uninjured.

Under solicitous care the rigidity and look of distress disappear in the course of a few weeks, but on their arrival from the field these men are all slightly changed—as though they had learned to shudder and no longer knew the unrestrained joyous laughter. They have seen the Gorgon's head. This changed expression of the face, this deadly serious look, this aging of the features in a short period of time is well known to relatives and friends. It is the expression of a condition which the technical physician characterizes as chronic shock of the sympathetic system, expressed particularly in the arteries.

The effect of this is marked not alone on the pulse, but also on the heart itself. Under the constant impulse of its contracting muscle the heart becomes dilated and hypertrophied. This physical condition results in that psychic unrest

which makes life seem unattractive and gray, and the future veiled in leaden mists and without hope, while all the time the recent past is lived over in the mind and seems like an unreal, not quite tangible dream.

Insomnia is the worst of the psychic disturbances that follow in the wake of the heart condition, and it may assume a severe form which cannot be alleviated by the known remedies. These half-sick people lie awake at night racked by their memories, staring with open eyes into the dark. They will hear the rattle and shriek of artillery, the crash of the machine guns and an echo of imminent danger; these memories will seem to them as the flight of the iron birds of destiny.

We have no sharply defined psychosis of war with constantly characteristic symptoms. The occasion of war may serve to develop the latent predispositions of mental derangement, and in this a habitual misuse of alcohol may play a considerable role, but true psychic disturbances, as such, have their roots further back. In other words, it is the faint indication of psychic abnormality which is brought to rapid development through war, but war in itself does not develop a symptom complex of its own or a true psychosis.

Some unusual instances of hysteria have come under observation, patients in whom functional derangements were effected by purely psychic means. One is the case of a corporal of an excitable, wild and unrestrained disposition.

He came to the hospital shot through both shoulders and with profuse inflammation of the shoulder joints. After four months he was almost restored to health and was amusing himself by playing upon his mouth harmonica, the childish and individual musical instrument of the army. Opposite to him in the hospital lay a soldier suffering from the effects of a shot through the head, with stupor and violent convulsions. The indications for a cranial operation were being discussed, and the remark was made, "It may be a case of tetanus."

It proved not to be tetanus and the spasms were relieved by the removal of a bone splinter, which resulted in progressive recovery. But his neighbor, the corporal with healed shot wounds in the arms, after three days developed typical symptoms of tetanus, without fever. The manifestations continued for several weeks and disappeared finally under suggestion, on the emphatic assurance that no tetanus was present. —New York Sun.

THE WORLD OVER

America's 1915 cranberry crop is estimated at 4,300,000 barrels.

British Columbia's annual mineral output is valued at \$38,000,000.

Two English physicians are experimenting with a parasite with which they hope to exterminate the flies of their country within a few years.

Poor fruit crops are reported by Scotland, where the weather during the last three months has been very rainy, with frequent thunderstorms.

Home Town Helps

STREET NAMES SHOW BOLDLY

Experiment Being Made in San Francisco Seems to Promise to Become Popular.

At an intersection of two thoroughfares in the business district of San Francisco an experiment is being made with a novel plan for displaying



Besides Showing the Street Name, the Sign Lights the Curbstone for Pedestrians.

street names. Electrically illuminated signs bearing the street titles have been embedded in the vertical sides of the curbs. These consist of waterproof cast iron boxes, 40 inches long and 8 inches deep, perforated with street names and illuminated by means of tubular electric lamps which are connected with the city lighting system. Two of these signs are installed at each of the four corners at the intersection.—Popular Mechanics.

IMPORTANCE OF THE ALLEY

Writer Shows How It May Be Maintained With Great Advantage to the Community.

"The objections made to alleys are, first, that the ground cannot be afforded for this use; second, that the expenditure necessary to pave, clean, police and light an alley system is not warranted," says a correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. "These objections have as their basis the question of expense only. As to the first, it is my belief that the area set apart for alley purposes is better utilized than that taken for any part of the lot itself, and is second only in importance to that portion of the ground area needed for the street, which, we may remark is often of unnecessary width. "Admitting that alleys in many cases are at present a marked nuisance for lack of proper maintenance, I can only urge the necessity that they be paved, as a prerequisite to proper cleaning. That they demand lighting and policing is of course evident, but this expense is much less in the case of alleys extending directly through the square than those which have offsets or bends in this course. "For the safeguarding of light and air in city blocks in our own day and for the preservation of these essentials of sanitation in the days that are to come, let us stimulate an appreciation of the benefits conferred by alleys and by providing suitable equipment and adequate care minimize their disadvantages."

"We" and "They."

In the smaller towns and country districts people say "we" when they speak of governmental activity. "We" built the courthouse and got it done at low cost. "We" organized the high school. "We" pay the expenses of keeping prisoners in the jail.

In the big cities people say "they." "Why don't they do this and so?" People wonder when the city government falls down. It isn't a personal matter with them. The government isn't their government. It belongs to somebody else.

There is a world of difference in the two attitudes. When the people of the cities get to saying "we" about their cities and counties then they are going to clean house and take possession.—Kansas City Star.

Identification.

Case and Comment is authority for the following: The case was reached on the trial docket, and just as the judge took his seat one of the lawyers walked up to the opposing counsel and said to him, "You agreed to do so and so." The latter replied, "I did not." Thereupon the first lawyer angrily asserted in audible tones that his opponent was "A damn liar!" and the latter shook his fist in the face of his accuser and said that he was "a damned scoundrel!" Here the court intervened and blandly said, "Now, gentlemen, since you have thoroughly identified each other to the court you will please proceed with the case."

Remarkable Aurora.

Owls, to a cloud hanging above the horizon and serving as a screen an aurora was observed about half an hour before sunset at Viking, Alberta, Canada, some months ago. "Numerous bright, hazy, milk-like streamers, appearing to have their source just below the cloud," were observed darting to a height of about 15 degrees.

At the End of Forty-Eight Hours.

"Papa certainly didn't manage this European trip very well. He said we'd be in Rome two days, but he made a mistake and it's three—and now we've seen everything, and there's absolutely nothing to do for a whole day."—Lippincott's.

Cleaning House.

"Wife, can't we get rid of some of this old plunder?" "Everything may come in handy some time." "Still, I think we run no risk in disposing of this old calendar for 1892."