

THE HERALD

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APRIL 25, 1918 No. 50

Some Lessons in Conservation

During these strenuous times, when we are compelled to piece ourselves together and avail ourselves of opportunities that are ours, we have only to point to the following paragraphs as convincing evidence of what can be done in cases of emergency:

A way has been discovered in England to use horse-chestnuts in place of edible cereals in making explosives. The boys were asked to gather the nuts and send them to designated places. The result was that they collected forty-three hundred tons, which, it is estimated, will save wheat enough to make three and three-quarters million two-pound loaves of bread.

The incident is a fine example of what can be accomplished by a great number of persons each of whom contributes something, if only a trifle. The suggestion that nuts should be collected was not made until the late fall, but the boys in seventy counties of England, Scotland and Wales took up the work. And the incident also shows how important the help of the young can be made in backing up their fathers and brothers on the battle field.

In no previous war has there been anything like the present need that all the energies of the people left at home be organized and applied to support those on the fighting line. All the nations are doing their utmost to utilize completely their man power. Some of the countries have also drawn heavily on woman power. The incident of the horse-chestnuts shows what use can be made of the boy power out of school hours.

Do you realize how much food can be raised in the home gardens of the whole country? Last year, the average garden covered one-tenth of an acre, and the average yield was 636 pounds. There are at least 5,000,000 families, not farmers, in this country, and if each one would plant an average garden, the railroads would be relieved of carrying 160,000 carloads of vegetables, that number of cars would be released to carry food, munitions and supplies for our fighting men and the people in the war zone.

The transportation problem cannot be simple in war time. Any effort to relieve the railroads is war service. Will you do your share to encourage the people in your section to plant gardens, raise their own vegetables, and serve their country with the hoe just as faithfully as the boys with the guns are doing "over there"? This is your branch of "the Service," and there is no age-limit for the man or woman who is willing to enlist in the 1918 brigade.

Prayer Meetings, Ancient and Modern

To show the difference between the prayer meetings of today and those of the past, the Northwestern Christian Advocate quotes two descriptions. The first is by Baillie, an English writer, who set down the following report of an assembly of divines in 1643:

"We spent from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon graciously. After Dr. Twisse had begun with a brief prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed for two hours, most divinely confessing the sins of the assembly in a wonderful prudent and pathetic way. After that Mr. Arrowsmith preached an hour and Mr. Seaman prayed near two hours; then a psalm. Mr. Hendren then brought them to a sweet conference concerning faults to be removed and the need of preaching against all sects, especially Anabaptists and Antinomians. Dr. Twisse closed with a short prayer and blessing."

The following is the description of a present-day prayer meeting:

"Brother A., the pastor, opened the prayer service (the midweek meeting, he called it) with two or three songs, after which he prayed for three minutes. Then came the Scripture lesson (five verses), upon which he commented for seven minutes. After a few songs he called for voluntary prayers. After another song he called for sentence prayers; and then, seeing that the audience was becoming weary, he announced: 'We will now change the order of the service and throw the meeting open for testimony. Let the testimonies be short and crisp and to the point.' A few responded with sentence testimonies. After that there was one more song, and the meeting was dismissed. Time, forty-seven minutes."

There is but one route to heaven and if our ancient brothers elected to choose the longer route, that should concern them only.

The richest State in the Union is New York, with a wealth of \$20,000,000,000; Pennsylvania is next with \$16,000,000,000; Illinois third, with \$12,000,000,000; and Texas fourth, with \$10,000,000,000.

During the past fiscal year over 9,000,000,000 cigars, 30,000,000,000 cigarettes, nearly half a billion pounds of tobacco, 35,000,000 pounds of snuff and 17,000,000 barrels of beer were produced in the United States.

Shingles all the way from the Middle West were ordered for a military post recently erected near Tacoma for 80,000 men. Tacoma is in the midst of the country's shingle industry, Washington lumber mills supplying shingles sufficient to cover half the roofs in the United States.

A Western manufacturer says that a buggy which twenty years ago could be purchased for \$60, the equivalent of 300 bushels of corn, now costs the while the 300 bushels of corn at market prices will buy a buggy at \$90. A farm wagon at \$75, a suit of clothes at \$20, a dress at \$20, a baby dress at \$15, a baby crib at \$15, a box of cigars at \$3, sugar at \$10, tea \$10, gasoline \$10, lubricating oil at \$15—a total of \$353.

Church of the Holy Name of Mary

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Charles C. P., left last Saturday for Pass Christian, Miss., where he is now preaching a week's mission for Right Rev. Bishop Gunn, R. M. D. D.

Rev. Father Hellett, S. M., is still at the Holy Name Rectory. Last week he visited Jefferson College, N. Y., where he met Rev. Father Reith, who had been his assistant in the past.

Rev. Father Hellett also had the honor of meeting the boys from the parish, most of whom he knew personally. He has now received his appointment and will leave next week for Minneapolis, Minn., where he will be stationed. This is a parish recently acquired by the Marist order.

Rev. Father Stenmans, who arrived in Algiers Tuesday to see if he could remain, has returned from his trip.

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Southern Hospitality includes Luzianne

CHEERY, whole-hearted, Southern hospitality—it's almost a magic phrase to many. But really it stands for honest friendship, cordiality and (you've guessed it) lots of delicious goodies.

Luzianne Coffee is always included in Southern hospitality because it tastes so good. Fragrant hot coffee for people who know what's good—that's Luzianne.

Good old Luzianne flavor—um-m-m!—better try some quick. Your grocer has it—and if you aren't satisfied, he'll give back every cent—honest!



Luzianne coffee

"When It Fours, It Reigns"

ONIONS

at 21-2 Cents a Pound
Will Be Sold

Tuesday morning at the Grand Isle switch track at head of Alix St. Bring your baskets and wheel barrows.

HELLO!! is this Huckins?

Yes, this is Huckins. Well, this is Laskey, can you paper my blacksmith shop? To make a long story short

Huckins Papered a Black Smith Shop

A man that can paper a blacksmith shop can paper anything.

See HUCKINS, 324 Alix St., Phone Algiers 213

over 100 students, has, nevertheless, at present 125 boys in the service, with the remarkable percentage of 75 per cent officers out of that number, with one dead, having thus already a golden star.

SERVICES.

Attention! Attention! Next Sunday the summer schedule will begin. This means that there will be no more High Masses at 10:30, but that the last Mass will be at 10, and will be a Low Mass, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Baptisms will remain at the same hour, namely, from 3 to 4. Benediction and Rosary at 4:30. Sunday—Masses at 5, 7 and 9. Low Mass and Benediction at 10. Baptisms from 3 to 4. Benediction at 4:30.

Week Days—Masses on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 6, 6:30 and 7; Wednesday at 6, 6:45 and 8:15; Saturday at 6 and 6:45.

SICK.

Marcus Daenhauer and Hermine Gayart.

BAPTISMS.

Margery May, daughter of Joseph William Burrows and Mary Lillian Molaison. Sponsors, Harry T. Molaison and Mary Kassmet.

Marguerite Gertrude, daughter of James Bellala and Sylvia Boudreaux. Sponsors, Fred Bonvillian and Lavinia Bellala.

Thomas Michel, son of Michel Stenger and Ally Elean. Sponsors, Thomas M. Leatham and Mrs. J. M. Leatham.

Eunice Clara, daughter of William Thibodeaux and Clara Trocsein. Sponsors, Wilson Thibodeaux and Mrs. F. Heuer.

Rev. C. C. Wier, pastor, residence 258 Vallette, phone 138.

Last Sunday at the morning hour, Misses Thelma Kennedy and Maxie Trotter sang a duet. The pastor spoke on Intercession and urged the formation of the value of prayer for workers and told of the coming celebration of Centennial of American Methodist Missions, which event occurred in 1819.

There were a number of strangers at the night service and friends are urged to continue the good work of telling the guests of the services.

The Gleamers met at the residence of the Misses Rhodes, 423 Bernoulli St., on Tuesday April 16. Mrs. Mary Wells, who is to leave for Canada on April 23, was the guest of honor and was presented with a bouquet of American Beauty roses. In addition to their usual games and refreshments, there was an exhibition of rice flour for the instruction of the guests, who might desire to know of this Hoover article of food. The Gleamers is the name of the Bible Class. Mrs. Warren is the president and Mrs. Caffery is the teacher.

The most interesting meeting that has been held in the church for a long time was the calling of the roll of the soldiers and sailors. As the name of each was called some one answered for him or made a report. Some interesting letters were read. It was pleasing to learn how much the boys appreciate the opportunities afforded them by the Y. M. C. A. All of the boys are in fine health except Ansel Gibson, who has been so sick somewhere in France. He seems to be better. All were glad to learn that Lieut. Wallace M. Hebert's throat had greatly improved. Curtis Green, who is at home on a vacation from his duties as radio operator on the S. S. Maine, was present and answered to his own name and made a very interesting talk. He too, emphasized the value of the Y. M. C. A. to the boys. The pastor urged that prayers be made daily for the absent boys.

During the past week the Rector's time was taken up by the Council, which met at Christ Church Cathedral. The Woman's Auxiliary meetings were held at the same time. Delegates from Mt. Olivet Church were Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Daudelin. Saturday was set aside as Junior Day. Mt. Olivet Sunday School was represented by Clifford Angelo, Roland Briel, Roy Keenan, Arthur Kulp, and Henry Lehmann. In the annual missionary play given by the auxiliary branches of all the city churches, Miss Bessie Pyle represented the Mt. Olivet Branch. At the united missionary meeting, held at the Cathedral Sunday evening, addresses were delivered by the Bishop, Dr. R. S. Coupland, Rev. Menard Doswell, and Mr. R. P. Mead, treasurer of the Diocesan Board of Missions.

Baptism: On Sunday afternoon, Irene Ruth Augusta, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Bennecke, received Holy Baptism in Mt. Olivet Church. Sponsors: Louis B. Bennecke and Augusta Scott.

Services at Mount Olivet Sunday, April 28: 7 a. m. and 9:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.

Next week the Rector expects to visit the Lower Coast Missions on Monday and Tuesday.

The Rector wishes to call the attention of the members of Mount Olivet to the Third Liberty Loan Campaign and urges them to do their utmost in helping to subscribe to the quota.

The choir has changed their meeting from Friday night to Wednesday. Last night there was a business meeting at the home of Mr. J. W. Daniels on Pelican Ave.

Prayer meeting tonight at 7:45. Services next Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:45 p. m. The Sunday School will observe Children's Day next Sunday.

Friday night the new church commission will hold an important session at 8 p. m., at the church.

The Boy Scouts will meet Friday night at 7. The patrol flags and den-roof badges have come and will be distributed at that time. The plan for beginning the big drive for the Third Liberty Loan will be outlined and planned. Saturday morning the boys will distribute literature and then for a week they will solicit subscribers. They will meet daily to make reports which will go to headquarters. Today is their time for ringing the liberty bells on Canal St. They begin at 12:15 and ring until 5.

SUNDAY SCHOOL. Sunday coming is Children's Day, and we trust all the children's parents will be present. The service will begin at the usual time, 9:30 a. m., and a program of excellent type has been arranged by the committee in charge. The classes of Mrs. Cayard and Miss Ruth Pettigrove will do the decorating, and will be there Saturday night. If you have anything you think will help to make the church look pretty, come around and bring what you have. Flowers are wanted.

The offering Sunday will be for a special cause and a worthy one. Come and let us do our best. What's next? Why, May the fourth! The Saturday after Children's Day we are to have our annual picnic. Are you coming this year? Well, be at the church no later than 8 o'clock and you will be on time. If you want tables and benches or ice you had better see Edgar Cayard before next Thursday, as you may be left without something you need. In the afternoon, at 3, we are to have some games, for the old and the young, and free for all.

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Epworth League. Miss Inez Daniels led the League service last Sunday evening.

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Confessions of a German Deserter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

ly everything which might strengthen this hope.

The bicycles lying in the road indicated that the bicycle division was in the fight at this point. How strong the enemy was we did not know as we raced toward the firing line. Everybody crouched down as low as possible while jumping to the right and left. Before and behind us the bullets were flying continuously, yet we reached the firing line without losses. We were greeted joyously by our hard-pressed comrades. The bicycle regiment had not suffered any losses except for a few slightly wounded men who were still able to take part in the fight.

We were lying flat on the ground and firing in the direction ordered for all we were worth, even though we had not seen our enemies. That was apparently not interesting enough to some of our soldiers. They wanted to know how the people were looking whom they had to shoot at. They got up to a kneeling position. Two men of my company had to pay for their curiosity with their lives almost instantly. The first victim of our party went down without a sound. The second threw his arms high in the air and fell on his back. Both were dead instantly.

It is impossible for me to describe the feeling that overcame me in the first real volley as we advanced and came directly within the range of the fire. I no longer felt any fright, only an impulse to get into action as quickly as possible. Yet at the sight of the first corpse a terrible fear seized me. For minutes I was completely stunned, lost all self-control and was absolutely unable to think or do anything.

I pressed my face and hands close to the ground. I wanted to clutch my gun and shoot blindly. Presently I calmed down. I suddenly became contented with myself and conditions about me and when soon afterward the command was sounded along the whole line, "Spring out!" "Forward march!" I charged as did everyone else like one possessed. The order to halt followed. Like wet bags we plumped to the ground. Firing had begun anew.

Our firing now became more lively momentarily and increased to a fearful loudness. If we had occasion to say anything to our comrades we had to shout so loudly in their ears that it hurt our throats.

Under the effect of our fire the enemy grew restless, the fire weakened and his line wavered. As only 500 meters separated us from them we could observe exactly what happened there. We saw about half the enemy retire in the following manner: Every other man quit the line, leaving his alternate in his place. Those remaining held on until the retiring party halted. We used this moment to inflict the most severe losses on the retreating enemy. As far as we could scan the horizon to the right and left we saw the Germans advancing in several sectors. Also for our detachments the order came to advance as the enemy retreated.

The task of clinging to the heels of the retreating enemy so tenaciously that no time would be allowed to make a new stand fell to us. We followed the Belgians, scarcely stopping to breathe on the way, in order to prevent their fortifying themselves in a village situated just ahead. We knew that a bloody house-to-house fight lay before us, yet the Belgians never attempted to establish themselves, but managed to escape with astonishing cleverness.

In the meantime we received reinforcements. Our company was now pretty well scattered and fought with whatever unit was nearby. The body I joined had to remain in the village to search systematically for scattered soldiers. From this village we saw that the Germans had gained on all sides. Field artillery, machine gun detachments and other equipment arrived and we were all astonished at their coming so quickly.

But there was no time to be spent in speculation. With fixed bayonets we went from house to house, door to door, and while the results were negligible because we found no soldiers we did not come out quite empty-handed. We made the inhabitants deliver all guns and munitions and so forth in their possession. The mayor, accompanying the soldiers, explained to every citizen that all found with arms according to the rules of war and German rules of war in Belgium meant execution.

An hour might have passed when we were again aroused by the sound of artillery and gunfire. A new battle had begun. Whether the artillery was busy on both sides could not be judged from our village. The bombardment was tremendous. The ground shook from the growling and moaning that rolled backward and forward, always seeming to become stronger.

The ambulance columns now brought in the first wounded. Couriers sped by us. War had set in in all its phases.

Darkness came over us before we had finished our house-to-house search. We dragged all the mattresses, straw sacks and feather beds that we could lay our hands on, to the community school and church to care for the wounded. They were made as comfortable as possible. From other surrounding villages now came the first fugitives. They may have been marching, for they looked tired and utterly exhausted.

Women, old men and children were huddled together in one mass. They had saved nothing except their bare lives. In baby buggies or on wheelbarrows these unfortunates carried whatever the rude force of war had

left them. In contrast to the fugitives, whom we had met before, these were extremely frightened, appearing to be in mortal terror of their enemy. Whenever they looked upon one of our German soldiers they cringed in terror.

How different these were from the inhabitants of the village where we had first stopped, who had met us in a friendly, even polite manner. We tried to learn the cause of this fright and discovered that the fugitives had witnessed in their village bitter street fighting. They had become acquainted with war—had seen their houses burning, had seen their little property destroyed and could not forget the sight of their streets filled with corpses and wounded.

It dawned upon us that not merely fear gave these people the appearance of hunted animals; there was also hatred toward the invaders who had fallen upon them and driven them from their homes by night.

In the evening we departed and tried to reach our own regiment. The Belgians had concentrated somewhere to the rear under cover of darkness. We were quite near the neighborhood of the fortified city of Liege. Many settlements through which we passed stood in flames; the inhabitants driven out, passed us in droves. Women, children and old men were buffeted about and seemed to be everywhere in the way. Without aims or plans, without a place on which to lay their heads these poor people dragged themselves by.

Again we reached a village, which to all appearances had been inhabited by contented people. Now indeed nothing but ruins could be seen. Wrecked houses and farms, dead soldiers, German and Belgian, and among them many civilians, who had been shot by military order.

Toward midnight we reached the German lines. The Germans had tried to take a village which lay within the fortified belt of Liege and was defended tenaciously by the Belgians. Here all forces had to be used in order to drive the enemy out, house by house and street by street. It was not very dark yet, so that we had to witness with all of our senses the terrible fights which developed here. It was a man-to-man fight. With the butts of our guns, knives, fists, teeth we went against the enemy.

One of my best friends fought with a giant Belgian. The guns of both had fallen to the ground. They hammered one another with fists. I had just closed an account with a twenty-two-year-old Belgian and was going to assist my friend because his antagonist was of superior strength. My friend succeeded suddenly in biting the Belgian on the chin so deeply that he tore a piece of flesh out with his teeth. The Belgian's pain must have been terrible. He released my comrade and ran away with an insane cry of pain.

Everything developed by seconds. The blood of the Belgian ran out of my friend's mouth; a terrible nausea and indescribable loathing seized him. The taste of warm human blood brought him almost to the verge of insanity. In the course of this night battle I came in contact for the first time with the butt of a Belgian gun. During a hand-to-hand fight with a Belgian, a second enemy soldier struck me on the back of the head with the butt of his gun so hard that my helmet was forced down over my ears. The pain was fearful and I fainted.

When I revived, I was lying in a barn, with my head bandaged, among other wounded men. My wound was not severe. I only had a feeling as if my head was twice its normal size. The other wounded soldiers and the ambulance men said the Belgians had been forced back within the forts and that hard fighting was still in progress.

Wounded men were brought in continuously and they told us that the Germans had already stormed several forts and had taken a number of main and auxiliary defenses, but could not hold them because they had not been sufficiently supported by artillery. The defenses inside the forts and their garisons were still intact. The situation was not ripe for a storming attack, so the Germans had to retire with enormous losses. The reports we received were contradictory. It was impossible to get a clear picture. In the meantime the artillery bombardment had become so intense that it horrified even the German soldiers. The heaviest artillery was brought into action against the steel and concrete defenses.