

Battles Which Made the World

VALMY

The Contest in Which the Raw Volunteers Showed They Could Fight and Made Possible the Gallant French Republic Which Battles for Freedom Today.

By CAPT. ROLAND F. ANDREWS

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On September 20, 1792, France first assumed the title of a republic. On the same day her raw Carmagnole levies fought and won the battle of Valmy, a battle which proved to the doubters—of whom France herself was one—that the republican spirit possessed mettle; that France could not only declare herself a republic, but could defend and maintain herself as a republic. Valmy, declares Creasy, set the kings of Europe trembling after 18 centuries of security. Valmy, wrote Goethe, was the battle of Valmy, "a romance, a new era in the world's history." Valmy decreed there should be that republican France which fights the battle of freedom today.

Valmy was fought in the same region which has seen some of the bloodiest encounters of the present war. It took place in the marshy country of the Aisne and the Aube, with the forest of Argonne, then much heavier and greater in extent than it is now, as a prominent strategic feature. Its victor was Kellerman, father of the Kellerman whose brilliant cavalry charge afterward decided the battle of Marengo. Under Napoleon the elder Kellerman assumed the title of duke of Valmy. When he died he desired that his heart should be buried upon the battlefield where he had won his fame.

The army which came against the crude French republican volunteers included not only 60,000 Prussians and 45,000 Austrians, but no less than 15,000 French emigres of the old royalist days, most of them of noble birth, all of them skilled in arms and representing the flower of the commissioned personnel of the old and formidable French army. In chief command was the duke of Brunswick, second only in military skill to the Great Frederick, as whose lieutenant he had served. Heading the emigres was Conde.

Against these Dumouriez, the sixty-year-old veteran who held the chief French command, could oppose only a total of some 50,000 men badly organized and disciplined, for the most part worse off in equipment and supplies. Eight battalions were so mutinous that Dumouriez, under pretense of reviewing them, posted them with a strong force of cavalry in their rear and cannon on their flanks, after which he informed them that they were not worthy to be called either soldiers or citizens. They would do well, he further informed them, to do their duty, or the cavalry and the guns would do duty to them.

The invaders advanced in what they believed would be only a march of joy and triumph to Paris in three columns. In the earlier engagements the French fled like sheep. On one occasion they fled without firing a shot. On another a division of 10,000 scurried back before the scattering fire of a few Austrian skirmishers. To make matters worse, French underestimate of the enemy's sagacity left weakly defended an important pass which an Austrian corps, under Clarifay, promptly forced after some sharp fighting.

Misfortune and the necessity of covering an extended front rather than faulty generalship caused the separation of Dumouriez and Kellerman who was trying to join him by a wheeling movement from Metz and gave opportunity for the invading force to attempt the overwhelming of the latter as he stood isolated on the plateau of Valmy, at a dangerous interval from his chief. The young king of Prussia, who was with Brunswick's forces, joined with the emigre French princes in urging an immediate attack. Accordingly the right wing of the invading army moved forward early in the morning to turn Kellerman's left flank and cut him off from retreat to Chalons. Dumouriez, an alert and spy citizen in spite of his years, ordered up troops to support Kellerman, but these troops were slow in starting.

The same sort of fog which embarrassed the opposing forces of the present war when they clashed on the same ground hung over the battlefield. It was ten o'clock when the tattered French army perceived emerging from the white mists the countless Prussian cavalry and the bristling columns of infantry now close upon them. The French, remembering the ranning they had found it advisable to do in the preliminary skirmishing, were nervous, and showed it. However, Kellerman and the youthful Duc de Chartres, a youngster of twenty who served as a general under him, steeled their men so successfully that they endured splendidly the pounding of the Prussian artillery which opened on them from La Lune. The French guns replied with spirit, after which Kellerman, believing the enemy fire slackening, headed a charge. This was nearly the undoing of the French for the charge landed itself fairly under the pieces of a masked battery which opened with such terrific effect that the French broke in wild disorder, while Kellerman himself went down with his horse shot under him. His men carried him off.

Immediately the Prussian col-

umns began an advance, so formidable in its appearance that the French cannoners wavered at their guns. It was then that Kellerman, recovering possession of his faculties, reorganized his infantry, refused to mount a horse, placed himself on foot at the head of his line, raised his chapeau high on the point of his sword, and calling upon his men to use the bayonet, raised the cry of:

"Vive la nation!"

The troops caught the spirit. So great was the clamor they raised, and so resolute their appearance that the Prussians, hesitating at a charge up hill against so formidable a foe, halted in the valley and then slowly retreated. The young king of Prussia was beside himself with rage. Battering his soldiers with bitterness he formed the flower of his regiments in person and headed them for the French line. The French artillery was again firing with spirit and by now the reinforcements sent by Dumouriez were beginning to come into play. The Prussian king's staff was mowed down by his side, but still the boyish monarch, his sword waving above his head, besought his men to go forward. For a time the issue hung in the balance, the French artillery working like fiends while the infantry, now afire with enthusiasm, held nobly to the task and the veteran Prussian corps vainly endeavored to close the great gaps which the cannon balls were making in their ranks. At last they faltered, broke and retreated, sweeping their king back in the flood of disaster. Night descended with the French master of Valmy.

Brunswick lingered some time after in the Argonne, but disease and lack of confidence thinned his ranks. France, on the contrary, felt a giant's strength, and like a giant did she use it. Never again was the decision in doubt. The French republic was insured.

WIFE IS MADE HIS RECEIVER

Plan Adopted by a Man Who Found That He Could Not Get Along on His Salary.

There was a story in the American Magazine in which a man who hasn't been able to get along on his salary installed his wife as temporary receiver. It worked wonders with him. Here is part of the story:

"What you want," said Tudd, smiling, "is to go into the hands of a receiver—a temporary receiver—like your firm did. You said they did, didn't you? How they coming out?"

"Fine!" said Brett.

"That's good. And that's what you need—to go into the hands of a temporary receiver. You ain't a bad business, but you've got yourself all balled up. You ought to go to somebody and say: 'Here! I've got my affairs all balled up and I can't seem to pull out and get my debts paid and everything cleaned up, and it is worrying me to death, and if somebody don't do something I'm going to have a nerve smash and go plumb bankrupt. Here, you take me over and see what you can do.'"

"Brett drew a deep breath and looked at Tudd questioningly. Tudd was a success and a kindly man. If Tudd would—

"And the person to be your temporary receiver," said Tudd, "is your wife, of course."

What One Horsepower Will Do.

An astute French mathematician has found that in certain watches the motions exceed two hundred million a year in little equal jumps. In the same time the outside of the average balance travels seven thousand five hundred miles. Yet despite this astonishing distance traveled by the ordinary watch the amount of power consumed is trifling. One horsepower is sufficient to run two hundred and seventy million watches. This is probably all the watches that are in existence. But if there should be more there would be enough power left in the one horsepower to run an additional thousand watches or so.—Popular Science Monthly.

"Rah for the Sparrow!"

A very intelligent lady has told us that but for the sparrows one of the finest residence streets in Boston a few years ago would have been overrun with spiders. These insects became so great a pest that several householders feared they would have to move. Suddenly it was discovered the sparrows were after the spiders. The end of the trouble came soon.—Our Dumb Animals.

An Off Year for Them.

"This has certainly been a terrible year for my garden."

"What sort of a crop are you trying to raise?"

"Sunflowers."

Unfortunate.

Bess—Poor Billy, all the time he was in the woods he sang "Sweet Adeline," so as not to be mistaken for a deer. Finally somebody shot him for singing "Sweet Adeline."

MANY AMERICAN WOMEN ARE THE NATION'S ENEMIES BY MARRIAGE

Among the Most Prominent of These Is Gladys Vanderbilt Who Has Been an Angel of Mercy in Austria-Hungary and Who Now Finds Herself Arrayed Against Home Land and Family.

London.—American women who have been expatriated through their marriage to foreigners have a pathetic role, indeed, to play during these days that try the souls of humankind. Expatriation, always bitter to the patriot, becomes an overwhelming burden to the American in these times when their country, the noblest of them all, is about to strike the most tremendous and majestic blow ever struck by a nation at war. Even to be expatriated to a friendly ally may well prove rankling to an American who possesses a full measure of patriotic pride, and to be marooned from the civilized world in the ranks of our enemy is proving as bitter as hemlock to numbers of true Americans at heart. Among these the most poignant sufferers are the erstwhile American girls, now the wives of enemy aliens, who, in their distress, have, almost to a woman, identified themselves with the Red Cross of their husbands' countries. They feel that, at least in this one respect, they may conscientiously quiet their broken hearts with the thought that they do a work which the great United States in its honest myriads of hearts will heartily approve.

Among the more prominent of those who suffer thus appears the former Gladys Vanderbilt, who has been an angel of mercy in Austria-Hungary and who now finds herself unwittingly arrayed against her home land and family.

Her husband is a staff captain with General Dankl in that dangerous Galician region where the Russians once hoped to make the critical drive of the war. Her brother, Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is now in the field in the United States with the Twenty-second engineers, preparing to seek the European battlefields too, where it is within the realm of possibility that he will find himself directly and personally opposed to the dashing young man who married his sister.

So there is a sad young woman over in the far land, laboring for the Red Cross, the wounded and for a cause that is not that of her family and the friends of her childhood. Indeed, it was the death of her own brother, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, that had as much to do with molding American sentiment against the Teutonic powers as any one incident of the war. What- ever may be the fact of the real cause of the underlying break, the public mind holds most prominently the sinking of the Lusitania as an item of resentment, and the most prominent victim of that ocean disaster was her own brother, sent to a watery grave by a torpedo that came from a U-boat.

One brother dead as a noncombatant victim of war, another in khaki ready to fight, a couple of nephews wearing the uniform of America and scores of relatives and friends either in the ranks or in the councils of the republic, the position of this unfortunate young woman is indeed one of the most pathetic stories of the whole cataclysm that is shaking the world.

While she is by reason of these queer international complications the most striking figure in the marital horrors of Cupid, she does not stand alone. A score of titled women, a few hundreds without titles, but still women with hearts and loves, are in the same boat.

And the most pitiful phase of the whole situation is that their adopted countries do not trust them, in spite of any sacrifice they may make. Studying the records of ages, one finds that time and again some woman of high place and mind has cast to the winds love, personal wishes and even life itself to serve her own land.

There is a higher law that is not defined that says to every man and every woman that personal ties are secondary to the grand duty of patriotism, and it is this higher law that makes the officials of the central military powers fear and distrust any wife whose land is not their own.

Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, put the thought into concrete form when he issued an order that no German diplomat in the service of his country might marry a foreigner. The order fell into disregard when the kaiser took the reins completely in his own hands until shortly before the European war, when it was revived. In the meantime there had crept into the German and Austrian diplomatic society a number of brilliant American women who are now under the ban of the old military law and who are alien enemies of their native land without being trusted friends of the one to which Cupid led them.

Thus it was Lillian May Langham, a beauty of Louisville, Ky., came to be the bride of the late ambassador to Washington, Speck von Sternburg, and likewise through the hiatus there came to Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, his successor in this country, Miss Jeanne Luckmeyer, one of the fairest of the daughters of New York. And Miss Constance Hoyt was another of the rich Americans who went to the diplomatic court of Germany through her wedding to Baron von Stumm.

Germany, before the war, treated the American woman who came to her arms with great consideration. The touch of business did not rankle at the imperial court because the kaiser himself embarked in trade and was as proud of his pottery as he was of a new regiment.

But there was a sadly different story to be told in Austria, all of which adds to the predicament of the talented and beautiful women who are now forced by love to salute a flag that is arrayed against their own.

Under the rules of the Austrian court no person could be presented unless eight generations of nobility could be shown as a condition precedent. Coming from America, where titles of nobility are not recognized, these women found the imperial gate closed, or half-closed to them, while anything with the required armorial bearings might slide through the chink.

Notable among them was the Countess Sigary, who was Miss Harriet Daly, daughter of the late Marcus Daly. Her sister is Mrs. James W. Gerard, wife of the former ambassador of the United States to Germany. She married Count Anton Sigary, who had held many important posts in the service of the empire and whose position at the court was beyond any possible question. Love and the law also took her from the land of her birth and from the friends and relatives who are cheering for Old Glory while she nurses the sick and seeks the wounded under the imperial banner.

She has given a private hospital to the Austrian forces, and, with New York enterprise, has seen to it that the government also had a first-class X-ray outfit for the treatment of the wounded.

Making up more of the notable list

HOSTAGE ON U-BOAT



Capt. C. M. Crooks of the American bark Christiane, to whom the German U-boat commander who ordered his vessel, destroyed on August 7, gave a receipt for the craft, has arrived in New York and told for the first time the complete story of his experience. Captain Crooks and his 16 men landed at an American port safely. They came from Ponta Delgada, in the Azores, where they landed after the U-boat destroyed their vessel.

GASHOUSE TEST FOR SOLDIERS



Portuguese soldiers waiting their turn at the gas school behind the British lines in France. The men go into this gas house wearing their masks to see if they can endure the poisonous gas.

of marooned Americans there is the beautiful Mabel Wright, now the Countess Zichy. She was one of the most striking beauties of this country and her face brought her fortune where many rich women of less charm failed.

A famous Italian sculptor used her as the model for a magnificent figure of an angel, and it is said that the Austrian emperor himself bought the work of art.

And among the women who must think of the Stars and Stripes as they regard their noble surroundings is Nora Iselin, now the Countess Colredo-Mansfield. She is the daughter of C. Oliver Iselin, once one of the best-known millionaires in this country. His patronage of yachting and other sports made him famous. Her husband has held the secretarial post at the Rome embassy, one of the places that an Austrian nobleman covets most of all.

From one of the oldest Virginia families there comes Miss Agnes Carroll, who married Count Anton Heussenstamm. The daughter of the late John A. Stewart, Gladys Virginia Stewart, is the wife of Count Julius Stewart, who is captain of hussars in the Austrian army.

There is the case, Dan Cupid, the traitor, has been convicted of betraying American girls to the enemy. He ought to be shot at sunrise.

SEVEN SONS FIGHTING KAISER

Mrs. Tisdall of New York, One of the Greatest "War Mothers" in Whole United States.

New York.—Clicking her knitting needles over a heavy gray sweater in Hoboken, just across the Hudson river, sits Mrs. W. J. Tisdall, one of the greatest "war mothers" in the country.

She has seven sons, all married, all with from two to six children, and all in military service. Another unusual thing, every one of the seven was an electrical engineer before he heard the call to arms.

But this is not all. Mrs. Tisdall has six daughters, two of whom are doing hospital work. "I can only sit home and knit for the army myself," modestly said Mrs. Tisdall.

The seven sons were born in Dublin of Scotch-Irish parents. The eldest son, John, forty, and Edward, twenty-seven, having both lived some years in Canada, enlisted in the Canadian forces and have come through many months' service in France unscathed.

Victor, twenty-six, left his home in Hoboken, three months ago to join the gallant Canadian Scots. His wife is studying nursing and hopes to be sent across with a Red Cross unit.

Henry Tisdall, thirty-eight, has been in the British army five years and holds the rank of colonel.

Trevor Hastings Tisdall, twenty-five, is a member of the engineer corps of the Eleventh regiment, New York, which has been in France two months.

The two remaining sons, William, thirty, and Mark, thirty-four, both residents of Connecticut, were taken in the recent selective draft and have passed physical examinations. Both have families, but will not claim exemption.

"My father, Thomas McCurdy, fought in the English army with Wellington at Waterloo, when Napoleon came to such an ignoble end," said Mrs. Tisdall. "My brother fell in the battle of Aden in Egypt in 1870. My husband was an officer in the British army until his death 16 years ago.

"While I am glad, of course, that my sons have followed the precepts of their forefathers so faithfully, I am proudest of them for having risen by their own efforts to such positions that they are now able to leave their families well provided for; which is, after all, the greatest duty a man owes to his country."

Learning and Forgetting.

The sad defect about the progress of the human race is that while we are occupied in learning one thing we are almost always engaged in forgetting another.

THIS BUNGALOW NEEDS BIG LOT

Type Described Here Pleasing to Admirers of Odd Architecture.

DETAILS OF THE STRUCTURE

Entrance into Living Room is Through Vestibule—Roomy Sleeping Porch on Second Floor—Many Neat Conveniences Too.

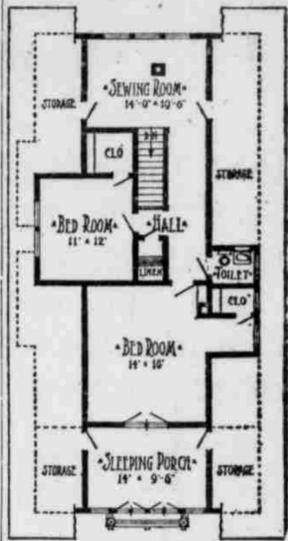
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Where a sufficient frontage is available, a bungalow of the type shown in the accompanying perspective view is an excellent residence design for the person who appreciates bungalow architecture. The building is one which is designed to have its longest dimension on the street. It would be most economically placed on a corner lot having a width approximately one-half of its length. In this position the building has a very pleasing appearance on either of the streets. It is rectangular in plan, being broken from the regular shape only by the two small bays in the front wall. The gable roof is built with a fairly sharp slope, with the cornice directly above the first floor window heads. There is second floor space available, however,

weight down to the foundation. The porch ceiling is very carefully insulated and sealed tightly so that the sleeping porch above will be protected.

Even more interesting than the exterior design is the interior arrangement. The entrance into the house is by way of a vestibule which opens into the living room. Three rooms are here grouped together in a most pleasing manner. Centrally located in the group is the large living room with its



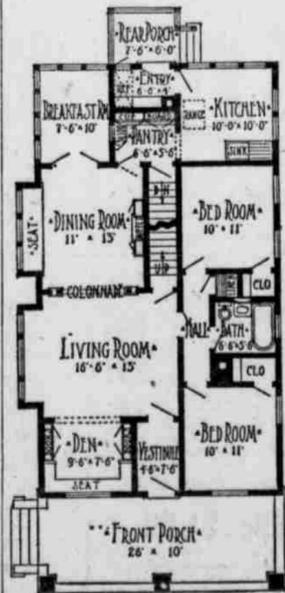
Second-Floor Plan.

three-window bay. Toward the front of the house through a large cased opening is the coziest little den which anyone might ask for. Bookcases are placed on either side of the room just within the opening and from these, en-



the rooms being formed along the center of the building where a 14-foot width is available for this purpose. In addition, there is a dormer on one side of the roof for a bedroom and on the other side of the roof for a toilet, closet and part of another bedroom.

The foundation walls of the house are of concrete up to grade and of face brick to the sills. A belt of wide rough clapboards girts the structure between the brick and the window sills. Above this line, the walls are finished with standard narrow bevel siding up to the plate. The gables and the dormer walls are finished with stained shingles. The rough clap-



First-Floor Plan.

boards may be painted in some harmonizing color which is not too dark and the trim is best finished in pure white, since contrast is needed with the prevailing dark tones of the walls.

Ornamentation of the roof consists in the use of a simple open rafter cornice and attractive brackets. A special ornamentation feature is the small balcony at one end of the second floor, above the front porch. This balcony is supported by three cantilever beams which are securely anchored to the second floor joists. The rail used is of an especially pleasing design. The second floor overhangs the porch at this end of the building, three solid square columns being used to carry the

tirely around the inclosed space, there is a built-in seat. There is a large window in the center of the forward wall of the nook. A colonnade separates the living room from the dining room, which completes the group. The dining room also has a three-window bay in the outer wall and a buffet is placed against the center of the wall opposite. A broad seat is built into the bay, adding the final touch to the scheme.

French doors lead back from the dining room into the breakfast room. The outer walls of this room are practically all glazed, which establishes this as one of the most pleasant features of the house. In the corner of the house adjacent to the breakfast room is grouped the rear entry, the kitchen and, near the center, the pantry. The arrangement is ideal. The refrigerator is placed in the entry and a door is built in the wall for icing it from the rear porch. Across the wall opposite the entrance there is a shelf from the chimney to the side wall. This shelf is high enough so that the refrigerator sets under it. The most interesting detail of this arrangement is the location of the serving pantry. This pantry connects the kitchen with the dining room. There is a cased opening from it into the kitchen and a swinging door into the dining room. A cupboard occupies the wall toward the rear of the building. A slide is provided which extends out under the window in the hall between the pantry and the breakfast porch.

The first floor bedrooms are arranged according to the best modern practice, which places them side by side with a connecting hall. Each bedroom closet is fitted with a shelf and a rail all around for clothes hooks. Most contractors and builders will suggest that an iron pipe or wood rod be placed horizontally across the closet just under the shelf, so that clothes placed on hangers may be hung there, greatly increasing the capacity of the closet and keeping the clothes in much better condition than if they were hung against the wall.

The second floor is reached from the living room, the stair door being directly in front of the vestibule. The stairs lead to the sewing room on the second floor which connects with an open hall leading to the bedrooms and toilet. There is a linen closet in this hall handy to the two bedrooms. These bedrooms are provided with closets and in the larger one there is also a shelf just behind the door as it swings open. The statement has been made that there is practically no outside exposure on the walls of the second floor rooms. This is clearly indicated on the plan, which shows that there is plenty of storage space provided under the roof along both sides of the building. These spaces are reached from the sewing room and from the sleeping porch.